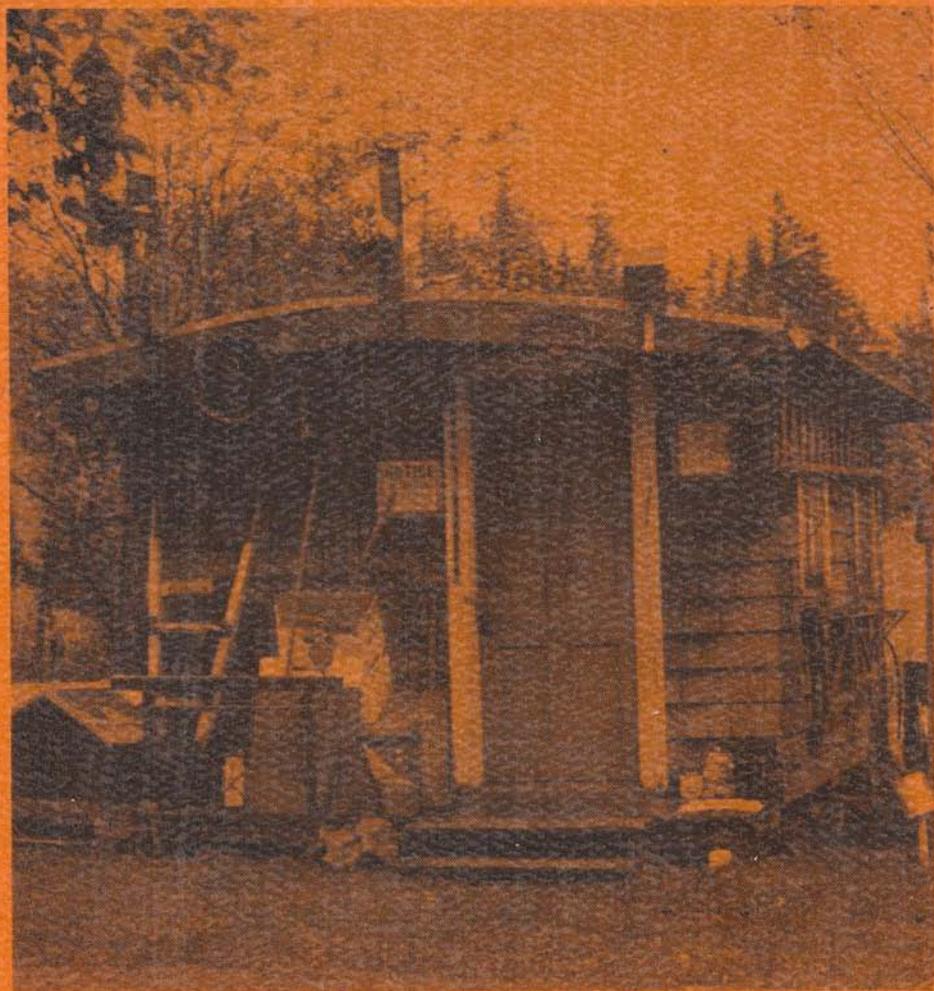


Timber Winds



Vol. I, No. 1

Fall, 1980

Corbett, OR

DEDICATION

Timber Winds is a product of English I students at Corbett High School who have dedicated themselves to preserving the traditions and history of their beautiful Columbia Gorge Community, and to sharing with the rest of the world the experiences of the warm, friendly people who have chosen to live there.

We'd like to thank the community for its generous support of this experimental project. Most of all, we thank our contacts who welcomed us to their homes and trusted us with their memories and photographs — and believed we cared.

The adviser wishes to thank the many individuals whose patience and cooperation allowed classes and schedules to be disrupted and precious equipment shared because they believed in the energies and abilities of youth. Special bouquets of appreciation, too, to Flora Chamberlain and Alice Ellis. With their help, two generations were able to reach out to one another to find they had much in common.

Adviser: Marcia Clark

Cover photo: When *Timber Winds* visited Faye Davis, (see "Woodworker" in this issue), interviewers had hoped to learn something of his experiences with the early sawmills in the area. Upon arrival, however, it became apparent that Mr. Davis was a skilled craftsman, as well, and several of his projects attracted the interest of the cameraman. This cabin sits on the site of the Davis home in Corbett.

Timber Winds logo by Cary Heath.
Photography assistance by "Photography by Goldenberg", Gresham.



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TIMBER WINDS (IN DETAIL)

by Patti Hanson and Tanya Jimenez,
with assistance from Kelli Lucas

To select a name for our magazine, all three English I classes suggested names. Between the three classes there were about 100 names suggested. Then, out of the 100 names, we picked seven: *Timber Winds*, *Silver Lining*, *Vista*, *Corbett Express*, *Gorge Front*, *Mountain View* and *Mt. Hood View*. The winning name was *Timber Winds* and was suggested by Mike Fast.

We interviewed Mike to find out why he suggested the name. "I was thinking in class about that name, and how if I were to say something that had to do with timber, (readers) would think of the country. (I also thought that if) I would think about something that had to do with the winds, they'd think of how bad the winds (are). I just put both of them together and it sounded like a real nice



name, so I (suggested) that name in class."

The students felt it was important to select a proper name for the magazine because theirs will be known as the *Timber Winds* project for a long time.

The winds have always played a big part in the history of Corbett. We interviewed some people who live and/or work in the area. Among those interviewed was Ms. Maurleen Miller, the guidance counselor at the high school who has lived in the area for about nine years. She believes one of the worst storms to have been "last year when we had a silver thaw. Everything was just full of ice. Then the wind started blowing really hard, and there was ice falling off the trees. I remember going down to the barn carrying water to my horses because everything was frozen up. And the wind blew so hard it knocked me off my feet. I dumped the water all over myself and I got really cold!"

Mrs. Kathy Hanson, the middle school secretary who has lived in the area for about 17 years, told us about a storm in December, 1968, and January, 1969. "There were real strong east winds with snow. It was blowing so hard that the snow just blew straight west and caused real big snow drifts in the windy areas.

Kerry and Steve Hanson stand by a car buried on Woodard Road, Corbett, on January 1, 1969.

Some roads were blocked with real big snow drifts in the windy areas. Some roads were blocked with real high drifts clear (above the height of a car). Just west of the ranger station on Woodard Road there was a car buried in a huge drift that went from the front of Mr. and Mrs. Berney's front porch clear across the road to the other side. The county plowed out the road and there was a car there. The car (was buried) and it had about six feet of snow still on top of that. We have pictures taken of our kids standing in it next to the car."

Mrs. Alice Ellis, the secretarial assistant at the high school who has lived in the area for about 37 years, told us what she remembers about the Columbus Day storm, of 1962, when Oregon experienced hurricane-type winds. "I remember hearing a big gust of wind hit the side of the house, and a tree fell on the neighbors' house. And everybody went yelling and screaming to our house 'cause we had a two-story house and a wood heater. And we sat all night in the dark, with all the trees falling around us. The wind blew all night long."

Mrs. Vera Coon, a sixth grade teacher who worked in the area for about 15-16 years, and Mrs. Helen McChrystal, who has worked in the area for about 6 years and is also a sixth grade teacher, told us about their memories of the Columbus Day Storm. Mrs. Coon remembers that "a patio roof from across the street blew up over the telephone lines and over into the schoolyard a block away from our house. The shingles all blew off just about everybody's home. The lights were all out. We had to eat by candlelight. We cooked over a sterno stove in the garage and all the trees were blowing down."

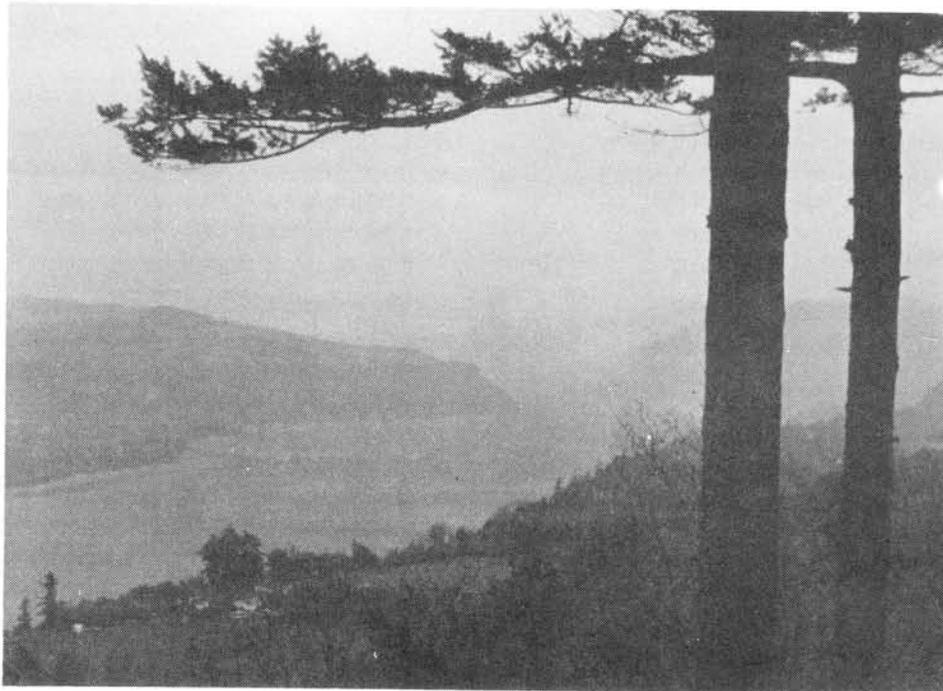
According to Mrs. McChrystal, "huge trees were blown across roads, hitting cars, houses, etc. Our fence landed in a yard almost a block away. But in return, we received our neighbor's patio roof! We were without power for about four days and we camped indoors."

It is a common sight in Corbett to see fallen tree limbs (or trees), roofing blown off, and trees with no limbs on the east side — believe it or not!





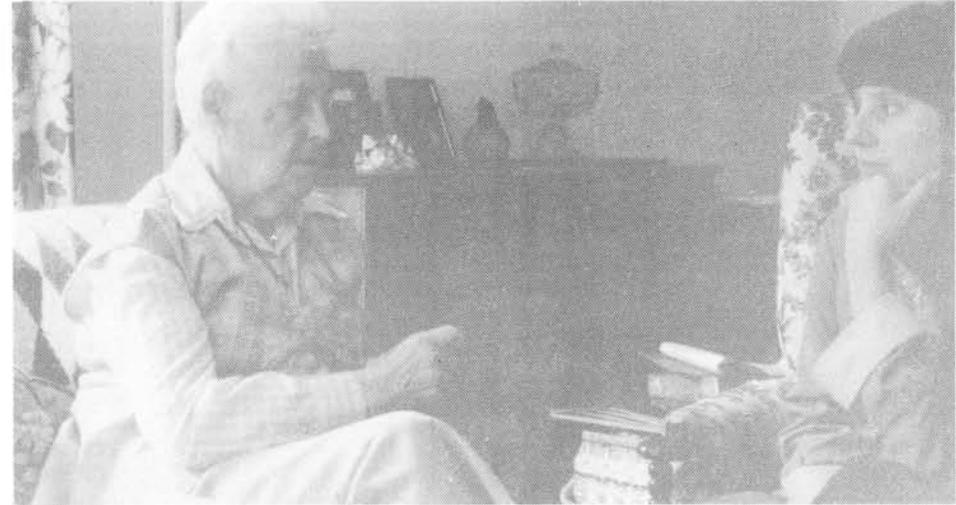
Above, left: a car on Woodard Road west of the Columbia Gorge Ranger Station during the storm of '69. Right: Kerry, Steve and Patti Hanson stand by a snowdrift in Mr. and Mrs. Ted Berney's front yard on Woodard Road.



High winds in the Columbia Gorge helped suggest the *Timber Winds* title.

"THE MAIL MUST GO ON"

by Kevin Brandon and Matt Elwood



Mrs. Wilbur Wright, left, describes her husband's old mail route to Marcia Clark, *Timber Winds* adviser.

From the outside, the Wright house looked small, but when we went inside it was quite large, neatly kept and very homey. We conducted the interview in a living room surrounded by many plants; a cosy fireplace, a sofa, and some comfortable chairs all helped us feel at home. From the windows, we looked down on a little pond which is fed by a small stream.

Mrs. Wright has a spacious lawn with well-kept flower beds all the way around it. Around the front of the yard, shielding it from the road, are some cedar trees that were being bent savagely by the east winds that day.

Mrs. Wright has been a widow for about three years. She is a very homey and easy-going person. She likes to work out in the flower beds and yard and is very interested in dry flower arrangements; in fact, she won first place at a fair for one of her arrangements. She likes to talk and when she does, she is very interesting.

Her husband, Mr. Wilbur Wright, delivered mail in the Corbett area for years. Mr. Wright would go to Troutdale and get the mail there and sort through it and then go on his route. "(He'd) start from down (at Springdale) and carry up (to Crown Point and Aims) (even) when the snow was so bad. We had lots of blizzards and heavy snows that we don't get these later years. Towards the end, this route was one of the longest ones in the state. Now, it's been divided because more people have moved in."

"I think it was a pretty full day (although) his first routes he was home by noon. He drove out in the morning and I don't know what time they left the post office — I guess about eight o'clock — but he was in the post office about six in the morning to sort his mail and then he'd be home for his midday meal. So many people kept moving in and the routes got extended, you know, so it was longer. I

don't know how long it takes them now. A little later they extended the route clear up into the Aims country, but before that he would only go as far as the top of the hill that drops down into Gordon Creek. Those people up there in Aims were all tickled (because) they used to get their mail at Bull Run."

"When he first carried mail, he carried it by horseback and that was about 1906 or 1907. I don't think he went any farther than Corbett from Troutdale, and he used to go up this road (Hurlburt) and up past the Hurlburt School. He carried by horseback there, but I don't know how many years he carried on horseback because later on he carried with horse and buggy. But at first he was just in his teens, maybe 16 or so, and there weren't too many people to carry mail to. One of the women, Mrs. Weltha Wilson, who is my age, said she was about nine years old when he carried the mail by there. They used to look for the mail, listen for the mail carrier every day, because he was always whistling when he'd go by on his horse."

"He (also) went in any weather because he always said, 'the mail must go on', and there were many times when I worried late in the night and it was so dark and late when he got back. He carried mail every Saturday — they didn't give substitutes for holidays like that and the weekend — so he carried every Saturday and he carried every Christmas day for years. We always had our Christmas dinner in the evening after he got back. He loved to carry Christmas mail because everybody was so glad and they were always coming out getting packages, you know, and they looked forward to these packages on Christmas day. So he enjoyed doing that. He felt kind of like Santa Claus."



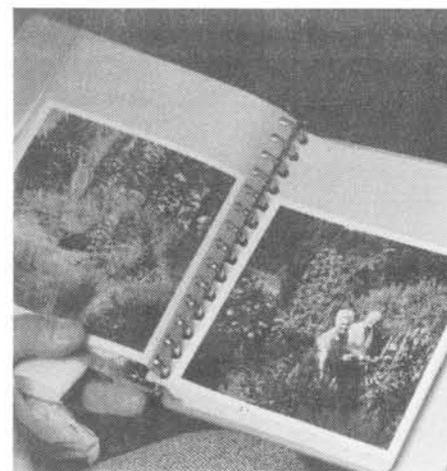
"One year we had such terrible drifts (and) lots of times he had to shovel out snow to pull up to a mail box because the people wouldn't go (out) until they saw a mailman come. Then they would know that the road was open."

Mr. Wright carried by car then until he retired in 1952. Even so, he still had to dress warmly. "All we had was a foot warmer for the car, but he never used the foot warmer — I used it. And those foot warmers, they'd burn like furnace briquettes and they were very, very good. You always had a rug over your lap (too)."

"Cars are sure different now. Oh, my, first time we got a car that we didn't have to use the curtains on, I thought we were sitting right out in the big outdoors 'cause we could see so good out of them. Before that, you'd have those black curtains on the side there with just a little Eisenglass and that's all you could see through



Mrs. Wright collects her own mail from the roadside box in front of her Springdale home.



Mrs. Wright shares her pictures of the home she and her husband built in what is now Dabney Park.

(besides) the back window."

Although Corbett had a small post office in those days, all the mail came from Troutdale. Mrs. Wright recalls a big fire in Troutdale when the post office burned down. "The mailbox that he carried with his money change in it was a metal box and it had a lock and key on it and they got it out of the post office, but some of the money melted together. I've got some of it. I don't know how much they lost at the post office (but some) people lost everything — their mail and stuff — and never did get it."

"He enjoyed the mail route very much. He got acquainted with so many people and (got to know) the country so much. He missed the people when he quit, but he didn't regret the retiring because we went hunting and fishing way over to Eastern Oregon."

Those later years were marred by the loss of their family home, a new home they had built at Dabney Park. "The

housing department, at that time, could condemn (property) for park purposes. Now, the only time they can condemn it is for making highways.” The Wrights took their case to court, (to make the county pay a satisfactory amount for their home). At court, the judge asked to see pictures of their property. “The judge looked at the pictures and he looked at me and he said, ‘It must break your heart to leave that place’, and I said, ‘It sure does.’” The Wrights won and the park department had to pay all the court charges.

“They wouldn’t (even) let us take any plants off that place – we were supposed to leave (them on) that place just the way they were. I had a poplar tree that I always called my “candle” in the winter time and the first thing they did was to cut that poplar tree down. Now why, I’ll never know.”

“They sold this house, the Highway Department did, to a man that wanted lumber ‘cause it was built (well) in those days – you got good lumber. They didn’t have spoiled lumber like they have now. (We had) great big beams in the base-



Corbett’s current post office was dedicated in 1975. (Photo by Doug Towsley)

ment, you know, and all the mahogany woodwork and mahogany doors.”

“(Wilbur) saved most of it for himself ‘cause he was gonna rebuild. And then he didn’t get all of it torn down in time (for) the day they wanted it done, so they made him burn it down.”

The Wright’s old home may have been a big loss, but the beauty of their new home in Springdale is, we think, more than a satisfactory exchange.

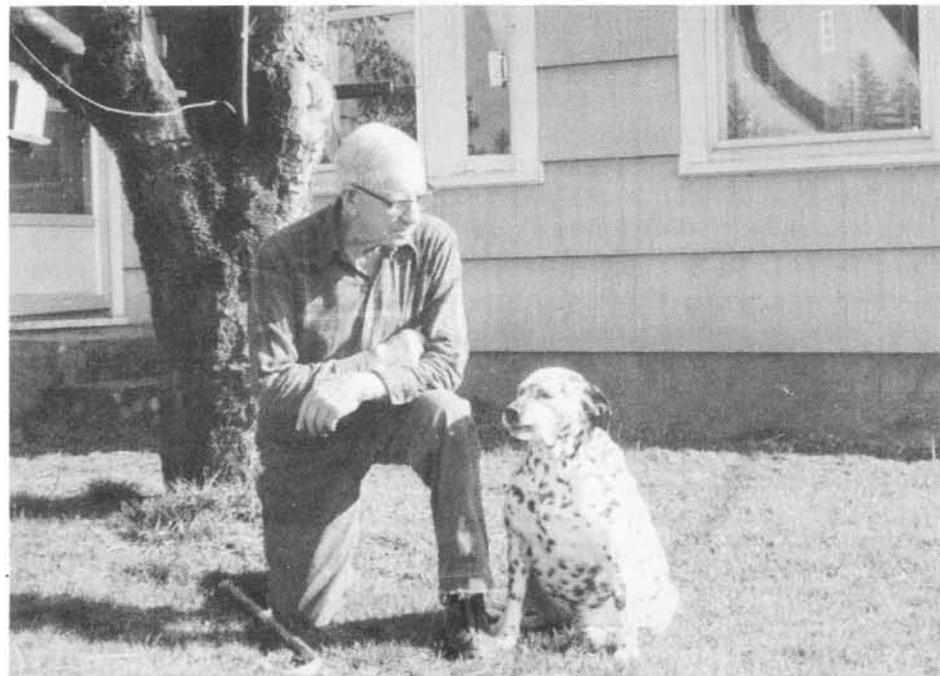


The Wright home in Springdale

If anyone knows anything about the area . . .

IT IS GOING TO BE TOOT

by Ralph Rickert



‘Toot’ and Smokey pose by their Corbett home.

The first thing you notice when you enter the Evans’ house is that it is an interesting and spacious place filled with many odd things: a rock and glass-covered fireplace with a seashell for a matchbox, many antiques dating back several years, three old, finely-decorated wooden antique clocks that blend in with the pine floor, paneled walls, and open-beamed pine ceiling, their constant ticking providing a warm background to conversation. The house has a warm feeling as you are always made to feel welcome by the Evans’ and their once-stray dog, Smokey, that is always at your feet.

Mr. Evans, known to everyone as ‘Toot’, is a friendly sort of fellow always willing to give you a hand (as he did when the batteries in my recorder died during this interview). He and his wife, Doris, have lived in the same house since it was built in 1919 and remodeled in 1941.

Toot was born in 1892 in a cabin about one-quarter mile down the road. He has lived in this area all his life. If anyone knows anything about this area, it is going to be Toot, whose family used to own land for about a half-mile radius around his house. This land was used for potatoes as was much of the area’s land

then. Later, it became a huge daffodil farm. The land has been sold since but the house and garden remain in their original place.

Toot commented that the weather was usually always windy in the gorge, but the wind died down a little since the Army Corps of Engineers put in Bonneville Dam upriver in the early '30s. When asked if the weather was cold here much of that time he mentioned that "it usually doesn't get real cold but snows two or three times a year. The snow is sometimes here before Thanksgiving and only once here after April." He says he remembers that because "I had daffodils all ready for harvest and a one-inch snow came and wrecked them, layed 'em flat."

Toot's father, T.L. Evans, purchased his first car in 1907. It was the second car in the area. A friend down the road, Fred Smith, had a one-cylinder 1906 Cadillac. Toot bought a car in 1915 and remembers buying gas at 10 or 15 cents per gallon.

"A funny thing happened when it came time to make the finishing payment on the car. The car got stuck in the April mud so we had to go to Sandy by horse and buggy to make the last payment on the car."

Toot has a very beautiful cemetery on a hill above his house that has an excellent view of Mt. Hood. The cemetery has been there over 100 years and will stand high above Toot and Doris' house for many years to come.



TEACHING AT CORBETT IN 1936

by Mark Stanwood and Fred Sanchez

When we went to interview Mrs. Leora Cheney, we were afraid to do anything, but after we asked a couple of questions and heard her voice, we felt more comfortable and secure.

Her house is white and has lots of plants in the walkway. The house sits on a hill overlooking the Columbia River Gorge and is at the end of a lane next to Camp Crestview.

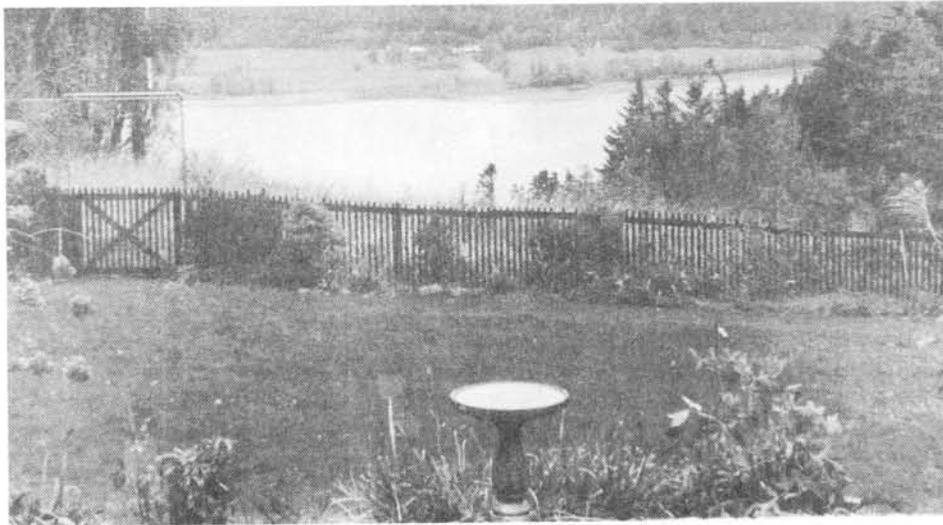
One of the first things we noticed in her house was a beautiful organ. She told us she had wanted one very much and had been looking for an organ for a long time. She got this one from a cousin's friend who got it from a school that no longer wanted it. She now has it sitting in her living room under a big mirror. Her living room also has a brick fireplace surrounded by a lot of old pictures of her family. We also admired an old kerosene lamp that has been electrified. It had a floral design painted on it. In her dining room there is a big window to provide a view of the Columbia River Gorge.

All together, Mrs. Cheney taught for 41 years, eleven of which were at Corbett. The smallest school she taught at was Arlington and the largest was Benson. Her specialty was mathematics, but she also taught home economics, biology, physical education, English and science.

We could tell Mrs. Cheney was a very good teacher because she was so patient in answering our questions. She said she liked kids so much because they were often happy, thoughtful and loving — and also because they had so much energy.

Mrs. Leora Cheney sits in her favorite chair for a *Timber Winds* interview.





Mrs. Cheney's dining room window provides a spectacular view of the Columbia River Gorge.

Mrs. Cheney started teaching at Corbett in the fall of 1936. She says, "Corbett was not the Corbett it is today. The Bonneville Dam was being built and most of the students came from the dam. Most of the students from there were very smart because of their engineering background." There were about 20 to 50 students in each class.

An article in the 1943 Cohimore (Corbett High School's yearbook), says about Mrs. Cheney that "She teaches the sewing and culinary arts as well as directing our fine cafeteria. Our class advisor — we think that her heart's as full of gold as water of bacteria. On Tuesdays and Thursdays of every week, from the art room, voices come ringing and one will find, if he troubles to seek, that this lady is learning to sing. In fact, her soprano voice, rich and clear, is the envy of many a girlie. She's jolly and joking, this teacher dear — with her eyes so blue and teeth so pearly."

We found this to be true today, thirty-seven years later.



Mrs. Cheney was adviser to the Cohimore, Corbett's annual. She is pictured here on the dedication page of the 1949 yearbook.

Mark Stanwood

WOODWORKER

by Brian Granberg and David Schwartz

If you're ever invited to the Davis' house, don't pass it up. Their house is very nicely kept and they have an excellent view of the Gorge. The house is filled with lots of nice things like a big white fireplace and a carved maple table. And you'll never meet anybody nicer than Mr. and Mrs. Davis. They made us feel good when we talked to them — almost as if we were relatives.

Mr. Davis, about 70 years old, is a very creative man: he showed us a coat rack that he had built himself. It was made of wood, about five feet tall, and had four coat hooks sticking out at the top.

Mr. Davis was about 22 years old when he started working for the mills. He stopped working there in Bridal Veil in 1959. "There was a space in between 1925-1931 when I worked for C.P. Whittle", where he built barns and houses. He stopped working for him to take a steady job back at the mills.

Mr. Davis was paid about \$1.25 an hour in those days. He worked five days a week and sometimes weekends because if the machinery broke down during the week, it would have to be repaired.

Mr. Davis said that from the logging site, the logs went down a flume for five miles before being shipped out on the railroad. The mill then usually sawed the wood, kilndried it and then planed it. Finally, the boards were cut and trimmed.

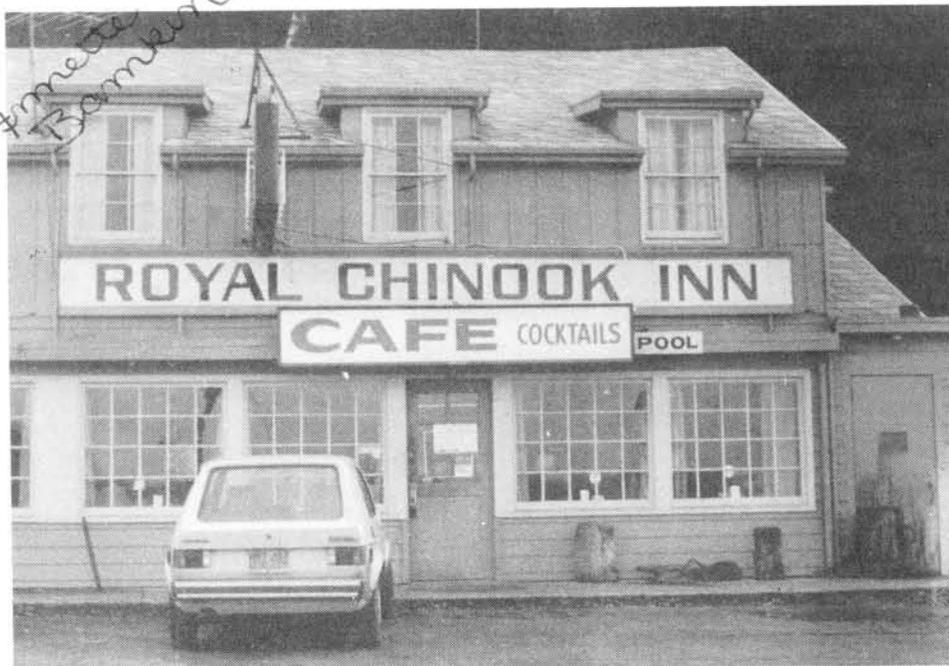
Today, Mr. Davis continues to work with wood — as a hobby.



Above, Mr. and Mrs. Faye Davis post together in the front room of their home. Below, Mr. Davis' wishing well, a favorite woodworking project, holds summer plants.



FRIENDLY TIMES ABOUND



The Chinook Inn is forty-four years old – and still going strong!

AT THE ROYAL CHINOOK INN

by Annette Bamkin, Terri Cartisser and Darcy Thomas

When we walked into the Royal Chinook Inn, the first thing we noticed was all the relics on the wall, a lot of which came from the steamboats and other ships that came up the Columbia River. There are nets, lobster tails, shipwheels and old photographs. There are just a few booths with names carved in them. At one end of the room there is a small bar with four bar stools. In a side room is a pool table. The whole setting gave us a feeling that the people who worked there were really friendly and the customers like that.

We sat down at one of the booths and interviewed the owner, Mr. Bill North.

As we talked, a few customers came in the squeaky front door and looked at us and our tape-recorder curiously. Mr. North is a nice man who bought us each a small coke and Ms. Clark a cup of coffee. He gave us a lot of information for our article.

The tavern was built “in the early ’30s, about 1936 or so” by Eva Reed and Bill and Frances North. It was at that time a store and sort of a hotel as well as a landing for steamboats, which became common on the Columbia River during the turn of the century.

The freeway coming through by the Inn now helps the business quite a bit. When

Bill North bought it, the freeway was in the planning stage. He has customers from The Dalles, Cascade Locks, Stevenson and places up and down the freeway. They are people whose business brings them by the Inn on a regular basis.

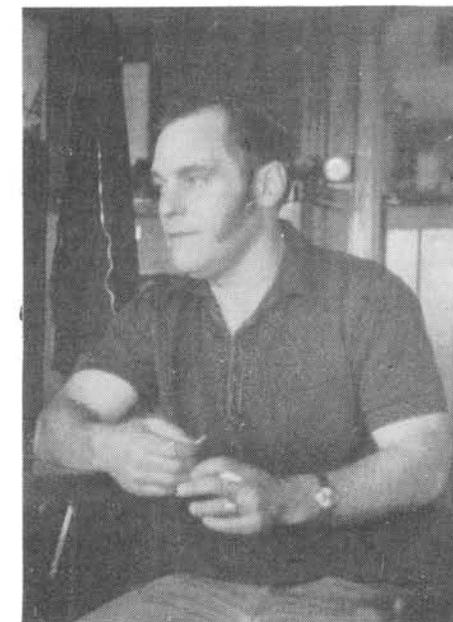
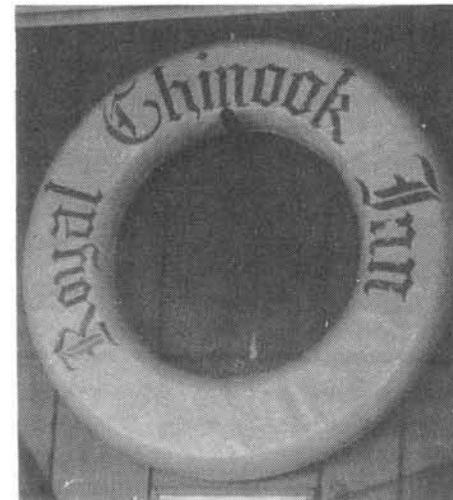
The weather sometimes affects the Inn’s business. The ice storm last year didn’t affect the Inn too much, although the power was out for about two or three days, off and on. They were very busy one Sunday, though. “There was no lights at all and we had a houseful. The just sat around ’til the power came on. We were busy and all we could serve was beer and cold things.” Mr. North started a fire and had it going to roast marshmallows. They had a good business that day.

What does he see as the drawbacks to his work? “The different responsibilities and the long hours. If you’re trying to promote things you are here either early in the morning or late at night or even both. Getting good help out this far from

When students pick a topic for an interview, they sometimes have to go to more than one person to find the information they need. This is what happened to us with this interview.

We wanted to interview Susan Benentendi about the Chinook Inn, so we went down to the Springdale School where she works. But when we asked her our questions, she said she didn’t really know the answers and suggested that we contact her cousin, Bill North, who owned the Inn.

We certainly thank Mrs. Benentendi for her help!



Owner Bill North takes a break to visit with some customers.

a populated area (is sometimes a problem). Right at the moment I'm in good shape, though." What does he like best about working here? "I'm my own boss!"

When asked what the operating hours are, Mr. North said about 10:00 a.m. to 11:00 p.m., but this varies. He says the hours haven't changed much over the years, although there've been times when they stayed open later.

There are lots of customers who come in the Inn, no one of which is particularly more interesting than others; "They all are."

While we were at the Inn, we asked Mr. North about the Halloween potluck that he had advertised. This was the first year of the potluck and everybody brought a dish and put it on a table in the middle of the room.

The Royal Chinook Inn continues to be a popular place for people who work around here to go for lunch, a meeting, or a get-together because it's close — and friendly.



*The fishwheels that were on the River worked like a ferris wheel. The current would make it turn like a paddlewheel. They each had a chute and when the fish went through the chute, the traps on the wheel would pick them up. Most of the wheels were destroyed during a heavy ice storm.



"WE NEVER WANT TO MOVE AWAY"

by Teri Gibbons



Fred Luscher and Gretchen Robinson look over the land surrounding their Bridal Veil home.

"My father said, 'You boys make all the money you can and you can put it in on a car.' So we did pretty good and our first car was a Cole-8."

Fred's father came from Switzerland in 1880 when he was just 21 years old. Fred's mother and father went down the Columbia in an old boat to The Dalles. "They were gonna settle up there but, I don't know, I guess it was just too dry so they came down here and settled right here in a log house and a barn."

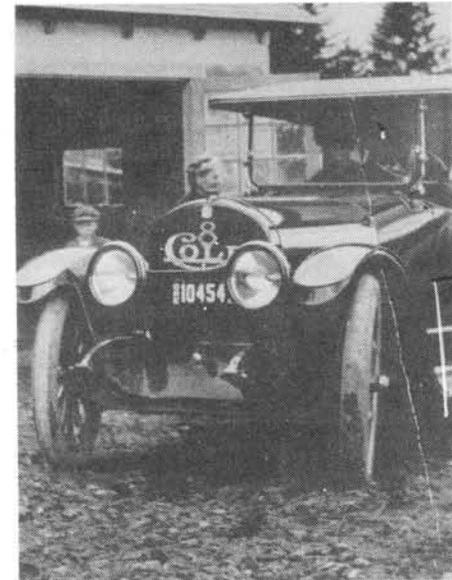
Many may remember that when they were kids, they waved at passing trains. Fred did, too, but he's continued waving at trains that pass his house for 81 years. In fact, he even fell out his barn window trying to get to where he could wave at the train. Fred was given a Bureau Scan

As visitors drive down a windy, tree-covered lane near Bridal Veil, they pass a 95-year old barn standing sturdily in the field, its large sliding doors sagging in the middle. "People want to know why I don't get my barn painted and I just laugh and tell them it's my antique."

Fred Luscher, who was 84 this last December, was born on the same land as that on which he now lives, but in a house that is now gone. Fred helped to build the white cozy home where he lives today. Along with Fred lives his 84-year old housekeeper, Gretchen Robinson. Miss Robinson has been working for Mr. Luscher for about 40 years.

Besides his house, Mr. Luscher built the house across the street and he and his brother helped to build the scenic highway by hauling rock. Man and team were paid \$5.00 for 8 hours of work and their board was 25¢ a meal.

Fred sits in his first car, the Cole-8.



"People want to know why I don't get my barn painted and I just laugh and tell them it's my antique."



by some of the employees of the Union Pacific. The Bureau Scan gives the engineer a chance to say "hello". During the middle of this interview, the passing trains whistled and a few said, "hello". At night, when the trains can't see Fred wave, he has a flood light so he can still signal the speeding trains.

Fred's family once owned land from Coopey Falls up to where the Ginters now live on Larch Mountain, then back down to the town of Latourell and over to the Columbia River. When his father arrived there was only an old paper mill and a cannery at Rooster Rock. When one of Fred's family had to get to town, they could use a kind of short-cut through their lower pasture. But when the water came up they had to go up Brower Road and then down to Latourell. From there they could head west.



"I would never leave. I just love it here."

To give a basic idea of what it was like in the early days, here is a story that was written by Fred's sister, Mary.

"My father, Fred Luscher, went to Bridal Veil, Oregon, in 1883 and took a homestead. He built a small one-room log cabin first with only dirt floors. The next year he was married to Anna B. Zvercher. Soon afterwards he started to build a small house which took him almost a year to finish as lumber at that time was very scarce. I was born in 1885, the first girl born in that locality. About that time a papermill had been started, but it wasn't till later that a lumber mill was built."

"The Indians were frequent visitors. Mother told me that sometimes it wasn't easy to get rid of them. They always wanted to know 'if man was home'. Father had to go after groceries and supplies that the steamboat brought in to town, now called Corbett. Our town of Bridal Veil grew rapidly after the mill was started. We soon had a two-story school building. The upper floor was used for church purposes. J.S. Bradley, President of the lumber (company), was our first Sunday school superintendent. We had around 25 present, the same children that answered roll-call at school. When I was six years old and first started to school I could not understand a word of English."

"In 1894 we had such high water that most of the Oregon-Washington

Railroad and Navigation Company tracks were under water at this place. We used a row-boat to get to school. This same year diphtheria hit the town. I had by then two younger brothers and two younger sisters. My brother was the first in our family to get it. These two brothers and two sisters all contacted the disease and the four of them died all in one week. My father came down with it and was somehow taken to St. Vincent's Hospital in Portland. When he realized where he was he was determined to go home, but the hospital wouldn't at first release him. Before he was well he made arrangements to come home and brought a nurse with him, whose name was Miss Sweet. Meanwhile, I had come down with this dread disease. With the care of the nurse I pulled through and father got better. My mother escaped it and also two uncles who were living with us. We had to fumigate the house, burn the beds and bedding, and other pieces of furniture."

"After the epidemic I had two more brothers and one sister. My sister, Ella Gray, passed away in 1945. My older brother, Fred Jr., lives on the old homestead and still runs a dairy there. My other brother, Ben Luscher, has lived in Portland for many years.

Besides all the hard times, there were also times that were fun, like when the movie people came out to borrow a horse for a motion picture.

"They wanted a white horse but we couldn't find one so I had a bay horse and we took it up to Multnomah. They were taking a movie and the Indian rode the horse bareback up a hill. They were almost to the top and the road was awful narrow and the darn horse turned around and pretty near went over the edge." Fred paused to laugh and then went on. "No fooling, that was a close shave. And the Indian (who) was on him scared me to death. I can't remember what the name of the movie was, though."

Fred's fondest memories are of taking a couple of teams, a boat and a net and then going over to the island to go fish-



Gretchen's graduation picture.

ing with his brother. They would take the net out into the water and then circle back, hook the teams to the ends and pull in all the fish.

Fred hired Gretchen Robinson about

forty years ago and she's been working for him ever since. Gretchen came to Portland in 1915. She worked at the Ladd and Tilton bank. Then her friend, Miss Maxwell, heard of the place next door that was a chicken dinner place and she asked Gretchen to help her run it. That's where she met Fred. When she moved into town with the Magers, Fred used to bring his bookkeeping in to her for her to do. Fred and his friend, Seth Davis, would come into town to see Gretchen and Ann Mager. Fred was put on a three-week long diet and he asked Gretchen if she would come down and cook his meals. She agreed and she's been working for him ever since.



Fred as an infant.

Over a year ago, Gretchen slipped while picking up some flower petals. She was rushed into Gresham Hospital where it was discovered that she had a broken arm. The doctors thought that Gretchen would never write again but she soaked her wrist five times a day, squeezed a ball and worked her fingers so that she can now write again.

Gretchen's advice for the teenagers of today is to "have a good life. Just mind mama and papa and do the right kind of things - I think everybody knows what's right and wrong".

A REAL BASKET CASE

by Gary Canzler and Greg Osburn

Mrs. Dorothy Klock is a polite, talkative lady who works at the extension office and runs classes on basket-making at Mt. Hood Community College. She took time from her busy schedule to visit our class to tell us about her hobby.

Mrs. Klock makes baskets for sale as well as for birthday and Christmas gifts. She can make more than just baskets, too: she makes various containers and necklaces.

Mrs. Klock's children in California help her find books on baskets. She may soon have her baskets for sale at a shop in California, too. Right now, her most expensive baskets are about \$70, but some are only \$10 or lower.

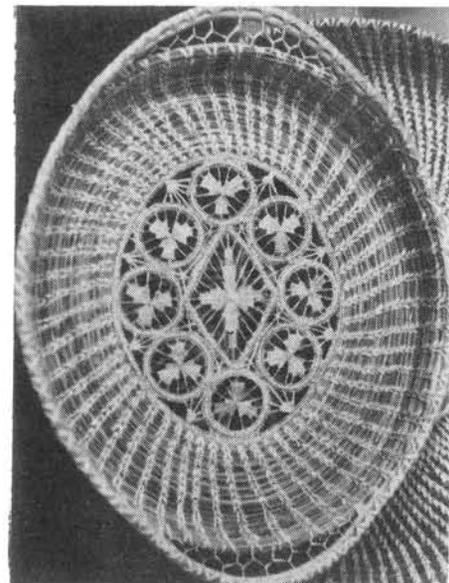
"Baskets are an important part in your life. I bet when you were born you were put in a basket. As you get older, many baskets will come into your life and when you die, they will probably put you in a basket to take you to a mortuary. Baskets go from one end of your life to the other."

"(Baskets) were the first fiber art. A fiber art is anything that is made from fiber. Fiber art baskets have been found on all the continents and most major islands. Each continent has its own kind of basket and on each continent there were different kinds of baskets. Basket-making is an American Indian art (but pine needle art is not an Indian art. The modern-day Indians are doing pine needle baskets, but they learned that.)"

"The first records that we have of the pine needle baskets was when the slaves were brought from a part of Africa to North Carolina, Georgia and Florida.



Dorothy Klock poses with her pine needle baskets, many of which features lacy designs. She also made her necklace.



They brought with them the know-how to make baskets and they made their baskets out of various sea grasses. They began to put pine needles in them to make them stronger."

"Pioneers started putting beautiful designs in their baskets and dyeing them with pretty colors. Basket-making developed into a fine art." Many of Mrs. Klock's baskets feature leaf or tree designs.

"To make these baskets you have to go out and get some pine needles. There are a lot of pine trees around here. Then I use rafia. Rafia comes from Madagascar, which is an island off the coast of Africa. They ship it to America in big bundles."

"I take little metal rings to hold all the needles into a bundle." Working from the center of the basket, Mrs. Klock pulls the needles around and around in circles. She ties the needles together with the rafia. "I go around them with buttonhole stitching. If I think I am going to be somewhere a long time, I can pull (the pine needles and rafia thread) out of my purse and work on them."

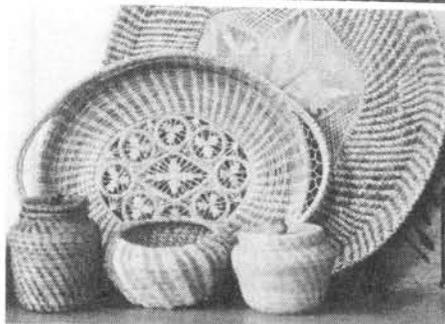
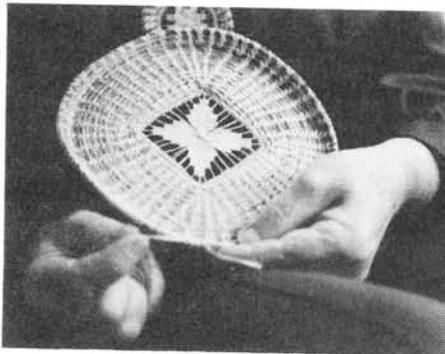
"The Indians in Kenya are making pine needle baskets and they are sewing them together like I sew my baskets."

"It's profitable for me because I've got another job and selling baskets doesn't bring in a lot of money, but it helps."

"I love pine needle baskets. The minute I set eyes on them I became a basket case. I'm going to show you a book that was printed in 1920 (about basket-making): 'Basket making is taught in many of our public schools and is a growing part of the industrial training in the institutions for the blind. Also, it is proving a great value in the treatment of the insane and feeble-minded people'. I think that's where the 'basket-case' expression came from. So I said 'Okay, when they send



Above, Dorothy Klock demonstrates her basket-weaving technique. She rotates the center, then fastens the needles in place with rafia (below).



Dorothy's baskets come in all shapes and sizes. Some even have lids.

me down to the institution because of my feeble-mindedness, I'll teach the other people how to make baskets when I get there'."

"I don't mind being called a 'basket case' at all."

STEAMBOATS: BIG AND SMALL

by Stephen Barnes and Doug Towsley

We went down to Mr. George Perry's house on Chamberlain Road for this interview. Doug has known Mr. Perry for about 4 years and he thought he would be a good subject for an interview because Mr. Perry knows much about steam engines.

We were both a little nervous when we got there because we didn't know if the interview would go through smoothly. We wanted to interview Mr. Perry about steamboats that used to run on the Columbia. He has made models of some of them.

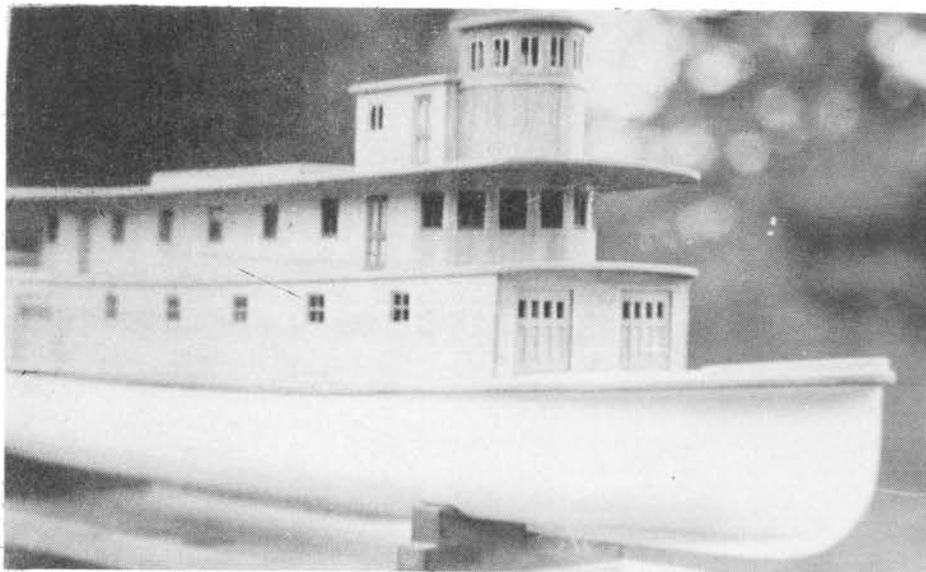
On Mr. Perry's kitchen table sat two model steamboats. Mr. Perry had made and finished one. The one that was done

was about 35 inches long. This boat provided a good view of the steam engine. Mr. Perry had named the boat the *Virginia Ann*. It was driven by a propeller. The other steamboat hadn't been finished yet, but what he had done was great. It had 3 decks on it and was 40 inches long. It was going to be propelled by two steam engines and a paddle wheel. "The engines are made in West Germany. The cylinders on the original (steamboats) were 8 to 12 feet long and the diameters would be 8 to 10 inches."

He hopes to have the second boat finished by the summer. "The hull is painted; the first level, which is where the merchandise and cargo is stored, is done;



George Perry sits with one of his model steamboats. A view of the Columbia River is in the background.



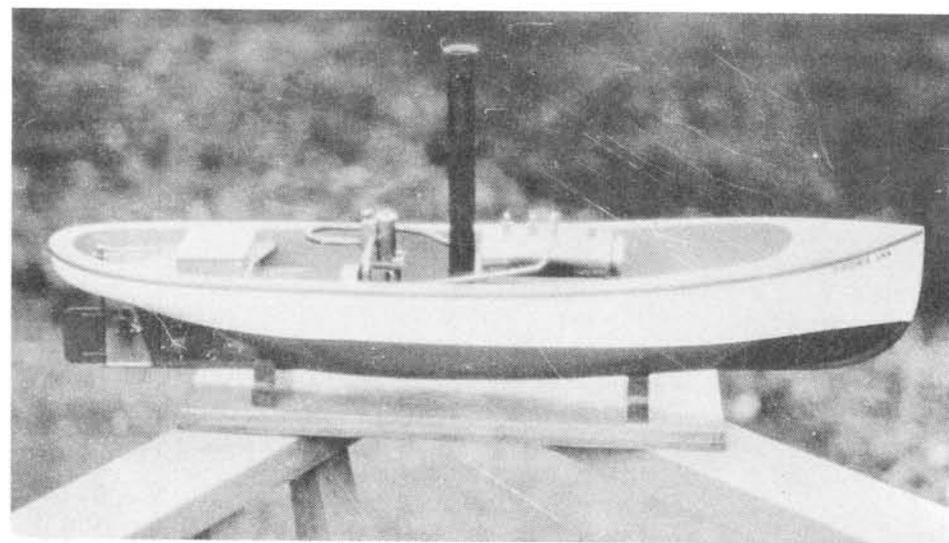
and the pilothouse, called the texas, is done. The three levels above the hull have yet to be painted and there's going to be a railing around the decks. Also, the steam engines have yet to be adapted." He's also planning to put tiny passengers on his model. "I'm going to ask model manufacturers who supply model parts (for) some quarter-inch people. It would be kind of nice to have little people standing around on the decks to make it look more (realistic) — like some guy leaning over the railing (would) capture the essence."

"This boat is not intended to be any particular boat; it just captures the essence of a steamboat. It's really not the largest type of steamboat. It's just going to be 36 inches long." To scale, this would represent a boat about 150 feet long, "Really a small boat." When finished, the boat will weigh about seven pounds and will go about two miles per hour.

"The rigging and engine exhaust stacks in the middle of the boat will be enough rigging there to give a suggestion of what that was. The actual hulls of the original boats were very thin and flexible, so the hull is being held together and aligned by wires."

"The steamboats on the Columbia was one of the earliest industries in Oregon. The Oregon Stream Navigation Company (O.S.N.) built the large boats (beginning around) 1860 (and until) the 1890's. They kind of had the perfect set-up as the only competition was themselves!"

"One of the principle (executives) of the O.S.N. was Simon G. Reed, (for whom) Reed College is named." In those days, the steamboats and the railroads were the major means of transporting merchandise. "There were some cars transported, (but mostly) there was grain and wheat transported from Central Oregon and Eastern Oregon down the River."



The steam-engine in Mr. Perry's first model steamboat, the 'Virginia Ann', was made in West Germany.

Mr. Perry commented that several steamboats were sunk or wrecked during their runs. "About 53 of about 550 were abandoned, burned (fires were almost always fatal because the boards were almost instantly consumed in flames), or dismantled. All of the above-mentioned boats are steamers of the Columbia River system, (but) all of them are not necessarily paddlewheelers."

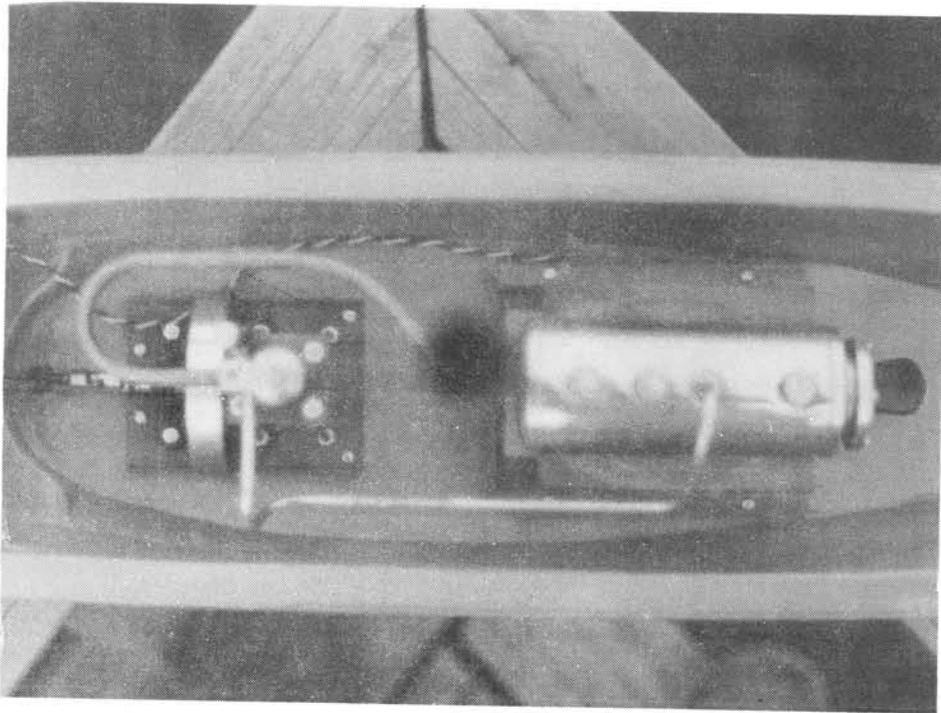
One wreck occurred near Corbett landing. "The *Bonita* was a sternwheeler built in Portland (in) 1875. It was 527 tons, 155 feet in length. The year it wrecked was in 1892. It's been an obstacle to the drift-net fishermen over the years.

(Beginning) back in 1900 they have undertaken to dynamite it. In the 1940's, when the River dropped down, the fishermen had to pull in their nets. It (finally) beached and attempts to get it off damaged it more. (I'm) just guessing (but) I would say they burned it then. What was left was left from the water level on down and then as it became an

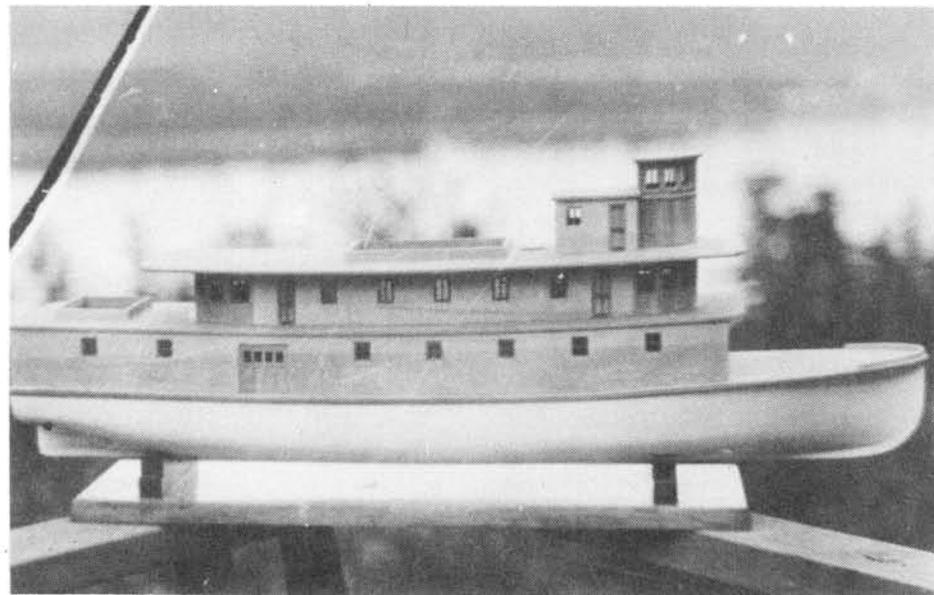
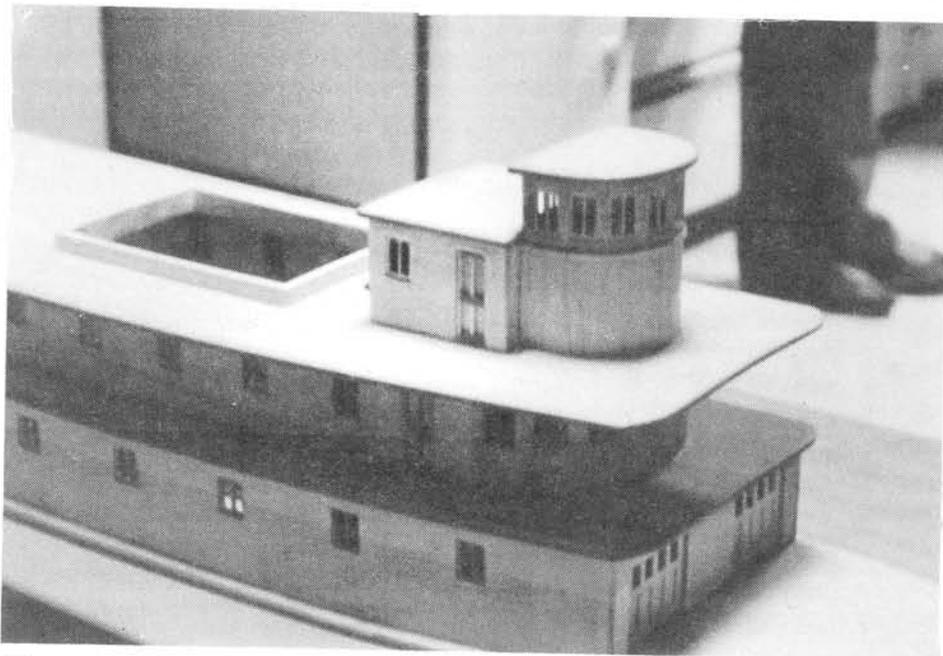
annoyance to other people using the river, they tried to take it apart and pull pieces away."

"Until the mid 1890's, the Cascade Locks formed a barrier so the steamboats couldn't go further than that. So there were steamboats stationed at The Dalles and (they) would come down to the Cascades. There would (also) be steamboats in Portland to come up to the Cascades from the lower side."

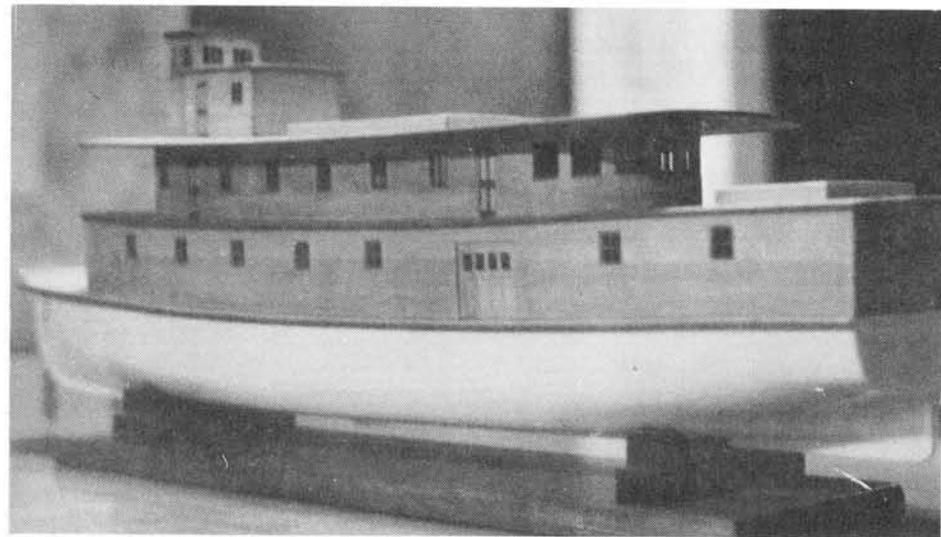
"There's still one paddlewheeler on the River. The paddlewheeler is owned by the Port of Portland, which uses it to move freight on the Willamette. It was built in the middle 40's, but it's built on the same pattern as the two steamboats on the table, which were built several years earlier. It would be too bad if it gets lost. It takes a rather large crew, seven men, to operate it, whereas a propeller-driven boat takes only two men. That's (one reason they might want to get rid of it. And because of the cost it's also in danger."



Above is a close-up of one model's steam engine. Below is the pilothouse for his second boat.



Mr. Perry's second model steamboat has not yet been christened.



1001 Subscribers

IT TAKES WORK TO MAINTAIN THAT NUMBER OF PHONES

Tim Jimenez

by Tim Jimenez and Mike Smith,
with assistance from Roger Thrasher

When we first walked into the Cascade Utility office, we could hear telephones ringing and the machinery clicking. The room was filled with different types of phones.

Our contact, Jim Randall, was not there so we walked out back to see Mr. Albert Smith, Mike's father. Soon a truck came around the corner and then Mr. Randall, a man of medium height with a big bushy beard, led us to a room where we started our interview.

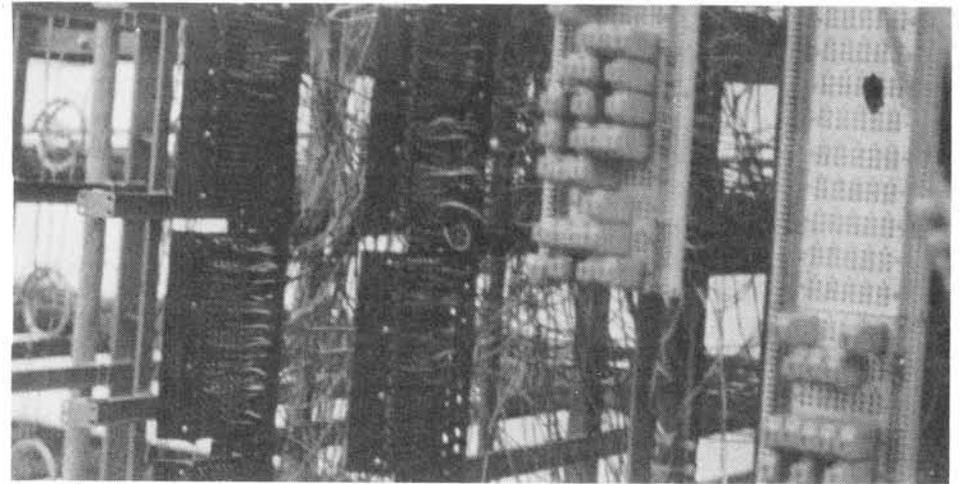
Mr. Randall answered every question we asked as if he had been interviewed many times before. He also showed us the new facilities.

There have been many changes in Corbett's telephone service. "Since telephones were first invented we've come quite a ways. At first, there was no switching equipment. Everything was by crank, and calls went from operator to operator. Now we have a U.H. office. It replaces what the operator did. The new office equipment being put in is all electronic; (it) has no moving parts. This will streamline calls."

"Cascade Utilities started in this area in 1972. Before that, it was a private family-owned exchange called 'Columbia Telephone'. When we first took over, the plant was too small to handle all the subscribers. So we built the Corbett office and Aims office. We also went 90 percent buried plant. We put (in) about everything new."



A Cascade Utilities technician checks the equipment at the Corbett office.



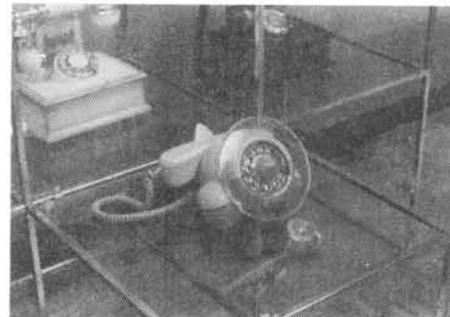
"There are about one-thousand subscribers and 720 extensions in the Corbett system; 72 percent of the people have a phone."

It takes work to maintain that number of phones. "We figure our average troubles for one day is 3.25 per 1000. That means that 3¼ phones have a problem on an average day."

"One of the biggest problems is (with) trailer houses. Dogs get under and chew up the cords." Vandalism of pay phones

is another problem. "On the average we have to replace a headset about once a week. In the last two years we have had a couple of pay phones ripped off."

What changes does he foresee for the area? "In April, we will be putting in 40 miles of underground cable in the Corbett and Aims areas. Then, in August, we will cut over from our office to our new computer-switching system. And in September, all Gresham calls will be local."



Left, Corbett residents can choose from a wide variety of telephone styles. Right, Jim Randall discusses the new computer-switch-



ing system with Timber Winds interviewers Roger Thrasher, center, and Tim Jimenez, right.

LOGGING WITH HORSES AND SKIDROADS

by Terry Parrish

When we arrived at Claire Baker's, we were greeted by a friendly little dog who walked us to the door. As we were approaching, we could see Mrs. Baker finishing her daily chores of feeding the chickens.

Inside her house, we could smell the scent of freshly-baked molasses cookies, made especially in honor of our visit. We ate, sipped punch and enjoyed the warmth of the woodstove as she talked.

Mrs. Baker is a proud, energetic person who is always willing to take time to talk to other people. She is an 81-year old resident who has lived in the Aims area for a long while. When she was interviewed about her early experiences — particularly those involving logging — she had a lot to say.

"I was born on the foothills of Pepper

Mountain and there was a logging camp there, Key and Douglas. They used horses to log." Sometimes, the practice of using horses caused unusual problems. "Up in the Bull Run (area), they were so afraid that something would pollute the water that a man up there had to put diapers on his horses."

To get the logs from the logging site to a mill was a major problem for many logging camps. "Back in the olden days, they had what they called skidroads and these were used to pull the logs down." Mrs. Baker explained that skidroads were trails which held half-buried logs. These logs were notched in the middle so that a log could be guided from the top of the trail to the bottom. (See diagram). The logs were brought in to the skidroad, and axle grease was applied to make each slide more easily. Several logs were then chain-



Artist Teresa Falconer reproduced Mrs. Baker's sketch of a logger's skidroad.



Claire Baker poses with one of the cookbooks she wrote. Her family surprised her by having it published.

ed together. Finally, "(loggers) would hook six to eight horses to form a team and they would ride on the very last horse and this is how they would direct the horses," and thus pull the logs to the landing.

Emergencies were handled differently back then, too. "Back then they didn't have a fire department or equipment to put out fires. Usually, when there was a fire, they just let it burn. The environmentalists didn't care in those days." Mrs. Baker remembered a fire near her home. "I had a relative who had to bury her baby's clothes so that they would not burn. Later, they dug up the clothes, which were unharmed."

Poor roads caused other problems, too.

Mrs. Baker remembers the roads as being muddy and as having three sets of ruts: one for the tires on each side of the car, and one caused by the starting crank on the front of the car. The steep roads near Aims made her a little nervous: "I remember being afraid the car'd get stuck and I'd fall out."

There wasn't an ambulance service then, either. If there was a logging accident, "there wasn't much that could be done". Everyone tried to help the victim as much as possible. "We all helped each other in those days."

Mrs. Baker continues to believe in helping others. As we left, she was gathering clothes to be given to a needy Cambodian family.

For 25 years . . .

WHEN JOY PERRY SPOKE, STUDENTS LISTENED

by Phil Dearixon, Ed Kurtz and Danny Osburn

We started our interview on a bad note: we had trouble finding the right house, and when we finally arrived, we found out we were about an hour earlier than expected. But Joy C. Perry was very nice about it and asked us into the kitchen “where it was warmer”.

As we walked through the house, we saw many old and beautiful items. In the kitchen-dining room, we were kind of scared to sit down because of the beautifully carved, plush chairs, so we put the tape recorder on one of them instead.

Around us we saw many antiques: a cash register with the “No Sale” sign up and an antique miniature sewing machine that really worked. As the woodstove warmed us, we began to enjoy the “make yourself at home” atmosphere and we decided the interview would be a success.

The owner of the antiques commented that “some like them and some people don’t”. We remarked that it must have taken her a long time to collect all her things. “All this junk? Oh, it’s just ‘pick-up’ things. (Like) these dishes came to Mr. Perry when there were 24 in a set. (They featured) Hetty Green*, who was a character in New York.”

“And here’s a ‘jolly nigger,’” she said as she pointed to a piggy bank. “Something else you might be interested in is that gumball machine over there. You put a nickel in and gum would come out. (Even) a penny in those days went a long way.” She also showed us some letter openers made of ivory, metal and wood.

Phil Dearixon

Mrs. Perry has lived in this house since 1952. “A graduate of Corbett High who is now deceased, Arthur Grimm, built the house with my husband.” Some of the furnishings in the house have interesting backgrounds. “This bed (in one of the bedrooms) was made by my husband’s grandfather for his bride. See how short it is. My son isn’t comfortable in it because he’s so tall — 6 feet 4 (inches).” Her husband also found an old cabinet in Portland, but had to saw off part of it to fit into its spot.

We admired her fireplace and asked if it was brick. “No, that is tuffstone. There is a church in Portland built out of tuffstone. My husband and Albert Pounder got it. It was mined from the earth and they brought it up.”

Mrs. Perry used to teach at Corbett



Corbett Union High School in 1925.



Mrs. Perry’s yard presents a breath-taking view of the Gorge.



Joy Perry, as she appeared in the faculty section of the yearbook.

High School. “I (first) came (to Corbett) in the fall of ’22 and ’23 was the first school year. We taught at the grange hall because the school had burned that summer. (There were) three teachers and one teacher came out once a week for music. They drew a curtain across to separate

the classes.”

“I was in the right hand room, a little alcove, and I had civics, history, and Spanish that year. Our heat was a little round electric heater and then, of course, they had a big stove down on the main floor. The next year, in April, the cornerstone was made for the new high school.”

“I can’t think of any (instances of) disciplining. Some of the students walked from lower Corbett up to the grange hall and they weren’t up to much mischief. At the beginning of fishing season in the spring the boys would all leave and go fishing — that became the discipline problem. That was put an end to (but) the parents backed the boys for going fishing. It was an important industry back then.”

“Now in the year ’24 and ’25 was the first year in the high school. The summer preceding the opening of school I was asked to take courses in Portland to teach girls physical education and I’ll always remember my salary — it was increased to

Columbian High School burned in 1923.

\$166.66. I still remember that because of all the sixes."

"That year, in '24 and '25, was the largest class to graduate from Corbett High School — there were seven! And I think in the year '25 and '26, the first constitution was made."

"One interesting thing was (that) that year, Queen Maria of Rumania visited and toured the United States. She came down the highway and we went out in front and one of the boys waved a flag."

"I went back in '42 — that was during the time of the war — and taught until '64. So I was there all the time and you know, if Kevin, my grandson, makes it this year, that will be six grandchildren that graduated from Corbett High."

"In the year '43-'44, the yearbooks were mimeographed and there were no boys (because) the boys had gone into the service." Virgil Kirkham who went to Corbett High School from 1942-1945, was one of the casualties of that war. "I had Virgil (in class) in 1942. After he graduated he went to Oregon State College (now Oregon State University). He was killed in action in 1945 in Czechoslovakia. He is listed in the Gold Star Boys, but the others are listed in the yearbook."

"There was a citizenship award given to Murial McKay Walker. She was the first to get her name on it. But in the year that I was there, '42-'43, Catherine Baker's name (her name is now Catherine Baker Dunlap) was put on the citizenship cup."



Dances and parties were a little different back then. "Gas rationing in '42-'43 prevented the junior-senior party (so) they celebrated in the gym. At that time, dancing was not allowed in the school and there was quite a bit of controversy when they would allow the children to dance."

"Sometime around '46, '47 or '48, I was put in charge of the library. Before that, the books were brought out from the Portland library and loaned to the school."

Mrs. Perry was pleased that we were writing articles for a magazine. "This (interviewing) is fun for your class to do. You can learn so much from it — so much more than sitting with a book. I had the journalism class at Corbett (High School) go down and interview the people fishing smelt on the Sandy River — that's about when the smelt runs were large. You'll learn both ways (in and out of the classroom)."



*Hetty Green (1834 - 1916) was believed to be the richest woman in the world at the time of her death. She inherited her father's estate of about \$6 million. She spent little on personal comforts.

THERE WAS ALWAYS SOME OF THE TOWN TEAMS GLAD TO COME OUT



"When this picture was taken, Tom Northway was the manager. (Alvin Kinney was manager part of the time, I think). He got the games for us and lined-up the players and such, but he played, too. He's the ninth player. He just hadn't got his suit on yet."

by Tracy Brown and Marcy Kimbley

Marcy and her father had to drive past several berry fields to get to Toot Evans' home. Marcy remembers thinking, "He can't live back here!"

They were welcomed warmly. As she entered, Marcy noticed the beautiful fireplace made of rocks collected from different parts of the world. A large agate was most noticeable.

Before the interview, Mrs. Evans told their dog, Smokey, to climb up in her chair — where he promptly went to sleep. At this point, Marcy, says, she began to feel comfortable and relaxed, too, and was able to enjoy Toot's memories about Corbett's first baseball team.

"We practiced evenings and our games were on Sunday afternoons. We played the teams around in the area like Boring, Sandy, Gresham and Troutdale. Mostly

we got a lot of teams from Portland. They liked to come out in the country and play. We didn't have any trouble getting games. There was always some of the town teams glad to come out."

"Our field was rented out. It's out between the fire hall and the laboratory (across from Dave's Market). We used that for several years. We also played down at Hicklem Bottom, where the cattle ranch is. We walked to Fairview to play and we also walked to Bridal Veil to play", a distance of 9 or 10 miles.

Toot was uncertain if the rules were different now. "I don't know what the rules are now. I watch the ball games and they will call (these) different balls. We used to have an 'in and out' ball or a 'drop' ball, and nowadays they call them a 'curve' ball and the 'screw'

Baseball

"The first team included George Larson, who was our pitcher, and Alvin Kinney, who played first base. Later on, Kinney got to pitching some. During the summer time, the Leader twins were home from college and they would play with us. Ed would always pitch and his brother, Elmer, would catch. I know one game we had a double-header. Ed Leader pitched and Alvin Kinney played first base. The second game, Alvin pitched, Harry Rickert played first base and Ed Leader played second base."

"Tony Zilm caught when Elmer wasn't there. Vancil Evans played center field, but if Tony Zilm wasn't around or there wasn't anybody catching, Vancil would run and catch. He wasn't a regular catcher. It's just that no one else would catch. So Vancil did catch quite a few games."

"Harry Rickert played third base and sometimes first. When Albert Fromell was around he played third base and sometimes right field. Ralph Rogers was always on second when he was here. Same with me — short stop. I've never played anything else. Tom Northwick played left field (and) William Northwick played center field. When Vancil was catching, Bill would be in center field."

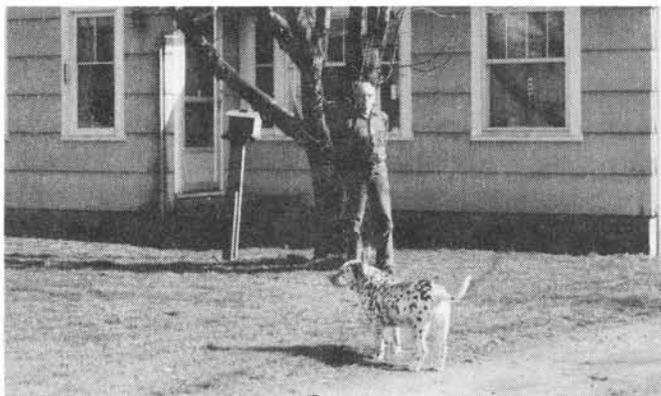
"After the war was over, Bill Rickert played on the team quite a bit. He was one of the regulars later on."

ball and I don't know what a 'screw' ball is now."

To earn money for equipment, they usually gave dances. "We passed the hat around at the games and most people put in a quarter or four bits. We usually had enough money (then)."

Toot played until he broke his wrist

sometime in the '30s. "We started out about 1917 or '18 and played up until World War I, I think. They layed off a couple of years because there wasn't enough guys around the country to make a team. And then after the war was over they started up again and it just continued." He stopped playing after he broke his wrist. He is the last player alive today.



"Toot" and Smokey enjoy warm spring weather in the yard in front of their Corbett home. (Photo by Ralph Rickert)

At the Windmill Shop . . .

OAK IS BACK

by John Bryson

Rain clouds were gathering as Ms. Clark and I walked down a path covered with fresh sawdust to the Windmill Furniture Shop. When we got inside the shop we first noticed the aroma of freshly cut wood. There was a big pile of sawdust in the middle of the room with a cat sleeping in it. Mr. Marsh Duncan, the owner, stood near it, dumping more sawdust onto the pile.

Even though he didn't know us, he welcomed us warmly. He was very interested in us and what kind of project we were doing. He seemed very comfortable throughout the entire interview, which helped me because I was a little bit nervous.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan started building furniture about four years ago. Mr. Dun-



Lois Duncan adds a coat of varnish to a current project.

can worked in the service before they started building furniture. "I found out it wasn't paying too much after Uncle Sam, social security and a few other things." The Duncans owned quite a lot of tools and he said it was Mrs. Duncan's idea to start building furniture. "I said, 'You know, you're asking for it', and sure enough, you know, eight, nine, ten hours a day is what I spend down here and she spends almost that time down here (too)."

The Duncans have been living in the Corbett area for years. Mrs. Duncan was an Evans of the Corbett area. Mr. Duncan is from southern California and came up to Oregon State University to go to school; that's where he and Mrs. Duncan met. Although they have moved from time to time when Mr. Duncan was in the service, this has been their official address.

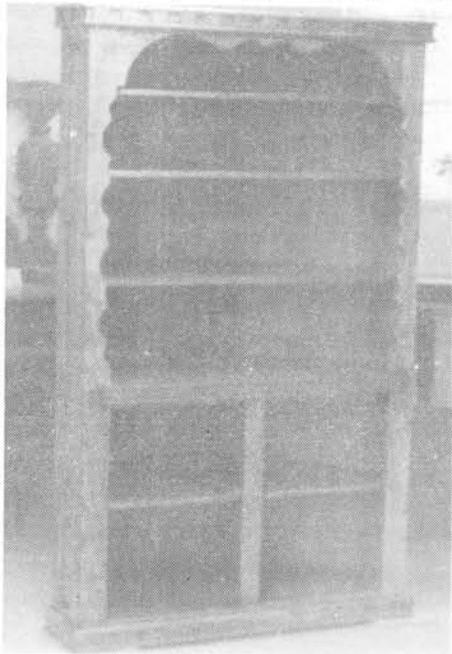
The Duncans don't advertise their business but rely on word of mouth. "And, after all, in any business, that's about the best. This isn't a business as such — this is not bread and butter. We can't give things away, but it's (primarily) the satisfaction that we get out of meeting a great bunch of people."

If you were to go out to their shop and wanted to order a certain piece of furniture, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan would sit you down and have you draw a picture of what you want: the dimensions, the color and the type of wood that you want. "They (customers) like this, espe-

cially (since) when it's done, they can say, 'That's a piece of me in that desk or breakfast table or whatever'."

Most of the time when someone wants something to be built they ask for it to be built in oak. According to Mr. Duncan, oak is the wood that is 'in' now. During the forties, around the time of the war, the new laminated woods came in and everyone had to have them. "But now oak is back; oak is 'it' now. Out of all those orders (pointing to a list of the wall), most of them are for oak except when someone wants a piece of furniture to match a piece that they already have."

The Duncans like what they do because of some of the unusual orders that they get. A couple of them have been a very big headboard and a salad bar for a pizza parlor, "although there are a couple of dillies up there", he said, pointing to the work schedule on the wall. "The most interesting one we had to make was a headboard. They have, you know, a king



size, queen size (and) this was, I think, a double-king and two or three queens thrown into it! It was the biggest bed I have ever seen in my life. (The owners are) real fine customers and friends of ours and they decided they were going to get this huge bed so we made (the headboard) and it turned out beautifully: a headboard with sliding panels for lights, books, radios and all this jazz. But that thing must have been a mile long; you could get up and do laps around it in the morning."

"We made another one — maybe this should be the most unusual one. There's the Peetsa Peddler in Gresham (and) a young couple by the name of Carry run it and she's quite a character and she gets some real great ideas about certain things and she got the idea that she would like to have a salad bar in the restaurant (that's) made out of a bathtub. So she went out and scrounged the country and found an old-fashioned steel bathtub — real steel, and huge. And she had it all painted black. She also had the legs



Marsh Duncan turns his attention to a specially ordered buffet.

plated — that cost her a pretty penny (for brass plating). And then she came over and we made an oak top for it about 6 or 8 inches deep that set right in it and that's where all the ice goes. Then we made brackets for the sneeze bar. They have embossed glass with their logo on the glass (it's very interesting), and that's where people file by and get their croutons and their onions and pickles and stuff like that. That's probably the most unusual salad bar in Oregon."

The Duncans are not open everyday for people to browse around and look at the furniture they're making, but they do like to consider themselves open on Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

The Duncans do like to have their customers come out and look at their piece of furniture while it's in the process of being built. "That way, when they come out and see it they can say, 'Boy, that is going to be a lot bigger than I thought!'"



Lois Duncan carefully sands each layer of varnish. She says she learned her refinishing techniques through experimentation and self-study.

So if you are ever caught with nothing to do and would enjoy seeing quality furniture being made, you might just stop in and see the Duncans at the Windmill Shop.

“SNOW GET PRETTY BAD HERE”

by John Davis and Kim Erickson



Mrs. Preston believes the winter of 1979 was one of the worst she's seen in her 30 years in Springdale.

We decided to interview Mrs. Preston and see if she could remember anything of old Corbett and how things were back when she first moved to the area.

Mrs. Preston is a nice person and a kind lady. She is very sweet and smiles when she talks to people.

Mrs. Preston lives on the old scenic highway going through Springdale. She told us that there were only 3 houses at the time she moved there 30 years ago and they are all still there even now.

Some of Mrs. Preston's strongest memories are about the weather. "The winds are so bad that nobody can stand in them at times and the rains are so bad they flood the Sandy River and then parts of Springdale and Dabney Park."

"Worst of all is the snow. The snow gets pretty bad up here." It got so bad this year that Mrs. Preston was snowed in and it took about three days for the outside world to get to her. Even after they dug her out, she still could not leave because the snow was about 6½ feet high and nobody was going anywhere.

Mrs. Preston enjoys living here, but advises newcomers that if they plan to stay in Corbett, they should be prepared for lots of wind, rain, and snow!



HE DOESN'T PLAY 'EM BUT HE SURE CAN MAKE 'EM

by Norman Brill and Lee VanSpeybrock

When Mr. Lewis Faught was first contacted, he didn't want to come to talk to our class about his hobby of making dulcimers. He said he didn't have anything important to talk about. But when he was told that we were just as scared to do the interview, he changed his mind and decided to come and help us out.

On the 20th of February, we went to the library. The chairs and video camera were already set up. Mr. Faught was already there, and a few minutes later the interview started. We were interviewing him about a stringed musical instrument that he learned to make from a book!

Mr. Faught was nervous at first, but after a while he settled down and started to laugh a little. He is a skillful and interesting man and whatever he does, he makes it turn out right. Even though he cannot play the dulcimer, he sure can make beautiful ones!

He said that one of the first things he has to do is to cure the wood — unless he buys it from someone. He has some logs piled out in his yard that will probably be there for another year before it goes under a roof. Mr. Faught puts a piece of plastic over the top of the pile to keep the rain off, but he leaves it outside because he does not want it to dry too fast. Right now, he's experimenting with drying wood in his radar range, and he believes that should work out pretty well.



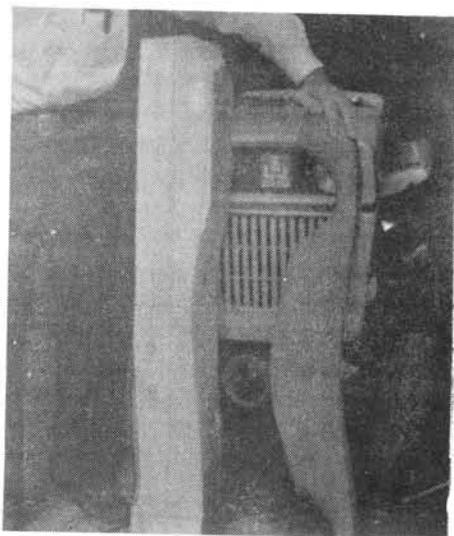
Lewis Faught displays one of his dulcimers for Corbett students.

The material Mr. Faught uses in making his dulcimers is "about everything that comes along". Wood that he has used so far includes English walnut, English holly, maple, apple, golden chinquapin, black locust and wild cherry. The strings are steel guitar strings, and the frets are made of nickel-silver.

Probably the hardest part of making a dulcimer is cutting out the pieces and putting them together. He uses a four-inch jointer, an eight-inch tablesaw, a bandsaw and an assortment of hand tools to cut out and smooth the pieces.

The first thing Mr. Faught does is to glue the two pieces of the back together and glue the side pieces together. He puts these in a press to make them the shape that he wants. Mr. Faught said that he can start anywhere he wants when making the pieces but he has to put it together in order so it will come out right.

The hardest part to make is the tuning head. It takes about three to four days.



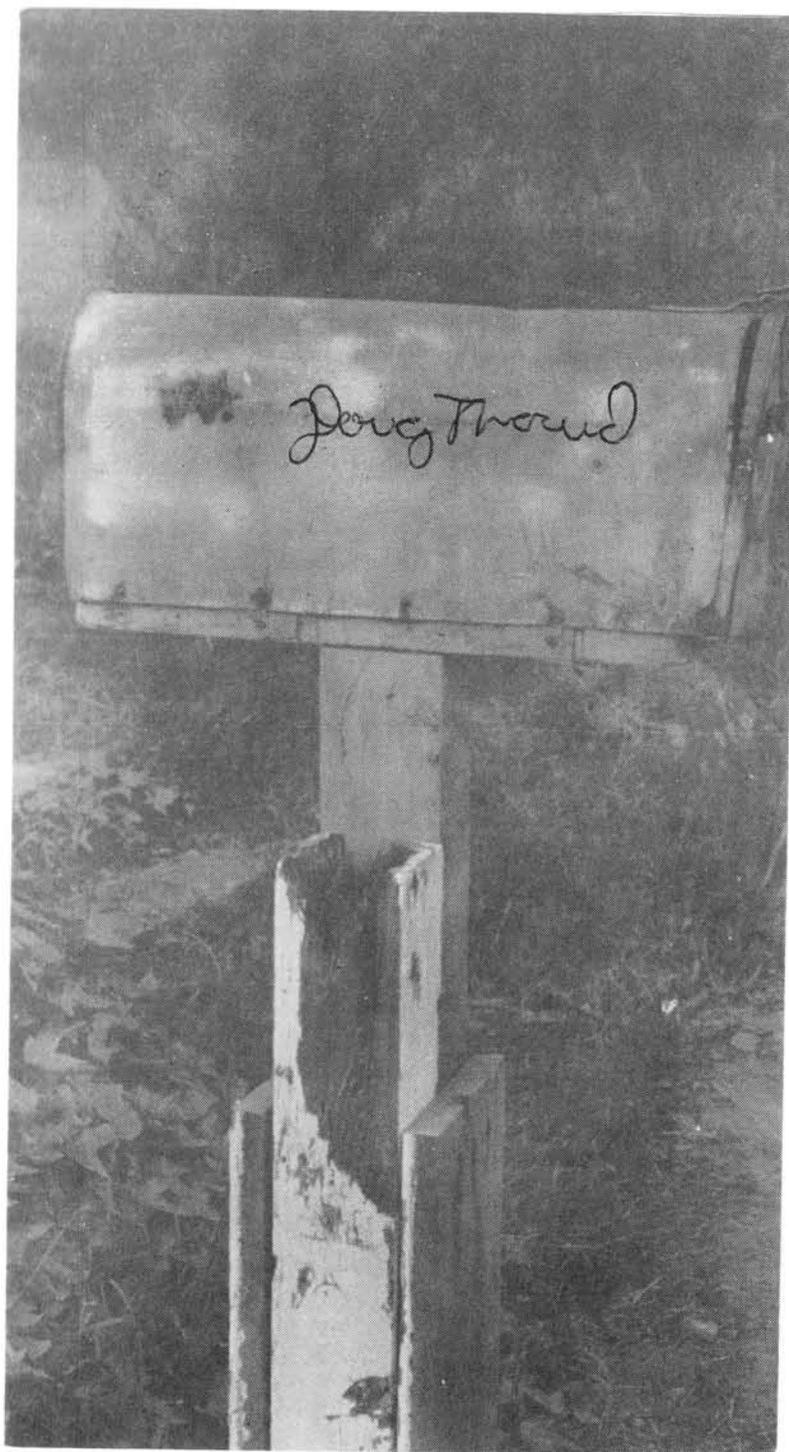
Mr. and Mrs. Faught display the newest addition to the dulcimer collection in their Corbett home.

Mr. Faught makes the tuning pegs out of golden chinquapin, the fret board of English walnut, the inset of the strum of hollow black locust and the back and sides of English holly.

Mr. Faught tries to put about five kinds of wood into his dulcimers to add a little variety to them.

Besides making dulcimers, Mr. Faught has made a short chain of wood, and a wooden box with two wooden balls in it. Both of these were made without glue — he carved them all in one piece. His latest piece of work he has just begun. It is an ox yoke which he is making with just a hatchet and a bit and brace.

Mr. Faught's newest wood project is this ox yoke.



COMING IN *TIMBER WINDS*

Corbett's own historic blend: The Old Maxwell House
Dorothy Klock ticks off memories of Bridal Veil School
Esther Settlemier reminisces about past wedding customs
Gladys Woodle joins the graduating class of 1980
Clifton Graff fires up his listeners with stories about his original gas-powered engines.
The Howard Winters' Winters
Violet Cook/Claire Baker: Prohibition Stories
Alice Ellis: Bridal Veil Cemetery
Caning with Bob Kerslake: A man as strong – and rare – as his hobby

AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!!



Bill Chatham
Archie West
Larry Evans
Dave Weber
Kevin Holsti
J.J. Henderson
Connie
Maestri