Dixie Mountain Legacies

Rural Life in an Oregon Community

Jack E. Nelson and Jo Ann Tannock

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Dixie Mountain Grange

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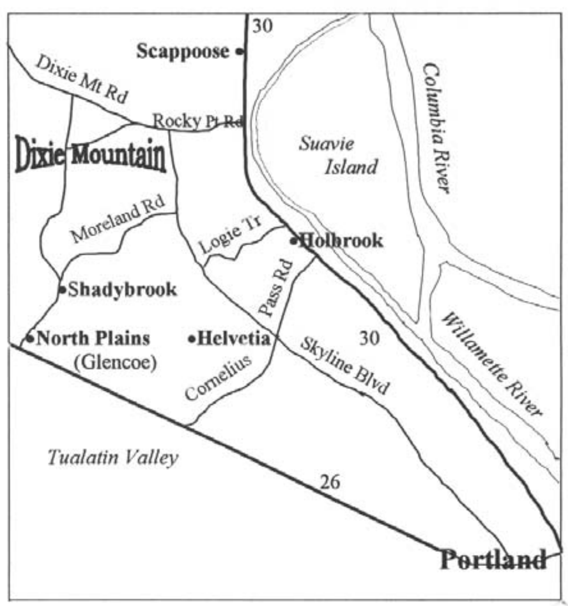

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Preface and Acknowledgements

Anyone living in the Northwest and looking for a special way to spend Father's Day weekend ought to know about the strawberry festival on Dixie Mountain. This annual event sponsored by members of the local Grange has become Dixie Mountain's biggest claim to fame. And for good reason! In recent years, up to eighteen hundred people have made their way up the mountain slopes, going twenty miles northwest of Portland, to enjoy enormous servings of strawberries and cream. Over a ton and a half of strawberries get consumed, along with seventy gallons of cream, in the course of the weekend festivities.

The people who host this event are part of a community whose history now goes back well over a hundred years. Tucked up in the hills, this small community has often gone unnoticed. But there is much to be learned by examining the transformations that have taken place on Dixie Mountain. Not that there is much about this community that is particularly unique. Rather it is the manner in which this community typifies so many rural regions in the Northwest that makes the history of Dixie Mountain so interesting. Here is a history of homesteaders taking on the wilderness, loggers and forest fires devastating the timberland, and Depression era newcomers struggling to eke out an existence off the land. Through it all there is the story of residents of the area forming community associations in their efforts to assist each other and to provide themselves with sources of recreation and spiritual inspiration.

Dixie Mountain, down to the present, is a place that has preserved its experience of remoteness, even though it lies very near a big city. To a stranger passing through and finding no village center, not even a country store, the place may not seem much like a community. Those who live in the area will tell a different story. Here both isolation and community can be enjoyed. It is a life these people prefer to the hectic bustle of urban centers.

What follows is a brief presentation of life in this community, historically, economically, and from the perspective of the civic life of people who have lived here. We trust that this little book will serve as a useful introduction to Dixie Mountain for those passing through who are curious about local history and for newcomers in the community who would like to know more about the area's heritage.

The idea of a book telling the story of the Dixie Mountain community began nearly twenty-five years ago. Pauline Lampa first came up with the notion, and she asked Charlie Nelson to put his memories down in writing. Charlie, an old-timer who grew up on Dixie Mountain, wrote out a twenty page manuscript as his contribution to preserving the history of the settlement. His brother George, a long time member of the Columbia County Historical Society, also wrote out his memories of life in the early days. In putting together this text, the work of these two brothers has been our best source. We have edited and revised what they wrote but have tried to use as much as possible of their firsthand accounts. Where their names are not given in the text, credit is given to them by placing their initials in parentheses following use of material they provided. Copies of their manuscripts, along with other source materials, will be deposited in the Washington County Museum.

Others have made significant contributions. George Johnson has painstakingly researched the history of the timber industry in this and surrounding areas in preparation for writing a book on the subject. He has shared with us enough of what he has compiled such that we can present a brief overview of this important aspect of the community's history. Many other members of the community have shared their rich memories, some making their own written contributions in what follows. Jo Ann Tannock and Elaine Logan began collecting people's first hand impressions of life on the mountain about ten years ago. These accounts make up the bulk of a very lengthy Chapter Five and provide an inside look at life in the community. Thus in many respects this has been a group project by people eager to preserve and share the legacies of Dixie Mountain.

We want to recognize especially the Dixie Mountain Grange for financially supporting this project. The Grange has long been a center of community life on Dixie Mountain. In supporting the publication of this book, the members of the Grange add to a long list of contributions made to the community.

The two co-authors have had their own separate motives for taking up the task of compiling and writing the story that follows. Jack Nelson found in the project a chance to get to know his roots. "My great grandparents Cornelius and Anna Nelson settled on a homestead in the community in 1889. My much loved grandparents, Clarence and Grace Nelson (Clarence was the youngest brother of George and Charlie Nelson), lived and worked most of their lives in the locale. And this is where my father, Don Nelson, grew up. His conversion in the little Dixie Mountain church led to a medical missionary career in Central Africa, where I grew up. While teaching part-time at Pacific University I have made it my hobby to get to know my roots in Oregon. My thanks go to the many people on Dixie Mountain who shared their memories with me during the research done for this book. I want to thank Jo Ann Tannock for letting me share in her project. And extra credit goes to Joanna, my wife, who participated in every phase of the process."

Jo Ann Tannock has much more first-hand experience of life on Dixie Mountain. For her, the completion of this book represents a contribution she has long wanted to make to the community. "I dedicate my efforts on this book to my Grandmother, Emma Leitl, who always believed I could do anything. I want to thank Pauline Lampa for planting the seed and Elaine Logan for watering that seed. I thank everyone who is mentioned in the book, for you have all helped in your own way. And to Jack and Joanna Nelson go special thanks. The hours and miles you have spent have been many and your organizational skills are greatly appreciated. Wherever you go and whatever you do, may the Lord bless you even more richly. Special thanks to Dixie Mountain Grange members for their support. A special thank you to my husband, Richard, who supports me in whatever I do; and to our children, Kelly, Brent and Carole, Tammi, Susan, Ford, Lisa and Doug, who do likewise; and to my grandchildren, Joshua Tannock, Erin and Leanne Tannock, Steven and Camille Mott, and Colton Ford Tannock. Treasure your heritage."

Chapter One

A Brief History of the Dixie Mountain Community

The name "Dixie Mountain" derives from the name of two early homesteaders in the area, John "Ad" Dix (1825-1908) and his son Grant Dix (1863-1959). They settled on neighboring properties on the crest of the mountain in the early 1880s. John Dix, in 1887, established the first post office that served the emerging community. Grant served as his mailcarrier. The post was labeled "Dixie" and people referred to their neighborhood as Dixie, a name that still appears on maps of the region. Later when another homesteader, Cornelius Nelson, took over postal responsibilities in 1895, he began calling his place Dixie Ranch. Thus, during much of the early settlement history people referred to the portion of the community north and east of the cemetery (that part lying in Township 3 North, Range 2 West) as "the Dixie settlement and the portion south and west (in Township 2 North, Range 2 West) was called the Zimmerman settlement, since that family was the most prominent in that area" (CN).

The geographical Dixie Mountain is a high point (1609'), though not the highest, along the Tualatin range, which rises abruptly on the west bank of the lower stretches of the Willamette River. The mountain lies eighteen miles directly northwest of downtown Portland. Suavie Island, at the confluence of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers, lies due east of it. The small town of Scappoose lies four and a half miles, as the crow flies, to the northeast.

There have been other names used to designate this mountainous terrain. Early European-American settlers in Oregon referred to the area as the Scappoose Hills. It was later frequently referred to as Cedar Mountain, a name that was still in use in the early 1930s. There are also references in early newspaper articles to the Wallace settlement, a name that derives from the name of the community's school, built on property donated by Arthur Wallace, another early homesteader. It was not until around 1936 that the name Dixie Mountain was selected by members of the community, at the behest of the Skyline Land Company, as the official designation for the area. After a long discussion, members of the community meeting at an annual summer picnic voted to adopt the name, with eighty percent in favor (*OHQ* 49:66).

Over time as the community developed, people were knit together by common interests in education for their children and other community projects. The settlers shared together the difficult tasks of homesteading as well as more recreational activities. A common sense of identity emerged among them. Though the name Dixie Mountain resulted, in part, from the designs of a real-estate company wanting a catchy name to use in marketing properties, to residents of the area it signified a heritage of community development. It also ended the confusion over exactly what the community was to be called. This chapter briefly describes some of the more significant events and transformations that have occurred in the history of this community. Subsequent chapters will provide further details on the economic and social elements of Dixie Mountain life.

Early Regional History

Early reports suggest that the Dixie Mountain area was a favorite hunting ground for Native American inhabitants long before the advent of European-American settlers. The early settlers speculated that the native population had intentionally burned off large swathes along the top of the ridge to facilitate deer and elk hunting. George Nelson (1951: 105) reported that his father "mentioned that he had talked to old-time settlers in the Scappoose community and they advised that the Dixie Mountain country was quite open in early days and that they could ride horseback through it in hunting deer and elk." It remained a popular hunting ground long afterward.

The Native Americans who hunted in this region were Kalapuyan speaking members of the Tualatin (a.k.a. Atfalati) group of Indians who inhabited the Northern Willamette Valley, the Tualatin Valley and the Umpqua Valley. The area around Gaston was the site of a major wintering camp for them in Washington County, though a smaller group seems to have wintered in the Helvetia area. The Scappoose plain served as a trading center for a variety of Native American groups from very early times, with large trading fairs held there periodically. Several well used trails passed through the Dixie Mountain region en route to points south of Scappoose.

With the arrival of European-American traders in the region, these native people contracted and suffered terribly from diseases that they had little or no immunity against. Smallpox is believed to have ravaged the native population even before 1800. A malaria epidemic in the early 1830s took a heavy toll on those remaining, such that by 1842 the Kalapuyan speaking population was reduced to around six hundred people. Most of the surviving Native American people in Washington County were transferred to the Grand Ronde Reservation southwest of McMinnville following the so-called Dayton Treaty of 1855 (Brody and Olson1978: 5-10; Buan and Lewis 1991).

Spanish seamen ventured north from California in the mid-1770s and mapped the Oregon coastline. Other European manned ships would soon follow, initiating trade with Native Americans along the coast. In 1792, Captain Gray, an American explorer and trader, reconnoitered around the estuary of the Columbia River and gave the river its current name. The pace of incursions by "white people" accelerated after that. George Vancouver explored up the Columbia from 1792 to 1795, and Lewis and Clark arrived overland in 1805. The potential for lucrative fur trade in the Oregon Territory soon became well known and it was not long before "Mountain Men," most of them coming down from Canada, were scouring the area in search of beaver pelts. In the 1830s, after having depleted the beaver population, several hundred of these Mountain Men settled into farm life in the Tualatin Valley.

The Hudson's Bay Company established Fort Vancouver on the north bank of the Columbia River in 1824. Around 1830 the Company built a trading post and farm near Scappoose, placing Thomas McKay in charge. That outpost developed to include a large farm on the island later named after Laurent Suave, one of the early farm managers. Cattle herds from the farm were driven on one of the old Indian trails that went up over the Tualatin Mountains, just south of Dixie Mountain, to summer pasturelands in the Tualatin Valley. Fort William was built on Suavie Island by Nathaniel Wyeth in 1835, just across the channel from where the trail came down out of the hills. Later, in the early 1850s, James Logie supervised the Hudson Bay Company's farm and improved the trail that was, thereafter, given his name.

The next major incursion of European-Americans into the Oregon Territory was that of the so-called "Red River Men." Led by James Sinclair in 1841, this party of one hundred and twenty-one pioneers came down from Red River, Canada, intent on settling to bolster British claims to the Oregon Territory north of the Columbia River. Dissatisfied with farming conditions around present day Dupont, Washington, they moved further south the following year into the Willamette and Tualatin Valleys. Among them was Charles McKay [pronounced McEye] (1808-1874), who settled in the Glencoe area (North Plains) and named the place after his hometown in Scotland. McKay (no relation to Thomas McKay) built a small gristmill at the location of a fifteen-foot falls (later named Jackson Falls) on the creek several miles northeast of his farm. He was present among the "Men of Champoeg" who voted to form the provisional government in Oregon in 1843 (Dobbs 1932:189-93). McKay Creek, running between Dixie Mountain and Pumpkin Ridge to the east, with several forks extending up to near the top of Dixie Mountain, is named in his honor.

Meanwhile, the trickle of immigrants coming overland from the United States to the Oregon Territory that began in 1841 swelled dramatically in 1843 and thereafter. John B. Jackson (1820-1869) came with the Applegate Cow Column in 1843. He purchased the McKay mill at the foot of Dixie Mountain around 1846. Jackson then set about expanding the mill operation to include a millpond, together with both a lumber and a gristmill. Unfortunately the millpond dam washed out in 1856, killing two people. Jackson Creek, branching off from McKay Creek and draining the southern slopes of Dixie Mountain, is named after him. [His brother Ulysses came to Oregon in 1848 and became a big landholder in the Tualatin Valley. It is his name that is enshrined on Jackson School and Jackson School Road] (Jackson, n.d.).

The mostly forested area between Glencoe and Scappoose initially looked unattractive to early settlers. People eagerly laid claim to the open stretches of the Tualatin and Willamette Valleys when terms for homesteading in the Oregon Territory were formalized with the Donation Land Claim Law of 1850. County boundaries changed several times during the 1840s and 50s. Final changes came in 1854 when Columbia County was divided off from Washington County, and the border of Multnomah County was moved west from the Willamette River to the crest of the Tualatin Mountains. Homesteaders poured in rapidly during these years. The heavily forested and mountainous terrain that would later be called Dixie Mountain continued to be a popular hunting area but was not viewed as a choice place to homestead.

Early Trails Through the Region

Lack of good transport for farm exports from the Tualatin Valley to the Willamette and Columbia Rivers was one of the biggest problems facing early settlers in Washington County. As already mentioned, the old Indian trail leading up through the southern reaches of Dixie Mountain and over to Suavie Island was one of the earliest routes. It followed very close to the present day Logie Trail Road and Johnson Road on the west side, turning south for a bit at the crest, then descending on the east side along what is still called Logie Trail Road. A spring en route, just east of the summit, was a popular watering spot. With the improvements made by the Scotsman James Logie, this route was for awhile the main artery to points west and south from Fort William on the Multnomah Channel. The first map of the region, completed in January of 1856 by Joseph W. and John Trutch, refers to this trail as "Old Road or Trail to Logie's."

There is another road passing through Dixie Mountain region appearing on the 1856 map as well, and it has an interesting history that George Nelson sought to document (1951: 101-107). On the map it is labeled "County Road from Hillsborough to St. Helens." Before Portland became the major shipping center along the Columbia River, St. Helens competed to become the preeminent port along the Columbia for export goods. To achieve this, members of that community needed to make it possible for farm exports from the Tualatin Valley to be easily transported to St. Helens. The Hillsborough to St. Helens Road was their attempt at a solution. Begun in the early 1850s, this road followed an old Indian trail roughly along the route now followed by the Mason Hill Road, then Moreland Road and the north end of Skyline Boulevard. From there it dropped down over the hill to Scappoose and St. Helens. Improvements on the road continued into the 1880s. But by then, with better transport available over Cornelius Pass and the Sylvan Hills to Portland, St. Helens had lost out in the competition for the promising port business. After a heavy snowstorm in 1890 brought hundreds of trees down across this road, parts of it were abandoned.

Even though the 1856 map marked off sections for homesteading, there were no early takers. The map describes the terrain as "mountainous but not broken soil, 2nd rate timber, fir and cedar with undergrowth of vine maple and hazel." This estimation of the quality of the timber would later be disputed. George Nelson (1962) spoke of the southeast portion of Columbia County and northern part of Washington County as "almost an endless forest with…an occasional burned-over area. This was some of the finest timber that one could look at as it stretched endlessly over this great area." The exploitation of this natural resource after 1920 would prove to be a significant part of the history of the area and will be examined further in the next chapter.

Then, in the year 1868, the Oregon and California Railroad (OCRR) was granted the odd numbered sections in this region, among others, by the United States Government in exchange for the construction of a rail line from Portland through to Sacramento, California. With timber plentiful and estimated to be of little value, and given the difficulties in clearing forestland for farming, these properties were not considered very desirable at the time. For that reason the OCRR agreed to terms stipulating that these properties could only be sold to "actual settlers at a maximum price of $2.50 per acre in units not to exceed 160 acres. [An amendment was added] providing for forfeiture if the clause on sale to actual settlers was not observed" (O'Callaghan 1979: 40). It was further stipulated that the railroad be completed by 1875. As it turned out,

Homesteaders and other early settlers in front of the original Wallace School building in 1890. From the back row, left to right are: Bill Wallace; Jim Ryckman; Robert Service; George Parker; Art Wallace; Josh Adkisson (just behind the children); J.N. Smith; unidentified woman wearing hat; Arilla Tuneil (teacher); Louisa Robertson; Mary Robertson; Olive Ryckman; Fidelia Ryckman; two little sisters, Maude and Ellen Ryckman (in front of Olive and Fidelia); Sarah Robertson; Dude Winklebled (grandson of Wallaces, is directly behind Sarah); Lenta and Anna Parker (next to Sarah); Lottie Zimmerman (wearing the big hat); Parker child; Mrs. Art Wallace; Mrs. Robert Service, with son Venice; and Mrs. J.N. Smith. In the Front Row are: Minnie Smith; Jeenie Smith; Kathie Smith; George Nelson; Tommy Smith; Charlie Nelson; Flossie Adkisson; Elsie Adkisson; Ellen Ryckman (also named above); unidentified child; Cleon Service; Cecil Service; unidentified child. **Photo courtesy of Andrea Nelson**

the final link of the railroad was not finished until 1887, and by then the "actual settler" clause had also been repeatedly breached. While this issue was being disputed in the courts over the following two decades, the estimated value of timber was also rapidly appreciating, far surpassing the value of the properties without the forests. A final congressional settlement was passed in 1916, at which point most of the OCCR land in the Dixie Mountain area reverted to the U.S. Government. Squatters who had settled on some of these properties were granted rights to them if they had made significant improvements. But by then other settlers had already occupied most of the non-OCCR land in the area.

The Homesteaders

Long before the final settlement between the U.S. Government and the OCCR, people had begun to lay claim to homesteads on Dixie Mountain. The first two settler families on Dixie Mountain were people who still had not become naturalized citizens. As non-citizens they did not qualify for land grants. They, therefore, bought land from the OCCR in 1880. James W. (1832-1917) and Catherine Ryckman (1837-1889), with two children at that point, and the John Krinick family moved on to the mountain in July of 1881. Using a team of oxen, they pulled a sled loaded with their belongings up to the location they had selected. They settled on adjoining eighty-acre parcels in section thirty-three. For a livelihood they mostly shaved shingles and farmed. The Krinicks sold out to the Rogers family around 1890 and moved to Vernonia. The Ryckman children, Fidelia, Olive, Maud and Ellen, were among the first children to grow up in the community. Fidelia later married another homesteader, Abraham Nelson, and raised their ten children on Dixie Mountain.

There were many others who followed these early pioneers. During the 1880s, most of the land available for homesteading, in one hundred and sixty-acre parcels, was taken. For some it was the best of what was left, the valley farm lands having all been claimed. But there were a few who saw this mountainous region, with its majestic stands of timber, very rich soil, and healthy air, as being superior to the valley. George E. and Sarah Zimmerman sold their homestead down in the valley and moved onto the mountain in 1882. With Sarah suffering from asthma, they were seeking a healthier environment. Descendents of the Zimmerman family, including George H. Zimmerman, Elaine Logan and Dick Tannock, continue to reside in the community and still share the Zimmerman assessment of the superior quality of Dixie Mountain life.

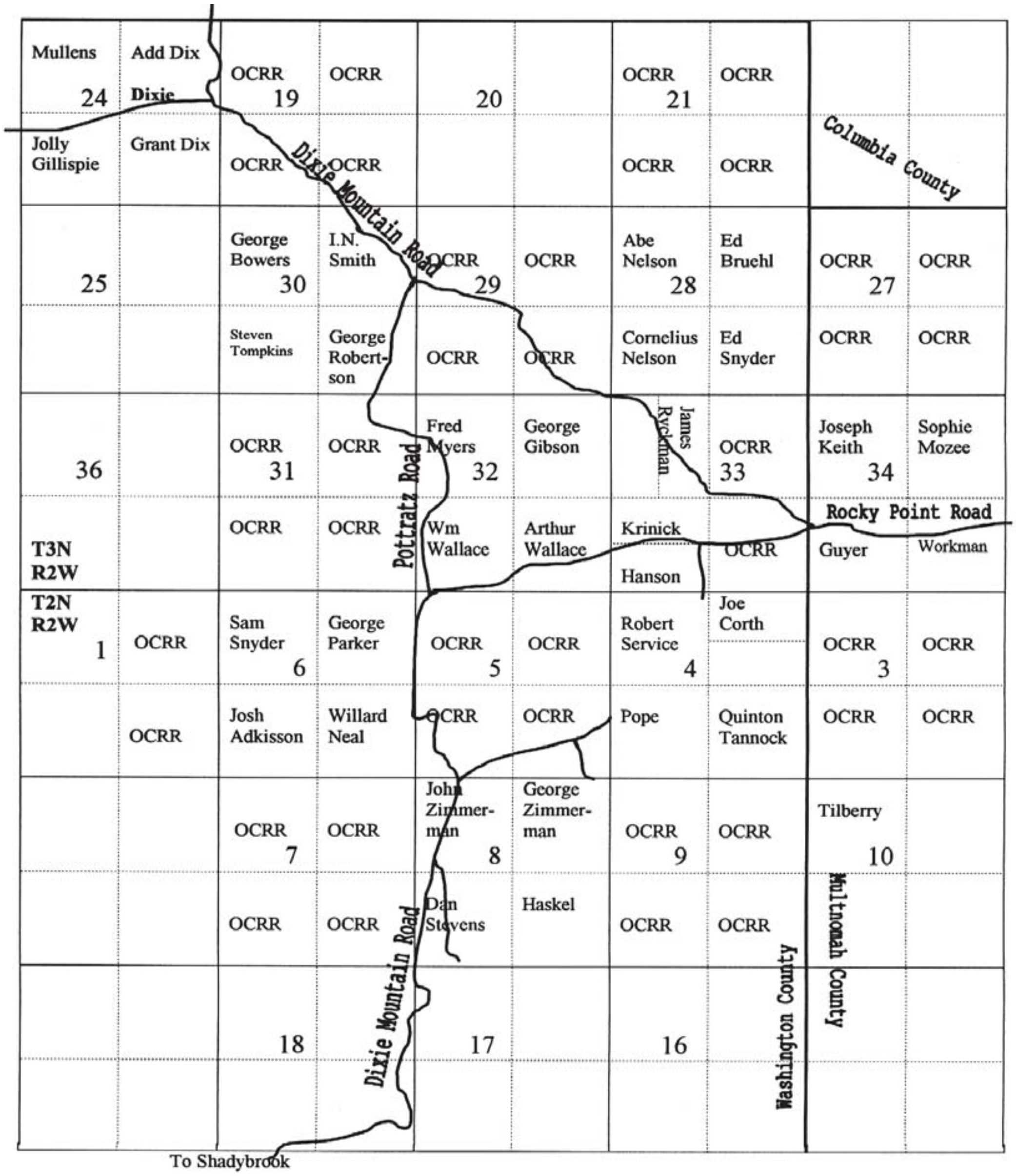
One old log cabin dating from early in the twentieth century is still standing in the community and serves as a reminder of the primitive life the early settlers led. Built of cedar logs, the construction is noteworthy for the manner in which the logs are dove-tailed together at the corners. In more recent years, the Bob Hodges family skillfully incorporated this old cabin into a comfortable, larger home that they built alongside the original structure. Hodges was told by Ralph Dudley that Ralph and his father built the old cabin. The Dudleys lived in it and later it passed from the parents to Ralph Dudley. The Hodges family purchased it from Mrs. Ernest Yoste in 1974.

The map on the following page represents the collective memories of Charlie Nelson, Pauline Lampa, Elaine Logan, and Dick Tannock on the places belonging to the early settlers and homesteaders on Dixie Mountain. Except for only a handful of early families that remained in the area for three or more generations, there has been considerable turnover in the population of residents in the community. Population changes were particularly pronounced in a number of historical periods. There was a decline in the population after 1910, when large lumber companies began buying up timberland from property owners. A significant influx of residents occurred in the 1930s, when logged off land was aggressively marketed by the Skyline Land Company. Most of these new residents came seeking a chance to get back on their feet in the midst of the Great Depression by living off the land. Many of them ended up working for one of the local logging outfits or lumber mills. Some did well and their families remain in the community. But for many, their hopes went unfulfilled. A revived economy during and after World War II, bringing improved prospects for jobs in the cities, coupled with offers for Dixie Mountain properties extended by a bauxite mining company, led to a large exodus in the 1940s. This trend has only been reversed in the past several decades. Improved roads have attracted people who are employed in the cities and towns of the region but want to enjoy living in the forested countryside. Chapter Five will focus more on the population changes and some of the families that have lived on Dixie Mountain.

Early Road Building

Transport to and from their new homesteads was a major obstacle for early settlers. Road building in the mountainous terrain and finding good base material for the roads was very difficult in the early days. It was well nigh impossible to transport gravel to improve muddy stretches. George Nelson spoke of the early roads often being barely passable in the summer and impossible to take loads over in the winter. Locals joked of the roads being “a mile deep” in the winter months. Later on, the use of the corduroy road technique, laying small logs side by side across the road, was employed over stretches that were prone to become boggy in the winter. When early sawmills opened in the community, thick cedar planks were used in like manner.

With the advent of automobiles the situation actually became worse. On horseback one can get though mud that a vehicle cannot traverse. It was reported that at least one resident used to hook his mule team up to his vehicle and pull it down to where there was gravel on the road. The mules were then left by the side of the road to await the job of getting back home. Up into the 1920s, a trip to



The homesteaders and other early settlers. OCRR is the Oregon and California Railroad. The roads shown were not all developed at the turn of the 20th century.

Portland would take less than a hour in the summer months, and half a day during the seven months of the year when the rains are heavy and frequent (*Sunday Oregonian,* April 7, 1929).

The Logie Trail and the Hillsborough-St Helens Road were the first to traverse the mountainous terrain. When the Krinicks and Ryckmans moved up on the mountain they opened up Rocky Point Road. It remained little more than a trail in the early years of settlement, but with volunteer labor it was gradually widened to accommodate wagons and buggies. Charlie Nelson described how, years later, Dixie Mountain residents had to struggle to save this road from being abandoned by the county. The case eventually went to court, where Charlie entered a plea for some rock to fill mud holes on the road. The judge turned the request "down flat and said he was tired of hearing about Rocky Point Road and didn't want to hear anymore about it ever and advised me and the other people up there to move out to civilization where there were good roads." Fortunately, not everyone felt that way about the matter. Porter Yett, a construction contractor and owner of the Rocky Point rock crusher made a big contribution to the cause by donating a thousand yards of rock to improve the road. Road service greatly improved afterward, making it much easier to get Dixie Mountain products to Portland markets. The road still follows much of the old grade, with its many twists and turns. It remains an important access road for community members.

Dixie Mountain Road was known as Shadybrook Road in the early days. Henry Hendrickson supervised the construction of the road around 1917. It was initially routed up along where Dorland Road now goes, then cut through the western half of section 17, about a half-mile east of the present route. What is now called Tannock Road is the upper end of the old Dixie Mountain Road. This route made for a very steep grade coming up from the East Fork of McKay Creek. Mud was a never-ending problem during the winter months. This grew even worse when the road was rerouted to its present location. Howard Nelson remembers from his childhood how the first three or four families in the community who owned automobiles would leave their vehicles in Shadybrook for much of the year and hike back and forth to their homes on the mountain. Later Clay Dorland opened a rock pit at the foot of the mountain. He prepared gravel for this road using the steam engine he generally used with his threshing machine to power a rock crusher. Members of the community were then required to put in time helping to gravel the road, using their own wagons to transport the material. This worked progressed slowly to a point just south of the school by 1929. Further improvements came in the 1930s, when the Works Progress Administration (WPA), a depression era work program, provided sufficient funding to widen the road.

Skyline Boulevard was not built until the early 1930s. Much of the route on the upper end followed the railroad grade left over from the Brix Logging Company operations. Before that time, people living along Moreland Road and Logie Trail were largely strangers to members of the community to the northwest. This road did much to unite the community, with many families from Mason Hill getting involved in the Dixie Mountain Church and Grange in subsequent years.

Branching off from these main arteries were many other small roads that led back into people's properties. Hansen Road dates from early times when it was little more that a trail leading back into the Hansen homestead. The present day Pottratz Road dates from early times. It was known as Berggren Road in an earlier period when that family ran a mill along this road. The name Pottratz comes from a family that lived, during the 1930s, at the north end of the road. Stoltenberg Road was built in 1939 and named after a family that moved onto the mountain in 1918 and had a farm at the end of the road, a farm that has been owned and occupied since 1950 by Howard and Ruth Nelson.

Key landmarks along some of these roads in the early days were the cedar watering troughs set up to provide drinking water for travelers and their horses. One of these, set up in the 1880s, remained for many years on the lower end of Rocky Point Road. Another was built on the upper end of the Dutch Canyon Road in the 1890s. Charlie Nelson tells us that a similar trough built alongside Dixie Mountain Road, near the bridge, had to be replaced at one point after a tree fell on it.

This log cabin on the old Gibson homestead dates from around the turn of the 20th century. It is currently a part of the Hodges family residence. **Photo courtesy of Bob Hodges.**

Development of Community Services

As for services, there never seems to have been any kind of store in the community where people could stock up on provisions. This can be taken as an indicator of just how rural this region remained. In the early days, people went down to Scappoose to sell their products and buy what they needed at the old Watts and Price store. Later a store went in at Cornelius Pass. It was a daylong trek to get there and back, through the woods on a narrow trail that went from near the Zimmerman place to where Skyline Boulevard would later be built. The story is told of one homesteader, Otto Hendrickson, encountering a cougar once when coming back late at night on this trail. He screamed and kicked up dirt and scared it away; but still he got home with a very sore neck from turning his head around repeatedly to look behind him, fearful that he was being followed.

If not a general store, Dixie Mountain could boast of having a Post Office in the early days and a stop for an occasional stagecoach. As was noted above, "Add Dix became the first Postmaster [in November of 1887] and

Vehicles were often parked down in Shadybrook during the winter months due to roads that were a "mile deep" with mud. This old Model A belonged to Harold Parmele.
Photo courtesty of Parmele.

Grant Dix was the first mail carrier. When they moved away from the area, the Post Office was moved to the [Henry and Roda] Mullens' place next door, and Roda Mullens became postmistress. Cornelius Nelson became the third Postmaster [in December of 1895] and continued up until the office was discontinued [in May of 1905]" (CN). An early newspaper article (*Sunday Oregonian* 4/7/29) reported that "Uncle Sam used to deliver mail to Cedar Mountain folk, but the roads became so bad during winter months that he ceased doing that. He ordered a row of 20-odd mail boxes erected at Shady Brook, halfway between North Plains and Cedar Mountain, and told the Cedar Mountain people to come down and get their mail when they felt like meandering down the rickety, rockety, winding road. So now one or two settlers go out for the mail each day and they take back all they find in all the mail boxes. By and by—after a week or so—the mail is passed around the mountain settlement until it has all found its way to its destination." Mail delivery was restored to the community many years later by an extension of the North Plains service through the efforts of Carl Tannock (CN).

There was, of course, no water service, except what people provided for themselves. The lack of good water sources during the dry months of the year was a serious difficulty for many of the early settlers. A hundred years later, some residents would pay to have wells drilled as much as five hundred feet deep to reach a good water source. This was clearly beyond the means of the early settlers, who survived by filling drums with water and hauling them in wagons to their homes. A few families managed by building large cisterns to catch and store rain water. Either way, there was a premium placed on water, particularly in the dry months. Recycling water was a common practice. The water used for rinsing dishes was generally saved to use in washing clothes, and then was used to water plants.

Other services remained skimpy in the early days. There was no telephone until the members of the community took the initiative and strung wires from tree to tree in 1912. Not until 1930 was this service extended clear up to Dixie, the northwest corner of the community. A tie-in in North Plains to a commercial network made it possible to make calls almost anywhere. Once installed the system still required constant maintenance, given the frequency of falling trees and branches. People were responsible for the stretch of line running through their neighborhood. They learned to beware of getting shocked if someone made a call while repairs were in progress.

The entire local telephone network was one big party line, with each household designated by a code of long and short rings. There was little respect, however, for the privacy of other people's telephone conversations. In fact, listening in on other people's calls was a big source of entertainment for many people—an early form of soap opera. If one waited briefly at the end of a phone call, it was possible to hear a succession of noises: clunk, clunk, clunk…, as people hung up their phones. If one wanted to know how many people had been eavesdropping, counting the clunks could give a pretty accurate figure. It surely made for great gossip, but people didn't seem to mind. One of the complaints sometimes heard from people who moved out of the community was that they missed the sense of community the party line had made possible.

The old minutes of the meetings of the stockholders in the telephone line enterprise, known as "Telephone Line No. 23," have survived. From these we have been able to reconstruct the following summary of telephone service in the community.

On February 21, 1912 the stockholders for the telephone line met and George E. Zimmerman was elected president, Mr. A. Logan as vice-president and F. M. Wadsworth as secretary, and it was ordered that the officers draw up articles of "Agreement." The stockholders at the beginning of this telephone company were: Henry Hendrickson, Otto Hendrickson, A. Logan, C. A. Nelson.

Cornelius Nelson, pictured here with his wife, Anna Sutherland Nelson, was one of the early Postmasters in the community. He called his homestead Dixie Ranch. Photo courtesy of Ava Nelson Kenny

A. S. Nelson, F. M. Wadsworth, George B. Zimmerman, J. E. Zimmerman, George E. Zimmerman, H. W. Zimmerman, Allan C. Tannock and H. L. Johnson.

One of the resolutions adopted at the April 13, 1912, meeting reads, "Hereafter it shall be the duty of each stockholder to keep up and in good repair the line allotted to him for such purpose and in case he does not, it will be the duty of the officers of the Company to see that the line is repaired and the expense of said repair to be charged to the delinquent. In case said delinquent refuses to pay said expense, it will be the duty of the officers of the Company to disconnect his phone." An assessment of 50 cents each was paid by members that evening for repair of the line, and George B. and Harry W. Zimmerman were each paid $3.00 for two days work on the line.

As time passed many new members were allowed to join as stockholders for a fee. The cost in 1913 for a year of service was $6.00, paid to Pacific Telephone for central exchange.

The Company carried on, adding new members and making repairs until 1940, when the line became noisy and it was concluded there was a problem with the PGE lines from Glencoe to Shadybrook. (Dixie Mountain had no electricity at this time. That didn't arrive until 1947.) The decision was made to move the telephone line across the road from PGE lines where electrical service existed, and that was the way for some years. During some of this time relations between the companies were strained. Some time later an agreement was made with PGE, and the companies, thereafter, worked together amicably.

On February 25, 1942, The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company wrote to Line #23 stockholders, described as farmer line subscribers, to advise "The present national emergency is placing an ever-increasing importance on the need for dependable telephone service at all times. This is particularly true in cases where official air-alarm observation stations are concerned....." The document goes on to say the Public Utilities Commission requests each farmer-line subscriber on lines used by the air-alarm observe to keep the lines in good repair, have up-to-date equipment, and "call the operator (central) each day to make certain your telephone is working."

The minutes of the Telephone Line #23 were written on the back of pages in an old accounting book from a company out of Chicago. In 1940, at a general meeting, there was a motion that the secretary buy a notebook for a minutes book, but in April of 1950 the same accounting book was being used. Many of the meetings were held at the home of Carl and Olga Tannock (Carl being president for a good many years), and on those evenings this entry is made before closing: "A vote of appreciation was extended to our hostess, Olga Tannock, for her thoughtful serving of refreshments."

In November, 1947, salvage of wire and other material from discontinued lines between North Plains and Mountaindale was undertaken, and the working subscribers were credited for their work. One entry reads "Carl & boy & truck." I wonder which boy - Richard or Tom Tannock?

At the March 1950 meeting a motion was made to vote as to whether to consider Mr. Roy Hennessey a farmer and therefore eligible for membership in the telephone association. Mr. Hennessey, a nationally-known rose nurseryman, had moved his nursery into the neighborhood. The motion carried. A further motion was made and carried that no association number be entered in a commercial catalog. This motion was an outgrowth of the Hennessey membership, he having offered to keep his number out of his rose catalog as a condition of membership.

Even in 1950 the responsibility for line maintenance was the subscriber's, if one wanted the service. Line apportionment for the purposes of maintenance was a big consideration. Here follows an example from April of 1950. "From where the line enters the cable at Schoenberg's to Wyatt's road is under Bernard's (Joe) supervision, along with the other three lines. Thence to Cedar Bridge, Alfred Nelson. Thence thru Mrs. Brown's (Lottie) to her road, Carl Tannock. Thence thru Baldwin to his north line, Baldwin. Thence to curve above Neal Creek, Parmele. Thence to Grange Hall, Hendrickson. Thence to T. N. Nelson's east line (at the tall fir), Norman. Thence thru Grants to their east line, Grant. Thence thru Honeycutt and north thru the woods and west to Hennessey's house, Hennessey and Clarence Nelson. Thence past the church and thru the woods to C. L. Nelson's connection, Charlie. Thence past Dudley's connection and the look-out point for a distance of approximately half way from C. L.'s to Argie's, Ralph Dudley. Thence to the end of the line, Argie Pottratz. Branch line serving Howard Nelson and Parmele is under Howard's maintenance."

Electrical service was another matter. As pervasive as this convenience is in our lives today it is a little hard to believe that a little more than fifty years ago it was not available in rural areas like Dixie Mountain. Coleman style lanterns were widely used in the first half of the century for lighting in homes in the evenings. Portable generators were used by some in the community during the 1930s. It was only after the Second World War that the Pacific Gas and Electric Company strung power lines into the community to make electricity available for eight-five cents a month. Still, some people preferred the old way of life, or could not afford the installation cost for the new way; a few households were without power until the early sixties.

Forest Fires

There were times when lack of electricity may have seemed like a minor problem. There were much more difficult challenges to be faced. The most serious of these were forest fires, a couple of which stand out in people's memories. The fire of October 7, 1929, was a major disaster for some residents. It started as a deliberate burning of slashing material left over from a logging operation being conducted by the Brix Logging Company near the old Tilberry homestead (Moreland Road and Skyline Boulevard). Fanned by a strong east wind, it quickly got out of control. At one point it was estimated that the flames advanced at 1500 feet a minute. Three donkey engines and buildings belonging to the Brix Logging Company quickly went up in flames. Bridges and buildings were consumed as the fire headed northwest. The "families of John Tannock and Harry McEdwards escaped with their lives, leaving their homes to be wiped out. The home of Pete Johnson was the next to go, but he was able to save his household goods. A barn belonging to Fred Hauffman was burned. Fear was felt for a time that the William Stoltenberg house would go, but it was saved by vigorous work" (*Argus*, 10/10/1929). A little further on a logger rushed into the one room Wallace schoolhouse at 9:30 a.m. to warn the young schoolteacher, Joe Wenzel. He loaded schoolchildren into his Model T pickup and evacuated them just in time. They paused down the road to watch their school go up in flames. Consumed as well in that area were the Wallace homestead buildings and the original old school house next to the cemetery. The conflagration continued south to the old Hendrickson place, near where the Grange Hall would later be built. Further to the northwest the Nelsons fought to put embers out on the roofs of their homes and barns. Rain the next day brought relief, but in the aftermath much of sections three, four, five, thirty-two and thirty-three were left blackened and still smoldering.

A major fire again threatened the community in the fall of 1932, on October 3rd. This time it was the unburned, southern part of the Dixie Mountain community that endured a devastating fire. The fire was one of a number of fires burning across the northern part of Washington County that day. Fanned by forty mile per hour winds, this fire started along Pederson Road, quickly jumped the East Fork of McKay Creek, and raced across toward the North Shadybrook area, then across Pumpkin Ridge (west of Dixie Mountain) and down to the Sherman Mill on the east fork of Dairy Creek. At least twelve homes went up in flames, mostly along Pumpkin Ridge (*Argus*, 10/6 & 13/1932). The fire cut a wide swathe through the southern part of the Dixie Mountain community. Most of sections seven, eight, nine, sixteen, seventeen and eighteen, as well as southern portions of four, five and six were left charred. The Zimmerman family at first began evacuating, taking what they could from their home. But they then decided to fight the blaze, getting on the roofs of their home and barn with wet gunnysacks to swat the embers as they fell. They were successful, and afterwards their compound stood out as an island in the midst of a vast sea of destruction.

These were by no means the only fires to ravage the mountain. Smaller, but no less threatening, fires occurred in years following. The offer of reasonably priced fire insurance was one thing that attracted people to join the Grange when it opened in the community. Longtime resident Howard Nelson was just a young, Wallace School student when the 1932 fire consumed so much of the mountain. During an art lesson later that year his teacher suggested he draw a picture of a tree. He drew a tree, as he understood a tree to be: a fire-blackened old snag. His understanding teacher had to explain to him that trees were generally green.

There have been other difficulties faced by Dixie Mountain residents. Everyone agrees, for example, that snowstorms were much more severe in the first half of the century than in the second. Three or four feet of snow on the ground in the winter was common in the "good old days." Driven by the wind, the snow could drift into twenty foot snowbanks in places. The last big snowfall, and perhaps the worst on record, was in 1949, when over six feet fell during one storm.

The Columbus Day windstorm of 1962 was as devastating on Dixie Mountain as it was in any place in Washington County. The toll taken on timber was very heavy. Most of what was left of the old growth forest was destroyed in this storm. We have a first-hand description that appears in Chapter Five of the destruction wrought by this storm by, then, nine year old Paula Taylor.

Much has changed over the past century on Dixie Mountain. The roads are certainly better these days, though most are still not paved. A trip to town is not as big an undertaking as it used to be. Life has become much more modern for most residents. At the same time, the community remains very rural, something most residents would like to preserve about the place.

Few people realize it but in recent years this mountaintop has taken on a new importance—silently sending out electronic data transmissions that people throughout Northwest Oregon and Southwest Washington have come to depend on. The large dome, resembling a giant soccer ball, that was installed near the top of Dixie Mountain in October of 1994 is the centerpiece of the region's new weather forecasting technology. Inside the dome a radar dish revolves, emitting pulses of electromagnetic energy. It is known as a Doppler radar installation, one of three such units in Oregon and one of over a hundred in the United States that form a revolutionary new national meteorological network. It works by detecting and tracking the movements of rain and snow as well as tiny dust particles in the atmosphere. Readings are registered an average of a hundred and forty miles in all directions and twenty-thousand feet up. This data is then used to electronically construct three-dimensional portraits of weather patterns. Exact locations of rain or snowfall can be determined and wind currents can be quickly mapped. As a result it is possible to get far more accurate weather predictions than was ever possible in the past (Tomlinson 1994, 1995). Those living on Dixie Mountain would like to think that, like the silent, yet significant, Doppler installation, there is much more to this community than most people realize.

Economic challenges have been an important aspect of Dixie Mountain history. The community has gone through some significant changes as residents have struggled to carve out livelihoods for themselves. It is this topic that we take up in the next chapter.

Chapter Two

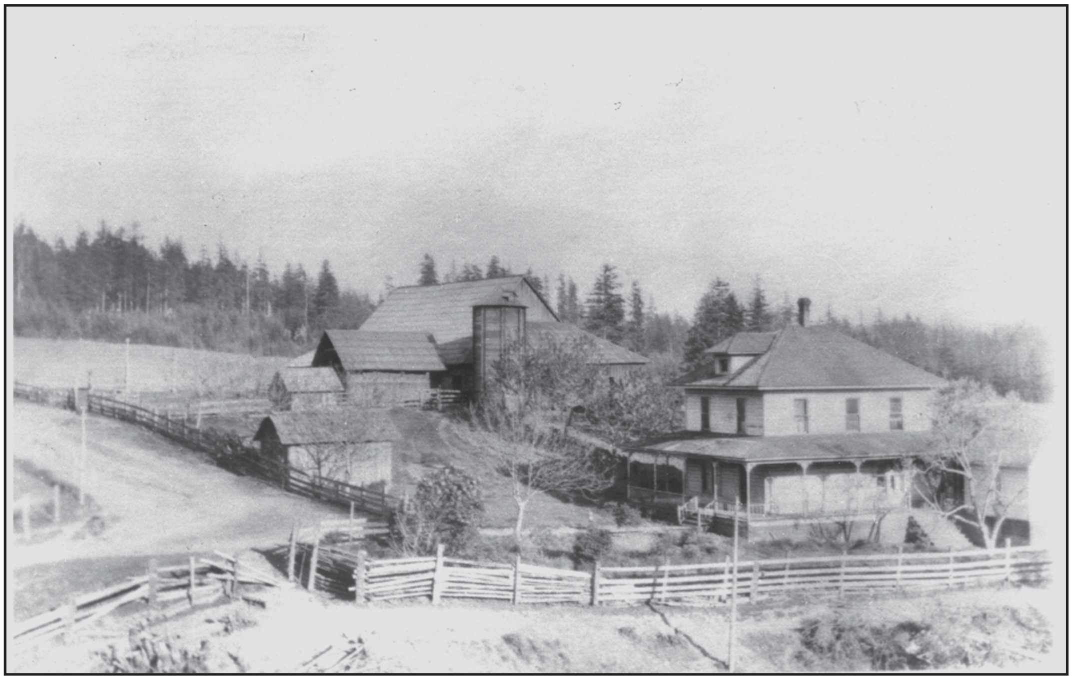
Dixie Mountain Economy

The history of the Dixie Mountain economy includes some dramatic reversals. Small-time farming is what the early settlers took up, struggling against giant trees to carve out spaces to grow their crops and graze their cows. It was not long before the value of those big trees began to exceed the value of their farms. At that point the community entered into a crucial period of its history, when local lumber mills and logging dominated the region. The heyday of logging was rather short-lived, however, and many of the people on Dixie Mountain, both new and old, had to find other means to make a living. During the prohibition era Dixie Mountain, with its many deep, forested ravines, was a haven for moonshiners. But most people found more legitimate, though not always more lucrative, means of livelihood. Some of those who took up strawberry farming did fairly well. Others eked out a subsistence living on small, logged-off parcels. In the late forties and early sixties there were some efforts made at mining aluminum ore (bauxite). Then, starting in the early 1960s, Christmas tree plantations became a way of life for many people and a source of wealth for a few. At the same time, there have been other interesting ventures in the region. Most noteworthy among these is that Dixie Mountain can boast of having had a world-class rose grower at one point.

Early Farming

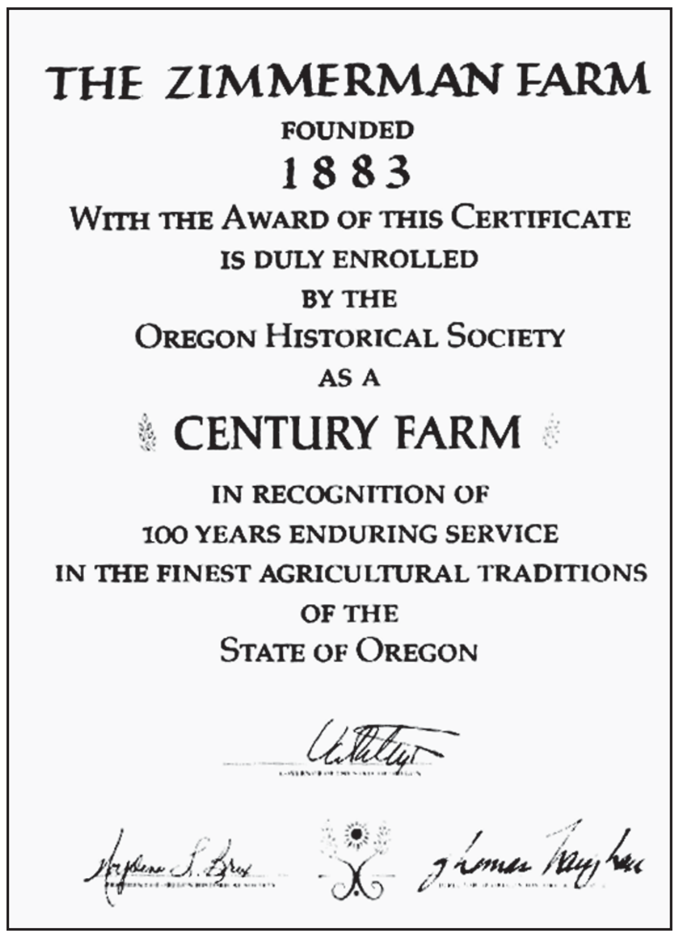
The coveted farmlands of the Willamette and Tualatin Valleys had all been claimed when settlers began staking claims to properties on Dixie Mountain. These early settlers did not expect to get rich quick. They settled into a life of hard work and simple living. For many the biggest challenge was in clearing the land to make room for vegetable gardens, small grain fields and pastures. Trees, many of them old-growth giants, were generally viewed as a major nuisance. The task of felling trees by hand, burning them, then farming around the stumps, was formidable. George Nelson described it this way: “The homesteaders slashed and burned their land and seeded it to timothy and clover. This furnished pasture for stock and sometimes was cut with a scythe for hay, as my father did on his homestead…. Land was partially cleared, plowed and cultivated, with many of the stumps still in the field, leaving these stumps until later years to be cleared from the land” (GN 1962:32).

People eventually learned an ingenious way to make the grueling job of clearing land easier. When Don Logan inquired of the elderly Grace Tannock Roub why there were no stumps on cleared portions of the old Zimmerman homestead, she explained to him how it was done. People used a hand-turned auger, about three inches in diameter, to drill horizontally, first, into the center of the trunk of the standing tree; then again, at an angle, from above, intersecting with the first bore at the core. Vine maple coals were then stuffed into these holes and bellows were used to get the coals burning hot enough to ignite the pitch in the tree. Eventually the tree, its trunk smoldering, would come crashing down. Other bores were then made and filled with coals to accelerate the burning process. When successfully executed the process would leave a pile of ash where once there stood a massive tree, without even a stump left in the ground.



Pictured to the right is the second home built on the John Zimmerman homestead property. The barn had enough room for twelve cows and eight horses. All that remains of from this 1920s era are the some of the concrete flooring and the walnut trees in the front yard. **Photo courtesy of Bonnie Taylor**

Below: In 1983 the Zimmerman farm was recognized by the Oregon Historical Socieity for a hundred years of production under Zimmerman family management.



THE ZIMMERMAN FARM
FOUNDED
1883
WITH THE AWARD OF THIS CERTIFICATE
IS DULY ENROLLED
BY THE
OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY
AS A
CENTURY FARM
IN RECOGNITION OF
100 YEARS ENDURING SERVICE
IN THE FINEST AGRICULTURAL TRADITIONS
OF THE
STATE OF OREGON

The Dixie Mountain soil proved to be very fertile. People were able to raise the crops they needed to survive. Grains and vegetables grew well. Neighbors worked together harvesting and threshing the grain. Turnips were a staple, as were potatoes. The latter grew exceptionally well, provided the field they were grown in was altered every couple of years to keep ahead of the wire worms. Corn was grown mostly for livestock feed. Canning was a big part of the harvest effort, as people stocked up for the long winter months. In later years many of the farmers who had a cow or two sold cream to Jackson Creamery, south of Scappoose, or to a creamery in Shadybook. Generally neighbors took turns collecting the cream once or twice a week. Cash could also be made by selling firewood to stoke the steamboats on the rivers below. And many of the men spent rainy winter days working in their sheds pulling on a drawknife to shape cedar shakes into shingles, which had a ready market in Scappoose and Portland.

Still, for some, particularly during the years of the Great Depression, the life of the farmer was a difficult struggle. Many newcomers entered the community in the early 1930s when logged-off land was subdivided and sold at cheap rates. These people set about trying to turn these "stump farms" into something productive. A couple of hogs, a cow, and a vegetable garden, alongside a cabin made of a frame of wooden beams wrapped in tarpaper made for a good start. Times were tough, but the soil seemed to always produce good spuds. As Harold Parmele told us, people learned how to cook potatoes five or six different ways. They often cooked three or four of those

Pictured above is an old 1925 Studebaker Special hauling a wagon load of hay for the Parmele brothers. Merton Parmele, on the right, pauses for a photo while plowing with a trusty horse. **Photo courtesy of Harold Parmele.**

recipes for the same meal to try to make things more interesting. But even before this period the economy had made some dramatic reversals. It began with a small mill turning out cedar shingles. Before long the mammoth trees that had been viewed as so much of a nuisance became much more valuable than the land they stood on.

Shingle Mills and Lumber Mills on Dixie Mountain

Dixie Mountain, like so much of the Oregon Territory, was blessed with superb timber. In places fires had destroyed the old-growth timber and the Tualatin ridge was either fairly open or covered with a second growth. But there were still plenty of the old giants around. Charlie Nelson reports that the biggest known fir tree in the region was on the old George Gibson homestead (NE ¼ of section 32); it measured thirty feet in circumference at the base. Trees five and six foot in diameter were common. Long-time resident Paul Lampa reports that he has come across old stumps eight to nine foot across while working in the woods.

The cedar trees were the first to attract attention for their value. The straight grain and fine quality of the old-growth cedar trees in the area made for first rate shingles. In the early days, Dixie Mountain was referred to as Cedar Mountain due to the reputation of the shingles produced, first by hand, then in small mills in the community. Splitting cedar blocks with a froe and then tapering the shingles with a drawknife was something many of the old timers did for extra cash during winter months. A few residents mechanized the process. Charlie remembers a small mill and mill pond on the old Fred Myers homestead (NW ¼ of section 32) that turned out shingles when he was still a young fellow. Beginning in the mid 1890s, Carl Berggren operated a shingle mill that he moved around to several locations. He first set it up on the old Gibson place. After exhausting the supply of suitable cedar on that site, he moved his operation to the old Steven Tompkins place. A final site for the Berggren mill was near the south end of Pottratz Road, which in earlier days was called Berggren Road, on the old Smith place. The Berggren mill operated there until around 1915.

Abe Nelson made a living mostly by manufacturing shingles until 1939, when both his mill and house, east of the old church, burned down. His second youngest son, Tom, described to us how his father used to steam the split shakes in a large iron tank to soften them up before using a drawknife to taper them.

Small, owner-operated lumber mills sprouted up in the region as well. These “gyppo” mills could successfully compete with big mills in years when the demand for lumber was growing. Also, in the early part of the century it was often easier to bring the mills to where the trees were than to haul the heavy logs over long distances. The cut lumber was then transported by horse drawn wagon to Scappoose and transferred to barges to be taken and sold in Portland or Vancouver. The Elliot sawmill was the first. It was located off the lower end of Rocky Point Road on what Charlie refers to as “the prominent knoll,” just a short distance south of where there used to be a watering trough. This was a going operation in the 1890s, with a two-story boarding house across the road from the watering trough to accommodate the mill hands. Other turn-of-the-century mills in the region that have been identified by George Johnson were the Wilcox mill, about a mile southwest of Dixie center; the Johnson and Getman mills, off Smoke Ranch Road in the Dutch Canyon area; and the old Sherman mill on Dairy Creek, west of Pumpkin Ridge.

In 1905 the Nelson, Green and Reed sawmill was built on the old Corth homestead (NE ¼ of section 4), owned at that time by Fred Hauphlet. This mill seems to have been later purchased by the Toyo Lumber Company, belonging to a couple of Japanese fellows known to Charlie as Tito and Nizizaki. After exhausting the timber on that site around 1912, they set about moving the mill up next to the county post, that is next to the junction of Rocky Point Road and Dixie Mountain Road (where Pauline Lampa now lives). "They employed a millwright and helper to build the new mill and I [Charlie] was employed to build the auxiliary buildings, which were to consist of a cook house, two bunk houses—one for white employees and the other for Japanese employees—and horse barn, and a few other small buildings. Tito and Nizizaki, themselves, proceeded to build a dam and lay a four-inch pipeline down to the old mill site, from which they planned to pump water to fill the new dam. Since all this was being done by hand labor, they were using a large crew of Japanese laborers" (CN). Charlie goes on to tell how the operation ended up going bankrupt while construction of the new site was still underway.

A more successful mill operated down the road, just before the junction of Hansen Road and on the north side of Dixie Mountain Road, during the 1920s. (The Pugh family later lived on this site.) This was the Rabinski mill, which turned out railroad ties for the Brix Logging Company when Brix was logging on Dixie Mountain. Unconfirmed reports suggest that the mill went up in smoke in the 1929 fire.

Later, in 1935, the Lampa family moved on to Dixie Mountain and Bert Lampa went into the sawmill business. He first set up on the old Arthur Wallace homestead, then logged off the old Tannock place. Shortly after exhausting the supply of suitable logs, he moved to a site on the old Steven Tompkins place (SW ¼ of section 30). For years a planked road went down into where the mill was located. At that point of time there was a big demand for railway ties to replace the aging ties under the northwest region's railways. The Lampa mill mostly turned out ties for this market. Quite a few men living in the community worked for Bert Lampa at one point or another. These included chief sawyer Bill Prather and his son Lewis, Hank Smith, Dick Jacober, Dell Morey, Harry Hendrickson, Argie Pottratz, Jack Harris, Sr., Riley Roub and Dell Pate, among others.

Even before the Lampa mill was put into operation, technological changes had led to major shifts in the lum-

The Berggren family operated a shingle mill on Dixie Mountain for many years, moving the equipment around to different sites where there was a good supply of cedar. For awhile Pottratz Road was called Berggren Road, when their mill was located alongside this road. Pictured here are, from left, Mia Berggren Chapman, Francis (the young boy), Hanna, Carl, and Carl's brother Nels. **Photo courtesy of Howard Berggren.**

Extra cash could generally be made by Dixie Mountain residents by cutting wood and transporting it to markets in Portland. **Photo courtesy of Harold Parmele**

ber industry, shifts that had a dramatic impact on the Dixie Mountain region. The age of steam donkeys and high lead logging came into its own before World War I, along with the use of railroads to transport logs out of the woods. Timbered regions more remote from rivers were thereafter exploitable by big logging companies. Dixie Mountain, like many other parts of the Northwest with beautiful old-growth forests, experienced the onslaught of big time logging.

Brix Logging Company

The legendary Paul Bunyan might well have moved from Minnesota to Oregon around 1900. By then the pine forests of the Great Lakes region were being exhausted and the Douglas fir of the Northwest was becoming more attractive to big lumber companies. Speculators began buying up land covered with prime timber. The steep terrain of Dixie Mountain may have initially made it less attractive. Still, investors like Gosslin and Hamblett, the Oregon Kalama Lumber Company, and Brix Logging Company were buying.

Oregon and Washington became the biggest source of lumber in the United States after 1920. The local demand, with the development of the cities of Portland and Vancouver, was only a small fraction of what was driving the market. By then California had become a major importer of Oregon lumber. Ships loaded with lumber plied the coast to San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. Export to the East Coast, Japan and Australia was also adding significantly to the demand.

It was Brix Logging that was mostly responsible for big time, some would say “highball,” logging on Dixie Mountain in the early days. With rail lines as tentacles, Brix gradually extended its reach up and over the ridge, stripping the hillsides and canyons of big trees. The operation began down around Holbrook, along Highway 30, in 1922. A few years later it began moving up onto the hill. The initial, steep hillside above Holbrook was overcome with the construction of a donkey driven “incline” system for winching the locomotive and empty rail carriages up, and carriages loaded with logs down. From there the railroad extended, first, down the ridge that Moreland Road now follows, across to the center of section 17, and from there straight north to the center of section 8 (just east of where Richard Tannock now lives). A gasoline powered mechanical shovel was used to do most of the excavating. While one crew kept extending the railroad, other crews were kept busy cutting, yarding and loading logs onto the train.

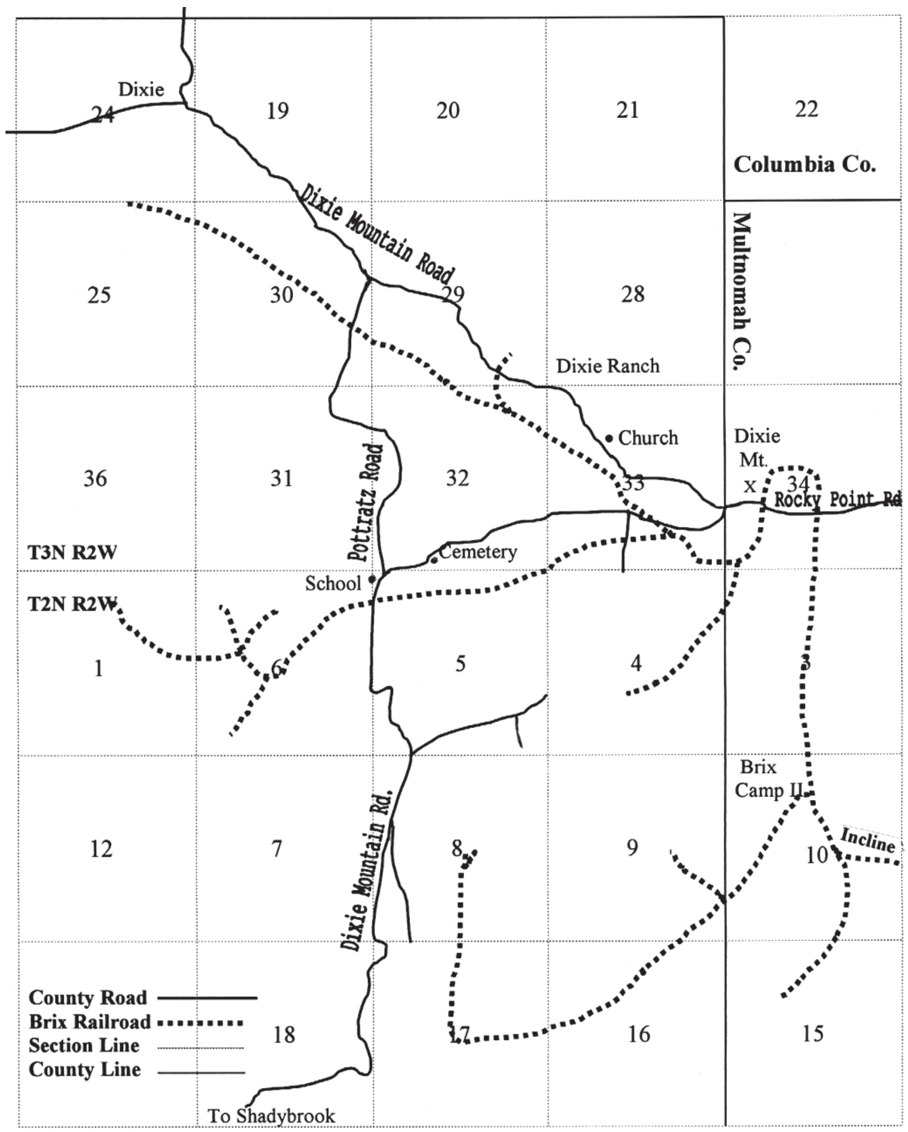
In 1928 the operation began moving north along the top of what would become known as the Skyline ridge. This grade would later be used for a road, that is Skyline Boulevard. High lead logging units reached down the slopes on both sides to pull in the harvest. After it intersected with Rocky Point Road, the grade twisted around the top of Dixie Mountain, then headed west toward Wallace School. By 1931 it was moving past the school. The schoolteacher at the time, Joe Wenzel, found himself having to shout to be heard over the clamorous noise of a logging operation set up near the school. From there the line continued south, past what were then the Hendrickson and Smith properties, to near the southern boundary of section 6. A “slackline,” that is a high lead cable that could be raised and lowered, was set up along the edge of the steep McKay Creek gulch. Extending over a half mile, clear across to Pumpkin Ridge on the other side of the creek, this slackline was used by the loggers to winch in the heavy logs that had been felled throughout the valley below and on the east side of Pumpkin Ridge.

Construction of a final stretch of railway grade began around 1933. This one extended across the swale that lies south of the old church and up to the area northwest of the north end of Pottratz Road. Four separate trestles car-

ried the line across the low spot. One was about eighty-five feet high and had an "S" turn in it; another, just east of the Dudley place, was about two hundred yards long. The last phase of the Brix logging operation on Dixie Mountain continued in section 29 well into 1935.

George Johnson, who is our main source for much of this information, estimates that altogether Brix Logging built around twenty-three miles of rail line in the Dixie Mountain area. The tracks and trestles were dismantled after logging was completed in one area and re-used as the grade was completed down the next branch being developed. About fifteen square miles of timberland were left denuded in the aftermath. A trainload of logs, which is about a half a million board feet, was taken out nearly every day the logging crews worked. Johnson puts a conservative estimate of the total taken by Brix off Dixie Mountain at around one hundred and fifty million board feet a year over a twelve-year period.

Brix was a comparatively big outfit. They had enough equipment and men to keep multiple logging sites operating. A hundred and fifty to two hundred men were em-



Top: The Brix Logging camp that was located where Skyline Blvd. and Moreland Road now intersect. The upper stretches of Skyline Blvd. follow the old railroad grade. **Photo courtesy of George Johnson**

Right: Around twenty-three miles of rail line was built between 1922 and 1935 by Brix Logging to harvest the old growth timber on Dixie Mountain. An "incline" lowered the loaded rail carriages at a spot that is just north of mile 17 on the modern Skyline Blvd.

ployed. Two logging camps were developed to house these men. The one the old Tilberry homestead, later Skyranch (Skyline Boulevard and Moreland Road), generally housed around fifty single men in primitive bunkhouses. The lower camp, for the married men and their families, remained down near Holbrook, not far from the intersection of Morgan Road and Highway 30. These men rode the train up the hill six days a week at the crack of dawn. Others had homes on Dixie Mountain or boarded with locals.

The methods used by operatives like Brix have been judged by later generations to have been, simply, rapacious. This was cut-and-run logging at its worst. At least two men were killed during the course of logging operations on Dixie Mountain. Criticism intensified when it was alleged that the body of one of these men was simply moved out of the way so the work could continue until quitting time. Long-time Dixie Mountain resident Dick Stoltenberg went to work for Brix when he was sixteen years old. During his first day on the job a choker bell smacked him in the mouth, knocking his four front teeth out. He dared not skip work the following day for fear he would be fired. In those days the only recourse many loggers had was to head down the road and find another outfit to work for. When the depression hit, this became less of an option.

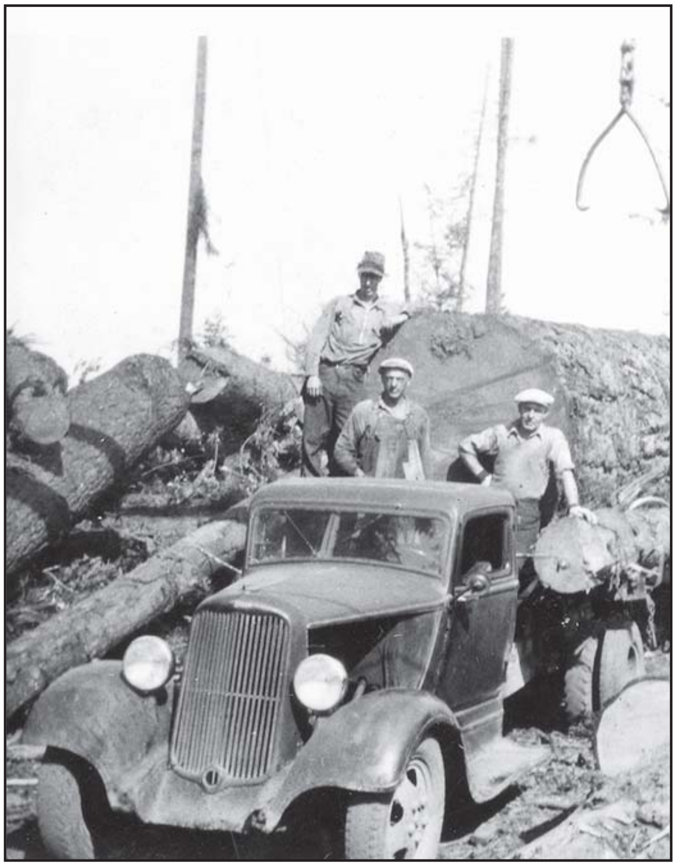
Clarence and Walter Nelson, below, were not only brothers but also life-long friends and business partners. They logged together on Dixie Mountain for nearly forty years. Photo courtesy of Dale Nelson

Still, there is much to be admired in how incredibly hard the men worked who signed on with these companies and what they were able to do with the relatively primitive equipment they used. There were no chain saws in those days, only axes and crosscut saws. Loggers perched on springboards, swinging away with their axes, felled the big trees the hard way. The steam donkeys (steam powered winching rigs) most defined that era of logging. By attaching one of these powerful machines to a "high lead" cable strung from the top of a "spar pole," loggers were able to lift heavy logs up in the air and then, from a distance of up to a half mile, pull them in to a loading area. There a second donkey would be used to load them onto train carriages. The ingenuity, not to mention the difficult work, involved in setting up such a system was often quite remarkable. The same can be said for those who, with limited engineering, and plenty of "eyeballing," built the railroad grades and trestles used to transport the loads of logs out of the woods. Many of these old grades are still evident around Dixie Mountain and a few of them were later turned into roads that are still used.

Other Logging Outfits on Dixie Mountain

Not all the logging on Dixie Mountain in the early days was done by Brix. A number of small operations did their share of cutting and hauling of Dixie Mountain timber. Longtime members of the community ran a few of these.

The first, Nelson Brothers, belonged to Walter and Clarence Nelson. These two brothers were the youngest sons of Cornelius Nelson, one of the original homesteaders. For both of them their education was limited to the eight years they received at Wallace School. But they were clever enough to succeed quite well in logging on Dixie Mountain, starting out in 1920 and working up until 1961. Clarence had a reputation as a "magician with machines" and for being a bit of a daredevil. He designed and patched together much of the equipment they used, including their gasoline powered loading and unloading donkeys. At one point he fell thirty feet out of a spar pole and broke his back. After six months in the Veterans Hospital he was back on the job; he hadn't lost his love of climbing poles to set up high lead rigging. Walt generally handled the



A big load for an old Diamond logging truck. Dale Nelson identified the man on the left as his father, Walt Nelson. Clarence Nelson is in the middle. The man on the right is probably Rosko Lloyd. The two Nelson brothers started logging on Dixie Mt. in 1920 and worked up until 1961.

business deals. He won the respect of the locals on one occasion when he held up Brix Logging, which started building railroad grade across Nelson property without permission. He then set a price for a right-of-way that Brix could not afford. Brix was forced to find an alternative route that entailed much more trestle building and, even then, had to pay top dollar to cross another piece of Nelson property.

Clarence experienced working in logging camps in Washington as a young man before he joined the Army and served in France at the end of World War I. When he returned from the service he teamed up with his brother Walt to start logging independently. Their early jobs involved harvesting trees along Rocky Point Road, using a team of horses to transport the logs down to the Willamette Slough (now called the Multnomah Channel) at the foot of the hill. Later, they logged off Walt's homestead property on Rocky Point Road; and for four or five years in the early 1930s, they logged down on Watson Road. Thereafter they generally bought the parcels that they logged; though they also purchased timber off government owned land.

Around 1929 the pace of their work picked up when they invested in a big steam donkey. An old Winther log truck with hard-rubber tires had already replaced their team of horses. They began hiring a crew of ten to fifteen men to work with them. Among the longtime residents of Dixie Mountain, Dick Stoltenberg, John Hansen, Fred Grant, Howard Johnson, Ralph Kay, Fred Dudley, Cliff Dudley, Dick Jacober, Eldridge Nelson and others worked at one point or other for Nelson Brothers.

Getting the logs out of the woods was just one part of the job. Much of their effort also went into preparing the rafts used to tow the logs to mills in the Portland area. They first accumulated their logs in an inlet on the Willamette Slough at the foot of Rocky Point Road. Next, they prepared the rafts for transporting the logs on the river. This entailed plenty of hard work boring holes by hand, using a four inch auger, in the "boom sticks" that held the raft together. Homemade chains were passed through these holes to link the boomsticks end to end around the perimeter of the raft. A tugboat was then hired to tow the raft up river.

The most successful period for Walt and Clarence was during the war years when the price of lumber appreciated rapidly and they had four trucks hauling. These developments enabled them to slow down after 1947 and work just in the summer months. Clarence took a year off in 1954 and again in 1957-58 to spend time in Central Africa. There he helped on construction projects, including the installation of a hydroelectric unit, at a mission hospital his son was then managing. In 1956 much of their equipment was vandalized by scrap metal seekers, further slowing down their efforts. They still did some small scale logging up until 1961. But the October wind storm of 1962 took a heavy toll on their remaining stands of timber, requiring them to contract with another outfit to salvage the fallen trees.

Among other logging operations in the area was that of Fred Rabinski, who logged in the Dixie Mountain area, mostly in Dutch Canyon, from the 1930s up to the 1960s. Bert Lampa, along with his sons, Paul and Stan, also took up logging after closing down their mill in 1945. They logged some on Dixie Mountain but also roamed far and wide around northwest Oregon doing logging jobs.

The Columbus Day wind storm of 1962 took a heavy toll on Dixie Mountain forests. Here a logging outfit harvests fallen timber. **Photo courtesy of Harold Parmele**

Logging and timber management has changed considerably over the past one hundred years. In the current period about one-third of the timberland on Dixie Mountain is owned by large lumber companies. Long View Fibre Company, Willamette Industry, the Bureau of Land Management, and Stimpson Lumber all have holdings in the area. The forests felled by earlier logging operations have regrown and some have now been cut a second time. Still, in a couple of isolated groves, a few of the old-growth Goliaths remain. One that was recently toppled by the wind proved to be three hundred years old.

Strawberry Farming

For many years strawberry farming provided a good source of income for many of the Dixie Mountain residents. Cornelius Nelson seems to have been the first person to attempt growing strawberries, getting started in 1904. The experiment was profitable, and the Nelson family stayed in strawberry farming for over fifty years. Many other families in the community followed suit when the benefits became evident.

The soil in the area proved to be ideal for growing strawberries. The strawberry farmers on Dixie Mountain benefited, most of all, because of the delayed harvest season. During the harvest season in the valleys below the price would dip drastically as supply exceeded demand. Harvest on Dixie Mountain came later in the summer, just as the demand was rebounding. Prices could climb from fifty cents to four dollars for a crate of fresh picked berries.

A major difficulty faced by the strawberry farmers, as well as farmers of other crops, was deer feeding in the farm fields at night. By the 1940s, with new growth of trees and brush, the deer population on Dixie Mountain was estimated to be greater than ever, and the dense brush made it very difficult to hunt them during the hunting season. Farmers were able to get permits to hunt deer out of season, provided the venison was delivered to the county welfare department. But not everyone was satisfied with this arrangement; the farmers wanted venison to compensate them for their troubles (*Argus* 9/25/53).

Charlie Nelson, the second son of Cornelius, was the one who became most involved in the strawberry farming enterprise. After a stint as a schoolteacher in Banks, then Madras, he returned to Dixie Mountain in 1932 and, thereafter, earned a living growing strawberries and working in his blacksmith shop. He eventually had thirty plus acres of strawberries under cultivation. Over the years, he reports in his manuscript, he employed thousands of different people as strawberry pickers. Practically every young person growing up on Dixie Mountain put in time in his berry patch, as did many migrant workers in later years. He used to like to tell people that during the Depression years he even employed, among others, a number of doctors and lawyers from Portland who would have otherwise been without work. To get the best price for his berries, he used to get up at two o'clock in the morning, load his berries on his old truck, and take them into the fresh produce market in Portland. It was generally a very slow trip to town, given the very poor

Charlie Nelson, shown here with his wife Mabel "Ferrie," was for many years the leading strawberry farmer on Dixie Mountain. He farmed the fields (left, at bottom) his parents homesteaded when he was a young boy. Photo courtesy of Andrea Nelson

conditions of the road and the need to avoid damaging the fruit.

Among others on the mountain who became deeply involved in strawberry farming were the Carl Tannocks, the Rogers, and the Howard Nelson family. Just about everyone, even if they weren't selling berries, maintained a small patch for their own consumption.

This all began to change in the mid 1950s. Labor became increasingly hard to recruit, making it impossible to meet the intense labor demands that strawberry farming requires in peak season. People were forced to find other less labor-intensive crops. Even so, for many years afterward there were "wild" strawberry fields on Dixie Mountain, where amidst the weeds the berries kept growing.

The legacy of the role that strawberries played in the lives of people in the community lives on in the annual Father's Day weekend strawberry festival sponsored by the Dixie Mountain Grange. The festival got started in 1951, when strawberry farming was still a profitable venture in the area. It was Dixie Mountain strawberries that were featured at the event in those days. The festival has continued to thrive, long after strawberry farming in the area declined. As a popular Father's Day activity for many residents of Portland, Hillsboro, and other nearby areas, up to eighteen hundred people attend. But the ton and a half of berries that get served at this weekend event in recent times are, sorry to say, no longer Dixie Mountain berries.

Mining on Dixie Mountain

For a couple of brief periods, first in the 1940s, then in the early 1960s, residents on Dixie Mountain feared that big industry would again move in and exploit the natural resources in the area. The Brix Logging experience was still very fresh in people's memories when prospectors working for Alcoa Aluminum discovered deposits of bauxite ore in places on Dixie Mountain. Many residents who had suffered through the depression years in this rural community welcomed the chance extended by the mining company to sell or lease their land. The rebounding, wartime economy presented them with the promise of better opportunities elsewhere. But others who wanted to remain on their land feared that a big company, by staking mineral claims on their properties, could somehow insidiously deprive them of their estates. Some rushed out and staked mineral claims to their own properties in hopes of forestalling such claims by any outsider.

Mining operations did begin in the early 1960s at a site across the road and down the hill a bit from the Grange Hall. To the relief of most residents, the ore being extracted proved to be an unprofitable, low-grade material. Fears of big industrial exploitation subsided in the community.

Christmas Tree Farming

What strawberry farming was in the first half of the twentieth century, Christmas tree farming became in the second half for many Dixie Mountain residents. Long before there were Christmas tree plantations, this area was a popular place for people to come and pick out young, wild trees to adorn their homes during the Christmas season. Property owners used to charge a few dollars to cutters, and did their best to discourage poachers.

It was not that long ago, in the early 1960s, when Christmas tree farming on tree plantations began. Carl Tannock was the first person on Dixie Mountain to actually plant and grow trees specifically for the Christmas tree market. Bigger changes soon followed. Dixie Mountain was the site of some of the early experiments in perfecting the growth of trees specifically for use as Christmas trees. Bernard Douglass was employed at that time by the U.S. Forest Service and specialized in developing methods for cultivating Douglas fir trees to be used as Christmas trees. His job took him throughout the Northwest, but it was on Dixie Mountain that he had his own little parcel on which he conducted many of his experiments. He eventually adopted what was known as the Shelton, Washington, system. This technique involved trimming the branches as well as scarring the trunk of the tree on one side. The scarring slowed down the growth in the stature of the tree, producing branches that were closer together. The result was a bushier, more appealing Christmas tree.

Douglass generously shared the knowledge he gained from his experiments, mentoring a young, eager learner by the name of Don Logan. Logan had grown up in Shadybrook and moved up to Dixie Mountain in 1957, after marrying Elaine Tannock, who was from one of the original homestead families. He took what he learned and transformed those ideas into a very profitable business. In 1964 he began planting trees in plantation style, growing his trees specifically for the Christmas tree market. Eventually he had seventy-five acres in Christmas trees and was, with the help of his sons, Dan and David, and a lot of hired help, harvesting up to 15,000 trees a year. His success has become part of Dixie Mountain legend. When not tending his trees, he serves as President of the Washington County Farm Bureau and provides a good deal of leadership to the local community.

Along the way, Logan continued to experiment and innovate, eventually moving beyond the Shelton system he had learned from his mentor to more effective shearing techniques. Diversification of species of trees has also become an important element. Douglas Fir trees still retain fifty percent of the market, but Noble Fir, Grand Fir, and Turkish Fir have been taking a bigger and bigger share. His marketing strategies have had to improve as well to keep up with an increasingly competitive market. Logan trees now ship as far as Texas. In 1969, Logan was named Tree Farmer of the Year for the State of Oregon.

Many of the other residents on Dixie Mountain followed Logan's lead when they witnessed his success. His in-laws, Richard and Jo Ann Tannock, the Lampa family, and the Taylors, among others have benefited from tree farming. Don South, and Dan Zimmerman, though not residents, have large Christmas tree farms on the mountain. By 1980, however, the popularity of Christmas tree farming had led to an excess supply and steep declines in prices. It is no longer as profitable as it used to be, though demand has again been increasing. With keen marketing strategies, some Dixie Mountain tree farmers continue to excel in the field and make a good living doing it. Paul and Stan Lampa were named "Tree Growers of the Year" in 1989 by the Washington County Small Woodlands Association.

Moonshining and Rose Growing

Mention can be made of some of the other means of livelihood that have been pursued by residents of the Dixie Mountain community over the past hundred years. Subsistence farming, lumber mills, logging, strawberry farming, and Christmas tree farming have been, at different times, the mainstays of the economy. On the margins there have been other economic pursuits as well.

During the years of prohibition, 1916-1933, moonshining seems to have been a profitable occupation for some people on Dixie Mountain. This community was by no means unique in having people who pursued this illicit livelihood. There were plenty of wooded areas, not to mention barns in isolated farm fields, where people kept distilleries boiling in Washington County. Dixie Mountain moonshiners had the advantage of access to deep ravines to hide their stills in and ready access to the market in Portland. Under a wagonload of firewood or hay, bootleggers could smuggle their goods into town. Stories are told of people hauling the same load of firewood to town two or three times, coming home complaining of not being able to sell it. According to one old-timer and self-confessed moonshiner from Oregon, the methods employed by Oregonians, using rye instead of corn, and adding cane sugar, were faster and produced a better product than that of legendary southern moonshiners (Nelson 1976).

A number of sources have informed us that Abraham Nelson and his eldest son, Oscar, were more than a little involved in this trade. Tom Nelson, one of Abe's younger sons, told us that they did quite well selling their brew—when they weren't consuming it themselves. Walter Nelson stumbled on their distillery in the woods one day when he went looking for his missing rain barrels. Some time later, Abe and Oscar were arrested and their still was destroyed. Apparently they had good reasons to suspect that someone on the other side of the Nelson family had notified authorities about their operation. Needless to say, a rift developed in the extended Nelson family afterwards.

Timber cruisers frequently came on suspicious looking shacks in the woods when carrying out their jobs. Clarence Nelson found one this way on the old Sophie Mozee homestead. He later took his eldest daughter and his son down to the site to show them what moonshining was all about. Both Elsie and Don remember being chased off before they got there by an old woman brandishing a six-shooter. The remains of some of these old operations continue to lie hidden in remote parts of the mountain terrain. Don Bahnsen reported to us that he found what appeared to him like an old still deep in the canyon north of his place a few years back.

On the other end of the deviancy scale, but equally intriguing, is another occupation that employed some members of the community in the 1950s and 60s. Roy Hennessey (1897-1968) grew up as an orphan in San Francisco and moved to Portland to work as a longshoreman when he became an adult. Along the way he developed an intense interest in growing roses. Looking for a place to cultivate roses, Hennessey found on Dixie Mountain the ideal conditions for which he was looking. In 1952, he bought the old Ryckman place, which had long been the home of Abe and Fidelia (Ryckman) Nelson. His interest was mostly in developing prize winning innovations. He had high aspirations for his creations, and his experiments involved careful breeding, as well as the careful grafting (budding) of plants. Pauline Lampa and her daughter Arlene, as well as Lillian Roub, worked alongside him in these efforts. They cultivated nearly ten acres of roses, as well as maintaining plants in a specially built, rammed-earth building for keeping plants cool in the summer months. Deer eating the plants was a constant problem, but the enterprise was very successful. Sales were almost exclusively through a catalogue Hennessey published. He also wrote a book entitled *Hennessey on Roses* that went through several printings. Among his clients, he boasted, was the Saudi royal family. At one point in the 1960s, he was honored by being selected as one of the top three rose growers in America, and he was invited to display his creations at an international rose festival in Brussels, Belgium. At the end of his life he was laid to rest in Mountain View Cemetery on Dixie Mountain. The epitaph on his gravestone reads: "He who would have beautiful roses in his garden, must have beautiful roses in his heart."

Making a living on Dixie Mountain never was easy. Fortunately, however, there was more to life than hard work. People found plenty of opportunities to get together to socialize and to offer support to each other. A school, a church and, later, a Grange hall served as centers of civic life. It is to these important aspects of life in the community that we turn in the next chapter.

Chapter Three

Dixie Mountain Civic Associations

Community associations have always been an important part of life on Dixie Mountain. The early settlers struggled daily against nature and the elements to carve out livelihoods for themselves. Neighborly cooperation made their tasks easier. This sense of community was a source of both support and enjoyment. Remembering the early days, George Nelson recorded how this celebration of the community experience was expressed at all-night country-dances.

"After the homesteaders became established on Dixie Mountain, one of the things they looked forward to was entertainment. They organized country-dances. There were no public halls in those days, so they gathered at homes of some of the settlers. The houses, for the most part, were not very large. The furniture and stoves were moved out and one or more rooms cleared for dancing. The homesteaders and their families would gather for a night of entertainment. Most of the homesteaders were comparatively young people.

Music was furnished by a 'fiddler' who was usually available in the community. One of these was my uncle Abe Nelson. There was also Mort Jones, who could play and sing at the same time. The dances were the square dances, waltz and schottische.

John Zimmerman was usually the floor manager and caller. The dances would begin in the early evening and last until morning. There would be the lively notes of the fiddle, the voice of the caller, the sound of dancing feet mingled with the creaking of the puncheon floors, and the laughter of the gay crowd, all sending out their vibrant sounds to the night air."

A number of institutions became more and more organized as years passed, serving as anchoring features for community life. Chief among the emerging civic associations was the Wallace School, the Dixie Mountain Baptist Church, and the Dixie Mountain Grange. The Wallace School district was divided and absorbed into the North Plains and Scappoose school districts in 1962, and activity at the Church dwindled during the mid-seventies. But in their day, these were vital centers of community life. The Grange continues to be a focus of community pride.

No less noteworthy are other community associations. The annual pioneer picnic was for many years a much-anticipated gathering in the summer time. The quilting club is still a lively and creative group. And in times of grief the community has come together to mourn the loss of their loved ones. In these times the cemetery association has played a vital role in laying to rest the deceased. An understanding of the Dixie Mountain legacy would not be complete without a portrayal of these civic associations.

Wallace School

The need to educate the children in the community led to the organization of school distinct number 61 in 1882. Eva Bonser was the first schoolteacher, apparently meeting in a home in the beginning. There is some evidence that a second gathering of students met in Old Dixie for a number of years before a schoolhouse was constructed and the groups combined. A log cabin schoolhouse was built in the mid 1880s. This original building measured sixteen feet square on the outside and is pictured in a number of old photos that survive. The exterior of this building was shingled over around 1908. Arthur Wallace donated the plot for this first school building, just to the east of Mountain View Cemetery, and the school was named after him.

Sometime later, probably just after World War I, a new school building was constructed at the south end of what was later called Pottratz Road, where it intersects with Dixie Mountain Road. Both the original school building and the new one burned in the fire of 1929. The school-teacher at the time, Joe Wenzel, described the fire in an excerpt we reproduce below. A third school building was then built on the site of the second one. After the Wallace School district was closed, Vernon and Melba Richards converted this building into a private residence. They lived there up until 1971. It is presently the home of the Yager family.

The original one room Wallace School building was built in the mid 1880s and was located just east of the cemetery. The photo on the right was taken in 1905. Pictured, from the left, are: Roy Nelson, Walter Zimmerman, Einer Berggren, Oscar Nelson, Elmer Nelson, John Zimmerman, Jennie Brooks (the teacher), Mia Breggren, Maybella Nelson, Lillian Nelson, holding baby Myrtella Nelson, Clarence Nelson, Walter Nelson, Eva Berggren, Gunner Berggren. Photo Courtesy of Dale Nelson

George Nelson has left us a colorful description of school life in the early days:

"A log schoolhouse set in a primitive forest, where the three R's were learned, was a part of my boyhood experience beginning in 1890. The homesteaders built this schoolhouse by volunteer labor. A door at one end of the building opened into the single room, which contained two rows of double desks. In the front of the room was the teacher's desk, with a blackboard on the wall behind it. A wood stove was situated between the rows of desks. Water was carried from a spring several hundred yards away, and the shelf in the corner with its familiar pail and dipper was our water supply.

The number of children in the school numbered from sixteen at the most to less than ten at times. There were no grades. We went through four *Barnes Readers*, and your station in school was determined by where you were in the *Readers*. When the last reader was finished, you were through school, providing you had completed other required subjects.

At first there were three months of school in the summer time. In later years it was lengthened out to five months. The winters were too severe for holding school. The children weren't able to travel through the mud and snow under such primitive conditions.

From our homestead we walked about two miles to school over roads that were little better than trails. Many of us boys walked barefooted, as often the only footwear

The Original Wallace School building was shingled on the exterior sometime after 1905. The photo on the left was taken in 1908. Pictured, from the left, are: Ed Hillsberry, unidentified woman, Walter Zimmer-man, Lee Clark, Roy Nelson, Finley Elliott, C.J. Russel (the teacher), Einer Berg-gren, Floyd Hillsberry, Lucy Nelson, Os-car Nelson, Claud Hillsberry, Clarence Nelson, Gladys Tannock, Gunner Berggren, Elmer Nelson, John Zimmerman.

we had were leather boots, and they were too hot to wear during the hot summer months.

Wild game abounded and we could often see their tracks in the road. One day while walking a little way behind my brother Charlie, I came face to face with a bear. He was more surprised and scared than I was and bounded immediately into the woods. I hurried ahead to tell my brother about the bear.

At school certain children were designated by the teacher to carry the water to school and one day we found a black bear by the creek. He immediately bounded up the hill on the other side of the creek where there was an opening, then stopped and looked back at us before he went out of sight.

Wild black berries were usually abundant and we would get our hands and faces stained while eating them. There were also wild gooseberries. We were not only getting an education in a log schoolhouse; we were getting an education from the great forests, the running streams, and the primitive world around us.

The playground was a partially cleared opening in the woods, in which some logs and stumps remained. Games were improvised from our surroundings. One was 'wood tag.' It was no trouble to get on a stump or log and elect somebody to be 'It.' Then we would run from one log or stump to another while the 'It' individual tried to tag us. Then we played the more strenuous game of 'hare and hound,' in which the ones selected to be hares would run through the woods with the 'hounds' after them. For our gymnastics we hunted up a pole as straight as we could get it, usually a vine maple, and lodged it between two trees. Then we could chin ourselves, hang by our toes and 'muscle grind.' We usually had women teachers, so we had to make up our own calisthenics.

We also played 'ante-over' the schoolhouse, with a ball. When we played 'Town Ball' (a kind of baseball), we found a two-by-four as nearly the size of a bat that we could and shaped one end to fit our hands. Somewhere we got hold of a piece of hard rubber and whittled it down to the size of a ball, as smooth as we could get it. Since it wasn't symmetrical and the ground was uneven, it took off at some odd angles.

Some of the children's dogs followed them to school and often lay in the doorway on the warmer days. One day two of them got in a fight right in the schoolroom. Soon one of them ran out the door with the other dog after him. The owners of the dogs ran out to break up the fight and the other children ran out to see what would happen.

In the school we had spelling contests in which I was usually the first one spelled down, but I liked to recite poems, which we learned for special occasions. In later years we had a Fourth of July celebration in a picnic grounds in the woods. What a thrill it was when the teacher selected me to read the Declaration of Independence, after which an oration would be given by one of the homesteaders.

The teacher was often only an eighth grade graduate who had passed the examination to qualify as a teacher. Later along in the nineties, some of the teachers had at least one year of Normal School training. Once we had an English sailor for a teacher and he ruled us with a rod. Between classes he would often sit with his feet on the desk, chew, and spit tobacco juice out the window. The teacher's salary was about $25 a month, but finally the men teachers were paid $100 for a three month's period. Teachers boarded with families in the community.

However, we managed to get the fundamentals of an education, learning to read and write and cipher. History thrilled me and fascinated me, especially about the pioneers on the Atlantic shore and in the West. Of course, we were still pioneering almost on the western shores of the United States. I would look out the schoolhouse window from my studies and have great daydreams as to whether I would be a trapper, a hunter, a statesman, or a great orator like Daniel Webster.

Getting a public school education took me almost to the turn of the century. I was eighteen years of age when I left the homestead. I was the oldest of six children and I needed to earn money for an advanced education in order that I might realize some of the dreams I dreamed as I looked out of the log schoolhouse window into the great wilderness around us."

Charlie Nelson, two years younger than his older brother George, remembered the names of the other students and the teacher during his first year of schooling:

"In 1890 when I first entered school with my brother George, Maggy Gooden was the teacher. The enrollment consisted of fourteen girls and we three little boys, including Joe Robertson. The names of the girls were Lottie Zimmerman, Anna and Lentie Parker, Florence and Edna Stevens, Flossie Adkin, Fidelia, Olive, Maud and Ellen Ryckman, Louisa, Mary and Sarah Robertson and Ryckie Guyer.

Since most of them were what we little ones called big girls, we had plenty of bosses, but we loved them all. If we little boys tried wandering away from them, they would remind us that cougars ate little boys who didn't stay close to big girls. Since the school grounds were not cleared of stumps and logs, we school children played among them and the graves; but since we all walked miles to school, we didn't need much more exercise; and since those miles would have been impossible during the winter months, school was in session only two or three months during the summers."

Education at Wallace School progressed and eventually became a nine-months a year program. Teachers continued to generally be young and single, and they usually boarded with one of the families in the community. Dixie Mountain was thought to be a rather remote posting and these instructors seldom stayed for more than a couple of years. Early records of Wallace School were destroyed in a county courthouse fire in the mid-twenties. But for the period after that we have living memories of students who attended the school during the late twenties and thirties.

We also have the recently completed memoirs of ninety-two year old Joe Wenzel, who taught at Wallace school from 1929-1931. The minimum age for getting a teaching job in those days was twenty. Joe lied about his age and began his teaching career on Dixie Mountain as a nineteen-year-old. He proved to be a very successful educator and community organizer. After his stint at Wallace School, he taught in Helvetia for fourteen years. Following that, he was the principal at the Skyline School for six years and then taught in Arlington, Oregon, for six years. He ended his career in the role of Superintendent of the Reedville school district. Through it all he retained a passion for conducting brass bands, leading Boy Scout Troops, and most of all, fishing. He gladly consented to our including an excerpt from his *Memoirs*.

"My venture into the teaching world began in the fall of 1929 when I became the one and only teacher at Dixie Mountain. Officially, the school's name was Wallace. The enrollment was seventeen children, with all grades represented. It soon became apparent that the methods [I had] learned at Monmouth (Western College) were geared for one teacher per grade methods, not the one room for all children. This required new methods, but the main guiding principle of education was to meet the needs and interests of each student. Common sense and a dedicated desire to help each student reach his maximum ability was my fundamental purpose as a teacher.

The school was located about 10 miles north of North Plains at the end of the gravel road, dirt road from there on. We were surrounded on three sides by dense first growth forest.

This timber was in the process of being logged by the Brix Logging Co. Their Shay locomotive could be heard night and morning, sometimes in between, either bringing in the logging crew or taking logs out. We saw the tree climber top a huge fir tree for a spar tree. After the rigging was put up, two steam donkeys were skidded in, one to pull in logs, the other to load the logs on to the rail cars. At the end of the line near Holbrook, they were let via an incline to the level of the Multnomah Channel, where they were dumped into the river to form a log raft.

I boarded with the Fred Grant family about two miles from school. In the winter the road was so bad the two Grant boys and I walked to the school each day. In better weather in the spring, my Model T Ford pickup was used. Snow became deep sometimes, but the farmers immediately hooked up the horses to a makeshift snowplow so we could get to school. I do not recall the school being closed for the three feet of snow.

Tragedy struck the school on the morning of the first Monday in October. This was a very dry fall and a logging fire got out of control. With an extreme east wind, the fire traveled as much as fifteen hundred feet a minute. At 9:30 A.M. we were told to get the children out, so we all piled into my Model T pickup and headed down the road for half-a-mile to stop and see the school go up in a huge cloud of smoke.

For the rest of the year we did our best to keep the wheels of learning going in a small, I mean small, Baptist Church. The only library we had was a box of books from the Oregon State Library.

The next fall we were in our new Dixie Mountain School…. It was in this new building that I delved into school band. Everyone from third grade up played an instrument. Fun Times.

The forest fire that burned the school left us without an organ or piano, so for the year at the church we had no music.

The next fall for our new school, Board Chairman Carl Tannock loaned us an organ. His sister, Jean Tannock, came to school once a week to help with a sing along. The children learned quite a few songs, especially patriotic melodies.

The last class at Wallace School, 1961-62. The school was discontinued after that year and students began attending school in Shadybrook. Pictured in this photo, from the left, first row: Danny Logan, Evelyn Taylor, Joann Taylor, Gail Taylor, Paula Taylor. Second row: Bobby Rodgers, Caroline Rogers, Peggy Taylor, Patty Taylor, Barbara Nelson, Virginia Taylor. In the Back: Steve Christenson, Steve Nelson, Mike Christenson.

At the close of school, I had to return this family organ. I loaded it into the pickup but neglected to secure it with ropes. As I rounded the sharp corner around a 20-foot gully, the organ went end over end into the gully. My adrenaline must have pumped into my veins because I picked up what was left of the instrument and packed it up the gully to the pickup. I had a box along, so I picked up all the ornate curlicues that had decorated this beautiful instrument. Dozens of them had broken off. I hauled the remains back to school and then drove twenty miles to Hillsboro to get some glue. The job to glue all the parts together took the rest of the day and part of the next day. I even had to go back to the gully to search for parts I had missed. After the glue job and some touch up stain, I was ready to take it back to its home. In fact it didn't look too bad for its ordeal. This time, I tied it down securely.

After the forest fire, thousands of acres of fireweed came up. This produced an exceptionally sweet honey. The wild bees multiplied at an astonishing rate. John Hansen, a veteran logger, had the uncanny ability to locate these bee colonies in snags, stumps, and trees. Each weekend John would be out in the brush tracking bees by watching the direction they flew. He located dozens of colonies. For several years in the fall, he would invite me to come back to the mountain to collect honey. We did quite well. On one such 'honey gathering,' we cut down an old snag that pulverized when it hit the ground. The dust covered the bees so they couldn't fly, but crawl they could—right up our pant legs. I got 'zapped' eleven times. For several years, I became slightly allergic to bee stings.

Fishing on both forks of McKay Creek was pretty good. About once every two weeks, the gal who played organ for the sing along would pick me up at school and haul me downstream to the South Fork of McKay Creek. I would then fish upstream about two or three miles to my boarding place. It took until dusk to make this trip, but I usually caught a mess of trout. Nellie Grant always kept my dinner waiting.

In the spring of 1931, 'O.B.' Kraus, County School Superintendent and friend, suggested that I apply for a school position at Helvetia. This I did and was awarded a contract. The wages at Dixie Mountain were $105.00 per month. At the Helvetia one room school I started at $120.00.

Several years after I left the mountain, the school board Chairman invited me to give the commencement address to the last class before the district consolidated with North Plains. This turned out to be a disaster. I had a pretty good speech prepared, corny jokes and all, but on the day of the ceremony I came down with an awful case of laryngitis. The students, parents, and I were relieved when the ordeal was over.

The two years that I spent at Dixie Mountain were certainly a learning experience."

Teaching a bunch of mischievous and sometimes unruly lumberjack kids could be a real challenge. Don Nelson's most vivid memory of his first grade experience was when an older student challenged the teacher to a fistfight during the opening week of school. No blows were exchanged and the student dropped out of school. Don also confessed to being the one who, a number of years later, set off a stick of dynamite behind the school just before the opening bell rang. One inquisitive student, Ralf Berge, asked his teacher, Mr. Wenzel, how gunpowder was made. To the surprise of the teacher, he came to school a few days later with a concoction of ingredients in a little packet in his shirt pocket. No one knew about it until Ralf accidentally rubbed his arm across his shirt pocket and ignited his creation. The quick thinking teacher saved the day by dousing him with the water from the drinking pail. Then there was the teacher who got doused with a bucket of water that was set to spill from above the door when the door was opened first thing in the morning. No one is sure who the culprits were that time.

Mr. Wenzel certainly had an unusual challenge to contend with during his second year of teaching when a logging operation set up a spar pole and steam donkey nearby the school. He told us that the noise from the fired up donkey was deafening. The one room school education must have seemed like a zoo sometimes; there was plenty to make it interesting and entertaining. For a younger generation it may be difficult to imagine one teacher managing twenty to thirty students and eight grades in a one-room school. Years later, as a School Superintendent, Joe Wenzel said he always had difficulty sympathizing with teachers who complained about having too much to handle when teaching just one grade.

Teachers that we were able to identify who taught at Wallace School during the eighty years of its history were: Eva Bonser, 1882; Maggy Gooden, 1890; Jennie Brooks, 1905; Arilla Tuncell; Mr. C. Russell, 1908; Rose Truitt, 1915-16; F.B. Grabhorn, 1917; Helen Gentry, 1918-19; J.B. Graham, 1918; Joe Wenzel, 1929-31; Darrell Jones, 1931-32; Leila Peters Graham, 1934-35; Ms. McLain, 1936-37; Perritt Huntington, 1938; Justa Pliska, 1939; Mae Alvord, early 1940s; Ms. Ruby Goff, 1940s; Eugenie James, 1940s; Mr. Schilling, 1942; Viola Schmidt, 1943-53; Janet Sweet and Janice Teeter, 1953-54; Ada Jacober; Blanche Bride; Mrs. Bangs, 1961-62.

Dixie Mountain Baptist Church

Some of the early homesteaders on Dixie Mountain were deeply religious people. Charlie Nelson recounts the beginnings of religious gatherings in the community.

"The Dan Stevens family [provided] Christian religious leader[ship] on their side of the settlement while my father and mother [Cornelius and Anna Nelson] took the same interest on the other side, and both families made every effort to promote religious interests in the whole community. Since the Stevens family had more relatives and friends in the Shady Brook community where church work was well organized, they were able to get a minister to come up to the log school house occasionally to preach. But when they moved away in the late 1890s, the only sermons heard in the community were an occasional visit by a minister by the name of Creacy, who lived several miles beyond old Dixie. Near the turn of the century, Reverend Blackburn, pastor of the First Baptist Church (White Temple) of Portland, became interested in the community and frequently conducted services at our home. He was able to interest many people, and converted a number of them, who he baptized in the millpond on the old Fred Myers homestead. He helped to promote the construction of the church building, which was built in 1902 and still stands on land donated by [Abe Nelson]."

The Dixie Mountain Church around 1915. Those identified in this photo are, from left, Clarence Nelson, Cornelius Nelson, Walter Nelson, Mabel Nelson (right of the post, wearing a sweater), Lilly Nelson and Anna Nelson. Charlie Nelson (next to the post, wearing a white hat). Photo courtesy of Ray Nelson, Jr.

Improvements and additions were made to the church building as the years passed. There is a notation in Cornelius Nelson's old accounts notebook dated February 11, 1914, regarding $24 worth of lumber purchased for the church. (Cornelius, with only a vague knowledge of the Bible but a deep spirituality, was the backbone of the church in the early days.) The Sunday school rooms at the back were added around 1940; these were later converted to a residence for the minister. The beautiful, knotty pine used to panel the interior was added by Reverend Fuller in the late 1930s, along with the baptistry. Paul Lampa remembers his father donating lumber to the project, though his father was a Roman Catholic.

Congregational gatherings in the building waxed and waned over the years, with many rather inactive years. It was difficult to get a qualified minister to stay long with so few people to support such a ministry. For many years during the 1920s and early 1930s there was little religious training for Dixie Mountain youth. Occasionally Grace Nelson's Uncle Ernest Taylor, a Nazarene Church evangelist with Pentecostal/holiness convictions, would come by and organize revival services. Then during the mid 1930s a Congregational minister from Scappoose started coming up on Sunday afternoons to lead worship services. Interest in the church would grow for awhile but then generally dissipated after several months. In 1934 church members elected to become affiliated with the Northern Baptist Convention, but this did not bring about any sudden change. However, there was a time when a significant revival did occur in the little Dixie Mountain Baptist Church.

In the fall of 1937 a young minister named Albert Fuller began taking an active interest in the religious life of the community. In the words of one member, "He was a prince of a guy." Fuller had just completed training for the ministry back in Minneapolis, at Northwestern Baptist Bible

The Dixie Mountain Church congregation on a special Sunday in 1941. Rev. Albert Fuller was the minister. We do not have names of all the people in this photo; those identified are: Charlie Nelson (sixth from left, wearing a hat), Alma Logan (wearing large hat), Ferrie Nelson (behind Alma), Betty Logan (in front of Ferrie), Leona Nelson (in front of Betty), Ab Logan (behind Betty), Florence Zipke (in white hat), Loren Wahl (just to the right of the last window), Dick Stoltenberg (left on the porch), Joy Stoltenberg, Josephine Wallace (in front of the post), Albert Fuller (in front of Josephine), Alma Fuller (two over from Albert), Don Nelson (behind Alma), Jack Harris (right of Don, partially hidden), Albert Johnson (in front of Don), Elsie Nelson (in front of the post), Otto Hendrickson (front row, wearing a hat), Clarence Nelson (behind Otto), John Tannock (right of Clarence), Henry Hendrickson (front row, next to Otto), the Thomson family (front row with children), Ralph Dudley (directly behind Mr. Thompson), Cornelius Nelson (right and behind Ralph), Mr. McClain (Alma Fuller's father is holding his hat), Alma Fuller's brothers are on each side of their father. Photo courtesy of Washington County Museum, Portland, Oregon

College. He returned to Oregon to help his father-in-law, a building contractor in Hillsboro. While working as a carpenter, he also started looking around for opportunities to put his ministerial training into practice. It was not long before the little church up on Dixie Mountain became the focus of his concern. He proved to be a real inspiration in the community, and the little church building was soon bursting at the seams. Children and young people flocked to his Sunday school programs. With Skyline Boulevard just recently completed, and Clarence Nelson faithfully providing transportation, the little church drew children in from down around the Logie Trail area as well. As the accompanying photographs show, there was a time when the now dilapidated little church building that is now about to collapse was the center of revival in the community.

Reverend Fuller's real legacy in the community lies in the hearts of young people he converted and gave a vision of what they could do with their lives. Among his young lieutenants was Mary Jacober, who was the first one to heed Fuller's advice and venture back to Minnesota to attend Fuller's alma mater. Don Nelson followed her the next year, went on to become a medical doctor, then spent the first ten years of a medical career at a mission hospital in the Congo. Later, in the 1970s, he directed the construction of a mission hospital in Haiti. His younger sis-

Above, Jack and Dale Nelson inspect the dilapidated old church building in 1997. Church services were discontinued in 1979. Photo by Joanna Nelson

On the left, Rev. Albert Fuller, who brought revival to the Dixie Mountain community in the mid 1930s, stands behind the pulpit. Visiting guests, Dr. Albert Johnson(pastor of Hinson Mermorial Baptist in Portland) and Dr. Starring (Secretary of the NW sector of the Norther Baptist Convention), are to his left. Photo courtesty of Washington County Museum, Portland, OR.

ter, Leona, worked with Wycliff Bible Translators in Peru for ten years. Jack Harris, Jr., was another active young member of the church during this period. Shortly thereafter, he joined the Marine Corps and was killed in action in one of the early battles in the South Pacific. Don Nelson would later name a son after this close friend of his.

Reverend Fuller eventually moved on to other fields of ministry, founding the First Baptist Church in Forest Grove, then Village Baptist in Beaverton. Reverend Loren Wahl replaced him, and was followed by Reverend Schilling, who also taught at the Wallace School; then Reverend Gaylord replaced him, in the late 1940s. The faithful continued to attend, but the fervor of revival seemed to drain away. This was also a period, following the war, when the population in the community was in steep decline. Shifting the church's denominational affiliation to the Conservative Baptist Association (which broke from the Northern Baptists in 1946) did not slow the decline. In 1953, two members who had played key roles in supporting the church financially, Clarence and Grace Nelson, moved to Hillsboro. By the mid 1950s services were once again intermittent affairs.

The once quaint little church building continued to remain a popular spot for weddings and social events. Then in November of 1958 the American Sunday School Union (later, after 1976, named the American Missionary Fellowship), reorganized the church. There were twenty-four members involved at that point. Bryce Bartruff, the regional director of the Sunday School Union, says he had a special place in his heart for the Dixie Mountain church. He was instrumental, along with his successor, Scot Lidbeck, in lining up preachers for the church and supplying Sunday School materials. Those who did the preaching during this period were: Sam Gupton (1958-1962); Bob McCaw (1963-1965); William Gouge (1966-67); Bob Barnes (1968); Pastor Pat Shempert (1969-71); John Warren (1972-73); Gurley Cole (1974-75); Steve Lamberson (1976-77). The last preacher was Walter Wagoner (1978-1979). Some of these men were trained ministers, others were lay preachers, and a few were students at Multnomah School of the Bible.

By 1980 the church building was much in need of repairs, which the small congregation could not afford. Sunday services were discontinued, but a Daily Vacation Bible School was held for several weeks during the summers under the supervision of Jack Mount. With the building continuing to deteriorate, even this ministry was discontinued in 1986. Under pressure from the Environmental Forest Conservation Department the property was finally sold in 1987 to Don South, who owns the surrounding

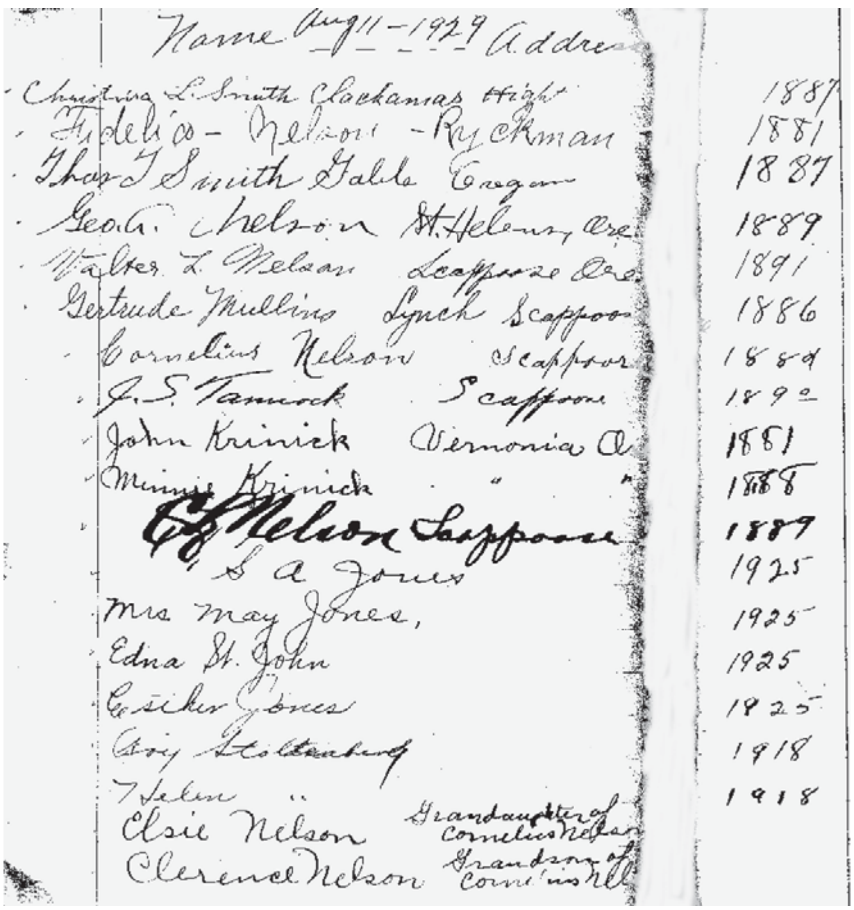
Christmas tree farm. Now, long-time members of the community look on the crumbling, soon to be dismantled, building with some regret, remembering days when people came to worship, to be inspired, and to go forth challenged to help others.

The Pioneer's Association Picnic

An annual gathering of Dixie Mountain residents and others who had previously lived in the area, along with interested family members and friends from elsewhere, became an important feature of community social life. The first one of these events seems to have been held on August 11, 1929 on the Wallace School grounds. An old notebook survives that has the signatures of those who attended, along with the dates they moved onto Dixie Mountain. The earliest pioneers are represented by Fidelia Ryckman Nelson (1881) and her sister Ellen Ryckman Webb (born in 1883), along with John Krinick (1881, living in Vernonia in 1929). Cornelius Nelson (1889) and John Tannock (1892) were also in attendance, together with their descendents, and sixty plus others who had arrived in the years following.

The event was such a success that it became a annual event, held on the second Sunday in August. An open area on John Tannock's place became the accepted location for the picnic. In the minds of those who attended these picnics in the early days, this was a not-to-be-missed event. People arrived before noon and stayed late into the afternoon. A big pot-luck lunch, socializing, sharing old memories, and playing horseshoes and baseball were the days activities. Having an invited speaker address those in attendance also became popular. Howard Nelson recalled for us how he used to look forward all summer to the pioneer picnic. Someone would always go to town early in the day and bring back five gallons of ice-cream. That is the part that Howard remembers best.

These picnics continued up into the 1960s before interest began slackening off. In many ways, the Strawberry Festival, an annual Father's Day weekend event, has taken the place of these earlier gatherings. The old pioneers have passed away, but many of the descendents still attend every year. Dixie Mountain legacies are still shared on these occasions by the many people who, for one reason or another, consider Dixie Mountain to be a very special place.



Name Aug 11 - 1929 Address
Christina L. Smith Clackamas Hight 1887
Fidelia - Nelson - Ryckman 1881
Thos. J. Smith Gable Oregon 1887
Geo. A. Nelson St. Helens, Ore. 1889
Walter L. Nelson Scappoose Ore. 1891
Gertrude Mullins Lynch Scappoose 1886
Cornelius Nelson Scappoose 1889
J. S. Tannock Scappoose 1892
John Krinick Vernonia O 1881
Minnie Krinick " 1888
C. F. Nelson Scappoose 1887
S A Jones 1925
Mrs May Jones, 1925
Edna St. John 1925
Esther Jones 1925
Roy Stoltenberg 1918
Helen " 1918
Elsie Nelson Granddaughter of Cornelius Nelson
Clerence Nelson Grandson of Corneilus Nel

The signatures of many of the early pioneers on Dixie Mountain are preserved in an old notebook that people signed when attending the Pioneer Association picnic. This is a page from the 1929 gathering. Of particular interest on this page are the names of John Krinick, one of the first settlers to move on to Dixie Mountain, and Fidelia Nelson Ryckman, who was six years old when her parents settled.

Dixie Mountain Grange

The Dixie Mountain Grange, with thirty-five charter members, was established in September of 1936 and has remained a center of community life down to the present. For a community made up mostly of farmers, the Grange offered a social gathering point, simple rituals that affirmed the agricultural way of life, and a fire insurance program. One of the charter members, and the second Grange Master, Harold Parmele, remembers Bill Moran as being the "big wheel" who did much of the initial organizing. John Tannock was elected to be the first Master. The group met in the Wallace School building for most of the first two years of its existence. It was a good beginning for a civic organization that was to play a big part in the community.

Dixie Mountain Grange, number 860, has been a center of community life since its inception in 1936. The original parts of the Grange hall were reassembled from lumber salvaged from the dismantled Buxton railroad depot. The Grange hall is the site of the annual Father's day Strawberry festival.

In the Grange's third year, Harold Parmele was elected to serve as Master. While in Hillsboro one day during his first year as Master, he was approached by a person who inquired if the new Grange would be interested in buying the old Buxton railroad station building for one hundred dollars. The members accepted the proposal and the money was secured through a bank loan. Otto Hendrickson agreed to donate a recently logged off piece of property as a building site. At that point the real work began on a project that mobilized a great deal of community enthusiasm and participation. The summer of 1938 is remembered on Dixie Mountain as the summer everyone worked together to build the Grange Hall.

At the center of the dismantling and reassembling project was Fred Dudley, who supervised much of the work. Clarence Nelson offered his truck to haul the materials. Volunteers carefully worked at taking apart and saving everything from the shingles on the roof to the framing beams. It was all skillfully put back together, with some modifications, a mile south of Wallace school, on the half acre of land donated by Otto Hendrickson.

"The officers at that time consisted of Past Master John Tannock, Master Harold Parmele, Overseer Charles L. Nelson, Lecturer Mabel Nelson, Steward Laurence Moran, Assistant Steward Vernon Grant, Treasurer Clarence D. Nelson, Secretary Nellie Grant, Gatekeeper Selmer Hendrickson, Flora Genevieve Smith, Ceres Gladys Smith, Pomona Josephine Wallace, Lady Assistant Steward Elsie Nelson, Musician Rose Angela DiLoretto, Chaplain Cornelius Nelson" (CN)

Sponsoring events that attract people from far and wide has long been a specialty of the Grange. The first success in this area came even before the new hall was built, when the Grange began hosting country-dances in the school building. Bill Moran spearheaded the effort and called the square dances. A band consisting of local community members provided live music: Dick Jacober played the sax; Fred Grant livened things up with a fiddle; Rose Angela DiLoretto was the piano player; Selmer Hendrickson accompanied with his squeeze box; Robert Roub strummed a guitar; and Paul Smith kept the beat going on the drums. These twice a month events proved to be much more popular than expected. Dances included fox trots, polkas, the Paul Jones and waltzes. When it came time for the occasional square dance, only six squares could be accommodated in the crowded hall. People poured in from all corners of the county to take part in a raucous revelry that would continue late into the night. As the popularity of the event grew so did the rowdiness of many of those in attendance. There were a lot of single men working in the woods in those days who were eager for a chance to meet young women. The Dixie Mountain dance was the place to be.

However, not everyone in the community approved, particularly when the drinking got heavy in the parking lot and an occasional brawl would break out. With revival well under way at the little Baptist Church up the road, there were bound to be objections. Master Parmele says he saw it coming from the start, and he tried his best to hold the group together when the conflict arose. Eventually about a third of the Grange members withdrew their membership, led by Charlie Nelson. There remained plenty of cooperation on other Grange events, but for a time some people maintained a distinction between the Church crowd and the Grange crowd.

The dances were eventually phased out and Grange members found other events to sponsor. Many of the farmers on Dixie Mountain in those days were doing well growing strawberries. Olga Tannock came up with the idea in 1951 of having a strawberry festival to celebrate the community's agricultural successes. The festival proved to be very popular and has continued to be an annual Father's Day weekend event ever since. Much care was taken in the early days to serve up the best of what Dixie Mountain had to offer. Later, during the 1960s, strawberry farming on the mountain went into a steep decline and the organizers reluctantly started buying berries from the valley down below. Still, extra effort continued to go into cleaning and trimming the berries by hand. Volunteers have tried their best to retain that personal touch, but the sheer popularity of the event has necessitated some changes. With around 1,800 people attending in recent years, there has been some streamlining of the preparation process. This annual festival has become Dixie Mountain's claim to fame and a source of pride for the many community members who volunteer to make it happen.

A number of other fund raising events are sponsored annually by the Dixie Mountain Grange. The fall steak feed was initiated about ten years ago and is beginning to attract an enthusiastic crowd. It has not yet achieved the popularity of the strawberry festival, but word of the quality and generous size of the servings will surely continue to bring in more and more people. A third annual event, more recently inaugurated, is the winter crab feed.

All this activity at the Grange has necessitated some changes to the structure of the facility. Under the leadership of Don Logan, Stan Lampa, and Paul Taylor much has been done to transform the old reconstructed railway depot. Outhouses gave way to indoor toilets in the early 1970s. A new foundation was put under the structure about the same time. Bigger changes came in the mid 1980s when a new kitchen was added on to the building. The added space and modern equipment was sorely needed to keep pace with the success of sponsored events. Credit goes to Stimpson Lumber, for donated lumber, Paul Taylor, who provided roofing material at bargain prices, and members of the Grange who loaned the $17,000 needed to complete the project.

After the closing of the Wallace School and the decline of the little Dixie Mountain Baptist Church, the Grange has taken on a more significant role in the community. In this year of 1998 we find a 4th generation Tannock (David Logan) serving as Master, and a 5th generation member in the person of seventeen year old Joshua Tannock. It is a civic association that has a deep rooted legacy in the community. As in Grange Halls across America, the emphasis has gradually shifted away from agricultural causes and more toward community service. Still, the simple rituals affirming the life of the farmer and the annual agricultural cycle remain to serve as reminders in a hurried world that the good life is one lived in tune with nature.

Following are memories of highlights of Dixie Mountain Grange history, as remembered by Pauline Lampa, with help from Jo Ann Tannock.

"The hall was heated by an old barrel stove, and lights were coal oil lamps and lanterns until 1949, when Selmer Hendrickson was Master and electricity was installed.

The first wedding dance was held in 1938, before the hall was completed. That dance was for Fred Dudley and Genevieve Lindbloom. Since that time there have been many wedding dances. Everyone looked forward to the Dixie Mountain wedding dances. Some of the couples who had a wedding dance at Dixie Mountain Grange hall are: Harry and Ruth Hendrickson; Jean Tannock and Jim Johnson; Edith Andersen and Harold Hansen in 1939; Laurence Moran and Beverlee Grant in May 1948; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Roub; Rufus Dennis and Dorothy Roub; Joyce Thompson and Scott Munson; Robert and Bettee Frank; Dick and Mary Jacober; Ben Morlock and Katheryn Tucker; Don and Alma Roub; Howard Crandall and Mary Roub; Pat and Virginia Moran; Elaine Thompson and Wayne Glover; Jerry (Tom) and Shirley Tannock; Eilleen Brown and Jack Riddell; Bob and Jennett Moffitt; Kitty

Moran and Von Henderson; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pottratz; Paul Lampa and Lenore Morey; Bill Tucker and Norma Hansen; Jack Thompson and Alta Winters; Stan Lampa and Jeraldine Schmidt; Mr. and Mrs. Willard Westfall; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Keltner; Mr. and Mrs. John Westfall; Roberta Westfall; Lois Moran and Walter Bartell Jr.; Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Thompson; Richard Tannock and Jo Ann Albright; and many others. Lisa Tannock and Doug Mott had a wedding reception at the Grange hall. Dances were also held to benefit the Wayne Glover family when their home burned, and also the Don Roub family.

Grange members help with projects such as Junior Grange campships, a college scholarship, and the hall is available for civic events such as Neighborhood Watch, the annual Easter egg hunt for the community, an annual Halloween party for the community children, and a visit from Santa at Christmas time. The Grange has sponsored 4-H clubs and Boy Scouts.

For many years we had enough children to have a Junior Grange and had dedicated leaders. Gladys Thompson and Lenore Lampa both served as Matron for the Juniors, as have others. Paula Taylor was the first Junior Master. Other members were Kenneth Lampa, Tammi Tannock, Gail Taylor, Brent Tannock, Evelyn Taylor, Dale Reisinger, Gordon Lampa, Steven Lampa, Kelly Tannock, Patricia Munson, Dan Logan, Mitchell Lampa, Patty Jacober.

The skills learned by these young Grangers have served them well. They learned a lot from their terms in the offices of the Junior Grange and State Junior Grange. We all look upon our children dearly and we see the proof of the leadership skills learned in all of them. One of those Junior Grangers, David Logan, is now the Master of our Subordinate Grange. We also see the goodness in these now grown young people, a trait that was furthered by their exposure to the camaraderie of Dixie Mountain Grange.

For many years the members entered a booth at the County fair. The purpose was to tell the story of the community by display. We all had a lot of fun planning and executing these booths and did it very well. We won first place several years, which meant we then had the honor of representing Washington County at the Oregon State Fair. One of our first place winners was plywood clouds covered with angel hair and the products displayed on the clouds to represent Dixie Mountain being ‘up in the clouds.’ This particular booth came about one day as Jo Ann Tannock was driving past Bonnie Taylor’s house and stopped to say hello to Bonnie, who was in the yard. The car was left idling, and Jo Ann and Bonnie began to get the idea for the clouds and just went with it, expanding the idea and refining it. It probably took close to an hour, and all the time the car was still running; it’s a wonder there was enough gas to get home.

That booth was even more trouble to put on at the State Fair in Salem, as we ran out of angel hair half-way through, and the only angel hair to be found was in Portland. Paul Taylor made the trip to Portland, bought the angel hair, and we managed to make a wonderful booth. When we finished, we were all covered with glue and angel hair and it was a long, long ride home. It was all worth it, the creativity and the fun we had.

Dixie Mountain Grange has six honorary members at this time, members with at least fifty years of continuous membership. We have a good many more who will soon be joining them. Those granted honorary membership are Harold Parmele, sixty years; Pauline Lampa, Elaine Tannock Logan, Don Logan and Richard Tannock were fifty year members in 1997; and Ruth Hendrickson was a fifty year member in 1998.

The Grange holds an annual waffle supper every February, a winter crab feed, Mother’s Day Breakfast cooked by the fellows, and a steak feed in the fall. One event that is becoming an ‘annual’ is Stew Night, prepared by Don Logan and Dick Tannock for the Grange members. 1998 was the second “annual.”

For many years the ladies of the Grange and neighborhood have held quilting bees at the hall. The day begins about 10:00 a.m., with a potluck at noon, and anyone who is hungry is welcome to sit down with us. The quilt is used to raise funds for the many improvement projects we have planned.

Wherever you may be when you read this, look to a Grange for lifelong friendships. Join the Grange – everyone is welcome.”

The Quality Quilters

Quality Quilters club was made up of twenty-three members, aged from seventy-nine down to twenty-one years of age. All but four members lived on Dixie Mountain.

The group made quilts, had quilting bees, did hand quilting for others, and held an annual quilt show and workshop at the Methodist church in Hillsboro. The earnings of the group went to buy gasoline for the Senior bus of the Hillsboro Senior Center, Tuality Community Hospital, and other charitable causes. Each year the members gathered about one hundred and fifty quilts for display, and the four-day workshops were demonstrations on making a quilt "start to finish." The group made comforters for people who had lost their belongings in a fire. Each year there was a theme to the show, and in 1977 the theme was "Indian Days," and centered around a beautiful quilt with an Indian theme, designed and hand-made by club member Mildred Little. The club quilted many quilts for a collector in Portland, and for people as far away as New York. The popularity of these quilts is evidence of the appropriateness of the name selected for the club.

Dixiebrook Garden Club

The Garden club began in 1938, with seven members, as Dixie Mountain Garden Club. Charter members were Nellie Grant, President; Lola Solberger, vice-president; Pauline Lampa, secretary; Jessy Kay, Anna Hawes, Rosie Hall, and Olga Tannock. Following is an account taken from the club's scrapbook and attributed to Katheryn Tucker Morlock:

"Mother Nature has been very good to us. She sat us on a pedestal mountain which we were proud to call Dixie. She surrounded us with tall, dark fir trees, which framed the northwest's most majestic snow peaks. She gave us a winding brook that flows through a mossy carpet of greenery.

We made our own paths, roads, and homes and we multiplied. One morning we awoke and found that through our neglect and forgetfulness we weren't helping Mother Nature at all. We were hacking away at the beautiful firs that framed our mountains, stamping out the green mossy carpet in which our brook flowed, and tearing away our pedestal mountain. We began solving our problem by forming the Dixie Mountain Garden Club.

There were seven of us. We met on the lawn of the Dixie Mountain Grange hall and resolved to save and defend from waste the natural resources of our neighborhood – its soil, minerals, forests, waters and wildlife.

We found through gardening you 'branch out' like a tree. Your branches grow and touch your neighbors. You grow mentally and physically, you blossom and become giving.

In 1943, Dixie Mountain Garden Club became Dixiebrook Garden Club. We had branched out and touched our neighbors. Our tree has multiplied into an orchard now, and we are still growing in knowledge. We have found gardening to be a wonderful hobby and way of life.

Mother Nature smiles on us."

The Garden Club was an active group, weeding flower beds for those unable to do so, cleaning and planting at the Meek historic marker on Sunset Highway, and cleaning and planting at the old cedar watering trough that was along Dixie Mountain Road from very early times. (This old watering trough meant a lot to all of us on Dixie Mountain. But sad to say, it was vandalized, cut up and taken away in the 1980's.)

The members held plant sales, plant exchanges, and took part in the gardening events at the Washington County Fair and with the Federation of Garden Clubs. They gave money to the Fair Building fund, to Shady Brook for spray, to Willamette National Cemetery fund, March of Dimes, the polio cause, 4-H, International Gardens, made Christmas swags for the Veteran's Hospital, helped out families at Christmas with toys for the children, made scrapbooks for children in the hospital, and displayed arrangements at Dixie Mountain Grange Strawberry Festival. They also made quilts to raffle and sold aprons to enable their generosity. Surely a true representation of the Dixie Mountain spirit.

Dixie Mountain Cemeteries

A plot was set aside during the early years of settlement on Dixie Mountain for the purpose of laying to rest the deceased members of the community. Two acres just west of the existing schoolhouse were surveyed for the purpose; there was no church building at that point to plot a cemetery alongside. Again, Arthur Wallace donated the property, as he had for the school building. For this reason the cemetery was referred to as the Wallace Cemetery in the early days. Later on the designation was changed to Mountain View Cemetery.

Charlie Nelson reports that when he moved with his parents and siblings up to Dixie Mountain as a young boy (1889), "there were only two graves in the Wallace cemetery, that of Catherine Ryckman (1837—1889) and the Corth baby. But during our first winter in the community I saw my first funeral procession, which consisted of an ox team hauling the body of Mrs. George Robertson on a sled and a few men on foot laboring through the deep snow. When George Robertson himself died two years later, leaving four homeless children, the snow was too deep for oxen. The body had to be dragged on a toboggan by men on snowshoes over to the log schoolhouse, where it was left for another group of men to bury the next day alongside the grave of his wife. Now the location of those graves is unknown. In those days caskets and undertakers were unavailable in the community. The following winter the fifth grave was added when Charles Fredrickson (d. 1894), the son of Mrs. Guyer by a former marriage, tried to walk through the snow from his homestead beyond Old Dixie to spend Christmas with his mother but perished in the cold."

George Nelson documented the graves in this cemetery for the publication *Cemeteries of N.W. Washington County*. In his report the earliest graves are those of the Corth twins, children of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Corth. He tells us that the markings for these graves have long been lost. George notes that several other graves of children who perished in the early days are also unmarked. The second earliest marked grave in George's survey, after that of Catherine Ryckman, is that of Willard Neal (1856-1891). Arthur W. Wallace (1821-1898) is also among the first to be buried in the ground he donated. One of the oldest of the existing tombstones marks the grave of Sarah M. Sutherland (1837-1916). Sarah was the mother of Anna Nelson. After her husband died she spent the last years of her life with her daughter and son-in-law, Cornelius, on Dixie Mountain.

Among documents left behind by Cornelius Nelson is a 1904 receipt given to him by Carl Berggren for one dollar to cover the costs of one cemetery plot. At that price, after rewarding grave diggers, there probably was not much left over to pay for upkeep. In the early days care of the cemetery grounds seems to have been conducted under the auspices of the Pioneer's Association. Later, members of the Dixie Mountain Grange pitched in to keep the area from becoming overgrown. A Hillsboro Boy Scout Troop is credited with major cleanup efforts in more recent years. Nonetheless, there were times when it appeared Mountain View Cemetery would go the way of neglect, like so many old cemeteries around the county. Fortunately that has not happened.

A revival of interest in Mountain View Cemetery began in 1989 when Don Logan interested other members of the Grange in establishing the Mountain View Cemetery Association. Logan had spearheaded efforts in Shadybrook to rehabilitate the old cemetery there, and he wanted to do the same for this cemetery. He conceived a plan that would provide a fund to finance continuing upkeep and he mobilized a lot of volunteer labor to make the necessary changes. Paul and Stan Lampa logged off the timber on the cemetery parcel. The sale of this timber provided a tidy fund for the new Association. Many other members of the community volunteered their labor to clean up the site. Following the cleanup, seed trees for Elite Noble Firs were planted on the unused part of the cemetery grounds. As these trees mature they promise to add to the peaceful atmosphere of the place. May the dead rest in peace; they have not been forgotten.

There is a second cemetery on Dixie Mountain, though this is not widely known even within the community. The Zimmermans and Tannocks have maintained their own burial place on property that has been in the family since 1883. Seven year old Emmet Zimmerman, a son of George E. and Sarah Zimmerman, died in 1890 and was the first to be buried in the cemetery. In years following, George and Sarah and their other children were laid to rest nearby. Since then other descendants have been added to this family cemetery as their lives have come to a close.

Families retain roots in places where loved ones lie buried. And though not all of the families that have lived in the region laid their dead to rest in the community's cemeteries, it is the story of all of these families that is central to the Dixie Mountain legacy. In Chapter Five we focus on getting better acquainted with many of the families that lived on Dixie Mountain during the past one hundred and seventeen years. But before that, there are some old, often repeated stories that have long been a part of Dixie Mountain lore and still bear repeating. These stories, recorded by George and Charlie Nelson, are presented in the next chapter.

Chapter Four

Dixie Mountain Lore

Stories about the "good old days" on Dixie Mountain have filtered down to the present. Some of these tales have been told and retold many a time. Charlie Nelson was everybody's favorite storyteller during the latter part of his life. At community gatherings children would beg him to tell them a story. When he started in he had complete command of their attention. He and his brother George eventually put some of these real-life stories on paper. By far the most repeated story on the mountain is the one about the gunfight between a posse made up mostly of community members and an outlaw who had been breaking in and stealing from their homes in their absence. What follows is George's account of the episode, together with some further details given in Charlie's version. A number of other real-life dramas from Dixie Mountain are presented afterwards.

The Battle with the Outlaw

The ordinary events of homestead days did not always run quietly, as when at one time the settlers found it necessary to take up their trusty rifles and go out in defense of law and order. A real gun battle followed and brought to a close a series of disturbing events.

A number of the homesteaders' houses had been robbed when the owners were absent, and valuable things had been stolen. No hint of who was doing this was found until one evening a homesteader by the name of Keath, who lived on a homestead in section thirty-four, reported that after he had cooked his supper and had then gone down to the spring to get a bucket of water, he found, on his return, a man sitting at the table eating the supper he had cooked.

Mr. Keath was incensed at this and was going to give him a calling down for eating the supper he had just cooked, but on sizing up the man and also noting that he was well armed, he decided not to.

The man said he saw that the supper was ready and had sat down to eat. Keath said that was all right and made no protest. After eating, the man disappeared into the woods.

This apparently was the same man who, in the opinion of the settlers, had been implicated in the house robberies on Dixie Mountain.

Among the houses robbed was one belonging to my father. It had been rented to his brother Abe during the time we were living at Scholls Ferry. The robbery occurred just previous to our return to the homestead in the late spring of 1894.

After the robbery, Abe Nelson, my uncle, found tracks of two men leading from the house down into the woods north of the house. He got some help and started following the trail, which led northwest down the mountain, across ridges and canyons, through thick woods, fallen trees and tangled underbrush. At times it was a difficult trail to follow, but the men persisted. According to reports, it was evident that one of the men was large from the kind of tracks made going down hill in the soft dirt. The other man seemed to be a lighter man. After following the men through this wilderness over the rough country, they came at last to the Dutch Canyon road. Here the trail was lost. One conclusion that the people were able to make was that the robbers consisted of two men and that they probably lived in the vicinity of Scappoose. For the present, however, the trail had come to a dead end. Those interested continued to look for additional clues to run down the real robbers and bring them to justice.

One thing discovered late in the summer and after other matters had developed was that the robbers had taken a large amount of things and had hid them in the woods outside of the clearing on my father's place. These were discovered after a fire in the woods. Evidently the robbers had intended to come back later for these articles. Things may have gotten too hot for them and they did not do so.

Along about the latter part of July, an accomplice named Potter, had a falling out with the chief culprit. This man had gone to St. Helens and reported everything to the authorities of Columbia County, identifying the robber as John Bain and telling where he hid out; he said he would be willing to confess to some of the crimes he had taken part in provided he could be locked up in jail to be protected from threats of violence from his partner.

This was done and the man then reported the robberies in which he had taken part; also that his partner, Bain, was a dangerous man and a serious threat to anyone who might attempt to arrest him. He also warned that any officers sent to arrest him should be well prepared and take due precautions to protect themselves.

The feeling of the settlers on Dixie Mountain had begun to run high because of the crimes that had been committed. There was also the fear there might be other crimes that would be more serious.

Later, during the summer of 1894, Constable Ed Fowler from Goble, Columbia County, and his deputy, John Eisenblatter, of Scappoose, came into the Dixie Mountain community and reported that they had a warrant for the arrest of John Bain. They reported that they had met Bain on the Rocky Point road at the junction of the road going down to the Sophie Mozee place. They said Bain was on foot, armed with a rifle. The constable and deputy were mounted on horseback and rode by without saying anything to him. They approached several of the settlers for help as a posse to go with them to arrest Bain. Most of the men declined to go along to try to arrest a man who was reported to have said that he would resist any attempt to put him into custody. Noticeable among these men were

Children and young people enjoyed crowding around to hear Charlie Nelson tell stories about pioneering days. Here he listens to young people perform at a school gathering. Those pictured include, from the back left: Paula Taylor, Peg Taylor, Carolyn Rodgers, and Bob Rodgers. In the front row are: Dan Logan, Evelyn Taylor, and Gail Taylor.

those who were usually the outspoken members of the community on ordinary affairs. But here was some dangerous business to be undertaken and they were not going to accept this kind of job.

As the officers didn't have much success in getting help here, they left their horses on the mountain and walked through the woods to the Dutch Canyon settlement to see if they could get help there, where deputy Eisenblatter lived and knew the people. They did not have much better success there. Most of those approached declined to go along to help with the arrest. One settler, a Mr. Saline, agreed to do so.

The officers returned through the woods to Dixie Mountain to try and get more help in this community. Abe Nelson, my uncle, was approached and he agreed to go along as a member of the posse. The constable asked my father, Cornelius Nelson, if he would go along. He said he would but that he didn't have a suitable gun for an undertaking of this kind. The constable furnished him with a rifle. The constable next engaged Jim Ryckman, who had a reputation among settlers as an expert deer hunter and a crack shot. Together with Saline, there was now six in the posse. It had all been organized as secretly as the circumstances would permit.

Then plans were made to locate and capture John Bain. It was reported that he was living in a cabin [Sophie Mozee's homestead cabin] just north of the Rocky Point road, at the foot of what is known as the Portland hill, so named because Portland could be seen from the top of this hill. The members of the posse quietly left their homes about midnight, with plans to reach the cabin about three o'clock in the morning. When they arrived at the cabin they surrounded it at the edge of the small clearing and waited, hoping to surprise Bain when he came out in the morning and headed for the spring for water without his weapons.

The constable and Abe Nelson watched from behind the woodshed. The others stationed themselves at the edge of the woods around the small clearing. All was in readiness for daylight and the moment of surprise for the outlaw.

Daylight finally came after the long wait in the darkness and the chill air of the morning. The sun began to shine up over the horizon, but still no evidence of the outlaw. Finally, one of the men back of the woodshed thought he had seen a man move at the window in the cabin. All was quiet. There was no other evidence of life in the house. The suspense for the men continued, and all were on the alert for the expected moment when Bain would come out. The sun rose higher in the summer morning. The men sat silently in their respective vantage points around the small clearing and behind the woodshed. All was quiet.

Then suddenly Abe Nelson glanced back towards the woods and there was Bain coming across the clearing from out of the woods. He apparently had just noticed Constable Fowler and Nelson at the same time. Bain stood in the clearing about seventy feet from them. He stopped suddenly and demanded to know what they were doing there. The constable replied that they were watching the house. Bain was reported to have said, "You are here for some purpose and you had better get out damn quick!"

The men in the woods heard the loud talking and came out and then around the woodshed at the left and on a line with the constable and Abe Nelson. Abe Nelson was on the right, Constable Fowler and Jim Ryckman next, then Saline, Cornelius Nelson, and Deputy Constable John Eisenblatter lined up to the left. As the clearing around the cabin was small, this took place very quickly.

Constable Fowler, noting out of the corner of his eye the quick response of the other men, drew his revolver and jumped from his crouching position with the order to Bain to "throw up your hands."

"No! Go to hell!" snarled Bain. He is reported to have stood looking at the posse for a moment. Suddenly he leaned over and threw a sack from his shoulder. In doing so he pulled a revolver from its holster and shot at the men. At the same time he started jumping around, apparently to make it harder for the men to hit him. The men in the posse replied immediately after Bain's first shot. Four of the men were armed with rifles, the constable and his deputy with revolvers.

Bain emptied his revolver, shooting rapidly and jumping around at the same time. After his revolver was emptied, he turned and ran back across the clearing and down the trail he had come in on a few minutes before.

The posse continued to shoot at him as he ran. Abe Nelson, who was on the extreme right of the line of men, by running a few steps to the right, was able to get in line with the trail, which turned slightly to the left, and got in the last shot at Bain. This shot was believed to have hit him.

While Bain emptied his six-shooter point blank at the posse, none, fortunately, had been hit. He was reported to be a crack shot. Members of the posse had heard the bullets whiz past them. Afterwards, the men reported that they believed Bain had made the first shot too quickly to take good aim and that a bullet from the posse had hit him during the first round of shots from the posse. They said he had seemed to wince. Bain's next shots went wild and probably over the heads of the men.

In all the excitement of shooting by the posse, John Eisenblatter, who followed my father into line on the extreme left of the other men, fired from behind him. Cornelius ended up with powder burns on his neck from Eisenblatter's gun.

The posse started to follow Bain across the clearing into the woods, but Constable Fowler called off the chase, saying it was too dangerous and Bain had all the advantages of cover. He said that he had seen a man pass the window in the cabin that morning and that they should go back after him before he got away.

The constable and the other men battered the door of the cabin down. This was accomplished by Deputy Constable Eisenblatter, with a heavy wooden maul. The other men stuck the muzzles of their guns in the door as it fell in. There were no signs of life inside. The deputies searched the cabin, and many stolen articles were found. Among these was a revolver belonging to Abe Nelson that had been stolen from his homestead cabin on Dixie Mountain. The constable took charge of the stolen articles from the cabin, and the posse then left the scene to return to their homes.

After this gun battle with John Bain and the uncertainties of whether or not he had been wounded, as well as because of his proven desperate character, the people were concerned as to whether he might return to the settlement and ambush some of the settlers in revenge for their trying to arrest him. The members of the posse carried revolvers and rifles with them while at their work or while travelling on the road.

My father drove a young spirited team while hauling shingles to the boat landing at Rocky Point, and he wondered what he could do if it was necessary to shoot and control the team of horses at the same time. But that was the chance that had to be taken. After a day of two, some of Bain's friends started looking for him. They came up the trail from Scappoose to his cabin. Just outside the clearing they found Bain lying dead, with four bullet wounds in his chest. He had been fatally wounded during the gun battle with the posse but had had strength enough to keep running until he had gotten into the woods and out of sight of the posse. Then, reportedly, he had retrieved a shotgun out of a hollow stump and was lying on this when he was found. Two rifles were also found in the stump.

A coroner's inquest was held on August 3, 1894, by the coroner from Portland (Multnomah County). According to the coroner's report, John Bain, thirty years old, had been killed July 28th while resisting arrest. With the known death of Bain, the settlers felt more secure. The robberies of homesteaders ceased from that time on.

Many years later, another mystery was apparently cleared up that had puzzled members of the posse. That was the fact that a man had been seen at the window of the cabin; yet no one had been found when they entered the cabin, nor was any evidence found of anyone having left the cabin that morning. A man not known in the community, years later made a statement that he had been in the cabin the morning the posse came to arrest Bain and had been there when the shooting took place. To get away, he had gone up the chimney and hid. In this hiding place, he had not been detected and had been able to escape arrest by the posse. So ended one of the most stirring events of the homestead days—a subject that was to be discussed around fireside gatherings for many years afterwards.

In Charlie Nelson's version of this episode there are some further details given:

The mystery of who was in the cabin before and during the gun battle was not solved until a number of years later, when one of the neighborhood children, Robert Service, Jr., was old enough to work in a logging camp located on Rocky Point Road.

One evening while the loggers were swapping yarns in the bunkhouse, one of them by the name of William Gentry told of an experience he had a number of years before, not far from there. He told of meeting a young fellow on a riverboat down from Portland who invited him to his cabin in the hills for the night and promised to go deer hunting with him the next day. He said that he accepted the invitation and after a venison supper they went to bed together in a double bunk, but when he awoke at daybreak in the morning his host was gone. Being hungry he had just started to fix himself some breakfast when suddenly he heard loud voices outside, followed by many gun shots. He knew he could not escape through the door, so he locked it from the inside and then pulled a board loose from the boarded up fireplace, crawled inside and climbed up onto the chimney bench. He quietly stood there until all the excitement was over and everybody had gone, then he got out of there and down the hill fast. He admitted to his bunkhouse audience that he had never been so scared in his life as he was during that ordeal.

Coincidentally, whereas William Gentry was, at the time of the event just described, a young single man; many years later his daughter became the teacher of the Dixie Mountain Wallace School.

John Bain, as a young teenager, had been convicted and sentenced to prison for murdering a Chinese-American with a meat ax while employed in a butcher shop. He served out his sentenced but was later convicted again and sent to prison for murdering his own two children. He escaped after serving but a short time and had been leading a life of crime for several years before being mortally wounded on Dixie Mountain.

Death in the Wilderness, by George A. Nelson

Snow and cold weather was a problem to be reckoned with for all the settlers in homestead days. It proved to be a fatal factor to some that were caught in its powers. No less than three men lost their lives in the snow on Dixie

Mountain in the early days. Others had trying experiences but understood the situation better and were able to save themselves by taking advantage of necessary factors.

The first to lose his life was a Mr. Snider, an early settler on Dixie Mountain. He was a rather elderly man at the time. Mr. Snider had been assisting his son-in-law, Josh Adkisson, bring in the stock from the woods one evening in the winter months. There was some snow on the ground and the weather was fairly cold.

The cows had been found, but the dry stock was still missing. Snider told Adkisson that he would hunt further for them. He was advised that it was not necessary, that the young stock would come in on their own later on. Snider insisted that he would go after them.

Adkisson took the cows to the barn and fed and milked them, then did the other farm chores. It was dark by then, and Snider had not returned. So Adkisson took his lantern and shotgun and went out to the edge of the clearing and fired the gun in an attempt to attract Snider's attention. The night wore on, and there was no evidence of Snider.

The next morning Adkisson went to the nearest neighbors to notify them that his father-in-law was missing. A group of settlers was notified and organized into a search party. A thorough search was made of the woods where Snider had last been seen looking for the stock. After considerable hunting, they found that Snider had evidently wandered off quite a distance and become lost. As he was a man advanced in years, he was unable to continue travelling to keep warm. Also, it became quite dark, making it difficult if not impossible to see. He finally crawled under a log to try to get some protection. In his condition he was unable to endure the cold and froze to death. It was in there by the log that the search party found him. This was one of the first tragedies in the wilderness during the homestead days.

Charles Fredricks was the next settler to lose his life in the cold and snow. He died from exhaustion and cold while struggling through deep snow. His death added another victim to the rigors of the winter in the wilderness.

Fredricks was a resident of what is known as Rye Hill, on Pumpkin Ridge, one of the most westerly settlements of the Dixie Mountain area. He had left his place in the dead of winter to visit his relatives on Rocky Point Road, near the Washington and Multnomah County line. Travelling in deep snow is a very tiring and exhausting undertaking. He had covered some four or five miles of this distance and was within about one mile of the east settlement on Dixie Mountain and about two miles from his destination when apparently he stopped to rest. According to reports of those who investigated his disappearance, he evidently had leaned up against a tree and may have fallen asleep. If this was the case, after awakening he started down over the hill towards Scappoose instead of continuing on the road along the top of the mountain. After he left the road, he became entangled in deep snow, logs and brush, which made his travel very difficult. His chances of getting through to the settlement in South Scappoose were impossible in his exhausted condition. Bob Service and others who went looking for Fredricks reported that he had reached the creek. He tried to follow this. The worst travelling conditions are usually found along creeks. The brush growth is usually dense and the logs and fallen trees are piled in confusion, making travel almost impossible. For an exhausted man it can be too much. Fredricks had apparently waded or crawled in the icy water in order to keep going.

The search party found his tracks where he left the road and followed them down the mountain through the deep snow. Finally the search party found his frozen body along the creek. Here, in his cold and exhausted condition, he had laid down to die amid the silent terror of the wilderness.

The settlers then faced the difficult task of bringing the body out of the deep canyon where it was found and up the steep side of the mountain through the snow to the road above. The body was wrapped in a blanket and tied to a pole. With this arrangement, the men struggled for hours to bring it back to the road, where they could use horses and a sled to transport it further.

After the body of Charles Fredricks was brought out, the pole used to carry the body was set up against a tree. For years it remained in this position as a grim reminder of an early day tragedy in the potentially harsh wilderness.

Albert Lange of Dutch Canyon was another man who lost his life in the cold wilderness, while hunting on Dixie Mountain. He had taken his two dogs and his rifle and started up through the woods to the mountain. There was snow on the ground, and as he went up to the higher elevation the snow increased in depth. His travel became difficult and tiresome.

Lange finally reached Rocky Point Road at which point he met Abe Nelson. This was the last time he was seen alive. They visited for a short time. In his travels that morning he had gone up the mountain, along ridges, crossed canyons, climbed over fallen trees and brush, and waded through deep snow. This kind of travel up a mountain in the snow and under the difficult conditions mentioned is a grueling process that can exhaust the energies of the hardiest of men. The day was well advanced when he reached Rocky Point Road. He hadn't eaten anything since his breakfast at home, so Abe Nelson asked him to go home with him and have something to eat. But Lange said he would continue on with his hunt and work his way back towards his home.

His dogs had located a coon, and after following it for awhile they treed it, and he was able to kill the animal. This he skinned and then started back north towards home. According to his tracks, followed later, he then went down past the Sophie Mozee place. Here he killed a deer and dressed it out. He is also reported to have stopped at the cabin on this place and cooked some of the meat.

With his dogs he then started down the ridge, heading home again. He had not gone far when it appears he fell off a log and down the hill. From there he continued walking and, further on, fell in the snow.

When he failed to return to his home in South Scappoose that night, his family became alarmed. They made inquiries around the country. On Dixie Mountain they learned from Abe Nelson that Abe had seen and spoken with him on Rocky Point Road. Parties were organized the following day, both on the mountain and at Scappoose. My father, Cornelius Nelson, along with Abe Nelson, and their boys, together with other neighbors started a search. The tracks of Lange and his dogs were plain in the snow so it was not difficult to follow the course he had traveled. The Scappoose party found his body first.

It was reported that after he had fallen off the log he had traveled a short distance, estimated at about a fourth of a mile. Then he apparently staggered backwards and fell on his back. In this position he was found. His two dogs were still with the body, one lying on each side of him inside of his arms. They had apparently tried to put their noses under the body in an attempt to get him to rise. They had remained faithfully by their master's body through the cold nights and days without food. In this pitiful condition they were found, cold and nearly starved. They were determined to defend their dead master, nonetheless, and gave the party some trouble before they could be controlled and the body retrieved.

Just what was the real cause of Albert Lange's death was not fully determined. Whether it was exhaustion or an injury suffered when he fell was not clear, according to Jim Callahan of Scappoose, who was a member of the searching party that found him. Callahan is at the time of this writing deputy sheriff of Columbia County, Oregon.

Thus ended the third death in the wilderness of Dixie Mountain. It left a memory of these tragedies and a clear warning to those who traveled in the snow and cold of winter that they must ever be on guard against the danger from exhaustion and cold. There continued to be much travel during the winter months to get supplies and on hunting trips, but others came through safely, though not without experiencing some very hard trips.

Chapter Five

Dixie Mountain Families

Over the past one hundred and twenty years of settlement on Dixie Mountain there has been considerable turnover in the population living in the community. Of the earliest settler families, only George H. Zimmerman, along with Dick Tannock and his sister Elaine Logan, both also related to the Zimmermans, live on original homesteaded family properties. Some of the early homesteaders sold their properties shortly after they had "proved up" on them, that is, living on them and improving them for a four year period to qualify for the property deed. Even more sold out when logging companies began offering better rates for forest covered properties after World War I.

Following the extensive logging that took place in the region during the late 1920s and early 1930s, a wave of newcomers entered the community when the Skyline Land Company, managed by W.D. Moreland, began selling logged-off properties. Forty acres sold for $100 to $400, depending on the distance from the road and the incline of the terrain. Many of the newcomers were people who had been driven to near poverty by the effects of the Great Depression. Government loans to buy farm properties were made available and promoted with the slogan "three acres and a cow."

It was an opportunity for people to get a new start in the country on a small farm of their own by employing their own diligence. Many of the men ended up going to work with one of the logging outfits or mills to make ends meet. They entered a very different environment from that enjoyed by the early settlers. After the fires of 1929 and 1932, and concurrent logging operations, the area had more the appearance of a wasteland. Some did fairly well, transforming their "stump farms," cluttered with left over debris from logging, into pastures and strawberry fields. For others it was a long, difficult ordeal of trying to keep food on the table.

The next major reshuffle in the population occurred during and right after World War II. The war greatly increased the demand for labor in the Portland shipyards and other industries, drawing people away from their small, barely profitable farms. Then after the war, Alcoa Aluminum began leasing and buying properties to conduct prospecting and mining operations. Though the low-grade ore they found proved to be unprofitable to mine, their offers on properties gave many people an opportunity to sell out and seek their fortune elsewhere in the post-war economy. The population in the community declined substantially.

That decline was not really reversed until the 1970s, when yet another wave of newcomers began to arrive. Among these more recent arrivals are many people who have been eager to find some respite from the urban world they work in by living in the countryside. Improved roads that make a commute to Portland, Beaverton and Hillsboro more convenient have made life on a reforested Dixie Mountain possible for them.

In what follows, we try to offer some insight into the families that have lived on the mountain. Obviously our knowledge of many of the earlier families is minimal, but for others we have a much clearer understanding of what they did while living in the area. Much of the material in this chapter is first-hand impressions of life in the community, written by people who, in the past or in the present, have contributed to creating Dixie Mountain legacies.

The Homesteaders and Other Early Settlers

"Life among the some thirty homesteaders in the community was to be an interesting and unforgettable experience. All settlers were new on their places. All were struggling to make a home and open a farm in the wilderness.

The odds were great, the problems many. The country was heavily timbered; the roads were barely passable in summer time, and impassable for loads, even closed for periods of time after snow and windstorms, in the winter. Against these odds, the settler must make a living for his family. He must build his house and barns from material on the ground; he must improve roads, develop a school; he must clear land to raise his crops to feed the family and his stock.

The settlers worked hard as individuals and as groups in the community to develop their farms and community programs. They lived, they worked, they enjoyed themselves; they suffered, they died—some by disease, some by the extreme hardships, some in the woods from exposure to the elements. They even had to take their guns and shoot it out with a desperado who was robbing their homes" (GN).

The Zimmerman family homesteaded on Dixie Mountain in 1882. Some of their descendents continue to reside on the original homestead. Pictured here are, from the left, front, Mrs. and Mr. Harry Zimmerman, Lena Zimmerman. In the back are Sarah A. Zimmerman and George E. Zimmerman, holding Lemuel Zimmerman.

GEORGE E. and SARAH MARSH ZIMMERMAN, HOMESTEADERS OF 1882, written by Jo Ann Tannock (May 18, 1998): George E. Zimmerman and Sarah Ann Marsh came to Oregon in the same wagon train over the Oregon Trail in 1852. George and Sarah married in 1859. In the interim, George filed for a homestead near Grande Ronde in Polk County. The property he filed on became the Grande Ronde Indian Reservation and his application for a homestead was denied.

George was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1833 and came to the United States in 1846. He declared his intent to become a citizen in 1855 at the Washington County, Oregon, District, later took up a homestead on Dixie Mountain in Section 8, and his descendants Elaine Tannock Logan and Richard Tannock retain that land today (1998). His oldest son, John, homesteaded on an adjoining parcel of land, which is owned by Paul and Bonnie Taylor today. Another son, George Blucher Zimmerman, homesteaded in Section 6, that piece of property belonging to George H. and Mary Zimmerman today.

George E. Zimmerman died in 1916 at his home on Dixie Mountain. His obituary states, "...crossed the plains to Oregon, took an active part in early history of the state; was an interpreter at the Grande Ronde Indian Reservation for 3 years under General Palmer..." He served in the 1st Regiment of Oregon Mounted Volunteers, Company "C" commanded by Colonel Thomas R. Cornelius in 1856.

Sarah died in 1920 on Dixie Mountain. Her obituary states, "Mrs. Zimmerman was a woman of splendid qualities and was noted for devotion to her family and to her neighbors."

Richard and I are thankful for your selection of a home, George and Sarah, and the heritage you left to us and our children.

RICHARD AND JO ANN TANNOCK, written by Richard Tannock (04/13/1998): The Tannock family originates from an Oregon pioneer family who trace their roots to 1633, when the Reverend William Leverich came to the colonies from England. In 1852 Rebecca Leverich Marsh and her husband, John Marsh, came to Oregon on the Oregon Trail with their family, which included a daughter, Sarah, age ten. Another traveler in that wagon train was George E. Zimmerman, nineteen years of age. He and Sarah Marsh, daughter of John and Rebecca, married seven years later on the 15th of June 1859. In the early 1880's George E. Zimmerman and his family homesteaded in Section 8 on Dixie Mountain. The George E. Zimmerman family consisted of wife, Sarah, and their children: Florence, John E., Lena M., George B., Lottie G., Emmett W., and Harry W. In about 1895, Lottie was employed on Sauvie Island, where she met Allan C. Tannock, who had immigrated from Scotland in 1889. Allan and Lottie were married the 7th of August in 1895 at the J. Northrup home in Washington County, Oregon. They had six children, Margaret, Grace, Gladys, Kathryn, Carl and Jean.

Carl Tannock was born on the Dan Stevens homestead in Section 8 on April 27, 1905. I, Richard Tannock, now live on the place where my father, Carl, was born. He met Olga Liebelt as she walked up Rocky Point Road on her way to visit her mother, Julianna Rufer, who also lived on Dixie Mountain. Olga and Carl were married April 21, 1928, and built a home on the property below where Carl was born, and they continued to live there until their deaths in 1983. Their children are Thomas Q., Richard B., and Olga Elaine (known as Elaine).

Carl worked for Brix Logging as a young man of sixteen. His job was splitting wood for the steam donkey. He walked to and from work and did the farming with his mother, Lottie, who was then divorced from Allan. His next job was loading rock into the crusher at the quarry located at the current Peterson rock quarry here on Dixie Mountain. During this time he continued to farm with his mother.

After his marriage he farmed his own place, along with his mother's place. He then worked for Oregon-American Logging out of Cochran, Oregon, falling and bucking. He would leave home on Sunday evening and return late Friday, doing the farm work on the weekend. He continued this work until 1941, when he and Olga went to work in the shipyard at St. Johns, building Liberty ships for the war effort. Carl only missed four days of work in four years, due to being flat on his back with the flu. Carl and Olga worked long hours and many weekends. Carl drove a 1939 International panel truck, hauling other shipyard workers from Dixie Mountain. He charged 25 cents a day. Among his passengers were his sister Jean, Oscar Nelson, Selmer Hendrickson, and Fred and Ralph Dudley.

John Zimmerman, eldest son of George E. Zimmerman, homesteaded on an adjoining parcel of property about the same time his father laid claim to his homestead.

After the war Carl went to work for the Oregon State Forestry as a fire warden for the northeast part of Washington County and worked at this until 1956, when he was transferred to the Ukiah Ranger District in northeast Oregon as fire warden for that area. They had built a new home on Dixie Mountain and moved in on Christmas day of 1951, so were somewhat reluctant to make the move, but they enjoyed their time in Ukiah, falling in love with the area.

Their children (by then all married) and their families spent many happy days in Ukiah with the folks, hunting and exploring. The grandchildren spent great times with Olga and Carl on their numerous and extended visits. Carl retired from the Forestry in 1970 and he and Olga returned to Dixie Mountain and their home here. Carl was involved in Christmas trees and sold and delivered a lot of firewood. He was never happier than when in the woods on Dixie Mountain, especially with Olga in a chair with her sewing to keep him company.

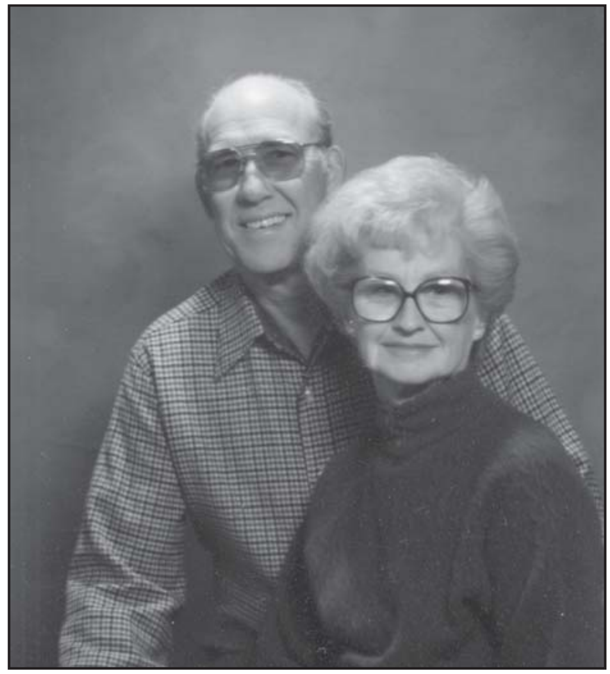
Carl Tannock told us of one of the big fires on Dixie Mountain when he was a young man and working in the woods. While the crew was working during the day the fire became so furious that the crew was quickly surrounded by the fire. Carl and the rest of the crew huddled in the huge rut made in the ground by logs pulled to the railroad landing by the steam donkey, covering themselves with pieces of bark and were able to survive.

Carl was a diligent worker for the community even as a young man. He was a stockholder in Telephone Line #23 for most of it's life, serving as president for many years. He was also instrumental in bringing electricity to Dixie Mountain. The power company required each household that wanted power to purchase a minimum of two electric appliances. Carl spent many hours visiting the neighbors and laying out the merits of having electricity, and finally the quota was met "and there was light."

Carl served as School Board Chairman for a number of years and he and Olga were long-time members of Dixie Mountain Grange. Olga was always creative and in 1951 came up with the idea of a strawberry festival for the Grange. It has grown beyond her wildest imagination. Olga died in April 1983 and Carl died in May 1983.

AS I REMEMBER, written by Richard Tannock: When I was about three or four years old I remember helping my father, Carl Tannock, and Uncle Charley build the barn on our home place. I would get nails for them. I remember all of the good meals my mother cooked for us on a wood stove. We had no electricity until 1948, when my father worked to get all the families on Dixie Mountain to sign up for power. In order to get the power brought in, each family had to purchase at least two electric appliances.

When I started school in 1937, my cousin Genevieve Smith and my mother took me on my first day. Genevieve asked me what grade I would be in and I told her I was in the "no" grade. I had lots of cousins in the upper grades, Paul and Genevieve Smith, Don, Dorothy and Lottie Foster. I remember Mr. Fred Dudley, Sr., building the Grange as we walked past on our way to school. We had lots of fun at school and we had great ball games, some good hitters—



Richard and Jo Ann Tannock. Richard was a descendent of one of the original Dixie Mt. homesteaders.

me, Donnie Roub, Paul Lampa, Stan Lampa. We built a float on a Willys car and entered it into an event in Hillsboro.

I went to Wallace school for eight years, graduating in 1945. I started high school, Hilhi, in September 1945. For a couple of years Bill Moran was our bus driver, with a rickety 1936 school bus that leaked dust, smoked fumes and could hardly make it up Dorland hill. Wayne Glover drove one year. I worked for the State Forestry one summer at Owl Camp at the top of the Wilson River Highway. After graduating I attended diesel mechanic school on Swan Island. I enlisted in the Navy in June of 1951 during the Korean Conflict. Boot camp was in San Diego, and then I was transferred to Tongue Point, Astoria; then transferred to the USS McGinty, a destroyer escort. It took me 15,000 miles of travel to catch up with the McGinty, as it kept leaving just before I caught up with it. I finally boarded at Pearl Harbor in 1953 and served on the McGinty as a boiler tender until my discharge in July 1955. I came home to Dixie Mountain and worked with my father until November.

After getting home in July, I met Jo Ann Albright and we were married on September 24, 1955. On November 11, 1955, I began working for Esco Corp., in Portland. During our married life we have always lived on Dixie Mountain, first in my mother and father's little two-room house, then in their new house while they were in Ukiah

Jo Ann Tannock in 2006, enjoying a favorite pastime at her home on Dixie Mountain.

from 1956 to 1970. We bought 176 acres from my mother and father, and on Veteran's Day 1972, we moved into our new home on Tannock Road, where we still reside today.

Our children and families are: Kelly Denise Tannock; Brent and Carole Tannock and their daughters Erin and Leanne; Tamara and son, Joshua Tannock; Susan Tannock; Ford Tannock and son, Colton Ford Tannock; Lisa and Douglas Mott, with son Steven and daughter Camille. All of our children live close by except for the Motts; they were transferred to Scottsdale, Arizona, last fall.

We have raised strawberries, Christmas trees, and logged, while I continued to work at Esco until my retirement in January of 1991. Since that time we have enjoyed traveling overseas to Europe and the British Isles, where we visited with relatives in Scotland. We have traveled in Alaska and extensively in Oregon and the western states. We are fortunate to enjoy hunting, fishing and traveling with Don and Elaine Logan (my sister) and their family and many other friends.

We think Dixie Mountain is the best place to live and hope we can always be here to enjoy the wide open space and the fresh, clean air, the deer, elk, grouse and turkeys, and all sorts of birds in our yard and fields. Thank you Dixie Mountain for all your blessings.

[Note: Richard's older brother, Thomas (Jerry) Tannock, also lives on Dixie Mountain, where he has a Christmas tree farm. He married Shirley Duyck in 1955. They had four children, Allen, Carl, Valerie and Mark. Mark passed away March 1, 1998.]

GRACE TANNOCK ROUB, written by Jo Ann Tannock (based on visits with Grace Tannock Roub and her daughter, Dorothy Foster): Grace Tannock was born on Dixie Mountain April 28, 1899, to Lottie Zimmerman Tannock and Allan C. Tannock. Grace spent her childhood and young adult years at home, helping with the farm. She told me she liked to be outdoors, so that was how the chores were split. She did more of the farm chores, and Gladys or Katheryn would do the cooking and the indoor jobs. Even though she liked to do outdoor things, she learned to quilt from her grandmother Sarah Zimmerman when small. Sarah gave her a small pair of scissors. I have quilted across many quilts from Aunt Grace, and she always had those scissors with her. Ninety-five years after receiving them she still has them. When asked if she had any of Sarah Zimmerman's quilts, she said she didn't, but she does have one of her mother's quilts.

Aunt Grace told us that they didn't have much water at their home, so her mother would go to her parents, George E. and Sarah Zimmerman, to do the washing. George E. had a washing machine, and on wash day he would stay in the house. You would never catch him in the house in daytime except for his meals, but on wash day he stayed in to turn the washing machine. When he started the machine he would take his watch out and run the machine just so fast and so long. They had a well for water and everything was so nice, nothing out of place.

Aunt Grace remembered hearing the big timber trees falling in the middle of the night when they were burned through. They bored holes in two ways and set a fire in the tree. With two holes it would draft and burn. After the trees were on the ground, they would saw them to make wood.

George E. had some Jersey cattle. They were the best creamers, and they sold cream in a ten-gallon can. They kept it in water to keep it cool and hauled it out once a week. They took cream and butter down Rocky Point Road for a while, but the train came to North Plains in 1908 and they shipped from there after that. The neighbors all took turns hauling the cream out, one week one party would take it, the next week somebody else.

Aunt Grace, when asked if she remembered the Brix logging fire said, “Oh, you bet.” She said it was so dry the dirt would almost burn. George E. and Sarah Zimmerman had died by then, but Grace’s sister, Agnes (Katheryn Tannock), had tools stored in the house and the house was a very good house. Earlier fires had burned the school when Grace’s mother attended, and then another fire burned the school that Grace attended.

Aunt Grace said when one got big enough to handle a fork (hay or pitch fork) you were given jobs to do. She hunted the cows out of the woods and milked the cows. She remembered a time when a big cougar was roving the woods on Dixie Mountain and she was afraid to hunt the cows. She said that every once in awhile a cougar would be around. George E. and Harry W. Zimmerman both had hounds and they would go after the cougar. They would never go with one dog. They always wanted three or four or even more, and then the cougar would tree much better. One dog would tire out and couldn’t tree the cougar, it being tougher. Every time they killed a cougar they got $25.00.

When asked about the roads, Aunt Grace told us the trees were so large they met over the road, so it was just like a dark tunnel. At one time, while the neighbors were working to fix Dixie Mountain Road, Aunt Grace drove the horse to pull a sled-like affair called slip.

Many of the teachers for Wallace School boarded with Grace’s family, and Aunt Grace used to give a ride to the teacher, both on one horse, to the bottom of Rocky Point Road on Friday evenings, where the teacher would flag the train and go into Portland for the weekend.

Aunt Grace married and had four children, Donald, Lottie, Margaret and Dorothy. She shares a home with Dorothy now and keeps us interested with her good memory of times past.

Dorothy has some memories of school days on Dixie Mountain and tells of Miss McLain, the teacher, being locked out of the school after stepping out for nature’s call. She came back to find one door locked, went to the other, and of course it was locked too, and this with deep snow on the ground. There seemed to be one boy who was quite mischievous. Another time he threw a dart at her as she wrote on the blackboard. The dart stuck into the cloth of her suit and she was unaware of it being there. It was in the area of the backside, and as she walked around the school room it would wobble back and forth. The children were all in giggles, while the poor teacher didn’t know what was the matter.

OLGA “ELAINE” TANNOCK LOGAN, written by Olga Elaine Tannock Logan (April 24, 1998): I was born in Hillsboro, Oregon, at the old Jones Hospital on June 14, 1933. I went to the Dixie Mountain Baptist Church, where Reverend Albert Fuller was the minister. Clarence Nelson would drive down and pick up the children. He went as far as the Davis residence.

One time my father, Carl Tannock, was on the road and a mother skunk and her litter were along side in the ditch. My father picked one up and brought it home, so some of the kids in Clarence’s car decided to stop and get one too. It wasn’t long before they threw the little skunk out.

Elaine in 2006, tending her vegetable garden.

Wallace School was a good school. In the winter we played in the basement during recess and in the summer we played baseball. We played other schools, but they couldn’t beat us. We had Paul and Stan Lampa, Jack Keltner, Phillip and Vernon Morey, and Dick Tannock.

I also remember shocking hay and putting it in the barns, using horses. I also remember the threshing of grain. Clay Dorland would bring in his threshing machine and go from farm to farm.

In clearing the land, my father, Carl Tannock, would pile up the logs, and set them on fire, and blast out the stumps with blasting powder. He first raised potatoes on the new ground and sold them in North Plains and Hillsboro. In 1947 he put in strawberries. We got out of strawberry farming in the 1960's and went into Christmas tree farming. Now, in 1998, we are still raising Christmas trees, doing some logging and growing about eighty acres of hay.

In closing, I would like to say that I am very grateful that my great grandfather George E. Zimmerman and great grandmother Sarah Marsh Zimmerman came to Dixie Mountain to homestead. The original homestead is still in our family.

I think this mountain is the greatest place to live, with all the families and friends we have.

DON LOGAN'S STORY: I settled on Dixie Mountain the summer of 1957. I married Olga Elaine Tannock in 1952, and we bought a house and four acres in Banks, Oregon. My next four years were spent on the S.P.&S. Railroad, working in the Bridge and Building Department. In 1955 I was drafted into the U. S. Army. This adventure took me to California, then Texas, and finally to Caribou, Maine, serving with a AAA Battalion as a Special Gun Site Mechanic.

Don Logan harvesting peaches off the family farm in 2006.

Upon arriving home from the Army, we bought and settled on Elaine's grandmother's place, the Lottie Tannock Brown farm. This was the real beginning of our life together. I was born a farmer and raised on a farm in lower Shadybrook, where we cleared land and milked cows. Buying the Brown farm proved to be my opportunity to put my experience to work. We grew strawberries and farmed oats, clover, wheat and alfalfa; cleared about twenty acres of land, milked a few cows, and had a family flock of forty sheep, and plenty of chickens to supply eggs for the family. We paid the taxes. Summers were spent baling hay, harvesting grain and picking strawberries. Our best berry year was about 1961, when we harvested fifty-five tons. The winters were spent clearing land and digging Burbank potatoes, which we sold in the local grocery stores, mainly to pay the grocery bill.

In 1959 I met and worked for a man who was to become a dear friend and who would change our lives and agriculture on Dixie Mountain for the next thirty-five years. This man was Bernard Douglass. He introduced me to the Christmas tree business. At the start I was reluctant to plant our fertile soil with Christmas trees, but this adventure proved to be our success. Barney Douglass was an expert forester. Christmas trees were his life and soon became mine. We worked well together. We pioneered many of our modern day culturing methods, and improved our planting stock by collecting our own seeds from super trees. This enterprise took us to Vancouver Island, Powell River and Texado Island, B. C. Through Barney's efforts and a provenance study on my farm, we discovered a superior strain of Grand Fir, now known as the Clearwater Strain of Grand Fir. This took us again to Grangeville, Idaho, to collect seed for this super strain. This tree is still in use today.

In 1961 we entered the retail Christmas tree business at a location in Portland's Raleigh Hills. After thirty-six successful years, we still operate this family business, with sales reaching almost 2,000 trees annually. We now sell trees wholesale nationwide and as far away as Taiwan, Hawaii, and the Sumo Islands. Our trees are known for quality +.

Among the many achievements in our life on Dixie Mountain are as follows: We were able to educate our two sons, Daniel and David, at Oregon State University; they graduated in Forest Science and Forest Engineering. In 1969, I was named Tree Farmer of the Year for the State of Oregon. In 1991, I was named Agriculturist of the Year for Washington County. In 1993, I was awarded the Herb Plump Award by the Northwest Christmas Tree Association for outstanding work for the research of better trees. I now serve as President of the Board of Director's with Grange Mutual Insurance Company.

I have spent countless hours with the Dixie Mountain Grange, working on the building programs, as well as serving as the Master. I have been instrumental in establishing one of the first Noble Fir Christmas tree seed orchards in the northwest, being located on land at our own Mountain View Cemetery site. This orchard is now known as the Bernard Douglass Memorial Seed Orchard.

Times change and people must change also. I always look at land as a wonderful resource. My father-in-law, Carl Tannock, said if you can't leave a piece of land in better shape than you found it, you better leave it alone.

Our early founders came to Dixie Mountain as agriculturists. They knew the land was fertile and the climate favorable for the production of the many crops we have produced. As I trace the history of these people, they started out as agriculturists: milking cows, raising forage and turnips for the cattle, splitting shakes in the winter for cash, and clearing land. Strawberries were introduced by the Charlie Nelsons around 1918 and survived until about 1974. Potatoes were once raised in abundance for local markets, as well as for seed in California.

Christmas trees and timber have replaced our agricultural crops and we are back to where we started. The people of Dixie Mountain endured many hard times, the worst being the fire of 1932, but the land is rich; nature does wonderful things. Our land is some of the best in the world. Nature reforested our land after the fire and now we, the agriculture people, are again working with nature, planting the land back to trees.

DAN LOGAN, written by Dan Logan (May 1998): My first memories from Dixie Mountain are when my family first moved into the house previously owned by my great-grandmother, Lottie Zimmerman Brown. I remember the way the house looked at that time, with the small front porch attached to the lean-to shed that covered the hand pump well. The house was large, with an unfinished upstairs divided into rooms, and was very cold. Heat was provided by a large barrel stove in the living room and a wood cook stove in the kitchen.

As a child I did evening chores, which consisted of helping with the milking and feeding of the Jersey cows, separating the cream and cleaning the equipment. There were eggs to gather and chickens to feed. When the ewes were lambing, I milked a one-horned goat named Pollyanna to feed the bummer lambs. Summer brought the strawberry season, with hoeing, cultivating and picking the berries. I remember the families of migrants coming from Oklahoma each year to pick berries. They stayed in a cabin on the farm. They were tireless pickers, with some of them able to pick a hundred carriers of berries a day. My personal best was only forty carriers a day. I preferred to work at the check stand where we would punch the picker's cards, transfer the hallocks to flats and load the flats on the truck.

I grew up with lots of relatives living close by. I always had someone to play with or to con into helping me with chores. We built forts in the woods and rode our bicycles everywhere. My cousin Sam Logan lived about a half-mile through the woods. Both of us were interested in science, which blossomed into a full-fledged hobby of pyrotechnics. Our abilities were limited only by the chemicals we could get our hands on. We could make almost anything, from firecrackers to rockets and Roman candles. We would hold several displays a year, usually at family holiday gatherings.

I began school in the last years of Wallace school and attended first and second grades there. Viola Schmidt was the only teacher I remember from Wallace. She encouraged my interest in science and eased the transition to North Plains School when the district was consolidated in 1962. She was then my third and fourth grade teacher.

The bell from the old schoolhouse now hangs in a belfry made especially for it at my home. The story my grandfather Carl Tannock told me was that when he was on the Wallace School Board, the district ran out of money and couldn't afford a new bell. He took it upon himself to pay for the new bell, but the district never paid him back; so when the school consolidated with North Plains and the schoolhouse was to be sold, he went up and took the bell home.

Recess at Wallace school was really something. We had a large playing field and woods to play in and a really tall swing set. I'm sure this type of swing would no longer be approved, because of its size. As kids we would stand on the board seats and swing as hard as we could until the chains would go slack at the top of our arc, and then sometimes we would jump out. I don't remember any broken bones, and that has always amazed me.

The annual Strawberry Festival was a lot of fun. The berries were picked from the fields on the mountain and people would come from miles around to eat shortcake. There was a field to the south of the Grange Hall with a ball diamond where a softball game would be held all day long.

I have my own family now. In 1990 I married Lillian Dinihanian, and we have two children, Alexander Logan, who is four, and Christiana Logan, who is two.

There have been many changes in the community in the forty years I have lived here. In my early years, the community was primarily agricultural and forestry, with the bulk of the residents earning their living from the land. Nowadays the local economy is primarily Christmas trees and forestry, with the majority of the residents earning their living elsewhere.

DAVID LEE LOGAN, written by David Lee Logan (April 24, 1998): I was born July 25, 1961, during what I have been told was a long, hot, dry summer. The cars of the day were either faster or more reliable, because I was born in a hospital in Hillsboro, Oregon, instead of at home, as many of my cousins were.

Some of my first memories as a child are of running through the strawberry fields that were part of my family's income of the day. One field in particular was of the Hood variety. As I was hopping over each row, I happened to spy the mother of all strawberries. I stopped, and it took about three or four bites to eat it.

Due mostly to a new relationship with a man by the name of Barney Douglass, our first Christmas trees were planted the year I was born, on the hillside next to our house. Both my parents worked hard to clear this hillside. It was a good time to be starting in the Christmas tree business, and as their profits from trees grew, the strawberries decreased. Soon all the strawberry fields were planted with Christmas trees.

Growing up I would always look up and watch the airplanes fly by, so in my senior year of high school I took flying lessons and got my pilot's license in the summer of 1980. That same summer, at the urging of my mother at church one day, I asked a girl from Sunday school, Lisa Nichols, to go flying with me. Ice cream followed at Baskin Robbins, and hindsight shows that both of us were hooked at that point.

I spent a year at Principia College in Elsa, Illinois, taking some basic classes, and we wrote letters back and forth. Back in Oregon, after the first year of college, serious dating continued. Both Lisa and I attended OSU. We were married July 14, 1984, in Portland, Oregon, at the First Presbyterian Church. Two years later, on May 5, 1986, our first and only child, Michael David Logan, was born. Michael is the sixth generation of the family to live on Dixie Mountain. That summer Lisa and I graduated from OSU. I graduated with a degree in Forestry Engineering and Lisa graduated with a degree in Home Economics Education.

After college I worked on the family farm full time and Lisa worked as a temporary school teacher. We lived next to my parents house in a ten feet by fifty feet mobile home. About three years later we started building a house on the farm's property, just south of the Dixie Mountain Grange hall. We moved into this roughly completed house in the fall of 1990.

For a short time Lisa was a custom interior decorator. Later, when the opportunity arose, she accepted the job of Grange Insurance Agent and continues at this job as of this date.

GEORGE H. & MARY ZIMMERMAN, written by Mary A. Zimmerman (May 1998): The George B. Zimmerman farm is located near the Grange hall on Dixie Mountain, with a beautiful view of the valley.

Joshua T. Adkisson homesteaded 163.51 acres on October 17, 1890. He and his wife, M. J. Adkisson, sold this section of property to George B. Zimmerman on March 9, 1895. (The family was told the land was traded for a good team of horses.)

Samuel C. Snider homesteaded 164.11 acres about a year later, and that acreage was acquired by John P. Joos. In January 1903, George B. Zimmerman bought it, and together these two parcels made up the Zimmerman farm.

George Blucher Zimmerman was born March 3, 1870, near Centerville, Oregon. George had lived on the place about two years before he married Mary Ann Joos in 1897. They had six children: Walter E., John W., George J., Edith E., Richard H., and Heinie C.

Most of them were born on this farm and spent their earlier years here. They planted a large orchard, some of which still exists.

They attended Wallace School, which was about a mile from their home. We have awards for several years indicating George M. had perfect attendance and excelled in spelling.

About 1920, George B. gave up farming and the family moved to the Thatcher community, northwest of Forest Grove. Finding life unchallenging after two years of retirement, they returned to the farm on Dixie Mountain and George became the fire warden for the State Forestry Department. In 1924, while on duty, he was hit and killed by a large limb as loggers were clearing land.

On August 31, 1927, George Merle Zimmerman married Bertha Ida Sturm. They lived on the farm for five years, during which their two children, Mildred Lorraine and George Howard were born. Mary Joos Zimmerman, widow of George Blucher Zimmerman, and the rest of the family had moved back to the Thatcher home in 1927.

On June 1, 1932, George and Bertha purchased and moved to a farm on Glencoe Road, just two miles north of Hillsboro, which Dan, and his wife Darcy, now own.

Even though no one lived on the farm for a period of years, it was taken care of by our family and several different men who stayed at various times to care for the cattle.

Strawberries were raised for years, and pickers were hard to get, as the crop was about two weeks later than the valley berries. One year it even froze the berries on July 3rd. Blackcaps were also tried; however, the primary crop remained hay for their cattle.

George H. Zimmerman has always been fond of the farm, so when he was old enough many hours were spent there, clearing brush, cutting trees and doing general cleanup.

Throughout the years, George M. and Bertha sold some of the property. 86.63 acres remain.

In the summer of 1971, George H. and his wife Mary Ann, and their children, Diana Lynn, age eleven, Daniel George, 9 years old, and Julie Ann, 8 years old, had a home built and moved there. It was a great place to raise a family, with room to play ball, ride bicycles and motorcycles, and take long walks through the woods.

In 1973 we started planting Christmas trees, and the farm is now known as Windy Acres Tree Farm. Years ago, Diana named the farm Windy Acres because of the breeze we usually have. She has lived in the Troutdale area for over twelve years. Julie is married to Kyle Clayton and lives in Vancouver, Washington. Their two children, Jessica Lynn and James Jacob, love to come up and spend time on the farm, as does Hunter George, son of Dan and Darcy.

George H. and I are retired now; however Dan has taken over the tree farm and hopes his son, Hunter, will continue to show an interest in it, which would be the 5th generation of Zimmermans to farm this place. It has been a Century Farm for over three years.

THE NELSON CLAN: Two of the early homesteaders on Dixie Mountain were Nelson brothers, Cornelius (1854-1949) and his youngest brother, Abraham (1865-1950). Later, after the First World War, two unrelated Nelson families moved onto the mountain; but our concern here is with the history of these first two Nelsons and their families.

The Nelson family emigrated from Denmark in 1853, the year before Cornelius was born, and eventually settled in Missouri. From there the grown children spread out across the country. Cornelius (known as Neils to his friends) headed to California in 1874 to seek his fortune in the gold fields around Sonora. It was there that he married Anna Sutherland (1862-1922), the daughter of the blacksmith he went to work for. Then in 1886, Cornelius and his father-in-law, Julius, built a wagon for themselves and prepared to move to Oregon. It was the year before the final section of railroad was completed linking Oregon and California. By that time there were two children in the Nelson family: George and Charles. Four-year-old George retained vivid memories of the trip and into his old age liked to claim he was on one of the last covered wagons entering Oregon.

“The first thing I remember after crossing into Oregon was that an old bachelor by the name of Tom Mason, who lived on our farm near Sonora, had instilled into my young mind the fact that all the girls in Oregon had webs between their toes; so as soon as we crossed the line, the first girl that I saw was walking barefoot besides the road. I called to my mother in a loud voice that I could not see any webs between that girl’s toes. The girl overheard this, much to her amazement and surprise, and the older folks had the laugh on me for having believed the tall story that Tom Mason had told me” (GN).

The Cornelius and Anna Nelson family moved on to their homestead on Dixie Mountain in 1889. In the back, from the left, are Walter, Charles (Charlie), Lilian, George, Mabel, and Clarence. This photo was taken in 1905. Photo courtesy of Dale Nelson

Their wagon pulled into Scholls, in Washington County, after a forty-day trip. Anna's brother Ed Sutherland, who had moved up from California several years before, welcomed them. It was not long before Cornelius began scouting around for a homestead. He found a place that satisfied him late in 1888, up on Dixie Mountain: a one hundred and sixty acre spread (SW ¼ of sec 28) overlooking the Columbia River, with a beautiful view of Mt. St. Helens and Mt. Rainier in the distance. "The soil was good [and most of his homestead] was covered with second growth Douglas fir, red cedar, and some hemlock, with some virgin timber" (GN). It took him much of the following summer to clear four acres, build a small log cabin and a barn, and extend the wagon trail to what would become known as Dixie Ranch (even though Cornelius' father had been seriously injured while serving on the Union side in the Civil War). Then in November the family moved, over very muddy roads, to begin their new life on Dixie Mountain. That Christmas was a white Christmas—with six feet of snow. Freezing rain then brought hundreds of trees down across the road. For weeks they were marooned in their little cabin until their supply of flour and kerosene was exhausted. Other provisions ran low. But they persevered.

Cornelius and Anna raised six children on Dixie Ranch: George (1882-1961); Charles (1884-1981); Lillian (1888-1945); Mabel (1889-1939); Walter (1891-1983); and Clarence (1893-1983). The family eked out a living in the early days by subsistence farming, falling and burning old growth timber to make room for fields. Cornelius' skills as a smith came in handy as a means of earning extra income. Rainy winter months were spent shaping cedar shakes by hand for a market in Portland. Later, after 1907, the family began selling strawberries to dealers in town. Cornelius also charged a dollar to members of the community who came to him to breed their livestock. And like others in the community, they sold cream as well. The Dutch Colonial style house they later occupied was built around 1915 (now the home of Don and Joanne Bahnsen).

Two of Cornelius and Anna's children spent their adult lives living on Dixie Mountain and a third was integrally involved in working in the area. Charles completed a degree at Oregon State Agricultural College and taught school, first in Banks, then in Madras, before returning to Dixie Mountain in 1932 to take up strawberry farming and smithing. For years he kept young people in the community busy earning money in his large berry patch. He is best remembered as a popular storyteller at community gatherings and the leader of the Mountain in his later years. His second wife, Mabel "Ferrie," was his constant companion. Josephine Wallace, a niece of Mabel's, grew up in their home (now occupied by the Beck family), just next door to the family's original homestead.

Clarence Nelson joined the army and spent time in France at the end of World War I before returning to take up logging with his brother Walter on Dixie Mountain. Logging remained their livelihood up until the late 1950s. In 1922, Clarence married Grace Logan, who had spent a number of years during her childhood living in the community. Together they homesteaded on eighty acres off Pottratz Road (behind where the Bren family currently lives). They later moved up closer to the county post (on the site now occupied by the Davis family). They had three children, Elsie, Don, and Leona, and lived on Dixie Mountain until 1953.

The Abe and Fidelia Nelson family. In the front from the left are Tom, held by Abe, Lewis, Albert. Middle row, Ray, held by Fidelia, Lucy, Myrtle. Back row, Oscar, George, Roy, and Elmer. **Photo courtesy of Ray Nelson, Jr.**

On the other side of the Nelson clan was Abraham Lincoln Nelson and his offspring. Abe left the family farm in Missouri in 1888 and followed his brother George to Colorado. There he put a down payment on a hundred and sixty acres and began a frustrating, lonely struggle to make ends meet. By the end of 1889 he was ready to just leave his investment behind and come to where his brother Cornelius had written to tell him there was forested land to be homesteaded. In his words, "i want to find some place wher i am satisfide and quit roming about for ther is no money in it." By early 1890 he was on his way.

Abe secured a homestead on the quarter section to the north of Cornelius' place. In 1892 he married Fidelia Ryckman (1875-1944), the daughter of James and Catherine Ryckman, two of the first settlers in the community. The new couple lived for awhile in Cornelius and Anna's home, while the latter returned to Scholls for the birth of their youngest child. They later, in 1898, purchased the old Ryckman place from Fidelia's father for six hundred dollars. (This place was later owned by Roy Hennessey and is now the home of the Lundquist family.) Abe and Fidelia had twelve children, ten of which survived into adulthood: Oscar (1894-1952); Lincoln (1895-1905); John Roy (1896-1978); Arthur (1898-1903); Elmer (1899-1979); Lucy (1901-1992); George (1903-1990); Virginia (1904-1987); Albert (1906-1993); Lewis (1908-1995); Thomas (b. 1911-1998); Raymond (1917-1991).

Abraham kept himself employed in a variety of ways. His mainstay was farming, but he also operated a small shingle mill next to his home. Several of his grandchildren remember him as a rugged character who generally kept a bottle of liquor within arm's reach and a wad of chew in his mouth. They were quick to point out, however, that it was Abe who donated a half-acre for the construction of the church in the community.

Oscar was the only one of Abe and Fidelia's children to remain in the community for an extended period in his adult life. After a term of service in the infantry during World War I, he worked for logging outfits most of his life. Much of this time was spent employed by Murphy Logging around Okanogan. In 1938 he fell out of a spar pole and remained seriously disabled for the remainder

Walter Nelson first homesteaded along Rocky Point Road but later moved down to Scappoose and commuted to Dixie Mountain to keep logging operations going. His son Dale lived in the community for a brief time following World War II service in the Navy. Dale's daughter Maggie Applegate, who lives on Beck Road, is the only Nelson relation still living in the area. Altogether, along with Abraham, the Nelson's at one point or other owned around 700 acres of properties in sections 28, 33, and 34.

Abraham Lincoln Nelson homesteaded in the community in 1890 and married Fidelia "Deal" Ryckman in 1892. The boy to the left is Ray Nelson. **Photo courtesy of Ray Nelson, Jr.**

of his life. He and his wife, Ruth, raised four children: James, Winston, Virginia, and Delores.

CARL AND HANNA BERGGREN: Carl (1865-1944) and Hanna (1866-1916) Berggren moved up onto what was then called Cedar Mountain in 1893. Charlie Nelson tells us that the Berggren family first lived in the log cabin that was built by his father for John Uhlman. It was near this spot, on the old George Gibson homestead, that, evidence suggests, they first built a mill turning out cut shingles. Sometime later, they bought the place that had been homesteaded by Steven Tompkins (SW ¼ of section 30) and moved the shingle mill down into that area. (This place was later sold to Henry Hendrickson. An old log cabin on the site survived up into the 1960s. For a while, in the late 1930s, Bert and Pauline Lampa lived there, and the Lampa mill was built nearby.) After several more moves they relocated the mill a final time and set up shop near the south end of Pottratz Road (across from where the Bren family now lives) where there was plenty of good cedar to cut into shingles. The Berggrens had two daughters and four sons: Eva; Mia; Ed; Gunner; Einer; and Francis (Frank). Around 1915, they moved down to North Plains in the Tualatin Valley, and in 1920 bought a farm very near the Old Scotch Church on Glencoe Road. Howard Berggren, a grandson, still lives on the family farm.

Some members of the Berggren family are pictured on page twenty-one, in front of the Berggren shingle mill.

BERGGREN FAMILY, written by Mia Berggren Chapman: My parents, Carl and Hannah Berggren, came to the United States in 1886 or 1887. My father came with Axel Brickman and my mother came a little later.

My father worked in forestry and my mother was a school teacher before they left Sweden. They lived in Illinois for several years and, I guess, Axel Brickman came on west. How they heard of Dixie Mountain, I never knew. They came to Portland, where we stayed for about three years, and by then they had four children. My father took up the homestead and we lived in a tiny house between Brickman's place and the homestead, while my father hewed logs for the walls and made shingles for the roof.

We moved to Dixie Mountain in 1894. I still remember the trip. We had a very nice white cow tied to the wagon. We lived in eight different places on Dixie Mountain. My father just bought the cedar stumpage, not the land. My father bought the old Wallace place but sold it later.

There were six children, two girls and four boys, Eva, Edward, Mia, Gunnar, Einar and Frank. Eva married Paul Paulsen, and they had two daughters. Einar married Julia Grand, and they had twin boys. The rest of us had no children. Edward passed away quite young. Gunnar married Blanche Walters. He had a team and did hauling as a business and was in the Mays store for some time. I married late in life. Before I married I cooked in beautiful homes for people of means, and after I married I did catering for many years. I retired a year ago, for the time comes when we must take it a little easier.

We all got our schooling in the little school house on Dixie Mountain. We had to walk to school in those days and we worked hard too. One thing I remember well is that the old school house was on one acre of ground and the cemetery on the acre of ground which joined it. It was a gift from the Wallace ranch. We used to go out at lunch time and clean the weeds from the graves.

When Eva finished her schooling on Dixie Mountain she wanted to be a teacher, so she went to Hillsboro to take her exams. She passed the tests, but they told her she was too young, so she went to Portland and was married. Einar was in the First World War. When he came home our father was in the wood business. Einar worked for him.

Later my father bought a farm between North Plains and Hillsboro. Einar got married and my father lived with him after my mother passed away. Frank worked as a plumber with Paul.

OTTO AND SIGNA HENDRICKSON FAMILY, written by Ruth Hendrickson (February 1989): Otto Hendrickson acquired his land in 1896. He married Signa Anderson in December 1911. For water, they dammed up a spring and put in a ram. It was run by water and wasted lots of water which was piped up to the house and outbuildings. There was also a well by the house. In 1927 they bought a second-hand car, a "Star."

Otto and Signa had four children, Selmer, Harry, Arthur and Thelma.

Selmer Hendrickson and Lawrence Moran went to Cleveland, Ohio, for the Seventh World's Poultry Congress and Exposition - July 28 to August 7, 1939.

RUTH AND HARRY HENDRICKSON, (Written March 1998): Ruth Rahn was born August 28, 1920, and married Harry Hendrickson on July 5, 1941. They began their life together on Dixie Mountain after getting married. The community gave them a chivaree and Harry had a keg of beer cooling in the spring ready for it. Ralf Berge found out about the keg and hid it from them.

They moved to Banks in 1944 and then to Forest Grove in 1947. Harry was a logger all his life. He worked for Brix Logging, Oregon American, Long Bell, Lampa Logging, and Zumwalts, in addition to several other small loggers. Ruth was always a homemaker and had a garden every year. Ruth and Harry have one son, Harold, three grandchildren and two great grandchildren. Harold lives next door to Ruth. When he was little he came to the Dixie Mountain Grange dances with his folks. His aunt gave him a sailor cap and Harold always had that cap on.

Wallace school students in 1936-37. In the front row, from left, are Erma Hamilton, unidentified, Martha Dudley, Donald Foster, Calsin Raymond, Lottie Foster, Pat Moran. In the second row are Genevieve Smith, Edna Signor, Donald Nelson, Dorothy Foster. In the third row are Lawrence Moran, Vernon Grant, Margaret Foster, Josephine Wallace, Edith Gibson, Elsie Nelson. In the top row are Thelma Signor, Edith Andersen, Virginia Mohr, Paul Smith, Eddie Conklen and Glen Wiswell. Photo courtesy of Pauline Lampa

Harry's folks, Otto and Signa Hendrickson, donated the land that Dixie Mountain Grange hall stands on and Ruth and Harry donated money toward the new kitchen in 1984.

Harry passed away July 12, 1994. Ruth is in good health and goes to the senior center for dinner and on day trips to the beach or the Columbia River Gorge. Ruth and a lady friend go to the dance at Pumpkin Ridge almost every Saturday night.

Ruth has been a member of the Dixie Mountain Grange for fifty years and an honorary membership was bestowed on her in March of 1998.

Residents Between the Wars

As noted above, the period of Dixie Mountain history between the wars saw some major upheavals. The forests on much of the mountain virtually disappeared due to logging and fires. And there was a big turnover in the population. People watched with a certain amazement at the feats accomplished by the Brix Logging Company, even as their environment was turned into cluttered piles of leftover debris. For those who moved in and purchased properties after the logging was completed, it was a difficult time. Some former residents from this period, particularly women, spoke of a bleak, boring existence, exacerbated by the Depression era economy. There was little wealth in the community; everyone lived simple lives. Still, the older residents were known to resent the proliferation of "tar paper shacks" built by many of the newcomers.

The forests, however, grew again and most of the newcomers overcame the stigma of poverty through their own hard work. There was also plenty of community life during this period. The annual community picnic was a time for welcoming newcomers into the Dixie Mountain family. Revival in the little church and the founding of the Grange ignited a new wave of community spirit. Plus, there were occasionally other community events. The declining ritual of chivareing newlyweds returning to their homes was very popular. It was all in good fun and reveals the prankster humor that prevailed. This did not stop at the traditional clamor of pots and pans being banged together by neighbors descending on the home of the couple. Sticks of dynamite set off outside of bedroom windows seems to have been considered by some to be an appropriate way to welcome a newly married couple home.

When Roy Hennessey got married, Don Logan and Richard Tannock were in charge of the explosives. Somehow their dynamite sticks wouldn't go off and they had to throw them in the creek and retrieve them later. I guess they didn't "keep their powder dry," as the old-time saying went. When Paul and Lenore Lampa were chivareed, I think they lost a window or two, but it was all in good fun, a kind of noisy welcome to Dixie Mountain as a newly married couple.

Another popular event was the box social, an annual get-together held at the school. Women and girls each prepared and boxed-up a lunch for two. The boxed lunches were then auctioned off to the men and boys, who got to enjoy their boxed lunch together with the one who prepared it. It provided an opportunity to get acquainted with someone with whom one might not generally socialize. It also made for a lot of intrigue—and insider trading of information—in addition to fundraising for the school.

There were plenty of forms of recreation to be enjoyed as well. Elsie Nelson described for us one of these. "A lot of effort went into those home made skis. Wood was heated in water so the front end could be turned up, then leather straps were fastened onto each ski to slip our feet into. When we got some wet snow, it was out to the back pasture. It was fine going down hill if we could stand up. The obstacle was a barbed wire fence at the bottom of the hill. With today's technology it seems like we should have gone crosswise, but it was probably not steep enough, especially in the wet snow."

In the accounts below there are plenty of vivid illustrations of not only the challenges but also the enjoyment experienced by people living in the community.

MR. & MRS. W. H. STOLTENBERG (Written April 25, 1989): In the early 1900's, William and Annie Stoltenberg moved from Iowa to Portland, then to the Scappoose area, and then to Dixie Mountain. Around 1917 they rented property known as the Beagle place. This property was adjoining the John Tannock property and was later purchased by John and Helen Tannock. Later, the Stoltenbergs rented property known as the John Zimmerman place.

In 1919-1920, William and Annie Stoltenberg bought the forty-acre homestead rights from George Mitchel. It was there that the three youngest children, Will H., Roy F., and Helen grew up, completing their elementary grades at Wallace School. Will was nicknamed "Dick" when he was a small lad attending school in Scappoose and the name has stuck with him to this day.

In 1937 Will (Dick) and his wife, Joy, took over the farm, and in 1940 they bought an additional forty acres adjoining the original forty acres from Brix Logging Co., which had bought the land from John C. Clark, who bought it from the Zimmermans. In 1949, Howard and Ruth Nelson bought the eighty acres.

William Stoltenberg died in June 1937 and Annie Stoltenberg died in March 1959. Both are buried in the Mountain View Cemetery on Dixie Mountain.

THE FRED D. GRANT, SR., FAMILY, written by Beverlee Grant Moran (May 1998): The Grant family, Fred Sr., Nellie, Robert and Fred Jr., moved to Dixie Mountain around 1920. They first lived on the old George B. Zimmerman place, which was past the Hendricksons. They moved there from Scappoose. How they chose to move there I do not know. Vernon was born while they lived there, in 1924. They later built a home half-way between the County post and Wallace School. That is where I was born in 1930. That home was destroyed by fire in the 1960's.

Fred Grant mainly earned his living as a logger. He was on the Wallace School Board for a number of years during the 1930's, along with John Tannock, Carl Tannock and Clarence Nelson. He drove the high school bus to Shadybrook for many years. Many of the teachers who taught at Wallace School lived at our house during the school year. Those I remember are: Joe Wenzel, Leila Peters (daughter of Judge Peters of Hillsboro), Ruby Goff, Miss McLain, Justa Pliska (she did not live with us), Perry Huntington, and in later years, Mrs. Bride.

Fred and Nellie were always involved with the Pioneer Picnic. Nellie was part of a quilting group in the early 1930's. Fred and Nellie were charter members of Dixie Mountain Grange and were involved in moving and building the Grange hall, as was Vernon. Vernon and Beverlee also became members of the Grange.

Fred, Sr., played the violin and played at barn raisings, homes, the school and then the Grange hall for dances. When the dances were held in the Grange, Nellie took money at the door and helped with sandwiches, etc., that were served at the dance. I remember lots of fund raising dinners for the hall, a lot of pie and basket socials, all to raise money for the Grange hall.

Robert, Fred, Jr., Vernon and Beverlee Grant all attended and graduated from Wallace School.

Robert, Fred, Jr., and Vernon were all in the military during World War II. Vernon had joined the Marines the summer before Pearl Harbor, in 1941, and was sent to the South Pacific early in the war. Fred Jr. joined the Army and was in the European Theater, and Robert was in the Navy in both the Atlantic and Pacific area. All of my family have passed on: Fred, Sr., in 1949, Nellie in 1970, Robert in 1982, Fred, Jr., and Vernon in 1994.

Anna and William Stoltenberg, parents of Nellie Grant, also lived on Dixie Mountain. Their home was on what is called Stoltenberg Road, though that was not the original road to the property. That property was later occupied and farmed by Joy and Dick Stoltenberg, while Anna and William moved to the property previously owned by Mr. Ludwig Rufer, step-father to Olga Tannock.

THE DUDLEYS: One of the more colorful people living on Dixie Mountain these days is Mary Dudley. She keeps herself occupied looking after her dogs and goats on the place she moved onto with her husband, Ralph, in 1946. Her early life was spent growing up in Portland, where she went to work in the Willamette shipyard during the Second World War. That is where she met Ralph. He had grown up on Dixie Mountain, and when he married Mary, he took her up onto the mountain.

They first settled into his parent's home, until they were able to purchase property next door for fifteen dollars an acre and move the small house Mary still lives in to its present location from up the road. It was a very different world for Mary from the life in the city. For the first few years they didn't even have electricity, and she had to get used to coping with kerosene lanterns.

Ralph was a son of Fred A. (1873-1955) and Mary C. (1887-1946) Dudley. The elder Dudley's moved onto Dixie Mountain in the early 1920s (when Ralph was five or six years old), and they and their children were an integral part of the community for many years. Altogether they had six children that survived infancy: Anchor Dudley McGuire; Cliff; Fred, Jr.; Ralph; Tom; and Martha. Of these children, Cliff lived on Dixie Mountain, driving his own log truck, until selling his place in the late 1940s. Fred also remained in the area for many years, working part of that time for Nelson Brothers Logging, then working in mills and, later, at a job drilling wells. His children, Ed, Mariosa and Allen spent their childhood on Dixie Mountain. Ralph also worked for awhile for Nelson Brothers, but for most of his life he was employed in a mill. He and Mary raised two daughters on Dixie Mountain: Nancy and Peggy. Tom spent a brief part of his adult years living in the community before, like his sisters, moving elsewhere.

Widowed since 1995, Mary carries on with the help of friends. She certainly adapted herself well to her adopted community and has plenty of antidotes to share about fifty years of life on Dixie Mountain.

THE THINGS I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS GROWING UP ON OUR HOMESTEAD ON DIXIE MOUNTAIN, written by Ralf C. Berge (January 10, 1989): I was born December 3, 1918, in Colfax, Washington, the youngest of three boys. We came to Portland, Oregon, in 1921 and moved up to our homestead in 1922. We built a log house and a sort of barn and woodshed together. People are still living in it today. We had to walk three miles or more to Wallace School through the big timber, before it was logged off.

The school house burned down in 1929, caused by Brix Logging Company. They logged until 1933, then they moved to Enwright, below Cochran, west of Timber, Oregon, eleven miles on the railroad track. I had to walk it a time or two. Reason was I missed the train. I followed the logging trade until 1958. I put in four years in World War II. I was disabled in 1958.

I remember riding to North Plains in Otto Hendrickson's bob sled. There was snow all the way. That was fun. Must have been in the '20's or early '30's.

The County had a rock crusher where Peterson now has one. Otto Hendrickson's brother, Henry, was the road boss. Had a horse drawn grader, and my father and neighbor worked on the road. I don't remember the wages but it bought groceries for us.

The neighbors gave us apples, cherries, prunes, pears and we helped in the grain and corn harvest. They all put in silage and we got along just fine.

Alfred Nelson and Frank Johnson were my father's witnesses to prove up on our homestead.

All us boys bought Model T. Fords, as we were able to pay for them. I had a 1927. Those were the good days. We had a lot of house parties, all night affairs, then when the Grange was built we had dances regularly. Otto Hendrickson donated the land for it and we all helped build it.

I remember these people: Otto Mohr, Matt and Frank Grill, John Henson, John Tannock, John and Harry Zimmerman, Allan C. Tannock, George Baldwin, Stoltenberg, John Kay, Alfred Nelson, Charlie Nelson, Martin Nelson, Ludwig Rufer, Oscar Nelson, old man Wadsworth who lived to be over 100 1\2 years old, Fred Grant, Carl Berggren.

Clarence Nelson logged our place off during the World War II years.

I'm the only one left of the Berge's homesteaders. I've got one half brother, Frank Stolba.

Note: The following was taken from the obituary of Ralf in 1996: Ralf passed away at his home in Vale July 13, 1996. He was born December 3, 1918, to John and Kate Berge in Colfax, Wisconsin. His family moved to Dixie Mountain when Ralf was eight years old. He attended schools growing up on Dixie Mountain.

Ralf served in the Aleutian Islands during World War II, receiving an Asiatic Pacific Theater Ribbon with one Battle Star and a Good Conduct Medal. Following WW II he became a logger working in the Tillamook burn for Oregon American Logging and Diamond Logging. He enjoyed being a musician at the Dixie Mountain Grange. Ralf retired in 1989 and moved to Vale.

MY LIFE STORY, by Agnes Mary Andersen Nelson Harms: I was born September 27, 1908, in Muskaday, Minnesota, the daughter of Christian and Maud Matilda Andersen. I lived in Minnesota until 1914, when my parents sold their farm and moved to Oregon, settling a mile west of North Plains on a thirty-acre farm. I attended Columbia Academy school, graduating in 1922, the very day of my father's death, leaving my mother with five minor children, ages seventeen to one year old.

I, being the next to oldest, went to work at age fourteen for $4.00 a week doing housework for a neighbor, getting up at 5:30 in the morning and going to bed at 10 o'clock at night. Of course, the last hour was spent listening to a crystal radio with ear phones. Morning came rather quickly, but with a few bangs on the ceiling I awoke rather suddenly. I was to get breakfast for the family of four, plus a couple of hired men, as the women of the house were to help milk twenty some cows. The hired men did not do that, so $4.00 a week was very much appreciated. That job was over in October, as the harvest was through. Then I worked out again in November, until Christmas, when all of my brothers and sister got sick with measles; so I came back home to help my mother. Then I got the measles. The measles had settled in my eyes, and after an appointment with our doctor, he said come back in a week and if my eyes weren't better by then he would take my eyes out. Well, maybe you think I wasn't scared. Well, they were better, thank God for that.

I worked at a couple of short jobs until the next summer of 1924 for $1.00 a day, which seemed much better. Not much work to do there. All afternoons were off until supper time. I had lots of fun, learned to dance and that was where I met Alfred Nelson. It was love at first sight with a man with no money, and after five months we married; him with $15.00 in his pocket and me with $5.00.

The first winter we were married (Nov. 8, 1924) was rather tough. It was potatoes, onions, and fish. Then onions, fish and potatoes. Then fish, and potatoes, and onions, and we lived in a two-room shack on a homestead on Dixie Mountain. The outside walls and roof were hand split fir, scarcely an inch thick. The inside walls were shiplap. There was no paint, no linoleum and our water supply was rain water, which was caught off the house in a fifty-gallon barrel just outside the door. There was a spring on the joining property several hundred feet, I think about 1800 feet, from which we got a bucket of drinking water. By the next winter we had made troughs of one by four lumber nailed together, but they leaked so bad that the water didn't get to the house. So we filled the cracks with rags and poured melted pitch on the rags, which pretty well stopped the leaks so the water got to the house. That was from 1924-1925.

The summer of 1925 we moved back to my mother's in North Plains, where we built a one-room shack, and stayed there, as Al worked on the lumber dock until the summer of 1926. Howard was born May 10, 1926. That fall we moved to Brix Logging Camp and stayed until the summer of 1927. Then back to Dixie Mountain where we were building our farm house. Our house wasn't much, as we lived in two rooms. A bucker from Brix Logging Camp stayed with us, as they were logging the area close to home. Little by little we did work on our house, making all together a seven-room house. After seventeen years I got our first can of paint. There was no electricity. At first, there was no rock on the road. No mail carrier. Mail was delivered as far as Shady Brook school. We got it about twice a week, through the goodness of good neighbors going to town with a team or horseback. Kerosene lamps were our only light.

I boarded a truck driver for one month as pay for hauling the lumber for the inside of our house, and at times we boarded men for work they did around the place. That was after we raised a garden and had our own chickens and cows. We made our own butter and baked our own bread. Bakery bread was never seen at our house for many years.

As our family grew, I canned close to 1000 quarts of fruits and vegetables a year. We cured our own meat and we sold many dozen eggs for ten cents a dozen. We borrowed $300.00 and cut cord wood to pay it back. 100 cords at $3.00 a cord. We had no horses nor tractor at the time. We rolled the logs down over the side hill to the main road; there we split them into cord wood. Our first fences were made of logs split into rails, making our rail fences. Our first barn was built onto our two room shack for our first cow, for one winter only.

I learned to use the cross-cut saw and helped my husband fell trees until our son was big enough to help out. Then he joined the Navy at age seventeen, and my three daughters were all working fools. They knew if they wanted any money they would have to get out and make it themselves. Money was more important to them than education. Welfare was never thought of in those days, although we were advised by some to apply for it.

In our early years no one had any money. You just helped one another for perhaps a sack of spuds, a box of apples, a slab of bacon, a load of hay, or whatever you needed. We never got the idea of wanting very much, as we knew there was no money to get it.

A roof over our head, a warm place to sleep, with something to eat, was all we desired. In our early years my first bed was a straw tick and one pillow for the two of us. And my boy's first diapers were made from a worn out blanket. I had seven diapers in all. My school dresses were made of dyed flour sacks.

My mother had quite a time raising us five kids, and me getting married at age sixteen left her with four children. I thought I was doing her a big favor by getting out from under her roof. If I was sixteen again I would think twice. Father died when I was fourteen, leaving mother with $85.00 in the bank, $133.00 in funeral expenses, six cows to make the taxes and the living for the family, and still not a damn penny from the welfare. The undertaker wanted me, fourteen years old, to work for him to pay off my father's funeral expenses. But my mother didn't let me go. It was some time before the funeral was paid, but it was finally settled, a dollar now and then.

Well, back to 1928, the first winter we were in the logging camp. I took a little girl into our house to care for along with my first baby. Her mother was a beautician in Portland and her father worked there for Brix. After moving back to Dixie Mountain, I boarded my two brothers, and part time, my two cousins, but they nearly ate us out of house and home. Anyway, I helped pull them through as work was scarce.

My mother married again in 1932 and moved to her new home on Dixie Mountain, a log cabin. Her husband passed away in 1953. She lived until 1963. My husband passed away in 1966, and after living alone for two years and four months I remarried to Mr. Harold Harms, an old school pal, who had lost his wife in 1966 also. So I moved off of Dixie Mountain after forty-four years. In 1974 I sold the homestead to a granddaughter and her husband; I couldn't have found a better buyer. Seemed like money just grew on trees.

School days were something else. One teacher taught all six grades in a one room school house. In my school days they were getting paid around $85.00 a month, with as many as forty-five children. Our teacher drove a horse and buggy to school. The children did the janitor work for $2.50 a month until they couldn't get anyone to do it, so it was raised to $5.00 a month, which came out of the teacher's salary. When I graduated there were less than 20 pupils in school that year.

I was school clerk for one year and I served on the election board for over twenty years. I liked flowers, and gardening was one of my hobbies. I cut many tin cans. I belonged to the Senior Craftsman of Portland, where I sold between seven and eight hundred dollars worth of tin craft. I took the sweepstakes ribbon at the county fair for one of my ornaments.

I enjoyed quilting and helping out at the Senior Center for a profit to the organization. I picked strawberries, loganberries, filberts, walnuts, green beans, cucumbers, hops, picked up potatoes, pulled wild radishes, peeled cascara bark, and hoed berries for a little extra money. Some of this work was when I was a kid and some was after I was a grandmother.

One of the most exciting things that happened in my life was when I ran my car (a Studebaker) up against a big elk on my way home from the election one day in November. The dumb animal jumped out directly in front of my car and the bumper just happened to get caught in the hock of both hind legs. With my speed, he just couldn't get free and believe me, it was a might fast run on his front legs. It was a surprise that he didn't fall, as I was expecting to get a locker full of meat all by myself. I couldn't get him down at the speed I was going, so I decided to slack up on the gas, and the poor devil finally got loose from the bumper and hit for the brush. I don't think there was much left of his front feet, as he ran quite a ways on a loose gravel road. But when he did get loose, there wasn't much speed left in him, as he could hardly get to the side of the road. Well, there went my meat and also a big set of horns, but the memory still is with me. Having three babies at home and one in the hospital wasn't half as exciting. Well, anyway, I'm still alive and I hope the elk is too.

I learned to cut hair, which saved us the barber's fee. I cut hair for a friend who paid me a dollar in silver. I saved all my silver dollars, 336 I think. When silver was worth more than face value, I sold them to a coin collector. Most of them went for $16.00 a piece. A nice profit over the face value. I found a penny in my purse that had tails on both sides and no year mark, which I sold for $50.00. I've been watching for more of them, but I guess they made only one.

THE HOMESTEADERS, ALFRED AND AGNES NELSON, written by Agnes Nelson Anderson Harms for Donna, Betty, Ella Mae, Howard, and other family and friends: When World War I was over, the government left a certain amount of land open for homesteads. Veterans had first priority. Alfred, being a veteran, filed on forty acres in Section 17, 2N 2W, in Washington County, made the necessary improvements and in five years received the title.

On November 8, 1924, we were married. We had four children: Howard Nelson living on Dixie Mountain, Ella Mae Wroe of West Union, Betty Comstock of Banks, Donna Verhoef of Scappoose.

In 1924 Dixie Mountain was a standing forest of old growth timber, many trees five and six feet in diameter. There were no power saws then and trees were felled with eight foot falling saws. On hill sides they used a spring board with one man several feet higher up than the other. It was very strenuous work.

We had borrowed $300.00 and were to pay it back with cord wood, so we cut 100 cord, and delivered it on the road for $3.00 a cord, over two years. That was in 1925 and 1926.

In the winter of 1927 Brix was logging Dixie Mountain. When the snow melted and the creek overflowed, log jams which were left by Brix Logging Company broke loose, taking out the bridge.The winter of 1926, we lived in Camp #1 at Holbrook, as Alfred was falling and bucking for Brix, but as they got closer to home we moved back to our homestead.

The main road had no rock going up the mountain and we were unable to travel with a car in the winter time (with chains on). The ruts were very deep, so we left our Model T Ford in Shadybrook and walked over the hill to get home. The main road we now travel was very narrow, just one way traffic, with turn outs at different places. If you met someone you or they had to back up in order to pass. As the years went by, Alfred blasted many stumps to help widen the road. There was very little work except road work, which was $3.20 a day. He also worked as a rock crusher, busting rock that was too big to go through the crusher. Farm labor was $2.00 a day and sometimes bring your own lunch. That was a few days now and then, and lucky to get that.

The mail was delivered as far as Shadybrook School by horse and buggy from Hillsboro, and from Shadybrook the rest of the way up the mountain, once or twice a week, whenever anyone would go to North Plains for groceries, and that was by horseback or team and wagon. Many times the snow was so deep we didn't get mail for over a week. The farmers tried to keep the road open with home made snow plows, and with the help of the county, as the snow was at times four feet deep and icicles were four to six feet long hanging from the eves of our house. We had good credit at the North Plains stores and we had a crank and battery telephone. If we were badly in need of groceries we would call the store and have them send them up by whoever came into town. The first money we got went to paying our grocery bill.

Taxes were around $20.00 a year; we couldn't pay them all in full, so we paid twice a year—plus penalty.

Winters were tough. Trying to get the children to school was difficult, as we were four miles from either school and had no bus. In the worst of the winter we kept them home.

We lived through two forest fires. At times I thought we would suffocate in the smoke. One fire in 1929 took Wallace School and another in 1932 burned several homes, but with the help of neighbors and friends we saved our home.

Candles and kerosene lamps were our only light, as there was no electricity, no refrigeration. Straw ticks were our beds. Electricity came up the mountain in December 1948.

Doctors made house calls; minor operations were made in the homes with the help of chloroform, and broken bones were set at home. Three of my four children were born at home. My first one had seven diapers made from an old worn out blanket. That was all the diapers he had. I made most of my children's clothing, even men's shirts. Good material was ten cents a yard. I baked all our own bread, as the children were all in school and it was seven loaves every other day. I canned up to 1000 quarts of fruit and vegetables a year. We raised a big garden, which kept the wolf from our door. The Extension Club taught me many ways to preserve our food. I canned our beef, cured and smoked our pork, and sold many dozen eggs for ten cents a dozen. We separated our milk and shipped cream to the co-op twice a week. Many times there wasn't much over a gallon, as not all of our livestock were milk cows. We had thirteen head at one time, which is the most I can remember. I took many ribbons at the County Fair with my vegetables. I loved gardening and still do. My children and I went out to help harvest crops whenever we could.

The winter of 1924 was tough. We had some deer meat. We mostly ate potatoes, onions, and fish, then fish, potatoes and onion, then onions, fish and potatoes the first winter. The potatoes were small, cooked with the skins on, which we bought for ten cents a hundred. Fish were caught in the Scappoose Creek and the onions were $1.00 a gunny sack full. I knew how to make gravy and I knew how to bake bread. I did all the washing on a wash board until after my third baby was born. You see, I went out to work when I was fourteen for $4.00 a week, as my father died on the day I graduated from the 8th grade and mother was left with five teenagers to raise. She never had a penny worth of welfare, but she pulled us through. She was widowed nine and a half years, then she married A. H. Hansen on Dixie Mountain in January of 1939. Her days were tough. He died in 1953 and she again was widowed for ten years. She died in 1963 and they both are buried on Dixie Mountain.

I lived on Dixie Mountain for forty-four years. Alfred died in February 1966 and is buried on Dixie Mountain. In 1968 I married Harold Harms of Hillsboro, Oregon, and sold our homestead to my granddaughter Barbara and her husband, Royce Conklin, in 1974.

In our early days we always looked forward to the Pioneer Picnic, the house parties in the homes, basket socials, games and dancing; it was great fun. I also loved: the little crystal radio where you sat with ear phones on your head; the hundreds of jack rabbits; the skating on the Nitchman lake with Carl Berggren; the baseball games on the school grounds and the barn dance at Henry Hendricksons place on the 4th of July. We enjoyed it all. And our potluck dinners. And believe it or not, we drove our car one whole year without a license, into the big city of Hillsboro. We enjoyed that too. Hell, we didn't need any money. We lived on love, patience, and determination. We had our spats too. I even chased livestock for twenty years, as everyone's stock was running at large, until November 7, 1944, when it was put on the ballot and was voted out.

EDITH ANDERSEN HANSEN PRUETT, written by Edith Andersen Hansen Pruett (May of 1989): My earliest memories of Dixie Mountain were in 1931. My mother married August Hansen, January 14, 1931. Most people knew him as John Hansen and my mother was Matilda.

The small one-room school had fourteen children, with Darrell Jones as our teacher. The students were: Hollis Fleenor, Selmer Hendrickson, Dale Fleenor, Paul Smith, Vernon Grant, Donald Nelson, Elsie Nelson, Edith Andersen, Genevieve Smith, Margaret Foster, Dorothy Foster, Lottie Foster, Donald Foster and Josephine Wallace. I attended this school and two years later the new Wallace School was built. It was attached to the one-room school I first was acquainted with.

Leila Peters (Graham) was my teacher through 7th and 8th grade, (1934 and 1935). While I attended this school, I lived in a one-room log cabin that my step-father had made of hand hewed logs. He was an excellent carpenter and took great pride in his work. He later added another section to the log cabin, which had a dirt basement under it where we stored all of our canned goods, wild honey in gallon jugs, some cured meats and potatoes; also apples, which were Northern Spy and Spitzenburgs.

We didn't have running water in our home. It was hauled from a spring about a quarter of a mile away. My stepfather would put a fifty-gallon barrel on a hand made sled, fill it with water, hitch our old horse to it and pull it to our house. This water was used for cooking and cleaning. Our drinking water was carried by pails on a yoke. He would carry the pails of water every day.

Our winters seemed to be more severe then, with much more snow. Many days we would make our own trail through four feet of snow. Sometimes I would ride our horse to school. The school was never closed due to weather.

Our main entertainment was school plays, basket socials and the Pioneer Picnic. The Pioneer Picnic area was near the John Tannock farm. Everyone looked forward to the picnic. It was always held on the second Sunday in August. Almost everyone on Dixie Mountain attended, as well as all of the families who had lived there previously. There was always a great turnout! The table was a huge, long log stretched out under the tall fir trees. This spread was a sight to behold, all laden with food of every description, and at the end were gallons of boughten ice cream. This was a once a year occasion when we could have all the ice cream we could eat.

Another form of entertainment was the barn dance. This was once a year, always before the new hay was put in the hayloft, so usually by mid-July, held on the Henry Hendrickson place. I remember Fred Grant played his fiddle and several others from the Portland area would tune in. By 1:00 a.m. they would pass the hat around for a donation, and then they would play on until daylight and time to go home and do chores again. These dances were memorable for everyone.

Fred Grant was a great inspiration at the school to anyone showing an interest in music. By then I was interested in the accordion. I was never able to have lessons, but would pick up music by ear. Soon we were forming a small orchestra. We would meet at the Grant home for practice. By then there was talk of building a Grange Hall. Money was scarce then, so it was a slow process, but in 1938 the building was started. The foundation was laid, floor and side walls were up, with rafters for the roof. Fred Grant and his orchestra played for the first dance! The first wedding dance was for Fred Dudley and Genevieve Lindbloom in August 1938. The weather was beautiful and everyone danced under the stars, with only rafters for the roof. After the roof was on we played for Grange dances twice a month for two years before we received any pay.

The following wedding dance was my own in September 1939—I married Harold Hansen from Suring, Wisconsin. When we were first married we lived on the Victor Olin place near Mountain View Cemetery for a short while. Later we moved to the Loos farm, just inside Multnomah County, later known as the Lester and Grace Tucker place. We lived there for three years. My first daughter, Norma M. Hansen, was born October 25, 1940, in Hillsboro, Oregon. My second daughter, Lonna, was born July 14, 1947, in Hillsboro, Oregon. We later moved to Hillsboro, residing there until 1981.

After the death of Harold Hansen in December 1970, I was alone for about ten years, then I met Edgar Pruett on May 24, 1980. We now reside in Tillamook, Oregon.

My stepfather, August Hansen, had a very inventive mind. His dream was to someday invent a perpetual motion machine! Whenever there was a spare moment he put much thought into perfecting this. It always seemed to be in the form of a huge wheel. He made many of his models in the barn. None of these ever matured into reality but they came close, he often thought. This was always in the back of his mind, until he passed away in September of 1953.

Living in a community of the logging industry, there were some frightening moments. Brix Logging Company was located south of us and occasionally they would burn their slashings after cutting off the timber. I remember once the fire got out of control and it raced through the cut over land, onto private property, threatening our farm and woods to the south of our buildings. The heat was so intense we could hardly bear it. We expected to lose our barn and house, so my stepfather loaded all of our possessions that he could onto a big wagon and pulled the wagon into a big open field, so if the forest fire came too close he could pull it to safety with the horses. Surely it was an act of God coming to our rescue, as a heavy wind came up and blew the fire back over the burned land. We felt safe once again. Forest fires were quite common in those years. It seemed that every summer several fires were reported, but this one was the closest. I am sure there are many more memories of the years I lived on Dixie Mountain But these are the most vivid in my mind. I lived there from January 1931 to March 1943.

THE MORAN FAMILY, by Lawrence Moran (May 1998): Following the "Great Depression," in the spring of 1934, the Moran family moved to Dixie Mountain from Portland, Oregon. The property that the Moran family occupied was the original Quintin Tannock homestead. The land was purchased from John Tannock, who had acquired it from his uncle. The 160 acres was acquired for $1200.00, a very large sum at that time.

All six of them - Bill and Ethel, Lawrence, Patrick, Lucy Ann, and Elizabeth (Betty) attended Wallace School. Lawrence was in the 5th grade and Pat in the 3rd when they arrived. Miss Leila Peters was the teacher the first year, and Miss McLain the next year. The graduating class of 1937 was made up of Elsie Nelson, Vernon Grant and Lawrence Moran. All went to Hillsboro High School, graduating in 1941. Vernon joined the Marine Corp six months before Pearl Harbor. Elsie and Lawrence went on to college. Vernon spent the early part of the war in the Guadalcanal area. Pat joined the Merchant Marines and spent the war years on the high seas. After the war he returned to Dixie Mountain and married Virginia Anicker, who attended school at Mason Hill. Lawrence went into the Navy in early 1943, spending his overseas duty in the Mediterranean area and later in the Pacific. After discharge, Lawrence returned to college and graduated from the University of Portland, class of 1950.

In 1948 Lawrence returned to Dixie Mountain frequently and took as his bride Beverlee Jean Grant, the daughter of Fred and Nellie Grant, long time residents of Dixie Mountain. Lawrence and Beverlee have three children: Michele Morris of Mission Viejo, California; Larry Moran of Weed, California; and Daniel Moran of Empire, Nevada. There are five grandchildren, one girl and four boys.

Lawrence and Beverlee will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary this year, 1998. In addition to the four children Bill and Ethel Moran had at the time they moved to Dixie Mountain, they had five more children: Catherine, Alicia Lois Jean, William and Mary. Catherine and Mary both live in Astoria, Oregon. The rest are in California: Alicia, is in Sacramento (Granite Bay), Lois Jean is in Lodi, William (Bill) is in Bakersfield.

Bill Moran operated the high school bus during the war years. He took the bus operation over from Fred Grant. The bus, for some years, only went as far as Shadybrook but subsequently went all the way to Hillsboro. Bill, Lawrence and Pat were regular crew members on the demolition of the Buxton Train Depot that was rebuilt into the Dixie Mountain Grange hall. The Moran family were Charter members of the Grange. Bill, Ethel and Lawrence served as officers in its beginning years.

Around 1937 the Grange became the center of social activity, first meeting in the school house (3rd Wallace School building). Otto Hendrickson donated the land to the Grange and the railroad station from Buxton was rebuilt there. Fred Dudley, Sr. was head man on the Grange building project. His son Fred, Jr., had the first wedding held in the Grange hall, when he and Genevieve Lindbloom were joined in matrimony.

During the 1930's the social activity of the community centered around the elementary school. There were various activities coinciding with the holidays: plays, skits, and recitations, followed by a basket or pie social. Norman Nelson was the auctioneer and the proceeds were used to purchase playground equipment.

Life on Dixie Mountain was one of rural America. The older children all had chores to do and were involved in 4-H and FFA projects. The Pioneer Picnic in the early years was a great community gathering. The 4th of July celebration at Shute Park in Hillsboro and the County Fair were looked forward to with much anticipation.

THE LAMPA FAMILY: BERT AND PAULINE, PAUL, STANLEY AND ARLENE, compiled by Jo Ann Tannock: Pauline was born in White Salmon, Washington, and moved to Yankton, Oregon, when she was six or seven. She and Bert married in 1928 and lived in Yankton.

Pauline writes: "We came to Dixie Mountain in 1935. Bert had timber to saw on John Tannock's place and also on Fred Grant's place. The first time I came up here I thought it was the end of the world, but after a couple of trips it was fine. We moved into a 'shack' with no water, on Fred Grant's place. Mr. Grant hooked up his team and hauled us three barrels every wash day. The men carried household water every night. Paul was five years old and Stanley was three.

Bert logged off the Grant's and Tannock's for a small sawmill. We then moved over on Section 35 into Mrs. Letha Hall's timber and into a one room homestead 'shack.' We stayed in that until the big snow storm of 1936. We went to St. Helens to stay a few days and when we came back the heavy snow had caved in the roof, everything was smashed and ruined. My pretty new green cook stove was smashed. Then we moved into Otto Hendrickson's homestead house. He was living there, then he stayed for quite awhile. We played pinochle every night by lamp light. We had a covered well there, near the house, so water was no problem.

Bert then bought Section 36 timber and we moved over there into a homestead house owned by Earl Boeck. We built onto the house and piped water in. 'Hooray!' Bert put in a road from the main road and planked it with planks from the mill. To our kids it's still the 'old plank road.'

When Paul started school he would walk down by the mill to meet Jack Harris and walk to school with him. Later I drove him, and then Stanley. When the men came

Pictured above are some well known Dixie Mountain faces. From the left are Olga and Carl Tannock, Pauline and Bert Lampa, Nell and Dell Morey. The photo was taken in 1980. **Photo courtesy of Pauline Lampa**

in to work, I'd be taking the boys to school, so when they saw me coming they'd start backing up, even if I was practically on the turn-out. I told myself, 'Enough of that.' So I took a day of backing up on the planks until I could back up as good as the next guy. One night I was coming home from the Grange and the plank road was very slippery and the car was sliding off the road. I managed to get the car door open and kick the Grange suitcase out so it would block the wheel of the car. Then I proceeded to walk home. It was quite late and Bert had gotten worried and came looking for me, walking up the road. I was glad to see his lantern shining.

Arlene was born in 1943. We were still living on the plank road and were there until 1950, then we moved to the home near the county line. Paul went into the Army and was in Korea until 1953. Bert and Stan logged the Schmidt timber and on Rocky Point Road. Bert passed away in 1984, and I still live in our house that we moved to in 1950. We loved living on Dixie Mountain and loved all our good friends and neighbors."

Paul married Lenore Morey and they have 4 children: Gordon, Mitchel, Kenneth and Lori. Paul and Stan continued to log after Bert passed away and also grew Christmas trees. In 1989, Paul and Stan were named Tree Growers of the Year by the Washington County Small Woodlands. Mitchel is the tree grower in the family now. Mitch and his wife, Diane, have three children, and Lori and her husband, Ron, have two boys.

Stan married Jeri Schmidt and they have three boys, Steve, Brett and Troy and two grandsons. Stan passed away in 1992. Steve lives in Beaverton and Brett and Troy live on Dixie Mountain.

Arlene was an exchange student to the Philippines in 1960. She now lives in Downey, California, and married Jim Roe and has a daughter, Cristine. Cristine follows in her mother's footsteps and plays piano beautifully.

Bert and Pauline were the best kind of neighbors, always with an open door, a wonderful meal and the best of company, and willing to do anything for a neighbor. Pauline tells of Bert and the boys helping Elijah Ward move an outhouse on the Clair Jones property. Mr. Ward looked down, saw an envelope and said "Oh boy, there's my war bonds."

In 1939 there was a snow of twenty-one feet in places. Selmer Hendrickson and Robert Roub rented cats to clean the roads. They cleaned the plank road for the Lampas and in two hours it was full again. People couldn't get out for groceries and the Westphals were said to be down to their last jar of canned pears. Another snow storm came in time for a New Year's Eve dance at the Grange. Pauline had done some shopping for the dance, and so had bought

Best of friends on Dixie Mountain, Stan Lampa, Richard Tannock, and Paul Lampa, in their younger years. **Photo courtesy of Pauline Lampa**

tons of hot dogs. As it turned out she couldn't get to the dance, because of the snow. The Lampas sure were glad to have those hot dogs to eat.

Pauline was active in the Grange as secretary for many years, the treasurer and master. Stan too, was an active Grange member and held the offices of treasurer and master. He was the Grange Insurance Agent for many years.

TROY LAMPA, written by Troy Lampa (May 6, 1998): I was born in 1965, and was raised, and lived on Dixie Mountain pretty much all my life. My father and mother, Stan and Jeri Lampa, and my two older brothers lived in the old Hansen log cabin until about 1972.

I don't recall a lot about those days but I do remember there weren't a lot of Christmas trees then. There were plenty of strawberries and cows to keep people busy. They used to bus people from Hillsboro and North Plains to pick berries up on the hill back then. Kind of hard to believe looking back. I think one year I picked about four flats of berries. I don't remember how much money I made, but I knew then I wouldn't be much of a berry picker.

I was blessed in my youth by the beauty and peacefulness of the mountain. Every day was a new adventure, exploring a little more of the untamed surroundings. I couldn't think of a better place to be raised.

Every Sunday was like a family reunion. My family, Mother, Father, Steve, Brett and myself would have dinner at my grandparents, Bert and Pauline Lampa. Paul and Lenore Lampa and their kids, Gordon, Mitchell, Ken and Lori would be there too. You see, we all live within a few miles of each other. And if that wasn't enough, my mother's folks, Howard and Viola Schmidt, lived only a few hundred yards from us. You can bet all of us kids had very good prospects for birthdays and Christmas.

Those were the good old days, one of those overused cliches. Anyway, things have changed. The trees are being cut. Many houses are being put up. It just doesn't seem right, but as long as it's night and the stars shine bright, I can still see the mountain the way it was back then. If I listen in the wind, I can hear the laughter and joy of my family and kin.

ANGELO AND MARY DILORETTO, written by Rose Angela DiLoretto D'Ambrosia: Angelo and Mary DiLoretto, my father and mother, bought 160 acres of land on Dixie Mountain in June 1936. The first weekend our

The DiLoretto Family: Geno, Rose Angela, Mary and Angelo. **Photo courtesy of Harold Parmele**

family spent up there was July 4, 1936. Gino, my brother, and I were with them. The four of us slept "spoon" fashion in a small wood shed down by the creek, and the rains came!

There was an old platform with a shed roof down by the creek. It had been used by Brix Logging Company as a pump house. My father decided it would make a nice cabin. An old burnt out cedar tree in front of that platform supplied raw material for shakes, which my father made using a "froe". Naturally the first night we spent in the "cabin" the rains came! The roof leaked, so repairs had to be made. The "cabin" cost thirty-nine cents for the nails to build. It was really cheap housing. It was a split level, with kitchen entry and one step up to the bedroom. My father later added an extra room off the bedroom, this was two steps down. On cold nights my father took the hot ashes out of the stove and placed the ash pan in a "cradle," which he placed in the beds to warm them – a homemade bed warmer.

The first ten times we went to "our place" we walked in from the Hansen's place, carrying all our supplies on our backs in old Army backpacks. Then we met the Moran family and drove in to their place and walked to our place from there. My mother, of course, complained about having to walk in, so she went to Hillsboro and convinced the Commissioners that we should have access to the bulk of the property. Stoltenberg Road was the result, which also gave direct access to Harold Parmele's farm and Howard Nelson's farm.

My mother wanted a garden, which was the reason they bought the place, so my father built a straight up canyon trail to a flat spot and cleared three acres, planting fruit trees, nut trees and a huge garden.

In 1937 Gino and I were in a musical recital (piano and violin). We played the same program at the old Wallace School house where the Grange used to meet and dances were held. The next day the Grant family walked down to our cabin and asked me to join their orchestra. We played for dances every other Saturday and played in other locations on our off nights. In those days we charged twenty-five cents a person and gave them sandwiches and coffee! The musicians were paid $2.00 each. The original orchestra was Fred Grant, Sr., on the violin, Edith Anderson on the accordion, Bob and Vernon Grant on saxophones, Paul Smith on drums, and me on the piano.

There used to be frequent fires around the area and all able bodied men were recruited for fire fighting. Their families supplied food for the men and all worked until the fires were out.

In 1937 my father built a cabin "on top" of our property, at the end of the County road. We had indoor plumbing and running water! We were among the first to be so luxurious. We had a gasoline pump 400 feet down from the cabin. It was mounted in a small building at the northwest end of our property.

In late 1937 Dixie Mountain Grange purchased the old Buxton-Manning railroad depot, disassembled it and hauled it up to Dixie Mountain, where it was reassembled on an acre of land donated by the Hendricksons, Otto and Signa. Their sons were Arthur, Harry and Selmer. All labor was donated except for the efforts of Mr. Dudley, who was paid to set the foundation blocks to assure it was level. The first big event was a wedding reception in August 1938, when Fred Dudley married Genevieve Lindbloom. The building is still in use by the Grange and has seen many improvements. Originally, water was carried in milk cans, then water was brought in by garden hose stretched from Wallace School.

Electricity came to Dixie Mountain in 1947. The Grange hall was wired by volunteers.

The Morans butchered pigs each year and one time asked my father to help. My father was very tender-hearted and quite squeamish, but he helped Bill Moran do the butchering; however he never helped again. He was more than willing to help in any way, but drew the line at butchering.

I used to give piano lessons to youngsters on "the hill," walking out and back along the old railroad grade and trail to come out at the Hansen's.

Lawrence Moran and I learned to drive on Dixie Mountain. Nobody had new cars in those days. We had a 1925 Hupmobile, the Moran family had a 1924 Buick, and the Dudley family had three 1926 Dodges. In those days auto manufacturers each had a different gear shift pattern. Our Hupmobile had standard shift. The Buick had universal shift and the Dodge had a continental shift. If you drove different cars you had to know the pattern. Of course there were still some Model T Fords with foot levers.

When we went to our place down the Hansen's road, there was an old fallen down house that had been built with square nails. The Brix Logging trestles were still standing but had no rails on them.

In 1938 the Grange chose me to be a princess at the Washington County Fair, which was held at Shute Park. I again represented the Grange in 1941 as a princess at the Fair. In 1939 I was awarded the State Grange Scholarship, which paid $150.00 toward tuition of $160.00 for a whole year.

HAROLD PARMELE: The oldest man on the mountain these days is Harold Parmele, a resident in the community since 1936. At 92 (in 1998) he may seem rather reclusive to many people, but once you get acquainted with him, he can talk your leg off. He certainly has plenty of experience to share.

By the time he moved onto Dixie Mountain, together with his brother Merton and sister-in-law Emma Lou, Harold had moved to a new residence an average of over once a year during the course of his life. He was born in Kansas, where his parents, three older brothers and younger sister were active members in the local church. But his parents had difficulty making their marriage work and separated, throwing the family into a crisis. Harold and his siblings eventually went to Kansas City with their mother, travelling in a covered wagon. Later they moved to Roseburg, Oregon, where an uncle lived. As an adult Harold followed his brother Merton to Portland and earned a diploma at the Portland School of Commerce in 1925. He then went to work for the Union Pacific Railroad, until the Depression put him out of work.

The devastating effects of the depression era economy catapulted Harold into a period of political activism. He

Harold Parmele, right, at ninety-two, is the old man of the mountain. When he and his brother and sister-in-law first moved to Dixie Mountain in 1936, Harold spent the first year sleeping in a tent next to their original cabin (below, left). These two brothers worked together to develop their farm (below right), producing eggs and cream. Photos below courtesy of Harold Parmele. Photo at right by Jack Nelson

joined the Liberty Party and became preoccupied with the question of the nature of money. A book by Cain Harvey entitled *The Book* had a great influence on his thinking at this point. Harvey's thesis was that money should be for facilitating exchange, not making interest. Harold became active in distributing this little book, and the issue of the nature of money has continued to be a principle subject of meditation for him since that time. He also joined a cooperative colony during this period and served as secretary of the group. The year before he moved onto Dixie Mountain, he worked in a placer mine.

Then in 1936 Merton Parmele bought a forty-acre, burned-over "stump ranch" on Stoltenberg Road for ten dollars down. Merton asked Harold to join him and his wife, Emma Lou, in developing the place. Progress was slow; they "inched along." They started with a tarpaper cabin, then added a woodshed and livestock shed. Emma Lou never did like the difficult life. Her health was frail due to a faulty heart valve; she died in December of 1939. Merton was drafted at the beginning of the war, and Harold remained behind to manage the farm.

By the time he moved to Dixie Mountain, Harold was ready to find a place to put down roots. He quickly became an active member in the Grange and was elected to the position of Master in 1937, an office he held for the following five years. It was during his tenure that the old Buxton railroad station building was purchased, dismantled and reassembled on Dixie Mountain to serve as the Grange hall. He was recently recognized by the Grange for sixty years of membership and service.

Merton returned from military service after the war and together these two brothers continued to develop their farm. They built a new house and kept a hundred hens laying and three cows producing milk and cream. Merton was also able to occasionally find employment as an electro-typist in Portland. In his free time he pursued a passion for flying airplanes. He lived on Dixie Mountain up until his death in 1962.

Harold carried on with the farm. During the 1940s and 50s, he also became quite adept at raising and selling irises. In the late 1970s he took up artistic drawing with charcoal and colored pencils. He remains a very pensive person. Living a very simple life, he still does all his cooking on a wood burning stove. His advice to those wanting to live to a ripe old age is to get your vitamins from eating plenty of vegetables—and eat half of them raw.

GEORGE (TED) AND GLADYS THOMPSON FAMILY, written by Bob Moffitt (April 1998): Ted and Gladys Thompson moved to Dixie Mountain in the late 1930s with their children: Lyall, Joyce, Ellis, Elaine, Jennett and Jack. They lived in a house on Hansen Road, south of Dixie Mountain Road, near Howard and Viola Schmidt's place. This house was destroyed by fire, and the family stayed with the Bill Moran family while they rebuilt their home. Later they moved to a house near the intersection of Skyline Boulevard and Rocky Point Road, and from there to a house on the Plank Road, south of Dixie Mountain Road, near the Goodell place.

After a couple of years the family left Dixie Mountain for approximately six years to follow road construction work. They later returned to Dixie Mountain, where they resided and raised their children at the southeast corner of Hansen Road and Dixie Mountain Road

In the early 1960s, Gladys opened a knitting and yarn shop in St. Johns, which she operated for about two years. Gladys loved to sew, knit, crochet and quilt. She made the sashes and alter cloth for the Dixie Mountain Grange.

Ted and Gladys joined the Dixie Mountain Grange in the late 1940's. Gladys was very active in the Grange. Gladys, Jennett and Bob took the 7th Degree, National Grange Degree, in 1963. Gladys organized the Dixie Mountain Junior Grange in the mid 1960's and served as Matron (leader) until her death. Lenore Lampa and Bob Moffitt served as Matron and Patron until the mid 1970's when the Junior Grange was disbanded. Gladys also belonged to and was active in the Dixiebrook Garden Club and the Dixie Mountain Grange Home Ec Club. She also liked to quilt and would go quilting when any of the ladies in the neighborhood were having a quilting bee.

In 1962 Ted and Gladys sold their property on Dixie Mountain to Howard and Viola Schmidt. They purchased a houseboat and a seventeen foot cabin cruiser located at Dikeside 4 Moorage near Scappoose, where they resided until their death in 1969. They died in an auto accident, along with two of their grandchildren, Jeri Munson and Cindy Glover. Their car was rear-ended by a drunk driver south of Redding, California. They were on their way to visit Ellis for Easter.

Lyall is retired and lives in Newport, Oregon. Joyce married Ralph (Scott) Munson in 1947. They had four children: Linda, Jeri, Patty and Ronald. Joyce passed away April 13, 1989, and her daughter Jeri died in 1969.

Ellis married Jane in 1955, after being discharged from the Navy. They had two children: Ben and Willa. Ellis and Jane were divorced in 1962. He later met and married Delores Dean and they are semi-retired and living in Loomis, California.

Elaine married Wayne (Bud) Glover in the early 1950's, and they had five children: Rocky, George, Cindy, Diana and Robin. They divorced in the early 1970's. Elaine met and married Lou Ottenbacher. Elaine and Lou are retired and live near Battleground, Washington.

Jennett married Bob Moffit in 1959. They have two children, Lisa and Michael; and Lisa has given them a grandson, Ricky. Bob and Jennett are retired and live in Aloha, Oregon.

Jack married Alta Winters in 1958. They have two children, Jackie and Debbie. Jack and Alta have retired and are touring the United States.

GEORGE AND GLADYS THOMPSOM, as recalled by Ellis Thompson: I have no idea what brought George, known to everyone as Ted, and Gladys to Dixie Mountain. I don't remember my father relying on the land for a living, rather he commuted to work. So unlike a good many of the pioneers in the area who had settled a piece of land and either farmed or worked at harvesting the timber for a living, the Thompson family was destined to be part-time residents, depending on where work was to be found. Ted worked as a heavy equipment mechanic and truck driver and this took his family where roads were being constructed, but they always returned to Dixie Mountain.

I have memories of our family living in a house made of railroad ties, which was located on the property where Paul and Lenore Lampa now live. We next lived in a two-story house that burned to the ground one Sunday morning as the family prepared to go to church. I remember being placed across the road on the John Hansen property and watching my father and some of the neighbors attempting to salvage what they could. We were taken in by Bill and Ethel Moran, and then we were off on the road again. When we came back we were taken in by the Oscar Nelson family, while locating a place to stay. That turned out to be a small shack of a house on a road that left the County road directly across from the Argie Pottratz place. There wasn't even an outhouse, and we had to carry water from Bert and Pauline Lampa's spring house, located down the road. While we were there our parents worked in Portland, and we six children were left to shift for ourselves. This was during World War II, about 1942. We were there through the winter and we had deep snow drifts covering the road. Our parents were snowed out sometimes. In this day our parents would probably be thrown in jail for child abuse, but I believe they were doing the best they could at the time and we all survived. That's just the way it was at that time. Lyall and Joyce must have been in their early teens, and I assume they did a pretty good job of taking care of four younger siblings.

Our family next went to California, leaving Lyall with Grandma Holte in Portland so he could finish his schooling. My mother worked as a waitress and my father as a mechanic. Next we went further south and lived in a large tent in a migrant camp. We next moved to a cattle ranch in Paynes Creek, near Susanville, California, and my father worked as a millwright and sawyer on the ranch sawmill where they were cutting lumber from oak logs. After a year there we headed back to Portland and lived for a time with my mother's parents and then in St. Johns. We then moved back to Dixie Mountain on the forty acres across the County road from the Pugh place. My parents lived there until all the children were away from home. Sometime after 1956 they moved to a houseboat on the Willamette. They remained active in the community until they were killed in an accident in 1969.

ALBERT AND CHRISTENA BEISLEY FAMILY, written by Christena Beisley George: We came to Oregon in the summer of 1950, myself along with my Aunt Emma Thompson, my husband, Albert Beisley, and our children: Irene, Perry, Iris and Garry. We stayed a few days at my husband's brother's (Ernest Beisley) home, but we felt it too big a burden to stay a long while. So we went to a "for workers" camp in Hillsboro and picked berries and beans, while Albert got a job in Portland as a boilermaker welder.

As we would drive from Hillsboro to visit the Ernest Beisley family, we would pass a place on Skyline Boulevard and Rocky Point Road that was for sale. Albert inquired about it and made a deal to buy it, so we went back to Oklahoma, had a sale, selling our livestock and everything, along with our forty-acre farm. We came back in time for school to start. We lived on Rocky Point Road and Skyline Boulevard from 1950 until 1961. Albert died November 7, 1959.

During the time we lived on Dixie Mountain we joined the Grange. It's building was far different than it is today. The heat was a big steel barrel made into a stove. The paint wasn't very good, and the side room had no conveniences in the way of running water, or even a way to heat water, but there was friendship and fun had by all. I served a spell as the Secretary of Dixie Mountain Grange.

We had parties – I remember one, a Halloween party. I dressed as Aunt Jemima, with my patched skirt, white apron, and red bandanna. Albert dressed as an old Indian man. He even fooled our dog, who didn't like him at all. Garry, our youngest, was a runaway, capturing the prize. He had an old hound dog face mask, big cut-off pants held up by a small rope, a long stick carried on his shoulder, with a red handkerchief tied to the end with his things in it.

Another time the men were to serve the womenfolk the evening refreshments. We had been saving things, preparing to have a rummage sale. When we were called to come in, the men had gotten into our stash of donations and dressed up in some of the clothing. Here was Albert, with a ladies long girdle on over his clothes. He had used the lids from the sugar bowls to fill out the breast section.

All of the men had dressed in some outlandish way. We laughed until we cried; they were so funny.

At that time our school was one room with eight grades. Viola Schmidt was the teacher. We had to take our children to school or they walked. It was nearly three miles, mostly up hill from our home. For a short time Mrs. Schmidt had two rooms and a helper teacher. We would get very deep snow at times and the children had an early let out at times in order to get home before the snow. Then the 7th and 8th grade children were sent to North Plains school, then on to Hillsboro for high school. If there was snow in the forecast and it started coming pretty steady, the mail carrier would call the school – "Hey! better get the children on their way home. Snow's getting heavy".

One time they couldn't make it through, as the bus got stuck. Howard Schmidt had a jeep with a snow blade and he came to their aid. There were a few times the children had to brave the snow in other people's homes until the bus was unstuck or Howard Schmidt brought them home. Of course the children had fun.

There were lots of berries to pick all around on the hill in the summer and all done by local people. The Morrisettes, Mr. Charlie Nelson, Howard Nelson and others hired pickers, so the young folk had something they could do.

My daughter, Irene, picked enough berries one year to buy an old upright piano. I still have it in my home in Portland.

After Albert died in 1959, the people of Dixie Mountain were so good to me. They brought me their garden produce and helped in many other ways. They were a caring, loving people in every way and really supported me in more ways than one. I truly appreciated it all.

After Albert's death I decided to go to school and become a Licensed Practical Nurse. By this time Irene, being the oldest of the children, took over seeing the other children off to school. They had to catch the bus at 7:00 a.m. and didn't get home until 5:00 or 6:00 p.m., since they went over the mountain to North Plains and on to Hillsboro by 9:00 a.m.

I decided to sell my home and move into Portland, as I had too long a drive to Good Samaritan Hospital when I was on call at night. I worked in surgery upon my graduation. When I left Dixie Mountain the people gave me a lovely going away party, a set of china I dearly love, and lots of lovely gifts for a house warming. I had thought I'd be able to return often and keep in touch, but my hours of work and call time made it near impossible, as much as I missed the time of fellowship and fun. I'm grateful for their continued friendship and greetings when I get to come up to the Strawberry Festival and see those I knew back then. Everyone is still caring friends and I have so many lovely memories.

I have a clipping from the newspaper of the tragic loss of Ted and Gladys Thompson and their grandchildren in an accident while on a vacation trip to California. They were people who gave of themselves and were great workers in the Grange and community. I also remember Nellie Grant, the Tuckers, Morrisettes, Christensens, Cousins, Pottratz, Dudleys, Charlie Nelson – so many have either moved away or are deceased. It seems so few are left. Of course the Lampas are still on Dixie Mountain, the Moffitts and the young Tannocks, and so many new ones. That's great. I'm so glad the Grange is thriving and doing well.

ROBERT T. (BOB) AND JENNETT THOMPSON MOFFITT, written by Robert Moffitt (April 1998): I first learned of Dixie Mountain when my parents, Ralph and Ellen Moffitt, bought the Pugh place in February 1958. We were living in Portland at the time. My father wanted acreage in the country. In the summer of 1958, my father and mother moved to Dixie Mountain. My sister and brother-in-law, Bonnie and Paul Taylor, along with their daughters, moved to Portland and lived with me in the house that I owned.

Dixie Mountain Grange had a community picnic in the summer of 1958 and invited us, so we got to meet most of the people who lived on Dixie Mountain. In the spring of 1959, I rented the Jacober place and moved to Dixie Mountain with Bonnie, Paul and their family. That summer I met Jennett Thompson and we were married on December 22, 1959. Jennett's parents, Ted and Gladys Thompson, lived across the road from my parents. Jennett and I bought the Morlock place on Skyline Boulevard, north of Logie Trail Road in 1960 and lived there for six years before being transferred to Astoria. We lived in Astoria for about a year, then transferred back to Portland and purchased a home in Aloha, where we still live.

We have two children, Lisa and Michael. Lisa and her husband, Howard, and son, Richard (Rickey), live in Sacramento, California. Michael lives in the Beaverton area.

Jennett and I joined the Dixie Mountain Grange in 1959, Jennett in March and I in October, and we are still active in the Grange. We helped organize the Washington County Pomona Grange's 3rd and 4th Degree Team in 1960. Gladys Thompson also helped to organize the team and was Lady Assistant Steward. Jennett was Ceres and I was Assistant Steward. We took time out in 1966 to raise our family but are again involved in the Washington-Yamhill County Pomona Grange Degree Team. I am also treasurer of the Washington-Yamhill County Pomona Grange.

I retired December 31, 1994, after working for Northwest Natural Gas for thirty-nine years. Now we spend a lot of time at Lake Merwin Campers Hideaway, where we have a thirty-five foot trailer and fourteen foot boat. We love to fish and spend a lot of time there during the summer.

After my father and mother bought the Pugh place, we would go up on weekends to clean it up. We would be working and making noise and after a while we would see a white head peeking over the fence. It was Gladys Thompson checking up on who was there.

One Sunday when we were at the farm my mother caught the outhouse on fire. She thought this was funny, but after my father put the fire out he gave her heck and told her she might have to use that outhouse some day; that summer they moved to the farm and she did.

I remember the first Strawberry Festival that I worked on. It was in 1960. We went to Don and Elaine Logan's farm on Sunday morning and picked strawberries until we had enough to serve in the afternoon, then I went home to clean up and back to the Grange hall to serve strawberry shortcake in the afternoon.

When my father rented the Norman Nelson place I spent my vacations helping him put up hay with the round bailer. We baled with that round baler at Stan Lampa's farm and it began to sprinkle so we rolled the big round bales down the hill and covered them with canvas.

In the summer of 1959 I agreed to milk Ralph Dudley's cow while they went on vacation. Jennett was learning to drive and went with me. While we were gone, Paul shut the gate at the Jacober place to keep the cattle in, so Jennett drove back and ran the car through the barb wire gate. She would not drive for several years after that.

RALPH AND ELLEN MOFFITT, written by Bonnie Taylor (April 1998): Ralph and Ellen Moffitt moved to Dixie Mountain in 1958. They had bought the Perry N. Prescott place. Ralph worked in Portland for California Bag and Metal. He retired from there when he was sixty-two years old, but he couldn't stop working, so he went to Burns, Oregon, and spent a year hauling logs. It was in his blood, as he had worked in the timber industry many years before.

How did they get to Dixie Mountain? Ralph, Ellen and Bob would take Sunday drives around Portland. On one of these Sunday drives they got lost, so here they are.

Ralph and Ellen were both Grange members, joining in 1959. Ellen belonged to the clubs on Dixie Mountain and also served on the Wallace School Board before the school was annexed to the North Plains School District.

During the thirty years they lived on Dixie Mountain, they had milk cows and sold cream, run beef cows, had some pigs and chickens, and later they grew nursery stock.

Ralph and Ellen once owned and farmed the property that the Rick Ferris family live on now. They rented the Norman Nelson place and the Grant place and farmed and run cattle on both. Paul Taylor, their son-in-law, and Bob Moffitt, their son, helped them.

In the spring of 1970 they tore down the old house with the help of the Lampas and built a new house on the same site.

After Ralph quit working they bought a travel trailer and spent a winter in Arizona. They were on a trip when Ralph died on August 5, 1977. After a year, Ellen sold the property to Paul and Bonnie Taylor, her son-in-law and daughter, and moved to Hillsboro. She is living in a care facility and is doing as good as possible at the age of eighty-four.

PAUL AND BONNIE TAYLOR FAMILY, written by Bonnie Taylor (April 1998): The very first time we were on Dixie Mountain was Easter Sunday, 1957. We were visiting my father, mother and brother (Bob Moffit) in Portland from Milton-Freewater where we lived. We drove up Rocky Point Road and there were about four inches of snow at Bert and Pauline Lampa's. We shortly thereafter moved to Portland to be near my parents (Ralph and Ellen Moffit).

We moved to Dixie Mountain with our girls, Peggy, Paula, Evelyn and Gail, in May of 1959, settling on the Jacober place. The Dixie Mountain community adopted us and we have made it our home for thirty-nine years.

When school started that fall, Peggy started fourth grade and Paula started second grade at Wallace School. Evelyn started first grade in 1960 and Gail in 1961.


Paul and Bonnie Taylor have been active members of the Dixie Mountain community since 1959.

1960 was the year Don Logan brought us a cow. He walked that old cow from his place to our place (about five miles), and said we had too many kids not to have old Betty. I think he was tired of milking her.

The same year, Don Gillett and Don Logan started a 4-H club. The first members were Barbara and Steve Nelson, Donna and John Gillett, Dan Logan, Peggy, Paula and Evelyn Taylor. It was a mixed club, having pigs, horses and cattle. The kids called their club "The Eager Mt. Beavers." In 1961 Don Gillett quit as a leader and I helped Don Logan. We had most of the kids on Dixie Mountain in our club at one time or other. "The Eager Mt. Beavers" ended in 1973. We had eleven years of club meetings, plus County and State Fairs.

We moved to the Tom Tannock place in 1963, next door to the Don Logan and Richard Tannock families. It was a good place to raise kids. Between the three families we had twelve kids. The Taylors kept two horses, one milk cow (Betty), and three 4-H calves in the Logan's barn. Elaine Logan had a horse too, and the kids rode them all.

During the summer the girls worked in the berry fields and went to the canneries when they were old enough.

Jo Ann Tannock and I had Ford station wagons that were the same color and style. People didn't know who was coming or going. Sometimes we did our weekly shopping together with a car load of kids.

We moved to our present home in December 1965. We purchased the place from John Rutis; as of now, we have lived here thirty-three years. This place was originally the John Zimmerman homestead.

When we were moving, there was high water in the creek by the house and it washed the bridge out. Elaine Logan gave us all her rocks she had been collecting for years, plus some old bed springs and planks, and we fixed the bridge temporarily. We had lots of help with our move from the neighbors. Everyone who had a pickup came around and moved a load. I think a good time was had by all that day. Paula asked if we would ever have to move again. We told her no, and it was true.

Paul worked for Schnitzer Steel Corporation in Portland for twenty-five years and retired May 1989. We have been vacationing ever since.

Paul is a life-time member of the Prineville Chapter of V.F.W and I belong to the Auxiliary. We joined Dixie Mountain Grange #860 in 1960 and have held offices every year. We both belonged to the Dixie Mountain Protective Association when it was active and now belong to the Neighborhood Watch Program. Paul served five years on the North Plains School Board and is now secretary of the Mountain View Cemetery Association. During his spare time he has spent twenty years growing and cloning Christmas trees.

I've belonged to every organization on Dixie Mountain. There was Home Extension, Dixiebrook Garden Club, Quality Quilters, 4-H, Women's Activity, and I'm now quilting at the Senior Center in Hillsboro. Our four girls were members of Dixie Mountain Junior Grange. They all graduated from Hillsboro Senior High School (Hilhi).

Both Evelyn and Gail were members of the Hilhi band and went to Vienna, Austria, in 1971 to attend the International Band Festival.

Peggy graduated in 1968. She later married John Semm and they had Ronda and Nicole. John and Peggy divorced five years later. Ronda spent a lot of her life living with us. She went to North Plains School, Evergreen Jr. High, and graduated from Glencoe Sr. High in June 1987. In 1988 she married Kevin Ryder, and they now have three children and live in Hillsboro. Kevin belonged to the Boy Scout Troop that cleaned Mountain View Cemetery and put the new sign up. The Scouts were seniors who were earning their community service badges. I furnished the soap and brushes to wash the headstones. Ronda and Kevin lived on Dixie Mountain for a year before moving to Hillsboro. Nicole Semm had a little girl and lives in Portland.

Paula graduated in 1970. She went to Northwest Business School and earned an Executive Secretary degree. She moved to Eugene to work and later married Gary Darnielle. They have one son, Cory.

Evelyn graduated in 1972. She went to college at the University of Oregon in Eugene and to Southern Oregon University in Ashland, then back to U of O to get a Bachelor of Arts degree in music. She married Jeff Johnson. Their first child, Emily Johnson, died of a heart condition when she was a toddler and is buried in the Zimmerman Family Cemetery. They now have two children, Ryan and Lydia.

Gail graduated from high school in 1973. She almost became an airline hostess but instead studied to be a veterinary receptionist and later went to Portland Community College, then on to Portland State for a Bachelors Degree in Human Resources. Gail met Doug Pihlaja at Portland State and they were married and now have a little girl, Saren. They live on Dixie Mountain and are buying the property we bought from Millie and Myron Christensen. This piece of property was part of the Sears property.

We are very proud to count seven grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

Yes, the Dixie Mountain community adopted us, and we have made it our home for 39 years.

PAULA TAYLOR'S ACCOUNT OF THE OCTOBER 1962 STORM, written by Paula at age nine (Oct. 18, 1962): Friday night, after school was out, there was a wind storm. The wind was so fast it blew down trees. The wind was going over 100 miles an hour.

We were standing at the window watching the trees fall. There were three big trees and the first one fell when the wind blew hard. The other two were leaning on each other. Then the wind blew real hard and it blew the second one down. By that time I was sick of it. We were running around looking out the windows to see the trees fall. Whenever the wind would blow real hard the windows in the bedroom would blow open. Mama would run to the bedroom with a hammer and a nail and nail the windows closed. Then we would go and watch the trees again. We would always be watching the last big tree until it fell.

Mama was getting worried about Daddy because he hadn't come home yet. Daddy hadn't come home yet because he was standing at Rocky Point watching the trees fall, with Mr. Kangas and Mr. Edwards. Daddy and those two had to go over and go under trees to get home. When they got to our house the wind had died down a little and Mama had the lantern down and lit it. Daddy took Mr. Kangas and Mr. Edwards home and by the time he got back I was ready for bed. I went to bed a little after he got back home because I could hardly keep my eyes open. The next morning it was raining. I guess it started to rain after the wind stopped.

Saturday Mama and Daddy told us what to do. Gail and I were to do the dishes and Evelyn and Peggy were to clean up the yard. Mama and Daddy put some of the roof back on. We don't have electricity now.

MEMORIES OF A DIXIE MOUNTAIN CHILDHOOD, written by Gail Taylor (April 1998): Purple fox gloves, red juicy strawberries, thousands of Christmas trees, and a long dusty gravel road. These are visions that come to my mind when I think of our mountain.

Fields of fox glove to play hide 'n seek in.

The red song books in the back of the pews at the Dixie Mountain Community Church. Sunday School in the new rooms behind the church.

Getting up one morning at 5:00 a.m. to PICK the berries for the Strawberry Festival. Thank goodness that didn't continue! Folding a thousand napkins that said "It's the berries."

Watching sisters do homework by candlelight after the October Day storm.

Singing "I'll Remember Always, Graduation Day" for 8th grade spring graduation ceremonies at the Dixie Mountain Grade School.

Don Logan plowing roads open during snowy winters.

Riding atop "Babe" the big black plow horse as Don plowed the rows of strawberries.

Hot summer days picking those berries. Thank-you, Logans, for the nice ladder over the fence that helped us run away to the call of the cool woods where we would play for hours.

Trying to sing the "I Am Siamese, If You Please" song with sister Evelyn during a Junior Grange program, dressed in leopard costumes made by Jeri Lampa, while trying to eat the make-believe fish "carrots" as they were falling out of my mouth.

Days and days playing with the Tannock kids: Armies, forts, playing in the forest, riding horses.

Running the horses, full speed, up Roub road. Always having to ride "Flicka."

Training and bathing cows for the fair. The smell of leather halters. The rasping of hooves clean.

Riding the school bus for hours and hours. Watching the dust filter in through open windows.

Sam Logan doing science experiments in the back of the bus. Once he blew something up and burned the heck out of his thumb.

Being called for over the loud speakers at school to come home early because it was SNOWING on Dixie Mountain!

Knowing that if any fellow came up the mountain to court you more than once, he was really interested.

Learning the meaning of what good neighbors are.

Since childhood I have left the Mountain, worked in the veterinary field, gone back to school to get a business degree, married a St. Helen's man, Doug Pihlaja, and returned to the Mountain. Here I will raise my wonderful daughter, Saren Louise Pihlaja, and hide from the rumbles, grumbles and turmoil of the valley.

I hope that my family will build as many wonderful memories as I have. Dixie Mountain is a beautiful place, and I am happy to be back to share it with them.

EVELYN TAYLOR AND JEFF JOHNSON, written by Evelyn Taylor (April 1998): My parents, Bonnie and Paul Taylor, brought our family to Dixie Mountain when I was five years old. There are four of us girls, Peggy, Paula, myself and Gail. When we first moved to Dixie Mountain, my parents rented a house from Al and Jean Jacober. There also was a chicken coop, an outhouse, (soon replaced by more modern technology), a wooden barn where we often played, which was home to our first cow, a Jersey named Betty. Betty came to our family from Don Logan, who apparently felt as though we were in need of a cow to milk; so he led her up the county road from their place to ours, about a two mile walk. We had lots of milk after the arrival of Betty.

I recall watching the Columbus Day storm from the windows of that house. The tall fir trees swung in the wind, dropping one after another. My father did get home that night but it was very late. He and everyone else had to cut trees out of their paths as they came back up the hill.

My grandparents Ralph and Ellen Moffitt already lived on Dixie Mountain, just across the draw from the Jacober house. I recall it being an older house, not big; there was a creepy upstairs where Gram kept her sewing machine. There was a small barn where they kept cattle, sometimes pigs (which we chased and were chased by), and chickens. My parents helped them dig a root cellar beneath that old house. I remember when they installed a bathroom, complete with toilet and shower. I recall bathing (sometimes forced to share water, yuck!) in a big wash tub sitting on the kitchen floor in that old house.

My sisters and I attended, occasionally, the small community church on Dixie Road. My favorite part was Sunday School, when we got to make crafts.

I remember when Nellie Grant's house burned. The fire consumed the house, and I remember a lot of people coming to help put the fire out and also remember not being allowed to stay and watch.

There was the great snow storm of 1968/1969. On top of the hill where my grandparents lived there was five feet of snow. The grader kept the road open, but it was only a one-lane road and the snow was higher than the windows of my father's Jeep. It was like driving through a long tunnel. It was a great time for us kids. No school for at least a week. We made an igloo, we made snow tunnels, and there was no power. I recall Don Logan and my father hauling a generator around to some of the neighbors to run their freezers to keep things from thawing.

In the late 60's Grandma Ellen and Grandpa Ralph Moffitt tore down the old house, moved into a small trailer and set up a big Army tent in which to store their belongings. They put their bed in the tent to sleep in, cooked in the trailer and built the ranch style house where I and my family now live. They completed the basement enough to live in and continued to work on the upstairs until it's completion in about 1968. They lived there until my grandfather's death in August 1978. Granny spent a bit more time in that house, but moved to Hillsboro not long after Grandpa died. I remember my grandmother was always busy building fence or mending fence, raising nursery stock and tending the animals. She was active as a board member of Wallace School and was an active Grange member. She lives in Hillsboro now.

I attended first and second grade at Wallace School on Dixie Mountain. The Yager family live there now. The school had one large room and a stage. At one time there were enough kids in attendance to have desks on the stage. Most of the time there were kids in each grade, but not always. Sometimes only two or three kids were in a class. Mrs. Viola Schmidt was my first teacher. She taught all grades. After she left to teach at North Plains Elementary,

Pastures, Christmas tree farms and the barely visible old church building can be seen along the crest of the Tualatin Mountains just west of the summit of Dixie Mountain. Mt St Helens is visible in the background. The property on the right of the picture was where the Ryckman family first settled. To the left is the site of the old Gibson

Mrs. Bangs taught for a short time. Behind the school there were the greatest swings in the world. If we were lucky, the "big" boys, like Steve Nelson or Steve Christensen, would push us so high you could touch the sky. There were lots of snakes. My classmate, (usually the only one) Danny Logan, seemed to have a passion for catching snakes, and although I really didn't like to, I often filled the position of assistant snake catcher/holder. I remember all students practicing a song "Graduation Day" in honor and in celebration of the eighth grade graduation party for Barbara Nelson, Mike Christensen and Virginia Taylor (not related). We sang to live music (I don't recall who played the piano), we dressed up, everybody came to school and those big eighth graders graduated.

Then fate took a turn, perhaps best for the snakes, and the school was closed. Don Logan stopped being our bus driver. We were bussed to either North Plains Elementary, Hillsboro High or Scappoose schools.

In 1963, my family moved to a house owned by Tom and Shirley Tannock and located between Don and Elaine Logan's home and Carl and Olga Tannock's home. Dick and Jo Ann Tannock lived there at the time. We then had lots of kids to play with, six Tannock kids and two Logan kids.

Our summer vacations began with the job of picking strawberries. Naomi and Jim Rodgers grew strawberries (the Atwood place now) on both sides of the county road. Don and Elaine Logan also grew strawberries. I remember Babe, a really big plow horse, and how Don used her to pull a cultivator up and down row after row of berries. Don would often give us kids rides on her broad back. I remember Elaine Logan hoeing strawberries, (I think she did it a lot!) using the finest hoe in the world.

My mother always seemed happy to wake us up at 5:00 a.m. to get us picking those berries as early as she could, and if it was going to be a hot day we began earlier yet. We picked those berries until Don said it was OK to stop, until they were the size of peas at least. Don and his family often treated the whole crew to some after harvest treats like trips to the beach or picnics in the woods.

Through the graces of the Logans and my parents, we were involved in 4-H. Don often boarded our livestock (in hindsight, he probably did most of the work). The Logans had a big, old wooden barn, a place for the milk cows, a place for the horses and a great place for lots of hay. Don was our leader and my mother, Bonnie Taylor, was the co-leader.

Although my earliest projects included sewing, as I got big enough to handle a calf, my parents, we kids, and Don Logan, using his truck, went to Mist, Oregon, and bought Herefords for our 4-H project. The best part of having cows is the birthing of the babies. The best part of 4-H was exhibiting our livestock at the Washington County Fair. Our club, The Eager Mt. Beavers, attended the fair many years. Having the experience of caring for livestock was a good opportunity to learn responsibility.

One of our primary social events was the monthly Grange meeting. I remember the old wood stove used to heat the place. I can remember running as fast as I could in the hall, then sliding as far as I could at the other end. I was not the only one doing this. Even then parents were telling kids to settle down. Pauline Lampa was always there, and Gladys Thompson was an active Grange member who started, or at least had a hand in starting, Junior Grange.

Our family bought the Rutis place in 1965, originally the John Zimmerman homestead, and my parents still reside there. There were lots of rats nests to clean and my mother got her value from her Kirby. There was lots of work to do to get the house in order. I remember my father and Don Logan hammering the flooring down (plywood salvaged from Schnitzer Steel where my father worked) in the upstairs of the house, while we girls were trying to go to sleep on account of it being a school night. Over the course of the years my mother made significant changes and improvements to the house. My father never knew what he would find upon his return home.

Our parents bought two horses for us girls to ride. Until we had our own barn for them the horses were kept at the Logan's. One morning my father and I went to do the chores at the Logan barn. We found either a cow or a steer laying down, obviously bloated and having difficulty breathing. At once, my father pulled out his pocket knife and stuck it into the animal's side. Under great pressure, gas and "other stuff" came shooting out, actually hitting the ceiling. After relieving the animal's pressure, we walked down to the house and told Don about his bloated cow.

We spent hours and hours riding all over the mountain. We often rode horses with Danny Logan, Carolyn and Bobby Rodgers and Barbara Nelson (Conklin today). One day, about twelve kids on eight horses rode to the Wing Ding, a family owned diner in North Plains and bought our lunches there. It was a lot of fun and there were plenty of tired horses and kids come the day's end.

I went away to college but I really never left. Perhaps, like my mother before me, I couldn't leave my mother either. Since about 1982 I have lived in the house that my grandparents built.

My father and I cleared acres of forests on his properties in order to plant a Christmas tree farm. He and I did this when we were not working our "town" jobs. It was kind of a joke at my office that I would come back to work in order to rest. We did this mostly by ourselves, using a D-6 Caterpillar, chain saws and serious labor.

I married Jeffrey B. Johnson in 1984. He also did a fair share of land clearing. He thought maybe he had better start a different business, and in the fall of 1984 he and Mona, our Boxer dog, started construction of our nursery business. My parents and Jeff's parents, Gladys and Allen Johnson, helped us tremendously. My mother was our first helper. Every day she would show up with her insulated long johns on, lunch box in one hand and TV in the other. She even brought her own coffee pot. As she was working in the first green house, Jeff was, in the snow and rain, building the second. One morning Jeff went to work as usual, finding my mother already there, putting up insulation in the shop. By that time our first daughter, Emily, had been born and was still an infant, and my mother said that we had to keep that baby warm. The insulation helped tremendously. The loving and unwavering support of our parents allowed us to make a start at the business.

Whenever there was a crisis, i.e., a wind storm or snow storm, my father always, our friends and neighbors often, would call and ask if we could use help. Over the past twelve years Jeff has built eight green houses and a shop/ office headquarters of Skyline Nursery.

Little Emily died October 1987 at twenty-seven months of age. Through the generosity of the Zimmerman descendants, Emily is buried in the Zimmerman Family Cemetery, located on the hill above my parent's home.

Jeff and I have been blessed with Ryan Taylor Johnson, who was born on September 2, 1988; and Lydia Claire Johnson, born October 10, 1991. Life on Dixie Mountain has been a rich one. My family and I have much to be grateful for.

MEMORIES OF DIXIE MOUNTAIN, written by Jennett Thompson Moffitt (April 1998): I remember attending the first grade in St. Johns at Sitting School (a special school). Then we moved back to Dixie Mountain, and I went to Wallace School, at the intersection of Dixie Mountain Road and Pottratz Roads. Viola Schmidt and Miss Sweet were the teachers.

I got my first hot permanent at a beauty salon and it burnt the back of my neck with the hot rollers. My father thought he would have to bring his tractor to get my head up.

When we lived on Hansen Road we found a little fawn that had been injured by a disk. We named him Bambi. When Bambi was about one year old my father took him to the Game Commission.

My father had two horses, Saint and Pat, when we were living on the plank road. The horses would let me walk underneath them without getting nervous. We stayed with the Morans for a time. One day we were playing baseball.

Joyce was at bat; she missed the ball and accidentally hit me in the face. Another time, I remember hugging the chimney and burning my arm, and I remember a time when I tried to light the stove and it blew up, burning my face.

NELL AND DELL MOREY, written by Nell Morey (April 1989): We moved to Dixie Mountain September 1st, 1938, to a place we had bought in 1935 from Skyline Land Company, one half mile south of the Grange hall. Mr. and Mrs. Morey, Sr., were living there at the time and later moved into the Clark house, across from the Grange Hall.

We had four children: Philip, Vernon, Lila and Lenore. They all attended Wallace School, where all but Lenore graduated from the eighth grade. The boys went to Hillsboro High three years.

We left Dixie Mountain June 1st, 1947, going to Estacada, where Dell was working for Secord, and later to various other places, then moving to Cornelius in August of 1956. Dell worked for Albina Machine Company in Portland for nine years before retiring December 31, 1967.

Like all families, we had our ups and downs. Dell worked for Bert Lampa, until Bert moved his equipment to the Coast Range, then Dell started working for Secord, following him to Estacada, Corvallis, Oakland, and Deadwood, Oregon.

The night before we left the mountain there was a surprise supper for us at the Carl Tannock home. Lots of delicious food, topped off with strawberry shortcake.

We belonged to the PTA and enjoyed school picnics and dances at the Grange hall.

No electricity until the year after we left the mountain. We sold our place to Alcoa Mining Company.

FRANK AND JUSTA PLISKA, written by Justa Pliska: We moved up onto Dixie Mountain in 1939, to a place that belonged to John Hansen, and I taught school there for one year. My first graders were Lila Morey, Elaine Tannock, and Stanley Lampa. At one time I had forty pupils. I remember that Don Roub would go out and turn the lights on in the car and run down the battery; he said it was okay because it was his Uncle Joe Roub's car. I loved teaching and living on Dixie Mountain.

Frank hauled logs and ties for Bert Lampa for a long time. I quit teaching for ten years to have my family and then taught for years after that.

We had four children, Janet, Laura, Allan and Robert. Allan has donated many items to help with improving Dixie Mountain Grange hall, and Janet and Laura served up their share of strawberry shortcake at the Festival, where you would find me cleaning berries.

Residents in the Post-War Period

There were some people who moved up onto Dixie Mountain during and right after the Second World War. More have followed during the last half of the twentieth century. Increasingly, as we have already noted, many of these are people who have sought a rural environment in which to live and raise their children. As the following accounts show, people have generally loved the community life that they found in their new neighborhood.

LESTER AND GRACE TUCKER, written by Katheryn Tucker Morlock (in 1997): Lester Earl Tucker and his wife, Grace Henrietta Baker, moved to Dixie Mountain from Vinita, Oklahoma, in 1942. They both worked at Willamette Iron and Steel as welders.

In 1943, Katheryn, Jack, Don and Bill came to Dixie Mountain from a care-taking aunt who lived in Missouri. Each of the children were two years apart. I, Katheryn, the oldest, was eleven years old when we moved to the northwest.

We enjoyed growing up on twenty-seven acres which our family cleared to grow black caps, a garden and fruit trees. We had a few chickens and a cow – sort of a disgrace to our father's wealthy family, brothers who had 1,000 acre farms, oil and coal mines; but our father was content knowing he had helped them acquire their wealth as a young man who stayed home and worked for them for peanuts until he was twenty-five years old.

We were well received by those good Dixie Mountain people. The Tannock family took me in as a true friend, picked me up for events, which ranged from Girl Scouts to singing and acting in Grange events, to sleigh rides in the winter. The Grange activities took us all over the County. My mother and father were active Grange members for many years.

We were fortunate to have a grade school teacher, Mrs. Viola Schmidt, with ingenious ideas to pique our interests in nature and art, and helping us form a softball team for the boys and girls, which later led to competition with other communities.

My family knew that if they needed help, anyone in the community could be called upon.

Hillsboro was our shopping town and where we went to high school, but if we had lived on the other side of our road we would have gone to Scappoose. We were one eighth mile from Rocky Point Road.

I married Ben Morlock from a Skyline Boulevard family. Jack married a Hillsboro girl, Darleen Hutchinson; Don married a Dixie Mountain girl, Donna Nelson; and Bill married Donna's cousin, Norma Hansen. The Hansens were the family we bought our house from.

In 1964 Ben Morlock was Master of the Dixie Mountain Grange. I was Lecturer for several years. Our children were State Junior Grange officers who learned public speaking and had the opportunity to be in many community activities, such as camp, through the Grange.

Today, 1997, Ben is a retired auto parts house owner, after which his work was with Caterpillar. I own a business, am a muralist and collect antiques, a great spin-off from teaching adult art classes for thirty years. Jack Tucker is a retired junior executive for Boeing in Seattle. Don is a machinist in Portland, and Bill is a contractor in Bend, Oregon. Our children are Glenda Taylor, Pamela Mendoza and Mark Morlock. Glenda has three children and works for the Health Department. She also has a business designing and doing weddings. Pamela teaches computer in grade school, and her husband is also a teacher. They have four children. Mark is a gemologist in Kansas City and has seven children.

We all would say we were raised by loving parents and appreciate the roots from which we sprang – walking trestles, walking in the woods, playing and fishing in the small streams on Dixie Mountain, from the Scappoose end to the Skyline side, picking fox gloves, finding our own Christmas tree in the woods, picking berries for Carl Tannock, pruning roses for Roy Hennessey, cleaning grave yards, never worrying about name brand clothing or strangers who did not care for us. We appreciate the people of Dixie Mountain who nurtured those tender first years of our lives and those of our children. Our grandchildren should be so blessed.

SAM AND FRANCES HOFFMAN: We were residents for fourteen glorious years. Sam's mother and some of the children lived up there awhile, but none of them can remember for how long and exactly when, but it was around 1941 to 1945. The two boys, Bobby and Paul, went to school up there, but the two girls went to Scappoose High School.

RESER FAMILY (These recollections take place between 1945 and 1947, when I, Al Reser, was in the 5th and 6th grades.): Our family, Earl and Mildred Reser, and their children (sisters Lois, Jean and Dodie, and myself) moved from Topeka, Kansas. We lived about one and a half miles from school in a house rented from Bill and Audrey Haller, who were relatives of my father. We arrived with a variety of electrical appliances but moved into a house with no electricity, running water or indoor facilities. We cooked and heated with a wood stove.

My father logged with horses on Dixie Mountain. I remember two Nelson families; one of them hauled logs for my father and we got our milk from the other.

I remember the Grange serving as the community center, with potlucks, dances, and box lunches/dinners being auctioned off. I also remember riding horses and sleds over the back roads constructed by Alcoa, when they were testing for bauxite.

My Dixie Mountain School recollections include: Outside privies, water from a spring, and a stove in the basement providing heat. Each grade had an assigned row and an assigned week to ring the bell for opening and closing school.

Memories: Stables for two or three horses; riding to school in a sled pulled by horses when it snowed; a classmate, Conrad Roub, often riding a Shetland pony to school, and sometimes his mother picking up both Conrad and the horse after school in her car; the teacher living in a house next to the school (She took a personal interest in me, helping me to become a better reader. I'd had difficulty learning to read.); a memorization requirement, including the states and capitols and the times tables to twelve (I used to challenge my own kids in a memory duel); working on an art project constructing an elephant out of paper mache, using newspaper, flour and water.

My family returned to Hillsboro in the summer of 1949. I enrolled at Hilhi as a 9th grader and graduated in 1953. After two years in the Army during the Korean conflict, I enrolled at Portland State in 1956, married in 1958, transferred to Oregon State that same year, and graduated in 1960, with an accounting major and food tech minor. In the interim, my mother started making potato salad in our farmhouse kitchen in Cornelius in 1950. We all helped after school. While I attended college, I worked for her and my father after school and during the summer. In the summer of 1960 they moved to Seattle in order to start a food brokerage business. I became president and responsible for the business. At the time we had a small production facility in Cornelius and three drivers/salesmen.

EILLEEN BROWN RIDDELL, written by Eilleen Brown Riddell (April 15, 1998): I moved from Orenco to Dixie Mountain with my parents in the summer of 1947. Our home was a twenty acre parcel of land located about one-half-mile down the hill from the top of Skyline Boulevard. Two families lived where the road separated. One was the Argie Pottratz family and the other was the Roy Selby family.

Our home was a rather small unfinished house, with neither electricity or water. The only water on the place was a spring located on the far end of the twenty acres, so my folks hauled water in a barrel from a roadside spring. This was all new to me, since water had always come out of a faucet. Our lights were kerosene lamps, we ironed with a gas iron, our radio was powered with a large battery pack. However it was very nice there. The air was fresh and crisp; the smell of fern and salall was abundant.

The property, as well as most of the hilltop, had been logged earlier, and smaller fir trees, maple and alder covered the property.

I remember when Christmas time came and I volunteered to get the tree. I searched and searched until I found the very best tree. I dragged it through probably fifteen acres, lost one shoe, and ended up with a tree six feet taller than would go in the house.

There was a little winding road that went down the hill past our place, ending at Wallace School and the Grange hall, where everybody gathered for dancing, picnics and softball games. I remember at one dance a man named "Wade," standing on a bench singing "Deary, Please Don't be Angry 'Cause I was Only Teasing You."

I remember the long rides on a small rattley school bus to Hillsboro High School, with a driver named "Harry," who sometimes studied while driving the bus.

There were those long, beautiful summer days of picking strawberries for the Tannocks. Then they grew the Marshall berries that were so sweet they melted in your mouth. Later there was hoeing berries at seventy-five cents an hour. Elaine Tannock and I were so slow they named us "Thunder and Lightning," her father saying "come on you girls." With our well earned money we went "school" shopping in Portland, followed by a Beaver baseball game, with the famous "Triple Play" – Zack to Bazinski to Bear – and Elaine's mother yelling "What's your first name honey?" Such good memories.

A very special person to me was Pauline Lampa, who treated me as if she were my second mother.

So many good people, young and old – regular people who treated you like a friend.

I thank them for letting me share a page in time with them. We moved away to North Plains in the fall of 1948.

I married Jack Riddell in 1952. We have three sons and four grandsons. We have lived in Mountaindale for forty years. I have had a very happy life.

WAYNE AND HELEN GLOVER, written by Patty Glover (March 1989): Wayne and Helen Glover moved to Dixie Mountain with their two children, Paul and Patty, in 1950. Their three older children, Thelma, Bobbi, and Bud were already married.

Wayne and Helen leased 160 acres from George Giles and raised Marshall strawberries over the next ten years. During the school year Wayne also drove the bus on the Dixie Mountain route for Hillsboro Union High School. Helen worked during these years for Tektronix in Beaverton.

Typical of so many families in the area, many of their activities centered around the school, Grange and garden club.

On their property was an Indian burial ground, where many arrowheads were found.

Wayne was an avid deer hunter; many were the deer steaks eaten, some from legally gotten game and some – well, enough said; their pickup trucks were always equipped with a good spot light.

Summers were always busy times, with the berry harvest and with time off on Sundays for the local softball games held at the Grange hall. Wayne's berry harvest always ended with a big picnic for all his help, hot dogs, pop, ice cream and Helen's homemade potato salad and best of all, her homemade pies. Helen was one of those people who did a little of everything and always did it well.

Patty was married in May of 1958, and as always, the wedding centered around the community, with showers by all the local women. One of the showers was given in Pauline Lampa's home and another in Elva Logan's home. After the wedding was the traditional wedding dance, which was held in the Grange hall, with plenty of food and drink for all. An attempted chivaree was foiled by Patty's father and brothers-in-law. Some help for the abductors was given by her younger brother, Paul. He received a good talking to the following day.

After about two more years the Glovers retired from berry farming and moved to the Hillsboro area. Helen died in a car accident in 1979. Wayne resides currently in Bay City and is seventy-seven years old.

EDWARDS FAMILY, written by Dorothy Petersen (May 1998): My family moved here the summer of 1960. My father bought the property from the Cousins family. There were twenty-four acres until the county claimed the road. Now we have 22.7 acres. There was a hand dug well, sixteen feet by four feet that we had to carry water from, a two room shack, canned food building, and of course, an outhouse.

We came from California, and our reason for moving out of there was the smog.

My mother was a city person and had to learn everything about country life. My father had worked with his family and had been in 4-H, so he knew about the country life.

I remember seeing grass so high that we could play in it and couldn't see the others. You need to know, I was four going on five in October.

Our first animals were two big dogs. I looked out the window when my father came home with them and told Mom there were bears out there. Our cow was Polly, a Jersey; she had a calf, which we named Jungee, because he came running out of the jungle. (That was the woods at the back of the pasture.) We had a pig named Petunia, who was as friendly as the dogs. We also had two goats. They only stayed for a short time, because they broke through a six foot by six foot window and ate my mother's fresh apple pie. They also ate the tar paper off the side of the house.

The first summer we were here my father built two more rooms on the shack. We stayed in this house for a couple of years, then my father started on the house we have now. He and my mother designed the house. When he decided where to build, he had to dig the basement. He ran into clay and couldn't do anymore until he got some dynamite. He picked a hole and put, I think, five sticks in it. The hole that was blown was only about three feet wide by two feet deep. This stuff is hard pan clay. Finally, after reading the site, he started with the concrete blocks. By the end of summer he had the basement ready, and we moved in that part until the rest of the house was built. This process took years. He started in 1964, finished it in 1973; that's when the carpet was installed. Our neighbors were Elmer and Mary Kangas. They had eight kids, the last two being girls who were my sister's and my age, so we were best friends for years. The neighbors at the other end were the Goudas. A little closer to the church were Les and Shirley Burch. They moved here with us from California. Then further down the driveway were Ralph and Mary Dudley.

I remember when we got electricity. That was during our first year. Kangas' got theirs at the same time.

Every other weekend we were out getting wood so we could keep warm. We burned wood for heat. We had a metal tub to take baths. You know, those little round ones. We each got in and the last one in got the dirtiest water. My mother would keep water on the wood cook stove so we had hot water to bathe in. Then we would stand around the wood heater to get warm while we dried off.

My older brother went to 1st grade on the hill. There was a one-room schoolhouse over by the Grange hall. After that, Scappoose took us into their school district. That is where we went to school. No, we didn't have to walk miles like so many of the early 1900's people say. We had a bus that came to our mailbox. We just had to be out there waiting for it. Our days were long; we caught the bus at 7:00 a.m. and we wouldn't get home till 4:30 p.m. Then we would take care of the animals and do our homework.

The night of the Columbus Day storm we were still in the four-room house. We had trees blowing down all over, and one hit the house. My father and Mr. Kangas were coming home from work and couldn't get home with the cars because of all the trees on the road. So they walked home in that wind and rain. The Kangas' came to our house because being on the top there was more wind and they didn't feel safe. The next day was a beautiful day. The sun was out, the wind was gone, and the chain saws were out. Everyone was cutting their way down the road. We didn't have electricity for a long time because the town was hit hard too.

Every summer we had to haul our water from the spring on Rocky Point Road. We would have water until around July and then didn't have any from the well until fall, when the rain would come. We built a dam with Mr. Kangas' help. We then put a pump in the dam, piped water to the well, and from the well to the house. We still had to be careful with the water usage, but this made it better. My mother and father finally had a well drilled in 1969.

I have spent most of my life here and love it. I left for 4 years after I got married, and then my husband died in a car accident and I moved back for three years, and then downtown again for four years. Then I had the opportunity to come back and take care of my folk's house while they traveled. The time I was not living here, there was something that I was missing. Living here is so enriching. This life here in the country may not be as easy as downtown, but the rewards are in being able to live in the world God made.

BEN AND PAT BENDER, written by Pat Bender (1997): Ben and I leased, with an option to buy, the William G. Moran place. In November of 1966 we moved in with the two children that we had at that time: Kay, three years old; and Donald, two years old. In November 1967 we bought our second home, with thirty acres. We had two other children later: Laurie, born April 1968, and Angela, born January 1976.

Our closest neighbors were Bert and Pauline Lampa, who lived one mile away by the main road. Many times the kids and I walked to Pauline's home to use their phone when it was necessary, for the phone company wanted $3,000.00 to put in a one mile line. In the spring of 1974, Ed Frengle built a farm house about one quarter of a mile from us. Mr. Frengle had a phone line put in to his home, so we were able to have a line put in the rest of the quarter mile, which cost us $100.00 instead.

Winters in the early years had a tendency to be bad. Going without power for a short time or being snowed in wasn't uncommon. The worst winter for us was in 1968-1969. We had over five feet of snow, and at times you could not even see the fence around the house. Once we went to town and ended up being snowed out for three days and had to stay in Portland. During the day Ben and his brother would come up, park the car at Pauline's and walk the last mile to feed the animals. When we finally got back in we were snowed in for seven days.

Our children went to North Plains School, then later into the Hillsboro School district. Each one has graduated and left to make lives for themselves. Now Ben and I are on our own again. It has been thirty years since we first moved in and we remodeled the old Moran place dramatically. We plan to spend many more years enjoying our place.

STEPHEN AND TEDDY WIDMER: We met in NW Portland in 1962. We attended Lincoln High School together our junior and senior years. We got married in 1965 and have two children: Teresa, born in 1965; and Lorin, born in 1968. Our first home was in north Portland. Teresa was in the seventh grade and Lorin was in the fourth grade when we moved to Dixie Mountain. They attended and graduated in the Scappoose School District.

Teresa married Curtis Iverson from Scappoose and Lorin married Lisa Sanders, also from Scappoose. We have been blessed with a total of four grandchildren: Alan, Shyla, and Devon Iverson, and Jacob Widmer

In the early to mid 1970's, our friends Bill and LaVerna Warren were scouting around in the hills of Dixie Mountain in search of some property to buy and build a home on. They found their dream piece of land and bought some acreage from Ralph and Ellen Moffitt. Stephen helped the Warrens build their home on that acreage.

In November 1979 we also moved to Dixie Mountain. We purchased 12.83 acres from Rick and Ronda Witson. This property at one time belonged to Ralph and Mary Dudley. With the help of our friends Bill and LaVerna, we renovated the existing house enough to move into it and call it "home." Over the years we continued to make small improvements on the house and to replace an old run down animal shelter with a barn structure, which later was turned into a shop for Stephen.

Our first contact with some of the folks on Dixie Mountain occurred at the Dixie Mountain Strawberry Festival, about a year or so before we actually purchased our property. The Warrens had invited me to exhibit some of my tole painting and art work at the Festival, while our family enjoyed the delicious strawberry shortcake. After we moved and got settled in, we participated in some of the preparations for the Festival by helping clean and slice berries in the Grange kitchen, and I also baked biscuits. Years later (1996) our daughter Teresa won one of the hand-quilted quilts which are raffled each year at the Festival.

Animals, Animals! Animals! Wasn't that what living in the country was all about? Well we certainly had our share of goats, rabbits, chickens, cows, horses, cats n' dogs, not to mention the weasel, raccoons and other pest critters hanging around the place, uninvited of course. As the children grew older and changed, so did the need for having all those critters. Gradually our family farm dwindled down to three cats, one dog and a few fish in an aquarium.

On Dixie Mountain we worked through the adolescent TEEN young adult years with our children, sometimes with tears of sorrow and sometimes with tears of joy, but often with the covering of prayer. Perhaps the most frightening moments of those years were when the children were excited and active with motorcycles, and then when they started "dating." Praise the Lord for His watchful, loving care over each of us during those anxious days! We have survived and are continuing to move on into the next phase of our lives.

Our days on Dixie Mountain are soon coming to a close. On April 22, 1998, we listed our property for sale. Our plans are to move closer to our children and grandchildren in the Columbia County area.

Life on Dixie Mountain for us brings to surface many varying feelings—excitement, frustration, thankfulness, joy, sorrow, laughter and tears, but most of all it brings an abundance of memories to share with our grandchildren.

RICH AND PEGGY LUNDQUIST, written by Peggy Lundquist: The first time Rich and I came to Dixie Mountain, in the spring of 1982, we were property shopping. We fell in love with the place that day. We were looking at the home known as the "Hennessey Place," owned by Les and Janice McCluskey.

We are Midwest transplants who grew up in the Chicago area. Our honeymoon in 1975 was a tour of the West (of the Mississippi that is!). When we arrived in the Pacific Northwest we felt like we had found what we had longed for – beautiful forests, an ocean nearby and a bit more space than "from whence we came." Our interest in living in a rural area began in Illinois, where we mostly lived on larger sized city lots. We dreamed of leaving the urban scene. I had learned to weave in 1979, which led to hand spinning in 1981. Once the spinning began, I knew I wanted to raise long wool sheep.

When we relocated to Oregon in 1981, we rented a home in Tigard. The day we visited the property on, then, Dixie Road, we put a deposit on the place. To us it seemed perfect – a house, a small outbuilding, an area for garden and pasture, a creek and some woods. Wow! The house and outbuilding needed a bit of work, but we were mostly interested in the land. One year after purchasing the property, we got our first Romney cross ewe and lamb. Later, we built a garage for Rich, with a studio above for my loom and wool stash.

As we began to remodel our "cabin" we found, among other things, rose catalogs in the walls. This began our interest in the original owner of this home, Roy Hennessey. He successfully grew beautiful roses on land that seems most appropriate for forest and Christmas trees. Hennessey published "Hennessey on Roses," which I found at a local community sale. He had a strong, nationwide following of rose enthusiasts. I still receive requests for his catalogs. Our property has a few of Roy's roses and our neighbors, the Souths, have several that thrive along the south side of the concrete barn Hennessey built. Though we do not know the specific species of the roses, they are fragrant, hardy and beautiful. Sometimes we find metal identification tags in the soil around the yard. Now, most of Hennessey's rose property is in Christmas trees and the parcel we live on is partly in sheep pastures and gardens.

Rich manages a machine shop and design company that manufactures components for the high tech and aerotech industry. Since leaving the corporate world of project work in the engineering and construction field, I have worked at home organizing miscellaneous sheep events. For the past nine years I have edited and published a sheep magazine, "The Black Sheep Newsletter."

The Dixie Mountain area is a great place to live and we are fortunate to have enjoyed many of our neighbors, except of course for the thieves. My brother, Larry, liked the area when he visited from Illinois. One of the things Larry and I like about Dixie Mountain is the "micro climate" we have. We are both weather nuts and keep track of the barometric pressure changes, amount of rainfall, (snow) and temperature fluctuations. When the Doppler weather station opened on our road, Larry, Rich and I attended the open house. After living with us for about eighteen months, Larry purchased a home in Scappoose. Once my brother decided to move here, my parents said they didn't want to be in Bensenville, Illinois, away from both of us, so they moved to Oregon as well. They reside in Springlake Park in Scappoose. Look what we started! They have enjoyed the Dixie Mountain Grange Strawberry Festival, but what's not to like?

The Wallace School building still stands. Remodeled by Vernon and Melba Richards after the school closed in 1962, it is now the home of the Yager family.

RICK FERRIS AND RUTHANNE BRADY, written by Ruthanne Brady (April 1998): We moved to 24730 NW Dixie Mountain Road in April of 1984. We bought our place from Bill and LaVerna Warren, who had owned our eleven acres and an additional twenty-nine acre lot adjoining it. Harris and Silke Orem bought the twenty-nine acres, built a house and subsequently sold to John and Amy Pederson, the current owners. This forty-acre parcel was originally part of the Oscar Nelson homestead and was purchased later by Ralph and Ellen Moffitt, who later subdivided it into two tax lots and sold them both to Bill and LaVerna Warren. The house was built by Bill Warren in 1975 and the barn was moved from the Cedar Mill area and rebuilt on this property. We planted four acres of Noble fir trees, which are u-cut Christmas trees. Two acres are taken up by the house and pasture, and the remaining six acres are wooded.

We have two girls, Aly and Rianne, age seven and nine. We also have a few cats, and usually a couple of cows. We moved up here to get a little more elbow room and now can't imagine living anywhere else.

MARSHALL AND CYNTHIA YAGER (April 23, 1998): We are presently the owners of the old Wallace School. We moved into the schoolhouse in 1985 with our two sons, Mike and Andrew.

We have received information from Washington County that it is not known when the schoolhouse was built, but stylistically it dates from the late 1920's. It was probably constructed in 1929, as this is the year the second Wallace School burned. The school closed in 1962, at which time it became a residence.

The school was originally one room, with a stage and bathrooms. The previous owners made the attic into a second floor with a bath and two bedrooms; the stage is now a den and two bedrooms, and the living room has the original school lights in place.

JOHN AND AMY PEDERSEN: We moved to Dixie Mountain in 1988. Our children, Elizabeth and Anna, are Dixie Mountain kids. We bought our home at 23745 NW Moran Road from Harris and Silke Orem. The Orems built the house in 1986 on the twenty-seven-acre parcel they acquired from the Warrens. The land on which our home and the Ferris' home now stands once belonged to Evelyn Taylor's grandparents, Ralph and Ellen Moffitt. It is a symbol of the closeness of the Dixie Mountain community that Evelyn's children and our children now play together on that land. I (Amy) am a lawyer in Portland and John is a full-time at-home parent. We have worked to preserve our small part of the mountain's beauty in the hope that our grandchildren will be able to enjoy it as much as we do.

THE ELLSWORTH FAMILY, TIM, HEIDI AND MEGAN, written by Heidi Ellsworth: We moved to Dixie Mountain in April of 1995. We knew we wanted to live up and above Portland. When we found our place at 24120 NW Hansen Road, we knew that it was where we were meant to be. The house had been vacant, so we began the process of fixing up and restoring the house and property. Three years later we still love where we live, the community and the peace of the area. We plan on planting Christmas trees and continue to improve and remodel. We love living in the country on Dixie Mountain.

LEAVING THE EAST BEHIND, written by Richard John Guillory, April 2008. Although born in San Diego, California, my family moved to New York City when I was quite young. There I attended Public School #4 and Pershing Junior High School in Bay Ridge (Brooklyn). I can still remember that Sunday evening December 7th, 1941, when the news came that we were at war. My aunt Helen became a marine immediately after the event. While in service she married an Oregonian by the name of Vernon Grant, also a marine. Vernon was a tall man with firm facial features—quite handsome—and when he smiled you could almost feel the whole world was smiling with him. Helen was always a lady and always willing to laugh. I felt Helen to be quite beautiful—Rita Hayward type of beauty.

Following the conclusion of the war our family decided that we would follow Helen and Vernon to the Northwest. My mother was looking forward to a new life and the three Rs (Richard, Rosalie and Ronald) were looking forward to new adventures in the West, a country of vast beauty and opportunity, as described by Vernon. It was decided that I should travel with Vernon and Helen to Oregon and that Mother would follow at a later time with Rosalie and Ronald. Fred Grant, Jr., Vernon's brother, who had just been discharged from the army, would help Mother in the cross-country driving.

Vernon's automobile was a late model Chevrolet coup, and although we were a bit crowded for space, the three of us were all comparatively (as compared to later in life) small and the Chevrolet was just fine. The three of us enjoyed the trip.

Vernon, Helen and I left on an early morning (the summer of 1945) in order to avoid the New York City traffic. I remember it as a rainy day and that the early morning light cast a shadowy, uneasy reflection on the street as we left Brooklyn on what I considered to be a great adventure.

One memorable sight during the trip occurred during a late night drive through the Nebraska plains. Before us, hopping across the road and reflected in the headlights, were literally hundred of wild rabbits. For a person who only had a working relationship with cats and dogs, this was an exciting experience. Later the broad expanse of the land through Wyoming, with its freely roaming cattle, was a further center of excitement.

Vernon did all of the driving and appeared to relish it. I believed he was anxious to once again get home to the places he knew and felt a part of. Finally, we were in Idaho and then a little further on there was the excitement of seeing the remarkable Columbia, a river that I would eventually come to love deeply for its beauty and majestic expanse. At that time the road to Portland along the Columbia was not the present ease of travel of highway 84. The Columbia River road was narrow and not easily traveled (even with Sam Hill's engineering genius). Nevertheless the two landmarks, the Multnomah Falls and the view from Crown Point, were impressed indelibly upon my mind.

We finally arrived via Hillsboro at the Dixie Mountain home of the Grants. I had always thought that the mountain must have been some last bastion of the Confederacy, until my brother broke this bubble and introduced me to the fact that a Mr. John Dix (postmaster) operated the post office five or six miles southwest of Scappoose (closed May 4, 1905) and was most likely the name origin of Dixie Mountain.

That first winter in Oregon (1945-46) I lived with Mrs. Nellie and Mr. Fred Grant, Sr., in their home on Dixie Mountain. The cabin was one which Vernon's father had built himself many years previously. As you might well imagine for a fifteen-year-old from Brooklyn, this was really frontier living and I was enchanted. At the Grant's home the best part of the day was towards evening when all work had been accomplished and we would light the oil lamps, there being no electricity on the mountain at this date. The kitchen was warmed not only by the wood fire stove, which Mrs. Grant controlled with precision, but by her smile as well, and her friendly but firm attitude. The Grant children—Fred, Bob, Vernon and Beverly—were very much like their parents, all hard working, down to earth people, tall and physically fit. Mrs. Grant would cook dinner and all would sit about the table and enjoy. Her pies were beyond doubt the best in the world. Never had I been given such treats before. During and after dinner we sat at the table and I would listen to Mr. Grant tell stories of the day's events. Mr. Grant would each day chop the firewood for the dinner meal and to keep the cabin warm. This again was something which was new and exciting for me, to see a master woodchopper at work, handling the ax like a magician.

That first winter in Oregon, traveling to HilHigh from Dixie Mountain was again an experience forever held close. The mornings, waiting for the school bus were invariably cold and foggy. I particularly remember the fog lying like a loose blanket over the rolling land. During the weekend when not traveling to school I would see the same morning fog, but this would by noon, with the appearance of the bright light of the sun (at times!), dissipate and the countryside would be alight with the beauty of the gigantic trees and rolling hills. As we waited during the school day mornings, we would eventually see the bus come splashing towards us along the rutted road. Mr. Bill Moran was our bus driver, a person with an engaging jovial spirit, who put up with many of our antics on our way to Hillsboro.

Every evening after dinner I could study my first year Latin by the light of an oil lamp in the attic of the log cabin. Eventually I would wrap myself in a warm blanket and fall asleep. The first year at HilHigh was full of exciting times, making new friends—a not too difficult task with the students of HilHigh numbering less than 500.

At the back of the Grant's cabin was an old discarded model T-Ford shell. I had never seen one of such vintage and to this day the rusting body of that auto reminds me so much of how time catches up to us all. I had once thought that I would eventually like to set the auto in motion, but this thought like so many others was not to be. I imagine that it is still sitting there a few years (63) older, a symbol of the past, upright but with much more rust.

We or course eventually left the mountain and Mr. and Mrs. Grant's home to continue our lives and to do other things. Time passed and so did those whom we had grown to love. The short span of days on Dixie Mountain are for me forever lost in my history, but the vision of the life on the mountain and the people who made it worthwhile living there are imprinted upon my soul forever—they were truly God's people.

AS I REMEMBER OUR MOVE TO DIXIE MOUNTAIN, by Ron Guillory. My brother Richard, my sister Rosalie, and I, were born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. During WWII my mother's sister, Helen, joined the Marine Corps and served for two to three years. During this period she met and married Vernon Grant. His brother, Robert, was serving in the Navy and his other brother, Fred Jr., served in the Army. In 1945 the war ended and most service men and women were discharged and sent home. Vern and Helen and my brother, Richard, left NY in a 1937 Chev coupe and headed for Dixie Mountain. Richard was to start his freshman year that fall at Hill High. A while later (can't remember what date) my Mother, Margaret (Peggy); sister, Rosalie; and I left our home with Fred Grant Jr. driving our 1936 Pontiac four-door sedan and headed for Oregon. I was twelve at the time.

Prior to departing I can remember one evening sitting on our front "stoop" and listening to one of our elderly neighbors warning us to be "on guard for the wild Indians out there."

I wish I could remember more of our trip to Oregon. I do remember crossing the Rockies—the steepness of the narrow two lane road, and looking out the window at the "long drop" over the side to the canyon floor below. Another part of the road I remember is the Old Columbia River Highway—it's curves and narrow lanes. I am still in wonder how the Consolidated Freight Trucks were able to maneuver those curves while passing other automobiles and trucks.

We moved in with Fred Sr. and Nellie Grant for a few months. In late '45 or early '46 we then moved to West Union with Vern and Helen, who had purchased a home on acreage near the old Church. Although my stay at Dixie Mountain was relatively short-lived, I still fondly recall events I experienced there. I remember sleeping in the upstairs or attic of the Grant home—warmed by a comforter Mrs. Grant had hand made and listening to the heavy rain on the roof. I remember helping Mr. Grant one day go to the woods to cut a log for the mailbox post; and I watched Fred Jr. fill wooden barrels with a hog he had butchered and then salt it all down. Our next-door neighbors to the west had a small dairy. Often after school I would run through the Grant pasture where their horse Dolly grazed – I needed to run because Dolly didn't like anyone in her area and would chase me – to help the kids with the milking and feeding. I cannot recall their names, but occasionally on the way to the Wallace School they would let me ride their horse. After arriving at school, they would turn the horse loose and it would head home. Speaking of the Wallace School, I can remember some of the kids jokingly (I hope) calling me "City Slicker" after I started attending there. I also remember going to the Grange during a dance on a Saturday night—watching and listening to Vern Grant play the saxophone along with other members of the band. There are many other experiences that I occasionally recall and they bring on a smile and brighten my day.

My brother and sister have often said that since I was the baby of the family I always got everything. Let me tell you—that's not true. Especially not true when living on Dixie Mountain in 1945 on a Saturday night—Bath Night!! Since I was the youngest, I was always the last to step into the murky lukewarm water in the large metal wash-tub sitting in the kitchen.

In summary, I wish to express my Thanks first to my mom for having fortitude and getting us out of the City, leaving it for an area completely unknown to her (and perhaps filled with wild Indians); the entire Grant Family for having helped us; and to the other folks on the Mountain that I came in contact with. It is an experience few can or will have in their lifetime—I was one of the fortunate ones to experience Dixie Mountain.

Some final notes: There have been many good people who have lived on Dixie Mountain whose stories we may not have included. They aren't any less important to us or the story. Lloyd and Irene Westfall and their family lived on Dixie Mountain for about eight years. Irene was a musician and she taught Arlene Lampa piano and Elaine Tannock Logan guitar. After the Westfalls moved to Hillsboro, she had a music store and gave lessons there.

Molly Liebelt Eichler, a sister to Olga Tannock, lived on Dixie Mountain from 1926 to 1929.

There was also Bryant and Mildred Little, who left Dixie Mountain to raise apples in Omak, Washington. While here, they built a beautiful home and were active in our community activities. Mildred was an accomplished artist. Curt and Lisa Pieren and their daughter, Ashley, and son Blake were good neighbors and active in the Grange. They have moved but are still active Grangers

Some members of the Dixie Mountain community distinguished themselves in various ways not mentioned above. Mary DiLoretto, after her retirement, was the oldest volunteer in VISTA at age sixty-six. She started four nursery schools for them. Arlene Lampa was named in the 1965 edition of "Who's Who Among Students in American Colleges and Universities." She was assigned, in 1965, to Representative Beulah Hand as a legislative intern. Arlene was, at the time, a senior in economics and political science; a member of the Linfield debating team; honorary of Cap and Gown; chairman of the "Model United Nations"; president of the Campus Young Democrats; past president of Pi Kappa Delta; national speech honorary; and Sigma Kappa Phi sorority. She was chosen as May Queen, was also vice-president of Pi Gamma Mu, and national social science honorary, among other honors. During her junior year in college, she was named Girl of the Year, and was a homecoming princess. She traveled to thirty states during a month of touring with the Linfield transcontinental speech team and won various honors in debating. Arlene was a contestant in the Miss Oregon Pageant.

Another pageant contestant was Tamara Tannock, in the Miss Hillsboro Happy Days pageant, where she was named Miss Congeniality.

Dan Logan and Ford Tannock both have a roomful of trophies from their motorcycle riding days. Ford went on to qualify for the International Six Day Endurance race in Spain. The riders covered 200 miles a day. Ford won a bronze medal for the United States.

Good times on Dixie Mountain are enjoyed by Wallace School students. Pictured, from left to right are: Glenn Westfall, Twit Westfall, Richard Tannock, Stanley Lampa, Monte Keltner, Ruth Selby, Eilleen Brown, Leona Nelson, Roberta Westfall (in front), Joyce Thompson, Ellis Thompson, Betty Moran, Elaine Thompson (in front), and Elaine Tannock.

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