



# The Meadowlark

Quarterly Newsletter



Crook County Historical Society  
246 North Main Street  
Prineville, Oregon 97754

November 25, 2016  
E-mail [bowmuse@netscape.net](mailto:bowmuse@netscape.net)  
[www.bowmanmuseum.org](http://www.bowmanmuseum.org)

## QUARTERLY MEETING/appreciation breakfast Saturday December 10, 2016

**Crook County History Center 9:00 A.M. to 9:45 A.M.**

The Fall quarterly meeting for the Crook County Historical Society will be held at the Crook County History Center on **Saturday December 10, 2016. The meeting will begin with an appreciation breakfast which will be served from 9:00 A.M. to 9:45 A.M. on Saturday. The breakfast is catered and place settings will be provided.** All members are welcome.

**The format is different from our usual quarterly meetings as it will be a morning event on Saturday and there will not be a meeting on Sunday** A program will begin at 10:00 a.m. and will feature holiday music provided by the Lutheran Church Bell Ensemble. Please respond with a RSVP if you are planning on attending the breakfast..

## FEATURED entertainment Lutheran Church Bell Ensemble



# President's Message

Happy Holidays! I hope to see you all at the Holiday breakfast Saturday, December 10 at 9 A.M. You will enjoy a yummy breakfast as well as the bell choir from the Lutheran Church.

It's also time for the election of board members so please fill out your ballot. Carrie Gordon is hoping to be elected for another three year term but sadly, Runinda McCormack and Dennis Nelsen are retiring. I thank them for their service and hope they will continue to be involved with the Museum.

The fall lecture series went well and plans are already being made for the spring series as well as some interesting new exhibits.

Work continues at the Rancher's Memorial and hopefully soon begin on our new acquisition. It will be a busy 2017.

Hope to see you at the breakfast.



*Ruthie*

Ruthie McKenzie



High Desert Tour Group at Largest Juniper Tree in Oregon September 2016

# Growing Up in Railroad Logging Camps

by Dixie Caverhill Weberg

**\* Editor's Note:** On our Fall field trip to the High Desert one of our stops was at the Brooks-Scanlon railroad logging camp site southeast of Bend known as BS Tanks. Dixie Caverhill Weberg was on the tour and mentioned that she was born when her father was working at the camp and she had lived at Brooks-Scanlon camps with her parents. Dixie provided very interesting information and other tour members requested that she write about her experiences for our current newsletter. Dixie has graciously written a reminiscence of her growing up in logging camps and provided fascinating photos.



Moving logging camp residence from BS Tanks to Bull Springs 1941



Brooks-Scanlon railroad logging camp at site known as BS Tanks 1940  
This is the site our tour group visited on our field trip and the only visible sign of the camp is a wooden sign describing the camp.

In 1944 I was only three years old, but I can still hear the "foosh" of the steam coming from the black monster as it came to a stop at the water tower beside my parents' logging camp shack. I loved that sound and would sit on our porch step every day to greet the smelly locomotive and wave at the engineers. Years later, I learned that they looked forward to waving at me as I looked forward to waving back at them.

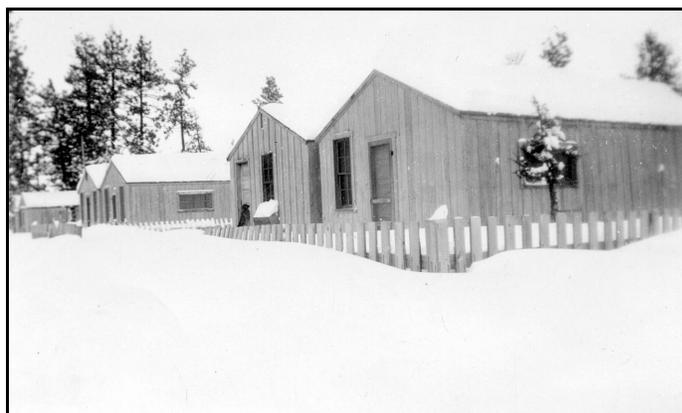
My Dad, Grandad and Great Uncles were all timber fallers for Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company in the mid 20s until the mid 50s and we lived in camp shacks that could be moved by rail from camp to camp. You could have called them early day mobile homes! That same rail train took the fallen logs to the mill in Bend. Now, it is the site of the Old Mill District.

When I was about six or seven our camp was moved from south of Bend to about a mile west of Sisters and all of our approximately thirty shacks were hoisted up by crane and loaded on a train carriage and the whole community was railroaded closer to the trees that the Company wanted to harvest. Moving was an exciting adventure; it was a game to try and pick out our own personal home from all the others as the train rumbled over the trestle above the highway. Our

stovepipe was rolling from side to side and we were so afraid it would fall off, but it must have been wired to the roof because it came into the new camp all intact. The shacks were extremely primitive, basically just a wooden oblong box with two or three windows, a wood cook stove and a door. Before my Dad could weatherproof the shack, I woke up one morning to white lines across the heavy quilt my grandmother had made for me, lines made from snow blowing through the cracks in the wall.

The camps before Sisters had school in a boxcar with a wood stove for heat and one teacher for all grades. There was also a bath house where everyone went for bathing. At the Sisters camp a school bus carried the children to Sisters, only a couple miles away.

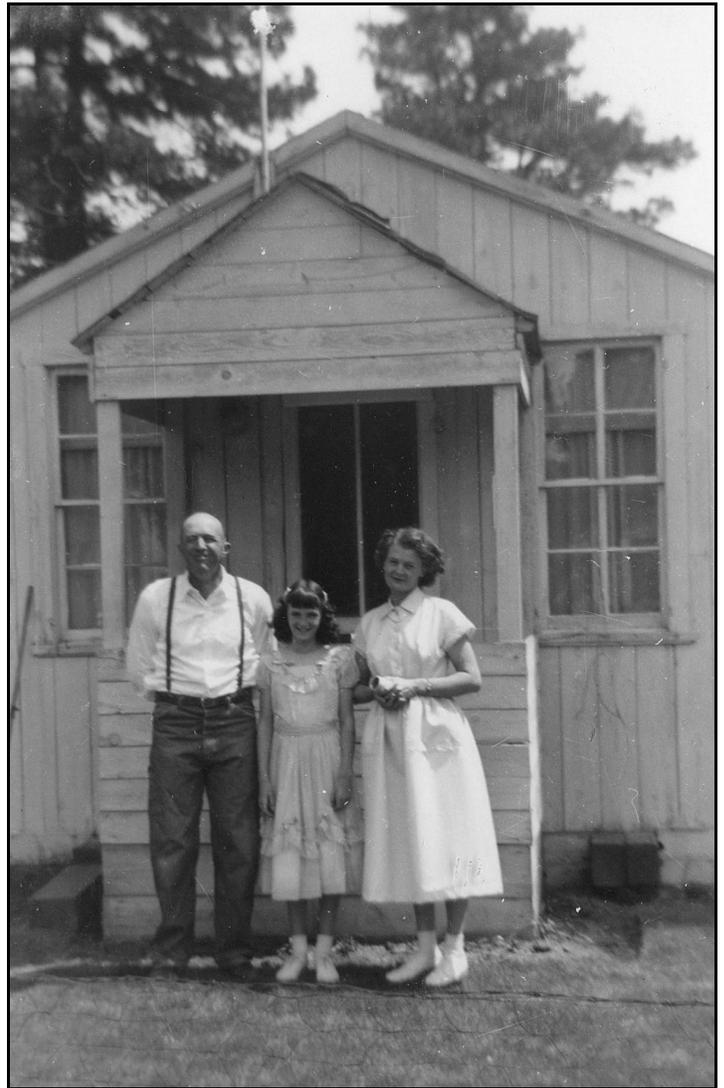
Most of the sites at Sisters were set up with two units with one or two runways between. Most of the units had hip roofs added, unlike the flat roofs of the previous camps and the setting was more permanent, laid out in an H configuration with wider streets and alleyways. Dad added a kitchen and a bathroom and a covered front and back porch. Others in the community called our home the "doll house" because of Dad's carpentry skills and Mother's prowess in decorating on a



Brooks-Scanlon logging camp near Sisters ca. 1945



Bert and Dixie Caverhill at Brooks-Scanlon Sisters logging camp



Bert, Dixie and Aloha Caverhill At Brooks-Scanlon camp near Sisters

budget. It was quite comfortable, especially after we got running water and a bathroom. Before that, Mother would heat up water on the wood range and fill a round galvanized tub for bathing. The outhouse was pretty unpleasant in the cold of winter and it was no fun "running" for water every day. Carrying the water from the standpipe in the alley and wood for the cook stove was my job and my mind would wander as I did these chores. One day, after carrying in the wood I absentmindedly threw the bucket of water over the wood pile. My mother's reaction to my actions taught me to pay attention!

There was a grocery store on site run by Scotty and Peggy Low who had immigrated from Scotland. Their home was right next to the grocery that consisted of two shacks, end to end. One was for canned goods, mercantile and the other was refrigerated for meats, dairy, etc. I always looked for the big yellow cat who patrolled the store for mice when she was not curled up between the goods. The floor had been heavily oiled and there were thousands of tiny holes in it from the cork boots the loggers wore. The combination of odors from the produce, the oiled floors, the scrubbed pine counter and the sweet smell coming from the candy case was enough for any kid to want to run an errand to the store. Scotty and Peggy were so kind to everyone and carried over the grocery tab for some of the customers when things got tight.

Scotty had a wooden leg as the result of a logging accident, so he became the camp grocer and his jovial attitude and prankster ways endeared him to everyone. Our home was directly across from the office and the lawn became a

gathering spot for all the kids where we played until almost dark. Hide and Seek and Ollie Ollie Vver were just a couple of games we enjoyed. Parents would call from their porches when it was time for each of us to go home.

Early each work day the men would grab their metal lunch buckets, hard hats, and metal coffee thermoses, step up into the crew bus, or crummy as it was called, and head to the woods. Logging is a dangerous occupation and it was even moreso in those early days. My Grandad lost his leg when a widow maker fell on him and my Great Uncle was maimed for life when a tree rolled over on him. All these woodsmen were very hard working and cautious, but so many unpredictables were lurking in the shadows. Growing up in that simple environment was truly a blessing. All the families looked out for each other. All of our needs were met. If there were fears from outside worldly sources, we kids didn't know much about it. We felt safe and secure.

# MEMORIALS SINCE AUGUST 31, 2016

**Thelma Robertson**

by Steve & Sharon Rowenhorst  
 Joyce Garrett  
 Snoden & Pat Deboard  
 Helen Schnabele  
 Shirley McCullough  
 Don & Helene Geer  
 Gary & Ramona Romine  
 Jeff & Nin McCormack

**Barry Groff**

by Joyce Garrett

**Miller Tweedt**

by Dick & Audrie Bedortha  
 Reita Evan  
 Snoden & Pat Deboard  
 Wayne Breese & Donna Bates  
 Helen Schnabele  
 Barbara Groff  
 Shirley McCullough  
 Jeff & Nin McCormack

**Carolyn Luker**

by Reita Evans

**Diana Edwards**

by Reita Evans

**Dennis Evans**

by Reita Evans  
 Helen Schnabele

**Pat Miller**

by Reita Evans

**Louise Stryker Snyder**

by Reita Evans

**Joan Gerke**

by Snoden & Pat Deboard  
 Barbara Groff

**Hazel Denton**

by Doris Vice & Judy Kennedy  
 Bob & Beverly Smith  
 Shirley McCullough  
 Steve Lent & Barbara Fontaine  
 Jerry & Eloise Brummer  
 John & Lynne Breese  
 Carol Howard  
 Patricia Thissell  
 Bill & Patricia Smith  
 Steve & Sharon Rowenhorst  
 Snoden & Pat DeBoard  
 Matthew & Diana Tomseth  
 Don & Helene Geer  
 Gary & Ramona Romine  
 Marie Smith  
 Jeff & Nin McCormack  
 Sharon Runge  
 Jean M Nooy  
 Leatha M Nooy  
 Telah Powers

**Berna Steelhammer**

by Doris Vice & Judy Kennedy  
 Helen Schnabele

**Marjorie Wood**

by Doris Vice & Judy Kennedy

**Robert Lady**

by Phyllis Short

**J.B. Cox**

by Gladys Murray

**Frances Bushnell**

by Doris Vice & Judy Kennedy  
 Cheryl Warren & Vic Congleton  
 Don & Helene Geer  
 Joyce Barney

**Ken Jacobson**

by Helen Schnabele

**Mildred Nelson**

by Helen Schnabele

**Linda Jordan Shane**

by the Class of '57

**Fred Powelson**

by Gladys Murray

**Diana Edwards**

by Gladys Murray

**Sharon Nott**

by Gladys Murray

**Artice J. Allen**

by Don & Helene Geer  
 Wanda Schnabele  
 Jessie Durkee  
 Jerry & Eloise Brummer

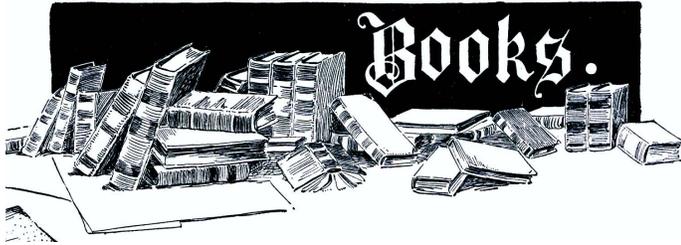
## Welcome New Members

Duane & Ruth Miller  
 Diane & Bruce Dorn  
 Barbara Salomon  
 Marna Tallman  
 Debra Hansen

Wagner's Price Slasher  
 Gail & Myra Cox



1920 Advertisement



**New Books at the Museum**

***Central Oregon Place Names Volume I: Crook County***

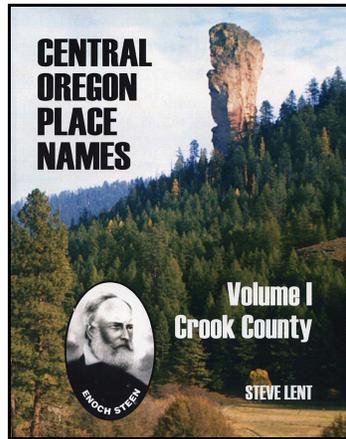
by Steve Lent

\$24.95

Paper

429 Pages

This is the second printing of *Central Oregon Place Names Volume I: Crook County* and contains more than 150 new entries than the first printing and there are over 400 photographs and maps. This is the first volume in the Central Oregon Place Names trilogy and the original printing has been out of print for several years. This is an expanded and updated volume. This completes museum historian Steve Lent's Place Names series and it is the first time all three volumes have been available at the same time.



***Growing Up in the Ochocos***

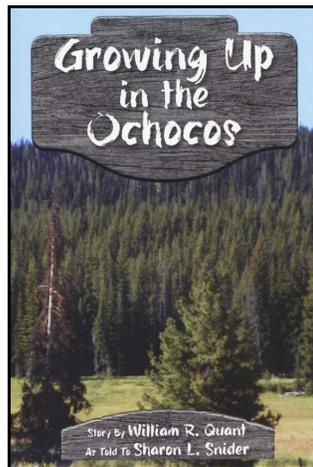
by William "Bill" Quant

\$10.00

Paper

98 Pages

Local author Bill Quant recalls how his family came to live along the forest areas of Ochoco Creek northeast of Prineville. He tells of his experiences growing up in the 195's in the rural setting where he attended Howard School. This is a nostalgic look back at growing up in the timbered country of Crook County.



***This Road We Traveled***

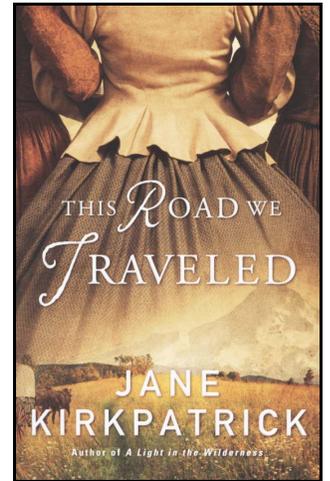
by Jane Kirkpatrick

\$14.00

Paper

340 Pages

This is the latest novel by prolific author Jane Kirkpatrick. It is the story of Tabitha Brown and her journey by wagon to Oregon in 1846. As is common with a number of her books the novel is based upon an actual historical figure. It is a riveting tale of survival and perseverance on the rugged journey west with one of the earliest wagon groups to come to Oregon.



***Boots and saddles: Military Leaders of the American West***

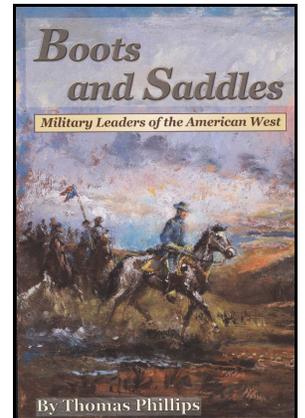
by Thomas Phillips

\$18.95

Paper

390 Pages

The Indian Wars of the American West were fought over a period of more than 30 years across a large landscape. The leaders of the small army sent to confront the aggressive Native warriors faced many adversities. This book provides biographies of many of the leaders and the battles they fought including some in Oregon.



***The Big Burn***

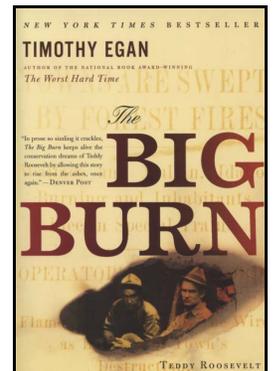
by Timothy Egan

\$15.95

Paper

324 Pages

In 1910 a powerful wind moved through the drought-stricken forests of Washington, Idaho and Montana. Combined with numerous lightning strikes that started fires the flames exploded into an inferno. This is the story of the struggles of the overmatched fire fighters in their battle with the flames and the aftermath that created a national conservation movement.



## Collections Corner...

Lew Fisher found a piece of history while working along his fence line on Potato Hill in 1935. A strange shaped piece of metal was protruding from the ground, he curiously reached down and dug out the metal form to find an extraordinary piece of history. What Lew found was a running iron likely dating back to the late 1800's-early 1900s. For the few of us (myself included until recently) who are unaware of what a running iron is, here's an explanation. This iron is unique because instead of having a shape on the end of the iron to modify an existing brand on an animal, it has an iron wheel. The wheel is heated and then the rancher can create a brand of his choosing on the cattle. The running iron was a useful tool during the days of sheep wars, cattle rustling and vigilantes. Using the running iron would make it easier to steal cattle by altering their brands. In many places it was illegal and dangerous to carry a running iron as you could be arrested or shot for being a known cattle thief. For these reasons the running iron was often concealable. This particular iron folds in half and could easily fit in a saddle bag.



The land around us is rich with history whether it's an artifact, a building or a ranch passed down through multiple generations and the Bowman Museum is committed to keeping that history alive.

### **Knox Family Remembers Christmas of Yesteryear**

*from Central Oregonian 1963*

In the year 1906, John Knox and his wife, Grace, a bride of two months, planned to eat Christmas dinner at the home of one of John's sisters. Twenty or more people including members of the Knox family and two or three old bachelors who would otherwise have a very lonely day, were expected to gather around the festive board.

Six long miles of winding mountain road separated the two homes, and of course in 1906 paved highways and automobiles were few and far between in Crook County.

The trip over was fine, John hitched two horses in their one seated buggy and they easily traversed the six miles of frozen road.

Everybody had a wonderful time. The table fairly groaned under its load of delicious farm foods prepared by skillful cooks. The dinner began with oysters, John's specialty. To serve so large a crowd it was necessary for John to make it in a sterilized wash boiler.

Darkness came early and some of the guests, including John and Grace, decided to return home the next day. During the night the temperature rose and the ground thawed.

The trip home was quite different from the trip over. About a mile of the road led through a red adobe formation. The buggy wheels sunk deeper and deeper and gathered more and more mud.

"The wheels appeared to be about 18" wide," said Grace (now an octogenarian) reminiscently. The horses pulled so hard that the double tree was bowed. John was afraid it might break and so he got out and walked to lighten the load while I drove. His feet were soon as mud encrusted as the buggy wheels, and his good suit was smeared with mud clear to his waist. His feet looked so funny that I sort of laughed.

"I don't see anything so darn funny about it," remarked John as he slogged along through the mud.

The red adobe was finally negotiated and they reached home with the double tree still intact. Grace's Christmas gift to the members of the Knox clan that year were fruit cake and home made candy. For over fifty years they looked to Grace each Yuletide for a treat of these two delicious foods. Nor were they ever disappointed.

*Note: John and Grace Knox lived near Conant Basin and his sister lived on Newsom creek north of Maury Mountain.*

**2016 Historical Society  
Board Members**

**President** Ruthie McKenzie  
**Vice-President** Carrie Gordon  
**Secretary** Sharon Vail  
**Treasurer** Jerry Brummer  
**Directors:** Mary Albert  
Denise Reinhart  
Runinda McCormack  
Dennis Nelsen  
Shirley McCullough

**Museum Director** Gordon Gillespie  
**Collections Manager** Sarah Baylinson  
**Museum Staff Members** Eloise Brummer  
Leslie O'Neil  
**Historian &  
Newsletter Editor** Steve Lent



Preserving Yesterday's Past For Tomorrow's Future

**Return Services Requested**

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