

Maryhill, visit: 9/25/57

Samuel Hill, Miscellany, dam, monument, Loops.

Dam built by Hill in draw about one mile below the start of the Loops, built as irrigation project for land acquired by Hill for development. Dam wouldn't hold water because of rock structure. Failed. Built for irrigation. Remains still in existence.

Monument to S. Hill "By Klickitat Neighbors," his only monument; about a mile from the start of the Loops.

Hill built the Loops as a demonstration of road engineering. Thirty-three Loops in three miles.

The old road before the Loops was "agon road and it was to the east. Construction of the Loops was a big savings in miles.

The Seattle home built by Samuel Hill, (same as Maryhill Museum) occupied and owned by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Plestcheff, who bought it directly from the Seattle estate.

de Turrenne, French Family. His father first partner after Sam Hill moved to the Northwest.

Sam Hill was acquainted with James J. Hill, Great Northern builder, at Minneapolis. de Turrenne and Sam Hill owned coal mining properties outside of Seattle, timber and lumber too.

Sam Hill came to the Northwest as supervisor of Great Northern.

Samuel Hill

[Interview with George Goss at Goldendale]

George Goss, store operator at Maryhill. Lives at 101 N. Washington, Goldendale.

Born in Coburg, Lane county, Oregon. Father and mother came ~~to~~ from California in 1878, came on to Goldendale, Sept. 5, 1878. Crossed on Rufus Ferry (named for Rufus Wallace) five miles from where present ferry is now located.

Rufus ferry was old scow with pole.

Goss now 79 years old. His father's name was Thomas Goss. His father was a farmer.

Lived at east of Goldendale, 6 miles, till George was five, then moved to Maryhill. Father built barn and house there.

~~His father was the first storekeeper at Maryhill. Goss bought from father~~
his father and sold to Cofield. Cofield to McClenathon.

Father operated store. Wife was postmaster. Her name was Edith Robison, she was sister of Irwin Robison. Wife was storekeeper. Store was called Goss store, Still standing.

The old ruins of a stone building just north of Stonehenge at road intersection (destroyed by fire) was store. Charles Babcock built it. He gave a stone mason the contract.

The old stone store was built about 1907 or 1908, when the railway was built. D.B. Hill ran store and ~~then~~ had postoffice there that was the Maryhill postoffice.

On the flat below was Columbus, created through Hill's influence, activity. Postoffice there ~~closed in 1908 and moved~~ at "Maryhill" near Stonehenge, closed down after three or four years or longer. Stone building was then used as a store room. It burned in 1938 from grass fire that got into old cellar.

Old Mt. Juniper, Juniper Mountain, prevented Goss's shadow from falling

on rock)(sacrificial stone) Hill never thought of that, till after it was built.

Hill built several crypts, but blew them up. They weren't any good.
(Crypts for his burial place.

The hotel building was moved from the present location of Stonehenge just north by a Frenchman from Yakima named Beautrow. ^{Goss} He used to ~~have~~ sell truck load of feed every two weeks for horses and cattle. Sold stock and rented store to Jim Asher and wife about 1948. Wife died in 1946. Mrs. Asher run store for him. Mrs. Asher sold stock of goods. to C.R. Blanchard and Mrs. Blanchard became postmaster, he became foreman for ~~Hill's ranch~~ Maryhill ranch.

Moved depot from west. Hill ordered it moved and changed name to Maryhill, from Columbus. Milan Robison was postmaster. Finally gave up and changed name from Columbus to Maryhill.

One thing sure, Hill built lots of roads. They were built with slip scrapers and Fresno's. Mules used to pull them. Winter Parson and Bloomer, railway contractor, worked on the roads.

After road was finished, plowed, used six miles to a gang plow.

Fred Furgan was blacksmith. Had shop at Maryhill. Jim Furgan of Burgen place was brother.

Office was built first by N.D. Miller, was chief engineer for ~~St. James~~ SP And ~~xxxxxx~~ S., northbank railroad. Then went to work for Hill. Built right where it is now.

Then built annex. N.D. Miller built it like a section house. Then Hill had to have a place to stay and built the hotel. It was first called the St. James. Hotel was moved to where it now stands.

Jim Burgen house burned in 1938. ~~MOxOxOxOx~~ old

Church (Quaker) was located just west of the store and a little north on the rise of the hill. Mary's cottage was close to it, and just west. Goss' wife was buried out of that church. Built 1910-1912.

Church was built by Hill, who was a Quaker. His wife was a Catholic. He was negotiating with Quakers in east to settle colony there. Hills's wife @10 named Mary as well as his daughter. (none of old timers knew for sure, could be named for either, inclined to belief of daughter)

Elmer Erickson and father were carpenters, working on all the buildings.

House built and furnished behind it, replica almost of ~~Mary~~ Miss Mary Hill Cottage, called Nigger house, build for old "lack Sam. He had been a servant for Hill for 30 years. Caused trouble, , just hard to handle, Hill let him go and he got the girls (the two from England) Elmer Erickson (?) and I went to Seattle, guests there a week and Old "lack Sam was there then.

There, saw Hill come in one night: Said: "Sam, I've got to go, got to go to a meeting. Get me ready." Went in and came out in five minutes, long tails and cane. He carried a sword cane. Also had an old Locomobile. (It is still in Klickitat county)

I remember the church when it was dedicated. I went to dedication, three or five meetings held there over two or three days. Staid at hptel. I remember ~~on~~ ~~one~~ ~~meting~~ one meeting. No one said a word. ~~Some~~ got up. No one even said a single word.

Bert Geer bought Old Sam's Cottage.

Samuel Hill

Goldendale, 9/26/57

Goldendale Sentinel, July 11, 1918--"While we consecrate this tablet to the memory of Klickitat's sons who have met the supreme test, who have given their ~~all~~ lives, all for their country, we must one and all pledge ourselves to retain for those that are left behind that liberty, free and ~~untainted~~ untainted from Bolshevism, Non-artisian Leagueism, I.W.W.ism, Kaiserism and prussianism, and to transmit to those who follow as the gift of democratic government of the people, by the people and for the people..." (excepts from resolution proposed by Samuel Hill)

Six names have been inscribed:

Dewey V. Bromley

John W. Cheshier

James B. Duncan

Robert F. Graham

Carl A. Lester

Robert F. Venable

Space has been left for others who are expected in the nature of things to follow. Of these, one sleeps in the land where rolls the Oregon, said Nelson V. Brooks, who made the chief dedicatory address.

The completion and care of the monument will be in charge of the Klickitat County Soldiers and Sailors Memorial Assn. of which the following are trustees: Samuel Hill, W.G. Collins, Charles H. Babcock, E.N. Hill and J.C. Potter.

The ceremony opened with an invocation by the Rev. R.H. Thomson of Seattle.

Incidental to the exercise was a basket picnic on the grounds.

Following out the Stonehenge model, the spot on which the altar stone was erected faces the sunrise at the summer solstice. The location was made by Prof. W.W. Campbell of Lick Observatory, who was in charge of the party which observed the recent eclipse of the sun at Goldendale.

1963

D.B. Hill, about 78, a trustee and former president of the board of the Maryhill Museum died at his home in Seattle March 1 according to news received here last week.

Mr. Hill, a cousin of Samuel Hill, the museum's founder, had been closely connected with the Hill properties in this area, and the museum, over the last 50 years. During the period of about 1909 to 1915 he was manager of the Maryhill Land Co. for his cousin. He resided during this period at the Stonehenge location, either at the Meadowlark Inn, the company office building or one of the cottages in the building cluster.

About 1915 he married and moved to Seattle where he established the D.B. Hill importing firm.

Mr. Hill was president of the Maryhill board of trustees for 20 years until the annual meeting last May at which time he asked to be retired as president. Dr. Thomas E. Griffith of The Dalles was chosen to take his place and Mr. Hill was accorded the title of honorary president; he continued as a trustee until his death.

Clifford Dolph, Maryhill museum director, says that, although he was eclipsed by his illustrious cousin, D.B. Hill had a deep interest in the promotion of good roads, and played a contributing role to the accomplishments of Samuel Hill.

Mrs. D.B. Hill survives, also a nephew in Hawaii, who is director of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu; cousins reside in Indiana.

D.B. Hill, about 78, a trustee and former president of the board of the Maryhill Museum died at his home in Seattle March 1 according to news received here last week.

Mr. Hill, a cousin of Samuel Hill, the museum's founder, had been closely connected with the Hill properties in this area, and the museum, over the last 50 years. During the period of about 1909 to 1915 he was manager of the Maryhill Land Co. for his cousin. He resided during this period at the Stonehenge location, either at the Meadowlark Inn, the company office building or one of the cottages in the building cluster.

About 1915 he married and moved to Seattle where he established the D.B. Hill importing firm.

Mr. Hill was president of the Maryhill board of trustees for 20 years until the annual meeting last May at which time he asked to be retired as president. Dr. Thomas E. Griffith of The Dalles was chosen to take his place and Mr. Hill was accorded the title of honorary president; he continued as a trustee until his death.

Clifford Dolph, Maryhill museum director, says that, although he was eclipsed by his illustrious cousin, D.B. Hill had a deep interest in the promotion of good roads, and played a contributing role to the accomplishments of Samuel Hill.

Mrs. D.B. Hill survives, also a nephew in Hawaii, who is director of the Bishop Museum in Honolulu; cousins reside in Indiana.

Field Trip to Maryhill , Stonehenge, Museum and graveyard

March 26, 1963

Old graveyard, on downslope from old Maryhill-Stonehenge road, now closed at upper end. Road passes by the cemetery, set half-way between North Bank Highway (8 now, new highway, and base of ridge on Washington shore of Columbia River.

Broken, old fashioned barbed wire fence, patched fence, acre to acre and one-half, oblong, wagon road access, old disused gate, straggling plantings of locust trees to withstand wind and torture of summer heat and lack of moisture, small trees, perhaps later plantings, occasional care, weed removal, some graves better preserved than others, still in use. But here the dead of the past have clung to their home soil.

Here too, on the southwest corner, a small patch Indian graveyard, separated from their neighbors by a swale, deep cut with built in shoveled in dirt footway to ease heaviness of climbing up steep ~~slope~~ slope for visitors, carrying casket or on cart...and here finally both the red man and the white finding their equality in the earth...here there is no difference other than they lived separate and distinct lives though intermingling in the community and along the river and in the home land of the one...the unwelcomed yet forced welcome guest here finding a level with the Indian...a small graveyard, typically Indian, heaped up grave mounds so they will remain, few headstones, trinkets of the dead, toys of the children, knick-nacks, artificial flowers, trinkets that jingle in the wind, flutter, alive, keeping alive watch over the dead...here Ida Yellup and others of her kind...children's^d burials, not more than a score, and ~~which~~^{who} came here first, carried and unknowing, borne by grieving, casting out their discomforts from troubled hearts, releases, finding them here...was this first an Indian burial and did the non-Indians also here invade the privacy

(Rest - Sand) -

where spring comes with the flowers, the balsam, low and squat and the bush lupin, fillagree, fiddlenecks and the early starting wheat grass *(Russia - Eastward into Idaho - Sheep - Carried -* that dries and hardens into fire hazards, inflammable hillsides to be close watched... the Indians who used care in extinguishing fires, learned in their danger, holding them like a woman learning to smoke between thumb and forefinger, pursing lips together and extinguishing the cigarette...

Or did the Indian burials come after the white man's graveyard, the understanding of the pioneers bearing their Indian friends here for the first burial, close to them as they had been living close to them in this land along the Columbia River, close by where Lewis and Clark made a pathway, water and along the rapids by portage on their way to the ~~ocean~~ ocean...

In the white man's burial place... *isolated, left alone, who seldom visited and perhaps feared the time.*
At rest, John D. Beckley, June 10, 1870, March 10, 1914.

Emmina F. Leloh, wife of F.O. Leloh, born June 24, 1872, ¹⁹⁰⁰
died June 24, 1900 ^{28 yrs}

And William W. Masiker, ¹⁹¹⁴ 1842-1924 and Laura A, ¹⁹⁴³ 1855, 1943... here ¹⁹²⁴
in the graveyard husbands and wives, unparted in life or death, old-fashioned, then in the old custom that has grown to be forgotten husbands and wives ¹⁹ closing together... even without just cause... for separation or divorce... the old stigma of divorce... and this of today is a new form of culture in which the young people are brought up... *She living 19 years after he.*

Noble H. Geer, ¹⁹¹⁶ 1860-1916 and Donald Geer, 1901-1918... Donald Geer Stuart, ^{50 yrs} July 3, 1901, November 1, 1918... the old custom of a widow left to face life... unheard of unless she had sons and daughters to care for her... more men than women, women willing and

wanting husbands, willing to work for their board and keep and willing to learn to love another man and bear him children and bring them up as the children of him who begat them and to love them too like her other children...men and women capable of understanding that after a time the wounds heal and the will to live, to eat and sleep and play and rest and work and earn fortunes overcomes the will to die which follows the grieving to the grave yard...they were graveyards then, not cemeteries... the old fashioned word and the old fashioned way...

John A. "Jaekel" 1882-1960, the span from before statehood on the north of the Oregon country to the atomic age...and Lena B, who died in 1890...an infant son of, born and died in 1912...and who planted the locust tree, slow growing that throws out its sweet smell in the heavy hot air of early summer, weighted down by a night coolness, "mockingbird" air but not in this country where the meadowlarks run and skim in the spring and use the fences, broken down but ~~xxxxxxx~~ usable for temporary perches in the coming on of spring...

James A. Berrien, born June 7, 1828 and died May 18, 1883...there was an old timer and what brought him to the Northwest besides a yearning for land and a home...and who was kind enough to see that he had a suitable and proper burial or did the roots of the family tree if he started one find another place in which they were planted after transplanting from an area where the living was none too good in the long ago, the days of cattle and sheep and poor grain growing, and cutting wild hay and horse raising and chasing wild horses...

The Englishman and proud of it, Daniel Jordan born in ~~xxxx~~ Cabington, Eng. Dec. 12, 1840, died May 28, 1905...and why did he come...buried in a concrete "tomb," and was that the custom of his people...

and Sarah E. Jordan, born in Illinois died in Seattle, Washington, aged 76,

9 months and 26 days.. thus was it figured, knowing the birthdate and she wanted to come home to where her husband was buried..and how did they

meet and what of their lives, interlocked in marriage and in the intimacy of one another...here the mingling of blood lines, the admixture that is going into the American of the future through the years and through the generations and through the meetings and the adventure and travels of those setting out from Europe and other countries to find a new home and a new land...and a wife or a husband...

George W. Hoffman, 1854, 1936, father (a little flat stone, a marker for an infant, too...and a slab, like a centered arched door, mother on one side and father on the other...Oliver H. Hibbard, born July 28, 1814, died November 23, 1886, and J. B. Hibbard, born June 3, 1882, died (recheck) Oct. 21, 1887, two peoples whose lives were not far apart, nor in death and certainly not in burial, still close together...the narrow stone when weight was too much even for teams to carry and for strong men to handle, for shipments to grave stone factories for the scotch masons with hand hammers and saws and sand blasting of later years to fashion...

In memory of John Bowie, born, Washington County, Oregon, Jan 2, 1872, died near Columbus, Wash July 3, 1898, age 19 years...how did he die, "in memory of"...was there nothing of him to be buried, was he drowned in the river and no body found, or was the body found later...and below in sight of the burial place the river itself, beautiful and peaceful but strong, overstrong...and wily, with wits outmatching those of men invading secret places where men are not intended to invade... James Bowie Jr. 1881-1906...the father?,,,and Father James Bowie, 1839-1914, from Scotland,

Elsie Bowie, wife of J.D. Oldham, born June 5, 1874, died June 2, 1911... and Margaret Bowie, 1887-1943...

Eight miles from Stonehenge to John Day Dam...the relocation of the Sp and S railway, just north of Maryhill, under way...heavy equipment and a gravel pit, the opened earth...the big grave...

Eugene Willard, 3/30 1829-1892 and Susanne K 2/4, 1832, 1905, younger born and far outliving Eugene...and August 3 7/22/53...a son? born in Switzerland...a relative?...died in 1932...

Here in the deserted orchard of head stones, of everlasting trees of memory of sorrow and happiness... marking places of those resting... a single shaft, set so as not to sink and topple sidewise on a concrete base, a shaft with pointed top like a fence post...taller than a man... or as tall...John Koenig, Dec 6, 1848, June 12, 1899, "no pain and no grief, no anxious fear can reach our loved one sleeping here," expression from the heart, release of thoughts...

And those from another land of nativity, who found a home here were they the gardeners whose wind break trees remain on the still well tilled land below... Tsu Dotsu -Uma 1885-19 and Rokuta 1881-1950 ...

and "a aha h ...oshi, mother, 1889...mother in any language, family in any tongue, death and burial in any land for one and all like the suyapos the white people and the Indians..Kumazo, father, 1877-1932... here a stone inlaid cross, green and white rocks to hold back the weeds, ~~oriented to the east and placed by~~...James Wallace Howe, July 29, 1934, Mar.

23, 1950...Mar. abbreviated on a tombstone for labor of putting on the full word....

Martin Luther McCann, 1850-1922, and Carrie A, July 25, 1897...

Nellie McCann, June 25, 1880-~~June 31~~ Jan 31, 1960...

not difficult to tell the origin and religion here...

And on the stone inscribed "A previous one from us has gone
 A voice we love is stilled
 A place is vacant in our house
 That never can be filled..."

So more than one was left to remember on Memorial Days
 and special days of special meanings that come and go to all families
 and are secretly held and remembered in the old families ...treasures
 of memories more precious and wonderful than the accumulations of wealth...
 proud heritages to be passed down to other generations...a birthday...
 this was her birthday...she used to like to go for a buggy ride on
 her birthday...she used to like to wander out in the hills and pick flowers
 in the spring after the church services...the meals she cooked for
 the minister...these were our entertainment and is there any better
 found with the passing of time and things to do?...culture..what is it and
 what, in the final analysis is the best...?

Aleida F Wren, born 11/18/1850, died Sept. 19, 1891

Mrs. Flora Hand, born Oct. 22, 1853, ~~born Oct. 22, 1853~~ died June 8, 1891 "gone
 but not forgotten" twisted locust tree...
 A tall monument set on a pyramid of three stepping stones, an archway...
 green and yellow lichens growing where the sun seldom
 stays long and where the dampness of the winter remains longer...

Ida E. Kennedy, wife of Jack Bolon, 1858-1928 Mother
 John B. Kennedy, 1835, 1922, father... a concrete rim, two stones,
 protective... and the story behind the three...

George W. Alexander, beloved husband of Lucy A Alexander, born
 Feb. 12 19, 1896 "fell asleep in Jesus" as simply as that..peaceful
 rest, confidence in the future...his confidence, their confidence and

solace he has gone to a secure resting place...that there will be an awakening, a hereafter "fell asleep" he did not die, he "fell asleep" (Nov. 5, 1927).

Frank E. Alexander, 1880-1938 and the three interlocked links of the Odd Fellows... Lucy A. Alexander 1859-1936, three stones...

John E. Grant, died August 13, 1865 and the war not over with... aged 20 years 10 months, plain narrow stone jutting up, like a soldier's stone... and not far from the monument, Stonehenge to the futility of wars, erected by a great builder in another generation... at the foot of the tablet JEA, 7 inch letters...

John H. son of H. P. and S. J. Trask, died March 8, 1903, aged 3 years 8 months, 18 days... here the days on life were numbered... young and numbered and who knows how many days are numbered when he is born and who knows after he learns to wonder, how many days?

"a little time on earth he spent
"Till God for him his angel sent."

A dove carved on the stone, white carved dove on greying stone, gray with time and elements and turning sandstone... marble sandstone..

and the marks of the hammers held in hands now still by death also left in these monuments, marks of the careful makers, the expert craftsmen who learned their trade in the apprentice way... a careless blow would fracture a stone... wooden mauls and steel chisels.. cutting chisels and gouges and sweating arms with marble dust in the hair clinging to the wet body of the workman... dust in the chest and lungs and flying, biting flicks of stone littering the earth, covering the earth with rubble, like the factory of the arrowhead makers, they were craftsmen too... and they left their rubble in the mining places

and at campsites...where they made weapons of war and weapons of peace food gathering weapons and weapons of barter that found their way from tent to tent and lodge to lodge, camp to camp and through channels of trade out of the Celilo fishery to the north and south and east and west... for buffalo robes, slaves and horses, hides and beaded work... and many other things...

William Higinbotham, died Oct 10, 1902, aged 66 years, Co. 3 1st Ore. Cav Vol. forever with the Lord at Rest, and here a warrior of another time and age, ceaseless and forever wars, one after another and they are all marked and remembered on the stone headpieces of the dead...

George Higinbotham, died May 24, 1872, 66 years old
"blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God"

Worn stone, worn by biting sand blown by wind, thrown hard handfuls by the wind, white, engraved hand holding a lily...and a crown... symbols, eternal symbols of life and hope and resurrection...of God and promises and of death and purity..symbols of another race upon the land...

Myrtle Avona, wife of George Cross, 1879-1911, granite ~~stone~~ marker

Amos Stark, 1825-1893 and the simple tribute with a lifetime of labor and deprivation, of work and hope "Pioneer" and Corpl Bent T.T. Stark, 43 Mo Infantry and Ella Stark, 1846-1930...

The Masonic burial of Ira L. Henderson, 1870-1942, father... aproned and small hats, tokens of their trade and lodge and brotherhood even to death...gracious at funerals.. coming from far and near to take part in the funeral at the bidding of the master... this is Masonry, remembered in death, respected in life...

William L. Sanders, 1864-1918, Eunice Sanders, 1904, 1913 at rest...
born after and died before...the ages, age difference...met together
for a while and a time..

Here the evidence of age and illness, of poor living and hardship,
of accidents, the evidence in the stone markers...unchangeable evidence
of death from many causes...

A concrete crypt of Robert Lee Asher, large crypt, protective of a
body remnant, bone and dried and decayed flesh turned to dust...

1919-1934

and Robert E. Asher, 1836, 1943 Father...the period and the age and
Robert Lee and Robert E...any significance .. north and south in the
same burial place...and Blanch Archer, 1823-1860, mother....died before
the Civil War

A tall 8 foot cylinder of a shaft, pointed top, and base..Mo. Diana T. Wheel
house, born Nov. 19, 1834, died May 30, 1914...

Infant son, (surmounted by the symbol...a lamb, carved, of R.O. and
A.J. Tobin, June 14, 1901...resting alone, the infant son, left alone
and where did the paths of the parents lead ,

J.W. Presby, died Dec. 24, 1923 - Oct 25, 1902, another long
span, another pioneer and more..

Arthur Hope, May 25, 1882, Feb. 1, 1900, old concrete ^{moss}, ~~moss~~ and
lichen base..., these like weeds come and remain and grow and cover
raw concrete and stone where nothing else but the dullness of time
can cover...and grow where nothing else grows...hardy and purposeful
each thing of nature with a purpose...is this to help cover and adorn
the monuments of the dead, the orchard of stone shafts and limbs and
crude printing , a few names left, a few dates, and memories and marks
upon the land...

Field Trip to Maryhill , Stonehenge, Museum and graveyard

March 26, 1963

Old graveyard, on downslope from old Maryhill-Stonehenge road, now closed at upper end. Road passes by the cemetery, set half-way between North Bank Highway (8 now, new highway, and base of ridge on Washington shore of Columbia River.

Broken, old-fashioned barbed wire fence, patched fence, acre to acre and one-half, oblong, wagon road access, old disused gate, straggling plantings of locust trees to withstand wind and torture of summer heat and lack of moisture, small trees, perhaps later plantings, occasional care, weed removal, some graves better preserved than others, still in use. But here the dead of the past have clung to their home soil.

Here too, on the southwest corner, a small patch Indian graveyard, separated from their neighbors by a swale, deep cut with built in shoveled in dirt footway to ease heaviness of clinging up steep ~~six~~ slope for visitors, carrying casket or on cart...and here finally both the red man and the white finding their equality in the earth...here there is no difference other than they lived separate and distinct lives though intermingling in the community and along the river and in the home land of the one...the unwelcomed yet forced welcome guest here finding a level with the Indian...a small graveyard, typically Indian, heaped up grave mounds so they will remain, few headstones, trinkets of the dead, toys of the children, knick-knacks, artificial flowers, trinkets that jingle in the wind, flutter, alive, keeping alive watch over the dead...here Ida Yellup and others of her kind...children's burials, not more than a score, and which came here first, carried and unknowing, borne by grieving, casting out their discomforts from troubled hearts, releases, finding them here...was this first an Indian burial and did the non-Indians also here invade the privacy

where spring comes with the flowers, the balsam, low and squat and the bush lupin, fillagree, fiddlenecks and the early starting wheat grass that dries and hardens into fire hazards, inflammable hillsides to be close watched.. the Indians who used care in extinguishing fires, learned in their danger, holding them like a woman learning to smoke between thumb and forefinger, pursing lips together and extinguishing the cigarette...

Or did the Indian burials come after the white man's graveyard, the understanding of the pioneers bearing their Indian friends here for the first burial, close to them as they had been living close to them in this land along the Columbia River, close by where Lewis and Clark made a pathway, water and along the rapids by portage on their way to the ~~Atlantic~~ ocean...

In the white man's burial place...

At rest, John D. Beckley, June 10, 1870, March 10, 1914.

Emmina F. Leloh, wife of F.O. Leloh, born June 24, 1872, died June 24, 1900

And William W. Masiker, 1842 and 1924 and Laura A, 1855, 1943...here in the graveyard husbands and wives, unparted in life or death, old-fashioned, then in the old custom that has grown to be forgotten husbands and wives cleaving together...even without just cause...forseparation or divorce...the old stigma of divorce...and this of today is a new form of culture in which the young people are brought up...

Noble H. Geer, 1860-1916 and Donald Geer, 1901-1918...Donald Geer Stuart, July 3, 1901, November 1, 1918...the old custom of a widow left to face life...unheard of unless she had sons and daughters to care for her ...more men than women, women willing and

3
wanting husbands, willing to work for their board and keep and willing to learn to love another man and bear him children and bring them up as the children of him who begat them and to love them too like her other children...men and women capable of understanding that after a time the wounds heal and the will to live, to eat and sleep and play and rest and work and earn fortunes overcomes the will to die which follows the grieving to the grave yard...they were graveyards then, not cemeteries... the old fashioned word and the old fashioned way...

John A. Jaekel 1882-1960, the span from before statehood on the north of the Oregon country to the atomic age...and Lena B, who died in 1890.. an infant son of, born and died in 1912...and who planted the locust tree, slow growing that throws out its sweet smell in the heavy hot air of early summer, weighted down by a night coolness, "mockingbird" air but not in this country where the meadowlarks run and skim in the spring and use the fences, broken down but ~~xxxxxx~~ usable for temporary perches in the coming on of spring...

James A. Berrien, born June 7, 1828 and died May 18, 1883...there was an old timer and what brought him to the Northwest besides a yearning for land and a home. and who was kind enough to see that he had a suitable and proper burial or did the roots of the family tree if he started one find another place in which they were planted after transplanting from an area where the living was none too good in the long ago, the days of cattle and sheep and poor grain growing, and cutting wild hay and horse raising and chasing wild horses...

The Englishman and proud of it, Daniel Jordan born in ~~xxx~~ Cabington, Eng. Dec: 12, 1940, died May 28, 1905...and why did he come.. buried in a concrete "tomb," and was that the custom of his people...

and Sarah E. Jordan, born in Illinois died in Seattle, Washington, aged 76, 9 months and 26 days.. thus was it figured, knowing the birthdate and she wanted to come home to where her husband was buried..and how did they

meet and what of their lives, interlocked in marriage and in the intimacy of one another...here the mingling of blood lines, the admixture that is going into the American of the future through the years and through the generations and through the meetings and the adventure and travels of those setting out from Europe and other countries to find a new home and a new land...and a wife or a husband...

George W. Hoffman, 1854, 1936, father (a little flat stone, a marker for an infant, too...and a slab, like a centered arched door, mother on one side and father on the other...Oliver H. Hibbard, born July 28, 1814, died November 23, 1886, and J. B. Hibbard, born June 3, 1882, died (recheck) Oct. 21, 1887, two peoples whose lives were not far apart, nor in death and certainly not in burial, still close together...the narrow stone when weight was too much even for teams to carry and for strong men to handle, for shipments to grave stone factories for the scotch masons with hand hammers and saws and sand blasting of later years to fashion...

In memory of John Bowie, born, Washington County, Oregon, Jan 2, 1872, died near Columbus, Wash July 3, 1898, age 19 years...how did he die, "in memory of"...was there nothing of him to be buried, was he drowned in the river and no body found, or was the body found later...and below in sight of the burial place the river itself, beautiful and peaceful but strong, overstrong...and wily, with wits outmatching those of men invading secret places where men are not intended to invade... James Bowie Jr. 1881-1906...the father?,,, and Father James Bowie, 1839-1914, from Scotland, Elsie Bowie, wife of J.D. Oldham, born June 5, 1874, died June 2, 1911... and Margaret Bowie, 1887-1943...

Eight miles from Stonehenge to John Day Dam...the relocation of the sp and S railway, just north of Maryhill, under way... heavy equipment and a gravel pit, the opened earth...the big grave...

Eugene Willard, 3/30 1829-1892 and Susanne K 2/4, 1832, 1905, younger born and far outliving Eugene...and August 3 7/22/53...a son? born in Switzerland... a relative?...died in 1932...

Here in the deserted orchard of head stones, of everlasting trees of memory of sorrow and happiness.. marking places of those resting... a single shaft, set so as not to sink and topple sidewise on a concrete base, a shaft with pointed top like a fence post...taller than a man... or as tall...John Koenig, Dec 6, 1848, June 12, 1899, "no pain and no grief, no anxious fear can reach our loved one sleeping here," expression from the heart, release of thoughts...

And those from another land of nativity, who found a home here were they the gardeners whose wind break trees remain on the still well tilled land below... Tsu Pota -Uma 1885-19 and Rokuta 1881-1950 ..

and 'a aba h...oshi, mother, 1889...mother in any language, family in any tongue, death and burial in any land for one and all like the suyapes the white people and the Indians..Kumazo, father, 1877-1932... here a stone inlaid cross, green and white rocks to hold back the weeds, ~~on the ground and on the ground~~...James Wallace Howe, July 29, 1934, Mar. 23, 1950...Mar. abbreviated on a tombstone for labor of putting on the full word...

Martin Luther McCann, 1850-1922, and Carrie A, July 25, 1897... Nellie McCann, June 25, 1880-~~June 31~~ Jan 31, 1960... not difficult to tell the origin and religion here...

And on the stone inscribed "A previous one from us has gone
 A voice we love is stilled
 A place is vacant in our house
 That never can be filled..."

So more than one was left to remember on Memorial Days
 and such a days of special meanings that come and go to all families
 and are secretly held and remembered in the old families ...treasures
 of memories more precious and wonderful than the accumulation of wealth...
 proud heritages to be passed down to other generations...a birthday...
 this was her birthday...she used to like to go for a buggy ride on
 her birthday...she used to like to wander out in the hills and pick flowers
 in the spring after the church services...the meals she cooked for
 the minister...these were our entertainment and is there any better
 found with the passing of time and things to do?...culture...what is it and
 what, in the final analysis is the best...?

Arleda F Wren, born 11/18/1850, died Sept. 19, 1891

Mrs. Flora Hand, born Oct. 22, 1853, ~~born~~ died June 8, 1891 "gone
 but not forgotten" twisted locust tree..
 A tall monument set on a pyramid of three stepping stones, an archway
 archway...green and yellow lichens growing where the sun seldom
 stays long and where the dampness of the winter remains longer...

Ida E. Kennedy, wife of Jack Bolon, 1858-1928 Mother
 John B. Kennedy, 1835, 1922, father.. a concrete rim, two stones,
 protective...and the story behind the three...

George W. Alexander, beloved husband of Lucy A Alexander, born
 Feb. 12, 1896 "fell asleep in Jesus" as simply as that..peaceful
 rest, confidence in the future...his confidence, their confidence and

solace he has gone to a secure resting place...that there will be an awakening, a hereafter "fell asleep" he did not die, he "fell asleep" (Nov. 5, 1927).

Frank E. Alexander, 1880-1938 and the three interlocked links of the odd fellows... Lucy A. Alexander 1859-1936, three stones...

John E. Grant, died August 13, 1865 and the war not over with...aged 20 years 10 months, plain narrow stone jutting up, like a soldier's stone.. and not far from the monument, Stonehenge to the futility of wars, erected by a great builder in another generation... at the foot of the tablet JEA, 7 inch letters...

John H. son of H. P. and S. J. Trask, died March 8, 1903, aged 3 years 8 months, 18 days...here the days on life were numbered... young and numbered and who knows how many days are numbered when he is born and who knows after he learns to wonder, how many days?

"a little time on earth he spent

"Till God for him his angel sent."

A dove carved on the stone, white carved dove on greying stone, gray with time and elements and turning sandstone..marble sandstone..

and the marks of the hammers held in hands now still by death also left in these monuments, marks of the careful makers, the expert craftsmen who learned their trade in the apprentice way...a careless blow would fracture a stone...wooden mauls and steel chisels..cutting chisels and gouges and sweating arms with marble dust in the hair clinging to the wet body of the workman...dust in the chest and lungs and flying, biting flicks of stone littering the earth, covering the earth with rubble, like the factory of the arrowhead makers, they were craftsmen too...and they left their rubble in the mining places

and at campsites...where they made weapons of war and weapons of peace food gathering weapons and weapons of barter that found their way from tent to tent and lodge to lodge, camp to camp and through channels of trade out of the Celilo fishery to the north and south and east and west... for buffalo robes, slaves and horses, hides and beaded work... and many other things...

William Higinbotham, died Oct 10, 1902, aged 66 years, Co. 3 1st Ore. Cav. Vol. forever with the Lord at Rest, and here a warrior of another time and age, ceaseless and forever wars, one after another and they are all marked and remembered on the stone headpieces of the dead...

George Higinbotham, died May 24, 1872, 66 years old
"blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God"

Worn stone, worn by biting sand blown by wind, thrown hard handfuls by the wind, white, engraved hand holding a lily...and a crown... symbols, eternal symbols of life and hope and resurrection...of God and promises and of death and purity..symbols of another race upon the land...

Mary Avena, wife of George Moss, 1879-1911, granite saddle marker
Amos Stark, 1825-1893 and the simple tribute with a lifetime of labor and deprivation, of work and hope "Pioneer"
and Corpl. Bent T.T. Stark, 43 Mo Infantry
and Ella Stark, 1846-1930...

The Masonic burial of Ira L. Henderson, 1870-1942, father... aproned and small hats, tokens of their trade and lodge and brotherhood even to death...gracious at funerals.. coming from far and near to take part in the funeral at the bidding of the master... this is Masonry, remembered in death, respected in life...

William L. Sanders, 1864-1918, Eunice Sanders, 1904, 1913 at rest...
born after and died before..the ages, age difference...yet together
for a while and a time..

Here the evidence of age and illness, of poor living and hardship,
of accidents, the evidence in the stone markers...unchangeable evidence
of death from many causes...

A concrete crypt of Robert Lee Asher, large crypt, protective of a
body remnant, bone and dried and decayed flesh turned to dust...

1919-1934

and Robert E. Asher, 1836, 1943 Father...the period and the age and
Robert Lee and Robert E...any significance .. north and south in the
same burial place..and Blanch Archer, 1843-1860, mother....died before
the Civil War

A tall 8 foot cylinder of a shaft, pointed top, and base..Mo. Diana T. Wheel
house, born Nov. 19, 1834, died May 30, 1914...

Infant son, (surmounted by the symbol...a lamb, carved, of R.O. and
A.J. Tobin, June 14, 1901...resting alone, the infant son, left alone
and where did the paths of the parents lead ,

J.W. Presby, died Dec. 24, 1823- Oct 25, 1902, another long
span, another pioneer and more..

Arthur Hope, May 25, 1882, Feb. 1, 1900, old concrete , mosses and
lichen base..., these like weeds come and remain and grow and cover
raw concrete and stone where nothing else but the dullness of time
can cover...and grow where nothing else grows...hardy and purposeful
each thing of nature with a purpose...is this to help cover and adorn
the monuments of the dead, the orchard of stone shafts and limbs and
crude printing , a few names left, a few dates, and memories and marks