

MARCELLE WALKER

May 1983

Tape 1, Side 1

Talk given by Marcelle Walker about her experiences on the Mt. Hood National Forest in the 1930s and 1940s; including Peavine Lookout in 1935, the Bear Springs Ranger Station, and experiences with Indians of the Warm Springs Reservation.

MW = Marcelle Walker

Transcribed by Donna Sinclair, May 8, 2003

MW: Last August, the ones that were up there years ago got letters inviting them to the dedication for this Clackamas Lake National Historic Area. And the old Clackamas Lake Ranger Station in that area has been made into a national historic area. And so they said, "Bring all your pictures," and they would take copies of them on the spot, and they were taking oral history and they wanted all the people to come. So it turned out to be a very very wet weekend, and Doug and I went up there [unclear] on Sunday morning. And they were just almost ready to close up shop when I got there.

When they saw my pictures, boy they started right in. In fact [telephone ringing] they put off the dedication so they could finish the pictures. They were very interested in these, because they [unclear] noticed that some of the pictures that showed the carved signs that Larry Espinoza carved, and that were a feature in the Mt. Hood National Forest in the early days. And I guess most of those have gone by the wayside now, until they had this opportunity; they wanted to duplicate these for this National Historic Area, and so they were real happy to get these.

When I first went up there was in 1935. Dave was up there in '33 and '34, and Peavine Lookout was built in 1933. But I spent my honeymoon up there in 1935. And when we were up there, why I don't know how many of you are familiar with Clear Lake. But this of course was before the new dam, and the lake was much shallower then, and it was a one-way pontoon bridge, that went in just a single lane pontoon bridge, that went in across the lower end of this lake, then the road to Clackamas Lake. The road to Clackamas Lake was part of the Skyline Road.

Incidentally that road at that time was a much better road all the way in than it is now, because they used to, in the wintertime, close the road and they put in these dead men or waterboys, to divert the water so that the roads wouldn't wash. And somebody shot the padlock off of the gate to get in there during hunting season and the road washed clear to bedrock, from Olallie up over the hill down to Breitenbush there. And that road has never been any good since. But that now is in the Indian Reservation, and I think probably that's one of the reasons that that wasn't repaired, because this area you see – the old Clackamas Lake Ranger Station was fairly close to where the old line of the reservation was.

You probably have all read in the paper about the controversy over the two survey lines, and the first center bay line, I have the maps here that will show you and they gained quite a large [piece?] of the territory. In 1946, they got the proceeds from the timber sales in this area, but in 1972 they got the actual land itself. And so Bear Springs is now in the Indian Reservation. And it's right on the border, and this is a big boomerang shaped piece, the [?], and they go to the summit of Clear Lake Butte and down this way, and it used to go across like this. So they really gained a large piece of land here.

Well, anyway, Peavine, I have pictures and I'll send this around and you can look at them. It was an interesting place and I enjoyed it very much. I don't think I'd like to live there now maybe, but I [unclear, laughter of audience]. And the Indians, we didn't have too much contact with them then, except if we had a fire or something. And one of the things I remember was spotting a fire over on North Pinhead, and it was at night and Dave took the reading, and the lookout was Pinhead, was attached to the fire, and so he went out along this [?] and you could see like [?] going, and the fire really blazing up good. So when he got out across here, why he stopped the car where the fire went out down there, and you couldn't see any more fires. And so Dave put the gas lamp, a dishpan behind it so that it really made a good light and he took the reverse reading on it, and he walked right into the fire. And you could smell it, but you couldn't see it, and they had buried it. This was an Indian, a dry camp, and they were out poaching deer. [audience chuckles]

Never does on the reservation if they could get them off, you know. So then he couldn't find anybody, and finally he heard this horse snicker and he found, spotted this white horse, and he said he never would have found him if it hadn't been for that white horse, because they buried the fire so good. That was one of the things.

It was interesting up there on the lookout. We were in sheep territory for grazing, and most of the sheep men in that area – well not all of them, but a great proportion of them – were Irish. You know, over in Idaho most of the sheep men were either Scottish or Basque. But in that section of Oregon, they were mostly all Irish, and the camp tender and the herders that were up there were this [unclear] from [?] had that particular range where we were, and he got his herders and camp tenders straight from Ireland, and the camp tender played a concertina and these herders, they wore these funny [?] Irish [brogans?], no socks, no shoelaces. They used to come up and visit us on the lookout all the time. Dave played a harmonica, and he would take a tomato juice in a can or something and cut a slit in it so that it would act as the [?] when he'd go out on the catwalk and he'd play.

Their base camp was down at the foot of the mountain and just south from Peavine Spring a little ways, and of course [unclear?] just wasn't very far, and they could hear this you know, and here pretty soon they come up the hill and they would – Dave and the fella that played the concertina would play and this fella would do Irish jigs and the old tower just rocked. [laughter]

Man: It's a wonder it didn't collapse. [laughter]

Woman: Earlier you said this was 14X14...

MW: 14X14. [laughter] The room was 14X14, all the cupboards were around us, about two feet, and there was a shelf about this wide around, with a shelf underneath. You have a table. The firefinder is in the center of the room. I don't know if you're familiar with the firefinder or not. It [unclear] in the circle, and then you have the vertical angle on it too. So anybody familiar with the range finder or anything, the same general thing. And when you go in the spring and towards the towers, you had the winter

storms and everything and you have to orient your firefinder. When we first went up there we had a, they have a pillion that, I think it's called, that you use to flash with the sun to another lookout, and you have to get three points. And then you can orient your firefinder. After they Coast and Geodetic Survey put in permanent markers, why then you could use those figures, but it takes them quite a few years, and they didn't get up there for quite a long time after. We had to do [it] the old way. And you have [azimuth? telemuth?], and it has to be oriented so that your readings are accurate.

And you take your reading, if you're the only lookout up, you really have to be all [?] and you have to figure the distance very carefully. As a rule the object is to have three points. Even if you have two points, you have an intersection. If you have three points it makes a little tiny triangle there and that's your point. Then of course you can go to a place, and you take that side of [?] and you go in [?], orient your map if you were a fireman chasing the fire, for instance. And you walk in on it, you see. And hopefully you [?]. [laughter]

Sometimes it comes up over a ridge or something, why it's not all that accurate, but as a rule it works pretty well.

Man: Exactly where is this stuff you're talking about?

MW: Well, Peavine Mountain is halfway, hairline between Mt. Jefferson and Mt. Hood.

Man: Oh!

MW: And...

Woman: How do you get there from here?

MW: You can go in, now you would go up the Clackamas River Road. You see, it used to be that it would be the old Skyline Road. But after this territory, evidently it became evident a long time ago, that this was going to eventually go to the Indians. And so they [?] good highway up the Clackamas River, up around and over the Skyline Road. And so

there is a road that goes up from that, at Glass Creek and up just outside of Peavine. But the old road used to go in from Clackamas Lake and go down and turn off and go up from Dry Creek, up to Peavine Pass, Summit Lake. And that's that northeast side of the map.

Woman: Where's Clackamas Lake?

MW: Clackamas Lake is – you go in on the Skyline Road. You turn off at Clear Lake, which is, you go past Government Camp and [?] Lake, and Clear Lake. I would say it's probably eighteen miles or so past Government Camp. Just take the Skyline Road in there. You also can go up from Timothy Lake – now. And of course Timothy Lake was built by Portland General Electric. That was Timothy Meadows, and that was all virgin territory at the time I'm talking about. There was no roads in there at all. But, um, they had a nice little way of telling you on the day that you were all fogged in, that, well at 11:00 o'clock they'd call up and they'd say, "This is your day off."

And of course then it was too late to go anywhere. [laughter] So we used to take, and rent a compass course and go out on some of these trails. And we went down into what they called the Big Bottom, where the Clackamas River Road runs up now. And then we went over to Rock Springs, and took a trail over to Rock Butte, and came back up Peavine Creek and around that way on some of these jaunts. But I walked over an awful lot of that country up there, and fished a lot of it.

But I started to tell you that Conroys, herders, they used to come up and camp on the point of our mountain too, for two weeks. They ranged all over the area. So we didn't have any privacy really, you see, when they camped over on the edge of our mountain, because you don't have any [?] curtains or any more...

I was telling the girls one time about desert ice boxes, but nobody seemed to know what they were. We had a screen cupboard that hung under the tower, and the wind blew up there most of the time; on a mountain top it does. And it kept it, except when it got really warm, and on the cool side of the tower you have a catwalk all around you see, and the stairs in this one, came up to the catwalk. And the desert ice box, it's a screened cupboard and you put water in receptacles on either side, and you put cloth over

it, you see, and it draws the water out and it keeps the cloth wet, and when the wind blows through that it keeps things just as nice and cool as can be. You can cool watermelons that way too.

Some of the most interesting things, or one of the most interesting things I ever saw was a fight between the stellars jay and the red winged hawk, over, they were creating a nest. And they were in the trees down below us. They [unclear]... And it was right almost on a par with us... [sounds of audience]

And it was really, really colorful.

Woman: [Question – unclear]

MW: Well, there were lots of birds up there. We had one little bird that used to come up and just mark time outside of our window at night when the light was on. Just liked to just flutter outside of the window and look into the window as long as the light was on. We used to feel so sorry for him, we'd put out [?] bacon... [laughter]

And the humming birds sort of [pause], on one of these trips that we took, we ran into a whole bunch of dead sheep that a bear had gotten into a band of sheep. And if a bear ever starts in on blood, why you just have to kill him, because they'll never, never give up then. But there was, oh, vultures all around, you know, and they just wouldn't even get out of the way when I was walking through. It was terrible.

Woman: [Question – unclear]

MW: Well, then we went to Bear Springs. And Bear Springs is twenty-six miles east of Government Camp on the [Waukesha?] Highway, and at that time the Warm Springs Highway was not built. And the road, we were five miles from the reservation, Warm Springs Reservation line. And the, if you're looking through that book, I should mention that it shows what they used for a tower before the tower was built on Peavine, it was a tree that had spikes in it and it was cut off at the top and the firefinder was down in the stump of the tree. And you had a little platform around it, and whoever was up there at that time, lived in this little shack that was on the ground, which was our guest house.

We had lots of company when we were up there. [laughter] And they had to climb up this tree on these spikes and take the readings up on top of the stump of the tree. And this was, you'll see it just beyond the tower, and when they're building the tower there, that later came down of course.

But, well back to Bear Springs. But I didn't want you to look through there and not see that because I think that that's interesting that that's what they used at that time. Bear Springs, there are pictures in the book showing the house at Bear Springs and that house is no longer there; it burned down. And of course Bear Springs became the ranger station, because many years ago that was, the ranger station was transferred to Bear Springs, really after we'd been up there. And Dave and I, we lived at Bear Springs about seven years, I guess. And there are pictures of the house, and of the campground and the community kitchen. And [unclear] some pictures of me inside next to...

Woman: And to your home, that was your home then?

MW: Uh-huh. And this is something I think most people don't know. You don't just live in these buildings. Even in a tenthouse, they charge you rent. [laughter] They charge you rent. [audience talking]

And you know, everybody has a strange idea, I think, that they own just at least this ordinary house, and people come around and look in the windows and think, oh see it's real nice, but it's, most people have no idea that you have to pay rent for these places.

Man: I didn't know that.

MW: Well, um [pause], we enjoyed it there at Bear Springs. The sunflower plant was an area just east of Bear Creek, which is of course, then you're on the Indian reservation, and I brought some – this was a great mecca for rock hounders. This, this greenish one is really heavy moss[?]. These are [cabbashons?], this fella that made these, that lived in Seattle and Dave told him we were going to [?], he was very grateful, I guess, and he wrote a nice letter and sent these. And this is agatized jasper. [pause]

I'll pass those around. I don't know how many of you know what a thunderhead looks like.

Woman: From that area?

MW: Yes, they are. And the bulk of them [?] Flat. Well a lot of that area, and especially down around the Willow Creek where that ranch is where you can go out and get so many pounds of rock and [?]. And the Indian Reservation, and the inside from different areas, is plenty of times a whole different color and so forth. But that, and the thunder egg is the Oregon State rock. And over on that, on the east side of the Deschutes River, where the railroad that wasn't completed, here, oh not too many years ago, they extended, made a road down here for fishermen's access. And they found, I guess, the biggest thunder egg that had ever been found. I think they said it was about 2,500 pounds or something. And it was taken up and eventually supposed to have been taken to [?].

Now this is another one. Now this is more like a geode, and they generally were hollow in the center... had a hollow place and as a rule they had crystals.

Woman: I don't know how they form. Is this a volcanic action?

MW: Mm-hmm. And, well, and the theory is that in the matrix rock there are hollows and things you see, and this drips in over a period of time and builds up on the inside... of different kinds of crystals are agatizing.

We had the opportunity of observing the Indians there. [loud noise in background] When we first went there, they came through on this road that came out to Bear Springs. That was the cutoff road then, to the Indian Reservation; it was a single lane road, and it was just a dirt road. In the rain, and then all the fishermen were over there. You wouldn't see a soul for hours, go or anything through. And eventually, why here they would come, mud to the running boards, you know of [?]. And then in the summer time, of course, you know it was dry, it was –

But I remember one time, we were invited to dinner over at the Agency of Warm Springs, and Dave was all dressed up in his best uniform to shining the boots and [?] top

pants and dark [?] and everything. But it was so hot over by that [flap?], by heating, that we got a vapor lock. Or, no it wasn't a vapor lock there, but it was brake fluid, the brakes locked, and he had to get out and get out in the dust underneath the car and release the brake fluid before we could go on over there. The vapor lock, see, you used to get it down in Maupin. And the busses didn't come, and the [?], nobody had come up. They built [her?] into the mountain [unclear]. Till along towards evening when it started to get cooler, then everything, the... [audience interruption/laughter]

... moving in. And it was a real blessing when they got the new highway and cut that [?] down and the [?] and the Cow Canyon part of the [prairie?], which used to be on the old highway there.

[sound of paper – map] This road over here, you could go down like that, and then try to go down into Sunflower Flat. The Indians used to come across this road when they were going huckleberrying, and they had – when we first were there, they came in wagons. They had a parasol up over the seat, you know, and his wife was – he would be driving and all of the people went all the way up to [?], and his for riding, and the dogs sitting. And I never saw an Indian dog that didn't have a tail that went up over his back like... [laughter]

And it was a real colorful parade when they came through. They would stop and look and go on. And before we left there, the men would drive in, in cars, about 10:30, 10:00, something like that. And then maybe 11:30 or so, why here came the women and the children and the packhorses, and the dogs, and they would come in and the women would build a fire and get lunch. The men would get in their cars and [audience talking]... And the women would pack up their supplies and go on to the next place, you see, and I suppose the men would be sitting there in the shade waiting for them. Maybe even start a fire. [audience laughing]

And I know, Dave used to go down any time a fire was...

[End of Tape 1, Side 1]

MARCELLE WALKER

May 1983

Tape 1, Side 2

MW: And it was never very dull. Most of the times were not nearly as hectic as this one night, but there were three girls lost, and this was over at Trout Lake. They were camped with, I think it was, I don't know whether it was the Girl Scouts or Camp Fire Girls. I think it was the Camp Fire group. And their folks told them that they wanted to go to the top of [?] Butte, and they both told them they couldn't do that. And so they thought, well, they would just circle down and around and go out behind the camp, go out in back, around and catch the road and go up. Well, they got lost down in this maze of [Frog?] Creek. And eventually they were real smart. They marked with stones the way they were supposed to, their trail they had taken. And eventually, why they were found, but the fellows were out all night looking for them.

So about ten o'clock there were – and on a summer night you know it was fairly dark – just kind of dark. And I had the screen door fastened and here were these two Indians. So I said what was it they wanted. Well they wanted the man. I said, "Well he's out in the campground." I didn't tell them it was Trout Lake Campground, and so they wanted to use the telephone. And I said, well I'd telephone for them. And I knew I couldn't because the lines were open on account of the search for these girls. So it developed that they were having a powwow of some kind down on the reservation and they wanted to order fifty loaves of bread and a bunch of soda pop and all those other things. So I called Sandy Market at Rhododendron, and so they wanted to know if he'd have enough there by noon the next day. So he said he would. That was fine. They agreed that that would be fine, if he got 'em up there by noon the next day, and so they walked out a little ways, about half way up to the road. And they stayed there. And they were talking back and forth and then walked back closer and they were talking, and finally they came back. And I said, well what was it they wanted. Well, they wanted to call Sandy Market again. And so I called and they wanted to know if [Reuben would stay up?] if they came down and picked the things up. So, yes, he would. So then about, well I don't know, probably after one o'clock, why I finally went to bed, because I knew that I

couldn't get anything over the radio anymore, and I knew that they probably wouldn't be home till morning anyway.

So, I had just gotten good and sound asleep and I heard this awful knocking on the door. Like they would break the door down. Darn Indians! And so, just about the time they should have gotten down there and [unclear] again you know, and it turned out to be a fisherman had got lost, and he went down Clear Creek and then he came up the other side. And instead of coming up Clear Creek, why he got lost into [Frog?] Creek. And that's just a maze of roots and marsh and the creek goes all over and anyway, he worked his way up through that, to this puncheon bridge over a trail there.

And incidentally, do you know what puncheon is? It is split cedars that are only so thick. They split these big cedar logs, and make these bridges over trails and creeks and things like that, of the split cedar, and they do this right on the spot out there.

And he took his glasses off to wash his face in the creek there, and then he walked off without his glasses. [laughter] He got out to the road and he took the wrong way and he went way up here to the road that goes out at Bear Paw, and he had said how he ran, he'd walked down the highway then. His feet were wet, of course. And he looked pretty bedraggled. Well I called Clackamas Lake and I said, "What do I do with him?"

"Well," he said, "go up and open up the fire warehouse and get a bedroll and take it over to the bunkhouse and fix him a bed." And then he said, "Call back." So I went to the fire warehouse and got it, and they had a screen room incidentally because it's a [unclear] and they would need the bedroll. [laughter] So I opened the screen room and got out a bedroll and he was so [unclear] he couldn't even help. [laughter] I had to... so then I took this to the fire warehouse, or to the bunkhouse and opened up the bedroll and fixed it. Meanwhile he sat down and he took his shoes and socks off and his feet were absolutely raw, because he'd been walking all of this distance in his wet socks you know. So I went down to the house and got a first aid kit and went back up there so he could doctor his feet.

Eventually I got back and called Paul and checked in and went back to bed, and seven o'clock in the morning, why Dave got home from the search for the girls, and he had to go down to Pine Grove to, he had closed the sawmill down there because they didn't have their fire equipment, I don't know, they were breaking some rules or

something. So they could open up at eight o'clock to go to work. And so he went down to find [unclear] and checked on those and came back and he stopped at the bunkhouse and got this man and they came down for breakfast. So he was describing the place where he lost his glasses. So Dave said, "Well I'll take you over and I'll run right in and grab them."

"Oh you never do that." [unclear] it wouldn't take him ten minutes. He walked in and got his glasses. Well actually where he came out on the trail, if he had turned the other way his car would have been about 300 yards.

Man: He was turned around, eh?

MW: Yes, he was turned around. But that was one weekend. [laughter] We had a weekend sort of like that on Peavine too. This woman and her three children came up there. [unclear] will stop, and she was going to visit her boyfriend eighteen miles away across what we called Big Bottom, Clackamas River bottom, and there were of course no roads then at all. He was a packer over on Row Ridge, across the other side, from a different district. And so, Dave said – well this was about six o'clock at night. No way could she start out across there, and they didn't even have flashlights. No way could she start out across there at night, you know. So she had a carton of cigarettes and a great big bag of peanuts, and that's all she had, she...

Man: No veggies...

MW: Three kids and a dog. So we put up a bed in our guest house down on the ground, and the next morning, why we fed them pancakes and got them started out, and they had a map that was marked with red pencil and everything all across. So they went down to the Clackamas River, and meanwhile they had passed the trail crew camps that were out for the weekend. For some unaccountable reason, instead of going on up, crossing the river and going up the trail to Row Ridge and have [?], they turned back and went back to the trail crew's camp and spent the night and ate their food and so forth, and of course they were lost. [laughter]

This was the first time they tried this new walkie talkie radio thing. And it wasn't a real walkie talkie at this time. They had to stop and set up, and you had a [?] aerial and so forth, but this was a real big thing. So instead of starting out on a search real early in the morning, why they had to wait until they got this thing up there so that they could set up down on, I think they set up on Oak Grove Butte, where they felt they'd be able to monitor, get a message – it had to be, I think maybe in a line or something. So then they started out with this and they were supposed to set up and transmit and receive fifteen minutes [unclear]. Well of course it took a long time. When they got down on the Clackamas River, where her boyfriend came down from Row Ridge with some of the pack mules and a horse, and the mules got to nosing around, and they lost the antennae. [laughter] So when they went to set up the next time, why they didn't have it and they couldn't receive. So they transmitted every so often anyway, just on general principles. But they were getting, how it turned out afterwards, that they couldn't receive anymore because of the mules...

So they finally chased this woman and her three kids out. And they never found a trace; they found her old worn out sneakers, or shoes down in the river and she'd taken a pair of discarded fisherman's sneakers, and she had thrown her hat into the brush. They thought they'd sure be able to find those peanut shells you know. They just melded right into the surroundings. At any rate, she turned up; eventually she walked out at Olallie Meadows. And due to the fact that they had had all this transmitting and everything, why they didn't get there as soon as she did. [laughter] The guard at Olallie Meadows brought her back to us at Peavine. And he couldn't get off the mountain, so they had to walk part [of the way]. Which his car was pulled. That was an eighteen percent grade on Peavine, and his car wouldn't go up there. So they had to walk the rest of the way up the hill. Then they had me go out; she'd driven all around the day before when she got up there at six o'clock. So they said, "Well, has she got enough gas to get out?" So I had to go down and measure her gas and [unclear]. So they said, "Well they can stay up at Clackamas Lake in guest housing."

So they returned to the boyfriend, food [?]. Trail crew camp, and of course the gas and everything. Putting [?] the fellas down there, he said, "She's a damsel, but I lover her." [laughter]

Woman: What was the story on the Indians and gas? You said the Indians would stop and ask for gas, and how did you handle that?

MW: Oh, yes, well they would stop and ask for gas and well, we couldn't sell them government gas. And we bought barrel gas. So all we could do was give them our own barrel gas. So they'd get the gas and they'd say, "Well I have ten cents." So we lost gas there for a while. And so Dave had decided, that had to stop. So he got out a little notebook and took down their license number and their name and all this information. Now he says, "That's fine," he said. "Next time you come through here," he said, "you just return it." And after the last time we were [unclear]. And then [laughter], and after a few times, why they quit coming after we got a few names in the little black book. Another Indian came in, and they had to drain the oil out of the fire tanker and some of the government things, every so often even though it hadn't been used and it was still pretty good oil and they used to save that in something. So the Indians would come in and they always were major [car owners?] you know. And this Indian came in and he wanted oil for his car. So this fellow went up and threw one of those [pit?] things full of oil, and handed it to him, [unclear] one-hand can... [unintelligible – audience talking]

Woman: Did he pay?

MW: Oh, no! [laughter] Well, I also brought some maps. Now this map is a topographical map, and I don't know if you're familiar with those. But all these little lines on here show the elevation and the deepness of the place and so forth. These lines range from fifty to a hundred feet, I think. That's a topographic map. This is just an ordinary map, and this is a quarter-inch scale map. Now the lower depths, the old line on the Indian Reservation – these are the old maps. This is an old fireman's map. This is half-inch [gauge?]. [sound of rustling maps] And this is the old line, and this is – from here, this line here is the old reservation line. From here over to here. [pointing things out on map – unclear without visual]...

They say that some of these bands of Indians that formed the Warm Springs Reservation; none of these Indians lived in this area that eventually became the reservation. They passed through the eastern section of it, and there was an old Indian trail that came from the Klamath Marsh up to the Columbia River, and then the Indians also went down to the Metolius and had fish traps on the Metolius. They hunted roots and berries and things like that, and they got berries in the foothills. Now Mt. Wilson would probably be where they went huckleberrying.

Now when I was up there last August, I said, "Well I'd like the new map that shows the new boundaries of the Indian Reservation."

Woman: The Warm Springs are you talking about?

MW: ... yes, so we went in and looked around and this fireman's map was the only one left that had – see this is a large scale map and much of our larger scale map [unclear]. And this is the old boundary, and this is the new boundary.

Man: Oh boy! [sounds of audience]

MW: The gap is the, some of the richest timber line. That has rich [forage?]; the eastern edge of it is pine. But it's rich forage.

Woman: The rest is in a sawmill too, isn't it? After they changed the boundary, after [?] that sawmill... [audience discussing – unintelligible]

MW: I think that you mean the one over in the reservation area.

Woman: Well as you're driving on the highway, if you're heading to Madras, it's on the left hand side. [audience comments – unintelligible] ... And somebody told me that after the reservation boundary [unclear] that sawmill used to belong to a family named [Willow?] from here in Portland.

MW: Now when we were at Bear Springs, where the hot springs are, was a private sanitarium that was owned by this Doctor [Free?] down here in Portland. And I noticed in reading some of this literature that I have, that the Indians bought that back. Now you know the Indians, when they built The Dalles Dam, they got a settlement of four million dollars, for their fishing rights at Celilo Falls. They still have their fishing rights; I can't understand this, why after all they've been paid all this money for their fishing rights, why they are making such a fuss about their fishing rights now.¹

But at any rate, they got four million dollars, and that is what really put them in business. They spent a hundred thousand dollars with Oregon State University to have a survey done showing their potential and what would be the best things for them to do with this money. They distributed a small amount of it to the Indians; but most of it went into the kitty at the Tribal Council, and they...

Woman: ...?

MW: Well, no they invested it and they built... They built Kahneeta, they built a mill, they built a plywood mill and they have some other kind of industry over there now. And they...

Woman: ...?

MW: Well, the Confederated Tribes were, of the original treaty, it was the Walla Walla and a bunch of wandering tribes, and the Wascoes and the Paiutes. And there are three legendary chiefs, and eight elected members of the tribal council that rule the Indians today. And I think it was about 1946, they, when they had this big drive [for Tibet?] that they took their independence from the government.² Only they have, they just used the Bureau of Indian Affairs as a resource, and they had, did their own thing after that. And they really turned out to be very successful.

¹ Editor's note: See the Yakama Treaty of 1855. Indians were not paid to give up their reserved fishing rights at Celilo Falls; rather they were compensated for losing the right to fish at Celilo Falls, one of the major Native American fishing sites in the Pacific Northwest even in 1957.

Now the Klamath Indians, when we were at Bear Springs, they used to come up to go huckleberrying, and they would go through the Warm Springs Reservation and Bear Springs and they'd always tell me, "Well we are Klamath Indians. We aren't Warm Springs Indians." But they were a lot better than the Warm Springs in their opinion, and of course they had a lot richer reservation. But they just shot their money and the Warm Springs Indians, they had a few smart people over there and they really made a good thing up there. And so...

This was an area that they roamed over, and made their living off of the roots and the fishing and so forth, and the area that they ceded in the treaty went from the Cascade Mountains to the Blue Mountains in Idaho, and from the Columbia River to the 44th parallel, which was south of Bend, and about halfway to California. And this was over ten million acres, and they received this reservation land of 640,000 acres.³ Everyone agreed to build a sawmill and a flour mill, and furnish them with agricultural tools; it wasn't their cultural land. And they don't do much farming on the reservation really; raise cattle and corn. But they are a rich timber [area].

And World War II was really a bonanza for the Indians because the timber assumed great value and they built this pine mill down there, and they really had a good income from that.

I have a few things here that, in 1862, the Indian Nations report stated that they were operating both the flouring mill and the lumber mill, timber mill; however, another report said that the mill did not come into operation until 1866. And I have a note that says that the Indians of the reservation lived in tents with skins and [unclear]. And in 1866, when the sawmill started, they started building saw hewn homes. The first missionary came in 1878, and the first church was built in 1882. The first school on the reservation was built at Simnasho in 1881, and opened in 1882.

Simnasho was an Indian word meaning thorn bush. And [unclear?] in Chinook jargon means [left here or front?] and when applied to a place it means a place where the good spirits of the [?] abound.

² In 1934, the Indian Reorganization Act under Secretary of the Interior John Collier allowed native people's to create their own tribal governments.

³ There is a broad academic literature regarding how the treaties of the 1850s came about and the reserved rights of native people in the Northwest, which should be consulted.

Woman: ...?

MW: They're PV and PV Mill and PV Flat, and then it says, a man in there before [PV?] is skookum. And skookum were powerful and evil [unclear] gods, and they'd give as the collective for evil spirits to abound. And I've always thought that skookum was something good. But apparently, according to what I read that wouldn't be the case.

[End of Tape]