

Dr. Kuykendall (G.P.)

The Indians believe that all objects are of a dual nature having a soul or spirit-like existence independent of the material form. It is said that some of the Oregon tribes formerly held that the various organs of the body were each endowed with separate souls.

Among all the tribes the idea seemed to be that there were really two persons, the spirit or soul and the body with its animal life and that the body could exist for some time while the soul was absent.

This ghost-like self had the same form and visage as the body while they believed in a spirit or soul they do not appear to have thought it was as much a reality as the body.

There was a vague misty unsubstantiality about it that must have been very unsatisfying to their minds.

The soul could leave the body and go away in dreams and trances.

And could appear as an apparition in places far from the body. with form and features recognizable. In their language, life and breath or spirit and breath meant the same thing.

Goodmany, if not all of the Indians believed that there were certain shamans or conjurers that could rob them of their souls and that the body would continue to live on for a longer or shorter time but that it must soon die. In their so-called doctoring pow-wows the doctors professed to restore the absent soul to its owner and thus make his recovery to health possible.

Another idea quite prevalent among the tribes of Northern Oregon and Washington was that the soul could come back and inhabit some other body.

The most northerly tribes bordering upon and reaching into British Columbia thought the soul came back and entered certain birds, fish or deer or elk. Others held that the soul came back in the body of infants born to near relatives. It entered the body of a female

and appeared in her child.

If the child strongly resembled the deceased then there was no doubt but that he had appeared again and his name was sooner or later conferred upon it.

Some of the tribes in the Northwest held that the deceased could choose into what family he would be born again and among the poor and sick and suffering life was laid down with little regret believing they might after a while be born into wealthy or honorable families.

It was generally believed that the spirits of the dead are out around the world very active and busy during the night but that in the daytime they ~~and~~ stay about graveyards and only dark places. Some held that the dead go into a state of insensibility as soon as the light of day comes, and that when darkness broods over the world their spirits come forth reanimated and happy, dancing, feasting and engaging in all kinds of pleasures during the hours of darkness.

Whatever happiness or bliss was attributed to those in the spirit land there seems to have been a sort of vague dread and much misgiving in regard to it; and their legends show clearly enough that it was the general belief that it would be desirable to have the souls of the deceased return to earth and that the existence here is really more substantial and desirable than that in the spirit land. Everything goes to show that for some cause there had been a great deal of change going on in the belief of the tribes for some time before the advent of the whites.

Their traditions indicate that the Indians had been travelling and visiting more together than formerly. There is every indication that at some period back only a few hundred years the tribes had no horses and their excursions were limited and there were greater provincialisms in customs and beliefs than in later times. Formerly each little tribe had its own grounds, lived and died near their birthplaces and seldom traveled.

Under these circumstances each had its own legends and myths and its own particular belief as to the future. Now and for some years back there are found traces of several beliefs mixed in with all the tribes. There was much more independence in thought and difference in religious belief than we have been prone to imagine. There was much more scepticism and tendency to unbelief than we have been taught to look for. Many individuals when asked about the future state and will say "I Don't know." Some express a doubt as to the immortality of the soul and some utterly deny it.

Among most of the tribes there seems to have been a pretty distinct idea of rewards and punishments based on the Indians idea of right and wrong. In nearly all cases there was hope held out for relief and final entrance into the happy land. Generally, after a uncertain length of time spent in banishment the sins of the offender were expiated and he was permitted to pass in among the good or was even assisted in.

Among no tribes do we find anything like the orthodox fire, the brimstone hell; of the ancient Tantalus, forever tortured with images of everything pleasing to the senses but which he was utterly unable to grasp. The Chinooks and Klickitats believed in a bright happy land not very definitely located where the good were permitted to enjoy themselves in hunting fishing and every pleasure conceivable to the Indian mind; while the wicked were condemned to wander away in a land of cold and darkness to starve and freeze unceasingly.

Some of the northern tribes say that in the other world there is a dark mysterious lake or ocean; and that out of this lake there flow two rivers. Up one of the shores there is a beautiful country filled with all manner of berries and game while the stream abounds in fish. Here the good Indian lives in happiness and comfort forever. Up the other river there is a land of food and frost and darkness.

a stony barren waste, a land of briars and brambles where the sunlight never comes and where the wicked wander forever in cold, hunger and despair.

The Okanogans have an Indian heaven and a peculiar kind of hell.

Instead of the orthodox cloven-footed barbed-tailed devil there is a being in human form with ears and tail of a horse. This fantastic being lives in the pine trees and jumps about from tree to tree and with a stick beats and prods the poor souls consigned to his dominions.

If among the tribes of the Northwest there is any idea of a heaven in the sky or in some elevated spot or place it was probably derived from priests or missionaries.

In the extreme southern part of Oregon the Indians represent the happy hunting grounds as beyond a dark, deep gulf or chasm across which all must pass over and say on a slippery pole. The good manage to get over but the evil fall in and reappear upon earth in the form of beasts, insects or birds. One of the most common ideas among the interior tribes was that the spirit land is situated far away towards the south west/

In its journey the soul meets far out on the way a spirit being who understands his life and weighs all his conduct and actions. If he has been bad he is sent on a crooked, wandering road that leads to a land of misty darkness where the soul, forlorn, cold and hungry forever wanders in despair; while the good are directed along a straight road leading to a country that is very beautiful and abounding in everything the Indian can desire.

These various shades of belief all give expression to that unutterable longing characteristic of humanity in all ages to look into the future to unravel the mystery of death and to solve the problem of man's destiny after he quits this mortal body. In his vain attempt

to satisfy the yearings of his soul after immortality and happiness beyond the grave in all lands has invented mystic stories.

Death, silence and darkness fill the savage mind with superstition superstitious dread. The most profound and philosophical stand silent or nation in the presence of death. Each tribe pictures what has its own idea of heaven and each people pictures what from its standpoint would seem the most happy and desirable condition. No people can picture a heaven superior to the powers of their conception or to originate.

The Indian heavenly mansion was a mat house because he had never seen nor thought of anything superior or better.

Drumming, dancing, gaming and feasting were the highest conceptions of felicity possible to the Indian mind. Hence he pictured for himself a heaven in which there are the chief pleasures. The river and coast tribes being accustomed to water and boats located their heaven on a far away island; and the spirits were conveyed to the Indian paradise in boats. The prairie tribes being accustomed to horses as the speediest and best mode of conveyance sent their dead to heaven on horseback.

We thus see that the habits of life and the surroundings of a people have much to do in their heaven building. The

The Indian prophet harangues the children of the prairie and forest about a heaven where drumming, dancing and various plays and sports are conducted in a great mat house. The Mohammedan priest tells the followers of Islam of a land of palaces, fountains and delicate perfumes and where the soul revels in sensual pleasures. The early Christian fathers preached about a heaven with golden streets, jasper wall, seas of glass and fountains and rivers of life. "higher authority says; "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart

of man to conceive " what heaven is like; and this is in consonance with reason and philosophy. (written about 1903)

Dr. G.B. Kuykendall

Fort Simcoe
(1872)

..The building had five fire places 3 below and two above. The rooms were ceiled or plastered and smooth and well finished. The officers quarters had been built with reference to comfort during winter and summer but with due regard to resistance to the bullets of an enemy in case of attack. There were brick between the studding and thick lumber placed vertically on the outside and the whole was painted. There was a fine well of water near the kitchen door. The buildings were fenced in with an eight foot high fence on the back of the yards and in front with a paling fence. The fort grounds were laid off not quite to the cardinal points of the compass, the north and south lines running a few degrees east of north. The south side of the square was occupied by the buildings of the officers, the commandant's house being in the middle of the south side and facing north. Our house was immediately easterly from the commandant's (copy) occupied by the agent.

The other officers had been placed in their order of superiority along the south side and near the corners where the ends turned north. On the northeast were the commissary buildings and on the east side of the square had been the soldier's barracks. Down at the northwest corner was located the boarding house and dormitories. This was where the Indian children were boarded and housed. The school building stood near by and the carpenter and blacksmith shops were clustered near the northwest corner of the old parade ground. Everything was very orderly and business was run by the clock. Employees were all supposed to be at their places by 7 in the morning. We found that the government furnished us plenty of wood, vegetables for our tables, cows to milk and we had beef and mutton at a very small price, 4 cents per pound for the best quality. The houses had furniture of a plain substantial character but nothing elegant. Our living was good, wholesome and very inexpensive so that one could save up the greater part of his salary

if he chose to. No profanity , obscenity or rough coarse conversation was allowed. The place wa run on the b asis of supposition that it was a mission, and the example set by t he white was supposed at all times to be salutary and such as would exert a good influence over the I"di"ans. "e were su posed to be there as an e ample and pattern for the Indians. "hisky, alcohol and all sorts of intoxicating drinks were banished from the agency, ad I never saw a drink of intoxicants taken while I was there, a period of about ten years.

Dr. G.B. Kuykendall, msct.

social Amenities (at Fort Simcoe)

(At fort 1872-1882)

When we went to Fort Simcoe we felt as if we had gotten almost outside of the world. Goldendale was the nearest town between up and the Dalles, it was 45 miles away and there were high mountains impassable ~~and~~ in winter time between. Yakima City was then the only town in the Yakima Valley, it was called at that time "Stomach Bitters" owing to the prevalence of whisky drinking. Ellensburg was a name situated amid sage brush and sand dunes, about the most desert looking place outside the center of the desert of Sahara, was 80 miles away and Walla Walla was 110. There were but few settlers in all the wide range of country. It was distinctly and decidedly an Indian country, that, that many said should have been left in the hands of the Indians, as it would never be anything anyhow. There were here and there scattering over the country a rancher or cattle raiser, living in loneliness, raising stock. The nearest railroad to us was at Portland, save the little Portage road at the Cascades.

There were broad stretches of sage and no timber except slight fringes of cottonwood and willow along the streams, or in the mountains where there was fir and pine. This was the general character of the country, all up and down the Yakima valley, and up the Columbia to the Priests Rapids and beyond.

When we stopped to think of it, we were or seemed to be, clear outside the pale of civilization and sometimes we wondered whether we should ever get out into the "white settlements again."

We found however, a very intelligent refined, social lot of people at the fort, who had been selected, all of them, for their efficiency and morals and with reference to their influence as instructors and Missionaries. We were bound to each other by the ties of a mutual effort all in one direction, for one object. All of us were away from home, all in a new and strange land, whatever dangers or vicissitudes came to

one happened to all.

We naturally became very well acquainted, very friendly. I do not remember of any personal quarrels or difficulties during the time we were there, ten years. There was a remarkable freedom from friction and we were a model little community. We found it easy to fraternize and be social. Among the lot there were quite a number of good singers and some who played on instruments and most were fond of singing.

There were no temptations to spend money foolishly, and but surprising few amusements aside from what we could get up ourselves, and it is surprising to ~~think~~ how many amusements people played in such circumstances can invent. We had many evenings of music, singing being a favorite pastime that helped make the time go, and gave pleasure.

Our agent, Mr. Wilbur was a large hearted, genial man and while he was a strict disciplinarian, he was at the same time a man of marked geniality, and sat with us at the social gatherings, and often threw open his own house for such meetings and entered into the pleasures of the evening with as much zest as any of those present. He was a good conversationalist and the many operations being carried on at the mills, farms, shops and in the schools, and back in the timber south of the fort and the work in the gardens, brought all into contact with a great many Indians, in the agency employ, and this caused many amusing and interesting things to happen, and there was sure to be an account of ~~these~~ these when we got together in the social gatherings. That some of the experiences were of a very amusing character, may well be imagined.

Not infrequently some one or two of the better educated of the Indians with their wives were invited to be present for the aim was to get the Indians used to polite society as much as possible. With all of our monotony there was a good deal of variety, and often spicy variety.

On

blacksmith shops were clustered near the northwest corner of the old parade ground. Everything was very orderly and business was run by the black. Employees were all supposed to be at their places at 7 in the morning. We found that the government furnished us plenty of wood, vegetables for our tables, cows to milk and we had beef and mutton at a very small price, 4 cents per pound for the very best and finest quality.

The houses and furnished of a plain substantial character, but nothing elegant. Our living was good, wholesome, and very inexpensive, so that any one could save up the greater part of his salary if he chose to do so. No profanity, obscenity or rough coarse conversation was allowed. The place was run on the basis or supposition that it was a mission and the examples set by the whites was supposed at all times to be salutary and such as would exert a good influence over the Indians... Whisky, alcohol and all sorts of intoxicating drinks were banished from the agency and I never saw a drink of intoxicants taken while I was there, a period of about ten years. We soon became acquainted with the employees and found them to be people of select morals, intelligence and good character. We had no rude, ignorant and boorish people at the agency. All were selected for their special work and an incompetent man could not hold his job long.

While the government furnished each family with a cow it was expected each one would milk or have his own cow milked. During the meeting at the corral to milk their cows, we usually had a good deal of fun and there was much sociability and good feeling.

There was a dispensary and office for the physician in the east of the building we resided in. In this was a fire place, a counter and shelves which contained medicines and medical supplies.

There were scales, weights, measures and all the appliances for preparing medicines, with bottles, corks, labels etc. Here the Indians came for medicines ~~with bottles, corks, labels etc.~~ to be examined and prescribed for, and to tell of their various complaints. The work was quite monotonous and owing to the filthy and slovenly habits of the Indians it was sometimes rather a sickening job....their old beliefs cannot be gotten out of them in one generation or even two. These superstitions have been taught them from infancy up for generations, and nothing that can be taught them after they are grown can eradicate these old beliefs.

Episcopal Church Building-Roseburg

During the summer of 1860 my father and uncle George had a contract for building the Episcopal church in Roseburg, Oregon. I was working with my father at the time at whatever building contracts he took when I was not in school. The plan was, with this contract, to go to Roseburg and camp on the ground and board ourselves. And by the way, this meant that I should do the cooking for the crowd. We should in this way be right on the ground day and night and so not lose any time. We fixed up a sort of temporary camp, out of some of the lumber that was to go into the building and were getting along well with the work but when we were ready for the roof, having put up the rafters we did not wish to shingle the building until after the side walls were all on, so as to stiffen up the frame, so that it would stand wind and storm. The roof was a very steep, gothic and would catch an immense force of wind and be liable to blow over without the walls were first enclosed and well nailed.

The building committee had not succeeded in getting the lumber for the siding on hand and it seemed that we should have to stop. The building committee was very anxious to have the roof put on anyhow and take the chance of wind. My father and Uncle George explained the danger of doing such a proceeding, but but they insisted that we go on and put on the roof. We had urged the committee to get the siding but from some cause they failed to do so. Against the better judgment of my father and Uncle George, they went to work to putting on the roof, but first braced the building as well as they could, with heavy braces well nailed.

On the back end of the building there was a little vestry room, which we happened to have enough siding to close in, and we had moved our bedding, some of it into that, and had put one bed there and another out on a loose floor in the main body of the church. A night or two after the roof was on and while we (my father and I) were sleeping in the church a storm came up in the night. The wind blew with great

force, and there was a heavy shower. The wind wakened us up and we were lying awake in bed talking and fearing the wind would increase and the building be blown over. Gust after gust came along and finally there was a strong blast came along and I knew from the sound of it that the building was likely to go over. I said to my father, "it is going over this time sure," and I leaped out of bed and ran back out and before I had gotten away from the building I was in the midst of a crash of falling lumber, that was crashing down on my head. I never knew just how I did get out without being killed but the building went over with a mighty cracking of timbers. A work bench or some lumber sustained the timbers partly and the walls did not get low down enough to hurt my father, but the place in the bed where I had lain had a very heavy two-inch plank lying lengthwise just ~~where~~ where I had lain. My father was untouched.

Uncle George, who was in the vestry room, was not hurt and that ~~was~~ room was only badly wrenched and had not gone over. When a light was procured I found that I had been knocked down into the mud on my knees, but I had sustained no great harm. Had I remained in bed I should have been killed instantly, perhaps while if my father had started to run, it is not likely that he would have escaped as I did. This accident seemed to produce a great shock upon me, some way. I remember that for three years whenever there was a heavy wind or even a mild wind, I was afraid the building I was in would blow over. No reasoning would dispel this fear. I actually knew there was no danger but I felt there was, and fear and nervous dread conquered reason. I very well remember several occasions when there was wind and I was in the house that there was not one chance in a million that the wind would effect, and yet I was afraid and should have been, even if I had been in a room with solid stone walls. .

Years afterward after I had studied medicine, I have thought about the effect of a panic or shock to the nerves caused by such a fright as I received. In 1863 while we were in Idaho City, Idaho, we were putting up

a building, to be used for business purposes, and we were sleeping in it, much after the same manner as we were in the church. Uncle James Stark and I were in bed together and along in the night I dreamed that the building was going over, just as the church had and gave a spring out of bed. ...

The next morning after the church blew down we found it sprawled out over much ground than it had occupied standing and the timbers very badly smashed up. The question arose immediately, "who is to stand the damage of this accident?" We put it up to the church officials, that they had been fairly warned, before what might happen, and insisted that it would not be proper to make us bear all the loss occasioned by the smashing of timbers and lumber, and the cost of taking the lumber apart and putting it up again. An equitable arrangement was reached, and everything went on as smoothly as before, with no thought of ill feelings,

The church was rebuilt and completed and dedicated and stood for many years, a house of worship for a worthy and influential society.

The facts in regard to erection of this church have been mentioned to show how I spent my time when not in school. My father took contracts for building dwellings, stores, barns and almost every other kind of structure. In that every day every foot of lumber that entered into the construction of buildings was dressed by hand, all flooring and ceilings was hand matched and doors and sash and mouldings were hand worked also, and the building of a house meant taking everything "from the stump up" many times. Very often some of the lumber that entered into a building was in the standing tree when the building was started. But in some respects the carpentry of that time was superior to that of today.

As a rule, heavier foundations were put into buildings and stiffer stronger frames were built. Some of the old wooden structures erected fifty years ago are yet standing and in a fair state of preservation and the climate being soft and damp favors early decay of wooden structures.

My father and uncle George nearly always worked together, taking contracts and dividing profits or losses, and I never knew of any disagreement as to planning, working or settlements, during all the time they worked together. It would be difficult....

"At that time, and for some years afterward, their families lived about eight miles north of Roseburg. Uncle George lived about 2 1-2 miles southwest from my father's place. They made it a rule to never work on Sunday, except in cases of extreme necessity. I have known them when they had a lot of lumber spread out to season and a storm came up on Sunday, to go out and pile up, or cover up exposed material, but that was about the extent of their labor on Sunday. On Saturday in the afternoon a little earlier than common, labor was stopped and tools put away, and everything arranged for a day's rest and "lay off." When we were working in Roseburg or some little distance from home, we always went home on Saturday evening and both families made it a rule to go to church every Sunday morning and evening. The younger members of the families attended Sabbath school and frequently the others also.

I have often wondered how much of this spirit of reverence and religious feeling and principle of life was due to the early religious lives and character of our Dutch ancestors, who carried their little ones so regularly 000 to the old Dutch churches for baptism within a month of their birth.

I have wondered whether this tendency to the family, is one that has been transmitted by inheritance to the descendants, through the nearly three hundred years of Kuykendall life in America.

The old Camas Swale Creek Sawmill.

Some time about 1856-58 my father and uncle George built a saw mill at the mouth or just above the mouth of the Camas Swale creek, near the North Umpqua river. The Swale creek was mostly dry in midsummer or had so little water in it that it was a trivial stream, not to be

thought of as a water power, but when the winter and spring seasons were on, it carried sufficient water to run quite a mill. Lumber had to be hauled, at that time, long distances, and father and uncle George had use for a great deal of lumber in their business, and they determined to have a little mill of their own, so as to be independent of the distant mills, and to save the expense of hauling over the long, bad roads, that were common at that time.

They knew that the time they could saw was quite limited, and that the supply of timber that was available was not sufficient to warrant a great expense in erecting a mill and so they studied out plans for the construction and operation that were extremely simple and inexpensive, and that yet proved to be quite sufficient to give them a good supply of fine lumber, for their own use and quite a lot for sale to the neighbors in the surrounding section. They builded a dam across the creek that raised the water and gave them a head of about 7 or 8 feet and by means of a large water wheel with a large drum running horizontally on the shaft of the wheel, they got both power and motion in an exceedingly simple manner. The large drum had a long belt running around it and to the pulley connected with the circular saw, so as to have only these two wheels in the whole mill. There was no loss of power by extra machinery, and the amount of lumber the old thing cut was astonishing. By running continuously, day and night during the wet season, they managed to saw out piles of lumber.

Growing in the valley around there was quite a good deal of white oak, and a fine quality of black oak (something unusual for fineness of grain) and good working qualities..and there were large alders along the river and near by gulches, this timber with an occasional log of laurel, made fine hard wood to use in making furniture and in wagon work. In this way the winter time, when building could not be well carried on, they put in their time to a good advantage getting material for summer and fall work. I was quite young and the experience

of running this mill, of making, handling, stacking, piling and measuring lumber gave me a good practical knowledge that made me an efficient aid in helping to keep up the family expense. Looking back upon those days, after the lapse of so many years, they seem to have been happy days and more so, because they were days of useful labor and effort, interspersed with many healthful wholesome discussions.

There was (sic) much real enjoyment and pleasure connected with the running of the old mill. Early in the spring when the water began first to fall a little, when the water above the dam would run down and for a short time there would be no water flowing over the dam, the creek below the dam would go dry while waiting for the mill pond to fill up. At these times there would be a lot of fish imprisoned in little rocky basins below the dam a short distance and we had great fun catching them, before the pond filled up and the water began to flow over. We caught many a fine mess of large fish this way.

...The old mill has long since gone into ~~decay~~ decay, I do not know as there is anything to mark the spot where it stood, but I suppose the excavations for the foundation still show, and possibly there may be something to show of the old dam. Timber became scarce^c, better mills were erected nearer by than those that supplied the country when they built the old saw mill, and it became unprofitable to run it. The old saw was sold to owners of other mills and such of the machinery as could be used was sold or disposed of. Later high water undermined the foundation and it tumbled down into a wreck of ruins. There are no doubt some of the old settlers there yet, who remember the old mill. ~~Wednesday~~

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As a rule, heavier foundations were put into buildings and stiffer stronger frames were built. Some of the old wooden structures erected fifty years ago are yet standing and in a fair state of preservation and the climate being soft and damp favors early decay of wooden structures.

My father and uncle George nearly always worked together, taking contracts and dividing profits or losses, and I never knew of any disagreement as to planning, working or settlements, during all the time they worked together. It would be difficult....

"At that time, and for some years afterward, their families lived about eight miles north of Roseburg. Uncle George lived about 2 1-2 miles southwest from my father's place. They made it a rule to never work on Sunday, except in cases of extreme necessity. I have known them when they had a lot of lumber spread out to season and a storm came up on Sunday, to go out and pile up, or cover up exposed material, but that was about the extent of their labor on Sunday. On Saturday in the afternoon a little earlier than common, labor was stopped and tools put away, and everything arranged for a day's rest and "lay off." When we were working in Roseburg or some little distance from home, we always went home on Saturday evening and both families made it a rule to go to church every Sunday morning and evening. The younger members of the families attended Sabbath school and frequently the others also.

I have often wondered how much of this spirit of reverence and religious feeling and principle of life was due to the early religious lives and character of our Dutch ancestors, who carried their little ones so regularly 000 to the old Dutch churches for baptism within a month of their birth.

I have wondered whether this tendency to the family, is one that has been transmitted by inheritance to the descendants, through the nearly three hundred years of Duykendall life in America.

The old Camas Swale Creek Sawmill.

Some time about 1856-58 my father and uncle George built a saw mill at the mouth or just above the mouth of the Camas Swale creek, near the North Imiqua river. The Swale creek was mostly dry in midsummer or had so little water in it that it was a trivial stream, not to be

thought of as a water power, but when the winter and spring seasons were on, it carried sufficient water to run quite a mill. Lumber had to be hauled, at that time, long distances, and father and uncle George had use for a great deal of lumber in their business, and they determined to have a little mill of their own, so as to be independent of the distant mills, and to save the expense of hauling over the long, bad roads, that were common at that time.

They knew that the time they could saw was quite limited, and that the supply of timber that was available was not sufficient to warrant a great expense in erecting a mill and so they studied out plans for the construction and operation that were extremely simple and inexpensive, and that yet proved to be quite sufficient to give them a good supply of fine lumber, for their own use and quite a lot for sale to the neighbors in the surrounding section. They builded a dam across the creek that raised the water and gave them a head of about 7 or 8 feet and by means of a large water wheel with a large drum running horizontally on the shaft of the wheel, they got both power and motion in an exceedingly simple manner. The large drum had a long belt running around it and to the pulley connected with the circular saw, so as to have only these two wheels in the whole mill. There was no loss of power by extra machinery, and the amount of lumber by the old thing cut was astonishing. By running continuously, day and night during the wet season, they managed to saw out piles of lumber.

Growing in the valley around there was quite a good deal of white oak, and a fine quality of black oak (something unusual for fineness of grain) and good working qualities. and there were large alders along the river and near by gulches, this timber with an occasional log of laurel, made fine hard wood to use in making furniture and in wagon work. In this way the winter time, when building could not be well carried on, they put in their time to a good advantage getting material for summer and fall work. I was quite young and the experience

of running this mill, of making, handling, stacking, piling and measuring lumber gave me a good practical knowledge that made an efficient aid in helping to keep up the family expense. Looking back upon those days, after the lapse of so many years, they seem to have been happy days and more so, because they were days of useful labor and effort, interspersed with many healthful wholesome discussions.

There was (sic) much real enjoyment and pleasure connected with the running of the old mill. Early in the spring when the water began first to fall a little, when the water above the dam would run down and for a short time there would be no water flowing over the dam, the creek below the dam would go dry while waiting for the mill pond to fill up. At these times there would be a lot of fish imprisoned in little rocky basins below the dam a short distance and we had great fun catching them, before the pond filled up and the water began to flow over. We caught many a fine mess of large fish this way.

...The old mill has long since gone into ~~dead~~ decay, I do not know as there is anything to mark the spot where it stood, but I suppose the excavations for the foundation still show, and possibly there may be something to show of the old dam. Timber became scarce, better mills were erected nearer by than those that supplied the country when they built the old saw mill, and it became unprofitable to run it. The old saw was sold to owners of other mills and such of the machinery as could be used was sold or disposed of. Later high water undermined the foundation and it tumbled down into a wreck of ruins. There are no doubt some of the old settlers there yet, who remember the old mill. ~~ed 100 100~~

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