



Percy Langdon's Memories



Percy's Memories and Family History

I, Percy Allison Langdon, the 6th child of Oscar and Minnie (Thompson) Langdon was born at the foot Ben Moore Mountain in the community of Elkhead, Oregon on April 10, 1911 with Sara Coats as attending midwife. They never had a doctor to deliver the babies in those days and the mother had to stay in bed for 9 days.

My godmother was Mrs. Sara Coats. She was a frisky lady who rode horses sidesaddle, carried a shot gun and even shot her husband. Mr. Coats lived back of Turkey Hill. There's quite a little place back there, fields and all. He had a little cabin in there, I guess they had separated. He'd been up at the house when they must have got in an argument. Papa was coming down off Dickinson and got down about half way or more, high enough he could see the road below. He saw Mr. Coats going down the road with Mrs. Coats her carrying her gun after him. Then Papa heard a shot. That's when Mrs. Coats shot Mr. Coats in the back. Mr. Coats made his way around to the old Pew place (the Bugtussel) past the Ludwig place, above the Seabird place near the Howard place where Ophien's lived. He had friends/relations there. It hurt enough he was laying down. She (Mrs. Coats) felt sorry for him and went over there to ask him if there was anything she could do and he said "No Sara I think you've done enough".

He later went to live with Bertha Moore at the forks of the road (where Harley Bowman lived). Bertha Moore was Sara Coats daughter and Mrs. Bessie Mulkey (who taught Dan) was her daughter as and Marion Hickman is her daughter.

Mrs. Coats carried the old shot gun across the saddle when riding the old white horse. She always rode side saddle.

Mrs. Coats had an old horse named Bess and one named Old Fan. That was her team. That Bess horse was an ornery, balky, old thing. Mrs. Coats would hook her to the mower and work the lines but I wouldn't have wanted that old horse on a mower. I think maybe when hitched to the wagon Bess was all right, when she could go and not have to pull so hard.

I could tell a lot about Mrs. Coats. She lived, by herself most of the time, in an old house with lots of antiques. The house door shut with a lever latch. There was a fireplace where she would cook in a Dutch oven. She would put coals over the old iron Dutch oven and baked her bread in it. She had a long pipe, an old Indian pipe that set on the floor, 3-4 feet long. She set that ole pipe on the floor then took the fire tongs, reached in the fireplace, picked out a coal which she put to the pipe to light it. She'd start sucking on that pipe and it would begin to smoke. She showed me how but I didn't try it. She, also, smoked an old corn cob pipe. In those days there were different brands of tobacco that had different buckets. Prince Albert would make one and then Velvet would make one.

It was interesting to go to her house as she had a lot of interesting things. She had the old tread sewing machine. It was so old it had a funny looking head and the pedals were the shape of your foot. She had her grandfather's old guns. There was one muzzle loader. It was a long gun that had nickel plating all over the barrel. Then she had an old skeleton twenty-two which was just a tube around for back and tube for barrel and so forth. You could see the hammer spring that ran down. through there and had a little bead sight on it. She had a lot of antiques, old clocks. She kept her money in the clocks. I was down there when she wanted to pay me for bringing the horses down and helping her and she opened that old clock to get my pay.

Uncle Tom Clark used to stay with her. Uncle Tom Clark married Suzie Thiele. She was the sister of Mary Amelia Thompson, my grandmother. Tom's children were William (I would see him when I work in Portland) Minty McCracken, Louie, Benjamin and Cora. I knew Bill, Minty and Cora best. Tom was Sarah Coat's brother. Sarah was midwife when George and I were born. Uncle Tom would take Delbert and me (Percy) fishing in Elk Creek.

There was another old fellow, Wyman who stayed with Mrs. Coats. I don't think he was any relation. One time they went to Yoncalla to get groceries and then he went and got drunk. When they got home she (Mrs. Coats) said "You unhitch the team and put the team away, while I'll carry the groceries up to the house". It was a 100 yards or so up to the house. He was drunk and wouldn't do anything. So when she got back she unhooked the tuggs, tied up the lines and everything and was letting the neck yokes down. He was gawking around and got in her way so she took the old neck yoke and hit him a crack knocking him down. (That's what I heard).

Delbert and I would go down and play cards with Mrs. Coats.

There were the long pole blocks on the front of the house to hold it because they thought it was going to fall on her. Frank Wilson and Vineyard were great friends of theirs and they were going to tear the house down and build her a new one. They got old John Wilson with the truck and hooked the truck to the props then pulled them out expecting the house to fall, but it didn't fall down.

The new house was just a common building-nothing fancy. She didn't live very long after they built the new house.

I remember she had a room at the back of the old house where she slept. There was one time I (Percy) stayed with her. It just poured, the wind blew and everything. That old chimney set up there on a crook. Afterwards when I got older I looked at that and thought "oh, by golly if that had fell down it would kill us all".

Mrs. Coats would decorate the old barn with fir boughs and on the 4th of July with stars when she decided to have a dance. She'd had barn dances in 1918 after World War I. The fiddlers were Bradford, Frank Wilson, Wally Green and others. I (Percy) got one of Wally Green's fiddles he made. Mrs. Coats was really a tough woman but she was good to us guys.

I worked with Ray Potter in the logging and we got to talking about Mrs. Coats and different things. He said Mrs. Moore had hired him and his brother John to fix a fence on Dickenson mountain. There was a lane between Mrs. Moore (the daughter) and Mrs. Coats. Ray said " We were working on the fence and I saw the old gray horse coming up there. We just watched and it got up pretty close". Mrs. Coats had the ole shot gun across that old sidesaddle. She said "Well, boys pick up your tools. You're not going to work here no more". So Ray says "We did".

Mrs. Coats was good to us. She bragged about my work and me.

My parents were Oscar Hubert Langdon (the 7th child of Rufus Langdon & Catherine Stickles Langdon) and Minnie Thompson Langdon (the 1st child of George Washington Thompson and Mary Thiele Thompson). Minnie was born at Red Hill, Oregon near Yoncalla on May 12, 1874. Oscar was born in Markesan, Wisconsin on June 21, 1871, and moved to South Dakota at age 21 with his brother Herbert.

Oscar and Herbert rented a boxcar to move their stock from So. Dakota to Oregon. In the cost of the boxcar was fare for two men to go along to tend the stock. Joe Langdon son of Ansel came along as a stowaway, hiding in the car to get to Oregon. They came to Rice Hill, Oregon because their brother Erwin and his family lived on Redhill near Delbert's place where Erwin had 40 acres of prunes. He was making a fortune off the prunes, they thought. (I worked there when I was a kid picking prunes). At that time there were stories of Roseburg telling how Oregon never had any storms, hardly much, you didn't have to feed your stock in the winter, and all that lingo. It sounded awfully good to my Dad so he took up a homestead on Dickenson. He built a picket fence around the log house on Dickinson and it snowed over the top of the fence.

Papa said he went out during the snow, down to Redhill where it was a little bit lower. There he met two of the Bradfords (Walt and his brother). They got up to the Westhizer place and the snow was to deep. Papa had skis and said one of them could walk on the skis behind him to his (Papa's) place where they stayed all night and went down the hill (Elkhead way) toward their place in the morning.

I've been in snow when you just couldn't hardly go. It snowed one time on Ben Moore and I wondered how deep the snow was up on Ben Moore so I started up there but couldn't get there. The hill

was steep and when the snow was only three feet deep it would be in your face

Momma (Minnie) got the old Pollack fiddle. It crossed the plains three times they say and said Old Man Pollack entertained on the wagon trains. The Thieles had it, Grandma got it and gave it to Momma who passed it on to me. Now Dan has it in a beautiful case. It was given to me because I was the only one who played.

Oscar and Minnie had 7 children, Mamie, Leland, Delbert, Beulah, Ruby, Percy and George.

Following are Memories of my Parents, Tales they have told and history of their life as I (Percy) remember are told in the following paragraphs and throughout the story.

Early on Abram and Ansel Langdon came with Zeba Dimmock who joined a caravan in Missouri and came across the plains, settling about one mile from Kellogg near the bridge. The Dimmock house was tom down about 2 years ago (2000) In the early days people would come to the valley down the Willamette or from the ocean up and then went up Elk Creek to Drain, Yoncalla and that area. Some followed the river up to Roseburg. Some even tried to go up there with boats but the rocks were kind of hard on their sternwheelers.

Abram and his wife Sara were the parents of eleven children. All died young except one, Alzena who married Jim Walker.

Ansel married Nora Maupin. Their children Rufus (who died in 1934), Dora and Commodore. In earlier years we visited with Rufus and Commodore.

Oscar first lived near the Rices and the Thieles when coming to Oregon where he rented before homesteading on Dickinson Mountain. He was acquainted with the Thieles and Thompsons and met Mamma (Minnie Thompson).

Papa and Mamma (Oscar and Minnie) were married December 8.1895. One of the Thieles was a witness. I don't know where I saw it but anyway "I know it was so". They lived by the Thieles until they moved to the homestead.

It was pretty hard making a living up on the mountain. Uncle Herbert lived as their neighbor.

One of Oscar's first jobs, when coming to Oregon, was herding cattle for Mr. Fendel Sutherlin (Papa called him Finlan) in the Sutherlin Valley (formerly called Camas Swale) for whom the town is named. There were only 20 or so houses in the valley at the time.

Oscar acquired a 160 acre with the homestead on Dickinson Mountain. He made posts while living at the homestead to earn money. He would take the posts into Oakland to sell. He also worked a team of horses for hire, sheared sheep, and sold timber as well as doing other odd jobs.

Dad (Oscar) had a hand shearing machine with three legs that needed to be cranked to start. He'd put his shearing heads in a bag and carry the rest across the saddle. The machine had gears in a box and a tube that would go to the shearing head. When the shearers would come to their place, Mrs. Brawn (Sonny Brawn's mother) cranked the machine as it was too hard work for her husband. The Brawn's lived on the Halo trail at the far end almost to Scotts Valley. Sonny (Sumner) played a fiddle and Mrs. Edes would play the piano at the Odd Fellows Hall in Yoncalla.

At the Applegates they had a waterwheel to run the shearing machines. Before this Papa would use the hand clippers to shear sheep. The clippers had to be real sharp. They'd have a lot of shearers at one place. They'd laugh at Kit Letson because he'd stop to sharpen his shears and not get a lot done but when he'd get started the wool would peel off with little effort. Although slow to start, he knew how to sharpen those clippers and knew what he was doing.

Oscar drove 2 teams of horses while working on the road through the Shoestring Valley just north of Elkhead. At age 14, I (Percy) drove one of the teams to help in building this road. They would use four horses with the plow and two horses with the scraper, a much different way of building the road than now. Before this Papa and Leland worked four horses in making the big cut at the top of Rice Hill on the highway there. The county paid for all that. My dad would get so much for a team and so much

for a man. A man was worth the same as a team. I don't know when I first worked whether he got \$6.00 per man and team or less. I wasn't old enough at 14 so Papa said he'd be responsible for me if they'd let me work. They took out compensation, too, a penny per pay check.

Oscar did many odd jobs to make money to put food on the table. Papa used his horses to pull the poles for the power line from the truck to where they would be planted or set. He also hauled the pulleys and equipment needed to put the poles in an area. He was working on the power line that went through the Elkhead valley.

Once he worked at the Westhizer place helping butcher hogs. He got a hog's head as pay. On the way home he heard a cry. He first thought it was Momma (Minnie) but when he realized the cry was behind him, he knew it was a cougar. He whistled for his dog to be with him on the way home. Although he had a gun all the bullets were used when killing the hogs.

There were times they did not have enough money to get kerosene for the lanterns and would get a large pitch stick and bum it with the door open on the stove for light.

Mamma (Minnie) and Uncle Herbert's wife would can food in big old cans and put paraffin on top of it. Instead of having enough for just one family they would have enough for two and they'd share when opened. It was Uncle Herbert's wife that Mamma (Minnie) went back to see in South Dakota when she (Minnie) died.

There was one time Great Grandma Thompson gave Minnie an apple and told her to not divide it with Oscar. She did anyway. She cut the apple in two when she got home and gave him half. This reminded Virginia how Grandpa Oscar could peel an apple and have only one peeling. He had a very sharp knife to do this. He could go all the way around and never break it. He also had beef jerky hanging back of the stove near his car seat couch. I (Percy) remember he had old knives, pocket knives, where the blades were worn down to a point. Boy were they sharp. He could sure sharpen stuff up and I can't get anything to be that sharp, like the shearing clippers. I ground on them, and took sand paper but nothing would get them sharp like his. He'd make them so they just shaved. When he butchered he'd get the knife so sharp if the hair didn't all come off he'd shave it like your face. Just as smooth as that... And splice ropes. He could splice ropes. If a rope broke that didn't mean anything - he splice it back together again better than new.

Papa (Oscar) like to ice skate and snow ski and would tell of skating on the lakes near where he was born and lived as a child. When papa lived on the mountain he said he used ski's. The first year he moved up there the snow was to the top of the picket fence.

Oscar liked to dance. When he built the big house at the foot of Ben Moore Mountain, he had a removable wall between the living room and kitchen. The pins could be pulled and the wall removed to make a larger room for dancing. In the big house there was a long kitchen and two sets of benches. Oscar would play the organ and fiddle for dancing but he liked to dance so much he'd often play the harmonica and dance.

At one of the houses where the folks lived there were cracks between the floorboards. Below the boards was a rattle snake and Minnie killed it by pouring scalding water through the cracks from the tea kettle that was kept on the stove.

One day when Mamma (Minnie) was very young she was whittling cherry bark when the knife slipped and put her eye out. She had little formal education because of this. Her mother said "you can't see so you can stay home and take care of the young ones"

When Oscar and Minnie moved to the foot of Ben Moore there was no house just the orchard. Oscar built the houses with wood brought from Cutlax's mill on Rice hill. There was a small house north of the two story big house. The big house that burned had 4 bedrooms upstairs. Percy was 18 or 19 when the house burnt.

Just after the house burned George went to Red Hill to see Delbert who made fun of his hat. George said "That's the best I got, the house burned". We got a little stuff out of the house. We got papa's old

gun, Ruby's fiddle and Beulah piano. We packed some stuff out but didn't get pictures.

George got the 25/35 short barrel from Mildred Kanipe, Leland the 32/40 which he gave to Delbert, and I (Percy) got the 44/40 which I have given to Dan.

Wood was trucked from Cottage Grove for the current house and it was built in 1929 as just a shed. We were living in a tent until the house was built and decided to move in the shed. I (Percy) helped build and wire the current house. Their new house never got built and the house that is there today is the shed

Papa was building a goat shed after Lucille and I were married. I went up there to help when he was putting the rafter on it up on top. He had a beam across that he'd tie together from this side of the barn to that side of the barn to put the rafters on. When he was up there he slipped and fell from the rafter. He stuck his hand out as he came by the beam to catch himself. I don't know why it didn't pull his arm off his shoulder. It didn't seem to hurt him.

After they moved to the foot of Ben Moore, Papa raised goats. He did run the weathers on Dickinson Mountain. He must have had 200 head of goats. He had weather goats with big horns and he'd brand them by burning an "L" in the horns. The female ones that were going to have kid goats he ran on the southwest side of Ben Moore about halfway up the mountain on what was then the Boone place. Everybody ran goats on Dickinson, there would be 400 head or better there. We'd go up there and bring them off the bald mountain to be sheared, so Papa could sell the wool. There would be a couple guys up there to herd them off the bald mountain while the others went looking for more goats to run out to them. The goats would go over the mountain down pretty near Boucock's in Scotts Valley. They would then gather them in a big bunch and run them down from the bald mountain to the Gross place (Allen's place by forks of road) where they had corals and a barn. Then they'd separate the group. The Pringle's would get theirs and they would start out ahead or maybe we'd start out ahead and drive them up to the house to shear. There would be two or three of us to herd them back (my Dad, Delbert and I). Leland might have helped too, but I don't remember, as I wasn't big enough then.

Funniest thing. One time there come a snow, we got on the horses and were going to go look at the goats on Dickinson. It was a silver thaw. The rain would fall and freeze. We were riding the horses, I was ahead of Papa when I turned back to see he had icicles hanging off his mustaches. The rain got on his face and ran down his whiskers and froze there. The horses would get rain on their mane and tails and it would freeze. It looked so funny.

The folks had a box on the wall of the old house and it was just full of cylinder records. I remember the picture of the big horn and the little dog looking in. It had a gate that one would open and push the cylinder (a round spool) into. You'd have to crank this to make it play. Then the disk record player came along after that. We got our first disk player after the house burnt.

Papa (Oscar) used two team of horses to help build the old Pacific Highway up Rice hill. The Goodrich was the main road through the area from Oakland to Yoncalla before Highway 99 was built. There were two ways out of Yoncalla, the Goodrich and Pacific Highway 99 over Rice Hill. Goodrich went up past Delbert's and 99 went up Rice Hill went through Rice Valley. The Goodrich Highway was built before Shoestring. Shoestring was the old wagon road.

Oscar hauled lumber from near Percy's place in Elkhead to Rice Hill to build buildings. This was about 17 miles away and it would take most of a day to get there and back. . On one of Oscar's jobs he was staying at Bertha Moore's. In the morning when he went out to hitch up the horses (Nig, Beauty, Flora & Tops) for the day his lantern startled one of the horses (Papa's Beauty) and it kicked him in the head. Mrs. Bertha Moore hitched up old Fred (her horse) and buggy to take him home after having called Mamma (Minnie). Oscar would not let Mrs. Moore ride and off he went with her walking behind.. Minnie and Leland started walking to meet him. When Oscar met them, he didn't know them, waved and said "Hi!" without stopping. Mom said "He drove on like a Lord"

I remember when riding in the wagon Papa (Oscar) would put a lantern (light) under the blanket covering us kids' feet to warm us when it was cold.

Oscar had a number of dogs, German Sheppards, all good (most times two). I remember a smaller fox terrier named "Jack".

Oscar hauled cord wood for the furnace at the Quicksilver mine that the Divine boys had cut.

There was the time the horse ate the fishhook. Fred Lee would come out and the boys would go over on Elk Creek fishing. They'd cut a hazelnut stick (a long pole) leaving a fork on the end and tie a line around it so it would slip off and go fishing. We had an upper house, we called it the upper house that was built to live in until the other house was built because it would take months to build a big house. They put spikes in the side of the upper house and hung the pole on it. There was grass all around and the old pole got knocked off. The hook and line were laying in the grass where the horse was eating and it ate the hook. When dad caught the horse he pried its mouth open and put his knife down as far as he could and cut the line off. He tried to push it out but couldn't get the hook to unhook so just cut the line off. The horse lived for years after that. That's what a six year old remembers and tells.

My Mom and Dad were very good to all of us. They helped all of us kids get started after we got married. They gave us each a cow and calf to help us get started.

I have a \$5.00 gold piece Momma and I owned. We use to borrow (loan) it from each other first one owned it and then the other.

Dad (Oscar) would come to our place to visit and would hold Virginia then go to sleep with her in his lap. He liked Dan. Said I (Percy) had a good wife, one boy, one girl there were only the two at the time.

I remember he'd (Oscar) get his old boots about knee high on up. He'd put on heavy socks, then he'd wrap them up with something, wrap his pant legs tight then he'd push his pants legs inside his boots and pull his boots on. He'd put on a heavy old coat and he was ready to go out in the snow. It was only about 6 to 12 inches deep. The deepest I remember back then was around 18 inches. Over 12 inches it would be to hard to pull the sled. Boy, now was the time to haul the manure away from the barn. He kept cows and would pitch the manure out of the barn through openings into a log bin. When the snow came up high it was the time to move that by sled and throw it on the ground. Momma would say "Go help your dad". We raised oats and vetch and the manure was good for the ground. Dad would watch the grain for when it was ready to thrash. He didn't let it get quite ripe, just enough to thrash. Papa would hire a thrashing machine when needed. Then he'd mow what was left, some of the stocks would be green and he'd keep that to feed.

It would take two or three days to run their cattle, what they raised cattle, down to Roseburg.

Memories of Aunts, Uncles, Cousins

Papa's brothers and sisters were Mary Elizabeth (Clark), born December 29, 1850; Allison J, born July 20, 1852, Alice born November 15, 1856, died November 29, 1856; Erwin A, born October 7, 1860; Esther born June 31, 1865; Herbert, born October 17, 1868; and Papa (Oscar), born June 21, 1871.

Clifford Clark is the grandson of Mary Elizabeth and Newton Clark, the son of Roy Clark. Clifford would come to visit in fall

Mamma (Minnie) was the eldest in her family, born May 24, 1874. Her brothers and sisters were Effie (Howard), born August 20, 1876; Daisy Whitman, born March 7, 1879; Robert, born April 24, 1881; Bertha (McCord), born November 20, 1883; Elmer, born May 21, 1886; Ernest, born October 30, 1888; Lavina (Welker), born May 17, 1891; and Fred, born December 29, 1893. I remember Aunt Daisy put lining in caskets. Aunt Daisy Whitman didn't have any children.

Uncle Tom Clark who was married to Susanna Thiele sister of Grandma Mary Amelia (not related as we know to Newton Clark of Canada) was kind of a Shoe man.

I remember going to Grandma's old house on Red Hill when Uncle Ernest was there in bed. He had a thing hooked up to the ceiling where he could pull himself up. From Dorothy's account they were

cooking jelly when the house burnt. I had been to Grandma's house several times and worked there but don't remember when it burned.

Grandma Thompson's house in Yoncalla looks much the same as it did years ago. It has been worked over. Aunt Getta Thiele's house past Yoncalla's main street with lattice work on it is still there. They had a fire in it and burnt the top in 2002. Aunt Getta married Allen and her son's name was Crede Allen.

Uncle Alfred was Aunt Bertha's (Mom's sister) husband. Everybody I saw would say that old Fred McCord just sets around in the car and doesn't do anything. Well, he didn't because he was not to well. He coughed a lot and couldn't work much. He was boss of the crew and he just smoked and drank some, not all the time. When I worked for him we'd stop along the road and some guys would pull out bottle. Fred would say (speaking of me) "You don't have to offer him a drink cause he don't drink". One time we were going to Roseburg to a meeting and stopped in Sutherlin at the liquor place. He went in, got a bottle and put it in the jockey box (glove compartment) Now he says "if we have a wreck or anything you throw this away". We got to Roseburg at the court house where they had a big county meeting. He sat there, boy, as big as anybody you know. On the way back he said "I hope you took that all in so you can tell Anna (his daughter) cause I don't know what they said" . He was good to me.

Uncle Elmer and Aunt Inez had five children, Marvin, Veral, George, Theron, Vera, Eulelia. They made their home just over the hill from my place. Uncle Elmer said no one could whip him, he was stubborn and not afraid to fight,

I recall several years Helen, Rufus Langdon's daughter came to stay and went to school. She'd walk to school with Delbert. Rufus was the son of my Great Uncle Ansel. Grandpa Gideon's brothers Ansel and Abram came to Oregon and settled in the Kellogg Area.

Erwin Langdon, Papa's brother bought the place near Herman Thiele's next to where Delbert's place is now. Delbert bought Aunt Mary & Uncle Newton Clark's place. Aunt Mary and Uncle Newton never moved to Oregon but bought the place as an investment and because they could not have over \$10,000 when they moved to Canada. They rented to various people, the Longbrakes, Huckinsons. When Delbert was young he rented before buying the place.

Here are some Memories of my Siblings (Mamie, Leland, Delbert, Beulah, Ruby, George) and life at home as I remember or was told.

Mamie was born on Dickinson Mountain, in a log cabin on January 9, 1897. The family lived there until Mamie was 3 months before moving. Mamie went to Drain Normal school before she started teaching. We can't figure what it was, a high school or a teachers school. In later years Mamie would sit by the window of her home in Yoncalla and watch people go by. She kept everything and had stacks of papers, as she was a newspaper reporter. Taken from her own history, she wrote news for weekly newspapers for nearly fifty years. First the Oakland Tribune, Eugene Register Guard, Roseburg Chiefton, Roseburg News Review, Sutherlin Paper, Umpqua Currier, Drain Enterprise and Cottage Grove Sentinel.

Mamie wasn't married when I was little but she was not living at home, maybe going to Drain Normal. I remember all the rest of them. She was 13 or 14 years older than me. Leland was there more but left when he went to work. He worked for Claud Green down toward the rapids on the Umpqua at the Big K ranch when I was little. They now have a big house there where they entertain, take people out fishing on the Umpqua, like a resort place. Don Langdon's daughter was married there.

Mamie had 4 children Martha, Eldon, Ester, Lyle. Martha was married to Alton Noel. He fished, worked in a mill and loved to boat. His dad was the one who picked us in the boat and took us to Fred's sisters when we first went to the coast. One time he was out at the folks place and said they would log off Ben Moore. I said that's pretty steep, I don't know how they are going to log it off. "Oh

he said there's nothing to it" and in later years they did look off Ben Moore. He and Martha lived in Empire and we went down to visit. They decided to go clamming. Martha said he'd better get a boat there might not be any left but Alton said it's all right. When he went to get one they were all gone. He worked at mill on the pond and had a little rowboat. He got that, couldn't find the oars and found a canoe paddle and couple of other paddles. It was so foggy you couldn't see anything. We started out past the mill and came along a big old ship where there was a guy up above peeling potatoes. He yelled at us and threw potatoes. Alton had me paddle on the back end and he steered in the front. It was a long way out to the isle and we couldn't see a thing. When we came back we came by the same ship and the same guy yelled at us again.

Alton and Martha divorced and she married Harold Rogers who was also a fisherman. Chuck Gregor, one of the fellows I worked with, would go down fishing at the coast and we were talking about fishing and crossing the bar. "yea, he says that gets rough once in a while but there is this old guy who lives down there. You wouldn't know him but any way he stands up, he stands right up in his boat and he just crosses that old bar. His name is Harold Rogers." I told him who he was and that they lived in Yoncalla.

Leland was born at the Endi Chivnegy place in March 1899. Mr. Chivnegy was a gold miner. The folks lived in the house and Mr. Chivnegy lived in the cellar on Red Hill. He said the folks should live in the house with a new baby.

Leland was cutting kindling on day when he put his hand on top of the block as he was going to split the kindling and he came down and chopped his thumb. He was around 17 years of age. Beulah was the biggest kid at home at the time. Probably she was 12 years old or so. She was 6 years older than me. I was a little kid and I don't know what age I was, but I was there when he cut his thumb and saw it. "Gosh that did bleed". As he held his hand he couldn't stand it so he went and laid down. Beulah called Mrs. Coats since the folks were on their way to town. Mrs. Coats told her to put clean cobwebs and brown sugar on the cut to stop the bleeding and wrap it tight. Mrs. Coats called the Vineyards in Scotts Valley and got them to stopped the folk on their way back. Mrs. Buttrick was riding by on a saddle horse so she told Papa to take the horse, he'd get home quicker, she'd ride with Minnie. Well, Mamma was afraid to ride with Mrs. Buttrick. She said she looked too much like a man

Leland had a crippled thumb and crippled foot. He got along pretty good, made the best of it.

He said that it would be pretty hard for anyone to wrestle him. He wrestled with the boys and they couldn't get him down. He was pretty stout but he was slim as a rail. He was over 6' 1". Had long arms I guess. They liked to try to get him down. That's what they told me.

Leland was nearly 11 when he got his foot cut with the disk. They were moving from Redhill to Elkhead. I wasn't born yet. They were coming by the Buttrick (Allen place by bridge near forks - Shoestring- Elkhead). The road come down and across the bridge. Of course it wasn't as good of road as it is now. It was just an old rocky road and there was a big rock in the road. Papa was driving one team hauling stuff to move and he let Leland drive the team that was pulling the disk. There was a boulder in the road and he was setting on that seat, that disk jumped when it hit that rock boulder and threw him off in front of it next to horses doubletree. The horse couldn't get stopped and the disk run over him. It cut one toe clear off and cut another toe almost off. Well they took him to the doctor and the doctor tried to put it back on but they never could do it. Now days it could have been put back good. They got it fixed so it stuck up about like my finger in a crook and couldn't get it down. Uncle Tom Clark was kind of a shoe man so he'd cut the shoe and sew a piece of leather on it.

Leland worked for Claude Green on the Big Kay Ranch. I had seen Claude and knew what he looked like. Claude's dad Oley made the old fiddle. Claude Green lived on the Holgen road. The road from the Pinkston place down to the Goodrich and the freeway by the Rice Hill rest station.

In January of 1923 Leland died of Spinal Meningitis, I (Percy) was almost 11 when he died.

Delbert (the third) child was born at the Churchill place in Shoestring in October 1902 - Strawson place back of which now is the Bowman place in Shoestring. Delbert had polio (Infantile Paralysis) in 1909. Delbert dug fire guards from Oscar's place to Glide. Delbert bought the Newt Clark place on Red Hill where Beulah and Ruby were born.

It wasn't until I was older they had electricity. I (Percy) wired the house for Delbert up on Red Hill. Delbert wanted wiring for just the lights but kept adding extensions to the outlets, which worried me a bit. He'd come over to shear for me and when I asked what I owed he said nothing, "I've got a job I want you to do". "I said how much wiring do you want done". "Just around so I can have some electric lights". I wired a light bulb in one room then ran the wire around to the next room and put in 4 light bulbs throughout the house. Well, it wasn't long until he decided he wanted an electric washing machine. He put a double socket in one of the light outlets and ran the wire to the washing machine. He added another for a radio. He kept adding on and I was scared he'd bum the house down. Finally he got an electric stove and Gene Mann came out to wire that. The wiring didn't have to be inspected then as it does now.

Delbert was a farmer and sheared sheep for a living. He would carry the shearing machine in the back of his little car. He had a regular car, an old Chevy. He and Helen would come over with the 10 kids piled in the back.

Early on Delbert had all that farm land (260 acres) in grain and oats and it froze out. He had me come up to help redo it again. We hooked up 5 head of horses on the harrow and I drove the horses while he took that old sack and broadcast that all over where it froze out. It would take 5 hrs. to harness and tend the horses. We'd take turns, one day he'd tend the horses and the next I would. The day we weren't tending the horses we'd cook. He (Delbert) would make custard and he'd have potatoes and gravy and like that and ham. And when it came my time I'd have eggs, ham and gravy the type you made off the ham. He made the best custard so I'd just about as soon do the horses. Good custard is cooked about right and with a thin tough layer on top. It's pretty good.

Beulah (born April 1905) and Ruby (born June 1908) were born at Uncle Newton & Aunt Mary Clark's place, which is the old house at the Delbert Langdon place on Red Hill. (Delbert Langdon's boys, Lebert, Roy and Jim restored the old house in 2000)

Beulah graduated from Yoncalla High School 1924. While going to high school she stayed with Fred & Mamie Lee in the winter and in the spring and fall would ride to school from home. She was right out of high school and taught with other teachers who had gone to Normal School before going out on her own..

I remember when Beulah was first teaching school. She was suppose to teach at the Shoestring school and one of the Bradfords called up, they'd decided to hire her and wanted to talk with her about something in regard to the school. The old ringer type phone was hanging on the wall above the bed for George. He was small and slept in the living room. She was crocheting when the phone rang and grabbed up the crochet hook and everything, put it in her apron then leaned over the bed to get the phone and that crochet hook went into the fleshy part of her leg. Someone ran and got Papa. Papa finally twisted it out of there without going to the doctor. You couldn't pull it straight out.

Beulah taught at Dode Canyon School on the road about 7 miles from Sutherlin toward Elkton. Beulah was first married to Grant Kincaid. I remember going out on the Umpqua near the Bullock or Tyee Bridge in a little boat he made. Beulah was quite a horse back rider.

Ruby taught school for 2 years, first in Driver's Valley (out of Sutherlin towards Fair Oaks). When I first went up there where Ruby was teaching I had the old Model T and the mud was so deep, almost axle deep, across the flat by Lucille's old house. There wasn't enough gravel. Ruby stayed way up

there. She went over the hill and out the other side by Jones. She walked across country to the school to teach. Later she stayed with Delbert in Scotts Valley on the Fred Lee place while she taught at the Scotts Valley School. Ruby went to school in Ashland for 2 years before teaching.

I remember driving Ruby to the Umpqua Hotel in Roseburg when she married Billy Morris. She wouldn't ask anyone else. Billy worked at the Umpqua Hotel in Roseburg. He, also, worked at Sutherlin and Cottage Grove while he and Ruby were going together. He was a good cook,, that was his life's job, mostly. He did take out a homestead near the folk's on Dickinson Mountain in the Elkhead country. He had to improve his homestead, do so much clearing of the land and build a house. I helped him cut the trees around there. He'd cut cedar for the cedar mill in Oakland. We had one of papa's horses we logged with, George and I. We'd cut cord wood and they'd make pencils out of it. We'd cut quite a bit and haul steadily to Oakland. We were logging with horses and the old guy boss at the mill thought we were all right so he made a set of tongs we could drive in blocks of wood to help us. He depended on us quite a bit cause we were getting quite a lot of cedar out to him. We cut a lot of cedar on my dad's homestead as well. Cedar wasn't worth much to sell for logs but was good for pencils. We got to calling it "pencil cedar" (rough bark cedar). There was no work in the winter Billy probably didn't like that kind of work preferring to be in the restaurant.

Ruby and Bill had a restaurant in Kittitas, Wash, which is out from Ellensburg. Ruby was expecting (that's when LaVonne was born) so Mom (Minnie) wanted to go up to be there. We took my old car, a Ford roadster. This was my third car. My second car must have been a model "T". I had a model "A" when we (Lucille and I) got married. There was room in the front seat for Momma, George and I. Mama stayed with Ruby, Billy had the restaurant and didn't need us so we worked in the pea fields for about 1 week.

I was probably 22 or 23. They mowed the peas down and raked them into big windrows. There were 8-10 wagons for hauling to the big trashing machine. They had high and low wagons and we got one of the high wagons. The workers tried to pull a shenanigan on us but one fellow told us they were working us to hard. The peas would get tangled in the tumbleweeds and the other guys would call us over to work one of these rows, which was hard work.

There was a big irrigation ditch that ran around the hill by the pea field with a road around it for the ditch drivers. They called it the "ditch runner's road. To get to the field you had to take another road way around and back. So we thought it was crazy to go all the way around there and I drove down the road by the irrigation ditch. Well, we got up there but couldn't get off. It was a pretty big bank down to the pea field so I turned the rig around and backed the car off into the field. I don't remember if it was a Model T or Model A. I think it must have been a Model T as it was before I was married so must have been a Model T. We weren't suppose to be driving on that road. I didn't know what would happen if we went forward so I thought I'd back down. I'd tip over backward if I didn't make it. The guys said I did a good job but if we'd had gotten caught we'd have gotten arrested.

On another visit to Washington Jim Morris (Ruby's son) was showing me around where he worked in the Hops when we met his boss. Jim mentioned that I used to work in the Hops in Salem. The fellow asked who for and when I said Haus he said "that's us". I was around 20 years old when I worked in Independence, Oregon near Salem in the hops 2 different years. George worked there 3 years. They had 4000 pickers. At that time we had to pick by hand. There were three camps. The one we were in had 2000 pickers. We were locked in with a gatekeeper. We had a sticker on the car so we could go out but had to check in and out. I suppose they wanted to know who they were responsible for since they had their own police, restaurant and doctors.

Once I got awfully sick and had to go to the doctor.

When the group got rowdy, on Friday and Saturday evening, if you pretended you were drunk they'd let you alone. George and I worked together. We'd pick to beat all getting some leaves in the baskets, which they didn't want in the pickings. We'd holler "Weigh UP". They'd weigh up our baskets and then would put them in sacks. They'd say these look pretty dirty maybe you'd better pick them over

a little bit. So when they were gone we'd get in there and tear them leaves all to pieces and leave them in the baskets. Then we'd call "Weigh up again". The two of us picking on one row would gain on the rest so they'd have us go back and help others. We'd look at the rows and find the ones that had pretty big hops and start there to help out. Happy from Little River, who used to go out with Beulah, was there with us and he could only make \$1.00 a day. He was picking alone. We could make about a dollar and half and it cost about that much to stay there.

We also picked hops across from Thieles in North of Yoncalla (Grandma, Mamma and us). They had everything down there. I don't remember all that was grown there because I was too young.

While we were in Washington working in the Pea fields they had the big rodeo in Ellensburg. It was one of the larger ones next to Pendleton, Or. There was a chain of rodeos at that time. A funny thing at the rodeo was this gal in a hammock. They'd pay so much to throw at the trip which would dump her out of the hammock and she was scantily dressed. This one guy thought that was pretty funny so he paid for three balls to throw. His wife saw him there, she came over, grabbed him by the ear and led him away.

Billy made all kinds candy and worked in a candy shop at one time. He made marshmallows just as good as anybody. His brother was a candy maker. I remember he made a whole bunch of marshmallows when he was out at the folks one time. He rolled them and sliced them before he cooked them or something.

Ruby and I (Percy) both play the fiddle and played together at my place as well as at the "Old Time Fiddlers in Washington.

The girls (Mamie, Beulah & Ruby) wore black satin bloomers with elastic tops, middy blouses and ankles. Never wore gym shorts but gym bloomers. I (Percy) remember wearing knee britches (or knickers) and button shoes that I hated. I was almost a man, age 11, when I wore long pants.

Percy & George were born in the big house (the one that burnt) at the foot of Ben Moore Mountain. George was born in June and Mrs. Coats was the mid wife.

Being born at home we didn't all get birth certificates. I had to go to court before the judge to get mine. I went to Roseburg and we had to have a witness. So I (Percy) got up there and they wanted to know who I was. I told them who I was and everything and they said do you have a witness? And I said "Yes". Well put him up here and they wanted to know who it was and I said my dad. (he was alive then) So they said. "All right". "Can you swear that Percy was born and that's who he is?" Papa said. "Ya, I ought to know, I was there. I'm his dad and I was there." Ruby had Mamie as her witness.

Another time I had the old Model A parked in the shed at the barn. It had straw scattered around. The carburetor was leaking so I put a bucket under the car to catch the gas so I could pour it back in the tank. So, by golly I went out there and forgot to take the bucket out from under the car. The car backfired and the can caught fire. It was half full of gas, I guess I grabbed that thing up. I had on an old leather coat, I didn't want the barn to catch on fire and I ran out. It got hot and I dropped the can. The gas went all over setting a fire and it came up to where I was. I pulled the coat up over my face. George was coming across the little ditch and I was getting pretty close to the ditch. He grabbed an old sack, tossed it in the water, and put the fire out. I guess he was coming over to the barn to see what I was doing or maybe was going with me but he came at the right time.

Another car story, Papa had an old car, which he couldn't get started. You know where the ditch was before they put that bridge in going up to where the house is now. We were going to start the car out by the old bam and hooked the team on it to drag it. The lines got crossed and hung up on the ring in the haim in the buckle. I don't know if the old car started or what, but anyway, the horses got scared and started to run. They headed for the ditch. Old John Wilson come along about that time just as the team started to run. He had an old twenty-two and he run up there holding that gun up and shaking it, and stopped the horses.

The old house at Elkhead, which George owned, was first located up Elk Creek toward Ben Moore

mountain. The Dobsons moved it down to Elk Creek then Delbert, George and I (Percy) moved it to it's last location where it stood until being torn down after the new house was built. It was around this time Dad (Oscar) got a call from his brother Ray or Ralph (Dobson's brother ?? I didn't clarify this with Dad) that a cousin was killed in car accident at Scappoose near Astoria and he went up there

I don't know how I got my name. I wonder if they didn't get the name from Percy Cutlax. Papa and he worked in the mill and Papa got lumber from them. It is an odd name. Everyone remembers it because it is odd. Burt Cutlax's place was in Scott's Valley by Fred Lee's old place. The main old Cutlax house was up on the hill where Maudy Spaulding lived

I remember making our own cider. Apple cider was made by putting the whole apple first in a hopper that chopped then into a barrel made of cleats, pieces of wood with little spaces between for the juice to come out. The barrel held about 5 gallons. The press would squash the apples down to about 6 inches, letting the juice go out, and what was left would be fed to the pigs or other animals. The cleats were close enough together to get most all the pulp and stuff. Then the juice would be run through a cloth before it was ready to drink. Papa had the apple cider press then George.

George did go to High School but lacked 112 credit of graduating. He went at the same time as Thereon and Eulela. They would ride together as there was no school bus then to take the kids to high school. They got in an accident and George was hurt. It was so foggy you couldn't see 100 feet ahead of you and Bigelow came around a bend in a logging truck and hit them head on. George got a bad cut in the head and he was out of school for sometime. They took him to Drain and kept him there for a while at some cabins near where the Gateway Restaurant is now before bringing him home. When the accident happened I was up on Ben Moore hunting. It was so foggy you couldn't see and I heard Mom call. She had gotten the phone call about the accident down at the Payne place, on the bend just before you cross the creek by the old shingle house. Mom howled at me to tell me they were leaving so I'd know where they were going. I was clear up, half way, pretty well to the top of Ben Moore, but her voice carried real well. She talked to me just like I was in the house. I went down to the house but they had already left. George was hurt the worst. The car was demolished. They hauled it home and put it in the junk. I think George was a freshman then. He missed all that time from school and then later on he went to Salem to pick hops at the first of the school year and lost some more credits there. He picked hops for 3 years. Two years he and I picked together and then he and Lowell Gilmor. They went in Gilmor's car and picked hops for 6 weeks. The school said he'd have to go to school a half year to finish for just the half credit and he wouldn't do that.

I remember one 4th of July, George must have been about six years old. We were out by the old woodshed and I wasn't paying much attention to him. Instead of putting a cap in his cap gun he poked a firecracker in the barrel of it. Then he lit the firecracker and he said "Percy look, look". I turned around "Poom it went" and the barrel flew apart. It tickled me. It broke his gun. He said "What did you laugh for I broke my gun?"

More Memories of my Life (Percy)

I (Percy) went to the Elkhead School until the 8th grade. Mabel (Shortridge) Newton my first grade teacher claims to have taught me how to fight because "he was quiet and timid". My teachers were Shortridge, Hays, Strange, Lambert, Crabtree, Grose. I remember some of the kids would call Mrs. Shortridge "Shortribs". I didn't like school as I'd get behind and couldn't catch-up and was scared when kept after school. We played ball, other games and slid down the hill for recess.

I remember the time Ernest Brown was walking along with us down by Pringles. He lived over at the Reeves place. Near the Pringles was a culvert made with four 12x12's nailed together. The water ran through the man made culvert. It was 12 inches deep and probably had 4 to 6 inches of water running through. I was a first grader and old Ernest Brown said "Hey you ---- let's see your lunch bucket". Mrs. Coates had given me the dinner bucket with handles on top of it. So he folded the

handles down and stuck it in that culvert. The water took the bucket through the culvert. It went out of sight. Well, I was mad. I could have gone and kicked him to pieces if I'd been big enough, but I was only in the first grade and he was an eighth grade. What if it has got stuck in there I'd have lost my lunch bucket. But he went a round to the bottom and it came through under the road and out on the other side. He thought that would be a good joke on me, which it was.

There were 3 schools in the area - Elkhead, Milltown Hill, Shoestring (No.3 in county), Others nearby were Scotts Valley, Victor, Parkes. Parkes is located in the east end of Scotts Valley and has been remodeled into a nice home. Shoestring school was the last to close. I (Percy) was on the school board when it closed. I was working with Shorty Baldwin when the Elkhead School consolidated so the area could have a community hall.

I (Percy) started milking cows at age 5 or 6. Oscar had 8 or more cows. Some would come right up to the kids to be milked. Papa (Oscar) never tied them up to milk, just put them in a corral. The older kids would separate the milk to sell the cream. The rest of the milk was put in a pan to sour and make cottage cheese to feed the chickens & turkeys. There were 3 creameries that came by to pick up the cream. They would sell cream and make cottage cheese to eat. During WWI was 6-7 years old and remember they couldn't get flour and only a little sugar. They would sift the stock feed, taking the fine to make bread, which was scratchy. I remember in the rainy season the road would be so muddy they would have to tie the horses tails' up to keep them out of the mud.

It would take about 3 hours one way to go to town (Yoncalla)

I remember the long bridge down by Yoncalla near where the rodeo grounds was. It was about 100 yards long and 300 or 400 feet across where the road goes between the rodeo grounds and the mill-pond. The water couldn't get away and would come down, going over the road. Then the horses would mud it until it'd get axle deep with the wagons. To get the road way up so they could cross decently they sawed lumber and made a plank bridge. It wasn't very high but it was above the water. I remember one time taking my car through when it flooded in there. I went to a dance in Yoncalla as did George Thompson. George and I decided that if one of us got stuck in the water the other would be far enough back to pull him out. Marvin was riding along and George said "that's all right we'll make old Marv wade out there and tie on".

I was working with Scott and Case when the water got so high they we weren't sure we could get through. They had a lumber truck and the pick-up that I was riding in with Case. He said "All right we'll follow that truck. Them old duels will run out a big ripple behind the truck and we'll run in the ripple". And that's the way we went through there.

Then we came down to Lane Creek by the Robert's place and the water was all over there so I walked home from there. It will do it again sometime but I don't know when those kind of rains will come. Not like when Virginia was born. It poured all night long and old Dr. McKaig parked down by the bam where there happened to be a gofer hole. The rain water ran down through the gofer hole and his big old car kept settling down until it got stuck.

I do remember the airport in Yoncalla on the west side of the creek before the railroad tracks where the old log pond is/was. I would see the planes as I was driving truck for Fred and would be in town. I remember an airplane that flew into Yoncalla, landed where the Yoncalla High football field is not. It had an open cab and took passengers for rides. The main airport was over where the millpond. I must have been 20. It seemed to blow a lot of air. Julian Langdon said he rode in it. That's when he threw a hammer out and was going to hit his house. He lived over where Delbert's field is near where the prune orchard was

It would take a whole day to go to Roseburg one way. Most of the streets were rock.

I remember going (I was about 3 years old) to the Fitz funeral, I think sometime in June. We left early in the morning around 4 o'clock from Elkhead. On the way to the funeral from Cooper's place we went over the hill to the Goodrich Road then to old town Oakland then crossed a covered bridge to Sutherlin and Wilbur. Near Wilbur the team ran away. Dad let them run. We crossed the old bridge at

Winchester and went up Roberts Mountain to Myrtle Creek. It was about a 100 mile trip, taking 3 days for a round trip. We stayed in Roseburg on the way at Mom's sister's (Vina's) place. On the way home coming up Hardsgravel Hill about Pringle's Place we had to give way for four head of horses, two wagons, one trailer. The lead team had bell's on and looked big to me.

I remember Papa had gone to Uncle George Thiele's over in Rice hill to buy two Jersey calves. Momma and I were home. There was an old cream can setting out on the porch and it was a regular wooden porch. It rained back in there and was slick. I don't know what Mamma was doing out there but she slipped and fell, hurting herself badly. It hurt her so much she didn't feel good at all and went to bed. I was just a little kid and I thought it was cold and I should build a fire. So I got some newspaper, stuck them in the heating stove and set it on fire. She couldn't come out there and she said "I was sure worried you were going to burn the house down" I was lucky enough to get the door shut. I wasn't big enough to go to school. I don't now if I was more than 3 or 4 years old.

Around age fifteen I (Percy) had Typhoid. Almost died and was weak for a long time. Fred Lee also got Typhoid and was in the hospital at which time (then 18) I drove truck for him until he was better. I had a chauffeur's badge that I put on my cap. The guys down there would say "you're not old enough to drive" "I'd say I've got the license" they had to shut up.

When I was little I remember going to the Circus. I had saved about a \$1.00 and we went to see Barman & Bailey. The highway didn't go over Rice Hill then and we had to go up toward Delbert's across the railroad track and over Rice Valley Road. It was muddy. Turpin's had a car, a big old seven passenger Buick. Someone else had a Model T. Before we left we went to Stem's hardware in Yoncalla and Papa bought rope because we didn't have chains. We wrapped ropes around the tires. I don't know how many feet of rope we cut out on that thing going down there. When we got to Winchester we crossed where the piers are near the spill way because the current bridge was put in afterwards. I was at the dedication of the Winchester bridge. (note the freeway now goes over the third bridge).

The folks got their first car when I was 7 or 8, a Model T. They used distillate for fuel. This was like kerosene (probably stove type kerosene - stove oil) to start the gas. I don't know for sure what it was myself and haven't found anyone who knows. Papa had a gallon of gas, which he used to start the car like they did the old diesels. The old diesels started on gas and then they switched them over. You had to warm up the carburetor. The Model T had a double-sided carburetor. It had two floats in it, one for each side. When I was 17 or 18 I got my first car, a Model T from Mom. The front tires and back tires were of different size.

I don't recall taking a test for my drivers license but I got it when I was 16. I think I just sent in for my license. I got a chauffeur's license when I was 18, which was needed for driving trucks. We didn't have to have insurance on cars in those days. I got to drive a truck for Romie Howard on the county. Every time he needed somebody I'd drive, pull a grader, haul gravel or something.

One of the old Model A's I had, I bought at a junkyard in Eugene during the war. It had good tires. The starter switch was torn off so we wired it and brought it home. I never did put a new starter switch on it. It ran for a couple years every day. I was working on the road out of Oakland, Yoncalla and I'd leave it along the road. Nobody bothered it. One time up by the folks old place there was a land slide that closed the road so I couldn't get home. Rather than go back around by Yoncalla I left the Model A, walked to the folks and from there went on home. We had a Chevrolet car I'd drive to haul the family in so I'd drive it to the one side of the slide, leave it during the day and leave the Model A on the other side during the night.

Around the age of 18 I (Percy) helped Bill Morris cut Christmas trees on Fred Lee's place in Scotts valley back of Lyle's house on the hill there. We hooked the trailer up to the car, loaded about 200-250 trees on and started down out of there. The road was a little narrow and the grass had grown a little bit so I jumped on that trailer and Bill was driving. As we started out the thing started sliding. I jumped off. I knowed he wasn't going to make it cause he just kept sliding. That trailer just took that car and pushed it over the bank. It rolled over and got upside down. I was running behind it and I caught up by the time it tipped over. I ran right down where he was and he said "Hey how do I get out of here?"

How did I get out of here". He was real excited. It was upside down and he didn't know how to get out. Well, it didn't jam the door that I couldn't open it so I opened the door and let him out. It was funny but it was sad too. We were supposed to go the next day. Papa had that old Nig, part Clydesdale horse, we got him, got a hay rope and pulleys, and tipped the big Oldsmobile back on it's wheels. We had a broken window. That's all the damage it did.

We put a cardboard or gunny sack in the window and headed for Fresno. There were some plank roads and rock roads lots of the way and snow on the mountains. It would blow in the broken window by the driver. It was something. Around Weed we hit corduroy road, I was driving and Bill had gone asleep. When we hit that he got a hold of my arm and said 'Wake up, Wake up". Near Stockton they had a passenger railroad car. You could go from one little town to the other on the railroad track. We had a flat tire so we took the tire off and there wasn't any service around. We couldn't afford to hire anybody so we rolled it about 3/4 of a mile until we came to a service station. When we got there" by golly" here came that train right along the side of where we were. For 10 cents you could have rode that.

It took over 28 hours to get to Fresno from home. On our way back a Cop stopped us. Our trailer was licensed in Tulare Cal. We ask what was the matter and he said we had the wrong license for the trailer. "It calls for a solid tire and you have a pneumatic tire". He told us we better stop at Sacramento and have that changed. I don't know if Bill told him we would stop but when we got to Sacramento we never stopped. We never did stop until we got to Grants Pass and some guy flagged us down to tell us we'd lost a tire. So we had to buy a new tire there which cost \$17.00. We didn't have to much money and the money from the trees Bill got. Mom fussed about the money I spent as she knew how much I took and I didn't have any when I came back but the trip was worth it to me.

More of Fresno, Bill would go to see the different restaurants, how they cooked. I sold trees on the street where we had rented space and could only speak English. A Greek tried to run me off claiming it was his space. He had a popcorn wagon and was selling popcorn. It was our space, we'd paid a dollar or two for it. He'd move my trees and I'd put them back, he'd move them and I'd put them back. Across the street was a fellow selling fruit-wood. He would just laugh at us. Finally I went over to him and asked him what the Greek guy wanted. He said "he wants you to get off there, he wants your space". I said, "Well, we paid for the space". He said, "I know you did". He was having fun watching the guy push me around and me push him back. Finally, there was a guy that came along with some kids and he bought some popcorn and went away. He came back and said "Say you sold me some dirty popcorn." They argued and finally the guy who bought the popcorn had another guy come and they ran the popcorn salesman off. I had it clear from then on.

We stayed with Billy's half sister who had girls. The girls worked packing fruit baskets, nice baskets. I'd come home from selling trees and the girls would be out playing ball. I'd go out and join them. They were about 16 years old. They would want to know where we came from, if we saw any snow and what things were like. We'd have chats.

It was in Fresno that I went to my first big show where the girls would get up on the stage. That was the biggest show I'd ever gone to.

Beulah and I both worked in the hay. We would throw the shocks of hay on the wagon while Papa (Oscar) drove the wagon. The two of us would hold the shock at once.

We'd pick blackberries (I was about 12 years old). Beulah would drive them to town each night. We'd get \$2.00 a crate. At that time there were 3 ton of berries going out of Yoncalla. Beulah would take care of the money, taking out of each ones pay money to buy bologna that we all enjoyed.

When I was 18 or so I'd drove Fred's truck and haul berries to Eugene. Fred had a late model - Model A. It had a long box on it. He could haul 3 ton easy enough where Harold's dad with the Chevrolet could haul 1 1/2 ton. They both transferred stuff to Eugene.

We would go fishing in the small creeks around the area. The biggest fish I remember being caught

was 12 inches, most were 6-12 inches.

We would play work-up baseball changing positions after batting the ball.

When the ponds would freeze over we wore shoe skate on the ice. We'd drive holes in shoes and put hobnails in the shoes. We'd slid down hill in mud on sleds and played anti-anti over.

I (Percy) started working out at age 14. My first job was driving a team. I worked for the county hauling gravel and worked in the old steam saw mill. On my first job I made \$1.49 a day.

I (Percy) play the fiddle as does Ruby. I learned to play when I was about 25 years old playing a few tunes. I could make tunes but played to loud so no one liked it. I was around 39 or 40 when I played a comet for a time, which I traded for a 22 rifle that was more useful. Dick has that rifle now.

Before I got married, I built a fence for Charley Wilson and drove a team with plow in the potato field below the H. Bowman place near the Howard Road and toward the London Springs road (the forks of the road)

I was about 22 when I helped Delbert harvest 25,000 or more bushel of oats and wheat. I drove 5 horses to help. This was at the Thompson place on Red Hill.

I bought the Ray place, 120 acres more or less, from Bertha Moore for \$1150 in cash, taking possession on October 1, 1935. This place is located at the north end of Elkhead Valley and I still own the place today. Then I bought the Bradford place, and then the Peck place.

When Papa (Oscar) moved to Oregon in 1895 he remember the Maple trees in front of the my house as being about 12-14 inches around with a croquet lawn out front by the trees. One maple tree is gone; the other is approximately 6 feet through and 18 feet around and is still standing. It was cut to about 30 ft. height in 1999 and has now bushed out to a big healthy tree again.

There was an old neighborhood church right next to the cemetery at the head of the Shoestring Valley just up the hill from my (Percy's) place where I went with the folks to church. I recall it had a peaked roof, wooden structure with a porch out front and rows of windows down the sides. They had Sunday school and of course that was my main thing when I got older. We'd walk the three miles to go to Sunday school, my bothers and sisters and I. This church was reportedly built by the Rev. Abbott Levi James Todd, a circuit rider generally known as A.L. Todd. He is probably the most illustrious of the people buried in the Shoestring Cemetery as well as the earliest." The church burnt in 1930.

Shoestring Cemetery – There are 15 - 20 graves.

Taken from Roseburg - News Review 6/10/1990 by David Loftus.

Wallace S. Bogard - Aug. 21, 1862 to June 8, 1888

George S. Gilkison, Sept. 12, 1870 to Oct. 2, 1898

Joseph M. Henry, Nov. 12, 1854 to Feb. 23, 1909

William H. Howard, Jan. 5, 1852 - Nov. 9, 1922

William Howard's wife

Sarah J. (Lewis) Howard, Sept. 24, 1855 to Aug. 12, 1930

Clara Bell Lammon 1883

Enoch P Lewis, Co, E 4 VTN Res Corps

Maud Little - Aug. 25, 1905 to Dec. 17, 1907

Bessie McCurdy - died Nov, 1, 1891 aged 4 years and 8 days

Perly Sherwood - born or died 1884

Abbott L. Todd - 1820 - 1886

Henry Witte - Feb. 22, 1860 (?) - October 22, 1918

Percy Langdon also believes the following people were buried here, but no markers were found. John Owen Todd (son of Abbott Todd), Benight, Vida & Alpha

Critchlow, Benita McCracken. Letta Loveless family buried there but no tombstones
Lots of them Family

I (Percy) loved to dance and would go to London Springs, Nonpareil, Rice Hill as well as Elkhead. Going to a dance in Nonpareil was a long drive by way of Yoncalla, Oakland, Fair Oaks and east of Sutherlin to Nonpareil. It would be late when I got home but the folks didn't mind as long as they knew where I was going.

We would go to London Springs (which was a resort) for dances and relaxation at that time. I was 12 when I rode a horse over to London Springs. Delbert worked in a mill near by and would ride to work. The big mountain as you cross over to London Springs is called London Mountain and the butte to the south east on the Shoestring side is Hobart Butte. At London Springs there was a mineral springs and bottle works, London Hotel, London Store, church post office and rodeo grounds.

One time we went there, I was only about 16 and had driven over. I wished I hadn't, because they had a gang fight. Euleila was there and the Toner boy. A bunch of guys jumped Uncle Elmer. There were two guys beating on him at the same time. They knocked the Toner boy down and knocked some teeth out and Harry Wooley, broke some ribs and laid him up for a bit. Wooley was going with Euleila at the time. The mines were running at the time but the guys from the mines wouldn't take part in the fight. I guess it was some Cottage Grove Guys. Aunt Inez was there and grabbed the stove poker and had that in her hand. They had lined up in front of Uncle Elmer's car then they ganged up on him (Toner). One guy would jab him and hit him, then another guy would follow up. There was a ring of them. So we thought we'd better get him out of there. He had an old Model T car. Euleila was pretty stout, she'd crank on to starter of the car, just about give out and then I'd crank on it. We did finally get started. The guys would lift up the back of the car to keep us from going, and when they let the wheels down on the ground we took off.

Taking the left fork of the road when heading toward Elkhead you can go clear up past Roseburg. There is a paved BLM road that comes out near Steamboat east of Roseburg.

I recall going to one dance with Beulah and Ruby at Rice Hill. We had no car so started around two in the afternoon walking from the folks (Oscar's) place at the foot of Ben Moore cross country past Delbert's place to Rice Hill for the dance. Beulah had made arrangements with a friend and we got a ride home after the dance.

The Pringles were our neighbors. They first lived at the base of Ben Moore, then moved closer to the folks and later settled near the school at the foot of the hill. They were an old time family from Kentucky. I was near 6 years old when I remember the old Pringles (Collie, Perd & Joe) would go by the folks place. I (Percy) would run out to greet them and Collie would give me a piece of rabbit jerky. I think this was really venison killed out of season but it still tasted good. They were not the cleanest of people, these three old bachelors. The story is their pants could stand in the corner by themselves because they were so dirty. When they made biscuits they would roll the flour sack down, mix up the biscuits right there and put them in the oven to bake.

When there was a Post Office at Elkhead it was blue booked at 7 people. I believe it closed in 1925 or 26. It was about that time that Fred Merk started delivering by car. The mail was delivered by wagon, which hauled everything and people, too. I don't remember Fred Lee packing the mail but know that is how he and Mamie met. The Post Office was first located near the Howard Road on the Thorpe place then moved to Elkhead where it stayed until closed. There was also a store near the Post office. That closed and was not moved to Elkhead from the Payne place. In later years the neighbors would leave their cream cans at the old Post Office building to be picked up.

Between the Elkhead post office and the school there was a little creek called Jimmy Creek. At one time there was a bridge with banisters crossing the creek because putting a bridge across creeks at that time was cheaper and easier than putting in a fill and culvert. The Records (Elmer and Wally) lived near the creek and post office. Wally was the older brother. Mrs. Record's brother was Brink.

The Elkhead post office would be open 11 o'clock to 1 o'clock. The stage would come through to haul people and some freight. There were three schools Elkhead, Shoestring, Parkes and lots of mills.

Bradford's mill was one of the most well know in the early days. We must have went to 30-35 old places

In the early days I remember the only way we could get to Reedsport was by boat from Scottsburg. There were no roads past that point. Before the bridge at Scottsburg you went right to the dock. They had a ferry above the bridge when they built the bridge that they could cross the river on I remember I was about 10 or 12 when we went down. Beulah was old enough to drive a car and she was 6 years older than I. The folks went down with Fred's and stayed about a week with Fred's sister Tess. They got Alton Noel's dad, who had a boat with an inboard motor, to haul them. George was with them. We went down on the Juno Tug and came back on the Sunrise. The Juno Tug boat was pushing a barge, hauling a couple of cars and it picked up all kinds of freight. They had cows, cans of cream and other things. It would stop along the way where people had ramps so they could get down to the water with their stuff. It would drag bottom a little because the tide was low, when the tide came in it would go pretty good. It took us 2 hours and 112 from Scottsburg to go the 18 miles. The Sunrise was a passenger boat. When we got to Reedsport, Noel picked us up and took us up the Smith river about 6 miles where we got off the boat and went to a Fred Lee's sister's dairy ranch.

Noel's boat had an inboard motor with a flywheel, You could see the flywheel turning in the boat. It was one of those old fashioned boats. It putt, putted along pretty good but still took us a long time.

When I worked down that way they had small tugboats that pushed the gravel barges. You can move a lot with a boat on water. I recall when I worked for Baldy on the millpond they would put truck loads of logs in the pond and I could push several truck loads around.

Aunt Effie (Minnie's sister) and Uncle Melvin Howard owned a good share of land in Rice Valley where the Rice Hill truck stop is now. About the middle there was a house and near by a little house type shed by the road where they got their water.

The Rice Hill train depot was on top of Rice Hill Pass. There they kept an engine to help pull the other steam engines to the top. There was a turntable at the top of the hill and it took 15 minutes to turn an engine around. Fred Lee was the section boss. At the turntable the engines pulling heavy loads up Rice Hill were taken off the main trains and be sent back north. When the folks lived at the Chivney place Papa (Oscar) would ride the cowcatcher from the valley to the top of Rice Hill to get his mail.

I (Percy) recall it would take four head of horses to pull a heavy wagon load up Milltown hill.

I remember a box social at the Milltown Hill school which was located on the knoll just across the road from the Potter place. People were standing on the porch when Harold Packs came by and spurred his horse through the yard. It was said, "That crazy guy will run over someone." They thought he was drunk.

Just recently I went for three day's with Leroy Moulton in search of all the schools and mills in the Yoncalla area, down to Umpqua out of Sutherlin. Shoestring school (number 3) was one of the oldest in the county. There were two Post offices Elkhead and Illa. Illa was located at the forks of the road just before going over London Mountain to London Springs.

There were a number of sawmills in the area. Larry Moulton was writing an article on the sawmills. Some I remember and some I remember hearing of. The Bradford mill was near the creek by the old Wilbur & Mildred Briner home just below the old Shoestring school. Thorps had a mill near the forks of the road going over London Mountain.

I was a kid when we'd go visited Sam Vineyard at the foot of Milltown hill on the Scotts Valley side where the old dairy barn is now. We'd go down to the creek to play and I remember seeing a bunch of wheels and other parts in the area so assume that was where the Milltown Mill was located. I remember hearing tell they would splash logs down Elk Creek in the winter when the water was high to the mill.

I don't know how Milltown hill got it's name, whether is was named after the sawmill or after

Milltown Thompson. Romie Howard said it was named after Milltown Thompson (not related to us) Miller told me it was named after the mill there.

There was the Big Star mill up Adams Creek. We use to hunt goats up there. We'd go down to Boucocks, they'd let us off and we'd go up Adams creek to where the big water power mill had been up there. Papa knew when it was running and told me about where it was. I had an idea it was about where the waterfalls were. I took Clifford up that way to Papa's homestead on Dickinson. We drove the Mazda up there, through the high grass and got the radiator full of grass seed.

We'd go mule deer hunting with Romie Howard (Brother of Uncle Melvin Howard). We went to Eastern Oregon, up the Willamette to Standus Mountain. We took one highway and then another and then some side roads from LaPine, to Standus Mountain, Camas Wells and out in the country there. Romie & Johnny had a compass to keep from getting lost. We'd watch to see if we could see them. At one place we came out about two miles from our camp. We knew we were on the right road because it had telephone lines running down it as did our camp site but we didn't know which way to go, left or right. Well, here came a police officer or game warden, so we stopped him and asked "Did you see a red car back there anywhere?" He said "Yea, I'd say it was a couple miles that way".

Memories with Lucille

I had known Lucille Cramer for sometime. She went to dances where I went. It was at Smith River, toward the Harrison/Woolly mill down there. They had a dance hall or cookhouse down by the river. It was 100 or so steps off the bank down to the bottom on the river. She came with a date and was all dressed up with flowers in her hair (red roses). It just happened we went there also. Her date got drunk, went off and she was alone. I think she was glad to see me. I imagine she wondered how she was going to get home if them guys didn't show up. I knew her before that. We were both invited to a swim party that Mildred Kaneipe had on the Calipooya and I saw her there. I think she was trying to go with me before we went together.

There was the time I left my car outside the store in Yoncalla. When I came out she and Veral Thompson were sitting in the car. They asked where I was going. Veral Thompson was just a kid. I said I was going to Drain to get my hair cut. They didn't get out and rode to Drain with me. I got my hair cut, come back and then went up to the dance. I don't know if it was her or Veral's idea. I finally asked her for a date.

Our first date was at Yoncalla, the Odd fellows hall dance there. Our first date was in the fall and we got married in the spring May 29, 1936.

We were married at the church Lucille attended in Oakland when she was staying with her grandmother as she knew the minister. It was located across the street from where the old brick school now stands. We went to Eugene first, bought the rings and all. Then we went to the court house in Eugene. Mamma and Lucille's mother were with us and we had taken Papa's old sedan. When we went to get married he said we'd have to wait 5 days. Five days waiting period. So, I said we'd have to come clear back from Yoncalla. So he says "I could marry you if you had a good excuse. Do you have any?" I said "Yes, I guess I do. I'm building a barn and I need a cook." And that's how that story got started. (The barn still stands strong that was built in 1936 on my place at the north end of Elkhead valley)

Then we came back to Oakland that night and got married. But Momma wasn't there just Lucille's Dad and Mom. From there we went to Rice hill where Cramer's lived and stayed the night because it was to late to go further. When we went to bed our bed was full of rice and everything, all our cloths. We had left the cloths we were taking on our honeymoon there when we went to get married. So when we got down to Taledo, way down by Salem, I went to get my billfold out of my pocket, rice few everywhere. So they knew we were married and let us stay. They wouldn't let one stay at the motels unless you could prove you were married. Not like now.

At one of the Lakes (Tachnish or Silicoose) we went boating. We met some guys and they said "Now watch out and don't go out to far and get in the toolies or you'll get stuck." We didn't pay to

much attention and since Lucille had worked near the Umpqua river, swam across it she was rowing. I just let her row cause I thought she was more of a water person than I was and we ran into the toolies. We got stuck in there and we couldn't reach the bottom. I had a hard time rowing that thing out of there. That was something to remember from our honeymoon. We didn't take pictures but we stopped everywhere, went down on the beach, watch guys run cars out in the breakers.

We first went down Elkton way, stayed the first night in Reedsport, then went to Walport and went out on the beach to look around then went on to Taledo. From Taledo we went back to Creswell where we stopped to visit Beulah and they took us to see a movie. I don't recall if we stayed a day or two. When we got back the shivareers were waiting for us. Shivaree were common in those days. A shivaree is when a bunch of people come with pots, pans and noise makers to disturb the newlywed, cause mischief and have a party. They came to the house at night, make lots of noise banging around until you let them in and treat them. George Thompson, Sam Vineyard and some of them were going to slip around to the back bedroom. Well, there were a bunch of berry bushes along there. They got scratched up. They had quite a time alright.

We figured they would come so bought a big box of chocolate and some cigars. It was so hot the chocolates melted. We gave them what we had but were ashamed of the chocolates. We didn't have anything much in the house, a stove, bed, kitchen table Edith knew a bunch of young guys from Yoncalla. George (my brother) was into it also and told everyone around the neighborhood and got the fiddlers out. The Bradfords (Frank, Bob & Walt) & Records (Wally and Delmer) came with their fiddles (there were 5 fiddles). They danced in the back bedroom where I used to store the grain when we thrashed and the living room. They had quite a bunch. They went out on the old front porch and I thought they might break it down. The fiddlers sat in the kitchen door and the other bedroom door so all could hear. They had fun.

Wally Record was the eldest son, they come from Hermit. He'd say "Well, as soon as I get my bearing" "You've got to wait until I get my bearings". We were at the post office one day and he was asked "Are you and Delmer related?" He says "Yea, kind of. I'm a distant relation. He's my youngest brother and I'm the oldest." There were a lot of kids in between.

I believe Papa (Oscar) was one of the founders of the Elkhead telephone company. I paid shares and was a lineman, was called on to trouble shoot. At times if I didn't have wire with me when the line went down I'd attach the broken wire to the barbwire on the nearby fence so service could resume until a proper repair could be made.

Every one would hear the ring and then they'd take the receiver down to see what was happening. That's what happened when I tipped the tractor over on myself. Lucille called for help and several guys came to help me. I hollered at her to call my brother. I wasn't pinned under the tractor but the lift went through my leg and it crippled me a little bit. It cut that big muscle on the outside of my leg and I couldn't walk on that side. Lucille called for help then came and got me to the road. My brother (George) came and used my car to take me to Drain because Lucille couldn't drive. They took me in and sewed me up and gave me medicine. I came home that day.

I went in every day for 2 weeks for a check up and penicillin. For the follow-up treatments I'd drive down to Potters and Olla would drive me to Drain.

The old tractor hit the rut and turn completely over. The engine was running and when it turned over it pushed the throttle, which raced up. Lucille was working in the garden when she hear the noise and saw the tractor going down the road without me. It did a complete turn then went pretty straight down the road into the bank and stopped. Didn't hurt anything on the tractor.

During World War II there were observation post located around the country where volunteers watched for enemy planes. The observation post in our area was located on the Howard place. Lucille and I would take turns watching and knew the name of planes by sight and sound. We worked at the post for two years, 1941 & 1942. I (Percy) got a certificate for knowing all the planes and was a member of the Air Force Ground Services. Lucille embroidered a service flag with the names of the

boys that went to war in World War II. Donny Thorpe was killed and so he got a different star. The flag was framed and hung at the grange hall (old Elkhead school) during the war.

I'd worked every job I could to get money for living. I worked a buzz saw, in the hay, on the telephone and for Romie Howard cutting wood.

We had three children (Daniel, Virginia, Richard).

Dan (Daniel Hubert) was born June 5, 1938 at the Jess Laswell place just South of Yoncalla. Lucille's parents lived there and raised turkeys. Jess Laswell ran the bank in Yoncalla along with his son Avery.

I was working for Shorty Baldwin driving CAT (a Caterpillar) and Harold Thorpe hired us to build the dam for him. Harold Thorpe had a mill near the fork of the road going to London and he wanted a dam to float the logs in. I was going to check something and Dan wanted to see, he was about 2 years of age. He said he wanted to go along. I thought he was too little but he said "I am stout daddy, I am", so I let him go along. I packed him most of the way on my shoulders because I felt sorry for him. Dick and Boomer used to go fishing in that dam.

Virginia (Virginia Allison) was born on a rainy Thursday, December 26, 1940 at home in Elkhead. Doctor McKaig was the attending doctor. It was raining hard that day and Doc McKaig had a big old car. He backed it out on the grass where a gofer or mole had run through. The water ran down the mole hill and when Doc McKaig got ready to go the car had sunk down in the dirt. I had to push his car to get him out. He had great big old satchet, you know, with everything in it like Doctors carried in those days. I asked if he'd like me to carry it for him. "No" he says "I'd better carry it". Well, heck if anyone was going to fall down it was going to have been him, not me. I was younger and I don't doubt but what I had my old logger shoes on.

Virginia asked "You didn't wear them in the house, though". Yes I did. I put some old tire tread on them. I cut a piece of the tire the length of the shoe and tied the top to hold it together. Then I'd stick my foot/shoe into that old tire and walk in the house. I had the tire slippers setting by the door. I'd take them off before I went to bed. As Ray says "you got to take the off before you go to bed cause the wife don't like them cork shoes in her bed. They tear up the sheets".

Around the age of 4-5 we were in the car on the way to town, Virginia was going to run the window down and got a hold of the door handle. The door flew back while she had a hold of it and it pulled her out. When I stopped she was running up the road behind calling "Daddy wait for me". It hurt my feelings when I saw her she was cut up so. Really cut her face.

Dick (Richard Leroy) was born in Yoncalla at Francis Bigelow's on June 11, 1946. I was working for Scott & Case when Dick was born. Cook came up to get me (He had a V-8 and I had the Model A) and tell me they were taking Lucille in to Bigelow's. They had started out and so boy I took off that hill. Cook was to tell "I don't know how he could make it off there like he did".

Dick was around 18 months when he had spinal meningitis. I went over London Mt. straight for Cottage Grove then to Eugene Hospital. I knew there was something the matter. He acted just like Leland did. At the doctor's I was holding him and trying to keep him going. The first doctor wouldn't see him, we went to another doctor and he said take him quick to Eugene, he'll see him. "I'll call him and make him see you". Dick didn't know us.

I don't remember when we got our first radio but remember an older couple had a radio with 3 batteries (the Johnson's). I (Percy) would visit the Johnson's. Mr. Johnson liked me and when he got a job with Douglas Electric offered me a job. We were logging up Elk Creek and I (Percy) was whistle punking for them. Instead of a whistle they had a jerk line thing. It had a bell way out there where the

donkey was and you'd pull this rope. If you pulled it one time it would have one bong and if you pulled it twice it would have two signals. I'd pull the rope too hard and it was so far away the rope would go up in the air and then come down and go boom, boom when I meant one. I didn't do good at all, I couldn't run that. So they took me off and put me on the plank road. I was working on that and Mr. Johnson was falling or something. Green owed us wages and he started to move out. Old Johnson saw the truck go in to get them. So he called me and said "he's moving out and he's not going to pay. And he's not going to get by with it. You come with me". So we went over to the Howard place (Kathryn's) and when they went down that little dip we flagged them down. Mr. Johnson walked out in front where they were and he said "You're not going out until you pay us". Green paid us too. I don't know what Johnson would have done if Green wouldn't have paid.

I've had guys pull other stunts like that, challenging guys when I was along and I didn't know what was going to happen. It's like when we were cutting timber toward Redhill for Jazek's and that outfit. Ray Potter and I were cutting on a steep hill and we didn't cut the logs in two because when we cut them off the one up on the hill side would run down where we were working. So we were ringing them and cutting so they would break. When we were eating we heard some of the other guys cussing "Them buckers, they are not doing this or that". I didn't pay much attention but Ray was listening and it made him mad. So when we went down he says "Looky here, you just don't cuss the fallers and buckers I want you to understand that". And boy they began to shake and wonder what was going to happen. I was shocked at Ray because he was a strict church guy. The Potters (Ray & Olla) were always good friends. Ray was more Mamie's age and had try to go out with her.

Mr. Johnson taught me how to fall timber from a springboard. A springboard is a faller's perch, made of wood with metal V-lip that dug into the upper wood of a notch in the tree trunk, wedging the springboard firmly in place. Then the faller stood on that board Johnson was the first guy I work with falling timber. We worked in the Antaluff area out of Drain. Mr. Johnson used a plum ax where one man hit and then the other. This was the name of the ax and it could be double or single sided. We fell those big trees for Douglas Electric.

In the logging business I started driving cat & cutting for Baldwin 2 years, then 2 years driving cat at Elkhead Lumber (Scott & Case), then 7 years at Yoncalla Lumber and then 7 years at Whipple and at Baldy. I ran a double drum Caterpillar for Scott & Case on Milltown Hill. It had a spool that you could set to run a line out and back and forth. We put half inch line on and you could run that line out like a donkey. We were down below Bouckman's and had to go up the hill. It was wintertime and slick. The pulley made it heavy behind so I'd started up the hill and got about halfway when it slid back down. It didn't go straight backwards. I tried two or three times and Case said to stop. "We'll turn it around, put the line on it and pull it up". "I wouldn't want you to do something I wouldn't do myself.

Another time when working for him I was starting the same time as the rest of the crew did at the mill. That's when we moved on the others side toward home. I start at 8 o'clock, gas up the Cat. and take off. Well, he said "The other guys wouldn't do anything until the tractor started working. So he ask if I'd gas up at night and be ready to start first thing in the morning at 8 o'clock.

There was another incident where we had a big old log and we had an old mall saw. You couldn't take the end off so one fellow would have to run the handle on the end of the saw and the other would run the motor. Case was running the motor and I was running the end. He was going to do an undercut or something and it caught on the topside of the chain making the old saw go around and push backward. It hit him across the knees and knocked him down. When I looked up over the log I saw what had happened and boy was he humming the prettiest tune you ever heard. He was going around "hmmmmmm" I couldn't help from laughing.

Scott was more like Bigelow. He wanted you to do a little more.

Case once took me off the job and had me help plaster two houses. One was the house above Duppers. I mixed mortar for it and we plastered that house. That was pretty hard work. It wasn't long after that job we went to Oakland to plaster Francis Todd's house. Plaster buckets were 40 pounds

apiece. Plaster had to be mixed just right or it would get doughy like. I'd take a hoe, mix the mortar just right and carry the two 40 pound buckets to keep Case going. He could do a house in almost a day. Francis Todd was a husky guy but he said "I'm glad you brought him to do that, I could never do it". When finished that was the prettiest house. He had designs and it looked like ferns on the walls.

I (Percy) took a contract with Yoncalla Lumber working with Ray Potter until Ray couldn't work anymore. I cut several million feet on Dickinson Mountain. I worked for Whipple several years running Euclid in the winter and drove a log truck a week or so.

I had lots of experiences, some scary. I remember when Shorty's truck got away with 3 big logs. There was a stretch of road past the Churchill house that went around a bend and up the hill with a big canyon below. You cut off at Mick Bowman's, went up back over the ridge toward the Bradfords. I'd always pushed him up the hill with the CAT (caterpillar) because he couldn't make it up the hill with a big load. This was because he had vacuum brakes and if the motor stopped there would be no vacuum to run the brakes. But this time he said "I think I can make it this time." So, he says "you can do something else" and I thought I'd pushed him every other time what if he don't make it. I got my nose turned around toward the hill and then I saw that truck jump up and down a time or two. He got well up the hill when the truck stalled. I knew he wasn't moving, he was trying to stop it or something. I was near the bend with the canyon below when he stalled and then started back down. I had to decide what I was going to do. I swung the old CAT around facing, positioned it at the foot of the hill with the blade at what I thought was the level of the logs. I had my foot on the brakes and hands on the dozer. And by golly here he come. I didn't get that blade high enough to catch the logs but caught the tongue and it was a good thing I did. It had a big iron on it called a stinger with a point to hook it on and it caught first, shoved it right up toward the frame. Then it hit them logs and that truck jumped up and down a little before it stopped. Old Shorty jumped out of there and bushed off his pants. It shook him up pretty good. I don't know if he fell off the running board or what. Any way he came back there and I thought, "I'm fired." He said, "By Grab it was a good think you were there." If I'd not stopped him, he would have gone right off in the canyon and if he turned it going that fast he would have tipped it over.

I also remember when Ray was hit by a big tree at Quarter Mile. We had worked together falling timber for years and years and that last week we were working on the BLM road by Mick Bowman's. Ray was running the singer end and I was running the motor. He said the tree won't go and he had to wedge it. "You take the saw and get out of the way and I'll wedge it over. So he wedged it over but what he didn't notice (that slipped up on him) there were some trees laying there and when he fell the tree it hit the top of one down below. That kicked the tree over and hit him in the back. After that he no longer worked in the woods.

The bad one was north of Scotts Valley on the Cox Road near Lyle Lee's old place when the "crummy" rolled over. George Roberts was driving the truck this side of where Lyle lived, pulling the grade. There was no freeway below where there is now. There were three of us in the back and four in the cab of the crummy when George tried to pass a logging truck on the grade. The crummy was an army weapon carrier with a big spool on the front. When it left the road George couldn't pull it back, I could see that. There was a big maple on a slant and the thing on the front started rolling that crummy up on the tree then we went off over the bank. The guys in he front jumped, Sefton kicked Parks out and I don't know how the rest of them went. I knew something was going to happen all right. Well, John did too. He said, "It's a long ways down". That was the last words he said. It was about 30 feet down to the bottom. The three of us were thrown in some brush out of the back and the crummy rolled over us and down to where the freeway is now. I was on the bottom. I guess I was thrown off first. John must have been the top. I lifted John off me and his chest was crushed and he was killed. I think he saved my life. Coons came down and next was Bigalow. They were in pickups behind us. Coon's sat with John. George said "help me up". He said he could walk but he couldn't. His pelvis was broken on both sides. So we carried him up the embankment. They sent in an ambulance which took John away.

And they sent in a big company car that took George to Drain to the doctor.

Some tree stubs were cut off and they went through my nose a bit and it was bleeding pretty much. Anyway, at the doctors he wanted to look at my nose. I said don't doctor my nose George needs the help. So they went ahead and gave him some pain medicine and took him on to the hospital in Eugene. After I was doctored I had to get my car and go home. It was a restless night for me. Yes, it was a dangerous thing. A lot of dangerous things happened on that logging.

On another job near Drain I was running one of the old halftrack's moving railroad cars and logs around. Then Mr. Whipple and this other fellow came over and Whipple said "I want you to meet my head faller. This is the best faller there is around". The other fellow's fallers couldn't get a bunch of snags down. The snags were straight up, there weren't any limbs to make them lean and the fellows couldn't tell which way they would go. So Whipple said he's send me down, "He's an expert on falling trees". I didn't have any trouble falling the snags but they did have dry bark on them. The bark would come loose and slide down the tree. One time it came down and smashed my saw just at quitting time. The guy that owned the snag patch came around and thought I'd done a pretty good job. He said "Oh my, you ruined your saw". Francis Bigalow who was there said "He didn't hurt the saw very much, tomorrow it will be as good as new". I felt bad because I knew different. He'd have to take it to the shop and get it fixed. When I came out the next morning to go to work they had a brand new saw setting there for me. It was as good as new just like Francis said.

Yes, I worked on the road and also did other odd jobs. On one job, I drove truck for the county out of Reedsport for 3 weeks. I hauled from the barge on the river to Loon Lake, Scottsburg, Smith River and all around. Pearly Jobe and George would go stay with Mom (Lucille) so she wouldn't be alone. One time because I didn't have a ride home I brought the truck home for the weekend. Rydel was my boss down there. When I went in to eat on Sunday night, Fisher a road boss jumped on me and said "Well, you stole it and could get in trouble and all this and that." I didn't say anything. Some logger there, jumped up and he says "Why I don't know what you've got to say. You ain't got a thing to say about it cause you've done the same thing. You're know better than he is." There were all the other drives sitting around. When I went back to the hotel for the night we thought they were going to whip him (Fisher). He didn't stay in the hotel as we did. He was all right, only I guess he was wanting to tell me in front of somebody. I had stole it you might say because I took something that didn't belong to me. I could have gotten into real trouble. The boss would do little favors for people with county equipment. So Rydel said we couldn't take the truck anymore but we could use his pickup. He said "You take the pickup and you drive. You other guys understand what I'm saying? He's going to drive to his place and then you guys can take it to Roseburg and on to Canyonville. When you come back he (Percy) will drive from his place back.

They had stockpiles of gravel up the hill and the other guys said "We can't get up there". They had to back up and so he (Rydel?) said "Never mind, when Percy comes back he'll do it." I was driving # 11 1. So I did and put several loads up there until I finally broke an axle. I told him I don't know, I just got to spinning and broke the axles. He said that's all right, I have a truck just like that you'll drive tomorrow.

I had a lot of fun when I was working down there but I missed Lucille and the kids. I'd work as many hours as they would let me. I work 14 hours then they finally stopped me. First they said you could go along as you wanted to and I kept going. Then they said no you can't work that late with no one there. First when I went down there they had a clam shell or something they drug out of the river and they loaded the trucks. This was nearer Scottsburg about where the park is. Then later we came out of Loon Lake road and went down toward Reedsport a little ways. They had some planks they raised and lowered with the tide. The big old barge was out in the river and we drove the truck out on the barge. First time it was low tide and that was bad for me because I had to make it the first time down. The planks were about the width of the duels. You could see the barge but you couldn't see down. They told me you just drive out there and when it starts to tip it will come in sight. It could be steep when the

tides changes - 4 to 6 feet. You could do pretty good in high tide but on low tide you better look out going up there because the clam shell picked the rocks out of the river, got muck, water and stuff and it was slick. When you went up, if the tuck didn't make it you better not try anymore because you might spin around and slide off. I never did get in that situation but that's what they told me. I did it like they told me. I wasn't to frisky. It was something new to me.

Uncle Alfred worked on roads and said he worked down that way (Scottsburg/Reedsport) before there were any roads. He said they had a mill down there around Scottsburg where Russian's came to work. They had a cook shack there and he said they would get into lots of fights.

Uncle Alfred would talk about Brush Creek Ranch and I didn't know where it was before I worked for Whipple down the Umpqua near the tunnel past where uncle Alfred's sister lived (I believe she married Ervin Rice). He also had a brother up that way and would go visit them by horseback. He'd go down through the woods, which was about 10 miles.

When I was driving truck they raised cattle and sheep up that way (Brush Creek). They couldn't drive all the way down to the tunnel so I'd go down there and haul their stuff for them. They'd drive the livestock by horseback down to a corral where they were loaded. At the time they were building the highway from Drain to Elkton. I remember I had a load when the road guys shot off a great big boulder and it came down in the road, blocked off the road. I had to wait until they could get the equipment to move the boulder. Once they had it cleared there was just enough room for me to scrape by. The tunnel was not there at the time and they had to go over Hancock Mountain. It was all corduroy roads and switch-backs. Elk Creek is on both sides of the mountain at that point. The river goes around the mountain and it's about 8 miles.

I heard tell the story of the stage coaches going over the Hancock Mountain. People would come to Scottsburg by boat and then on up by stage. Scottsburg was a big town in those days. They had 300-400 people and 6 or 8 streets. Now there is only one street. Albert Rolls, the fellow I cut timber for, came from Scottsburg to Yoncalla. He got on the stage and they had 4 head of horse pulling. They pulled so hard going up that mountain and the mud was so deep. They didn't have gravel and he felt sorry for the horses so he got off and walked to Yoncalla. He made it just as quick as the stage.

They did start to build a railroad down that way. Down by the Sunnysdale Grange Hall if you can look off toward the creek you can see the piers they put-up for the railroad bridge or could at one time,

One time (when I was working for Uncle Alfred) we went over to Churchill's and graded his road for him. When we went in we had no trouble going over the bridge the grader was too heavy for Churchill's bridge and broke it down. The old truck tipped up, didn't tip over, there I sat in the cab and stuff began to drop out. I turned it off. Frank Churchill had the old Oliver '70 tractor I had to pull it out. (Matt had bought the tractor from Frank's son and I bought it from Matt). We took a line, fastened on a pulley and that Oliver tipped the truck up. We got the bridge fixed and went home. Same with Rices, we'd do grading for them. They got after them since for doing little favors like that.

It was about wartime (1942) when I started into logging. But otherwise we built roads all the time, hauled gravel, ran a plow team, ran a scraper team and ran the team on the wagon. I also hauled rock from the mines. All that red rock under that road out home came from the mines. The mines had a big old pile of rocks You couldn't go the way the road goes now because they had it blocked off there. The road went where the bend in the road is by the old gate straight across past the Hovey house, the Critchlow place and came out the forks of the road by the Howard road. The mine had so much rock piled out there it went out to the bridge. The Hovey's owned both sides of the road there. Elmer Thompson bought from them. They moved to the cookhouse at the mines.

There was quicksilver in the rock and crevices. The quicksilver went up in the smoke and this settled down on the land and rocks. The kids would go down to the creeks and with an old spoon dip out the quicksilver in the rock. It was so heavy it would just stay there. The water couldn't wash it out. We'd dip it

out, put it in bottle and take it to school where we'd put it in the chalk trays. If you had some coins you could make it look silver and shiny by putting them in the quicksilver.

I was telling Roy Morris the story of one time when I was at Black Butte. They told me they had this big kettle of quick silver and this guy said "Hey, I'll give you \$5.00 if you can stick your hand down to the elbow in that" I wouldn't even try. I knew it was so heavy. One time Roy was there we went over to the Elkhead mines. He left his gold ring on and stuck his hand in some mercury. I guess it ate some of the gold on his ring.

I remember when the Pony Express raced the Train from Eugene to Roseburg. The train beat 'em by 10 or 15 minutes finally. But the horses were ahead of the train when it was going down Pass Creek Canyon, they said. They had a guy on the train telling the story. The horse people had a guy on the train to tell their side and of course, the train people had a guy for their side. I was working at Yoncalla Lumber at the time and talking with Dave Height he said that was the craziest thing he'd heard of running the horses like that. They had horses stationed every quarter of a mile and the ones running through town had rubber shoes. They wanted us to run our horses. They had several hundred between Yoncalla & Eugene. The guy with a radio on the train said the train went faster down through Pass Creek Canyon. They souped up the speed. When the train hit Rice Hill it had to slow and the horses could out run them there. We clocked the horses on one of the straight away near Yoncalla. It was where the new freeway ran close to the old highway (1954 -56)

After retiring I joined the Western Aires. They play such favorite tunes as Peek-a- boo Waltz, Beautiful Ohio, Red River Valley, Wabash Cannon Ball. They are self-taught musicians and Cattle Call is their theme song. When I was young, I didn't pay much attention to their playing. I'd pick up Dad's fiddle once in a while and try to play it. It didn't come easy so I put it down again." I got my first fiddle later in life. It was handed down to me from my mother, who got it from her mother. "It originally belonged to old man Pollock, from whom Pollock Creek is named. Mr. Pollock was a wagon master when my Grandmother Thompson's family came across the plains and he made at least three trips by wagon train across country".

Being a farmer and logger we didn't take long trips or vacations. Our first and biggest vacation while the kids were at home was when we went to Montana, Yellowstone, the L. Caverns, O Hot Springs, Petrified Forest and Jackson Hole. It was hot.

It is heard tell, Douglas county is so wet it has only one Drain. There was a fellow named Drain who lived in the area which is how Drain got it's name, so I'm told. There is a castle there. The city couldn't keep it up so gave it to the school, which used it as their offices for a long time.

The story told of how Roseburg got it's name was that Old Noah Rose lived there. A fellow came from Marshfield up when there wasn't much of a town there and he says "Hey what's the name of this here Burg?" They said It's Rose" and He says "Well, if it's Rose, why we'll just call it Roseburg". And so that's how it got it's name, they tell me.

Oakland was named after the many oaks in the area. Although there are a large numbers of Hawthorn there these were brought to the area by the English settlers and I don't know if the Scotch broom were brought from Scotland. Oaks are native to the area.

Shoestring was named after a long stringy weed in the area. In the earlier days there was a lot of this weed, which was long, stringy and grew in the area.

There are two ideas on how Elkhead got its name. They say there were Elk's heads there. There were a few but I don't think that is how it got its name but rather because it was the head of Elk Creek. The creek was named after the Elks that lived and roamed in the area.

No Tyee, so it's told, got its name from the story of the Indian and White men who shared a horse. The two were traveling a distance and shared the horse. One would ride the horse a way, tie it up and the other would pick it up, ride on, then tie it up and so on. When the Indian came to No Tyee (where the town is now) the horse was not there and the Indian said "He No Tie" It's supposed to have been a true story.