

# *Timber Winds*



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Corbett, OR

*Timber Winds* is the product of 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 continuing support of this experimental project. With such generous help, we continue to forge linkages between reminiscences, between families and neighbors, between the school and the community, and between generations.

Cover photo: When Jackie Gongliewski decided she wanted to question Corbett High's oldest living graduate, she didn't realize her quest would take her through two interviews and mean three trips to Aloha. The results were well worth her efforts. Clara Salzman (center) not only regaled Jackie and partner Robert Overy with her tales of her high school years, but she displayed her skills on her spinning wheel, "a whole other story in itself!" Jackie reported to the class. Pictured admiring her work are Shannon Bennett, left, and Casey Lewis. (Oh, if you're wondering what Jackie's *other* interview was about, see "A Prize-Winning Hobby" in the next issue of *Timber Winds*).



Photography consultant: John Ryan

Photography assistance by "Photography by Goldenberg", Gresham

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Gladys Woodle receives her high school diploma from David Thompson, Principal of Corbett High School, 58 years late.

## "Delayed Graduate Joins Class of 1980"

by Bob Bennett and Kelly Cunningham

We were fascinated to hear that Corbett High School's oldest living graduate still lives in the area. We arranged an interview with Gladys Woodle, who now lives across the street from the high school in a small white house which is about 25 years old and has trees and decorative rocks surrounding it.

She welcomed us into her warm, quiet, nicely decorated home. The house contained many of her own paintings.

Mrs. Woodle is a small lady who looks cute with all her grey hair. She smiles a lot and we found it was easy to make her laugh.

Mrs. Woodle seemed surprised that we wanted to talk to her about her experiences as a Corbett graduate. "I only had three years of English because I couldn't get senior English here so I didn't graduate. I am not an alumni. I lacked 1/2 credit, so they didn't graduate me. I thought about (making it up), but I never have. I talked to some of the teachers one time and they said, 'Oh, come over and take a year of typing or just anything of that sort'. I said at the

time I should have graduated. I had to have another year of English. And I'm getting pretty old to go back to school. I'm afraid I'd have trouble!"

We asked her what school was like when she was a student here. "Most of the students walked (to school). Once in a while, my sister and I (would) drive a horse (and) cart (for a) ride (to school). There were girls that lived about a mile to a mile and a half above where we lived and they rode horses, and there were two or three girls that lived over at the end of Rickert Road that rode horseback. There (were) little old open sheds to put the horses (in at the) back of the church. And it was, I believe, after *this* school was built that they ran the first school bus. George Chamberlain was the first school bus driver. The bus was a truck chassis with a red body. (It) held about two dozen students. And if the kids got to being naughty, rambunctious (or) whatever you want to call it, George Chamberlain would pull off the side of the road and the kids (would) start getting off and would walk home."

The school burned following Mrs. Woodle's 12th grade year. "The school burned in July, 1922, during the vacation, (although) I don't remember what day of July. Where Reiters' house is now - on that same foundation - there was a store with a dance hall back of it and in July, 1922, there was a fire started in the dance hall area and burned the store (to which it was connected). The east wind was blowing and the grade school caught on fire." The building was completely destroyed.

"They had classes in the grange hall, then they started building this building. We were out of the neighborhood for about a year and a half and when we came back, the high school was pretty well along and the next fall the classes were in the (new) high school."

Mrs. Woodle attended classes in one of the local churches. "We were in the church 1914-15. They were building (then). We started at nine o'clock in the morning and (school) got out at 3:30. We had a half-hour for lunch and while we were having school in the church, the girls would (bring) potatoes and carrots or turnips or cabbage or whatever they had at home. Usually, two of the girls would go down and we had to make a stew or a soup or something so we had hot meals. Each one of us brought our own bowl from home to eat in. It was quite amateurish to what the hot meals are now. We usually brought a sandwich or something like that, and maybe a bowl of stew or whatever from home - it might have been a beef bone or it might have been something else. It made something hot for us at noon."

"The church was heated by a big oil drum stove and when we had classes in (the) little back rooms, we had to put on our coats and stocking caps - anything to keep from freezing. We had no electricity here at the time. The building

was lit with Coleman kerosene lamps. They hung from the ceiling with (a) mantle that sat at the top of the burner. It put out a pretty good light."

"That winter the east wind blew 21 days in December without a break and the little creeks around the neighborhood were frozen over. It got down to eight degrees. We walked to school and I lived on Loudan Road at the time," a distance of 2-1/2 miles. "Our hands and feet would be so cold (they) felt like they were going to break off."

They didn't have football, baseball or basketball teams. "All those things have come in since. Seems to me like they had track. After we moved into the combined grade school-high school building that burned, they played tennis on the ground. They didn't have a cement floor."



Gladys Woodle suggests changes for her *Timber Winds* article.

"They built the gym, I think, in '54. I don't remember if it was being considered when it was being built (after) the school burned (down). I think the little old gymnasium was converted into the library and various things. (But that) was the first gymnasium we had in the neighborhood."

The students used to play work-up baseball. "Sometimes the girls would join them, (but) I couldn't catch a ball if you laid it in my hands! We used to play catch and work-up and so forth at home. There's four of us girls in the family. Dad would come out and play with us once in a while on a Sunday afternoon."

"We had sewing classes (but) not art class. I took two years of free-hand drawing when I was going to Washington High. With 13 students and 8 semesters and two teachers, we didn't have time for art classes. We had lower English, math, history (and) botany. I took geometry because I had a year and a half of algebra already and I like algebra but I fought geometry. One of the teachers had a German background and he taught us classes in conversational German. I took one year of that and I know a few words of German, (but) it didn't stick. It went in one ear and right out the other."

This hooked rug decorates the wall of Gladys' Corbett home.

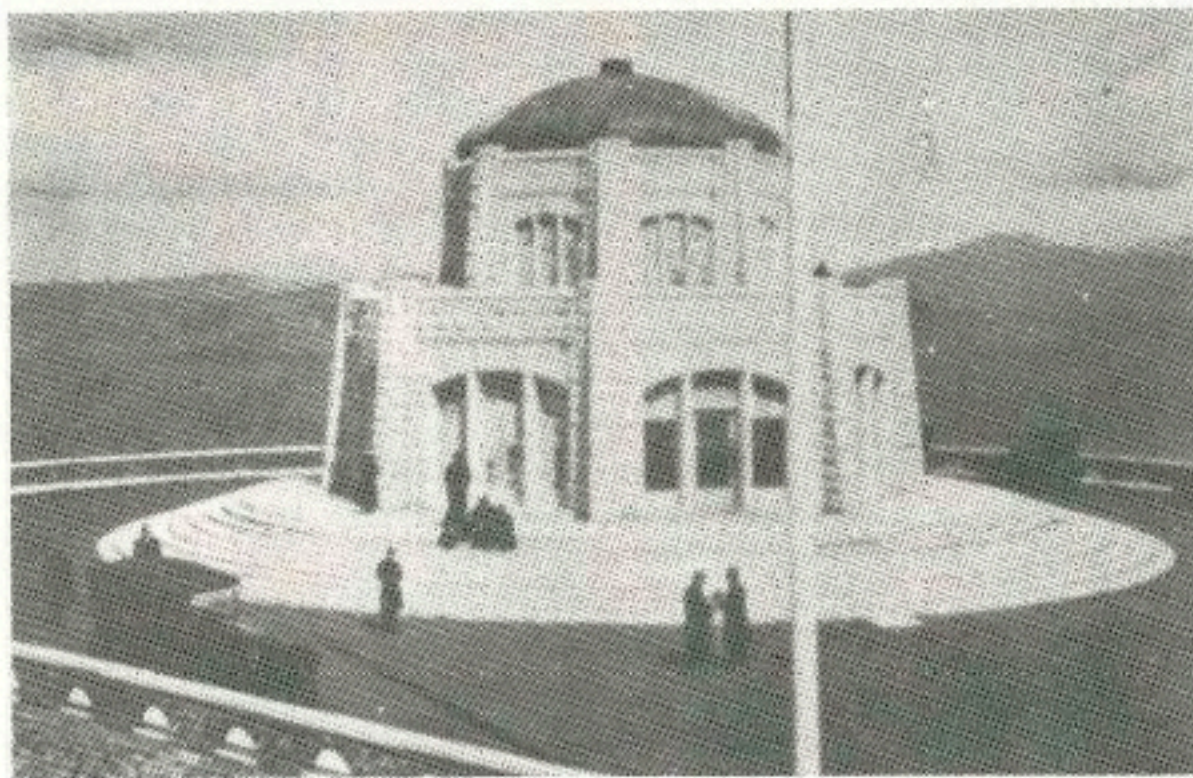


"We left here in the fall of 1922 and went to southern California. My husband was having pleurisy every winter so the doctor ordered him (to) go far enough south so (that he was) in another climate. When we were in southern California - my husband was working in the cabinet shop - we got the idea of starting (a) hardware store (and) putting in a lumber yard."

"After we came home, we looked for a site to build a hardware store and we decided that right across the road from the high school would be a good one because they put in (a) woodworking shop in the high school. So we put in different types of lumber and stuff we thought the high school students would be wanting to use. The high school boys would come over with a list of lumber - so many inches long, so many pieces - (and) we'd cut 'em out for (them). The senior boys would come out for a sheet of plywood (and) the east wind would blow sometimes (but the) four boys would take it back laying flat, one on each corner."

Today, Mrs. Woodle still remains in close contact with her friends and neighbors in Corbett. Her daughter gave her a birthday party last November, and many of her Corbett friends surprised her with a visit.

## Crown Point Vista House:



Vista House as it appeared in 1917. Today, it is one of the largest tourist attractions along the Columbia River Gorge. (Photo courtesy of Crown Point Historical Society.)

## A button unfurled an American flag

by Phil Dearixon and Mike Fast

Since Crown Point is one of the main tourist interest points in the Columbia River Gorge, and is also near Corbett, we decided to do a story on the history of Vista House, the tourist center there.

When the Columbia River Highway was completed, the people of Oregon decided to make a memorial to the pioneers, which would be a permanent building on top of the great rock (Crown Point), which stands 725 feet above the Columbia River. Now 63 years old, the Vista House recognizes pioneers who risked their lives to have this beautiful country.

Crown Point provides warmth and shelter and also a breathtaking view. The view consists of the Columbia River Gorge and also the Washington side,

which is nearly three miles across the river.

The land where the Vista House now sits was donated to Multnomah County by Loren Lund. He came to America from Denmark in the late 1800's. He owned quite a bit of land around the Larch Mountain area when he donated the land.

The Vista House was dedicated in 1917 by President Wilson while he was in Washington, D.C. It seems kind of hard to dedicate from that far. The President pushed a button that triggered the christening. The button unfurled an American flag.

The Vista House is a great addition to the Columbia River Highway, one of the most scenic drives in the world.

## Faresh Hall

by Patti Hanson

As you drive down the Scenic Highway towards Multnomah Falls, you may see a stately white house to the left. It stands out because of its immense size and beauty. Its architecture is almost classical, with large white pillars across the front. Its once huge double doors were replaced by the present owners in the course of their remodeling.

A history of the house was given to us by Marty Meredith, the former owner of the house.

"(Some) people by the name of Arnold and Hibler had (the) home built for them in 1917 by a builder by the name of Cook. The home was named 'Faresh Hall' at that time and was opened as a restaurant-type roadhouse."

"The Arnolds then sold their half of the house to Mrs. Herrenchohle and her daughter, Anne, and it continued to be a restaurant. A Mrs. Montgomery from Vancouver, Washington, purchased the house and it sat (run) down and idle til Elsie Maxwell bought (it), we think

about 1937. Elsie ran the home as a special dinner and guest house."

"Elsie sold it about 1947 to some people by the name of Peterson. (The) Petersons tried to run the restaurant, but it failed. Mrs. Maxwell told us people just wouldn't drive that far for a \$2.00 chicken dinner."

Mr. and Mrs. Mitzel and (their) two grown children bought the house for a private home. Mrs. Mitzel passed away, and Mr. Mitzel sold the home to Mr. Auker and it was (run) as a rest home. Mr. Auker then sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Hitchman, (both elderly).

"Mr. and Mrs. John Noble and (their) two small children bought the house in approximately 1960. (The) Nobels sold the home to us, (Mr. and Mrs. Ed Meredith), in 1969."

The Merediths did extensive renovating to the home for a number of years, and later sold it to Mr. and Mrs. Alder, the present owners.



Long known as the "Maxwell House", Faresh Hall has seen service as a restaurant and rest home, as well as being one of the most beautiful homes along the Scenic Highway.

**Jack Woods -**

## *Secrets of smoking fish*

by Kris Atchison, Casey Lewis and Chris Hadley

Jack Woods is an easy-going man. He's fun to be with and has a great sense of humor.

When we started the interview, we weren't sure what to expect. We figured it might be boring and dull. But after we got started we found ourselves deeply interested in what he was saying, forgetting about phony, rehearsed questions. We soon learned things about smoking fish we'd never heard of.

He also told us about himself. He and his wife have been living here since 1947, in a nice house on the Gorge overlooking the Columbia River.

Jack knows alot about fishing. "I've lived off the river 20 or 30 years." When he was a child he smoked hams and bacon for money. He learned to smoke meat from his father when he was little.

Jack fishes right down below his house on the Columbia and he also fishes the Sandy and Lewis Rivers. He used to fish for profit only, but now, because of new laws, he doesn't sell much fish.

Jack is quite a carpenter and a tool-maker. With his tools he made himself, he built his own smokehouse. It's deep enough so he can put two trays on each rail. There are 24 trays in one

smokehouse. His smokehouse will hold 800 pounds of fish.



**Does Jack intend to continue smoking fish? "I don't know. I may not be around too long. I'm no spring chicken, you know."**

It takes quite a while to prepare fish to smoke. First, a person has to catch the fish. Jack always uses a net. Then he dresses the fish out and puts them in a salt brine in the evening before he goes to bed. The next morning he takes

the fish out of the salt brine and puts them in the smoker.

When we asked how long it took, we learned, much to our surprise, that "I can get it out in 14-16 hours." After taking them out of the brine, Jack puts them in the smoker on wire racks. As Jack put it, he "just sticks 'em right in there."

Then he lights a small fire down in the firebox. He says all he'll use is dry vine maple, never green wood. He said, "Green wood smokes and has tar. It gives everything a bad taste."

He told us smelt are the hardest fish to smoke because you have to be careful not to tear them.

Jack used to sell fish back in the twenties and thirties. He made fair money

some years. He sold 50-pound boxes of smelt for one dollar!

Now Jack smokes fish for friends and charges on halves. He can't sell fish because he would have to have a license and also a packer's license and a canner's license.

The most smelt Jack ever caught commercially was 230 boxes containing 50 pounds of fish each. He caught them all by himself in one night.

We asked him if he planned to keep smoking fish for a long time. He replied with a grin on his face and laughter in his voice, "I don't know. I may not be around too long. I'm no spring chicken, you know!"



**Timber Winds reporter Casey Lewis learns that one of Jack's secrets involves the type of wood used in the fire. "Green wood smokes and has tar. It gives everything a bad taste."**

Clara Salzman –

## Corbett's oldest living graduate

On Wednesday, April 2, 1980, Rob Overy and I went out to Aloha to interview Clara Salzman.

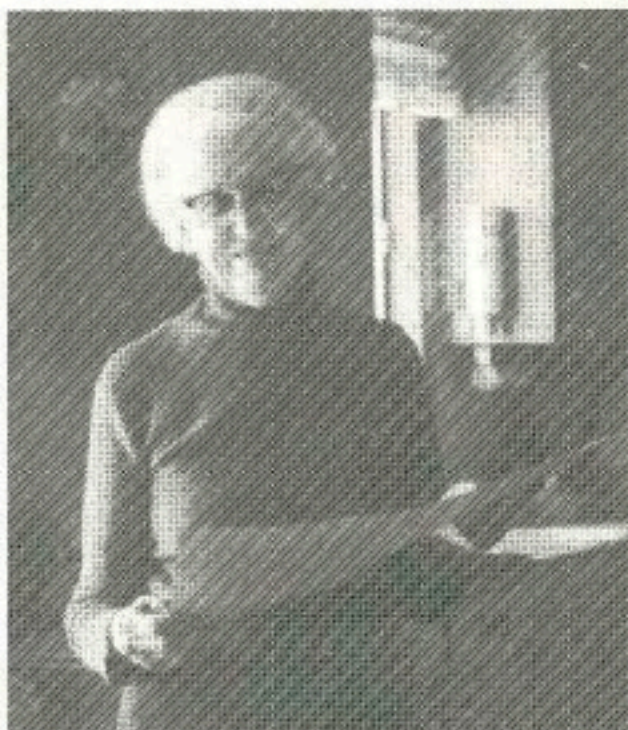
Clara Salzman is a grey-haired, friendly lady in her early 80's. She was interesting to talk to but we had to repeat some of the questions more than once. She wasn't nervous and always had something to say. After we were finished talking, she gave each of us a bottle of pop.

She had a very clean house which contained comfortable-looking old furniture. She had several paintings and pictures of family and friends. We particularly liked her paintings of flowers.

We went out there to interview her about when she was in Corbett High School, then called "Columbian". She was the first and only graduate in 1916. It was a most interesting interview.

Mrs. Salzman explained that she attended school in a church in Corbett for a while until the school building was ready in the spring. "That was over at the grade school. There were four rooms in the grade school building (it burned down in 1923, I think), but the high school (Taylor School, it was then), had two rooms and then there was a library (used by both)."

"I graduated from high school in 1916. (After I graduated), I was taking a teacher's preparatory course. At that time, we could teach one year right out of high school. I planned on being a teacher but changed my mind and got married."



We asked her what she studied. "Well, we had German. And then I had English, history, and psychology – that was in the teacher's training course. I had algebra in Washington High in Portland, and geometry. We only had two teachers so we couldn't have too wide a range of subjects."

"Both of the teachers that I went to are dead. A Mr. Talfson was the principal and a Miss Helen Colter was the assistant."

We asked her about the name of the high school then. "Well, of course it was 'Union High School #1', but we called it 'Columbian' because it was on the Columbia River and we chose the colors red and white. (Once), we got into difficulties with the Board of Directors because we cut out some cardboard and co-

vered it with red crepe paper and tacked (up) 'Columbian High School' over the main entrance. It rained out there and we had a pink high school and the Board wasn't too happy with us!"

We asked if she participated in a sports program. "We didn't have enough pupils for anything the first year – we had 13 – (but) by the next spring we had a principal who had managed to get some lawn leveled-off where the playground is for the grade school, now east of the church building. We put up a net across there and on that rough lawn we played tennis. You couldn't tell where the ball was going to go because you would hit it here and it would go there."

We asked if there were other extracurricular activities and what they were like. "We weren't big enough to have any newspaper. The year I graduated we put on a play and gave it at Corbett, Bridal Veil, and Gresham." Mrs. Salzman said the students used money earned from their play to buy the school a second-hand piano.

School lunches were different when she went to school. "We brought our own

sack lunches the first year over at the church and the second year, the year I graduated, they fixed up an old woodstove in the basement of the school building and we instituted our own lunch program. It wasn't a hot lunch as you would know it now. The Taylor School supplied half of the materials and the high school (the other). I don't remember how we got cups and bowls, (but) we had either a cup of cocoa or someone would take some navy bean soup and some bacon and so forth or we had just something hot to go with (a) sandwich, and that was the start of Corbett's hot lunch."

What did she do for excitement? "Well, we had parties in the various homes (and) we had Christian Endeavors there at the church. We (also) had a party at the church every two or three months or so. (There) we played games (or) we had sings (in which) almost all of the neighborhood participated."

Although Clara Salzman has happy memories of Corbett, she is content in her present home in Aloha.



# Rumbling Fairbanks, 1915

by Bill Chartrand and Archie Wert

"Kachug, kachug, kachug, pop, kachug, pop, pop, kachug, kachug, kachug, kachug, pop, chug-chug, pop, pop, chug, chug, chug, chug, pop, clang, pop, chug, pop, clang, clang, pop, clang, chug!"

These sounds filled the air when we talked to Cliff Graff about his gas-powered engines. Those sounds are from a 1915 Fairbanks engine that Cliff started up for us.

Cliff is a nice, polite farmer who is interested in old gas-powered engines. He stopped cultivating his field and let his tractor idle just to talk to us, and he talked to us just like we were a part of his own family.

We had been out to see him once before, but our tape got messed up, so we got the chance to come back again. We're glad we could!

We asked Cliff how he got started on his hobby. "I started to collect them about 10 years ago, (but) I've been playing with them since I was your size."

Mr. Graff explained about the fuel used in the engines and it was really pretty interesting. He said the engines used crude oil and the engine used a gallon and a half an hour. He also said it would not be a bad idea to use one of the engines right now for the amount of power

it could produce.

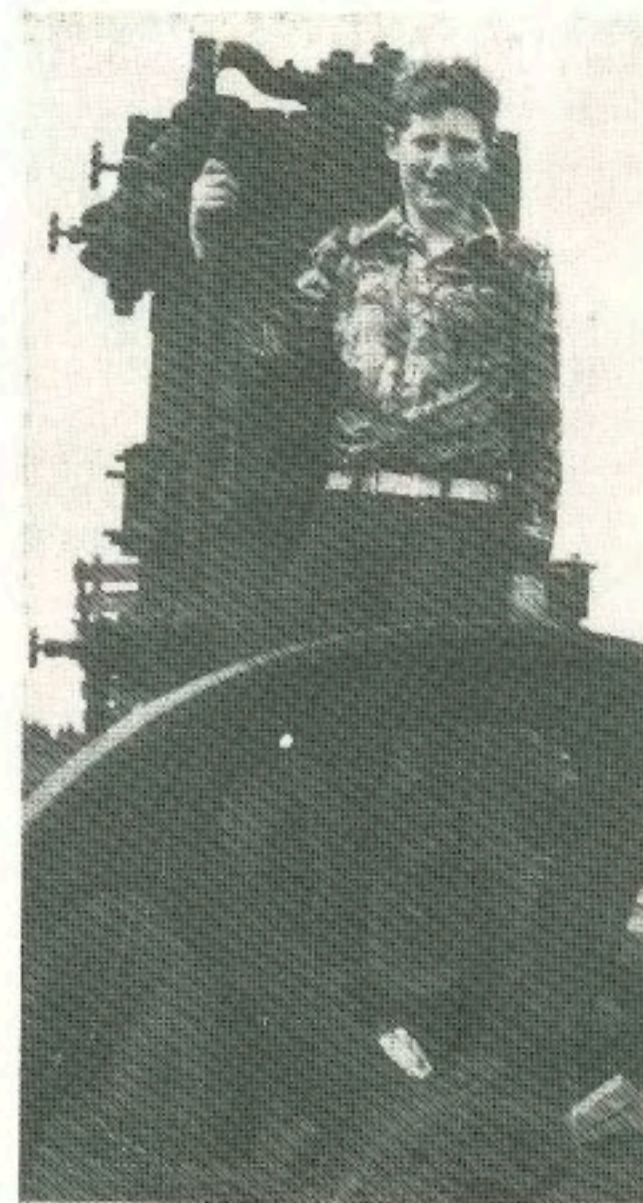
Since parts for the engines cannot be bought, they usually have to be specially made. "You can usually find somebody who is casting the parts. There are several places in town like these places that make stove lids and stuff like that for you. If you've got a broken part, you take it in and they'll make a mold and cast it. A lot of the parts are just regular steel, you know, and you just grind them down and cut them to the shape you want them. Actually, they're simple to make parts for."

"There are (also) places you can send your parts to get them made. You'll see a lot of the parts or engines in newspaper articles and stuff."

Archie Wert poses on one of Cliff's engines, a 1915 Fairbanks. It once generated enough power for the city of Eugene.



Cliff Graff starts one of his antique gas-powered engines for *Timber Winds* interviewers. Cliff started his collection about 10 years ago, "but I've been playing with them since I was your size."



"You can (even) go around to these swap meets and there are other people who collect them and when one guy's got (two of) one, he builds him one good one and puts the old one (up) for sale, so you trade some of your parts for exchange."

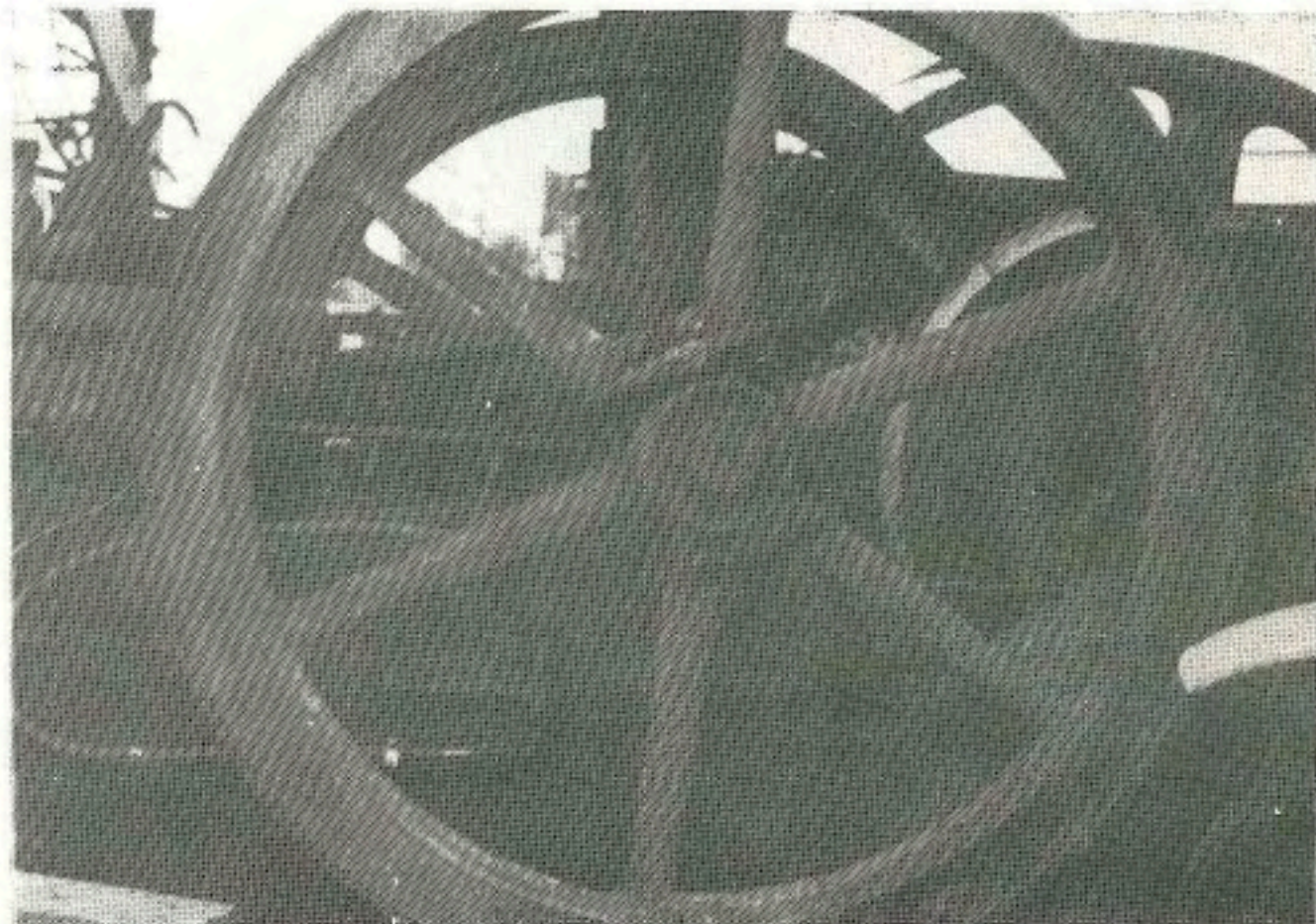
Cliff uses a loader to carry his engines to expositions or to bring newly-purchased ones back to his place. "Even these little ones are heavy to drag around."

"I've taken some down to the (collector's) shows in Eugene and Washington. There's one (show) in Columbia that I'm taking (the 1915 Fairbanks) to if I ever get it loaded again. This side of Brooks there's a few (shows). The national meet

is in Centralia, Washington, (where) they've got everything from steam-powered trains to gas-powered engines like mine here. They (even) grind up flour (and grain) to demonstrate (for exhibition)."

His own engines vary as to their origins. "The Hercules was bought new on the place - I don't know exactly when. There's a few that have been here a long time, (but) the newest one we had (was bought) about a year (ago). So we got the engines scattered throughout the years."

"They're just a hobby. They ain't good for anything else. If I ever get tired of them, (though), the kids like them to play around with."



## Mr. Winters' Winters



Mr. and Mrs. Howard Winters pause from farm chores to pose for *Timber Winds* photographers.

by Mark Stanwood and Fred Sanchez,  
with assistance from Loretta Richardson,  
Angie Pomante and Kim McMillan

Many people who know Howard Winters know him as a generous man who never-the-less enjoys his privacy. This helps explain why he has two Doberman Pinschers as watchdogs. Another is that he has been robbed twice in the past two years.

When a group of us from the *Timber Winds* staff went to his house to interview him, our car was greeted by his Dobermans. But the dogs weren't entirely ferocious: when our adviser, Ms. Clark, rolled down the window of the car to speak to Mrs. Winters, she was licked on the nose by the



friendlier of the two.

The interview got off to a great start and received an unexpected bonus when Mr. Winters' son, Marven, returned home from having delivered some potatoes to town. Mr. Winters, in his sixties, is just recovering from an operation, and is not as spry as Marven, so he asked him to run to the attic to get things to show us, such as arrowheads he found, a 48-year old coat that Mr. Winters had worn through many cold seasons, and an old Indian canoe anchor.

We wanted to talk to the Winters about some of their memories of Corbett weather. According to Mr. Winters, the winter of 1978 was the worst one he's ever seen. "It was a bad winter. It lasted ten weeks here. It started freezing before Thanksgiving and continued 'til about the 10th of February."

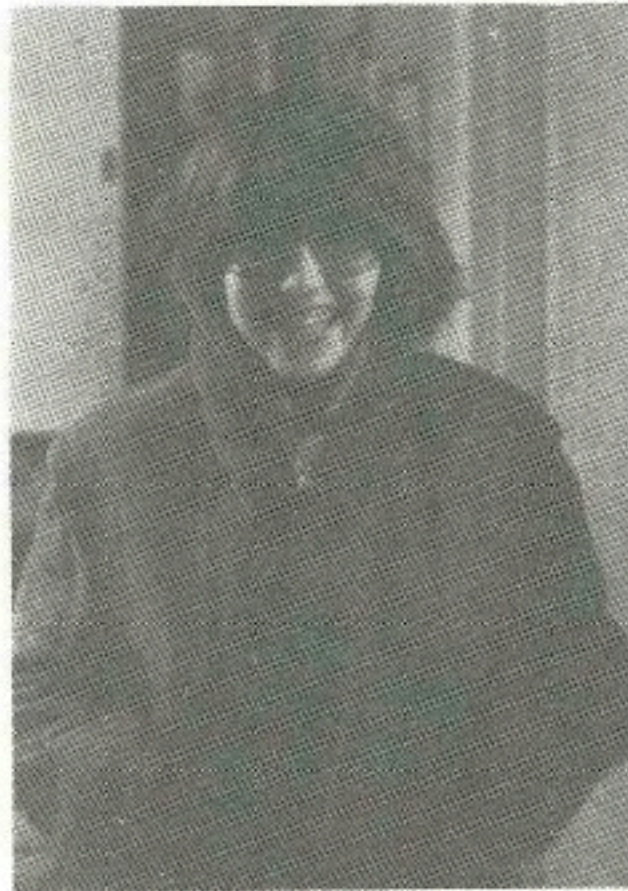
"We have seen other bad winters, too. In 1949-50 (there) was a bad winter. We didn't use a car or a truck for two weeks. The roads were full of snow on the Seidel Road. In front of John Seidel's potato house, the snow was clear across the road and was 35 feet deep."

"One day, we went to Troutdale for groceries. Mom and the two boys and I saw the milk truck driver, Earl Atkinson, and he said, 'Why don't you go and haul out Joe Frommelt's milk?' So I came home and got the caterpillar started and I could only run the starting en-

gine half-throttle it was so cold. I'd asked Joe Frommelt before if he thought I was gonna have his milk out and he thought I was a little bit nutty."

"I got the caterpillar down to his place and backed the wagon down to his milk house and he put (about) 25 ten-gallon cans of milk on the wagon. (I was a lot younger then!)"

"The milk cans just ate into the snow on the wagon and didn't slide and we went over snowdrifts and could go anywhere we wanted. We went over snowdrifts 12 feet deep and we went over fences. That was a bad winter."



Laretta Richardson tries on Mr. Winters' 48 year-old coat. It's seen Corbett weather at its worst, "and still has a lot of wear in it!"

## The Overbys



Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Overby have lived in Corbett since 1943 and say they'll "probably be here the rest of our lives."

## They Live in God-Given Beauty

by Mike Fast, with assistance from Doug Thorud and John Bryson

Ms. Clark, John Bryson, my partner, Doug Thorud and I rode up to Jeff Overby's for an interview about the schoolhouse that was next to their place. We were going to talk mainly to Mr. Overby, but he was out picking grapes at the neighbors', so we talked with Mrs. Overby instead.

Mrs. Overby is an older lady about 5'2" tall. She could remember things quite well. As we talked, she seemed to like to remember what her own school days were like when she was small and went to Springdale School. She is pleasing to listen to.

The Overbys, as well as others in Corbett, don't want to waste money on fuel. When we walked into the kitchen, they had curtains over many of the doors to keep heat in the room, and when Mr. Overby got home, he started cutting wood.

Mr. and Mrs. Overby have been my neighbors in their house above Springdale for as long as I can remember. When I ride or walk by, I usually talk with them. They talk about how long they've lived there, and about the school that was next door. So when we decided to do interviews for our magazine, I automatically thought of them.

The Overbys live next to land that was once Pleasant View School, District #48. "We lived about a mile and a half away from the old school. When they built the school here, Fernbacher donated the land to them and then used trees as markers. John and Arline Seidel used to live over on the point of the hill, on Seidel Road. John went to school here when he was a little boy (and) he said these big trees out here were planted when he started school. John was about 80 when he died in 1974. I think we have all the trees in our front yard."

"We used to have farm meetings and stuff like that in the old schoolhouse when I was a kid. I didn't attend the school, though. This school is smaller than the one I went to in Springdale. I would imagine they had about 20 kids, (but) I'm not sure. All eight grades must have been there. They tore down the old school house and made a two-room house. That was in the late 1930s." The old school bell is down in front of the old convalescent home in Gresham now.

Mrs. Overby was born in Los Angeles, but her parents moved to Corbett when she was six months old. Mrs. Overby told us what it was like when she went to elementary school. "I went to school in Springdale and had to walk about a half a mile. I remember what it was like. There were two rooms and it was divided by two folding doors and in the corner there was a great, huge old-time stove that kept it warm. It was really neat, and I can remember those dark, oiled floors. There was (also) a basement. As I remember, when the east wind blew, (the building) seemed to rock. We played down in the basement a lot and the restrooms were down there, too."

"The two rooms consisted of eight grades. I think the first four (were) in one room and then the others (were) in the other room. We had one teacher for each side."

She found it particularly interesting when she returned years later to see how the school had been remodeled. "It was much different. The floors were all neat and sanded and polished nicely. It was all

nice and white, compared to the old schoolhouse that was all dark and dingy, and it must have had an oil furnace. It's the same school we have now, but they built onto it. But they have the same auditorium."

Her first job in Corbett was planting cabbage for Art Canzler. She was busy working at the bulb industry, too, as it used to be quite large. "We'd dig them out with a plow-like thing, then you'd go along on your hands and knees and dig them out of the dirt. We'd put them in trays (according) to different varieties. Then after they dried, you'd sort them out to size and then sell them. One of the main things they raised around here was flowers. There were a lot of flowers down on Canzler Hill. There were beautiful tulips and Ig Wand raised a lot of lilies, but that was a little later, you know. I don't know just what year he started on lilies."

"I worked in the Corbett area for John Seidel, Ed Klinski, and Arline Seidel. I



**Dorothy Overby shows original height of trash burner which is all that remains of the wood stove that once heated Pleasant View School. The school site is on the Overby property.**



**Jeff Overby shows *Timber Winds* reporter John Bryson the site of the old school building.**

worked for her for about 24 years cleaning the house, and I worked for John before that, cutting potatoes and planting cabbage. Mr. Overby started working for Ed Klinski about 1935 to 1944, milking cows and farming. He was about 24 when he moved to Corbett. When we met, he was working for Ed Klinski."

"We got married in 1940 and we lived down at Klinskis in a small house where the spud shed used to be. (It had) two rooms, for the first three years. then, in 1943, it was April 19th - it's our lucky day, I guess - we bought this. Been livin' here ever since. We both worked at it and have a nice, good-sized home here where we raised an adopted daughter, Kathleen. She loves this place very much."

Mr. and Mrs. Overby have several hobbies. "We have five acres at Prinville that we go up to with our trailer." They also used to restore old cars. "We sold them (all). He was going to keep one of them as an antique, but he's 68 now and he's getting kind of old. They were '53 Fords -

they're collector's items now. We bought one new and the others just to fix them up. He had one all fixed up (and) ready to put a new paint job on it and somebody hit him."

She likes Corbett because it's so beautiful. "When you come home from a vacation, you feel so good (that you're) back. You never get tired from the scenery 'cause it changes almost from day to day. When I lived down on the farm before I was married, you could look out towards Gresham and the great big farm area and the colors changed so much. It was beautiful. You never got tired of it. I can't see out too good here (though) because the trees are kind of in the way, but we can still see a long way from this hill. The Sandy River and Mt. Hood and the hills are a God-given beauty."

"We've lived here (in this house) for 38 years. We'll probably be here for the rest of our lives. Our daughter, Kathy, and son-in-law, David Cox, say they want to live here in the future to raise their family."



(Above): One of Mrs. Overby's elementary class pictures, taken at Springdale. (Below): Mr. and Mrs. Overby visit with *Timber Winds* adviser Marcia Clark at the spring autograph party.



## Caning:

# An Art Rare and strong – Like Its Craftsman

by Robert Godat, Brian Page and Dan Hooley

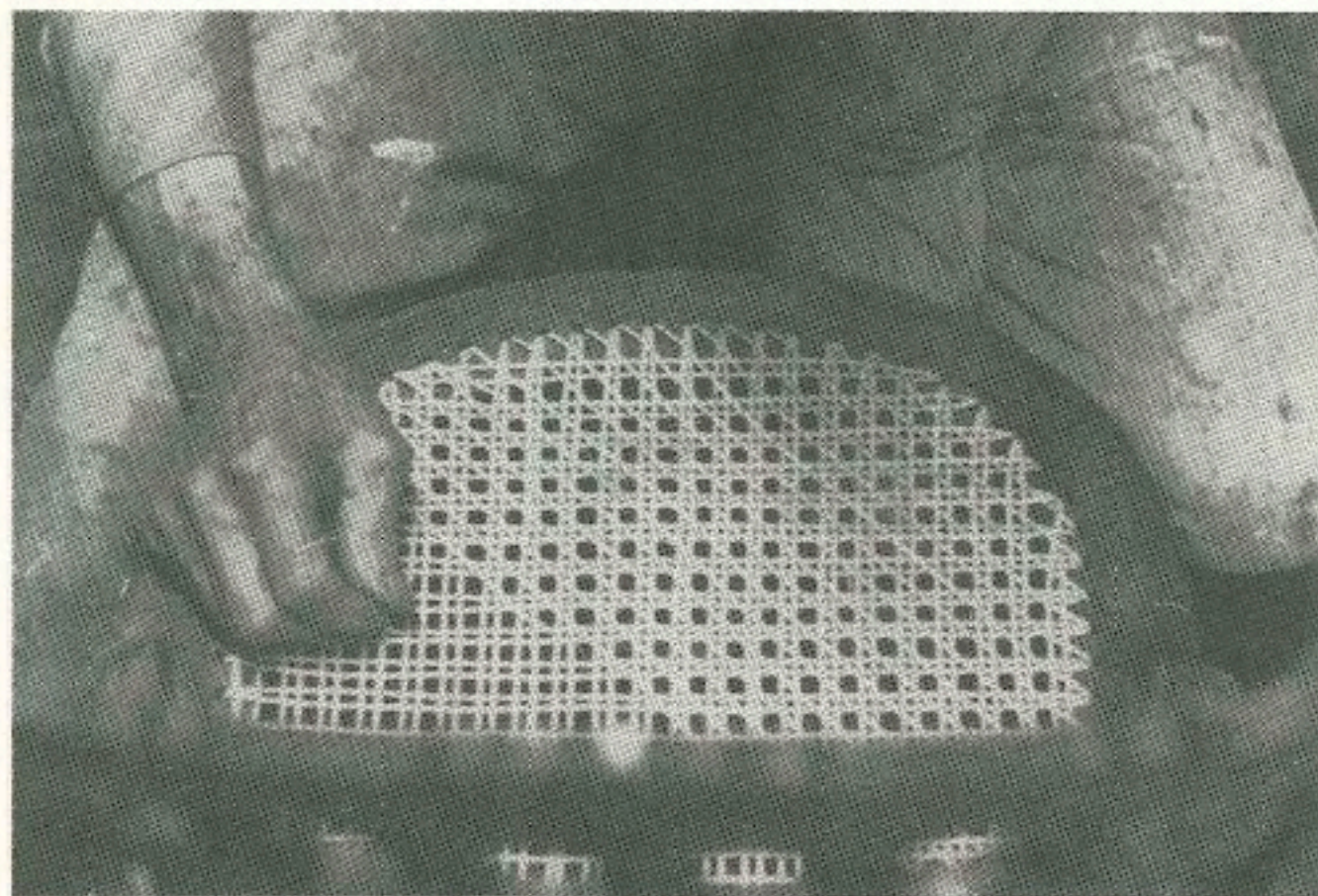
Mr. Kerslake is a craftsman of an art that has been lost. He has mastered it by reading a book. The art is caning.

Mr. Kerslake works in his basement. The basement is filled with old tools and a few things from his former job of logging. There, he fixes old chairs that he finds or has purchased at sales or auctions. If they need new legs or backs, he fixes them before he does the caning. The upstairs of his house is filled with chairs that he has

finished and caned.

Mr. Kerslake is like his work – old but strong.

Mr. Kerslake is an important part of Corbett. He has lived here all his life, close to 80 years. "I was raised on my grandfather's place. My grandfather came here from Canada to Gresham when my dad was only nine. Tony Cleveland tried to sell him 640 acres in Gresham for \$600. But it was all swamp so they came out to Kerslake Road and bought 219 acres."



Caning requires the patience of the artist. (Photos by Robert Godat).

"I've been here since I was three. And (Mrs. Kerslake) and I have lived here 52 years."

Mr. Kerslake obviously enjoys his hobby of caning. Caning is when little reeds are taken and woven back and forth six time, and then a seventh reed is woven through them all.

The material he uses for his caning



is a reed-like bark that comes from Thailand. It comes in many different thicknesses and sizes. The cost for the caning reeds is about \$10 for a roll of reed that will do about four chairs.

After Mr. Kerslake gets done with all the weaving of the reeds, he ties it off underneath and glues the ends. Then, he starts with the binder. Binder is a different kind of reed that is put around the edge of the caning. Mr. Kerslake finishes by driving little pegs into the holes where the reed is tied off.

Mr. Kerslake likes to put the same size of caning on the chair as was there originally. "There are outlines

the wood of the type that was in there."

Mr. Kerslake told us that caning has a tendency to hold in the damp. "When you're done with the chair it will probably be kind of loose. If you take it in the house, it will get tight as a drum." He said that this is the reason it is wise to weave loosely because it will tighten up later.

Mr. Kerslake sells his chairs at Seaside and crafts shows. He is always looking for new projects. He has caned some unusual pieces of furniture, including a baby's high chair (which converts to a stroller), and a bed! Caning can take a lot of wear, but he said, "I don't think you should get up and stand with your feet in it!"

As we left, Mr. Kerslake told us that not too many people know how to cane anymore. "You get yourself a chair, and I'll teach you how this summer. Won't cost you a cent, either!"



#### On work:

"I don't like to work too well. But I tell you what I do. I come down here and I'll work awhile, then I'll play around awhile, then I'll work awhile."

"You see, in my time, kids, we were taught to look after ourselves. Nowadays, they use social security (for) that. We'd go home (with) my parents and we'd work - we had to. My parents made us work. I worked awfully hard in my time, but I'll tell you, it's one of the finest things that ever happened to me."

"You know, we talk about our kind of living. We make that ourselves. You can live high on the hog or you can live like ordinary people. I've no problems at all, financial or a darn thing. I'm just a happy son-of-a-gun. Nothing I want, and if there is, I buy it. But I don't need money."

#### On friendship:

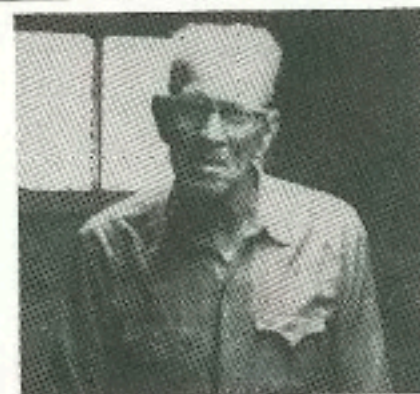
"I have no friends. I have many acquaintances. That word 'friend' is used too loosely. And you're going to find out, as you grow older, some of these people you least expect are your friends. I found this out. In 1950, our one boy had quite a bad automobile accident, real bad. There's people called up, 'How's he doin'?' - and that's it. There's two men called up, 'Hey, can I give you some blood? I'll be right there.' Those you least expect are your friends. And I learned me a big lesson over that deal there."

#### On his family's history:

"My great grandfather was one of

the first doctors in the Gorge here, Dr. McKinney. (He) came here from Indiana. I think he got more interested in children than he did in the doctoring. Now, there's a man in Bridal Veil, Fred Lusher. And one of the first cases, I think, was they had diphtheria, which was a pretty bad disease in my time."

"My grandfather was a scholar. I admired that man. He come here with nothing (and) he made quite a success, got quite well-to-do. He said, 'Never think you're any smarter (than someone else). There'll be a guy (comes along who's) just as smart.' And that's one of my philosophies."



Robert Kerslake shares his philosophy of life with *Timber Winds* reporters. "I worked hard in my time, but I'll tell you, it's one of the finest things that ever happened to me."

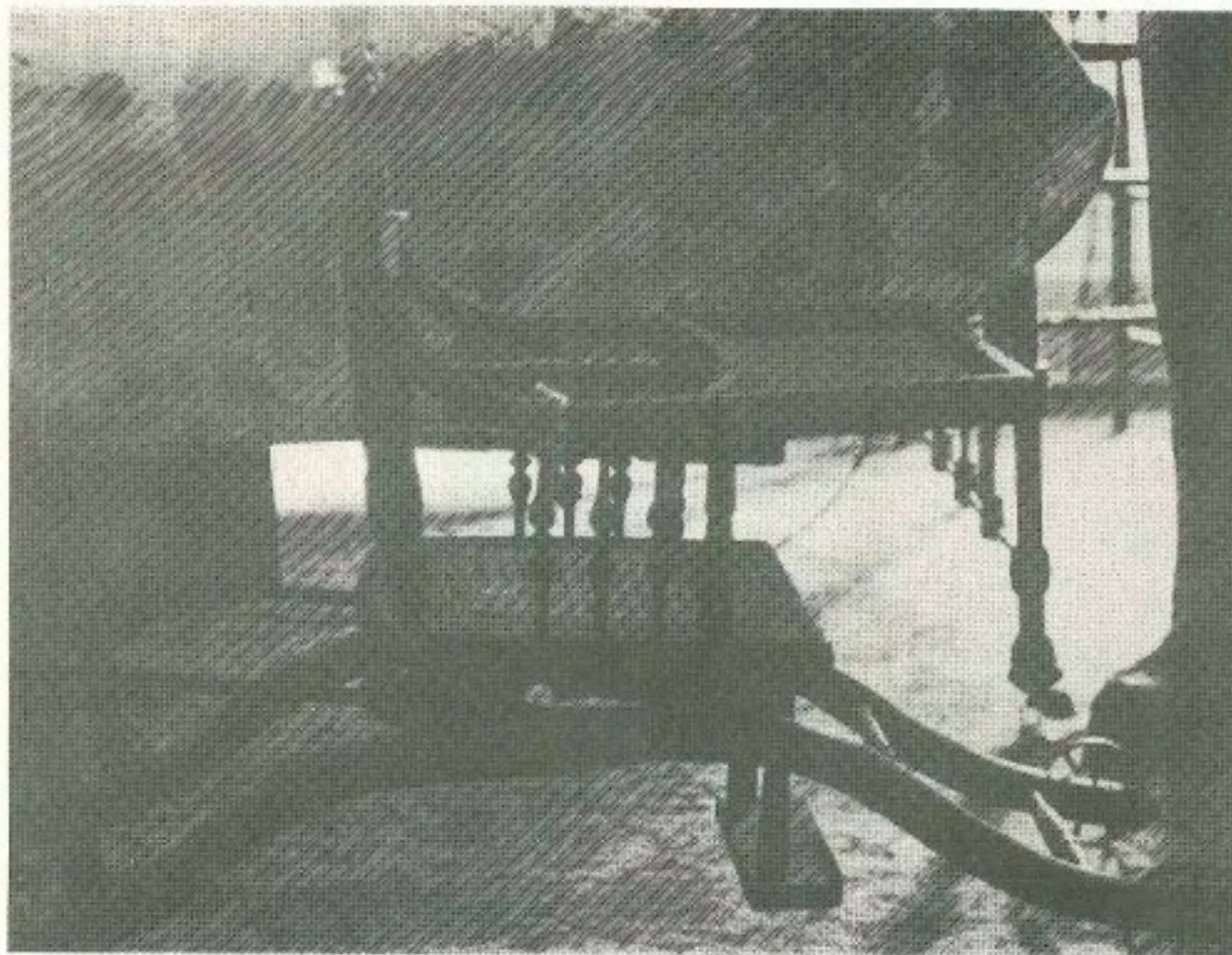
#### On health:

"(When I was a kid), kids down in Springdale, every time they got a disease, I think they come up to see my brother and I. We got all them (diseases) from them, gosh darn it!"

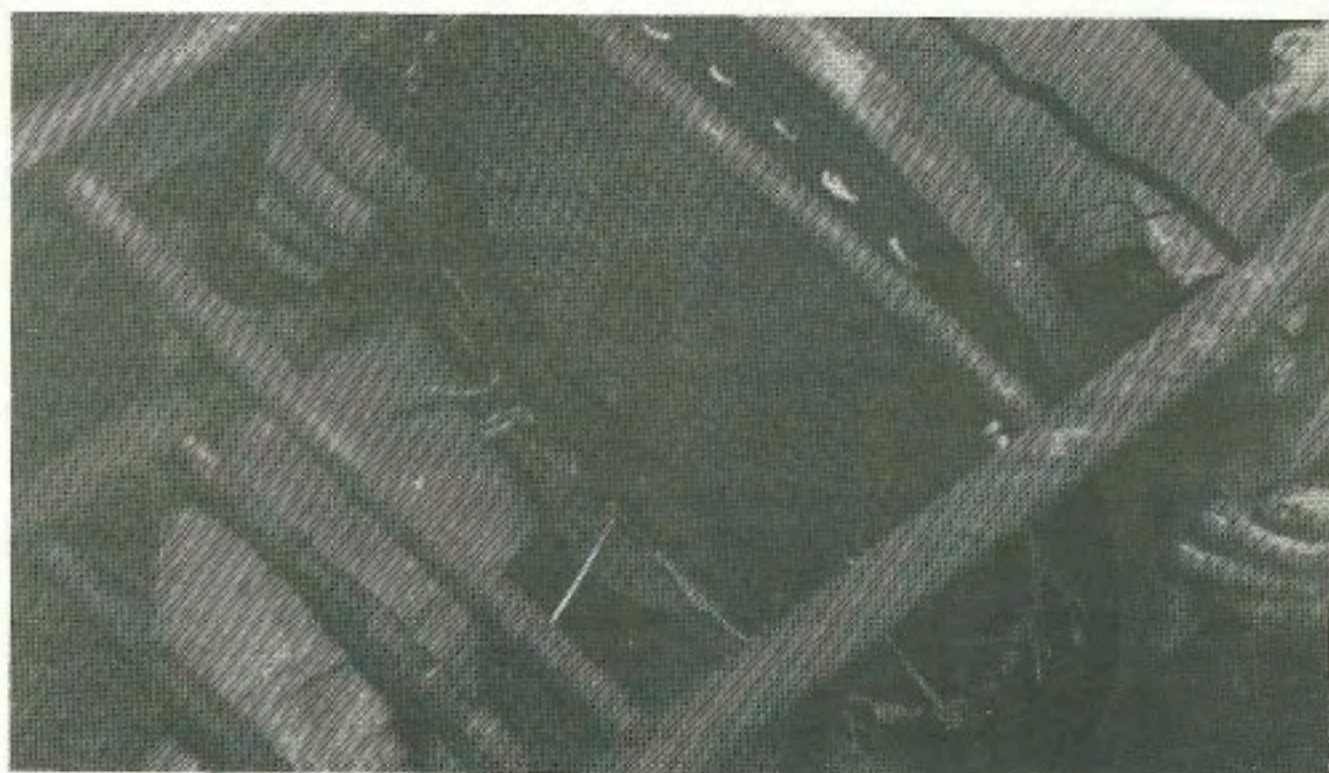
"I'll tell you, I have some problems. I'll be quite frank. I've had a couple of cancer operations, bad ones. I go in there (Gresham) - chemotherapy kind of upsets my stomach a little bit, but I don't bother - been doing it for 5 years."

"I'll tell you boys, now, you listen: there's only one you and you want to take care of you. This here drug deal, I just don't see people doing that. I can't see you hurting yourself. Like I say, there's only one you."

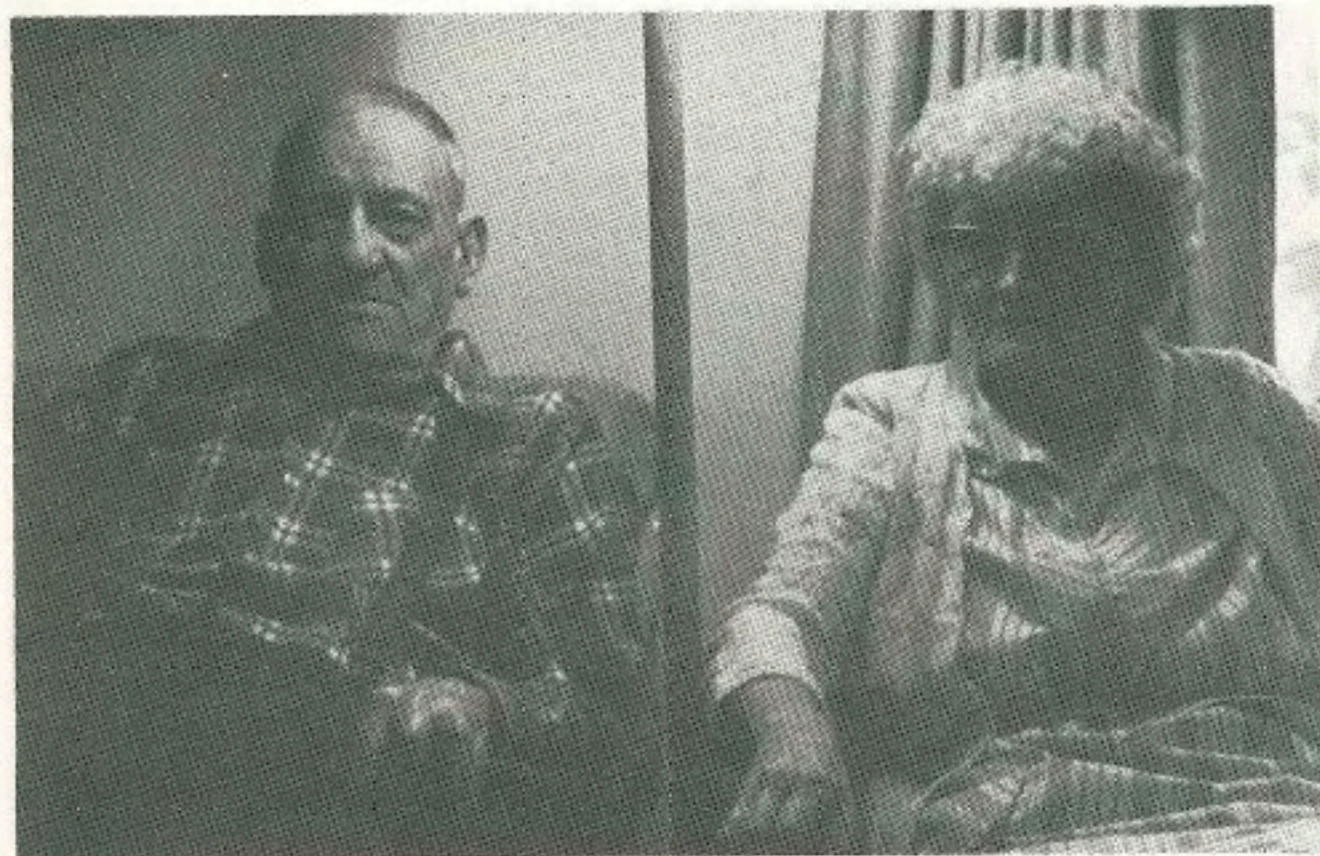
"You know, we all did things we're not too proud of. I used to smoke pretty much, and I haven't smoked for 25 years. The reason I used to smoke was I thought it was smart. But it ain't a bit smart."



(Above): This antique stroller with caned seat converts to a high chair.  
(Below): After Mr. Kerslake finishes weaving the reeds, he ties them off underneath and glues the ends.



## “They Call Me ‘Mrs. Springdale’”



Mr. and Mrs. Ted Cook share their memories of life in Springdale during Prohibition. The Cooks now live in Portland.

by Michelle Worsham,  
Dawn Grey and Tanya Halverson

Last April, we went to interview Mrs. Violet Cook in Portland. We were going to interview her about her father, Roy Parsons, who was the blacksmith and garage-man for Springdale.

It was a wet, rainy Thursday and we had a hard time finding her house, but we managed. When we arrived, she greeted us with a warm, friendly smile and welcomed us. We weren't sure what to expect, but soon found ourselves on the edges of our chairs, listening intently to her stories about her father's World War I-era blacksmith/garage business.

Mrs. Cook makes you comfortable when you're with her. She is very outspoken and when we asked her about printing certain things, she laughed and said, "Why not? It's the truth."

Mrs. Cook is a very warm and kind person. She has a love for swimming to the point that she will hitch a ride to Mt. Hood Community College where she swims. (She tried to encourage us to go by saying, "The

lifeguards are pretty cute!") Mrs. Cook also enjoys going to their cabin at the coast. She has a very large collection of floats she has collected over the years.

One of our first questions was about what the businesses were like then. Mrs. Cook explained, "Well, there were two big grocery stores: the one on the corner, where Rose's was, burned down after we left there; the building that's now an apartment was (also) a grocery store. Springdale had that little chapel there that they still have and that's where I went for five or more years every Sunday, to Sunday School. Art Canzler was the preacher most of the time, although different preachers came. They'd look right at me and talk about how bad it was to dance, but, well, I went to Sunday School most of the time (even though) I went dancing Saturday night."

"They didn't have the church that they've built now, and then, for a long time, after we left over there, they went



The Cook's enjoy beachcombing, and their home boasts a collection of glass floats they have found. Dawn Grey examines a specimen.

part of the building. Everybody bought ice cream. She was famous for her ice cream. She'd pile up her ice cream (cones) six inches high, but she made money with it and it brought in customers."

Mrs. Cook went to high school at Corbett. "Springdale and Corbett were not together then and we fought bitterly (over annexation). Springdale had everything absolutely all paid for. And we were just a mile square. But we had to go to Corbett High School or we could go anywhere in the state if we paid our own way. I went two years to high school. We got in an automobile accident and I quit and got married. The coach said I was a good enough student he wanted to come and get me, (but) I said, 'I don't want to finish school.' I never did get my G.E.D., but I don't need it."

When Prohibition came, the Parsons expanded their business to include making stills and whiskey. "People paid my father for the whiskey he made, as a sideline. Why, everybody had their flask and they brought it to the old man and he filled it and that's what we ate with for a while when the Depression was so bad.

"Mom and Daddy ran the dance hall 'cause Daddy had the dance hall license for five years in his name." The hall was located at the junction of Bell Road and the Scenic Highway, "It had the biggest hardwood floor in the Northwest at that time. And my dad built the stove for it.

He took two big old oil drums and put 'em one above the other and made it into a furnace and it warmed that great big building."

Producing bootleg whiskey was not without some risks. "One day, (Dad) took the Model T Ford and went up and got a 50-gallon barrel of whiskey. On the way back, there was an accident. So, the cop was riding on the side of the car and here we had a 50-gallon drum in there! But when it come time to raid, why the cops would call from Portland and tell my dad they were coming out to raid him. He'd just hide it and nobody'd say anything."

One of her father's most colorful customers was Nettie Connett. "She lived up in Aims district and my father built her still. And they made pure bootleg whiskey. Old Nettie Connett'd come and pick up the potatoes and stuff out of the fields or anything that you can make whiskey with. They'd come out and raid her ever so often, and before they came, why, she'd manage to sell enough of her whiskey to the guys in the high places so they wouldn't touch her. She never got touched and for years she made whiskey. And my pap, he drank plenty of it, too. When she was 65 years old, I seen her up there in Corbett in the beer tavern standing on her head on one of them stools. She was sure quite a character."

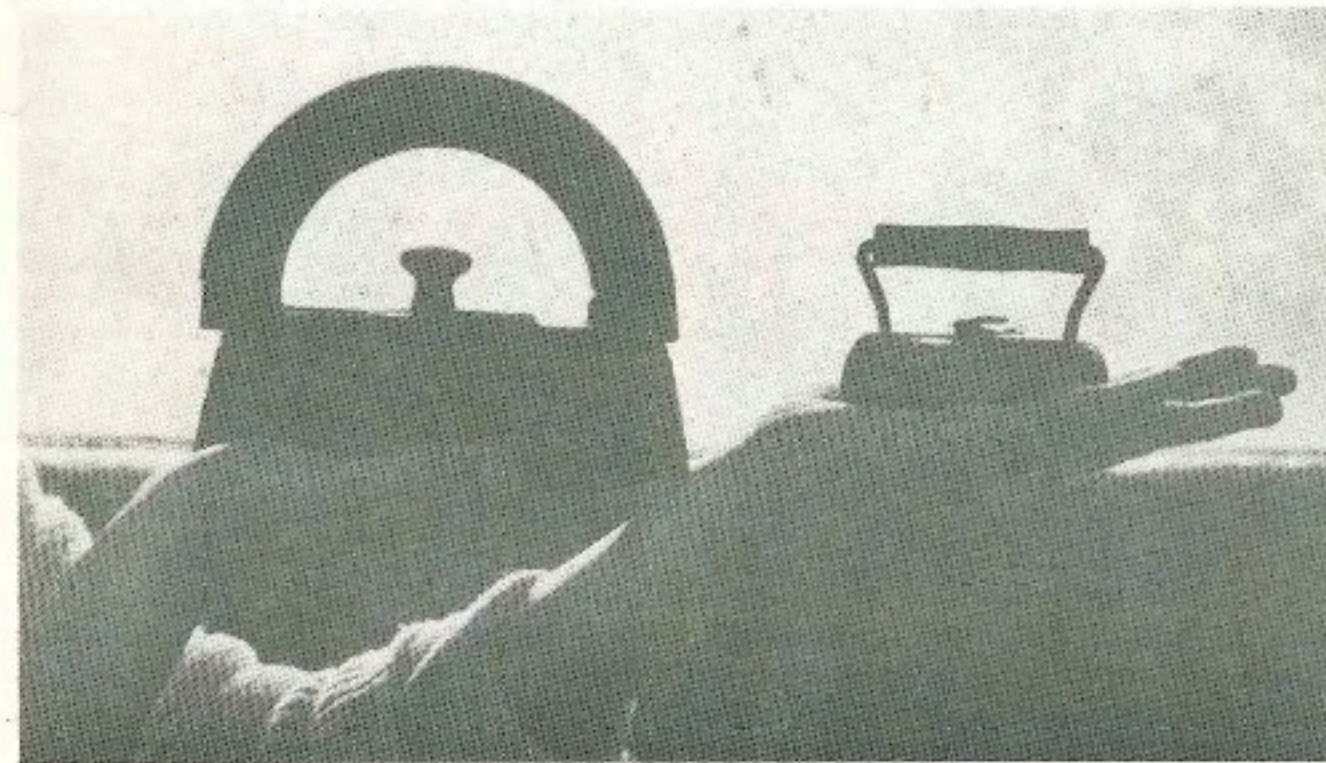
Mrs. Cook made it plain that as proud as she is of her father, she's especially fond of her brother, too. "He started out with radio - he built his own radio by getting a kit years ago. And he had the first radio in Alaska that most people could listen to. (He was in Alaska working on the DEW line.) He taught refrigeration to college students, (although) he never went to college. He was the first man to get television by cable to Astoria from Seattle. And he helped build the phone lines up to Larch Mountain."

When we spoke to her about others we had interviewed, Mrs. Cook would often speak up and say, "I know that person!" When we seemed surprised, she explained, "The whole town knew (us), and Mom and Dad were called 'Mom' and 'Dad' by hundreds of people. To this day, quite a few people call me 'Mrs. Springdale'."

to church in the grade school. There was the service station where Gross' is now. Mr. Gross had a little bitty grocery store there in his house part - and a beer tavern. Then, we had my folks' place and the grocery store. And then the rest of the houses. And then there was a service station down where the fire truck deal is now. The town hasn't really changed except the new, nice houses, you know, out of town."

Her father came to Springdale in 1918, after working on the railroad for 12 years. In a way, the railroad was responsible for her parents meeting each other. "Daddy was walking down the railroad tracks (one day), by Latourel Falls, and my grandfather says, 'Pick up that shovel over there and go to work'. (In other words, my dad was a bum 'cause he ran away from home at 16.) Well, my dad got to Latourel Falls, to the house where my grandfather and step-grandmother was (and) well, Daddy fell in love with my mother and they got married. (But) he got tired of working on the railroad and they went to Springdale and rented Salton's garage and that's where I was born. He taught himself how to fix cars and do everything he wanted to do. He was a blacksmith over there from 1918 until my mother died (in) 1960. He wasn't as good a blacksmith as he was a garageman. He did some horseshoeing, but horseshoeing was a little heavy for him.

Violet Cook enjoys collecting antique irons.



He had a partner for eight years by the name of Tom Northway. My dad could fix any thing. He sharpened plow shears and he did all that kind of stuff. But he wasn't as good with horses."

Mrs. Cook and her husband moved from Springdale in 1942. But she has strong memories of her childhood in Springdale. "We had one, big, long bedroom upstairs. And when the east wind blew, we had snow on our beds and everything. It was rugged!"

"For years, we had the only telephone in Springdale." Her father didn't ask payment for its use, though. "You didn't charge people in those days, honey."

As she got older, she worked in the business. "I did help build trailers and tractors and drive cars. He had a radio and towed cars and I drove the tow-truck. We'd tow clear to Portland for \$10. One day, we took the tow car up to Crown Point. It had what we called 'suicide' doors - the doors opened from the front instead of the back - and that year, we were out there in an ice storm. I opened that door and if I hadn't been hanging on to that door, I'd a went over the cliff. That was really one thing I'll never forget.

Everybody in the countryside was a customer for the business. "My mother sold cigarettes and candy and ice cream and gloves and a few other things in the front

# *We Knew All Our Neighbors*

by T.J. Henderson, David Schwartz and Brian Granberg

Ted Berney is a tall, slender guy about 70 years old who has a very nice wife named Lou. We chose to interview Mr. Berney because he has lived out in the Corbett area since 1911 and we thought he would be interesting to talk to.

Mr. Berney has a white house across the street from the ranger station. His house is well-kept and contains comfort-



Ms. Marcia Clark, adviser, welcomes Mr. and Mrs. Ted Berney to the spring autograph party.

able chairs and couches and a beautiful china cabinet. There is also a large picture showing his family tree. The names of family members have been written in circles on various tree branches.

Mr. Berney said his family came to Springdale in 1911. "We children all attended Springdale Grade School. The school was typical, early-day construction with one room, plus an entrance hall where there was a pail of water and a dipper for drinking. We had all eight grades with one teacher."

When he first got there, there were mostly farmers who had from 20 to 50 acres. They mostly had dairies or raised truck crops like cabbage and potatoes to supplement their incomes. Today, Mr. Berney says he has about 70 acres here. "I call myself a Mickey Mouse farmer. I have about 25 head of cows. I pasture about 50 or 60 (cows) in the summer."

Mr. Berney remembers that "roads were not too good" in the early days. "I remember going down Woodard Hill, which we called 'Cape Horn', and the rocks were so numerous that we broke the oil pan on the Model T. The roads were unpaved except for the Columbia Highway that was completed through our area and up the Gorge about 1916. In the winter, the road between the upper bridge (Stark Street) and 12 Mile Corner was sometimes impassable so we drove to Fairview and then south to Gresham."



"It seems like the winters were much harder than they are now, (too). I remember one winter that we had to go upstairs to get out of the house. And finally we made a tunnel out of the back door and got out that way. And although the winter of '49 and '50 was very hard, and '69 was the tough one, it seems like we just took it in stride.

We also used about 10 to 12 cords of wood a year."

When we asked Mr. Berney about logging, he said that forests weren't as protected as they are today. "People used to think of a fir tree as a hazard or just something in the way of farming and they used to cut up these beautiful trees into cordwood to get the fields so that they could plow them."

Places to do grocery shopping included one of the two general stores or the creamery in Springdale. Instead of paying every time they bought something at the Springdale store, customers would only pay their bill once a month. "Every time we paid the bill we'd get a nice sack of candy or something."

"At that time, you knew all your neighbors - you knew if his word was good, you knew if you could trust him. If he said, 'I'm gonna do such and such a thing', you knew he was gonna do it. You visited more with your neighbors and helped them out if they needed help. Then they'd come and help you. There was much trading with goods and services, labor and so forth. I am glad that I was able to grow up in a rural area."

Springdale was isolated for quite a while. "We first got electricity in 1916 (but) the reason we had electricity is because the main electricity line was right down this road. But people up on Cabbage Hill didn't have any electricity for years. We thought we were in luxury down here with power."

"There was no bus service when I started high school in the fall of 1923, so we walked and in extremely bad weather my parents would take me and others to school. We could get a ride on the milk truck, but that meant getting to school about 7:00 a.m."

When we asked Mr. Berney about how many kids were going to Corbett High School, he said, "Fifty, (although) there were forty-eight one year. We had a principal, Mr. McKay, and three



Corbett's first baseball team. (Photo courtesy of Toot Evans).

teachers. Mr. Finley came once a week to teach vocal music."

When we asked Mr. Berney about what classes he had to take, he said, "We took English for four years and then I liked math so I took algebra and solid plane geometry. The high school was new that fall and there were some things unfinished. One of the projects for the manual training class was to pour cement in the basement so we could have a shop. Mr. Hamill supervised the work. We made wooden lockers for the school that were used for many years."

"The first year (when) I was a freshman, that's the first time we ever had a coach at Corbett High. (There was) no football, but we played basketball, baseball, and track. In basketball, we played Gresham, Beaverton, Milwaukie, Cascade Locks, Estacada, and Hill

Military. We didn't play their second string, either. We played their first team. A real high point was beating Gresham by scores of 16-13 and 12-11. Basketball was mostly a defensive game at that time. It seems when I went to shoot there was six guys hanging on my arms!"

"Baseball was fairly good. We had some good pitchers. Mr. Hamill, our coach, was a civil engineer from Oregon State and he laid out the baseball fields for us. Community baseball interested many people. There were many outstanding players developed in this area. I will mention two pitchers that were outstanding: Alvin Kinney and 'Woody' Woodward. Baseball brought people together. They were really like the semi-pro out there."

"Those were the good old days!"

## It's the Water

by Brian Granberg, David Schwartz and T.J. Henderson,  
with assistance by Derrick Smith and Allen Greenberg

Dennis Granberg used to be a welder. He started working for the Corbett Water District in 1975. He finds his job difficult at times, although, for the most part, "It's the best one (job) I've had so far."

Besides Mr. Granberg, five others work at the water district. "Frank (Fagen) is semiretired. He's a consultant. Dennis is the man in the office position, since his operation. "I do maintenance, and when they need help, I hire it. Eventually, I imagine, we will get another hired hand."

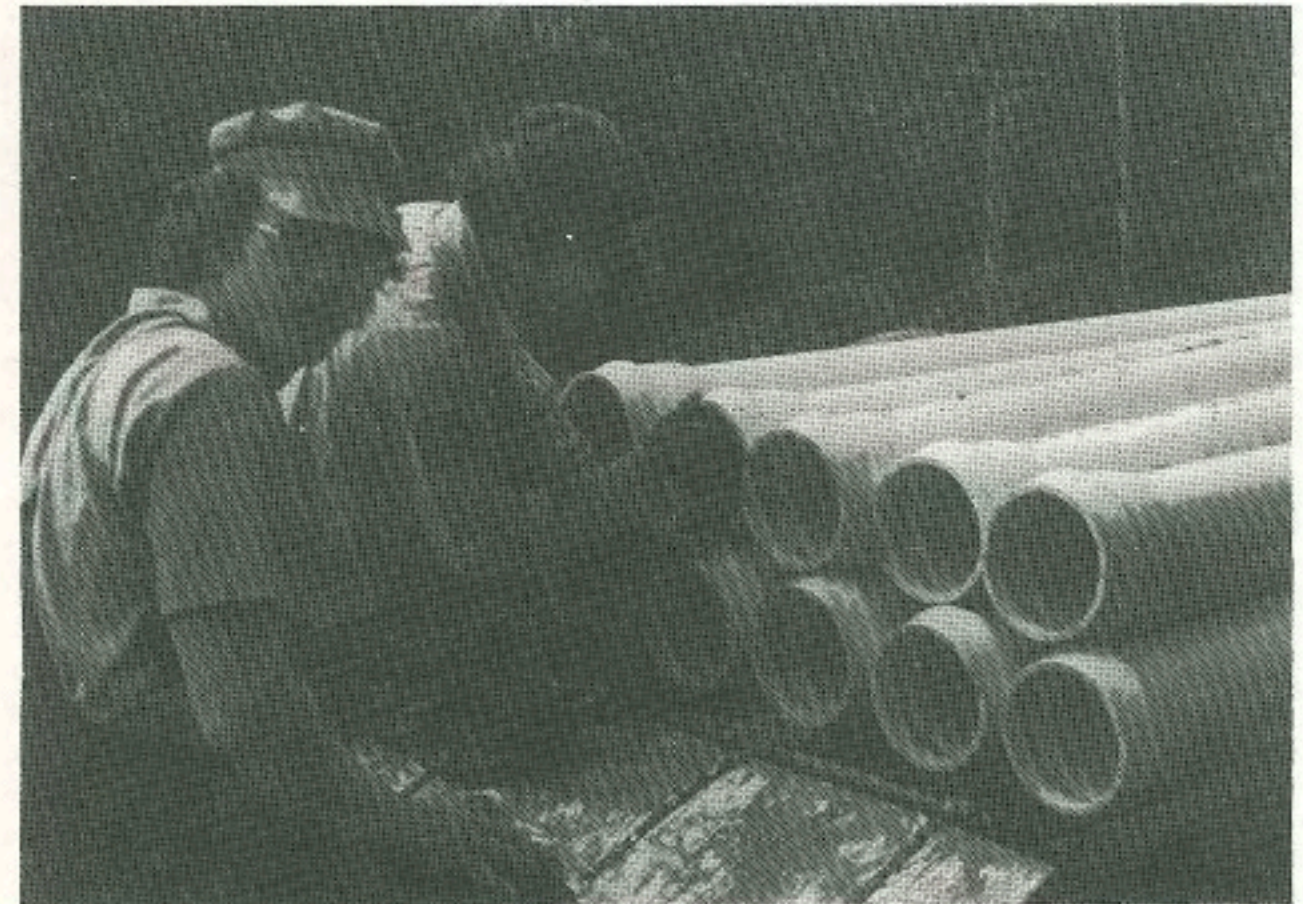
The water district was built in 1935. "(The headworks) was put in by the W.P.A. (Workman's Progress Association), a government-type arrangement. It was shortly after the depression so they got as many people together as they could to do the work. No machinery was allowed to work,

so they could have as many people on the job as possible.

"Two years ago, the headworks was changed from the original wood to concrete (because) it started getting rotten on the sides. The part that was underwater is still firm. They laid the concrete on top and now we have a concrete pond that is real easy to clean."

The water district serves approximately 750 customers. Different families use different amounts of water. "Some people can get along with 1000 gallons a month, but others will use up that much in one day."

After the water has been used, "Most of it evaporates into the air through the septic tank. We have some overflow from the reservoir because we have an old pipe that we can't shut off, but as long as people are



Randy Stark and Vance Hubbard inspect pipes before installing them at their Corbett-area location.





**Dennis Granberg, who left the Water District in August, 1980, works with a backhoe to dig a ditch.**

using it, it won't overflow."

Mr. Granberg said there are four large reservoirs and one small one. Sometimes, there's too much water in these reservoirs. "We get it down at 350 gallons a minute coming through now, and when the tanks are full, it just goes over the bank into Howard Canyon Creek, then back into the Sandy."

When the electricity goes off, customers can still get water because the system runs on gravity. "Our problem is slowing the water down. We have reducing stations that slows the water down (to reduce it in pressure."

When asked where they get their pipes, Mr. Granberg replied, "We buy them from Consolidated Supply Company who buys it from the manufacturer of plastic pipes. "PVC (Poly Vinal Chloride) pipe is more than the others, but it's more dependable." The estimated life of a steel pipe is 20 years and plastic is estimated at 80 years. Mr. Granberg thinks PVC is definitely easier to lay. "It's not as heavy."

Occasionally, some pipes break, but not too often. "It's usually something that breaks them, like a contractor or someone digging. We do have leaks that rust through the old iron pipes. But now we're using PVC."

Mr. Granberg has been working on fix-

ing frozen pipes in this area for three and one-half years. He says pipes don't split much from freezing because the freeze doesn't travel very far down. We asked Mr. Granberg to describe the best way to thaw frozen pipes. "Hot water works the best, for places you can pour hot water on, because it heats evenly. You should run (a stream) about the size of a pencil or so (continuously from the faucet). As long as you keep the water moving, your pipes won't freeze." He thinks it's worse if pipes aren't insulated.

The district is developing a new system of aerial photos to help contractors and repairmen determine the location of pipes



**Randy Stark and Vance Hubbard lay P.V.C. pipe for the Corbett Water District.**

and mains more quickly. "They're sort of like blueprints. They have them down there at the Compass Corporation. They're making us a catalog of blueprints so eventually, when we want such-and-such a road, they'll be able to go to their records and pick the blueprint out."

Despite an abundance of water in this area, conservation must still be a consideration. "I've worked here 3-1/2 years and we had to notify the public twice that water was running low. That's mainly because of our small pipes coming down. If they'd conserve water by themselves - sensibly - then we wouldn't have a shortage. (To conserve), we try to call our big users first, (like the school district), and (ask them to) cut down on their lawn sprinkling. Then if the reservoirs don't catch up, we call the public."

The most water is used in the hot months of July and August. "The main (culprit) is watering the lawn and garden. The problem is we have small lines coming down. In the future it will be replaced when we get enough money to replace it. But we can only put down 400 gallons a

minute. Normally, that's enough to keep everybody in water, but when you start letting it run all night on your gardens, it doesn't give our reservoirs a chance to catch up."

This year, on January 1, water rates were raised. "On December 4, we had a meeting at the firehall for the public to come up and give their views on the water rates. The rates hadn't been raised in about nine years. We sent fliers out to the public so they'd be informed of what it's been raised to."

Although the rates have been raised, they're still pretty low. "They were \$3.50 (for) the first thousand (gallons) and we changed the original (rate) to \$4.50. Then where you get up to where it was 50¢ per (additional) thousand, it's 65¢.

"We tried to raise it in a way that we wouldn't hurt the older people on the fixed incomes. We'll get our higher users. Once they use a greater deal of water, they'll be charged additionally."

**The Water District office before it underwent remodeling this year.**



# Her School Was Built for \$9,000

by Chris Rainey and Tim Burton



Doris Bramhall greets *Timber Winds* reporters at her Portland home.

Clock's book of *Crown Point Country Schools*.)

"September, 1923, our new high school building was ready. We students moved in with four regular instructors. Mr. G.N. McKay was principal and taught mathematics. Robert Hamill was athletic coach and science teacher, Miss Pauline Rickli, taught English, biology, physiology, and domestic science. Miss Joy Crockett was the other English teacher, as well as the history, civics, Spanish and P.E. instructor. (Miss Crockett became Mrs. George Perry, Sr., and continued to live in the vicinity.) Mr. Joe Finley came from Portland once each week to teach vocal music."

On a sunny spring day, we interviewed Mrs. Doris Bramhall in Portland. Mrs. Bramhall was very interesting and told us a lot of things that we didn't know about early Corbett schools.

Mrs. Bramhall seemed so interested in what she was saying and concentrated so much on what she was remembering that when the clock chimed, she just kept talking and spoke a little louder. She was a very clear speaker, which was also helpful.

She was kind enough to donate a 1917 yearbook to the Corbett High School library. This was the first yearbook printed. She also showed us yearbooks of the years 1923, '24 and '25.

Mrs. Bramhall lived in Hurlburt and Corbett during her high school years. She told us that the original high school was about where the grade school is now. "Then it burned in the summer of '22 so we went to school in the grange hall while they were building a new school. And that's when they built it at the present location."

"The Union High School District #1 (Corbett High School) building was completed in the year 1915. Students moved into the building on December 7, 1915. The facility was originally built because various citizens of the growing community desired advanced education for their young people. The nearest high school was located in Gresham to which there was no easy transportation.

"The cost of the Corbett building was less than \$10,000." (Statistics and other information are contained in Dorothy

"From the information in the yearbook of 1917, I find that the student body population grew from 13 in the year 1915 to 22 in the year 1917. The following information is also taken from yearbooks which were made from mid-year to the end of the school year, so more students could have entered, but dropped out or moved before the completion of the yearbook.

In the year 1923, 40 students enrolled, 6 graduated.

1924	48 enrolled	7 graduates
1925	36	12
1926	52	12
1932	91	19

"Today, I understand, the high school has a population of about 300 students and there were about 60 in the graduating class of 1980, some who were grandchildren of earlier students. Please remember in the past 40 years, the population of the area has grown immensely. Because of the advantages of the busing program, more districts have been included."

Students participated in several extracurricular activities even then. "We put on two plays a year, a student body play and a senior play. Miss Crockett was the director."

"Not many students were enrolled. In my graduating class, there were twelve of us. We were the largest senior class, up to then. The junior class had 10 people in it. My yearbook shows 36 enrolled at the end of 1925."

There were no school buses back in 1922. "I walked 2 miles to school every day. Others either walked or rode a horse. (There was) only transportation (for) the kids who lived in Bridal Veil. Cliff Long, I believe, who had a garage in Bridal Veil, picked-up the Bridal Veil kids and brought them down (to school)."

"They had no sports when the first school was started (in 1915). In '23, in the grange hall, they had no place to play basketball. So the boys went to Bridal Veil and used their school building

(to practice). They played four games that year. They didn't have football when I was in school."

"The site of the burned school was used for the building of the Corbett Grade School. Later, the school was used for all grades from the five consolidated districts. The contract for the structure of the new high school building at its present site was \$25,299.40 in the year 1923. Quite a difference from the \$9,000+ in the year 1914!"

"In the year 1915, and again in 1923, we from the five original consolidated districts were very proud of our 'little' high school which we thought was 'big'. I, for one, admire the students and teachers in the Corbett School system and I am happy and proud that I was privileged to have been a part of the experience of the growth in the past 50 years. I am glad I was there at the beginning!"

# Bridal Veil Cemetery: Grave Restoration

by Greg Osburn and Gary Canzler

Alice Ellis keeps track of all the lunch money for the students and she supervises the resource area at Corbett High School. She is an efficient, active lady who really cares about some important landmarks of Bridal Veil, like the old Bridal Veil cemetery. She and others are working hard to clean up the cemetery and restore it for the people of Bridal Veil.

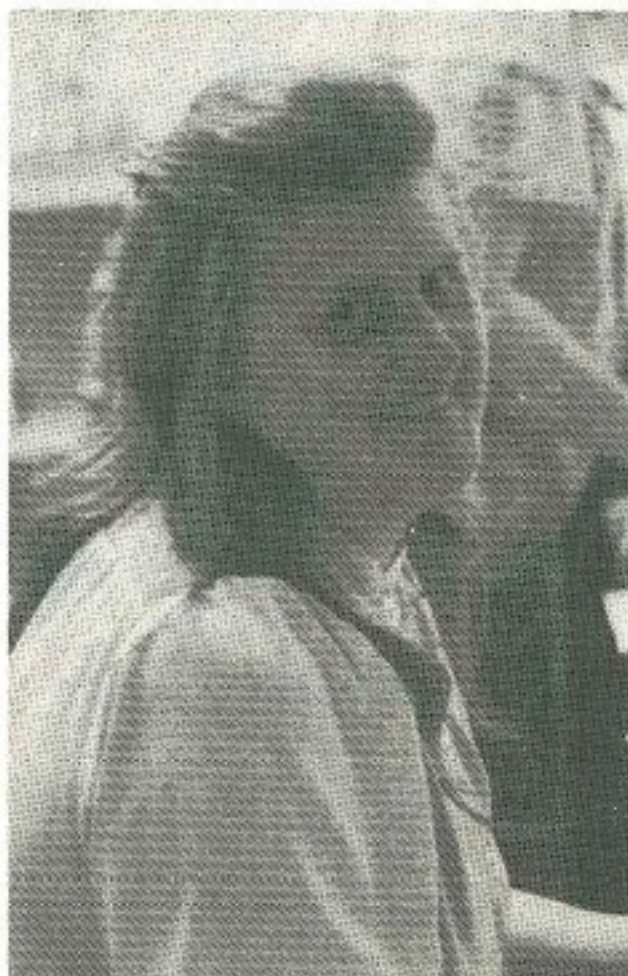
"The land for the cemetery was donated by a man by the name of Mr. Moore in 1880." There are believed to be between 25 to 100 graves there now.

The graves at Bridal Veil date back to the 1800s. In 1894, a diphtheria epidemic broke out and took the lives of many people of all ages, but mostly younger people. One family lost four children in one week.

"The river claimed a few lives. Two boys in 1892 were wading in the water. They both got in too deep and neither could swim. In 1900, two men lost their lives in this manner. Also, the steep cliffs and narrow horse trails claimed their share of victims."

"In September, 1904, a tragic fire started when sparks were scattered by a passing train in Bridal Veil. The fire spread up the mountain into the town of Palmer Mill. Some of the people took refuge in the mill pond. But some were overcome by the smoke."

"Last year, Tanya, my daughter, got



Alice Ellis takes a break from her duties at Corbett High School to meet with *Timber Winds* reporters.

support from the town of Bridal Veil and the Bridal Veil Church and we all started on a community project of cleaning up the cemetery. We spent every weekend for about three months just getting down to the gravestones. We have the main brush cleaned out but still have grave markers to clean."

# BLACKSMITH

by Bea Graff and edited by John Davis

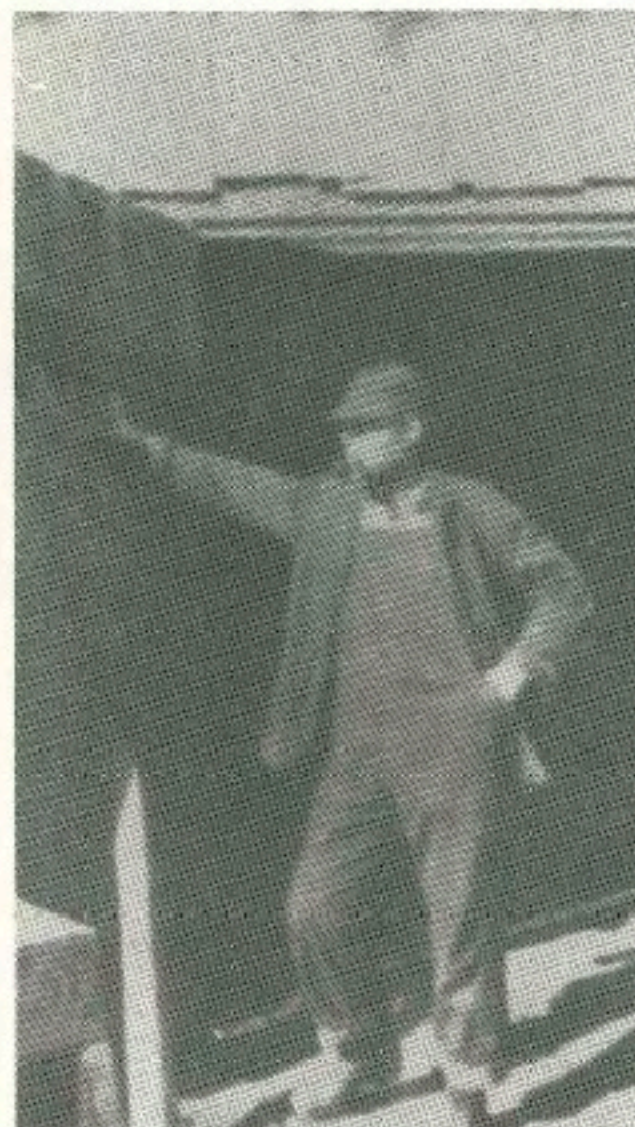
"Blacksmithing was a trade and means of livelihood in East County for a number of people. Among the early blacksmiths was one Mr. Edward Dunn, a breeder of fine cattle and Percheron

horses. He found extra employment as a blacksmith during the building of Oregon's first railroad through the Gorge."

"Fred Benfield also worked as a blacksmith while Tunnel No. 1 of the OWR&N Railroad was being built. Fred left home at 5:00 a.m., carrying his lunch, his work hours being 6:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m., for the princely wage of \$1.00 per day."

"Lew Faught also followed the trade of blacksmithing; his first shop was located on the old Hansen place, just off Loudon Road. In 1914, he purchased the Corbett shop from Mr. VanZandt and was the owner of two shops, commuting between them with horse and buggy or wagon and, in later years, by car. In order for his team to negotiate the highway in the fall and winter months, he made special shoes of an adhesive material, and strapped these on over the regular horseshoes to keep the horses from slipping and falling. One night, however, he stopped at the Larch Mountain Road to take them off, when something scared the team and away they went, wagon and all, down the old highway to the figure eight where the wagon ended up on a fence."

"The shop at Corbett burned in 1925. After the fire, Lew built a shop facing Larch Mountain Road near the intersection of Loudon. There, he continued his blacksmith work and also branched out in the auto repair business. This shop was operated until the late 50's."



Lew Faught stands in the doorway to his blacksmith shop. (Photo courtesy of Bea Graff).

## Coming in *Timber Winds*

Weltha Wilson's prize-winning hobbies

Esther Settlemier: Cheese, checkers & chocolates at old Corbett  
Hardware

Elsie Clements: "I've Seen a Lot of Changes"

Dorothy Klock: Three Rs at Bridal Veil School

Clara Baker: Home remedies and revenues

Stephen Kenney's postcard collection

The Evans' Cannery: Yellow corn was a specialty

Lora Mershon: A Fire Destroys Palmer Mill

Corbett's "Happy Days": Ducktails and anklets

AND MUCH, MUCH MORE!

