Remember WHEN
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

* * * * * * *

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PREFACE

Information from a history book isn't as vital as remembrance. A history book tells only of things that are gone. A memory, however, is a living thing containing laughter, love, and often heartache and tears—-it still has color, odor or sound sometimes and, always, real substance.

It is a healthy thing to return in memory to experiences which have made up the reality of our lives.

The following stories are from memories... their importance has already been established.

Elizabeth Farley
Just west of the State Fair Grounds at Salem is an oak grove of times long past. For many years—I don't know how long—at fair time it was filled with tents of fair goers. Since my mother was one of five children and my grandfather had six brothers and sisters, our family looked forward to a week-long family reunion. Grandpa and Grandma, and as many of the cousins, aunts and uncles, great-aunts and uncles as could, arranged to come each year.

When the heavy canvas tent had been put up and firmly staked against the wind, rag carpeting hand-woven on a loom was laid to cover the grass to make it cleaner and easier to sweep. Each family took a two-or three-burner kerosene stove, preferably with its portable oven, so adequate meals could be prepared. Kerosene lamps, folding chairs, cupboards, etc., were needed.

Some of the more affluent members of the older generation had permission to build cottages at the edge of the area, for tents and often our bedsprings, mattresses and tables were stored there. Community restrooms were strategically located and sidewalks were laid out with numbered tent spaces so you could tell your friends to meet you at space 8 in row E. I believe we could reserve a space a year ahead.

When everything was in order the younger men would return home to work until the next weekend when they would come back to enjoy the fair and take their families home.

We all had season tickets which allowed us to go back and forth
at will if the day proved too boring in the pavilions. It didn't take too long to see all the kitchen gadgets demonstrated or learn the "spiel" of the patent medicine man. But certain days we would sit on the benches and watch for neighbors and friends who had moved from our vicinity but had written that they would come.

We had looked forward to wearing our new fall wardrobes and endured them even if the day turned out scorching hot. We suffered from kid curlers and having our hair done up in rags, as Mother wanted us to appear at our best. She entered me in the baby contest the fall before my first birthday and was truly proud of the silver cup presented to the heaviest baby girl.

The "Midway" seemed much more exciting then, and those uncles without children delighted in buying us tickets on the ferris wheel or other contrivances. Every year there was some new treat like "snow sherbet" or spun sugar candy. But the sweet that has endured through the years is Fischer's scones. I'd hate to see, in one pile, all the jam-filled scones I've eaten in all those years at the fair.

Since we lived on a farm the barns weren't much of an attraction unless Uncle's registered Jerseys or Grandma's Leghorn hens had won a prize. We could usually find some of our friends in that area.

In the evening, we cousins exchanged tall tales--as did the grownups. The caps from the acorns of the oak trees made enchanting tiny tea cups and saucers for our doll play. Some years families of gypsies would camp at the edge of the grove and we spent hours observing them from a safe distance.

We didn't know about vacation trailers then, but the urge to "get away from it all" and to be together cemented family ties. The good times we had in our tent-city will always bring back stories of "I remember when. . . . "

Merthel McConnel
Corvallis
Now that I think of it . . .

We spent a lot of time in church. Maybe the fact that our home had once been a parsonage had something to do with it. The front door even had a frosted glass center pane framed with small rectangles of stained glass.

Why Mamma wasn't in church on a particular Sunday I can't remember, but I do recall when we came trooping in the house with Papa, he mentioned something about having to pinch-hit for one of the ushers who hadn't shown up.

Mamma said, "Oh, my, I hope you didn't have to take the offering in that blue shirt!"

"Oh, no, I used a silver offering plate just as the other fellows did!" replied Papa.

For years my mother's favorite story centered around her son's returning from Sunday School complaining that the Lord's Prayer had been prayed to fast for him.

"I didn't even get to say the part about the lady in the station!" It took a little reviewing to decide he meant "And lead us not into temptation!"

One Sunday a visiting pastor decided to impress the congregation with the number of hours he had spent struggling with his sermon, trying to come up with a new presentation of the old scripture lesson.

"Time passed," he told us, "I hadn't even started the sermon. The clock struck one, and nothing done," he intoned. "The clock struck two and nothing done. The clock struck three, no progress. The clock clucked four . . ." And that was too much for us. The pew shook with our ill-controlled laughter.

And then there was that other time in church when my youngest sister kept pointing to the spider who was traveling down his long web about a foot over the head of the gentleman in front of her. In exasperation, my mother finally reached up, pinched off the web and brought the spider down and away, only to realize the pastor in the pulpit was staring in her direction, wondering if she were giving him some kind of signal.

Another Sunday, Mamma was looking for the church envelope and the offertory was already underway. When she looked up from fumbling in her bag, it was to see her five-year-old child measuring with his arms out the tremendous breadth of the stout woman sitting in the pew in front of them.

Our kitchen was the largest room in the house. Wasn't yours?
Scandinavian background made sure it was always scrubbed and uncluttered, so it wasn't often that the children in the household were given much freedom with the preparation of food. It took some coaxing before my mother consented to my making chocolate fudge by myself, and alone in the kitchen. She remained in the other part of the house until she realized I was rummaging through the drawer of the sewing machine. Her curiosity could not be contained, and when she casually walked through the kitchen and noticed that I was dangling an eight-inch piece of thread in the pan, she questioned what I was doing. I loftily called her attention to the recipe that directed me to cook the candy mixture until it would "spin a thread."

We had two favorite games that helped lighten the cleaning-up after the evening meal. One sister would hum a song, and the other two sisters would guess the title.

The other game was mixing proverbs. "A rolling stone and his money are soon parted." "A liar can never be believed even when he cries wolf." "He's buttered his bread; let him lie in it." "Many hands make light broth." And "two heads are better than half-a-loaf."

Books were important in our family. My brother was evidently introduced to the public library at an early age, and one by one, he had to escort his three sisters to the wonderful world of books. I have an idea it was not a particularly happy experience for him. We three would report to Mamma how many times he climbed woodpiles enroute, if he hid from us behind a fence, or if he stopped for a quick game of one-o-cat with his awful cronies, whom we secretly admired.

Mamma loved to read. Usually, when we came down to breakfast, it was to find her seated at the kitchen table with her cup of coffee and a book or magazine. Her younger half-brother made his home with us for several years, and his gift to her on any occasion was usually a book or the renewal of a magazine subscription. Everyone of the books we brought from the library was also read by Mamma.

Father was not such an avid reader: two daily newspapers, the Progressive Grocer, a Zane Grey book now and then, and, in later years, the Reader's Digest. However, twice a year when he went on a buying trip to Portland, and once when he went to the Pendleton Roundup, he came home laden with books for us. We have some first editions of the Oz books and the Volland series, and my brother received Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates and the Rover Boys.

The introduction of the radio into our home was an exciting time. We were all home on Sunday evenings to enjoy "One Man's Family." When a ballgame was being broadcast, we knew the radio belonged to father. If he dozed off, we would dare to switch stations, but jumped guiltily when he came to with "What's the score?"

My father was a grocer, and at home we always had rotten bananas and broken cookies. The berries that came to our dining table always necessarily had bruised or overly ripe slices removed,
so it wasn't until I was fifteen and helping out in the store that I discovered how beautifully shaped a whole strawberry was.

Experiences in the grocery store were many. I can remember fishing a herring out of a barrel of brine and chasing it all over the counter trying to wrap it. Another time I filled a gillnetter's kerosene can from the wrong barrel in the warehouse--vinegar!

One day a customer asked to use the telephone. In broken English he said he wanted to call his hotel, but he needed help finding the number. It took a little more communicating before my brother realized that his Yimka Hotel was the YMCA!

Conversation at the dinner table was always lively. Our third grader would contribute gems like, "Yes, I'm going to college, too... I don't know where, but I do know I'm going to major in Spelling." The first grader would proudly announce that she always led the march to the rest room because she could read "b-o-y-s and g-i-r-l-s."

And now I'm a big girl, and my hair is white, and I know how to write "T-h-e E-n-d!"

Ruth Mitchell
Corvallis

JACK OF ALL TRADES

I was born in Pima, Arizona, on the old Hala River on December 18, 1890. Some time later, my family and several others formed a large group and headed for northern Wyoming--Bighorn County. We traveled on a train, within a passenger car, while livestock and farming equipment were carried by boxcar. The train took us through Utah and Idaho and to Fromberg, Montana, the town in which we settled. The family helped build a railroad from Fromberg to Cheyenne, Wyoming.

As a boy I was strong and husky. At the age of eight, I was left to farm at home while my two older brothers and father built wagon roads through Wyoming, including Yellowstone Park. With my know-how and ambition it seemed like I was always able to find work. During winter months I went different places and learned other trades such as blacksmithing, carpentry, civil engineering and stock raising. All these were good work.

During my younger years, I worked for Bill Cody, commonly known as Buffalo Bill. He was a sturdy, rugged man, full of ambition. Often he was decorated in fancy clothes. Buffalo Bill's ranch was on the South Fork River, south of Cody, Wyoming. I worked two years for him.
The first year I tended some of his best horses. During my second year I helped pack tourists through Yellowstone Park. The tourists were mostly people from the big cities and it took two weeks of training them for the ride prior to the trip. Each person had his own horse and 100 horses were used as pack horses. The trip took close to forty days.

Mr. Bill Cody was quite a businessman: he owned the hotel and bar in the town of Cody. All his relics—old Indian scalps, guns, boots and uniforms—were stored on his ranch for a while, but later moved to the Cody Museum. My name can be found in the files at this museum—in chapter two.

When the First World War began, I worked as foreman of a large ranch for the Great Western Sugar Company at Lovell, Wyoming. I was deferred to stay here raising sugar beets, cattle, and sheep. One hundred workers, mostly Mexicans, helped me with 500 acres of sugar beets on this 2000-acre ranch, the balance in hay and grain.

While I worked there, the flu broke out. Many of my beet workers became ill—some had to be tied to their beds to keep them put. Several times I got on my saddle horse and dragged them back to the bunkhouse. With my helper and chore-boy, we saved them all. And to add to this, we had good crops.

After the war, when everything settled down, I started work for myself. I built the first feed yard in that area, close to Lovell. Sheep and cattle fed here and were later shipped to Chicago. I spent twelve years there and did very well.

Close to the late 1920's the great crash came; many people and banks went broke. At this time, my older brother and I went into the grading business, building roads. Later, I sold my business, everything but trucks and cars, and moved to Oakland, California. In Oakland, I worked at the building trade. After leaving California, I worked at a copper smelter in Arizona. When World War II began I was back in California, employed at the shipyards. Once the war ended, I bought a ranch in northern California, in the Redwoods, where I again raised stock.

From California, I came to Oregon. Roseburg was my first home. Later, I moved to eastern Oregon onto a large ranch. It was at this time my wife was in a motor vehicle accident and we were forced to be near good doctors. We sold our ranch and settled in Alsea where we raised registered quarter horses.
Doctors discovered that my wife had cancer. After ten years of treatment, she passed away. I sold my horses and equipment and moved into my Corvallis apartment on Sycamore Street.

Life in town is not like my past life on the large ranches with livestock and horses. My many bruises and broken bones are now giving me trouble, yet I still take care of myself. Presently, the only other people left in the Elmer family are my two younger brothers, one in Seattle, one in Woodburn, and my daughter in Nevada.

Dan Elmer
Corvallis

THUNDER 'N LIGHTNIN' AND BLACKSNakes

WHY . . . I am not afraid of thunder 'n lightnin', and blacksnakes and high sage grass--that is, not any more. . . .

A middle child I was; didn't identify with my older sister by six years and my stinkin' little brother by four years. So, I always trailed, sneakin' like, after my sister. My sister had violet eyes. She could plow a straight row, too. I could not--never did. One summer Saturday afternoon, after sweeping the front yard with a willow "bresh" broom (yard was loaded with cow chips that had to be swept or raked off once a week at least), I looked toward the woods up back of the house and saw my sister and her friends headed that way, so I took off that way too. (Let me tell you first, though, I was possessed with a deadly fear of thunder 'n lightnin' and any kind o' snake.) I had almost caught up with 'em when it happened. Streaketlightnin' covered the heavens! We all started runnin' back down a trail through tall, yellow sage grass and they all ran off and left me. (I always had short bow legs, like.) The lightnin' was making lace around my head, and about halfway home, stretched out across the trail and not movin', was a huge blacksnake a mile long, it seemed like. What to do? Screamin' my cottontop head off and not knowin' which way to jump, I closed my eyes, and then a streak of lightnin' and sharp thunder clap carried me clean over that blacksnake and half-way home. When I landed I was kind of mixed up, but no more afraid . . . of . . . except God.

Belle Kiersky
Corvallis
THINGS I REMEMBER MOST

People said there was a depression, but we did not know it; all the people in Washington seemed unaffected. We had much industry up there so everyone who wanted to work had a job. The boys started working young then and everyone worked six days a week, not like today.

The people living on farms weren't affected by the depression at all. They were the last to feel it because they grew most of their food, with cows to supply milk and meat. But I expect that those living in the big cities had a hard time. They couldn't grow their own food so they would go hungry if they could not find work.

My dad worked in a saloon, sometimes acting as the bartender, but generally sweeping and cleaning the place after the people left. It seemed like he was working most of the time, though he came home for breakfast and in the afternoons to sleep. Somehow, in his spare time, he managed to plant and take care of a garden for our family. I don't know how he could do so much on the little sleep he got.

When I was sixteen my family moved to Oregon. Shortly after that I quit school and married my first husband. An education wasn't necessary or important then since we lived on a farm and there were too many chores to do with little time for studying. We worked hard and always had plenty to eat. When the work was all done we sometimes brought out the horseshoes for awhile. Everyone got together to try their hands at pitching the shoes. It was a good way to relax after all the hard work of the day.

It was after I remarried that tragedy struck.

My twelve-year-old stepson was helping his seventeen-year-old brother haul some wood one sunny day. They had tied rope around the wood on the wagon, but one pole wasn't secured and it kept jerking around on the top of the load as the horses pulled the wagon along the road. Before the boys realized the danger, the horses started across the covered bridge below the general store. The loose pole caught in the rafters of the bridge and jarred my stepson from his seat.

The horses stopped immediately of their own accord, but it was too late. He had fallen directly under the wheels and was killed instantly.
The men who congregated around the small store all saw it happen, but it was so fast they didn't even have time to shout. I was only glad that it was so quick--that he didn't suffer before he died.

Dying young was the norm then. If people lived until they reached fifty that was unusual and considered quite an accomplishment. Grandparents lived and worked with their children's families then, but not for very long. We lived each day as it came and were happy and contented with what came our way.

MEET ME AT THE FAIR

In the summer of 1904, I traveled by train with my mother from Oregon to St. Louis, Missouri, for the World's Fair. When we arrived in St. Louis, it was hot and humid. There were no cool breezes from the Oregon coast in Missouri, but what treasures we saw at the Fair! Handmade quilts and bedspreads--most everything was handmade. Hamburgers were only ten cents and coffee of course, only five cents. And then there were those new inventions, automobiles. We saw and sat in Pierce Arrows, Chandlers, and Stanley Steamers. Well! Someone was even driving them around for demonstration.

In 1934, my husband and I went to the Chicago World's Fair. There weren't so many handmade things there. In fact, we saw television for the first time. My husband was in one building and I was in another, and then, there he was in front of me on the screen! What a surprise! It just seemed like an amazing invention. We never dreamed that we would have TV's in our own homes, and in color too!

But we learned that these new electrical inventions weren't perfect. You see, my daughters and I got stuck at the top of the Ferris Wheel and waited for about an hour before we could get off the ride and be back on the ground!

Myrtle Stryker
Corvallis
In 1904 my parents bought ten acres of logged-off land two miles outside the city limits of south-east Portland, at the intersection of Gates and Foster Roads. In his spare time my father cleared the land and planted many kinds of fruit trees and berries, including gooseberries which I hated to pick. He also had a flourishing vegetable garden, ornamental shrubs, and old-fashioned flower beds.

Daily he pedaled his bicycle over a rough road to the city limits so he could ride the carline to and from his carpenter work in Portland. By the time I could remember, the carline had been extended from the city limits to Gresham, and cars stopped at our local station (named Bellrose) hourly from 6:00 A.M. until midnight.

However, we depended upon walking as a means of getting from one place to another in our community. I remember walking with my parents along the narrow, graveled sidewalk as they took me to my first day of school. Ordinarily fathers didn't go with their children, but Papa was on the school board that year, so I suppose he thought this would be a good way to show his interest. It was almost two miles to the two-room school, so I had plenty of time to give vent to the exultation I was feeling at the prospect of finally being allowed to attend school.

If ever a child was "ready" for the first grade, I was that child. For what seemed to me to have been a long, long time, I had been listening as my older sister and brother, now graduated from grade school, told of their experiences. In my excitement that day I hippety-hopped along, singing "School Days, School Days" --until my father made me stop. Being of a reserved nature, he did not appreciate my making a spectacle of this trip.

Mama thought that the two-mile daily walk to an unfamiliar neighborhood was too far for me to go by myself, so she arranged for me to go with Benny, a second-grade neighbor. One morning later in the year, I didn't hear him call, and when I failed to join him out on the road he went on without me.

I could have gone by myself, but by the time we knew something was wrong it was past 8:30. Therefore
I missed a day of school, because one of Mama's rigid rules was that no child of hers must ever be tardy. In fact, I remember her telling me to turn around and come back home if I ever arrived at school after the last bell. Whether this was a typical attitude toward tardiness in those days, or merely one of Mama's notions, I don't know, but that early training made me into a person who always arrives on time.

Living where we did put us in direct line for the icy east winds when they blew down the Columbia River Gorge into the Portland area. How I suffered from the cold during those windy spells as I walked to and from school as a first grader! Going, I was speeded along by the pressure of strong blasts from the rear, but on my way home I had to brace myself and push into the wind to make any headway against an especially powerful gust. I could see snow-covered Mt. Hood standing out clear and starkly beautiful, but I didn't appreciate the beauty because I mistakenly thought that the east winds were coming straight from the mountain's icy slopes.

When I was ready for the fourth grade, so many families had moved into our area that the district constructed an eight-room school, only a mile and a half away. The first winter after the new school opened was a severe one. One day snow began falling just before noon and continued all day with strong east winds whipping it into drifts. In spite of that, school was not dismissed until mid-afternoon. As I left, I met my father waiting to walk me home because our horse and buggy would never get us through the snow drifts.

Papa headed for the road, which was windswept and bare of snow in one place only to be blocked farther on by a drift. I followed as he broke a trail, taking steps close enough together so I could step into his footprints. As we made our way facing the snow-laden wind, it was slow-going at best. Sometimes I stepped into Papa's tracks and sank into snow up to my hips. Then he would come back and carry me beyond the drift. The exercise kept me warm, but by the time we reached our front porch I was exhausted. Still, it had not been a traumatic experience for me because I knew Papa was there to see that I made it home safely.

When I was grown, my father and I were very close, and now I wonder if my special feeling for him might not have had its beginning during that walk through the snowstorm at the age of nine.

Grace Martin
Corvallis
THE "GOOD OLD DAYS," OR "SHANKS MARES" AND "ARBuckLES"

The day we got married we rode twenty-four miles to Blackduck, Minnesota, by team and wagon. This was December tenth and it snowed so hard that night that our brother-in-law, who had brought us to town, had to leave his wagon and borrow a sleigh to get home.

As a young married couple in 1913 we lived in the homestead country in Beltrami County, Minnesota, almost the same as the pioneers of the eighteen hundreds.

Our mode of travel the first year was shanks mares with pack-sacks on our backs. The next we graduated to a yoke of oxen hitched to a lumber wagon in summer and a sleigh in winter. This was no faster than walking but we could carry more!

The only entertainment throughout the countryside was playing cards or checkers and just visiting, with an occasional hoedown at the home of some couple. There was no radio or television, no theaters, not even a party line. Telephones were still several years away, as far as rural and remote places were concerned.

There was, of course, an abundance of hunting and fishing, which were not just for sport, but were really quite utilitarian.

But for evenings at home the most popular pastime was playing cards and eating popcorn. Conversation was a must. People gathered together just to visit, and every birth, death or wedding was an excuse to get together. Your neighbor was anyone who could get to your house by any method whatever.

For lack of supermarkets and ready-to-eat snack foods we had such items as date cake made with one egg and hot water, or molasses cake made with no eggs and molasses and ginger for flavor. Not bad, really!

Coffee was "Arbuckles" or "McLaughlins" sold in the bean, two pounds for a quarter and ground in a handmill as needed. When made for a crowd it was measured out a tablespoon per person and mixed with a raw egg before being put into boiling water and cooked for five minutes, then 'settled' with a dash of cold water. Everyone seemed to like it. Some families made a full pot every morning and it would sit on the back of the woodburning stove ready to serve. Woe to the woman who didn't offer coffee to a guest no matter what time of day it might be.

When Grandfather died in 1912 at age eighty-three, there was no burial ground in the new settlement, so he was buried at the foot of a large maple tree on a knoll overlooking Moose Lake. When Mother died in January of 1915, there was only a newly laid out cemetery enclosed by a crude pole fence, and the ground was frozen so hard it took a night and a day to thaw it out so a grave could be dug. A year later, in February of 1916, when our prematurely
born infant son died, the snow was three feet deep on the level and the only place he could be buried was in an abandoned "root cellar" on the homestead.

Yes, those were the "Good Old Days" that people talk about with half an idea they'd like to go back to that way of living. Well, we lived through it, but I for one would not care to go back. Would you?

Grace A. Vose
Philomath

HIGH RENT

As newlyweds we rented a neat little house in Philomath for $8 per month.

After we lived there for a year, our landlord apologetically said he'd have to raise the rent to $10.

Well! Guess what! We would have none of that and so we moved. We found another house to rent for $8!

Hubert and Charline Edwards
Corvallis

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LOTTA'S BRIDGE

If we were to suddenly jump into the future seventy-five years from the present time, how surprised we would be at our surroundings; whereas: if we had lived those years gradually, nothing would seem so unusual. The same is true when in our minds we fall back seventy-five years and dwell in that environment.

Just take transportation, for example. We had few automobiles in those days. The livery stable was available with horses, carriages, and wagons for short trips or locations off the railway lines. The railways gave excellent service with all types of trains -- local trains, fast trains, special trains and freight trains.

At that time I was living in Salem and teaching school in Turner not many miles away. So I took the train home each Friday night and returned to work each Sunday evening.

One Sunday night in March 1912 the train seemed more crowded than usual and I was directed to a coach back of the regular one, thus missing my roommate.

The trip was short and soon the brakeman came down the aisle calling "Turner" and opened the door. The train slowed to a stop and I was the only passenger to get off. As I went down the steps I felt the train beginning to move slowly so I stepped off quickly, letting go of the hand rail immediately.

For a second I seemed to be floating. I saw the full moon just peeping over the hill top. Then suddenly a cold, staggering blast of water struck me and I realized I was in about three feet of the rushing waters of Mill Creek. I had my suitcase and umbrella in my left hand and I now believe they helped me to keep my balance against the heavy pressure of the current, and I reached the shore safely.

What strange things run through our minds at a time like that! I thought of the stories of "hobos" traveling on freight trains and camping nights under bridges and trestles like this. I hoped with all my heart that this camping place was vacant.

I climbed the bank quickly and walked the block to the station where my friend was waiting.

"Where have you been?" she asked.

"You never could guess," I replied.

We soon learned that our local train had been ordered to switch off the main track for the passage of a special fast passenger train. This accounted for the train stopping a greater distance from the station with my coach on the bridge.

Of course, the railroad company was immediately concerned and
the happy ending of my adventure was that I was provided with a sum of money that made it possible to attend the Monmouth State Normal and graduate in 1914.

While teaching in Turner, my roommate and I had lived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell. He was the minister of the Presbyterian church there, and a few years later they were the special guests at my wedding. Mr. Bicknell conducted the marriage service and Mrs. Bicknell, being an artist, presented me with a picture she had painted of the new, rebuilt railroad bridge. In the left hand corner was the title "Lotta's Bridge."

Mrs. I. Ray Chapman (Lotta)  
Corvallis
CHRISTMAS TRIMMINGS

From the shelf we took them down,
Those cardboard boxes square and brown.
The year has fled like bird on wing.
With eager fingers we untie the string,
A treasure chest, more precious than gold.
Chains of beads, and ornaments old,
Strings of lights sparkle the tree so tall,
Topped by the angel, who blesses us all.

Candles and Santas, wall hangings and more,
Fir boughs and flowers, a wreath for the door.
Each year comes a magic, new and yet old,
As the Christmas story once more is told.
The season is brief and too soon comes the day
We tenderly pack the trimmings away.
Just tinsel and baubles, you say to yourself,
But it's tradition and magic we place on the shelf.

Vivian Audean Aasum
Corvallis
I came to Oregon from Burlington, Iowa. I had been raised in the belt that produced hot summers, tall corn, and William Jennings Bryan. (Bryan was much admired by my father who was an enthusiastic Democrat as was I—until I could read.) I entered Oregon Agricultural College in 1908. In those days there were only three high schools in the state and many students, pre-rooks we called them, came to Corvallis without the benefit of high school graduation. Because I had my diploma, I got advanced standing and started out as a sophomore.

I lived in a house on the corner of Jefferson and 14th Street where the Administration Building now stands. (Some things were a lot different then. For instance, there was only one motor vehicle on campus—Harry Moore's motorcycle.)

There were practically no social fraternities on campus then, but there were literary societies. I belonged to the Philadelphian. Besides debates and oratorical contests these literary societies offered us boys the chance to socialize with the coeds. We'd get together for plays, joint meetings, and dances which were held in the Men's Gymnasium, later called the Old Woman's Gym, now Mitchell Playhouse.

Every Wednesday the college gathered there for convocation. Attendance wasn't required but it was expected and most of the college showed up. The whole faculty sat upon the rostrum. I'd like to see them try and get the whole faculty on stage now. What are there, 1500 to 1700?

Besides the literary societies there were other ways for a young fellow to stay busy. I raked leaves on campus and washed out laboratory glassware for twenty-five cents an hour. But I also paid only $29 a month for good room and board.

All male students were members of the OAC Cadet Regiment. We drilled weekly (if it was raining, in the newly finished Armory) and had regular inspections. One time Captain McAlexander, later the Rock of the Marne, stopped in front of me and asked what was making my uniform stick out. It turned out to be my ribs.

I was in the Y and the Tall Man's Club (there was also a Short Man's Club) and the Portland High School Alumni, and with a name like Starker I was a natural for the German Club, "Vorwarts." Each year they put on a play; I acted in one called "The Sunday Hunter" playing appropriately enough the Head Forester. (I was ashamed of my performance in German and had to be prompted by the leading lady, Hedwig Bleeg.) I enjoyed class sports—track and basketball and, of course, there was the Forest Club.

In those days the Forestry Department had two professors: E.R. Lake who was more of a botanist, and after the spring of 1909,
George Peavey. We had some pretty smart boys in that department. About the brightest was Jaques Pernot who was to be the best man at my wedding until he fell from a horse and was killed on a field trip in eastern Oregon. My best man ended up being another forestry student and fellow Philadelphian, Sinclair Wilson. Wilson was editor of the "Barometer" and came from a timber family that lived in Linton outside of Portland.

Our first School of Forestry field trip was to the Clark-Wilson logging operations down in Goble. The rest of the college got a good chuckle when we foresters took a course in what was called "Household Science," but it made sense when you were in the woods to know how to sew and cook. One of our teachers, Miss Van Liew, told us we were quicker than the girls in getting our ingredients mixed and on the stove, but we were a lot slower in cleaning up.

Some field trips weren't so scholarly. One autumn Sunday afternoon in particular I recall Al Dodge and I escorted a pair of young ladies on a stroll. They spied some mistletoe well up into an oak tree at Hanson's Chicken Farm. Dodge and I climbed up and cut some off and returned to the girls below who were sitting on a log.

They had gotten cold, so with great ingenuity we suggested that they needed a muff and that a nearby hen would serve—they could warm their hands under its wings. With only some loss of feather the hen was captured but detained only momentarily, as the owner of both the hen and the oak tree appeared and in short order we departed.

During my student days the college celebrated the occasion of reaching the 1500-student mark. It's now ten times bigger and in some ways far better I suppose, but it was a good place to get an education in 1910 and not just in Forestry.

T. J. Starker
Corvallis
GROWING UP ON WINBERRY

I remember many things, both pleasant and funny, while growing up on the farm on Winberry Creek. Like the time the creek froze over and we little ones got to ride on the sled someone pulled over the ice. What fun that was!

That I had a twin sister to grow up with was a rare happening then. We were the youngest of ten children and had lots of time to play. We loved to play in a covered bridge that was almost in front of the house. We'd run like a bunch of quail to hide when we would hear a wagon coming. Of course, we never did hide as we had to see who was coming by. There were no cars in those days.

One particular incident concerning that bridge, when I was about eight years old, I remember very well indeed. A neighbor who lived a couple of miles or so up another creek decided to drive his sheep to a small town about five miles away. He got them to the bridge by our place where the sheep got scared, running in every direction but where they were supposed to go, and just would not go onto that covered bridge. Suddenly an old ewe broke and ran right at me jumping at me, knocking me down and tearing my dress all the way down the front. Oh, how embarrassed I was with several men around. It didn't take me long to get into the house where I could still hear them laughing. I wasn't hurt but was plenty mad, enough to use a few cuss words had I thought I dared, but I expect I'd have gotten my mouth washed out with soap if I had.

Those darn sheep never did cross that bridge but forded the creek instead. Did you ever see anything more stubborn than a bunch of sheep?

I have many pleasant memories of growing up on that farm and I have a special place in my heart for covered bridges.

Veda Renfro Prather
Corvallis
I was born in Bevier, Missouri, in 1888. My parents had come
to America in 1880 from Glamorganshire, Wales, where both of them
had worked in the mines. Neither of them spoke English and it
wasn't until he was in this country for awhile that my father learned
to read and write. He continued to work in the coal mines and was
joined by my brothers when they were old enough. Each day, off
they'd go in caps with oil lamps attached, carrying their lunches in
metal two-deck buckets.

We girls in our calico dresses and white aprons attended school
and did our lessons by kerosene lamp at the kitchen table. Saturday
was cleaning day and Sunday all day we attended church. (Father was
the Deacon.) Mother didn't always get to church (cooking for a family
of ten kept her occupied), but she was a staunch Christian.

My first real job was as a typesetter for the Brookfield,
Missouri, newspaper. I apprenticed for free to learn the job and
then started at $1.25 a week. I gradually worked up to First Desk,
the job as head compositor and $17.00 a week. I always enjoyed
showing "type lice" to newcomers and visitors. As they peered ever
closer trying to see these imaginary critters I'd bring the type
quickly together splashing them with inky liquid. Publication night
we'd often work until midnight at no extra pay. But I enjoyed the
job and I certainly learned to spell.

About this time I won a scholarship to Chilicothe Normal School.
I paid a dollar a week for room and worked in the dining rooms for
board. It was here I met James Henry Walker who later became my
husband. He was an instructor in the business department and directed
the college band and orchestra. We courted by going to the store for
pie and coffee or just strolling, as it was against the rules for
professors and students to date.

We eloped to get married. I told my family that I was going
to a chautauqua in a town down the line. We ate our first meal as
man and wife in a rooming house using my new husband's suitcase to
eat on. Even though we dawdled over our meal it seemed to stay warm.
Maybe it was because the suitcase was filled with my love letters.

My husband wanted our family to be reared on a farm and home-
steading was the most economical way to get started. We filed for
rights and moved to Primero, Colorado. My husband supplemented our
income by working in the mines and directing the mine band.

We lived in a two-room, adobe brick dugout walled with timber
and roofed with tarpaper, with a barn for the animals nearby. My
mother joined us and because my husband was so frequently away I
did much of the farmwork. Even on tippytoes I'm only five feet tall
so it was quite a job to harness the team, disc, harrow, and plow,
but the work had to be done. We had no well so I hauled water three
miles in barrels by horse and wagon.
The nearest town was eighteen miles away and if I were late getting back with supplies or water my mother would hang a lantern out for me. We lived on a broad prairie and without the light I never would have found my way home.

The weather was not as kindly in Colorado as it is here in Oregon. We could, for instance, be quite isolated by snow. Once, before we could bring the crop in, hail so destroyed our beans that we had to sell what we could salvage for a quarter of what we paid.

My husband died in a mining explosion in 1918. I finished "proving up" the homestead and then took my family back to Missouri.

Three years later I joined my brothers, John and Frank, in Wyoming. I was first a cook in a mining camp and then at the hospital in Thermopolis. My girls were happy there and helped me in setting trays and other small tasks. They soon became the favorites of doctors, nurses, and patients alike.

I was proud of my cooking and had a pretty free hand except for a supervisor who was very "economical" about helpings. So I was dismayed when one of the aides came down to the kitchen and said that a patient wanted to know how old the pie was that I had served for dinner. Somewhat defensively I said that I had baked the pie only that morning. She replied that the patient told her his slice was so small he thought the pie must be quite young.

I have gone through a lot in my life, but the Lord was with me. I've buried several husbands and children, but I've been supported by my faith and training. Early on I learned the value of work and prayer, I've always had friends good as gold, and I like people: it's just my nature. My life has been full and rich and even when I'm by myself I'm not alone.

Elizabeth Keeney
Corvallis
A SPECIAL THURSDAY

Waking before I was called I knew immediately that it was Thursday, the day of the week Mama took my sisters and me to the Gardens. I pulled back the window blind and was happy to see sunshine because if it looked like rain we wouldn't go. In Butte, Montana, a cloudy summer day makes poor picnic weather. I lay thinking of Thursdays past and the day ahead. The Gardens, as it was commonly called was Columbia Gardens, a delightful place and the only park we knew. Every Thursday during the summer was Children's Day there and children rode the streetcar.

Soon my three sisters and I were up and anxious to get started. After breakfast the morning work had to be done and a picnic lunch packed into a basket. My sister Clara and I helped with the younger sisters. We were all cooperative because if we missed the ten o'clock streetcar there would be an unbearable twenty-minute wait for the next one. Mama checked the windows, locked the doors, and we started.

The streetcar from home took us uptown where we transferred to one to the Gardens. There was a big crowd of children and mothers waiting on the street corner and I was afraid we would not be able to get on the first car that came, but we did. I was delighted that it was an open car and we were soon settled on one of the long seats in the middle so no one would fall off. It was a long ride out of the city past mines and a smelter to the beautiful little park situated in the foot hills below towering mountains.

On reaching the park we immediately started for the grove, and Clara and I ran ahead to find a table and benches to claim for ours. We children played games on the grass among the trees. A wood fire burned in a nearby camp stove. Mama put water in her porcelain teapot and set it on the stove next to several others. After what seemed a very long time the tea water boiled and Mama called us to lunch. We filled our tin cups with water.

After lunch Mama gave us each a nickel and we had to decide between a ride on the merry-go-round and an ice cream cone. This happened every Thursday and the merry-go-round usually won, because there was always a chance of getting a cone at home when the ice cream man came around, but there was only one merry-go-round.

After the rides we walked around visiting the few animals in pens, then to the pavilion and lake where the mean old geese were viewed from a distance. After playing on the swings and teeter-totters it was time to go to the pansy garden.

This garden, which was fenced, contained rows and rows of pansies of many colors. Clara and I lined up at the gate with many other children. The little sisters waited with Mama because they were too young to cope with the crowd. When our turn came to be allowed in with a number of others we picked as fast as we could to get all the blossoms possible in the allotted time. We dampened
our handkerchiefs at a faucet, wrapped them around the stems of the flowers and were ready to start the long streetcar ride home.

On this particular Thursday there were very large crowds and we had to wait in line for a streetcar both at the Gardens and in town. Mama was worried because she knew that Papa would be home from work before we got there and supper would not be ready.

At the end of the ride there was a short walk of less than two blocks to our house. Before we got there we could see that the back door was open. I was afraid burglars had broken in but Mama was more concerned about what Papa had done to get in since she had the key. After teasing for a few minutes he showed how he had opened one window that had not been as securely locked as Mama thought.

Another surprise was to find my big brother in the kitchen getting supper. He had returned from a fishing-camping trip and was frying fish and potatoes camp style. I thought a Thursday couldn't have had a better ending.

Myrtle Stansfield
Corvallis
I followed my sweetheart to Oregon. In 1915, when I was twenty-three years old and had saved $1000, I left my home near Newton, Kansas, and came to Portland, where Carrie and her family had arrived seven years before.

I had never been away from home before and I knew nothing of city life, but come what might I was going to see that girl of mine before she got hitched up with some other guy. We had kept in touch, so I had a feeling that all would go well. And it did. But it was twenty-seven months before we could get married.

Through one of her friends I landed a job on the streetcar, and I was on the extra list for two years before I got a steady run. My partner was a Dane who had arrived in America with a high topped hat, six good suits, swallow-tailed coats, a cane, and no English. We became good friends and we worked together whenever we could. After two years we were both married.

I had saved enough money to take my new wife back to Kansas for a three-month wedding trip; being a streetcar man I could buy our train tickets for half-fare. When I asked my boss for time off, he said, "Yes, you may have the time. And if you don't come back we will get two good men to take your place."

I came back and was assigned to the section in northeast Portland with headquarters at 28th and Burnside streets.

The trolley streetcar of that time consisted of one long sixteen-passenger seat on each side. Straps hung from the ceiling, and the car could carry thirty-two passengers seated and an additional seventy standing.

Each end of the car had a motor, enclosed in six-foot compartments. The front one was for the motorman, the rear one for the conductor. At the end of the line the motorman and the conductor changed places. The car had a woven wire contrivance on each end to lessen damage in case of accident: it hung very low so it could scoop up a person instead of running him down.

During my twelve years as conductor I learned a lot about working with the public. I never used profane language and I always tried to be judicious when insulted. Still, I tried to hold my own when trampled on. And on a few occasions I found it necessary to strike fellows as a rebuke.

One time I was a conductor of a limited, or through, car which made no stops until we left the main part of the city. At all pick-ups I called "No stops to 47th Street." In spite of this a well-dressed man rang the bell to stop at 41st Street. He stepped down to the running board, holding on with both hands and calling me names when we did not stop. Well, my fist flew out and hit his lips...
sharply, but not to knock him off. At 47th Street he invited me to get off and fight it out. I refused.

"I just wanted to close your mouth," I told him. As I signalled the motorman to go, some of the passengers scolded me for not whipping him.

"He is a wealthy real estate man," they told me. "He thinks he owns the city."

At 11th and Taylor, where we had a car every three minutes, my car was full with a large crowd from a church. I saw the next car right behind ours, so I signalled the motorman to go. A plain-clothed man ran and caught my car. He tried to reach the bell cord to stop the car. On his first attempt I held him back with my arm. On his second attempt I struck him a swift punch on the chest.

At that instant I recognized him as an inspector from another division. If he had been in uniform he could have demanded that I stop the car. He got off at the next stop and came to meet us on our next trip in. He handed me his free pass and went up to the motorman.

He asked him, "Just what kind of a conductor do you have back there?"

He later commended me for handling the situation in the proper way. He admitted that he was in the wrong.

At the time of the Rose Festival, the parade was on Grand Avenue and we had to switch tracks and send cars back to town. I stood near the switch to throw it open for cars to go back. I was on the sidewalk when I heard voices shouting, "Stop that dope thief!"

I stepped aside as though I would let the racing young man go by, but just before he passed me I jumped in front of him with my shoulder striking the wind out of him. He lay on his back but could not get up. Two policemen following him helped him up and put handcuffs on him. The newspapers commended the cops for a quick capture within one block, but never mentioned what I had done. The thief got two years in the penitentiary.

I have always been grateful for three of the greatest, most meaningful blessings of my career. First was the fact that I heard my parents read the Bible aloud morning and night. Second came at my graduation when my teacher gave my buddy and me (the only graduates in our class) the motto "Buds of Promise." She instilled in me a desire for attainment.

The third came to me soon after I had started work on the cars: I learned to look at all passengers boarding my car as if I were seeing worth in them. The reflection from that attitude has been very rewarding all through my life. I still love people and like to work with them whenever I can be of service. Peace with honor, God bless it.

Morris Birch
25 Corvallis
FLAMING YOUTH IN THE ROARING TWENTIES

To each his own, but to me the Roaring Twenties was our most exciting and happy-go-lucky decade. Although it went out in a black cloud of financial disaster, no decade since has recaptured the magic of those distant years.

Sometimes, listening to the radio, I hear again the matchless music of Tin Pan Alley, and the years roll back to the good times, when happiness was not just another word.

It was the time of "Flaming Youth" and the flapper brave and bold, with her bobbed hair and rolled stockings and rouged knees. And the "guys" striving for suavity with their pork-pie hats, raccoon coats and the inevitable ukulele. Stutz Bearcats, rumble seats, cigarettes in foot-long holders, speakeasies and bathtub gin. This is the way it was, and we thought it would never end. The world was our oyster. It was a time of fads and crazes. Crossword puzzles made their debut and mah-jongg, King Tut, and Ouija boards took the country by storm. But the most popular of them all was the Charleston: 104 steps of fun, expertise and violent exercise.

When I was eighteen, my dance partner and I won a Charleston contest. I had to refuse my trophy and the newspaper write-up because my very stern, strict father would have disowned me for making a public spectacle of myself. There was no generation gap in those days!

The locusts have eaten the years, but I am so very thankful for the radio, the fabulous music of the "Big Bands" that once in awhile takes me and accompanies me on my sentimental journey.

Muriel Haphey, Flapper
Corvallis
As I watch the grade-school boys across the street from us leave for one of their big games in baseball, basketball, or football, dressed in full regalia for each game--baseball suit, basketball sweat pants, jersey and jacket, football suit with superman shoulders, helmet in hand, all blazoned with the name of their school and school colors--I wonder who the lucky ones are: the present-generation children with their adult-planned games, their competitiveness and their drive to make the team, or our generation who played for fun.

Sure, we chose up sides at school for softball and volleyball, but the "end of recess" bell always rang before anyone could really claim they were the winners. We were never really sure who would have won had we really played the number of innings or the number of serves in a real, honest-for-sure game.

It wasn't any easier to declare the winners when we built our snow forts and had a snowball war. So, we usually just threw snowballs until the bell called us back to the schoolroom, and then we continued the next day, and the next, until either the forts would be sabotaged, or the weatherman sent an early thaw.

Sometimes a freeze after a thaw would give us little iced-over places where we could slide: friends holding hands and sliding together; boys pushing each other around, never quite daring to push a girl, much as they may have wanted to. Inside the school the children with the sniffles, not bad enough to be kept home (because sniffles were an accepted health hazard during the winter months), would play Tic-Tac-Toe or Cat and Mouse (Hollywood Squares without the questions).

Sometimes recess became more eventful, such as the time an aunt
and her friends were chased around and around the schoolhouse by an older boy with a magnifying glass, who said it was so powerful that he could see right through their clothes. I'm not sure how many recesses this charade lasted, or how they found out that they were being put on, but they never quite forgave him, and when he became old enough to date and later to marry, he had to go out of town to find his girl.

Our after-school games were neighborhood games, all sizes and ages playing together, because the parochial school we attended had grades 1 through 8, two rooms, two teachers, and recess at the same time. Since we had no TV to watch or even radio to listen to, our time was spent in playing. Our outdoor games were:

HIDE AND SEEK: Often we tried to stand behind "It" while he counted to ten and then called, "Ready, here I come!" The trick was to quickly touch base and call in "free" before "It" would notice us.

RUN, SHEEP, RUN! This game was a variation of hide and seek. We divided into sides, the sheep and the wolves, and each side had a captain. The captain of the sheep would hide his flock while the wolves were confined in someone's garage. (Garages were not attached to houses then, and not many people had Model T's to need a garage, but since we needed only one garage, we had no problem confining the wolves.) After the sheep were hidden behind some bushes or behind a building, their captain let the wolves out of confinement, and following behind the wolves, called out prearranged signals to alert the sheep that the wolves "are hot or on the trail," "getting close," or, by happenstance, "are in opposite direction," in which case the call went out, "Run, sheep, run!" and off they would go, trying to get to base before the wolves could catch them.

POM-POM-PULL-AWAY! This was a form of blindman's buff without the blind. There was an "It" again, who stood in the middle of two bases. The players were lined on one side. When "It" called "Pom-Pom-Pull Away! If you don't come, I'll pull you away!" we all had to run from one base to the other. If "It" tagged us on the way, we also became an "It." The game continued until everyone was caught. Often the last runner would escape and be chased for blocks until he got hemmed in by those who were "It."

ANTE-OVER! This game was played with a rubber ball thrown over a building, in our game either a garage or summer kitchen. (A summer kitchen was a building used as a kitchen in hot weather so the main house would be cool--our version of air conditioning.) The game consisted of two sides of players. A player would throw the ball over the building to the other side, calling "Ante-over!" as he threw the ball. If the ball was caught, that side came running to the other side, and anyone who was tagged by the person throwing the ball was considered captured, and had to become a member of their team. If the ball wasn't caught, an "Ante-over!" would signal the ball being thrown over the building. If a thrown ball failed to get over the building and rolled back, the thrower would call out, "Pig's tail!" and a second "Ante-over!" would follow. Alternate
calls of "Pig's tail!" and "Ante-over!" would eventually get the ball over the building.

ZIPPY: I don't know where this game originated and no one else has ever heard of it. It was our very favorite game for just two people. It was played with two sticks cut from an old broom handle--one 12 inches long, with one end cut to form a triangular point, and the other about four inches long. It was usually played along the side of a street. (None were paved, and no one needed to drive a car in town.) We hollowed out a small section of ground to serve as sort of a golf tee. Placing the small stick over this hole, we pitched the stick as far as we could, using the larger stick as the lever. If the stick was caught by the other person, the player was out. If the stick wasn't caught, the large stick was placed over the hole, and the opponent was given a chance to make you out by trying to hit your large stick with the small one from the point where the small stick fell. That was step one. If the opponent failed to make you out during step one, you proceeded to step two. In step two, you held the small stick, tossed it up and batted it with your large stick. Again the opponent had a chance to make you out by catching or by throwing at your stick, except this time your large stick wasn't a dead target. Instead you were to keep swinging it on the ground and to bat the small stick, when it was thrown toward your hole, as far away from the hole as you could, because you were permitted to measure the distance it went with your foot-long stick and to score that many points. Step three was a repeat of step two, except that you could double or triple your score depending on whether you could give your small stick a double or triple hit before you batted it to score. After you completed all three steps, the other player had his turn even if he hadn't made you out.

STATUES: This was a lawn game. "It" would turn his back to the rest of the players who were permitted to walk, jump, do somersaults or whatever until "It" called "Freeze!" We had to hold whatever position we were in and become a statue until "It" saw someone move who then became "It."

HOP SCOTCH was also a favorite, and I'm happy to know that children still play this game.

Party games were quiet games, like: BUTTON, BUTTON, which was reserved mostly for small parties.

TELEPHONE: This always was hilarious, we thought, because the original sentence whispered into the first person's ear was a far cry from its first set of nouns, verbs, and adjectives by the time it was repeated by the end person.

SPIN THE BOTTLE: Charades in reverse. The person the bottle pointed to when it stopped spinning had to perform a specific trick of the bottle spinner's choice.

Our weekend and Sunday games at home were family games. There
were Parcheesi, dominoes, and card games of many choices: Old Maid, Hearts, Rook, Rummy, Flinch, and when I played with the grownups, Five Hundred. I learned this game by watching and was promoted to player when another fledgling left the family nest. I was nine years old at the time.

And then for us girls there were: PAPERDOLLS, shoe boxes full of paperdolls. We could hardly wait for the new Sears Roebuck catalog to come so we could cut paperdolls from the old one. Grandmother used to say that she never got away with burning even one, when she found one while sweeping, because the next time we played I'd be sure to miss it.

So while the boys played Jacks and Marbles, we'd be in a paperdoll world, spinning fairy tale lives for our paper people.

In retrospect, it was a carefree, happy childhood from which we were in no hurry to grow up.

Rosemond Knifton
Corvallis

IN THE DAYS OF HOUSE CALLS

Dr. N. L. Tartar occasionally told his rare experiences as a medical doctor. He began general practice in Corvallis about 1923, associated with Dr. Henry Pernot and Dr. William T. Johnson.

A woman patient whose time of delivery was close lived a few miles south. The wintry weather developed a flood that made it impossible for her to reach the hospital by road.

Dr. Tartar asked a friend to help with his medical bags, and they wore their waders and walked the railroad track. They were in time, and delivered twins, a boy and a girl. Since the date was February 22, Dr. Tartar suggested the babies should be named George and Martha. As the doctor told this incident, he would laughingly say, "And they did! The babies were George and Martha!"

Lena Belle Tartar
Corvallis
A PROMISE IS A PROMISE

When growing up in Spokane we children had to walk to school. There were no school busses in those days to take us. My closest friend, Marie, who lived across the prairie from me, on a very cold winter day phoned to ask if I was going to school and since we were given special credit for being in school every day, she and I decided we would dress up real warm and go.

Her father worked for the railroad and because Spokane winters are pretty cold at times, he wore heavy woolen socks. Marie's mother insisted that she must wear a pair of these heavy woolen socks over her overshoes and warm stockings. We took off to walk the several miles to school, but by the time we got near the school it was about time for the warning bell to ring, and we knew we must hurry.

Marie leaned up against a pine tree and wanted me to pull the socks off her feet and legs but by that time they were frozen on. I pulled and pulled but thought I would never get them off and wanted her to go to the school with them on rather than be late, but no, Marie insisted that I pull them off, and pull I did while she kept saying "You promised, you promised," and I had to keep on pulling. Finally they did come off and we left them under the tree and ran the rest of the way and got into the school building just in time so that we were not late. We never went back after school and picked up the socks, and I don't know what Marie's mother said to her about coming home without them. Marie has long gone to her reward and often I think of her and our girlhood friendship: I think about Marie and her calling out to me "You promised, you promised."

Grace H. Strahan
Corvallis

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Glenn and I were married in July of 1934, and we returned from our honeymoon to live in a tool shed until our house was built. Everything went great in the summer. Then winter came.

We had lots and lots of rain in winters then. One November I remember well, it poured every day and every night. We left the car one and a half miles down the road at the Decker folks' place, because the road was too muddy. We walked back and forth to the car for our trips to town, church, Beavercreek Women's Club, or wherever we took a notion to go. We also had a shortcut to Alsea, over the hill north of the house, down an old tram road which had been built as a logging road, and out to the Alsea highway, about 2.3 miles from our house. We were young and healthy and were used to walking, so that was no problem.

We kept an extra supply of staples: flour, sugar, etc. We did our own home canning and had our own meat supply.

On our walk to the car we opened and closed seven gates. It was two miles to the mailbox at the end of Newman Road. We walked through Grandpa Decker's corral, where four or five horses and several cows kept the ground stirred up about a foot deep. It was nip and tuck getting across without getting my boots full of mud or my long coattail splashed, but we didn't let that stop us as we were enjoying life so much.

Our radio was very important to us. On February 2, 1937, Glenn had taken the battery to town to be charged. The following week the snow came and we really missed that radio, our only means of communication. So Glenn walked down to his folks and went to town with his brother Claudi. He took along to Gerdings a small case half-full of eggs that we were afraid would spoil, but before he left, he asked me what I needed from town. "Bread and oranges," I said,
"but the main thing is the battery for the radio."

It was a long day for me at home alone, and I was on the porch anxiously waiting when I saw him trudging through the two-foot deep snow, carrying that battery, the bread, and oranges.

How we appreciated having the radio again while we were snowed in for eighteen days! Then Glenn shoveled out eleven inches from the driveway, put chains on the tires, and took me to town. I was pregnant and expecting in May.

Glenn made each of us a pair of skis. He took boards 1"x4"x6', shaped the ends, then boiled them in water to make them curve. He put weights on them while they cooled and dried and added straps for our feet.

Walking around on top of the four-foot deep snow was lots of fun. It was slick as glass and like a tied mattress with humps all over it. I surely got my exercise on the skis, and Glenn got his shoveling trails to the barns so that he could take care of our stock: several head of cattle, about 100 angora goats, and some chickens.

The construction of a new county road past our house began in 1938. Short sections of road work were done at a time to allow the road to remain passable. Glenn built many of the fences along the right of way. Work was often halted by mud slides and rain, but twenty years later we had a black-topped, heavily-travelled road connecting two main highways, Corvallis to Monroe (99W), and Alsea Highway (34). No problem now about being snowed in. The snowplows and the sand trucks keep the road open. The county workers say, "We must keep that road open so Mr. and Mrs. Decker can get to town." Ha! Ha! We liked being snowed in. We miss it!

Elizabeth Decker
Philomath

MY FATHER, ALFRED TALBOT RICHARDSON

Father, I see you standing behind my typing stool, with an amused smile on your face. You are wondering what I am doing. Well, I am answering a call from my daughter Alison, who very much wants me to set down my memories of you. So, Memory, I stir you up.

A child's recollections are different from a grown-up's, but I shall try to do justice to you, a gentle, loving father who did his best to give us, seven children, a good start in life. You wanted us to have a proper appreciation of good books and music, a
respect for art and religion, and a love of life. Our dear mother
did likewise.

My earliest memories are of following you around our 15-acre
fruit farm in the Fruitvale district of Yakima, Washington. As we
plodded over the rough sod I tried to step into your big footsteps,
one by one, in admiration. I was three years old.

I loved animals from the start. You bought us a female collie
dog who stirred my affection greatly because she would let me hug
her, and she kept contributing more cuddly puppies. Then the horses.
You worked with them every day, and when you hitched them to the
spring wagon to go to town for groceries, you often invited some of
us to go along. You allowed us to take turns driving and holding
the whip, but not using it.

After the fruit trees were pruned in the spring, you would
pile up mountains of the prunings in a large open area called "the
pasture." Then you would call over the fence to the neighbor children:
"Come on over tonight. We are going to have a big bonfire." They
came early and stayed late. We got burned cheeks and smoke in our
eyes, but like a general in command you controlled the fiery beast
with your pitchfork and strong orders. No one was ever hurt.

Every so often, I remember, you would get hungry for graham
bread, which our dear mother would make to please you. To get the
freshest and best graham flour we had to travel to Old Town, 12
miles away. You would hitch up Blacky, or Friday, or Baldy, and
invite us children to go along. Just visiting the old mill itself
was a thrill for us. The mill still stands; across the road was a
little country grocery store. You tied the horse to the hitching-
post and took us all in to select our favorite hard candies. You
called them "sage-brush candy." We took some home to Mother but
devoured lots on the way.

You and Mother always gave us children truly merry Christmases.
I remember being almost choked with joy. Usually a huge wooden box
arrived from Sears Roebuck a few days before Christmas and was
tucked away into a dark closet--to wait. (Each of us received a
fine book, for sure, and I can remember our eagerness to be the one
to receive the new Oz book.)

Mother would spend hours making Christmas goodies. You would
find an evergreen tree, set it up, and Mother and we children would
decorate it with simple strands of popcorn, cranberries, and daisy
chains.

Each evening during the week before Christmas, you would go
out with your flute and walk up and down the rocky road in front
of our house playing Christmas tunes. One night I found your flute
lying on the living room table, after the music had stopped, and
wondered. You had said Santa would come by to check on us.

You were not athletic, but you liked exercise of sorts. When
you were a young man you rode a bicycle with the big front wheel

and mini back one.

To teach us to chin ourselves, to hang by our knees, and to roll over the bar, you set up a crossbar in the dining room doorway. We kept this old gym bar busy, summer and winter.

We loved lying on the lawn summer evenings, learning the names and antics of the stars from you. Your love of the outdoors gave us the pleasure of trips on weekends to Soda Springs, Naches, Selah, and Ellensburg.

The Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in 1909 in Seattle, Washington, was a big thing to the Richardson family. You, I recall, attended four times with small groups of us. Margaret and I at nine years of age weren't very competent hair-dressers, but you tied our top ribbons on, and off we went.

Ice cream cones had just been invented and we ate them like little pigs, daily. You fed us richly on Chinese food. What we could not eat, you ate. The end of the meal was the best to us—the fortune cookie.

You introduced us to the Igorote Village, and let us try to talk to the nude children, who stared at us as if we were the odd balls there. Daily we watched a Chinese parade, a giant serpent, and other tantalizing characters wind their ways down the main street of the Exposition.
You were not a talkative person at all, but what you liked to do was read aloud to us in the evenings--then you were full of talk and humor. While Mother washed the supper dishes and put the younger children to bed, you would gather us older ones in front of the fireplace in the living room, and read to us--all kinds of good books. You even taught us a little French and German. You turned the original bedroom in the home into your study, where bookcases ranged from floor to ceiling. And you taught us right off to respect books as if they were persons. Any mistreatment of a book brought us little swats on the head. Many of your fine books now reside in the University of Washington Library, as you know, a kind of monument to you and your ideals in life.

Well, Father, this is only a small picture of you and me and the rest of our family, but it will hang on my wall as long as I live. You and our sweet mother and your seven children are still skipping rope with zest and affection, at the beginning of the 20th century.

Elizabeth Richardson Childs
Corvallis

EARLY BABY-SITTING DAYS

My parents were able to shop only a few times without children along, so one day they decided to leave me in charge of the farm while they made a quick trip to town in the old truck. I was a big girl of eight and my sister was about six.

I was happy to read or sew while I waited for their delayed return. Meanwhile, my sister Jerry had pulled tumble weeds until bored and then, bending under the front porch, she had found some matches.

My parents arrived home just in time to rescue her and put out the fire I'd told her she must not set.

Jeannette Thompson
Corvallis
Y'ALL COME NOW!

Our unpainted, unpretentious house was on the second hill at the end of the lane. The house was filled with warmth, vitality, many children, hired hands and "star boarders." "Star boarders" were relatives or perhaps drifters who stopped by and forgot to move on. They came unannounced and Ma would always set an extra plate.

I am sure we were poor but, if we were, the house had not been sold. The house stood there proudly, knowing it was rich in love and understanding; rich in hospitality and friendship. A hearty welcome was given to all who travelled down the lane.

One spring evening, a peddler arrived on foot at the house, bringing with him a multitude of treasures from the outside world crammed into his pack. Ma had supper nearly ready when the jolly man arrived, and Pa extended a warm invitation to "stay for 'vittles' and sleep the night."

Supper was over and excitement ran through the clan as we anxiously awaited the time when the peddler would open his pack and display his wares. Chris, my big sister, and I hurriedly cleared the table and washed the dishes, while the rest of the family did the "chorin'." Suspense continued to mount as we scrubbed the big long table in the kitchen for the event. The coal-oil lamps had been filled, cleaned and trimmed. We were ready.

The peddler was seated at one end of the table, while wide-eyed, open-mouthed children and adults shoved for vantage points surrounding it. His pack was opened and the peddler, with pudgy hands, handled each item as if it were a priceless gem he was placing on the table. Normally, we were a noisy bunch but, as each exotic article was exhibited, we became so entranced with the mystery and beauty of it, an aura of sacred silence engulfed the room.

He had perfumed talcum powders, toilet waters from France, face powder to cover the sun-tan, and rouge to make your cheeks bloom. He had combs, brushes, and perfumed pomade for the men. Each item was showered in glory as he unveiled it before us. We sniffed everything as it was passed around the table.
He finally came to the brilliant jewelry. He had brooches, beads and decorated combs. I was sure everything was genuine pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones. Many peddlers came by our home, but they never peddled such finery as we saw that night.

Now, this peddler being on foot, he couldn't take old hens in trade as had been the custom, so Ma and Pa got their heads together and decided how much money they could spend.

Chris was getting stuck on the boys, and was always pinching her cheeks to make them rosy, so she wanted some rouge. My brothers had started "slickin'" down their hair with Ma's lard and she wanted them to have some pomade. I was only six years old, so I knew I didn't count, but no one knew how badly I wanted the string of beads that looked and smelled like dainty rosebuds. We never asked for luxuries and I knew I should never ask for the beads. These things were for the big folks.

Pa wanted to buy Ma a beautiful comb to wear in her raven hair when she "dolled" up on Sundays, but she wouldn't let him.

"Now, Pa," she said, "I ain't never been used to such fancy things, and no need for you to start spoilin' me now."

After the selections were made and the peddler paid, he put the things back into his pack, one by one, with great care. He was leaving the rosebud beads and the comb until last. They lay on the table after he finished closing his bag. With ceremony, he picked up the comb and presented it to Ma.

"This is my present to you, Madam, for your fine 'vittles'."

He turned and handed the beads to me, "These are for you. May they bring much beauty into your life."

I felt a hot flush cover my body as I slowly raised my eyes to Ma. She was caressing the comb while tears rolled down her worn cheeks.

The next morning Ma packed a big poke with 'vittles' for the peddler. We were all at the gate to wave "Good-bye, and y'all come now," as the peddler started off down the lane.

The warm welcome given the peddler by the house and its people was given to all who turned from the main road into the lane that led to the second hill where I once lived in Northern Missouri.

Josephine Zadina
Corvallis
Living fifteen miles from town, with few fenced farms and just trails to follow, it was a proud moment when at the age of seven I was allowed to drive to town alone to bring Dad out home for the weekend. He worked in town to support the family. Going home Saturday night we'd tie the reins to the dashboard and sleep while Queenie, our horse, took us back to the farm. When she stopped we knew we had arrived home.

The Stroh boys were our nearest playmates. Jim, eight and a half, and brother Hugh, six, came down one day with their Dad's ten-gauge shotgun and one shell. We lined up out in our pasture: my brother, eight and one third, and my twin brother Clarence and I, six, and Hugh and Jim, shoulder behind shoulder to absorb the shock. When fired, it was quite a blast... .

Most entertainment was of our own imagination. The clouds furnished us our imagined animals as we had our own circus. Many afternoons we spent laying atop our strawstack barn playing this game. The barn was also our first ski run, using barrel staves as skis. By hunting arrowheads and teasing rattlesnakes we whiled away many hours.

When old enough, at seven, we worked for our neighbors running hay rakes. Their daughter, a couple of years older, ran the mowers. Really, there's no sweeter smell than new-mown hay. 'Twas very enjoyable work.

Mother preferred cow chips for baking in the old Majestic range, so we kids would load a barrel on the wagon and make collections in the neighbors' pastures. Fuel was scarce so this was quite practical.

Dad always bought a red sow in the spring and fielded her in a half-block area near our home. The neighbors would dump their edible garbage in the portable pen. In the fall when the pigs were butchered all the neighbors received either hams or bacon for their "contributions." Now, that's recycling!

We usually moved to town for the winter, so our neighbor would borrow our outhouse to use as a smokehouse for curing bacon and ham while we were gone. We used to wonder where the smoky fragrance came from!

Winters were too cold for living in the tarpaper shack on the homestead. Two winters were enough. Waking in the morning we'd note the white circles of frost on the big-headed nails that held the blue paper to the ceiling. Occasionally there'd be a little snowbank under the window in the bedroom. Most dressing was done in front of the oven of the old Majestic range.

Many festive evenings we spent at neighborhood gatherings, usually in our little homestead shack. For dancing music Eben
Sandstrom, a little fellow, played the harmonica sitting in our sister's high chair.

Native wild fruit, grapes, plums, chokecherries, and June berries were picked each fall for jams and jellies. Mr. "Makes Trouble" and Mr. "Thief" were Indian neighbors up on Firesteel Creek. Communication was poor as they couldn't speak English and we couldn't speak Indian. However, through grunts and gestures we got along fine.

Eventually we settled in town, where Dad had built a house. Dad was originally a tinsmith and when electricity came to town he wired most of the homes and businesses. He also built houseboats and ice boats. Eventually when water and sewers were brought in, who installed it? Just ask our dad George, and he'd always figure out a way.

Merton Lippert
Corvallis

MEMORIES OF MY CHILDHOOD

I have so many blessed memories of my childhood in Louisiana. Oh, what fun we had in those days. I could tell many stories that were fun and pleasant.

When I was ten and my brothers eight and four, we went on a train trip to my mother's mother, not too far from where we lived. (My father worked for the Texas and Pacific Railroad in the South.) My mother packed a lunch of fried chicken and biscuits.

The train had only one passenger car and the others were for freight. The car was so lit up, so beautiful, like a palace to me. It had an inside toilet. A man on the train sold candy and all kinds of goodies. When we got to the end of the train ride, we took a ferry across a small river to Grandmother's. We just thought we must be in heaven.

Another pleasant memory was going to church in a wagon, with kids on quilts in the back. We had what we called dinner on the ground. We sat in chairs and ate off wooden tables--so much good fried chicken and cake and home-made ice cream.

Sometimes we had fish fries after church. Someone would build a fire under a big black iron pot (the kind to boil clothes in) half-full of grease, and then everybody fished for catfish and perch. The men cleaned the fish and the women fried them. They were so crisp and good. It was a pleasure to go to church when we had so much fun afterwards. Wish I could go to a fish fry again.

Ethel Johnson
Corvallis
THE SUNKIST BEAUTIES

It was the end of summer. Three glorious months of fun, following our graduation from high school, had passed much too quickly. There was only one weekend left. Five of us, excited and a bit worried, were discussing our plans for the future.

Three of my friends had enrolled in a secretarial school and were trying to talk me into joining them. My father, too, had tried to interest me in a business course, saying, "No matter what you become, a housewife or career woman, a time will come when you will be thankful you know how to type."

Not me--I didn't want any part of that dull stuff--I was going to be a dancer!

Val, the fifth one in our group, wasn't much interested either. She had brought a magazine, La Parisienne, to show us the latest fashions in clothes and hair-dos. She dreamed of being a hair stylist and was itching to try the "Shingle," the latest sensation, on one of us. The others said "no," as they wanted to look their best on Monday, but I had nothing much to do and thought it might be fun.

Val snipped away, a little here a little there, shorter, shorter, shorter, shorter, the girls watching in horror and wondering when she was going to stop. She finally finished and handed me a mirror. heavens! It was even worse than I had expected, so bad I was afraid to go home.

For several days I didn't stir out of the house. Mom and Dad weren't speaking to me, and my sister laughed every time she looked at me. I was miserable.

Later in the week, the girl next door called over,

"Did you see the ad in today's paper? There's a new show rehearsing and they want sixteen beautiful dancers. Come on, let's go." I told her I couldn't go anywhere until my hair grew out and besides, I wasn't beautiful anyway.

She admitted that my hair did look pretty bad.

"Stick on a hat and cover it up and come on along and watch me get the job."

When we arrived at the rehearsal hall, there were about fifty girls milling around; so far as I could see, not a beautiful one in the crowd. Among a small group of five or six people was the dance director, who stepped forward, introduced himself, and asked us all
to stand up. They looked us over, eliminated a few, had us dance a few steps, and weeded out some more. When there were about twenty left, the director asked us to please take off our hats, then turned around to consult the others in the group.

At this point I was so thrilled and excited. At last--a break! It looked like I was about to become one of the sixteen "Sunkist Beauties." And then I remembered my hair! Oh, I had to get out of there: if I could just disappear, or maybe they hadn't noticed me and I could sneak out. There was an exit not too far away. As I edged toward it, the director called,

"You, there--don't go--you're hired. You have the most unusual haircut I have ever seen."

That's how I got my first job and spent many happy years dancing. But, you know, I often wish I had learned to type.

Billie Green
Corvallis

THE "ELECTRIC LUNCH" CAFE

As a long-time resident of Benton County, I can tell you that the following recipe is one which was kept secret for many years and was a favorite of both people in Corvallis and those visiting the OSU campus. It was the best seller on the menu for the Electric Lunch Cafe which was located on Monroe Street for many years.

Here is the special "secret" recipe:

1 ½ cups sugar
2/3 cup shortening
2 eggs
½ cup sour milk
2 cups flour + 3 tablespoons
¼ cup cocoa
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons baking powder

Add one cup of strong coffee plus one teaspoon of vanilla. Bake at 350 degrees for 45 minutes.

This is great to take to a pot-luck since it fits a 9" x 13" pan. If you like nostalgia and would enjoy making a cake from "scratch" for a change, this is it.

Hazel Becker
Corvallis
A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE

It was in 1932, soon after the notorious gangster era in Chicago. Another teacher and I were driving from Chicago to the suburb where we taught. It was past midnight when to our dismay we ran out of gas! Since there was no service station in sight, we locked her car and started for the nearest farmhouse. Braving a barking dog and pounding on the door, we saw a man's irate head appear at an upstairs window.

"What do you want?" he yelled.

"We have run out of gas. Could you help us get some?"

He informed us that he had none and that the nearest gas station was about half-a-mile down the road.

After walking a distance which seemed much farther than a half-mile, we attempted to get help from another farmer. We could raise no one there so we proceeded gloomily down the highway. It was getting very late and passing cars made us nervous, but no one offered help. This was much different from the midwestern hospitality I had known before coming to the Chicago area.

At last a dumpy-looking station appeared, but it seemed deserted. We pounded on the door and soon heard sounds coming from a lean-to built on the back. A foreign-looking man with a flashlight came to the door and opened it a tiny ways.

"What do you want?" he bellowed.

Shaking with the chill night air and nervousness, we told him our plight. He was not cooperative and at first refused to help us. We pleaded, so he finally agreed to give us some gas in a big can. While getting it, he kept muttering about how he was held up just last week by a couple who had sent the woman to his station for help.

When we had only a $20 bill to pay him, his suspicions were roused anew, and he was about to shut the door on us.

"I have another purse with smaller change in it, but it is locked in the car down the road," said Betty. "Please let me have the gas and we will stop and pay you as soon as we come by." He didn't like the sound of that and was about to close the door again. Then he opened it a bit wider, took a long look at us and said, "I'll tell you what I will do. On one condition I will let you have the gas. One of you must stay here so I'll know you'll come back and pay me!"

Betty and I looked at each other aghast! Each was afraid to stay—or to go down the highway alone. Yet we had to have that gas. After an uneasy moment, I agreed to stay if Betty would go back with the gas to the car.
"I wish I had something to protect myself with," she said. "Would you have a gun I could borrow?" she eagerly inquired.

This set him off again and he informed her he was keeping his gun for his own protection!

"Here, take this," he said, giving her a long tire iron. She took it in one hand and the big can in the other and started trudging down the road. How I hated to see her go. I wondered if I'd ever see her again.

I was aroused from my gloomy thoughts to hear the man courteously inviting me inside. I could scarcely refuse since I was so cold, but was alarmed when he insisted I must come into his "back room" where the stove was. I went, but with qualms.

For what seemed like hours he entertained me with a detailed account of how some people had come in much as we did for gas and had robbed him of all his cash. I really wasn't interested, since all I could think of was, "Why doesn't Betty come back?" Time dragged on. The man was a gentleman, but I didn't appreciate his gangster stories.

Finally Betty returned. We paid the man and thanked him and went on our way, arriving home in the wee hours. It had taken her so long because she hid in some bushes when a car slowed down in passing her and then turned around and came back. Perhaps they were wanting to help her--we will never know.

Mrs. Verl Beach
Corvallis

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"The principal wants to see you," whispered the office secretary as I sat in class near the end of my senior year in Ottawa High School. The door to his office, high above the stairs, was to be the first of many doors that would open into the world for me.

Principal Gowns wanted to know which subjects I had enjoyed. I told him that Miss Alderman's cooking classes had been best of all and had helped me work for my room and board.

His advice was short and positive.

"Kansas State at Manhattan is the place for you. You'll get a good education in home economics there." The authority had spoken and I was on my way to college.

My parents were less enthusiastic. They protested about the low prices for farm products, my need for better clothing, and the high risk of borrowing money. I could not hear their doubting remarks above the sound of that magic phrase--"Kansas State is the place for you." Even if the place for me was a hundred miles from home I intended to get there.

In those days of mud roads, before school buses, students often stayed in town while attending high school. I was one of several who earned my education by doing housework in a private home. This experience, I reasoned, would help me continue through college. A classmate's family planned a trip to Manhattan in May and invited me to go along. Both of us found jobs as student girls for the fall term of 1930.

As a "student girl" I promised to work four hours a day, seven days a week, in the home of the Parkers. Dr. Parker was an agronomy professor and Mrs. Parker was a home economist who managed an efficient household.

Their home was one of the first to have an electric refrigerator--a Norge. Their modern kitchen, with its muslin curtain closing the under-the-sink area, was pictured for its convenient arrangement in an Extension Department bulletin.

Jack and Betty, ten and six, had a big collie dog. Once Mrs. Parker asked if I had bathed with the large bar of bright green soap.

"It won't hurt you," she said, "but is much too expensive for people--it's only for Laddie." The dog didn't enjoy his bath any more than I liked giving it, but that was part of my job.

Never had I eaten with a family that stacked all the dinner plates in front of the host so he could serve each one. The Parkers often invited friends to dinner and I soon knew several campus couples informally.
I enjoyed the storybook elegance of their dinner parties. In the kitchen, I was the assistant cook who arranged fancy salads and watched the meat and vegetables cook. In the dining room, I became the maid and was summoned by the tinkle of a silver bell to pour hot coffee, pass home-made rolls, and eventually to clear the table and serve dessert. I learned to handle Spode china carefully and to count the sterling silver pieces before emptying any trash.

Thus college days became three-dimensional. My primary purpose was to receive a degree in home economics so I could teach. Studying and housework had to be done, but dating and campus life were important too. At times when twenty-four hours were not long enough, a compromise had to be made between necessary studying and pleasurable socializing.

The title of student girl carried a little more prestige than that of maid or waitress, but did not bring in any spending money. Sometimes I earned cash by helping another family with a special dinner or by babysitting for them.

Pre-owned clothing donated by friends and relatives kept my wardrobe wearable, if not always up to date. Most of my friends were short of cash so we all learned to "pay as you go or do without." For a dime we could dance to the music of a victrola at "Y" parties. Except for the cost of food, church hikes and openhouses were free.

Because of working, my class load had been reduced, so I spent long hours studying correspondence courses during the summers. Literature lessons were detailed and my answers covered many typewritten pages.

The most wonderful summer of my college years was spent with the Parkers at a cabin in Green Mountain Falls, Colorado, near Pike's Peak. To a homebound farm girl, that vacation trip to the mountains in another state was the beginning of a lasting love of travel. I did a minimum of cooking and housework, went hiking and fishing with the children, and received pay for full time work.

"When It's Springtime in the Rockies" was the popular song of the day and has continued to stir happy memories of student girl days at Kansas State.

Ruth Collins Hope, Corvallis

P.M. Keith

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NOW PA APPROVES

I was fixin' to go the other day, and what do I see, by gar, but some strange lookin' woman a-sittin' in my car. So I squints up my eyes for another good look, an' says I, "If there ain't Ma in a hat so perky and gay, it just plum near took my breath away, and gives me a pain, if I ain't mistook, that's somewhere right nigh to me old pocketbook."

And I says to Ma, "How many hogs did it take to buy a hat of that model and make?"

She says, says she, "This brown, you remember, was new ten years ago this comin' September. This feather came off from an old white hen. She could use it no longer--I could, so then I painted it a bright orange, as one with taste would, and sewed it in place as fast as I could. Then I put it on just as it said in the book and goes to the glass to take a good look at this amazin' creation I'd made for myself, and straightway put the old one away on the shelf."

But that ain't all. Ma, since she's been goin' to this new-fangled club, has been feedin' me on most uncommon grub. I have to eat liver and Vitamin C, that tastes just like plain old carrots to me. And if I don't eat cabbage and spinach and such, she starts in to scolding to beat the Dutch.

Says she, "If you don't watch what you're about, you'll be havin' somethin' worse than this terrible gout." Well, now, wouldn't that make any man set up and think twice? For havin' things worse than gout sure wouldn't be anything nice.

Why, by golly, I ain't even got nothin' to wear. I rip and I rave, I cuss and I swear, 'cause I can't find my shirts or my socks anywhere. But, come to find out, Ma's makin' a rug and I'm not treated square--for she's even cut up my red underwear!

And there's Ma as tickled as any young kid over the fixin' and makin' and all that they've did. Is she savin' me money? She is, by gummy! The victuals she feeds me sets well on my tummy, so I ain't got no kick comin' by gee! This club work's beginnin' to look good to me.

Jessie Wolton Willhoit
Corvallis
Extension Bulletin
State of Nebraska, 1935
BY WAGON TRAIN TO OREGON

My grandfather, the Reverend George M. Dimmitt, was a circuit rider in the Methodist church. One night in about 1875 he was going out to a farm to marry a couple. While going through a stretch of timber his horse stepped on a skunk. He was close to his destination, so went on. He stood out in the yard and read the service while the wedding party stood on the porch. He would in later years tell about it and laugh, saying it was the first time he was not invited to the wedding supper.

When my father was three years old his family moved to Kansas to raise wheat. The first year they had the wheat all in the stack and stopped work to eat dinner. They intended to plow the fire trails around the stack as soon as they finished dinner, but a wild fire came and consumed the stack of wheat before they got back to it. The next year they had a bad hailstorm; that flattened the crop of wheat. Then, the third year, grasshoppers came through and ate the crop.

After these experiences they decided to go with a wagon train to Oregon. Dad said the only thing he could remember of that ranch was when they were getting the horses ready to go, Grandpa let him ride one of them and he was brushed off as the horse went into the shed. The following are a few things I remember him telling about the trip west:

One day a woman took a pan of biscuits out of a dutch oven. They were so hot that she put them down immediately and turned to get something with which to hold onto the pan. A greyhound dog belonging to the wagon train grabbed the biscuits and wolfed them down. When he got those hot biscuits in his stomach he rolled on the ground and howled. All of the grownups laughed, but the kids were all scared. They thought the dog was dying.

Another thing Dad has told about a greyhound (I do not know if it was the same dog) was seeing it chasing a rabbit. When the dog got almost
close enough to grab the rabbit, it ducked under a fence. The dog was going too fast to stop or to jump the fence and he knocked himself out when he hit it.

One day Dad and another kid were playing some distance from the wagon train when they found a skunk. They threw rocks at it and got sprayed. They had heard that you bury your clothes to get rid of the skunk scent, so they took off their clothes and buried them. They sat around a while till they figured they had to get back to the wagon train, then they dug their clothes up and put them on, wondering why they still smelled.

I guess the most frightening time was after they had left the wagon train and were going into Idaho. Camping in the draw that night, the two older boys, eleven and fourteen years old, slept under the wagon, while the three-and eight-year-olds slept in the wagon with the parents. The boys called up and said they were getting wet. Grandpa told them to get the horses, which they ran to do while Grandpa put things in the wagon. They hurried and hitched the horses to the wagon. The water came down from the cloudburst so fast they had to whip the horses into a run to get out; even then the wagon floated before they got out, and they didn't have far to go, either.

They settled in Idaho for a few years. Dad's youngest brother was born there.

Their next move was to Drain, Oregon. The one thing I remember Dad telling about was when he and his brother were playing out in the woods and they thought they heard someone call for help. Dad left his brother on the trail and called out that he would come to help. He soon realized it was an animal.

He turned and yelled at his brother to head for Drain, but his brother started for home which was farther than Drain, so Dad had to follow him. Their dog stayed between them and the panther all the way. When the panther came to the edge of the woods it let out a terrible roar and stopped. They always felt it was the dog that saved them.

Clara E. Holman
Philomath
To the best of my recollection, the year must have been about 1919. One of the very earliest automobiles was involved. It was called an E.M.F. Studebaker and it belonged to my grandfather. He had disposed of his aging horse, which had for years drawn his carriage, to make room for this symbol of things to come. He had rearranged the barn to store his new treasure and had, I vividly recall, some wooden jacks made whereby he could raise each wheel off the floor after a day's spin, thus saving the precious rubber pneumatic tires which threatened to wear out very quickly unless pampered with great care.

Now to get on with my story. On this particular day Grandfather, Grandmother, my mother, father, brother and I were on our way to visit my aunt and family who lived all of fifty miles away. The fine new automobile had behaved well, but we had progressed slowly over primitive roads that were prevalent in those days.

Darkness was fast approaching and we were still seven or eight miles from our destination, so a momentous decision was made. We would light the headlamps!

Grandfather explained the procedure very carefully to my father. He would attend to mixing the water and carbide crystals located in a tank on the running-board toward the back of the vehicle, while my father would hold a lighted match to the orifices behind the opened headlamp lenses. Then Grandfather would turn on the valve and lamps should light.

It did not work out quite that easily. I presume now that the gas lines, being filled with air, simply blew out the match my father was holding. This caused considerable loud conversation back and forth.
between the participants including, I'm sure, some choice expletives, because Grandfather was a great believer in the proper expletive. It had often worked wonders on his horse!

All of us had early dismounted from our seats in the auto to watch these marvelous proceedings. Now, after several tries and several matches, success was finally achieved. Both lamps were glowing brightly. Everyone climbed back into their seats, the crank was spun, the engine roared, and we were off in a blaze of glory.

Now, years later, I often recall this episode when reaching to flick the light switch on my car. It is an action requiring perhaps a second, in contrast to this half hour spent so many years ago.

Ace Maryott
Corvallis

THE BLIZZARD OF '88

The year was 1888. Winter had come on steadily, though it had not been too bad. But today the flakes of snow had started to fall again and the wind was rising gradually. A storm was brewing. Alan Mitchell felt safe and secure in his warm house with his wife Jane and their two children. The children, too young for school, were restless indoors but it was too cold for them to be outside.

Evening was approaching and Alan knew he must go down to the barn, care for his livestock and milk the cow before it got any darker. Buttoning his coat and taking the milk bucket, he set out for the barn a hundred yards down the hill from their homesite. He quickly threw down some hay from the haymow and set about his milking. As he milked, he could hear the whine of the wind growing stronger and stronger and, as he finished his milking and went to the door of the barn, the snowflakes were so dense he could not make out the outline of the house.

Thinking he would wait for it to clear a bit, he noticed the wind growing even stronger, the snowfall even more dense. Knowing his wife would be alarmed if he didn't get back, he decided to strike out in what he was sure was the right direction. Carrying his bucket of milk, it was a heavy task. He stopped to catch his breath. The wind was really howling.

Panic suddenly hit him. Was he sure just where the house lay? No use trying to turn back: surely he would run into the house any minute in spite of being so blinded. What if he missed the house? All around lay nothing but empty prairie. What would he do?

Suddenly he began to strike out wildly,
panic-stricken. Then, out of the blue, his hand struck just the corner of the house. He was saved, but had very nearly missed it altogether. What a relief to enter the warm house! He sank down in prayerful thanks at his near-miss. The terrible blizzard raged on, but they were safe and sound.

Ace Maryott
Corvallis

WHEN GRANDMOTHER WAS YOUNG

Grandmother tells of a winter's day
When she milked the cows and gave them hay.
Then she slopped the pigs, saddled the mule,
And got the children off to school.
She did a washing, mopped the floors,
Washed the windows and did some chores,
Cooked a dish of home-dried fruit and
Pressed her husband's Sunday suit,
Swept the parlor, made the beds and
Baked a dozen loaves of bread,
Split some firewood and lugged it in,
Enough to fill the kitchen bin,
Cleaned the lamps and put in oil,
Stewed some apples she thought might spoil,
Churned some butter, made a cake, and
Then exclaimed, "For goodness sake,
The calves have got out of their pen!"
Went out and chased them in again,
Gathered the eggs locked the stable.
Back at the house . . .
Cooked a supper that was delicious
And afterwards "did up" all the dishes,
Fed the cat and sprinkled the clothes,
Mended a basketful of clothes,
Then opened the organ and began to play,
"When You Come to the End of a Perfect Day."

Author Unknown
Contributed from "Sadie Lambert's Treasures"
My parents, John and Eliza Hayes, were pioneers in North Dakota. They homesteaded 480 acres in the Red River Valley, near Joliette, in the northeast corner of the state. One quarter-section was a tree claim and to "prove up" on it you were required to put out trees which my parents did, but the trees died. Then another claimed it as his homestead and he was called a "squatter."

There wasn't much lumber but plenty of sod there. The first home was built of sod, 12 x 12 feet, and was called a sod shanty. The walls were twelve inches thick which made them very warm for the cold winters. Their first crop on virgin soil was flax, since it seemed to condition the soil for wheat, barley or oats.

In every 640 acres, one quarter-section was kept for school purposes but my father cut and used the grass for hay. It made excellent hay. When the hay was cut and cured it was stacked in the field to be hauled as needed. Prairie fires were very common in the fall so a fire break was plowed around each stack, but, occasionally, a fire jumped the fire break and burned the hay.

These racing fires were beautiful to see in the evenings. At times you could see many, no trees or hills to obstruct your views. You could see for miles and miles. One such fire was in the stubble field with the wind bringing it toward the house. My parents rushed out toward the fire to try and change its course, but their efforts seemed hopeless. They glanced back toward the house, and it appeared to be in flames. My sister, Ethel, a babe of a few months, was in the house alone. My mother, petrified, kept crying, "My baby! My baby!" as Father rushed back toward the house. But, when he was out of the range of the fire he realized it was only the reflection of the blaze in the windows that gave the impression of the burning house. In a short time the wind changed and the home was saved.

Maude Hayes Smith
Irish Bend
BLACK SUNDAY IN KANSAS

My husband Henry and I had been born and reared in western Kansas, so we were quite accustomed to the frequent howling winds, the sand and dust ordinarily accompanied them, and that, usually, with very little advance notice.

We had been living in Ford City, Ford County, Kansas, since 1930, where home for us was a small apartment in the back of our small-town grocery store. Like most of the residents of Ford, we had outdoor plumbing, and our lights hung from wires at the ceiling and turned on when you pulled a chain.

From about 1932 we had had very little rain, and the dust storms were coming with more volumes of soil, and with ever-increasing frequency.

April 14, 1935, dawned cloudless, dry, and with dust settled thick on everything, which seemed to us about the usual for this spring. It being Sunday, we got ready and went to Sunday School and church, and then came home and ate our dinner.

I had just finished the dinner dishes, and Henry and Marion, our five-year-old son, were out in the back yard. Suddenly, Henry was at the door shouting,

"Birdie, get Marion into the house, while I shut the door of the garage. There is a terrible dust cloud rolling in!"

I dashed out and brought Marion in as quickly as I could, and Henry was right on our heels. As he slammed the door behind him, it seemed suddenly that he had also shut out every bit of light left in the world. It was so black we had no way of orienting ourselves in our own familiar surroundings.

Henry and I kept fumbling about until he found the kitchen stove and reached for the matches. He lit a match then pulled the light chain, and "THERE WAS LIGHT." Words can not describe the feelings we experienced when those first rays of light were in the room with us.

Of course, our son Marion was just terrified and was screaming, holding on to me for dear life. So I picked him up and carried him into the living room, sat down, rocked and sang to him. I knew that was the quickest way to get him calmed down. He then got down, found a toy, and began to play, as if the world outside was as bright as the one he had been playing in a few minutes before.

Henry and I sat in the living room and attempted to get some news on the radio, but these storms developed so much static electricity, it made any words coming over the air impossible to understand. We turned off the lights every fifteen or twenty minutes to see if the dust in the air was abating. The storm had started about 2:30 P.M. and it was after 5:00 P.M. before we could see across the street, and
it was still so dusty when we retired that we could see only the street lights across the street.

The odd thing about this storm was that on the ground we had only a very moderate wind while we were used to strong winds with our bad dust storms. We learned the next day that the strong winds had begun in the Dakotas and, as the storm progressed toward Kansas, over Nebraska and northwestern Kansas, it had carried the dust to thousands of feet in the air. At the same time, the winds had gradually diminished at ground level until we had little wind.

During the night the wind had calmed and the dust had settled one-half inch deep on everything outside, and the sun was still hazy when it made its appearance that Monday morning. Few people had lost their lives in the sudden blackout, and we were all thankful for God's care through such weather.

Very little rain fell that summer, and we had many more dust storms, but we could thank God that none were like Black Sunday. Before we had sufficient rain to produce good crops and keep the dust down, many of our customers and friends had to move so they could raise feed for their stock and food and other necessities for living in that part of our United States.

We stayed on at Ford until 1937 when we moved our store and our family of four to central Kansas. We had just been blessed with our second son, Lynn, about two weeks before we moved on to new trials and new joys in our new location.

Birdie Scheurman
Corvallis
A studying of sayings found in the library gives no help in trying to find out just why the saying "a cat has nine lives" ever came to be. But the saying has some credence insofar as my own life is concerned. I must be at least part feline, for were I to add up the close and near-close escapes I have had in my 82 years, I would run the poor cat a close second. I do believe I seem to have a claim to life that others do not have.

Probably my nearest brush with death that can be documented came when I had the urge to clear the usual debris off the shoreline on a piece of beach property we owned in northern Wisconsin. To accomplish this it seemed at the time like a good idea to fill a large low galvanized wash tub with all the sticks and stones and weeds and flotsam of a winter's accumulation, then row it all out into the lake, and dump it overboard. All went well in the loading operation, and I pushed off from the shore successfully and rowed out into the lake where the water was good and deep. But, since I didn't want to lose the wash tub overboard when I poured out the flotsam, I had to figure out a way to upend the tub and pour the contents overboard. So, I got the bright idea of looping a piece of clothesline through the handle and wrapping it rather securely around my forearm, and then I proceeded to upend the tub. You guessed it: instead of up-ending, as I had planned, it slid over the side and started for Davy Jones' locker with me securely enmeshed in the clothesline cord. I, too, was headed for the deepest part of the lake with a dead-weight sinker that would guarantee my vanishing from the face of the earth. But, just as this stupid disappearing act got to its climax, I somehow shook myself loose from the clothesline snare and watched the debris send up its bubbles without my being part of the flotsam.

Yes. I lost a perfectly good washtub, but learned a lesson: Don't get enmeshed in a clothesline when trying to dump the contents of a wash tub over the side of a row boat. You get the picture?

Robert A. Judd
Corvallis
PRIMPING

Curling irons had hinged handles which would allow the iron part to heat inside a lamp, with handles elbowed on the side of the chimney.

Rolling one's stockings below the knees was an art--usually practiced after one left home enroute to school. I caught the dickens once when I forgot to unroll my long black hose before I got home again.

Paper parasols for shade and show were the answer to a teen girl's prayer in the 1920's.

Fancy "clocks," a kind of ornamental stitching on hose at the ankle; wide colored bands on each side of the back seam; silk hose with cotton tops extending below the knee--these were once hosiery favorites.

Artificial flowers were worn on the back of fur collars.

Hair was marcelled in ridged waves and a good operator would reset your coiffure between regular marcels. For a softer effect, one's hair could be water-waved with combs.

FAEON No. 5 was perfume No. 1 available at Woolworth's.

Long-legged underwear had to be folded in pleats at the ankle and stockings pulled up over the bulky mess. We always shed our longies at Easter, regardless of the weather.

Only "fast" girls wore bobbed hair in the early twenties.

We refurbished old straw hats with a special hat dye. With ribbons and flowers our hats looked lovely but the shoe polish smell of the dye lingered for weeks.

My thrifty mother often made underclothes out of flour sacks for us children. She used lye water to bleach out the printed information emblazoned on the good muslin, but sometimes everything didn't vanish. I hated wearing "worded" underwear.

Imagine my embarrassment when I had to disrobe at school and my classmates spotted SYSTEM across my petticoat!

Charline Edwards
Corvallis
The huckster was a very special kind of peddler in Indiana.

He usually had a one-horse wagon with a tinkling bell and we could hear him coming down the lane before we could see him. Such a world of wonder and delight he brought to our door!

His spring wagon was built with shelves and covered, of course. Goods of all kinds filled his shelves: unusual food, sewing needs, magazines, toys, cosmetics, medicine, and small gadgets for the home or farm.

If we had no money to buy his goodies, he would take produce in trade, such as an old hen, eggs, fruit, meat, butter or freshly baked bread. He carried a crate on the rear of his wagon as a coop for old cackling hens.

Often he would arrive at meal time, and he was a welcome guest, especially when he brought news from neighboring areas. Sometimes he would stay overnight, entertaining us with his funny experiences.

But always, always when he moved on, he would leave a bag of cone-shaped, chocolate-covered candies in a rainbow-striped sack.

We loved to have the huckster visit us.

Charline L. Edwards
Corvallis

TENMILE CREEK

South of Alsea in an area known as Tenmile Creek is a family consisting of a husband, wife and two sons, aged 14 and 16. It is said that the boys have lived at Tenmile Creek all their lives and have never seen a steam engine, telegraph or telephone, have no idea of what a steam boat is, a railroad, nor have they ever seen a town, even so large as may be termed a "country corner." So Benton County may boast of something a little out of the ordinary.

Corvallis Gazette
November 3, 1905
SEASONS OF REMEMBERING

My life as a young girl in St. Johns, Oregon, strikes me in my older years as a time of joy and happiness. We lived at the head, or promontory, overlooking a ravine, or the hollow as we used to call it. There was a converging of hills, and a beaten path between.

All at once it was spring with dogwoods bursting into a shower of white blooms and the vine maple thriving with lacy, light-green foliage. As my pals and I raced down the paths we discovered johnny-jump-ups, violets, trilliums, spring beauties like solomon's seal, tiger lilies, a myriad of wild flowers amidst Oregon grape and sword fern all over the slopes. I had health and zest, and just the sheer joy of climbing both hills and trees was pleasure beyond description.

Then there were summer days, when I slowed down, laid on the grass gazing at the sky imagining castles and animals in the fleecy cloud formations. My pals and I would line our vine maple playhouse with moss floors using boxes for furniture. Here we would rock our dolls to sleep, and play grown-up, or tag and hopscotch, or roam and explore.

Then fall came and leaves turned all vivid colors, a sight to gaze upon. We always had gardens. In the fall we cut the pumpkins with the sword my uncle brought home from the Spanish American War. I still have old autumn leaves that my mother pressed between the leaves of her Bible. She said she felt nearer to God when she was close to nature.

The cold weather would come and soon it was Christmas, nearing the close of the year. Down the path I would go and cut down a Christmas tree. Our Christmas celebration was very simple and humble. My mother taught me to make "throws": designs cut from colored tissue paper and thrown here and there on the tree. Other tree decorations were chains made from colored paper, and strung cranberries.
and popcorn. We had few ornaments from the store. We always had lighted candles in candle holders.

Our long, black, ribbed stockings were hung on Christmas Eve and filled with a sack of candy, an orange, and an inexpensive present. On Christmas day all five of us rushed down in the early dawn. How happy we were, and so satified with so little! The day was beautiful, and we were so lucky. It seems such a peaceful era when I look back, and I have a feeling of comfort and peace just thinking about it all.

Maurine Thurmond Keller
Albany, Oregon

GOOD OLD SHEP

In the spring of 1902 my parents, my two-year-old brother and I (six months old) loaded up a covered wagon with what belongings and supplies we could take and headed for Oregon.

Our destination was near Walterville, along the McKenzie River. Another family traveled with us: the Johnsons, with two daughters six and eight years old.

My grandparents and their family had come to Oregon a few years earlier.

We left our old family dog with relatives because we had no room for him in the wagon. After a couple of weeks on the road, old Shep caught up with us. He was so footsore and lame he could hardly walk, so we loaded him in and he came to Oregon and stayed with us until he died.

We ran out of money when we got into Idaho, but fortunately the harvest was in full swing, so my father found work there.

My uncle came that far to meet us and helped us to get over the McKenzie Pass. It was a narrow rough road at that time.

We settled at Walterville and built a small house on my grandparents' farm. My father worked in the Booth Kelly logging camp for several years, then we bought a farm out from Monmouth and lived there until my parents retired.

Jennie C. Putnam
Corvallis
FOSSILS IN CONSTRUCTION SITE BEDROCK

The sudden ring of the telephone interrupted my ironing and when I answered I heard my husband say, "Are you very busy?" I told him I was just ironing and he said, "Get on some old shoes or boots. I'll pick you up in a few minutes."

Leaving the phone, I remarked to my eighty-five-year-old mother living with us, "I can't imagine what he wants unless he has found another manure pile."

My husband, Tom Waring, was Acting Resident Engineer on the Corps of Engineers Lookout Point Dam Project and we had only just recently moved into the Engineer's Housing Project at Lowell, Oregon. These apartments, wartime housing already moved from here to there and now finally stuck in a bare hayfield in Lowell, were far from attractive-looking. Ours was at the entrance corner and, wanting to make a good appearance, we had hauled in many pick-up loads of manure, compost and what have you, to build up or (better said) to break down the horrible clay soil and ready it for planting.

I made myself ready and away we went, but instead of going toward one of the old farm places in the project area, I found myself on construction service roads, mostly downhill, and soon down where the excavation for the dam was underway.

As we went along, Tom told me, "I have something to show you that I thought would be extremely interesting for you to see. I didn't mention it on the phone as I did not want every workman bringing his wife or family down here." I understood, for we were using a country telephone office where the operators knew all about the community and everyone's business. We had to place our calls through the operator and often her answer was, "They went to Eugene," or "She's at the Home Extension meeting," so we knew she listened in.

We parked the pick-up and then walked a short distance. We were standing on the rock bottom of the bed of the Middle Fork of the Willamette River. The water flow had been diverted through a man-made channel. The excavation and the sandblasting cleaning operation for this area of the dam had been completed, leaving this rock bottom as clean as my kitchen floor, ready for the grouting of the whole area, which would make an even surface on which to dump, spread and compact the materials in building the dam. This grouting process would be done with a watery, chemical cement and sand mixture put in by a special pressure pumping system so every cranny and crack would be filled.

The bare rock riverbed I was seeing was the result of volcanic upheavals thousands of years ago and the pressure of the weight and flow of water over it for ages, many hundreds of years. To my amazement, amid areas of rock, lava rock in all stages, porous lava, basalt and granite, I saw a big tree, 40 to 45 inches in diameter, laying completely embedded in the rock but in all stages of decomposition, from almost original bark through rot and coal to agatized or...
petrified condition. The leaf, fern, plant and animal footprints were almost perfect.

Not knowing much geology or such sciences, I got a full lesson and learned much. I saw a sight I could never see again. I wasn't dreaming, I was actually seeing this marvellous sight.

Now as I look at the huge earth fill with concrete spillway and powerhouse known as Lookout Point Dam at Meridian Site, I see with my mind's eye that sight I saw on the day I thought I was looking for a manure pile.

Eileen Waring Dew
Corvallis

THE BUTCHER'S SON

Sometimes in the summer in North Dakota, it didn't rain for weeks and weeks, and the crops would wither and die.

Then the top soil would start to shift. Any little wind filled the air with dust and sent a farmer's field miles away. The dust couldn't always be seen, but we smelled and breathed it until we forgot what it was like to breathe clean, fresh air.

The fine dust filled the houses, seeping through cracks and holes, making it impossible to keep anything clean. We ate it with our food and drank it with our water. Yet, we always prayed and watched the sky for clouds. The faith of the people was strong then. It had to be.

Then the Depression came. I was just a boy, but I can still remember how it affected our family. Dad was a butcher, a good one, but that didn't assure him a job. Twice he had to close down because the people couldn't pay him or trade him anything for his meat.

He only let me grind some of the meat and help clean up at night, but one day, he decided I was old enough to learn the trade: he let me help skin and cut the animals he had just killed.

I was proud. Then he said, "Son, the hardest part of our job is also the cruelest. I don't enjoy killing these animals anymore than I would watching your brother starve, but when it comes to choosing what's best I won't hesitate."
I hadn't guessed before what he had in mind for me to do, but then my stomach felt uneasy and a sour taste came to my mouth.

"Now, I know how you feel, Son, but this is something you've got to do. I promise you, the first time will be the worst. Just remember to kill the animal quick. It's savage to wound an animal and watch it die slowly."

Dad handed me his pistol and we walked back to our last animal, a yearling heifer. She looked so small and pitiful all of a sudden in the corral.

"Dad?"

"Yes, Son?"

"Nothing."

Minutes later I raised the pistol, aiming it with both hands tight on the handle. I closed my eyes and squeezed the trigger.

"That's okay, Son. I'll clean this one. Go wash up and call it a day."

I gave Dad back his gun and escaped to the big tree in the back of Mr. Thompson's farm. That calf's eyes had looked so sad.

I became my dad's partner after school. We were working up quite a business when disaster hit again: my dad had cancer.

The doctors had to cut a hole in his throat so he could breathe. He got weaker and thinner. It made me sad to see him that way—he had always been strong as a bull.

Now the doctors said he couldn't work for a year, so I quit high school and took over his business. It wasn't easy. And his coming over to try and help just made it worse.

He'd come by a little before noon, bringing me something to eat. One day he started to cut up some meat to put in the grinder.

"Now, Dad, you remember what the doctors said."

He didn't answer. It was hard for him to talk anymore since he had to learn to talk through the hole in his throat.

"Dad, I'm warning you. If you don't quit it I'm going to carry you home and lock the door everytime I see you coming."

He kept hacking at the meat. I could hear him breathing hard and I couldn't stand it any longer. I lifted him up and carried him all the way back to the house, blinking back my tears. I was surprised how light he was.

Well, Dad got better and started to work again about a year
later. I finished high school and wanted to stay and help him, but he wanted me to do better for myself. He wanted me to be a dentist.

But I said, "No."

If I was going to college I would be a doctor. Four years later I finished my undergraduate work and applied for medical school. I wasn't accepted.

"Well, Son," Dad said after I returned home dejected, "maybe God doesn't want you to be a doctor."

I didn't say anything. My throat was all tight and I couldn't swallow. I had wanted so much to please Dad.

I went back to Oregon and followed my dad's suggestion, and soon I was accepted into dental school. I called my parents to tell them the good news, and also told them my wife was expecting our first child. We rejoiced at all the blessings given to us.

Shortly after little Louise was born, Dad died. Everyone came by to offer help and give us food. They were sorry to see him go. He'd been such a kind man.

When I returned to college, I couldn't quit thinking about Dad's life. I wanted to be like him, to show him I loved him, but now it was too late.

Dad was right. He knew if I'd been a doctor I couldn't watch my own patients die while I sat helpless, not knowing what to do.

Author Unknown
"How would you like to drive a bakery truck?" my husband asked when he came home from Rotary. "Of course, women don't drive trucks, but you're a good driver and Dixie is in trouble. All available men are working at the cantonment, and he needs a driver. This could be your contribution to the war effort."

This was 1942, and the war was being felt in Corvallis. The army was building a camp just north of town, using all available men and paying high wages. We all felt we had to "do our duty" in any way we could to help.

"All right," I said, "I'll go down and see him tomorrow."

Our friend, Dixie Doleman, owned the Dixie Bakery here in Corvallis and ran four trucks out of town to serve the outlying areas with bread, cakes and pastries. Compared to the high wages paid at Camp Adair--as the cantonment was eventually named--the drivers received small pay. Dixie's route boss, Roy Maddy, and his number-one driver, Bob Wills, had divided three routes between them. This left route four to Philomath, Alsea, Blodgett and Summit and way points with no driver.

With some anxiety about leaving Jack with the children, all school aged, and nervousness about asking for the job, I went to talk to Dixie the next day.

Roy Maddy had many doubts and reservations about hiring a woman--a small one at that (I was 5 feet 1½ inches and weighed 112 pounds), and not very husky-looking. I assured him that raising four children had been no easy job and I was strong enough.

So, with much misgiving they decided to try me out. They really had little choice, because they had found no man and Dixie had no time to run the route and the business.

The job meant that I would have to get to the bakery about 4:15 every morning but Sunday, load my truck, and be off before five o'clock.

Dixie explained that they usually sent someone along with a new driver for six weeks to direct and instruct him and, by that time the driver should know the route and be able to handle it alone. The route boss was too involved with the other routes, so Dixie rode with me for four days. He was an excellent teacher and, even though he was several years older, could out-hustle me in every way. He taught me much by his example of speed, efficiency and courtesy in dealing with his customers.

Mrs. Doleman, who had always worked closely with Dixie and knew a lot about the business, rode with me for eight days. She did none of the driving or delivering, but helped me get acquainted with my customers and the route. After that I was on my own.

Driving the panel truck was no problem and it was no trouble to
carry the orders into the stores. The real problem was to know what and how much to order for the next day.

Then there was the matter of timing. There were two other bread companies, one from Salem and one from Portland, who also served this area. If I didn't get to a store before they did, they often took my space and got most of that store's orders for the next day. This really kept me hustling. I had to report back to the bakery by 2 P.M. to get my orders in for the next day.

With gas rationing and cutting our driving speed to thirty-five miles an hour, it was a problem getting around in good time.

Our big business, of course, was bread: that was where we made the most profit. But we carried pies, six or more kinds of sweetrolls, cakes, raised and cake doughnuts, several kinds of cookies, and the very popular bismarks or maple bars.

The war had brought rationing of sugar and shortening, and consequently our cakes and pastries were not as sweet as they had been and some had to be discontinued. Our pies were less crusty, but as I remember, no one complained. If anything went wrong or wasn't very good, we just blamed it on the war.

I had to portion out the sweets so that each store would get at least part of its order. Many housewives were working and had no time to bake, so they wanted bakery sweets. We couldn't begin to supply the demand.

One morning as I was driving down the other side of the Alsea mountain, I was stopped by a military advance guard. They told me to pull off the road at the little roadside park just ahead and wait until the army convoy passed. Of course, I stopped. So did the army with trucks full of men who needed to get out, stretch, and get drinks. There was a good drinking fountain there with clear cold water piped up from Yew Creek.

When the men saw my truck they besieged me, all wanting to buy something to eat. I had to decide whether to keep my cakes and pastries for my customers or open up the truck and feed the army. I decided for the army. In no time at all I had sold everything but the bread. The boys were happy, but what to tell my customers? I decided to say, "Sorry, no pastries today; the army had to be fed, you know." This seemed to be enough explanation for everyone. We all tried to be very patriotic. It was "our duty" and "our small effort to help win the war."

Even though I was the first woman to drive a bakery truck in this part of the country, I didn't think of it as "Women's Lib." I was only doing my bit to help the war effort. I was treated with much respect and consideration but was given no special privileges and expected none. This was a purely business venture.

However, there was one man who really complained. He was a
driver for another bakery here in Corvallis. When I got through servicing Alsea, Blodgett, Summit and Philomath, I had three or four fraternities and sororities to take care of on the campus. I was always in a great hurry to get through and get to the bakery to put my next day's delivery order in before 2 P.M., so I often carried my delivery box of fifty pounds of bread more than full.

This man stopped me one day and bawled me out for carrying such a big load. He threatened to report me because the "law" said you could carry only so many pounds in a box. (I don't remember the number but I know I was carrying much more.) I told him, "I am sorry, but I didn't know about the law," and went on my way. I decided that he was either lazy or jealous because I could hustle faster than he could or did. I kept carrying my usual amount and heard nothing further.

I enjoyed my fourteen months on the bakery truck and stopped only because by then the school needed teachers more than the bakery needed drivers.

Dorothy Irvin
Corvallis

MAKING ENDS MEET

My parents, Joseph and Mary Skaggs, settled about four miles north of Summit in 1867. There, Father built a large one-roomed log cabin with a lean-to kitchen. In this house we lived until the family had increased to seven children.

Although Father managed to get hold of considerable land, he was not able to get ahead enough to provide more than the bare necessities for his family. He would work for farmers in Kings Valley and leave mother alone for long periods with her children and no neighbors but the Indians. The Indians were always friendly and mother was often so lonely that she welcomed their visits.

Mother used to make all our clothes. She sent the wool out to the mill at Corvallis to be carded, and she spun and wove it herself. She got buckskin from the Indians to make breeches for the boys. She made our shoes from leather she got from the Indians. She used to make the pegs to fasten the soles by hand.

Mother used to help earn a living for the family by making buckskin gloves for one dollar a pair. This work she did by hand at first, but in later years she got a small sewing machine that turned with a hand crank to sew the buckskin.

Etna Barchard
Pioneer Stories - WPA project, 1937
BLOOD SUCKER

During World War II, I was a lab technician in the 46th General Hospital, organized in Portland, Oregon, under Colonel J.G. Strohm, M.D., who had commanded the same unit in World War I.

Between the summers of 1942 and 1943 we underwent training in the station hospital at Fort Riley, Kansas. Thence we convoyed across the Atlantic to Oran, Algeria, where we became acquainted with malaria in Italian prisoners. There also I had the pleasure of visiting with several residents who spoke the world language, Esperanto, like their mother tongue.

In the summer of 1944 we boarded LCI's (landing craft for infantry), and bumped across the Mediterranean to San Tropaz, France. After a short, wine-grape-filled bivouac, we followed the retreating Nazis northward to the city of Besancon, where we set up shop for a year.

As the Nazis were driven deep into their heartland, many of their slave laborers were freed. Of them some 200 Russians were sent to us for treatment. Walking skeletons they were, many of them with tuberculosis. As weeks passed, about half of them died. The rest gradually regained health and strength.

One day I was detailed to collect a blood sample from the arm of a Kirghiz native who was among the Russians. The poor man cried, for blood may be shed only in honorable combat, but he finally relented when convinced by his buddies.

What really struck me in that large ward was the fine appearance of the Russian men, many of them handsome and robust, ready to be returned to the U.S.S.R. Then there appeared a small, thin, wizened, palefaced, poorly dressed man--apparently a commissar sent to welcome the men home. He grimaced and smiled in an exaggerated manner as he spoke. But doubt was written on the faces of his hearers. It appeared to me that they scarcely believed the garrulous purveyor of communist gospel.

The lesson for us (if lessons are still in style!) should be obvious. If we continue in our careless wasting of natural resources, socialism may be the only way to enforce meager sharing of the scarce remainder.

Francis H. Sumner
Corvallis
I had a brother, one year younger than I, who lived in Yakima when I lived in Seattle. We were orphans and were raised by aunts and relatives, mainly by our older sister. One day my sister called and said my brother was coming in on the train. I was to entertain him when he got to Seattle and to do what he wanted.

I thought I was awfully grown-up (I was fifteen) and to have to show my brother around town was much below me. I went to the train depot, grudgingly, to meet him. Much to my amazement and dismay, when he got off the train he had on knickerbockers and long stockings, tennis shoes with rings around the ankles, and a "rooter's lid." It was awful hickey as far as I was concerned. He apparently felt the same about me because he wouldn't walk down the same side of the street with me, which didn't upset me at all.

I finally asked him where he wanted to go and he said that he wanted to go to the Standard Furniture Company.

"The Standard Furniture Company?" I asked. "Where is that?"

He said, "Well, it's in Seattle."

"Why do you want to go there?" I queried.

He said it was the only firm that advertised in the Yakima paper. He read about it every day and he wanted to see it.

"Wouldn't you rather go to the University, or the L.C. Smith Building?" I asked. Now, you must remember I was very superior. I looked down on him no end.

"No," he said. He wanted to see the Standard Furniture Company. Well, I could see my sister coming down on me with all fours if I didn't do what he wanted, so I said, "All right."

I took him on the streetcar to Second and Pine, where we found the company. It was one of the largest stores. They sent out all over the country, but it was a kind of second-rate store. We went inside and he looked over the Standard Furniture Company floor by floor. He looked at every piece of furniture to see how it was made. We hadn't been there very long when we attracted the attention of the management. Mr. Carlson, the man who owned the store then, took us up to the office. This interested my brother and Mr. Carlson asked him where else he'd like to go. My brother said he'd like to see how they package the furniture, how they deliver it, and their mail order. We looked at the furnace room and the delivery truck—everything in the
Standard Furniture Company, until I was ready to die. I was so humiliated. I was so superior; this was all beneath me.

Mr. Carlson seemed to have enjoyed the morning and he invited us to "Blocks" for lunch. I kind of brightened up as this was one of the ritziest places to eat in Seattle. He took us down to his car and drove us there. This was more my style. We had everything good to eat—exquisite French cooking, but much to my horror, my brother would take his bread and mop up the gravy on his plate. He seemed to do everything I thought was gauche. (I went to the University at this time and he was only in high school, which explains some of my superiority and his crassness.) Well, he quizzed Mr. Carlson about everything. We finished our tour of the furniture company and I had Mr. Carlson take us to my sister's laboratory. She was bacteriologist for King County in Seattle. My brother didn't want to see that at all, but Mr. Carlson was interested, and off we went.

Several years later my brother applied for a scholarship to a private school in Rolling Bay, Washington. Mr. Carlson had a son going to school there and he saw to it that my brother won the scholarship. Mr. Carlson helped him through school, since he coached his son, and my brother was the best law student ever turned out of that school in the four years he was there. The moral of the story for me was "It's often hard to see things when you're looking down your nose."

Lois Jenkins
Corvallis Care Center

BORN IN A SOD HOUSE

My parents, Annie and John McNabb, moved from Lindsay, Ontario, to Oxbow, Saskatchewan, where they took out a 320-acre homestead in 1900. My father built a house with pieces of sod, 12 x 16 x 6 inches. The house had a wooden floor, siding inside, and a roof. The coal-burning stove kept the house warm. I was born in this sod house, with the help of a neighbor mid-wife. We lived here during my early years, until my father made enough money to build a two-story frame house which stood until a few years ago when it was destroyed by fire.

The ground was often covered with snow from October until spring. One winter job was to haul a load of grain into town on the sleigh and return with a load of lumber. This was an all-day job. Sometimes Dad would trade grain for coal.

When I grew up I helped with the farm work. When it was threshing time, my mother, my sister, and I put in sixteen-hour days serving three
meals a day—and an afternoon snack—to about fifteen threshers. During World War I Dad suffered with rheumatism, and we could not hire more workers, so I drove the four-horse team on the binder which cut the grain, tied each bundle with twine, and, when it was ready, kicked it out. My fifteen-year-old sister and a young fellow helped with the "stooking" (standing up the bundles at a slant with the head up to shed the rain). I also drove teams and wagons and hauled stacks of grain to the threshing machine.

Every fall my father butchcred. He wrapped the beef and hung it on the back porch, where temperatures of thirty to forty degrees below zero kept the meat frozen. My mother cooked the pork and put it in a crock. The fat kept it from spoiling, and it was awfully good.

Our only fresh fruit was wild Saskatoons, like blueberries, and chokecherries. In the spring we ordered fruit from a grower in Mission, British Columbia. We would receive a notice of the shipping time, and we would drive to town to pick it up. But we could not eat any of this fresh fruit. We canned it and made jam and jelly.

In 1925 my parents, tired of the cold winters, moved to Coburg, Oregon. I had attended Success Business College in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and worked for the Royal Bank of Canada. In November 1926 I resigned my job and joined the family in Coburg.

Luella Herman
Corvallis
ME, EGGHEAD

As a very young maverick, always my passionate desire was to be beautiful with long golden hair flying and serpentine snakelike movements. Hearing that egg shampoo would make one's hair golden and yellow, I decided that if I could find an ol' hen's nest somewhere without anybody knowing about it, I would try it. So I found the hen's nest.

Now to me, then, egg shampoo was just that: Wash your hair in the juice of an egg. I tried one egg. That was not enough. Broke another (over my head so as not to lose any juice). That was not too bad, but still thinking golden, I added another one. Smelled awful, and the more I tried to work the slicky, slimy stuff around and get the yellow mixed in with the white (to get the same color all over, see), the stickier it got and besides, it began to smell. It was hot summer. I just about had my hair all covered with the yellow when Papa called me.

Now, when Papa called, I went without stopping even to think. That was the way we were brought up—to mind. So I ran to the house. By the time I got there my beautiful yellow head was just about dry, and when they all saw me, my Papa, my stinkin' brothers and tattle-tale sister, they just all started rolling and laughing and sayin' "You look like a newborn calf!" Broken-hearted and puzzled, I just kept running and, with my eyes and head all full of tears, I jumped into the creek back of our barn, and that solved my sticky problem, and the gold with it. Surely I learned, but to this day I can still feel that golden egg aura around my head and smell the smell.

Belle S. Kiersky
Corvallis
MAPLE SUGARING AT BROOKSIDE FARM

I am a Hoosier born, and was number four of nine children in the family of the Samuel B. Dawsons of Brookside Farm, Akron, Indiana.

The farm had been homesteaded by my father's father and was the gathering place for relatives for the many get-togethers we had. It was called Brookside Farm because there is a brook, Owl Creek, which runs through about the middle of it, east and west.

It was a general farm: corn, wheat, oats, hay and cattle were the main products. We owned eighty acres in the next section west of the farm proper. It was called "Oklahoma" and was pasture for the carload of calves which my father bought in Oklahoma in an annual late fall trip, made there for the purpose of getting them to "feed out" and have ready to sell to the Chicago slaughter market come the next fall.

"Oklahoma" was very little bother; it had a good stream of water, and was excellent pasture. All it needed was an occasional trip to check if things were right, that there were enough salt blocks out, the fences were in good order, the calves were all there.

But for this story I want to tell about our maple sugaring business, which for a few weeks each year in February and March, perhaps a few days into April, was the main business going on at the farm.

The encyclopedia says "Maple Sugar, a sugar of characteristic flavor, obtained by evaporating the sap of various species of maple, but principally the sugar maple, found chiefly in the northeastern United States and in Canada. The states of Vermont, New York and Ohio and the Province of Quebec contribute over three-fourths of the total production."

Grandfather and my father hadn't read about that, but they did know that our Indiana woods, in addition to beeches, sycamores, elms, walnuts and other trees, had all those maples. Father kept check each early spring to know when the sap was starting up in those trees. Then he tapped them and got all those gallons and gallons of sweet sap daily and boiled that sap down into delicious golden syrup. We called it molasses usually.

Tapping trees consisted mostly of taking the proper sized augur, a hammer, and that big box of spiles and a wagonload of buckets to the woods. (A spile is a sort of metal spout which is driven into the tree after the augur has made a proper hole for entry.) The hole was made about chest high, and when the spile had been solidly thrust through the bark and a little bit further, a bucket was hung on the spile.

Very slowly, sap began trickling into each bucket on each tree, and by the next morning when the big wagon came along equipped with its galvanized metal tank and each bucket was poured into the tank, the many gallons of sap were enough to fill the big round tank that
sat atop the high platform near the evaporator, there beside the shed near the farmhouse. And the big wagon made a second trip, sometimes a third, each day.

The evaporator was a set of four square-cornered pans each some four feet wide and about two feet from front to back set over the fire in a long furnace, fueled by wood cut from our own trees. Evaporation started in the front pan. It boiled furiously and as it thickened so much, it was measured by a thermometer and, like a specific gravity device, it flowed over into the second pan. As evaporation went on, each pan filled with thicker and thicker liquid until finally the specific gravity of the fourth pan was sufficient and that batch was run off into big gallon jugs for home use or for sale.

Since I have been thinking of this, I put maple syrup on my grocery shopping list and got back a small bottle, eight fluid ounces—one cup, and it cost $1.25! Of course, we do know that prices have changed through the years; but I remember very clearly the time that my father announced, with pleasure, that we were to receive one dollar per gallon for molasses that year!

Probably the happiest bit of those memories is about the taffy parties that we had. Each of us at high school age was permitted one taffy party each year. I could and did invite up to twenty friends
to such a party.

We buttered that many dinner plates and had them waiting on the table. My mother, using the largest cooking pots on our big kitchen stove over the wood fire, boiled down the amount of molasses required. Such fun, she must have had more tolerance than mothers of these days can muster up, for, of course, as many of the kids as could were right there, checking every move! When the syrup was taffy-thick, she poured out on each plate as much as it would hold.

Right at first each of us would have chosen his plate and taken it as soon as it was filled. Such fun! And so many almost burned fingers, because we kept checking when the taffy was cool enough to take off the plate.

Finally, we got that taffy up and pulled it; that meant stretching and folding and then stretching some more; such fun! It was still hot enough to require fast changing from hand to hand, but amazingly enough, very soon the color began to change from the deep amber to a lighter and lighter color. Each person pulled his taffy to the state he wanted it, nibbling away tiny bits from the time he could stand the heat.

Those taffy-pull parties were quite an important part of my school life all through high school. Such fun! And I could look forward to another come next year.

Gladys D. Chambers
Corvallis

EARLY RECREATION

I was born and raised on the family homestead settled by my father, Solomon Mulkey. It was located five miles above the mouth of the Little Elk Creek. At that time the country was wild. Deer and elk were common and were often shot from the dooryard. Cougars and bears gave the family much trouble. In this country we all had to work hard, but good times were happy.

We used to have a croquet set and enjoyed playing. When winter came we had a table croquet set which father had contrived by spreading a blanket over a table and making miniature balls, mallets, and wickets. As we grew older there were dances and play parties, but all were quiet and well behaved. There were spelling matches at the schoolhouse and singing schools.
In the early years of this century, people would buy many things from traveling salesmen who were called drummers, but often they'd neglect their payments. The salesmen would have to return repeatedly to recover their merchandise or to get their money. Often the buyers would hide and soon the salesmen would give up, but sometimes they didn't!

Once I was visiting my great-aunt when a drummer started up the walk to her house. She recognized him as the salesman she had purchased some blankets from, but she was behind in her payments. She knew that he had come to collect his money.

"Oh, my word," she said. "Don't make any noise and don't open the door. Don't let him know we're here." As she finished her instructions she slipped quietly into the closet which was directly across from the front door.

The salesman started to pound on the door so I opened it. "Is your mama at home?" he asked. "I don't live here," I told him, "but my aunt does, and she's hiding in that closet." I pointed to the door that was hiding my aunt, then I ran like a "bat out of hell." When I arrived home all out of breath, with a devious look on my face, my dad asked me what I had been up to. When I told him of my escapade he laughed so hard I thought he'd burst.

Another time I was visiting a neighbor when a traveling salesman approached. She ran off, grabbed the blankets she had "bought" from him, and then hid in an outhouse in her backyard. Whittling on
a piece of pine, I watched the salesman turn his hand black and blue knocking on the front door. Then, finally I called to him, "You wanna know where the lady is?"

"Sure do," he replied excitedly.

"Well, she's in that old outhouse behind the house, and she's got your blankets with her," I told him.

He strode over to the outhouse, snatched open the door, grabbed his blankets and left, leaving my neighbor with a look on her face like you've never seen.

My pranks never hurt anyone, but it's no wonder that by the time I was eight I had the reputation of being the orn'riest kid in town.

Al Ebert
Corvallis

WILD MUSTARD

When spring comes to Oregon and the sunny gold of wild mustard spreads across the fields, my spirits rise and a wild sense of power possesses me. I bless its beauty for it brought me my first remembered victory, and on that I built a confidence that has followed me through my life.

I was a shy child, brought up by grandparents, greatly loved but overprotected. Starting school had been a traumatic experience and many a day I left the classroom and descended to the basement to sit beside Uncle Jim Allison, the janitor. He was our neighbor and it gave me a feeling of security to be near him. The roomful of strange children overwhelmed me and although my grandfather had taught me to read before I started to school, I could hardly bring myself to recite among them. I felt so inferior and inadequate.

On this particular day Miss Maude, our teacher, fastened a sheet of paper to the wall and explained a new project. With spring just breaking after a long, wet Oregon winter, we were to bring in wild flowers as they bloomed. She would press them in the big dictionary and fasten them to the display sheet. We would identify them, and their names would be printed beneath them. As an added incentive, the first one to bring in a wild flower would have his or her name at the top of the chart.

The scene is clear to me as we left the classroom to pick up our coats in the cloak room. I can smell the chalk dust and the musty warmth of the old schoolhouse that was located where the Cottage
Grove hospital now stands. Only a part of the school was in use at that time and the closed classrooms lent a sad, dejected aspect to the building.

I remember my navy blue middy blouse with the sailor collar and the little white anchor hand-stitched to the pocket. My short pleated skirt flipped above my button shoes as I darted out into the silver sunshine of the early noon hour.

I knew where little bluebells grew in the oak grove across Silk Creek. My grandfather and I had gone in other years to search them out. There might even be spring beauties in a sheltered spot that caught the winter sun. But it was too far to go on a noon hour. My lunch would be waiting in the warm kitchen where geraniums bloomed in the windows draped with ruffled white flour sack curtains.

I told my grandmother about the project and how I wanted to be first and how I wished I had time to go behind the flour mill to the oak grove and look for blue bells.

She smoothed my brown braids and straightened the big black bow on the back of my head and told me to look closely for flowers as I returned to school.

And then I saw it--the mustard--just beginning to bloom in the field along the way. Only a few flowerlets were open but I gathered them carefully and ran all the way back to school to present them to Miss Maude.

My classmates challenged the validity of mustard as a flower but Miss Maude drew a blossom on the board and pointed out the flower parts. She compared them to the mustard bloom before she wrote my name at the top of the chart.

I had won. I was a winner. Never again would I be without status. The mustard had brought my shining hour. To this day I thrill to see its glory spread across the springtime fields. It will never be a weed to me!

Peg Hatfield
Lebanon
HOW DEAR TO MY HEART

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood and the memories.

My childhood days were spent in a little South Dakota town named Freeman, about the size of Philomath. Main Street was four blocks long, bordered on the south by the railroad track, which served as a sort of Mason-Dixon line dividing the town from the country. The country began with a dairy farm and pastureland where the "city" cows grazed in the spring, summer and fall seasons.

Our cow, Betsy, grazed there, too, and it was my duty to get Betsy and escort her home for the evening's milking. I say "escort" because Betsy knew the way perfectly and usually reached home at least a block ahead of me. Someone else, I don't remember who, must have taken her out to pasture in the morning, though she may have gone alone, making my evening chore just a put-up job to permit me to earn the right to eat.

Freeman was peopled by four-blocks-worth of shopkeepers and clerks, some teachers, three preachers--one each for the three churches in town, a dentist, a doctor, a lawyer, a veterinarian, a postmaster and one clerk, retired farmers and, of course, a family for each of these persons.

The retired farmer usually owned a plot of land equal to a quarter of a large city block: large enough for a house, a summer kitchen, fruit trees, grapevines, a strawberry patch, a large garden, a small barn for a cow and a pig being fattened, and a chicken coop which housed several dozen laying hens, six ducks, and two geese.

The chicken layers eventually ended up as chicken soup or were kept to hatch future layers and Fourth-of-July fryers. The ducks were Thanksgiving and Christmas dinner, and the geese helped us greet New Year's Day with optimism.

Betsy, of course, was our source of milk and country-churned butter, and the pig turned into chops, roasts, ribs, knuckles and chains of sausages and, I think, parts of it even turned into laundry soap.

Butchering day always found me upstairs in bed under the covers, pillows pressed tightly over my ears so I wouldn't hear the pig squeal. I was always on hand, however, to see the sausage cases turn into those delicious breakfast links.

I became a half-orphan at the tender age of nine days, and my three-year-old sister and I became part of our maternal grandparents' family: loved, spoiled and, as we grew older, teased into stages of crocodile tears by the five remaining aunts and one
uncle who were still unmarried and living at home. The five aunts ranged in age from seven to sixteen years older than I. My uncle was past twenty-one and was referred to as a bachelor.

Those years were happy years. Holidays were very special. Even dishwashing was special. I remember how my aunts turned it into a game when they had plans for the evening. The "washer" would wash as fast as she could, and if the "wiper" could wipe faster than she could wash, and the dish drainer was empty before the dishes were done, the wiper would be excused, and the person putting the dishes into the cupboard would have to finish the wiping. It was a great game, mainly because my aunts would let me win now and then, never obviously, of course, and I'm sure I was never aware of such subterfuge then. It occurred to me years later when I tried it on my own children.

The other memory is doing the dishes to hymn-singing: Christmas carols at Christmastime and, at other seasons, songs from Sunday School, and some we learned from friends who attended revival meetings. One that still runs through my mind was:

\[
\text{I know not why that oft 'round me} \\
\text{My hopes all shattered seem to be.} \\
\text{God's perfect plan I cannot see} \\
\text{But someday I'll understand.} \\
\text{Someday He'll make it plain to me;} \\
\text{Someday from sorrow I'll be free} \\
\text{For someday I shall understand.}
\]

How many, many times since those precious dishwashing hours those words have comforted me and borne me up.

I've been told that, during the years when my grandparents' ten girls and two boys were growing up, my aunts used to say, "We'd be such a nice family if it weren't for the boys." I am not familiar with their reasons for black-balling their brothers except for one incident that grandmother once laughingly told at a family gathering when everyone was in a reminiscing mood. It happened when the boys were in their not-so-tender years, possibly nine and eleven.

One warm spring evening six boys, tired of their usual games, decided to try some of the daring deeds they had heard some of the older boys tell about. Since it wasn't Hallowe'en when such antics as pushing over outhouses was an acceptable prank, they decided on roasting chickens over a bonfire.

No one ever became suspicious of bonfires. There were no restrictions on open fires then. So three were to build the fire and cut the sticks for roasting. The bold ones were to sneak into a hen house and lift a chicken, sure that no farmer would ever miss just one.

But how wrong they were. Next morning an angry farmer, via the grapevine, declared that one of his setting hens had been stolen from her nest.
Grandmother, already suspicious because the boys' excuse for getting home past nine o'clock the evening before had a deceptive ring, soon had a confession from them. It wasn't funny to grandmother then. She got a cardboard box and transferred one of her own nesting hens complete with nest and eggs into the box, put a wire mesh over it and a rock on top of the mesh to hold it, settled it on the boys' red wagon, and ordered the younger boy to pull and the other to walk along the side and hold the box to keep it from bouncing. They were to take it to the farmer and were to say, "We're sorry."

The squeals of protest and eventually tears of remorse would have melted anyone's heart except that of a Bible-reading-and-believing mother who was determined to bring up her children in the way they should go so that when they were older they would not depart from it. To the boys' unbelieving eyes she cut a switch from a nearby tree and ordered them to "marsch" (German for march), as she proceeded to follow, switch in hand, to make sure they would do as they were told.

I don't know if anyone witnessed that "marsch" but, in my mind's eye, it was quite a scene: two dejected, sniffling boys; a squeaky wagon; a squawking, protesting mother hen; and, following close behind, a determined mother, emphasizing her determination by waving the switch threateningly whenever the boys so much as looked back to see if by lucky chance their mother was relenting.
I never did hear what the farmer said, because grandmother didn't get much beyond the point of the squawking hen before we were all in stitches. When an aunt regained sufficient composure to ask, "How was the chicken, boys?" they laughed, and one of them said, "I guess this is a good time to confess. We boys were the chickens. Not one of us could bring himself to wring her neck. So we let her go, hoping she would find her way back to the farm. We sat around our bonfire until we could snuff it out, trying to tell ghost stories. If everyone who tries to taste forbidden fruit does as badly as we did, the world will soon be full of reformed sinners."

Rosemond Knifton
Corvallis

THE GREAT CROSSING OF THE McKENZIE RIVER

It was a clear warm morning just a few days before the 4th of July, 1912. The river looked bright and full for that time of the year and its banks were lined with people on both sides. Some had come twenty miles when they heard that Booth & Kelly Lumber Company was going to move five donkeys across the McKenzie River. But wait, you are probably wondering why so many people would come to see five donkeys cross a river, so maybe a little information would help you understand this story better.

I was born on May 3, 1893, on the Siuslaw River, fourth-oldest of ten children. Because my family was poor, at the age of eight I lived and worked with another family for my room and board and at fourteen I quit school to work in the woods with my two oldest brothers. At that time there was no law preventing children under eighteen from working around such heavy equipment.

In 1907, when I started "punking" whistle in the woods, the term "donkey" was used to describe a steam-powered winch, used to bring logs out of the woods to a landing. The steam donkey in action must have been a sight to behold. It was forty to fifty feet long and sat on a wooden sled with giant runners made from two logs usually thirty-six inches in diameter. It could be moved miles in the virgin woods by running the mainline out 1,000 yards to a tree and then winching its way to the tree. This was a slow process but these donkeys could pull themselves almost anywhere.

Each donkey site for logging had to be picked carefully to be close to a water supply. Even then, pipes were often run up to half a mile to supply the donkey with water. This water was pumped to the donkey using a steam-powered pump. A running donkey sent a plume of black smoke high in the sky and the steam whistle could be heard for miles on a cold, frosty morning.
The donkey crew consisted of the engineer, the fireman, two men to split wood, and a man who ran the water pump, which often might supply up to a half dozen donkeys with water. Young boys like me usually started out working on the steam donkey punking whistle. Thus they earned the title "whistle punk."

Near where the engineer stood on the donkey there was a steam whistle which had a small cable from it to out where the choker setters were working. This cable was kept taut so that when struck with a branch the whistle sounded. The whistle punk stayed near the choker setters and relayed the message to the engineer from the choker setters whenever needed. These crews had their own code, which was pretty universal: one whistle meant stop; two, bring the chokers closer; three, back them up; etc.

On that morning in 1912 I was nineteen years old and had been a donkey engineer for two years. My machine had been chosen to cross the river first and pull the other donkeys over. The river was about 100 yards wide and fairly deep where they intended to cross, and I knew that with a full head of steam in the boiler I could make it to a sand bar about three-fourths of the way across. There, men from the other bank would bring out wood in a row boat, stoke up a fire, and get up enough pressure to make it the rest of the distance.

I hoped that everything would go alright because I had several girl-friends watching from the bank. In fact, anybody that lived close was there and it was like a grand picnic, with people yelling words of encouragement to me.

The first step was to get the mainline across the river by rowboat.
and anchor it through a block on a tree and back. Everything was now ready. The pressure gauge read 150 pounds so I put power to the mainline and we were off. The running boards, sitting on top of the log sled where I stood, had water running over them and water was flying everywhere and I was soon soaked. The steam coming off the boiler where the cold water hit created a fog so thick I couldn't see through it and there were times I thought I would be scalded to death. After what seemed an eternity I reached the sandbar, jumped off the donkey, and stood on solid ground.

The rest was easy: I just pulled the other four donkeys across. They were moved into the little town of Deerhorn where the donkeys were taken off the sleds, put on wagons and pulled by horses north to a new logging show at Wendling.

Sixty-five years have passed since that big day along the river when five donkeys crossed the McKenzie but it is still fresh in my memory and to many others who were there that day.

Abe Van Prooyen
Monroe

DOWN ON FIRST STREET IN CORVALLIS

Once upon a time in the days of memory there were houses, lawns and flowers down on First Street by the quiet Willamette River. In the summertime it was tranquil and reflected the blue of the sky or the clouds. Sometimes the north wind would blow little white wavelets up the river. It was in a different mood every day.

But in winter it was often brown, boiling in little whirlpools and taking flood trash toward the sea. Sometimes it spread out, flooding the lowlands on the eastern side and making the river very wide. And sometimes when it got very cold for a few weeks, ice floes would float down the middle of the river and solid ice would line its banks.

The old bridge was built in 1912, but before that there was the old ferry which we could watch from our porch while it crossed with people and horses with wagons or buggies. Once I remember riding across holding tight to Mother's hand, on a sunny afternoon.

One of the thrills of a little girl was the old steam boats. When we heard the whistle as it came around the bend in the river about a mile away, we would rush either to watch the man open the drawbridge or we would run to get in one of the rowboats along the shore to enjoy the rocking of the waves made in the passing of the big boat. And once, oh joy, when I got to ride in the ferry to Salem! I went with mother when she went to visit friends.
At flood tide we watched the tugboats take rafts of logs, that had been tied to the shore all summer and fall waiting for flood tide, down the river. And it was such fun and a challenge to walk on the log rafts tied to the shore!

In the summertime it was such fun to swim and dive in the river or ride with some kind adult in a canoe or motor boat. The water was cold, but after sunning awhile on the bank, in we would splash, and never got sick from those terrible germs we were told were in the water!

One night one of the mills up the river burned, and flaming timbers came floating down the river, making bright the darkness—a parade of fire never to be forgotten.

One day two houseboats came up the river from Portland. Black people lived in them and the children got to know and love them. Sunny Jim was one. He worked in town shining shoes, but in his off time he would water ski behind his motor boat. He had the river all to himself, because that sport was not popular yet.

Both boats were finally moved upon the land: Sunny Jim's because it sprang a leak and one night sank into the river; the other was floated up at flood time.

The gravel bunkers provided lots of amusement. At the end of their work day, we would look for agates and other precious stones and clam shells. Sometimes the steam railroad engine came down the track to pull away the gravel cars and it would blow and puff clouds of steam and pour sand on the rail for traction on the slight incline.
Empty gravel cars were fun to climb on and over, and the rails themselves were good for balance practice. Who could walk the longest without falling off?

There were several big maple trees, probably planted by the first settlers along the river. One was our special tree. The five main limbs we called Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson, and the Three Sisters. We spent many happy hours in the tree with a big rope swing for descent. Once I had to be rescued from Mt. Hood. Though I had sprained my right wrist I managed to climb up, but I couldn't get courage to come down until my father rescued me!

There were also fascinating garbage dumps with all kinds of interesting cans and discards that were our treasures..."Finders Keepers!" And nearby were stored barrels of tar: we always secured some to chew as gum. And for salad there was the sorrel (we called it sour grass) which we loved to eat.

The sidewalk was a wonderful place to roller skate by the hour or jump rope singly or in a group with the rimes of the day. How sad when we missed at the wrong time! And such a great place for ball bouncing!

When we grew older, the street became a baseball field and the neighbor's big yard a fine place to play hide and seek during the long summer evenings.

Gone now are most of the houses, the well-kept yards. It really looks quite dreary down on First Street in Corvallis where the bicycle path comes to its northern end.

But with the eyes of memory
I see it all like it used to be
They are gone, the friends I used to know.
But for me, those children of long ago
Are playing still in the maple tree.
All is the way it used to be,
And from the base of the walnut tree
Echoes down through the years "Ally-ally-alls-in-free!"
HOODLUMS OF YESTERDAY

Many years ago, as soon as supper was over the kids in our small town would gather around the old bandstand that stood in the park, which was surrounded by the "square" of business houses. This was at the beginning of the depression and no one had money. I don't remember that our empty purses made any difference in our fun.

We hoped that at least one of the boys would arrive with a car for the evening. It would usually be an old Model T. I remember one boy's folks bought a shiny new Model A, but he was so fussy with it we liked the old cars better.

We never went driving without filling the car to capacity. It didn't matter who had dates, either, we just piled in and started out. Gas, of course, was a big problem but we had our own way of overcoming that.

"What we doin' tonight, kids?" was the general conversation upon meeting for the evening.

"How about cat fishing?"

"Bugs always wants to go cat fishing."

"We did that Wednesday night."

"Old John Durbin's watermelons are gettin' ripe."

"I could sure use a big hunk of watermelon."

"Moon's too bright. Old John's dogs kick up such a howl and he can see us plain as day!"

"He don't never do nothin' though. Just takes that old blunderbus out and blasts off at the moon. Time he gets his pants on and gets out, we'll have all we need."

"Hey, " piped up a squeaky voice. "I know. We hain't had no chicken fry for a long time. Uncle Vince's got a chicken house full of young fryers and all his folks are over to our house."

"Yeah, that's what. Let's have a chicken fry." The decision was unanimous.

"Hain't got enough gas to get to your Uncle Vince's," said John who had brought his folks' old Model T.

"So? We gotta get some gas."

"Where?"

"Old Doc McDonald always keeps his flivver full. You got a way of getting some?"
"Yup. And a two-gallon can under the back seat. Let's go."

John parked the car about two blocks from the doctor's house. The giggling girls stayed in the car, while the boys sneaked down the street with their siphon hose and can. The trip was successful that evening.

We started for the country. Off-key voices joined in singing I'm Looking over a Four-Leafed Clover. A carload of delinquents, high on moonlight and stolen gas, were off to steal some chicken fryers and watermelons and spend the evening around a bonfire by the banks of the river.

These hoodlums grew up to win World War II and become fat, sleek, self-righteous citizens who now wonder if today's young liberals will ever amount to anything.

Josephine Zadina
Corvallis

SEDGWICK'S MARKET

My husband Paul always said that he could use all parts of the pig except the squeal, a remark which we loved. His shop was at 111 North Second Street in Corvallis, where the Union Building is now. He built his own building, and Sedgwick's Market opened in 1921. I came from Montana in 1923 after Paul and I married.

Now, entering this shop, the first thing you would see would be two cases where the meat was displayed in platters. All the steaks, roasts, and chops were in the cases along with the cured meats. Paul did his own curing and was quite famous for this. He custom-cured for the farmers.

They would bring in their hams and bacon, and he would put the initials of the farmer on the meat and record the date it was brought in in a little book kept for that purpose, so as not to confuse the ownership of the meat. The cure was real smoke from vine maple. He was very partial to the results of the cure. A nice smoke shop for curing the meat was in the back of the building.

We did our own butchering. His brother was in business with him, and they bought their own animals and had their own truck.

Paul was famous for his sausage and to this day people still
talk about it. Also, he was very generous: a boy told about the fact that when he went in the shop on the day weiners were made Paul always gave him a weiner. For those women who didn't care to cut up their own chickens, Paul was always accommodating and drew and cut them for them.

We sold other foods as well. In the fall there was a big barrel of sauerkraut, and Paul made dill pickles too. We also sold butter, milk, and bread.

On orders telephoned into the shop, deliveries were made at 8 and 10 A.M., noon, and 4 P.M. This delivery system went on six days a week.

For refrigeration, there was an ammonia machine in a walk-in refrigerator that was both a necessity and a source of constant trouble. Sometimes in the middle of the night the refrigeration machine had to be fixed and Paul would work all hours, day and night, to repair it, since meats were so perishable. The ammonia had to be replaced to restart the machine.

I remember Paul being congenial and understanding of his customers. He loved people and wanted to be accommodating. In his family he was the oldest son and had the responsibility of the family.

Paul played the accordion and several other instruments for entertainment, and we had lots of fun dancing and making music during those young years.

In his business there were many charge accounts and to some people we never had to send a bill—thirty-day charge accounts. Many people ate, too, because of Paul's generosity.

All purchases had to be wrapped and tied with a string and we had to be careful in the weighing and packaging. Paul never put his finger on the scale but kept his hands down at his side when weighing. He was an artist with knives. He sharpened his steak-cutting knives with stone and steel. When sharp enough, it would shave the hairs off his arm.

The market was there until rationing started in World War II when he, his brother, and I closed the market.

Mrs. Mabel Sedgwick
Corvallis
Everyone who remembers the beginning of World War I knows that patriotism in those days ranked very high. When war was declared, the National Guard was mustered into the service first and then the young people felt it their duty to enlist. This war was going to be the end of all wars.

My husband Edward belonged to the 23rd National Guard and it became part of the 106th Infantry. He was in the Intelligence and a machine gunner. Just before he left for overseas (I was nineteen and he was twenty) we were married.

The troop ships loaded with troops sailed from their port and were guarded by Navy ships who escorted the troops across the Atlantic to Brest, France. My husband sailed on the "President Lincoln." It was its last trip. Just after it reached France and the troops were taken off, it was fired on and sunk by enemy fire.

The 106th Infantry fought in France and Belgium and on the Hindenburg line and fought many battles under Major General John O'Ryan, who later became general under General Pershing.

After Edward left, I enlisted in the Navy and was assigned to duty in the Office of the Commandant, head of the entire Atlantic Seaboard. It was the 3rd Naval District and quartered at 280 Broadway, New York.

I was a yeomanette, a secretary to the officers, and I took
dictation from them, taking care of their correspondence. Our working
hours were from nine to five and we went home at night.

Our uniforms were very attractive. We had fitted, navy blue
serge, Norfolk suits with brass buttons and our insignia and rank on
our sleeve. We had navy blue felt hats and overseas hats that were
really nice. For the cold New York weather we had heavy navy blue
capes.

My husband was gassed by mustard gas used by the Germans and
also hit by shrapnel and was sent to a hospital in England. He came
home with disabilities about four months after the armistice was
signed. I was still in the Navy until I was released about May 30, 1919.

I have no regrets that I served in the Navy and felt my time
well-spent.

Since then I have had one son in the Navy and one in the Strate-
tic Air Command.

Ruth Mantell
Corvallis

HUCKLEBERRY CANYON

It was huckleberry time--the late summer days of August, 1900,
in Walla Walla, Washington. I had no idea that I would soon tempt
death and then innocently walk away from tragedy.

My family and I took an overnight camping trip into the Blue
Mountains to pick huckleberries. It was the first time the Mitchell
family had ever gone huckleberrying. I was a slow-growing child of
nearly twelve years and was often taken on such outings because my
folks thought the amount of work I could do more than justified the
space I required on a horse.

Papa had assembled an outfit which included some empty five-
gallon kerosene cans. I remember those cans. They were square, made
of tin, and fully half my size. Our family had plenty of those cans
because we fueled a kerosene lamp in every room of our home. On this
trip, each horse carried one rider and two cans full of huckleberries.
The cans were strapped together and slung across the horse's back so
that a heavy can of berries slapped against each side of the horse.

The big patch of berries we found was near a canyon chiseled and
deepened by the Touchet River. At a point where the canyon narrowed,
a tall dead tree had fallen and bridged the canyon's towering faces.
Children seldom see danger and I was no exception.

I was intrigued by the natural bridge and used it to walk across
the canyon. When I reached the other side, I turned and started back. As I approached the middle of the fallen tree, the bark under my feet began to peel away and I fell, desperately grabbing for anything sturdy. My hands quickly gripped a knot on the log and I slowly crawled back up to safety, catching chilling glimpses of the yawning chasm beneath me.

As I regained my balance, I looked ahead and saw Papa at the end of the log with his fear-filled eyes fastened to my struggle. He didn't utter a word. I don't think he could, nor do I think he wanted to for fear of distracting me. His face was unforgettable as I walked toward his arms—it was white as a sheet.

When I finished my balancing act and rushed into his arms, Papa nearly squeezed my breath away. His cold shock from helplessly watching my near fatal fall began to thaw as warm, grateful tears welled in his eyes. Then he took my hand and led me to the edge of the cliff to show me how very far I could have fallen. The trees below looked like miniatures, like little cake decorations, somehow not real.

After returning home that night, I overheard Papa telling Mama about the incident. He told her that he knew of no road that reached the bottom of that canyon and that if I had fallen, "I'm sure we never would have been able to find her dear body."

Millia Crenshaw
Corvallis

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I LIVED DANGEROUSLY

My first adventure happened when I was about five years old. My father had fixed me a rope swing near the woodshed by the back door. I was learning to swing, and I swung higher and higher. All at once I looked down and I was over the woodshed! I was so startled that I let go of the rope and landed on the top of the shed. I started to scream and Dad finally heard me, coming with a long ladder to take me down. It was a long, long time before they could get me to swing again.

My second adventure happened after someone gave me a large doll buggy for Christmas. I had a little sister, Nora, who was two and a half years younger than I, and I would put Nora in the buggy and wheel her around the house.

We lived on a city block with wooden sidewalks on two sides. We were having a grand time until one day a little garter snake darted across the walk in front of me. I dumped Nora, buggy and all, and ran screaming into the house. It took a long time before I was made to understand that the snake was harmless.

My third adventure involved a large well which was quite near the summer kitchen door. A frame was built around the well and a large windlass was in it. Halfway down, a shelf extending on two sides of the well had been built to hold the perishables, such as butter, milk, and eggs, to keep them fresh. The articles were let down on a rope.

One day I got inquisitive and climbed into the bucket. My weight unbalanced the bucket and I went hurtling down. Fortunately I held onto the rope. Dad, as usual, came to my rescue.

"Cora Mae," he hollered, "hold onto that rope and jump onto the shelf, but don't let go of the rope."

This I did and he got down to where I was. I don't know how he rescued me, but I sure can remember the lecture. I can also remember having to sit halfway up the stair-steps in the house all afternoon. Later, a top was built over the whole well and you had to have a key to get into it.

I was growing up now and had my fourth adventure when I was about ten years old. All of the schoolgirls were wearing red shoes. Mother was of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, and I had to do quite a bit of coaxing before she would consent to my three sisters and me wearing red shoes.

It was the custom for the younger generation to take long walks in the afternoons on Sunday because we could not play games, sew or do any other activity on that day.

One Sunday, we decided to go out to Humphreys Pond and gather
water lilies. Somehow, I slipped at the edge of the pond and got mired in the mud, losing one shoe. Since I had to hop home on the other, I took it off and went home barefoot. I had disgraced the family again, of course, and so I had to sit on the house stairs again.

I was going to High School when I had my fifth adventure. I liked school and would not let anyone get a better grade than I. I would get up at 5 A.M. and do the family ironing with a school book at the end of the ironing board. I was one of the upper ten in my class of 150 pupils.

I had a regular beau named Will. We were going out to Chautauqua one night when I heard a big commotion in the street back of us. A runaway team came racing down the street, onto the sidewalk, and had killed two people just behind us. Will had a beautiful horse but, after that, I was afraid to go driving behind it. So, he sold the horse, and we walked almost everywhere we went.

Mrs. Mae Spring
Corvallis
LOGGING IN THE NORTH WOODS

The winter of 1964 saw us moving to a logging camp in northern British Columbia. There, 500 miles north of Vancouver and ninety miles inland from Prince Rupert, we encountered a life style far different from that of the small Minnesota dairy farm we were accustomed to.

During the stretch from September to April, I was bucking logs and operating the power saws. The logs were dragged in from the woods with only the stumps and branches removed, though some branches were still on at times. I measured and cut them into forty-foot lengths.

Pay came at the end of the month, when the output in board feet was totalled. Wages came to a dollar per thousand board feet. March was the camp's best month, with over 800,000 board feet; the average month was closer to three or four hundred thousand.

Each day I had to clean, file, and refuel the two chain saws I used, for the next day's use. This was done after the work of the day was completed. Gasoline came and went in fifty gallon barrels, oil by the case.

In January, the operation was moved to a nearby site, on the north side of a mountain. It was customary to leave for work before sunrise and not finish until it was too dark to see. If you got to the site early, you built a fire in a stove that was inside the small shanty there and waited for daylight.

Even on a clear day, the sun didn't make it over the top of the mountain. You would work a whole day outdoors and not ever see the sun. Finally, during a lunch break in early February, the sun just managed to peek over the top.

Snow and ice were common features on and along the roads. One morning it was too cold for even the diesel engines in the tractors to start, and you can't log without them. After an hour of trying to get them to turn over, we went home to find that it was forty degrees below zero. Temperatures of twenty to thirty below were not unusual.

Obviously, keeping warm was a primary concern. I used insulated boots with felt inner boots, and sometimes rubber overshoes besides. On my hands were leather mittens with wool liners, and separate forefingers (needed to operate the power saws). As long as the hands stayed dry, they could be kept warm. A trace of moisture would cause them to freeze. The headgear consisted of hard hats with wool inner helmets that covered the back of the neck and the ears.

The town was on an Indian reservation, therefore there were many Indians around. There was a Hudson's Bay Post, much as you'd imagine one, with clothing, hardware, groceries, and just about anything else. The main source of food for the Indians was the salmon they caught.
The government was paying the Indians a pension, almost always in cash, supposedly for groceries and other necessities, but many times it went to buy liquor. More than once we heard about an Indian passing out by the side of the road and freezing to death in a snow-drift.

On Christmas Day, 1964, the local schoolteacher asked for volunteers to help with the Christmas dinner for the schoolchildren, to be held at the schoolhouse. My wife Clara worked in the kitchen, while I used my car to bring the children. At one house, the kids were still in bed, the only way to keep warm if no fire had been built. The parents were sleeping off the effects of the previous night, and had not yet got up to build a fire. After the dinner I brought them back to a chilly house, still no fire, and they went promptly to bed.

At the dinner, some of the children at the table were unbathed, with tangled or uncombed hair, eating food unusual to them. Many had never seen greens, salads, or vegetables, so avoided them. They did go for the apples, oranges, and turkey, though. After dinner, each was given a Christmas present, donated by the local merchants.

When the winter was over, we moved back to the states, to warmer weather, longer days, and away from the spring threat of mosquitoes. We brought with us many hours of stories of the Jack London-ish life in Canada.

Truman Overacker
Corvallis

THE COLUMBUS DAY STORM, 1962

Friday, October 12, 1962, started out as an ordinary cloudy day in Corvallis. I had promised to meet our son Milton, of Los Angeles, at the Portland International Airport at 7 P.M., so I started out about 2:30 in the afternoon from Corvallis.

It was my first trip to Portland alone. (My husband had to attend the Cattle Auction south of town, and our daughter Faith was driving to Seattle with her girlfriend to visit Seattle Pacific College.) I had no radio in the car so I did not hear any of the warnings about Hurricane Frieda and the wind which was expected to reach over 100 miles per hour.

When I came to Salem it was quite dark, so I turned on the lights of the car and I noticed that the trees were blowing and that there was very little traffic, which was unusual for Friday afternoon. When I reached the Portland Airport, I saw the overhead lights swinging crazily in the wind. There were plenty of parking places, so I
chose one near the steps to the overhead walk. Since there were glass windows all along the south side of the walk, I didn't feel the wind.

However, when I came to the end of the walk and stepped off the curb to cross the road to the door, the wind began to push me and I couldn't walk straight across. Somehow I managed to keep my feet moving along fast enough to keep up with my body for about 200 feet, and then, helplessly, I fell flat to the ground. A redcap ran out, helped me up, and escorted me through the big glass doors, where there was a large crowd of people watching my performance.

Fortunately, I had only a scratched knee which the nurse in the First Aid Room bandaged for me. In the room was a nice hospital bed she said I could use until someone else needed it worse. I laid down, but couldn't rest because of my family: our son somewhere up in the sky, our daughter on the road to Seattle, and my poor, nervous husband home alone, upset and worrying about the rest of us.

An announcement came over the loud speaker: the plane from Los Angeles was overhead but could not land because of the wind. Twenty minutes later, the announcement came that it had landed safely in Seattle, and I offered a prayer of thanks that I now knew that one member of the family was safe.

I tried again and again in the night to reach Corvallis by telephone. The Airport restaurant was open all night lit with candlelight and offering snacks and coffee. There were people lying all around on the floor and on the benches with their luggage. What a bedraggled group of people we were!
As soon as the sun rose in the morning I started for my car, only to find that I had left the lights on all night and now had a dead battery. Everyone around was in such a happy, helpful mood that it didn't take long for a couple of young fellows from Hertz Rent-A-Car to get me started and on my way back to Corvallis.

It was such a beautiful sunny, peaceful morning and the birds were singing, but, my, the havoc that had been wrought! Traffic lights were not working and, in many places, there was only one-way traffic because of fallen trees and debris. As I drove along I saw barns which had collapsed, roofs torn off, orchards uprooted, and power lines draped over buildings and across trees. Where I stopped for gas, the attendants were using a gasoline motor to pump it. Our State Capitol grounds in Salem, the pride of Oregon, had been reduced to rubble. Trees had snapped like match sticks. Crews of workmen were cleaning up all along the way. Many of them had been working all night to make the roads passable for you and me. How thankful we should be for these men who were willing, in this emergency, to put in so many extra hours of hard work.

When I arrived home I learned that my poor, nervous husband had cooked a good steak dinner on the camp stove and had eaten it by candlelight.

On Sunday we received a telegram from our son saying that he had surprisingly met his sister and her girlfriend when he got off the bus in downtown Seattle. The girls had spent the night in a motel in Centralia and had been terribly frightened by the wind. On Monday they all drove home together. All of my family was safe, but my heart went out to the twenty-one families who had lost loved ones during the windstorm.

Stella Bienhoff
Corvallis

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FIRST LOVE, REMEMBERED

The wind in the tall trees whispers your name,
Calling you back from the long ago,
And in answer you come, softly stealing,
Little ghost of a love that won't let go.

Then hand in hand we wander back,
In search of a vanished Spring,
And the fragrant dust of a sweet young rapture
That only first love can bring.

Strange, little love, how your whispered name,
Echoing over the years between,
Can still set this foolish heart aflame,
As it did at seventeen.

First love is a magic that lives but once,
Too faint and tender to last--
and yet--
When it has gone, as it needs must go,
Can we forget? Can we forget?

Muriel Haphey
Corvallis

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An experience I will always remember is when I fell and bucked timber during the twenties. There were no chain saws then. It was all by hand with a crosscut: the hard way. Years ago the crosscut bucking saw was pulled by two men. Then it was learned that one man to a saw could cut more logs and do it easier.

We removed one handle when the saw became dull and needed to be sharpened. Then we just switched ends and took it to the shop to be filed. The falling saw was a lighter saw. It had a narrow blade and was of lighter material and, of course, was pulled by two men.

This story took place on the east slope of Mary's Peak. . . . The fallers had cut a patch of timber on one side of a canyon up to the ridge. It was a steep canyon, and some of the trees had to fall down the hill. Of course, they slid to the bottom and piled up every which way: it was called a "jack-pot."

My partner and I were sent out to buck the trees from the top of the ridge to the bottom of the canyon. We took turns at the jackpot; he would take a day, then I would. We were supposed to be within calling distance of each other at all times.

It was my day at the top of the ridge. The fallers had cut a huge "old growth" out of a clump of about eight or ten, and fell it just perfect. I had a dandy to work on. I started real early in the morning, and it took me till lunch time to get one log, and it was a beauty!

All morning long I kept hearing a cracking sound, like deer or cattle breaking a dry limb. (We saw lots of deer every day; they would eat lunch with us.) I kept hearing this cracking sound. I even stopped work and scouted around to see what it was.

Then I thought it could be the log I was working on: maybe the tree lay across a mound and as I cut, the log would split a little. But it kept it up; maybe I wouldn't hear it but once or twice in an hour or so.

I kept on and bucked two more logs and then it was time to quit, as the sun was about down. My saw needed to be filed, so I put it on my shoulder to leave it at the filing shed for the filer so I could pick it up the next morning. I gathered up my lunch bucket and jacket and headed home. The trail out went right through the clump of trees the fallers had left.

As I was going under the trees I thought I heard a terrible explosion. Looking up, I saw the top half of one of the trees coming right at me. I made a couple of wild leaps and threw myself flat on the ground.

When the excitement was over I discovered that I was covered
with limbs and trash, but I could move, so I knew I wasn't dead. I worked my way to a sitting position so I could see out. I had been lucky to be hit with the bushy end of the limbs, and I got out without much trouble, except that I was bleeding around my neck and shoulders and hands.

I gathered up my saw and ax and got out of there quick. My lunch bucket is still up there, I guess.

I never bucked another log. I always took that as a warning. Someone was on my side: I came out with only a saw cut on my back, a cut finger, no broken bones, and many scratches and bruises. Anyone who has worked in the woods fifty years ago will know we had close calls every day, but this one was too close for me.

A has-been lumberjack,
Hubert Edwards
Corvallis

SLEEPY TIME GAL

Each Sunday night, we used two horse and buggy rigs to drive about six miles to evening services at church in Daleville, Indiana. As a child I often rode to town with my sister and her beau, then rode home with my parents. Being a sleepy head, and also being too young to enjoy the worship, I would lie down on a bench and go to sleep.

One Sunday night after the folks were home and abed, Mother called upstairs to Nettie.

"Is Charline asleep already?"

"Charline! She didn't come home with me," answered the puzzled Nettie.

"She didn't? She didn't come with us either," said Mother in astonishment.

Nothing to do but get up, dress, and harness the horse for the trip back to Daleville.

The folks called the church custodian so he could look for me. Everyone feared I would be frantic if I woke up in church.

By the time my folks, the custodian, and his wife congregated, they found me peacefully sleeping on the hard old bench.

I just couldn't understand the concern and excitement, but afterward wondered how I would have felt if I had awakened all alone, in that dark spooky church.

Charline L. Edwards
Corvallis
One of the earliest memories I have is when the Mansfield family—Mother, Jennie, Dad, Frank, sister Justine, myself, and Maude—moved to Sioux City, Iowa, from Ottumwa, Iowa. Watching for Haley's Comet through a piece of smoked glass is my first memory of a big event in my life.

My Dad was a Milwaukee engineer, and many a night I heard the call boy at the door (no one had a telephone), and then the odor of bacon wafting through the house as Mother prepared Dad's breakfast and lunch before he hurriedly took off, on foot, for the round house. There were no cars then, just streetcars.

We had a nice big house, not quite as modern as some. The house next door had a string toilet that scared my sister and me when it flushed. Most of us had to go to the back of the lot to the "back" house, equipped with a Montgomery Ward or Sears catalog; and at night, there were the thunder mugs under the bed.

Baths were taken once a week in the kitchen in a galvanized tub. Mother heated the water by pail on the wood stove and, consequently, my sister and I shared. I often wonder how Dad got into that tub?

In the winter, Mother put heavy underwear on us (everyone had them). What a blessed relief when spring came! Did you ever fold underwear pant legs under stockings?

Rent was $15 a month and bread, 5¢ a loaf; milk from the family's cow across the street, 5¢ a quart. Salaries were comparative: $100 was a top salary for railroad men.

We, along with others, had no electricity, no telephones—and no cars. Heating was with hard coal and wood and light was from gas. When I was in High School, we finally got a second-hand car, a Metz, and a telephone, but no one could use it except Dad and Mother, because
it was for railroad calls. We had one line put in for electricity in the 1920's.

Social life centered around the churches and the family table, playing games. Our house, summer and winter, seemed to be the gathering place for the kids and Mother encouraged this. Everyone had a birthday party, and always, refreshments were jello and cake. Ice cream bought from a wagon was a real treat.

Mother, my sister and I, with Dad some of the time (he could not take too much time off—no work, no pay), would go by railroad pass to Mother's family on the farm out of Utica, Missouri. Mother helped with harvest cooking. The threshing crew would move from farm to farm with the women providing the food. We children, at all times, had to wait for second or third tables to eat and no piecing or complaining. I can't remember any arguments on this.

On the farm the clothes washing was done outside in a huge iron kettle, with the water heated to boiling over a huge wood fire, and rinsed in tubs of water from the pump outside, for there was no running water. Clothes were then hung outside, summer and winter; and in Missouri and Iowa it got real hot and real cold.

We had no money for $5.00 Liberty Bonds because Dad had been ill, so I went to work after school. My first job was ironing, and taking care of two children close to the High School I attended, which was about five miles from home, via street car at 5¢ a trip. My pay was 10¢ an hour, and I can still smell that woman's perfume.

In the summer my sister and I would work at anything we could get. My first real job was in a glove factory, sitting at a machine sewing cuffs on cotton gloves. To this day those gloves are the same. I worked six days a week for $6.00 and never made any commission. I resolved never again to take a sit-down job.

After my marriage to George Y. Martin in 1928 we moved to Brookings, South Dakota, to pursue his education and mine. In 1936 we moved to Corvallis in order to escape the terrible dust storms we experienced in 1935, and the black clouds of grasshoppers that could devour every stitch of green shrubbery, tree leaves and grass in one night. We could hear them chewing as houses were invaded. It was awful!

Corvallis was a wonderful place to land, both in people and country. We were so lucky not to go east.

Maude Martin (Mrs. George Y.)
Corvallis
A KANSAS KID

I have a lot of memories of old Kansas: some pleasant and some not. But one's childhood memories are so precious it matters little where the location.

As a kid I loved every precious day of school. Perhaps that is why I loved the wintertime. Guess I was fortunate, because I lived across the street from the school I attended from kindergarten to graduation.

Our home was beautiful to me: a large home with seven bedrooms, some of which were rented to the actors and actresses of the traveling shows which passed through our town. All seven bedrooms had access to the old two-holer about thirty feet out back. On a cold, snowy, frosty morn, I never objected to taking a broom to sweep the walk to and from. Snow would pile as high as the porch upstairs which ran around the house, and we could step off onto a drift and slide down.

A huge pond in a pasture a mile from town was our skating rink, and we really enjoyed our walk there and back on crisp winter nights, when we would build a bonfire to toast our toes and fingers. The air was full of our laughter and yells when we fell on that hard ice.

I had a Shetland pony, Pet. We would tie our group of about ten sleds behind her in a line about a block long, and away we would go. One girl was a "screamer." One day Pet decided she'd had enough and took off, scattering kids and sleds all over the neighborhood.

At Christmas we hung our long stockings by the chimney, and I'll never forget the morning I caught my mother filling our socks. Then I knew about Santa, but I kept my secret for years. I was third from the youngest of eight. Of course, no one knew but me, and that was quite a burden on me.

What beautiful memories I have of my childhood!

Ruth Moore Windscheffel
Corvallis

THE SEA MONSTER IN WINKLE LAKE

At Winkle Lake back of Irwin's Buttes (Wagner's Buttes) fishing for catfish is just not all the rage. A sea monster had been discovered in the lake and the boys are shy about fishing around there. The fish is about six feet long, probably a sturgeon that strayed in the lake from the Willamette River during high water.

Oregon Union Newspaper,
November 26, 1897

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Before the invention of combine harvesters, farmers used threshing machines powered by steam engines to harvest their grain.

My father and his brother-in-law owned a thresher and took it from farm to farm, leaving behind huge stacks of straw and the traditional "sack pile."

One man was "sack sewer" and knew just when to switch the lever to fill the next gunny sack while he stitched the burlap bag, well-filled, and put it in the stack. Another man tended the steam engine, stoking it with wood provided by the farmer.

Other members of the crew were called "pitchers" because they stayed out in the field and pitched the bundles of grain, tied with binding twine, up to the drivers of the "bundle wagons" who placed them in neat rows to keep the load well-balanced. It was a matter of some pride to have a reputation for symmetrical, well-balanced loads. To lose a load in the bumpy field was a blow to self esteem.

The owners and crew slept in the fresh stacks of straw. The only tent was for the cook who presided over the canvas-covered cookhouse built on a wagon bed, with the interior arranged so that there were four square tables, each seating four men. Between the tables there were square bins for supplies, with sturdy removable lids which served as seats for the crew. The aisle in between led to the big old wood-burning cook stove, cupboards, and enough workspace for food preparation and dishwashing. The canvas sides of the wagon could be lifted for ventilation.

One style of cookhouse had continuous tables along the center aisle with outside benches fastened safely to the sides of the wagon. It, too, had canvas sides which were lifted to provide shelter from the sun or an occasional sprinkle.

Outside there was a bench for washpans and soap beside the water bucket. On the side of the wagon hung a mirror for those particular enough to part their hair straight.
The cook, I remember with fondness, was a jewel who made pies for lunch every day and cake for supper. She could make the best cream pies from skim milk.

This was before the days of women's lib, when women were the weaker sex, so the cook was assisted by the "roustabout," a man who split the wood and kept the fire going, peeled the vegetables for those delicious stews, washed the dishes and tea towels, brought the water, and did any heavy lifting. Sometimes there were berries or plums in nearby fence rows he could pick for the pies. It took a lot of peeling to make applesauce for everyone, but he met the challenge.

These two had to rise early to prepare a real farm breakfast, especially when the oven had to be hot for baking biscuits from scratch. As soon as breakfast was over it was time to do the baking for the two remaining meals.

They might unexpectedly get word to move hurriedly to the next farm before mealtime. This meant taking along enough wood and water to tide them over until they were set up there. Water was transported in ten gallon cream cans.

If pies had been baked they were set on the floor and covered so they couldn't be jarred out of a cupboard. Then the horses were hitched up and they hoped Lady Luck would get them there on time.

Sometimes this same Lady Luck would allow the cook to relax, or even take a nap, in the afternoon. She needed to.

My aunt, my mother, my sister and I remained at home to milk the cows, feed the pigs and chickens, gather the eggs and go to town for supplies for the cookhouse. We'd also pick berries, dig potatoes, carrots, beets, onions, etc. Sometimes, in the middle of the afternoon, we'd get word to go to town for ice cream (there were no deep freezes then) to celebrate outstanding performance by the crew.

We children got caught up in the excitement of the harvest and the hum of the big machinery. It made for good memories.

Merthel McConnel
Corvallis
I was only nine years old when it happened, but I'll remember that black summer night till the day I die. It was the first night of an eight-week serial entitled "Jungle Death." A black leopard crouched on a limb over the jungle trail--the explorer's beautiful daughter tripping along, stooping to pluck an exotic flower--the leopard tensed for the pounce--then the screen went blank--a flash--"Come back next Saturday night for the second exciting episode of 'Jungle Death'."

The lights came on. All the town kids were hunched like me on the edge of their seats staring hypnotically at the blank screen. We were hooked but good. The piano player banged out a louder tune to drown out the noisy whirl as the operator rewound the film for the second show.

"Too scared to stay for the re-run, kid," the older boys razzed as I struggled over their legs to the exit.

It was 9:30 P.M. by the town hall clock; ten o'clock was the bedtime deadline for this Pennsylvania Dutch boy. I was a mile and a half from home, a mile by the line fence short cut.

As I ran down the dead-end wagon road to Mrs. Shank's deserted barn, an eerie feeling came over me. I stopped and held my breath, then slowly tip-toed between the wagon ruts, past the dank cobwebby stalls, to the wagon shed where the ruts ended. My eyes were on the ground searching out the faint path that veered to the line fence and over the hill to our house.

Suddenly an inhuman screech split the night air. Something flung itself off the roof, landed on my back, and knocked me down. A long hairy tail encircled my neck, and sharp claws dug into my ears. I don't know how I got that thing off my back. I stumbled headlong that last half mile, gasping for breath. When I got my breath back I was lying on our kitchen floor just inside the door, and Pa was pouring a dipper of cold spring water over my head. I stammered incoherently. Pa picked me up and shook me. Between spasms I blurted out the gist of my fright.

"Wild animals a half mile from town," Pa sputtered. "No more jungle movie flickers for you, son."

Ma was sympathetic. "Jess," she said, "Mrs. Shank has summer boarders again. Remember how last summer her city boarders paraded those two Russian wolfhounds around the country on leashes. You were afraid they would get loose and kill your calves. Maybe this summer those boarders brought wild animal pets with them. Better light the lantern and take Jesse right back to see what's in that old barn."

My knees sagged. I crumbled to the floor snivelling, "No, Ma, no."

Pa lit the lantern. "Let's go, boy. I can't have my son and
namesake growing up scared of shadows." I swallowed my fear as I trotted along, two steps to Pa's one, back along the line fence, my trembling fingers firmly grasped in Pa's calloused hand.

When we reached the barn Pa held the lantern high to light up the roof. Something moved in the black hole of the hayloft. I grabbed hold of Pa. It was only a rat.

Pa pushed me away. His scolding "No more jungle . . ." was cut short by a blood-curdling scream down by the foot bridge. Pa whirled, lost his balance, and dropped the lantern. It went out. Pa groped in the weeds. Another screech, closer this time. Frantically striking matches, Pa found the lantern, got it lit. He swung it about like he was warding off a wailing banshee.

Padding toward us out of the shadows was Mrs. Shank's big shepherd dog with a screeching black blob clinging to his back. Of all things--a monkey!

Pa slumped down in the grass. The monkey leaped on his back and grabbed his hair, chattering in his ear. I wasn't sure whether Pa was crying or laughing. When he caught his breath, he said, "Jesse, this little organ grinder monkey is harmless. Let's go home to bed."

I visited Mrs. Shank's house as often as I could that summer. The little monkey rode my shoulder parting my hair strand by strand, looking for fleas. When he couldn't find any, he chattered and boxed my ears just like he did to the dog. I got so I liked a monkey on my back. But, none-the-less, on Saturday nights after other episodes of the Jungle Death movie thriller, I always took the half-mile longer road home.

Jess Stauffer
Corvallis
MARGARET THE RIVETER

I have worked at many jobs such as clerking in a grocery store, field boss in a raspberry field, working in a floral and greenhouse, and doing cleaning at Oregon State University for eleven years. But I'll try to tell about something I have done which might be a little different from most other jobs.

During World War II, I worked at the Columbia Air Craft Plant in Portland as a riveter. Women found work there as well as men. This plant was making parts for the P.B.Y. planes to be assembled at another plant.

We took training for a week before being sent up on the floor to work as riveters. There was a day and a night shift and I worked mostly on the night shift from four o'clock in the afternoon until midnight. The pay for the day shift was 90¢ per hour; the night, 95¢ per hour. We had a ten-minute break every two hours, and a half hour for lunch. We were kept busy with no time for playing around.

I was assigned a partner to work on "tips" that were placed on a jig, where riveting began. My partner and I changed off using the rivet gun, because bucking rivets was "particular" work and a slip meant trouble. We were to put out three tips a day, so we had no time to waste.

I remember once we did have trouble. At this time I was bucking the rivets and my partner was using the rivet gun. For some reason the gun got away from her and went rat-a-tat on the tip, blowing ugly holes in the material. We called our lead man for help and we had to put a patch on the tip. Although it was not my partner's fault I was glad I hadn't held the rivet gun that time.

Some rivets we shot were cold and had been kept on ice, but most were warm ones. Some were the kind that were to be flush on the tips, and others had rounded heads.

We got most of our tools from the supply crib handled by four men. We checked them out at the beginning of the shift, then checked them in at the end of that shift. You can imagine what a rush and line up there was at the last minute.

There was also a club house next door where if we had any time after work we could see horror pictures of planes being shot down in the war. This was to encourage the fourteen hundred workers to get the parts out faster.
Perhaps my most memorable time working there was when Portland had a bad snow and ice storm. Thinking I had left home early enough to get to work at four o'clock, I took the trolley to transfer to a streetcar and made it to the streetcar all right, but the streetcar stalled. We had to get off and walk the rest of the way and, instead of getting to work at four, it was nearly six o'clock when we arrived. After we got there our foreman informed us the women would have to spend the night at the Y. I worked until eight o'clock but got worried and asked to go home. I probably should have stayed at work!

I made my way across the bridge to the west side to catch a trolley, to the east side of the city near Southeast 40th Street, where I lived. I never had such a ride in my life: we were on all sides of the street, slipping from one sidewalk to another! I arrived home about midnight, thankful I had made it. Needless to say I didn't go to work the next day. Perhaps I should have stayed at work, for those who did worked the next day.

I am writing this on my eighty-second birthday and consider it the "Life of Riley."

Margaret Babb
Corvallis

LOST IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

Not many females invaded the "men's" deer hunting season in the 30's--but I had an edge. I was a bride of about a month, and my husband Les and his two brothers kindly allowed me to go along (if I'd do the cooking!).

We were above Ukiah, Oregon, in the Blue Mountains, near Hidaway Springs. Our camp was mattresses thrown on straw, with plenty of quilts. It was fall, of course, and cold enough at night to freeze ice. I shivered beside my husband that first night, listening to the eerie howl of the coyotes and the occasional scream of an elk.

"Gosh, I'd hate to be out here alone," I said.

The next morning was the opening of deer season. Since I was no hunter, I was to meet my husband at the top of a ridge in back of our camp, on a well-defined (to him) deer trail, at 9 A.M. I hastened with my chores, grabbed my little .22 rifle which I'd been using for target practice, and set out for my rendezvous.

Expecting, in my ignorance, to find a more visible path, I must have crossed over it. In rambling around, I found myself on the other side of the hill and, eventually, down in a canyon! Having heard how easy it is to get lost in the mountains, I climbed back up--determined to head down to camp and stay there. However, one tends to angle, when climbing up, and I "angled" away from my destination. I hit a branch of Cable Creek that led deeper into the wilderness.
I was scared, but did not panic. I had no food with me, not even a stick of gum. I had no matches to start a fire, nor outer clothing, because the days were warm and pleasant.

I crossed the creek many times that day, in many places climbing over fallen trees along the bank; and climbed hills searching for the way back. My heels became blistered and sore, because I became indifferent to removing my shoes in crossing the water. By dusk, which came early in the canyon, I was exhausted, and looked for a safe place to bed down for the night. There had been much talk of bears and cougars and I finally decided on a pin tree, whose "furry" branches would help shield me from the night's cold. I climbed as high as I could -- anything that crawled up after me would be making plenty of noise. Thank goodness, in my youthfulness, I didn't think beyond that!

I went up into "my bed" at 6 P.M., and arranged my arms and legs around the branches so there would be no chance of a fall during the night, if I slept. I soon started shivering violently, and to keep my warmth as best I could, I pulled out the neck of my slipover sweater and absorbed the warmth from my body. No wonder a bird tucks its head under its wing!

By morning, the backs of my knees, through my jeans, were rubbed raw from my shifting and trembling; but I started out again, trying to find our camp, and most importantly, my husband! I'd made a vow to see how many years would pass before we'd be separated, and here I'd blown the whole thing. (I must confess I missed my parents badly, too.)

I stayed as close to the creek as I could, knowing I needed water to drink. I didn't know I could survive a long time on water alone, I just got terribly thirsty, and that was my inspiration.

Around mid-afternoon, I heard the welcome sound of sheep! It took me some time to locate them around a bend of the ravine, and my loud calling drew the attention of the sheep herder, who was crippled and sat up on the hillside, tending his herd. His calls directed me to him, through the wooded terrain.

He had a horse he had me mount and said it would take me to his cabin. He told me to loop the reins over the horn of the saddle and the horse would return to him. He also said to eat anything I could find--he'd gather his sheep and return soon. Then we'd ride over to his ranch, several miles away.
Oh, heavens! To find someone to care about a worn-out, bedraggled, starving girl! All went well. The horse went back, and I revelled in a big dish of cold cooked rice, sugar, and canned milk, before dropping into a deep slumber on the porch cot.

Mr. Miller awakened me to a delicious meal of stew and johnny cake. As we were eating, Mr. Miller told me that an eighteen-year-old boy had been lost the year before, but instead of settling down for the night, he'd floundered all night through the woods and, when located the next day, ran from his rescuers.

Soon there was the sound of a horse, a holler at the door, and his wife entered. She took one look at me and enfolded me in her arms, with tears of joy.

"Thank God, you're found," she cried. "The news was all over the front page of the Pendleton paper this morning. The sheriff, a posse and deer hunters are out looking for you. They called me to alert Will, to watch out for you."

I was soon reunited with my tired and worried husband and brothers-in-law—what joy! Back home, my husband's mother read the news headlines, "Mrs. Thompson of Umatilla Lost In The Woods," and sniffed, "That's silly! I'm not lost, and I'm the only Mrs. Thompson of Umatilla!"

"That's not the case any more," said my father-in-law. "Have you forgotten Lu?!"

"Oh, no!" said she. (I was THAT new a bride!)

Lu D. Thompson
Corvallis

BABE, PET, AND KIDS

When I was a kid in Butte, Montana, my brother Bill and I had lots of fun together. About the time I was seven or eight years old and Bill a couple of years older, my father bought us a pair of small Shetland ponies with a carriage. Their names were Babe and Pet, and indeed they became family members and real pets. If we unwittingly left the back screen door open, Pet came in the kitchen and would drink a pan of milk if it was sitting on the table.

Then it became a great game to chase her around the dining room and out the kitchen door, with all of us enjoying the excitement.

One of our first trips out with Babe and Pet we drove them to a nearby farmer's yard and chose a picnic spot beside a running stream and near two haystacks. Attempting to jump from one haystack to the other over the stream, I landed flat on my stomach in the middle of the
water, much to the delight of everyone.

One day three of us boys were on our way to Peck's ranch for another picnic when a sudden crack of thunder and lightning sent the ponies hell bent towards the ranch. Bill was valiantly grabbing at the reins trying to slow the ponies and save boys and buggy from injury.

As the ponies raced on they dashed between two posts of an open shelter, caught the buggy, and were finally halted by the harness wrapping around their legs. Only then were we able to assess the damage: a bruised, limping Bill and broken buggy! The Pecks, feeling sorry for our plight, gave us lunch and then we walked slowly home, fearful of what our father would say.

When we reached home and told him of our accident he was very angry at first, but it wasn't long before a completely repaired buggy was once again hitched up behind Babe and Pet, taking us on never-to-be-forgotten adventures. I still have a picture of the buggy and Babe, Pet and the three of us all dressed up for a ride.

Albert Osenbrug
Heart of the Valley
Corvallis
OVER THE OREGON TRAIL

I was born in 1884 in Sioux County, Iowa. When I was eight years old I came with my parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nendel, and my brothers, Charles and Henry, over the Oregon Trail by covered wagon.

One evening, crossing the plains of cattle country, we kids got to dancing Indian dances around the campfire and yelling like they did. We had seen Indians dancing and we knew how. The next day, when a cattleman came along, he came closer and closer until he came up to us.

He said, "I thought it was Indians I heard last evening and I was up all night herding the cattle to protect them."

When we got into the Rocky Mountains there wasn't enough room to pull the wagons off the trail to make camp, so they were all strung out in a line. We kids saw a big pine tree with pitch running down the trunk and thought it would be fun to light it and have a fire. We did, and all the men had to come with sacks and put it out before we had a forest fire.

We met a fellow with a donkey and cart. He had a monkey with him and he didn't want us kids to see it. We had never seen a live monkey. We mimicked the monkey sounds and finally we got to see it.

When we got to the Big Sandy River we got into quicksand. My dad got on the lead team to keep the wagons moving, but he got dizzy and dropped the lines, so the lead team turned around and came back. My mother and a man whipped the tongue team till they pulled them out and across the river. But the wagon got in so deep that water got into the wagon, and they had to take everything out to dry. My mother stood on the bank and directed the other teams and they kept moving and got across all right.

My next to youngest uncle's wife had written the route out, since
they had gone the year before. One of our men wanted to go a different way, but my aunt, because she was following directions from her sister-in-law, said, "Don't follow him or we will lose fifty miles." He took off, but hadn't gone too far before he turned around and caught up with us. . . she was right!

We landed in Dallas, Oregon, October 3, 1892, on my brother Charles' birthday. We lived in Rickreall for a while and then bought a farm west of Airlie, where we lived till we were grown.

We were some of the last in the numbers of pioneers who made the trek west, which had begun six decades before.

Minnie Scott, 93
Philomath

EVER WRESTLE WITH A DEER?
(4-legged kind)

Many years ago, O. L. "Tick" Haskins, John Wicks, and I went deer hunting near Corvallis. John shot a big buck, whose head had appeared over a sharp rise above us, knocking the animal down where it stood. When John and I approached, he was lying on his right side, with the left eye shot out and the right eye completely glazed over.

Yep, he was dead, all right--so we thought. I congratulated John on a quick, clean kill, then stepped on a lower antler, grasped an upper one with my left hand, still carrying a rifle in my right, to steady the animal so John could bleed and field-dress his game.

When John tried to use a dull knife on the thick hide, the buck kicked two or three times, which I attributed to reflex action and his general resentment of such treatment. I cautioned John to stay clear of those slashing hind feet, which could rip him wide open.

A strange thing then happened. The buck got up on his two hind feet, which was certainly no respectable way for a dead deer to act!

John was having considerable difficulty, darting in the out with his knife and dancing around like an Indian on the warpath, trying to dodge those unpredictable feet.

Tick then joined us, from down the hill, and I asked him to take my place holding the uncooperative critter down, so I could help John. Taking a few steps to lay my rifle aside, I turned around and was amazed at the scene I beheld. Tick was grasping the deer's antlers with both hands but lying on his back, flat on the ground, with the buck standing up on all four feet directly over him--and there they were, staring at each other, nose to nose!

At first it might have been likened to a very touching scene of
two lovers in close embrace, gazing into each other's dreamy eyes. However, the blissful expression on Tick's face quickly turned to one of great alarm—reminding me of the farmer, shotgun in hand, who confronted his daughter's boyfriend and sternly demanded: "Just what are your intentions, young man—are they honorable—or otherwise?"

This situation required action—swift and positive action—so I grabbed this cantankerous rascal by both horns and pulled him off Tick. Much to my immediate consternation, the buck's right eye began to clear up, and he was looking around to size up his precarious situation—no doubt thinking of committing mayhem on three deer hunters.

I realized I had no business wrestling with a full-grown buck: his haymaker and karate kicks were far more effective than my full nelson hold. And generally, I love to dance, but I did not enjoy his insistence that we re-enact that lovely old charade: "Waltz me around again Willy—around and around and around." I soon became weary of this merriment, and called for "Change of Partners." For some unexplained reason my two loyal friends were reluctant to do so. Tick shouted: "Turn him loose."

I answered, "I'm afraid to," concluding that this belligerent old boy wanted to retaliate in full for his shabby treatment. There I was, riding high on deer antlers, trying to push a stubborn buck's nose to the ground so my friends could finish him off, when Tick, behind me, stuck his rifle between my legs and fired, giving Mr. Troublesome his well-earned pass into Deer Heaven. After a short breather, we tried to assess the results.

Tick had a slashed knee-cap, one pant leg ripped from thigh to ankle, and much loss of enthusiasm for deer hunting; John, more respect for a deer's mobility and acrobatics; I was bushed; the buck, actually dead—with three and four-point antlers drooping from each side of his head, loosened by that last shot; and a hillside with many square yards of torn-up turf.

Another hunter, who witnessed the last part of this episode, approached us and dryly remarked: "This is the first time I ever saw a deer bulldogged before being shot."

With the deer's head, feet and hide removed, the carcass halved weighed 63 and 62 pounds each—not bad for a black-tail deer. After relating our experience to Bud Felton, of Bud's Tackle Shop, he advised everyone buying a deer tag to also buy a lasso.
Children are often the victim of circumstances. Not that they wish or plan unhappy situations, but they allow themselves to drift into following their inclination to satisfy their own ambition, or curiosity, or even their imagination. If in a group, they are more likely to follow impulse rather than logic.

At the time of this story we were living on a farm in a small community. I was ten years old, my brother Bryan was eight, and Beryl, a younger brother, was six. Close by, on a small side hill farm lived Uncle Charlie and his wife. Adjoining Uncle Charlie’s place was his daughter Janie’s farm, where she lived with her daughter, Amy, aged nine, and her son Audrey, aged six.

In the early afternoon of a pleasant October day, Amy and Audrey dropped in and suggested we all go for a walk. It sounded like a good idea so Bryan, Beryl and I joined the gang. We talked it over and decided to follow some old homestead trails up over the hill and try to come out through Uncle Charlie’s place.

We started off, eager for adventure. After about an hour’s climb, we came to a grape arbor surrounded by an old picket fence. We could see ripe, luscious-looking grapes hanging in clusters just waiting to be picked. The longer we stood and looked, the more the grapes seemed to beckon us in to help ourselves. We realized how thirsty we were!

We couldn’t climb over and we couldn’t crawl under, but by removing a couple of pickets we managed to squeeze through. Using both hands, we stuffed ourselves. Our thirst appeased, we decided to move on.

Off came more pickets on the opposite side of the arbor and, crawling through, we found ourselves on an old roadbed leading in the direction we wanted to go. We followed this to the top of the hill and headed down to another old homestead. Finally we came to an old worn fence made of split rails. We crawled over and found ourselves under a huge maple tree. Beneath this tree were the running gears of an old wagon.

Here we spent some time. The tongue of the wagon was missing. It was rusty and looked like it hadn’t been used for years. We sort of worked it over by loosening and tightening nuts, bolts and pins. Someone happened to take out the king-bolt, which gave us two halves
of a wagon skeleton.

By this time we were tired—the sun was sinking in the west—so we sort of took our bearings.

About one-half mile below us was Uncle Charlie's barn. The road down skirted the rim of a ravine—quite steep at the head, but opening out at the bottom near the barn. The sides of the ravine were covered with nothing but ferns.

As we were ready to leave, someone shouted, "Let's roll these wheels down to the rim and then turn them loose and watch them roll down the side of the ravine."

No sooner said than done. We were soon on the way pushing and rolling the wheels—it was all downhill—to the rim where we turned them loose and with much shouting and clapping, we watched them roll to the bottom, which wasn't far from Uncle Charlie's barn.

The excitement over, the evening shadows falling, we youngsters headed for our separate homes and, having had a full day, hit the bed early.

The next morning Bryan, Beryl and I were awakened by my mother around eight o'clock. She told us to dress and come to the dining room. Surprised and puzzled we did just that!

The largest man I ever saw in my life—Uncle Charlie—was standing by the table with a brand new buggy whip in his hand. Amy and Audrey were sitting together in the same chair with signs of tears on their cheeks. My mother was putting breakfast on the table. We three climbed on a bench behind the table; Uncle Charlie began to speak looking down at us. He said,

"I'll probably never use that wagon again, but I want you children to come with me and see if you think it is as much fun to take the wagon back where you found it as it was to put it where you left it. Now, eat your breakfast and let's get started."

Needless to say, there was little talk, but much thinking amid sly glances and a few tears.

After breakfast Uncle Charlie lined us up ahead of him while he brought up the rear. We headed straight for the barn, and then the mouth of the ravine. When we had located the wheels buried in the broken ferns Uncle Charlie said,

"You kids figure out how you are going to get the pieces back under the tree and together again."

We worked and figured fast. That whip looked bigger all the time. Finally we decided to take the front gears back to the tree and then return for the back section.

We pushed and pulled and puffed by way of the barn to get into
the road. The way we had to go wasn't too steep, but it lacked a long way of being level. It certainly wasn't downhill! Anyway, we toiled on until we reached the old maple tree and placed the gears in position in the same tracks where it had been resting. The six-year-olds were too tired to go back with us, so we left them in the shade and told them to search among the leaves for the king-pin that had been dropped.

The three of us returned to the ravine and repeated the same process with the rear section. Uncle Charlie still followed us. The sun was hotter. We were thirsty! Try as we would, we couldn't see a speck of fun—only hard, hard work. We struggled back up to the tree. The little boys had found the coupling-pin. We lined the back section up in proper position and socked the king-pin in. There it was at last. Just like we found it.

After we had finished, Uncle Charlie arose from the stump where he was sitting, walked over to the wagon and placed the whip across the gears, where he left it. Then he turned to us and said,

"Kids, you've put in a good forenoon. What say ye, we scoot down the hill and see what my wife has for dinner?"

Uncle Charlie didn't strike one of us. He didn't criticize us. He didn't preach to us. He didn't even call us brats!

Uncle Charlie was a senior citizen sixty-five years ago! A volunteer whose hobby was helping busy mothers keep their children on the right track.

Bernice I. Perin
Corvallis

HOMESTEADING ON DEAN'S CREEK

I was born to German immigrant parents on April 1, 1889, which was the year "the Umpqua was frozen over so that you could walk on it."

With three children, my parents had immigrated from Germany to the United States to St. Paul, Oregon, where they stayed for one year. A fourth child was born to them during that year.

Old German friends living in Gardner (in the vicinity of Reedsport) told Papa about the availability of land for homesteading up Dean's Creek, eight miles or so from Gardner. So, after Papa had gone to Roseburg, the county seat, and changed the spelling of his name, Wehsela, to the more English spelling of Wessela, he and Mama, with their flock of kids, took up homesteading at Dean's Creek. There were already six Finnish families living up there.

Papa got a job at the Gardner Saw Mill, and every two weeks he
came home by crossing the river in the rowboat and walking over the hills to our homestead carrying supplies on his back. Mama would meet him with a wheelbarrow and a lantern, as far up as the trail would go, and they would come the rest of the way together.

He was no young man then, either. Papa was a stern, very religious, no-nonsense German who spoke only enough English to get along, and never adapted himself to American ways. Mama, a great deal younger than Papa, was fun-loving, quick-tempered, loved people, and was always eager to learn the "new ways." She picked up all that her children learned at school.

Mama was an excellent midwife and, as the years went on, was in demand to come (often the doctor asked for her), for $1 a day, to help with the "birthing" and to take care of the house and the other kids.

Before I was born in 1889, the Umpqua Indians with their wives and children would walk by our place on the wooded trail, on their way hunting a couple times a year. Always, they would barter in English for the milk, eggs, and butter my mother sold, if she had it. Then on their way home, loaded with meat, they would give her meat in exchange.

Until 1900, we had just a lean-to kitchen with rafters, where we hung food to be preserved by drying, since we didn't can then. Venison fruit from our few trees, and anything else we raised, we ate. We had a few cows for the butter and milk, although now that I look back, they were pretty scruffy.

I never saw an orange until I was full grown, and what a treat that was! I can remember having to get up in the barn and stomp the hay down and salt it. Scythes were used to cut the hay in the field.

Father would bring home scraps of lumber from the Gardner Mill and make them into boxes which would hold about sixty pounds of butter, packed hard. A cool cellar, dug into the hillside, was used to store the butter, (and the front of the cave was used for washing clothes and heating the water). When Mama had four or five boxes full of butter, Papa would take them to Gardner and trade them for necessary staples. Mama's butter was considered so fine that it was purchased and sent down river and then by schooner to San Francisco.

To go to Gardner to get our supplies and mail about eight to ten miles away, Papa and I (it was always my responsibility to go along) would walk the two miles to the boat landing. Our boat didn't have a flat bottom as some boats do now, and so we'd always figure to go with the tide because otherwise the creek wouldn't take a boat through it, and our boat would turn you over darn quick if you didn't sit quiet.

The trip to Gardner was rowing all the way and, sometimes, when we started in the fog, we would get lost and be halfway back up the Umpqua before we realized it. Papa seldom talked to me, but he prayed loudly to God in German, all the way there and back.
In Gardner we loaded up, put up the sail, and sailed as far as the wind would take us, which was pretty close to Dean's Creek where we lived. We always figured on the tide to bring us back to the boat landing. We were the "Mail" for the other families on that trip, and would leave their mail by the landing, since they always knew when we went to town.

To this day I still have a fear of the water, which I have had all my life, as a result of those trips in the fog to Gardner. I can still hear Papa praying out loud in German.

We went to school barefoot in order to save our shoes, and Mama saw to it that we each finished the eighth grade. Graduation was the highlight because you had to pass county examinations to pass the eighth grade. These took a whole day, and if you flunked, you heard from them in Roseburg, the County seat. I still, at 88 years, have the ribbons from my eighth grade graduation and I can still sing the song my older sister composed for that occasion.

When I was seventeen, my father died of pneumonia. Then Mama sold the homestead to my married older brother, and the family moved to Gardner.

For recreation, the Gardner townspeople would get together and build a large platform with a dance floor on it, put a roof over it, and build bunks along one side. Then all that was needed was a fiddle, an accordion, sometimes a small organ, and they would play old time polkas and waltzes. We danced the Paul Jones, where you go round and round and when the whistle stops you dance with the partner you stop by, etc.
At midnight we would have our supper, and by this time all the kids were asleep in the bunks. We danced and played until daylight, or until the tide was right for those using it to get home. When I got home I would drive the cows in at daylight, we'd all help with the chores, and then "pile in" until it was chore time again.

The highlight of all the dances was the 4th of July, and that was a whole day's celebration with ball games, lots of food, dancing, and fireworks at dark. The whole countryside attended and it was a grand day.

When I was about eighteen, a chum of mine and I went to work cooking in a logging camp for $40 a month, top wages at that time. We had to be up at 4 A.M. to start breakfast, but had a good time joking and kidding around with the men at mealtime. The heavy iron kettles were too big for us to handle and the cups were so heavy we could hardly hold one with one hand. One day the redheaded boss, an unmarried man, came in the kitchen and got friendly with my chum and tried to kiss her and she threw one of those heavy cups at him.

"Well," I said, "here we go again, I bet we're fired!"

Sure enough, the next day we were tramping out of there. We really laughed about that, but we sure hated to see those top wages go to someone else.

Mama wanted to see that we all had it better than she had in Germany (she came from the peasant class), so she scrimped and saved so she could send us to Portland to Business College. Not being happy with Portland, however, I came back to Gardner where I worked at the Life-Saving station (now the Coast Guard Station) on the mouth of the Umpqua. Eventually, I went to Salem to Business College and worked there until I got married.

As for my family who grew up on Dean's Creek, I am the last that's left of the clan of the original Wehselas. All my folks are gone but me; now it's all descendants.

Cecelia Gustafson
Corvallis
My earliest memories of my father's bakery in Butte, Montana, around the turn of the century, are ones filled with pleasant tastes and smells. My father was a baker and expert cake decorator, and I remember licking the sweet frosting left over from freshly decorated cakes, and the smell of the burning cedar logs and freshly baked bread.

My father, Jacob Osenbrug, came to America from Northern Germany. Partly because my mother's parents did not approve of her marrying into a "lower class" (they were butchers) in Germany, my father came to America and she later joined him.

He spent his first winter in St. Louis with relatives and in the early spring headed for Butte. Arriving in Idaho Falls where the railroad ended, he worked his way toward Butte by working for ranchers as a cook. As pay he received a saddle, blanket, pair of reins, and sometimes a little money.

When he got to Butte--a small city with a colorful, sometimes violent history of ups and downs closely tied to the fortunes of the copper and silver mining industries--he was lucky to find an old abandoned oven, which he repaired with bricks from a nearby brickyard.

Before long he was selling his bread for twenty-five cents a loaf. He would heat the oven with four-foot cedar logs (cedar produced little smoke) and after the bricks had been well heated he would clean the remaining ashes out and proceed to bake his bread in the retained heat.
Before long he had some regular customers and was the first commercial baker in Butte. For awhile he went into partnership with two other men, but later bought them out. By this time the price of bread had dropped to ten cents, and there was a price war for a short time, as other commercial bakeries appeared, labor unions came on the scene, and some shops were closed by strikes. During this time my father refused to join the strikes and was threatened with destruction on several occasions.

The bakery was a family enterprise, with my mother overseeing the pies, cookies and bakery supplies, and my brothers and sister and I occasionally selling to customers. My older brother, Rudy, was an expert cake decorator and turned out most of the wedding cakes. He stayed in the bakery business long after the rest of us had gone other directions.

The modern commercial bakeries of today are huge automated factories, but I do not think their bread is as tasty as that which came from my father's cedar-log-heated ovens.

Albert Osenbrug, 83
Heart of the Valley
Corvallis

FROM CORVALLIS TO NEWPORT IN THE TWENTIES

Driving back from the coast recently, we were in less of a rush than usual and took the lovely shore line road along Yaquina bay to Toledo.

As we cruised along enjoying the view, I began to reminisce to my husband about my experiences in this area as a child. I remembered taking the train from Corvallis to the end of the tracks just beyond Toledo with my doll on my lap and then boarding the Yaquina ferry for the ride across the bay to Newport. There was no real highway through the mountains during the World War I era, and besides, we had no car in the Ingalls family. The railroad was quite busy then, however, hauling out spruce for America's early war planes.

I was only five on my first trip, but can still remember the huge sand dunes which were right outside our cottage at Nye Beach. I can remember Mother always spoke of that trip as the one when my baby brother had the colic; I guess she didn't have much fun.

She braved it again in a few years though, because I can remember helping my little brother climb up on the kitchen table when Mother was trying to cook a dozen live crabs given her by some altruistic friend of my father.

The crabs kept trying to climb out of the wash tub in which she'd been advised to boil them. We all squealed, and she'd poke 'em
back down in the water with the handle of the broom. Fortunately, Mother's efforts outlasted the crabs'!

Another food experience I remember at the coast was roasting marshmallows on the beach. I crunched a number of burned and sandy ones to stay within my quota.

When I was about eleven a road was opened over the mountains. By then we had a seven-passenger touring car with isinglass curtains that could be attached for rainy weather.

When dad could get away from running the Gazette-Times, he'd join us on weekends.

In those days we loved to climb the old, circular metal stairs to the huge light in the lighthouse at Agate Beach and look out at the view. However, the only way to get there from Newport was to walk along the ocean for five miles or to drive on a road (now 101) that had two planks for the hard rubber tires on the left side of the car and two planks for those on the right side. Occasionally there was an extra set of double planks for passing.

Streets in Newport and Nye Beach often consisted of double planks, too. The sand beside them was very deep, as we found out more than once when Father tried to extricate the wayward Oldsmobile. Dad was remarkably careful in selecting his swear words around small ears, but he made up for his disdain of the roads in the vociferousness of his outpouring.

The surf and the sunsets are just as beautiful today as they were in the 20's, and though travel to and near the ocean is not as picturesque, it's certainly smoother.

Alice I. Wallace
Corvallis
January 22, 1969, my Volkswagen Bug was packed to allow only
vision through the rear window. I had with mixed emotions said
au revoir to my Las Vegas friends of eleven years, squeezed into
my car, and headed north to find a new world to conquer in Salem,
Oregon.

After a brief stop in Reno to pull a few handles for the last
time, I left for Susanville a few hours' drive away. Not so this
Monday, for the snow flakes began falling, not just here and there
but for real.

In spite of the snowstorm I reached Susanville quite easily,
found a motel and a service station which provided me with chains
(after eleven years in the desert I had forgotten about tire chains).
My motel room was my home until Wednesday morning.

At 5 A.M. Wednesday I discovered that my desert-loving VW
would not respond to the sudden cold climate without help, so out
came the carefully packed cases, pillows, coats, and other boxes to
reach the battery. Motor running, car repacked, I was off, I thought!
Not quite out of Susanville, the Bug developed cable problems, so
it was back to the repair shop. By 8 A.M. I was ready for the
trip north.

All was serene crossing the mountains until I reached Redding,
when all of the clouds that had been hanging around for years came
together and let the snow go. There may have been a road to Dunsmuir,
I shall never know, for I simply followed the red lights of the car
ahead of me, stopping only when a sign said VACANCY in Dunsmuir.
Thirty minutes after I was all safe for the night, the road I had
traveled was closed.

The next morning was clear and breakfast no problem, but where
was my car? I could see several mountains of snow in the parking
area, so I supposed that one could be my beloved Bug. A young
man eyeing the next mound of snow told me he was from Maine and had
come to the west coast to get away from the snow. I had to confess
that I was a former state of Mainer out here for the same reason.
Having established that comradeship, he handed me a broom.

"I'll shovel, you sweep, and maybe we can find two cars," he said.

We did, both motors responded, and I was again on my way.

That day was warm, chains came off--chains went on according to
the area and the amount of snow. I made the mistake of shifting gears
while driving down a hill covered with very wet slush: riding a car
broadsided down a hill is not exhilarating! One's adrenalin does not
measurably increase, as long as a halt is executed within two feet of
a deep, deep drop off.

When my breath came back again I gently guided BUG back to a
normal position to proceed to the surprises which might lie ahead. It did not take long to find out that the next obstacle on my course was a snowbank, luckily on the safe side of the road. This would occur only during a chains off period, so I sat while cars passed by. The humor of the situation took shape and I thought how funny it would be to find a car, loaded with this and that and me, when the spring thaw came.

That was not to be my fate, however, for a telephone man came and called the highway department. I felt pretty important having two good-looking men pull my car out of the snow and then following the sander down the hill while the highway supervisor rode behind me to be sure I made the descent safely.

With the road clear and everything going my way it seemed that adventures were all in the past. Consequently, I drove into Roseburg for gas and coffee, after which I was ready and eager for the last lap of the journey to Eugene. As I was leaving Roseburg, a policeman stopped me and asked to see my driver's license and my car registration.

"What do you have in your car?: he asked.

For one brief moment I had visions of unpacking the entire accumulation right there in the snow. However, he seemed satisfied with my description of the content.

"Where are you going and where did you come from?"

I must have answered automatically, for my thoughts were anything but receptive to a visit in the cold after a somewhat harassing day.

Anyway he said, "Have a good trip."
I longed to say, "Are you kidding?" but I stuck my tongue between my teeth until I was out of his hearing.

The road was reasonably clear, the day still pleasant, and I felt like singing--until--I approached Cottage Grove where ice was frozen in deep ruts for about ten miles. I wondered if I should have enrolled in a survival course before leaving Nevada, but somehow I made it over the ice okay. Then I began to anticipate the great welcome I'd get from my friends in Eugene.

Approaching Eugene was like joining an ant farm, as cars were lined up traveling slower than ants, with tons of snow on each side of the highway. Eugene was really snowed in. I found a motel. Though several friends were only a few blocks away, it was impossible to reach them without skis or snowshoes. I didn't happen to have either in my luggage.

The calendar indicated that I had accomplished a journey in five days that normally took one and a half days. The remainder of the drive to Salem was without incident.

Frequently one hears the quotation, "Ignorance is bliss." Perhaps it is true. After living in the desert for eleven years I had forgotten that highways are impassable at times. If I had remembered I might still have been living in Las Vegas and would have missed the wonderful association with young people at Willamette and Oregon State University.

One finds adventure on the highways, and wonderful people who will help to put on chains in the snow, and offer to share their thermos of coffee. I wouldn't have missed it!

Blanche M. Huffaker
Corvallis
A REAL OXEN DRIVER

Jim drove these six wonderful oxen. He wintered them across the road from our house. When spring came he took them to the mill, hitched them to a wagon inside the mill, opened the gate, turned them loose, and boy, did they go!

The oxen were used to haul lumber out of Alpine to Mr. Row's lumber yard. Skids were laid down to pull the logs over. To make the skids most of the logs had to be peeled, cross snipped, and the ends cut and beveled.

Jim worked for his board and $1.00 a day, six days a week, ten-to twelve-hour days. When Mr. Row didn't pay him Jim quit and came home and no one else could get those oxen to pull! Finally, Mr. Row came to Jim and offered to raise his pay to $1.50 a day, and so Jim came back to work.

The oxen still wouldn't pull even when he slapped them around a bit. "If you don't start pulling," he yelled at them, "I'll get after you." He was wearing his cork (calked) boots and he jumped up on the load of logs. From that spot he jumped on the first ox's back, then to the second, and by the time he made it to the third those oxen were really underway. He got the logs to the mill and they didn't have any more trouble with them. That's a real oxen driver for you.

If all the people in the world made an effort to make other people happy there just wouldn't be any more wars or trouble.

Glenn Howard
Monroe
There were no hospitals or nursing homes in Denison, Iowa, in 1893, and the doctor drove his horse and buggy to the farm to treat Grandfather, who was bedridden with diabetes. I was born the eldest of eight children in my grandfather's large farmhouse where my father farmed and Mother helped Grandmother care for Grandfather.

After grandfather died we moved to "the old Wiley House." The floor was worn and I remember losing my new pencil in the cracks between the floor boards. Father lit a candle and crawled under the house, but he could not find my pencil.

When I was nine years old, around the turn of the century, Papa bought a farm in eastern Washington and brought his cattle, machinery and horses from Iowa. There was no barn, though, and the horses died of mountain fever. Papa was unfamiliar with this high country weather; he planted his crops too early, and a late frost killed them.

Papa was an excellent carpenter, and although he had never seen a log house until we came west, he built a log cabin which had a large living room, a small dining room, and a "lean-to-kitchen." Most of the walls were papered with newsprint, but one wall was papered with 18 x 20" squares cut from wallpaper catalogues colored with stripes and designs. All these things seemed odd to me after having lived in my grandfather's nice home in Iowa.

Mother taught school to help feed the family, and her sister stayed with us and took care of us eight children.

The main farm crops were wheat, corn, and hay. Horses did the farm work, and we had a horse and buggy to go to the country store for the necessities. These were hauled from Kettle Falls where the railroad ended.

We raised a few livestock (cows and pigs) and had a vegetable garden. Potatoes and cabbage were stored over the winter in pits. A trench was dug and straw was put in. The cabbage was pulled up by the roots and placed head down on the straw. Then more straw was added, and then a board roof, which was covered with at least eighteen inches of dirt to keep out the frost.

Wheat was threshed with a flail--a three or four-foot handle to which was attached a three-foot piece of wood with a heavy leather hinge. The sheaves of wheat were spread on a wooden floor and the grains were pounded out. The straw was then picked up with a wide-tined fork, and the wheat and chaff were swept up and put in a sieve and shaken by hand until the grains fell through to the floor. It was a slow, dusty process. After all the wheat was cleaned it was hauled to a mill where it was ground into flour.

One of my chores was to haul pails of water from a small stream down a hill from our log house. In winter Papa kept a hole hacked out
in the ice large enough to get a pail of water. A board walk crossed from the bank to the water hole. One day I slipped on the icy board and fell into the water hole. My head, arms and feet were in the air, but the middle of me was in the ice cold water. I screamed bloody murder and Papa got me out. Mama heated up a tub of water and put me to bed so that I would not get pneumonia.

There were eight grades in our one-room log school house. The desks were made by a local carpenter, and almost every desk had names of former pupils carved in it. Each desk had a little inkwell with a lid on it. If a girl sat in front of a boy she was sure to get her braids dipped in his inkwell when the teacher wasn't looking.

Drinking water was carried from a nearby farm house, and a tin dipper was used by all. Mother gave each of us children a tin cup, and we were told always to use our own cup.

School clothes were made at home, except for long, black, coarse stockings and shoes. The bane of my existence was those long, ribbed black stockings that had to be worn over long winter underwear.

I remember that one family had head lice and my mother reported it to the county superintendent. He came down and told the kids to stay home until they were de-loused. Their mother was quite angry.

"Them ain't nothing. All kids has 'em," she said. However, she could not send her children back to school until they were de-loused.
and certified by a local doctor.

It was a backwoods area with a lot of backwoods people who were pretty careless about being sanitary; they didn't think much about a cold sore on the mouth or "risen" (boil) in the ear. Now, I'm not saying that backwoods people weren't good. Oh no, there were a lot of fine, nice backwoods people; it's just that they were uneducated and didn't think about the "finer" things like health. Most of them were just too busy existing, trying to get their farms to produce and to make a living.

No one ever heard of toilet paper for school use. Catalogues were donated.

The school house was heated by a wood burning heating stove in the back of the room. The oldest boy was allowed to put a chunk of wood in the stove as needed.

When the first car came to town (a small Ford), Papa took us to see it. "No one would give up their horses for that," he said. Little did he know that one day he would own one and enjoy driving it. The coming of the auto changed the West that I knew as a child.

Elda T. Stephenson
Corvallis

THE NORTH AND SOUTH IN OREGON

Oregon seemed a long way from the Civil War. However, people from both the North and South had settled in Oregon before the war even was thought of. Seven months after the Southern States had seceded from the Union, a small rumble was heard one Sunday in Monroe, Oregon.

It seems that a Reverend M. B. Starr advocated that it was the duty of all good citizens to support the government. This riled up some secessionists from the South who had been drinking that morning. They went to work breaking up the meeting by shouting and pulling down the American Flag from the Liberty Flagpole. This led to a general fist and knife fight. The secessionists came off second best, was the report from the Weekly Oregonian, August 31, 1861.

At this time there were many newspapers published in Corvallis and they each blamed the other's point of view for the outbreak in Monroe.

From Harriet Moore's files
Corvallis

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ROOTS, LANDMARKS, AND LEGENDS

When I was very young we had a "Washington Headquarters" right near our home where George Washington stayed during the war. Nearly all the battles and fighting during Washington's time and the history-making in the early days had taken place on the East coast. When I was about nine years old the Headquarters was destroyed by fire.

There are quite a few old landmarks preserved, and visitors are allowed to go through them. They still are for posterity to enjoy: the home of President Teddy Roosevelt near Oyster Bay on Long Island--the original house furnishings, his children's rooms, the house and grounds are the same as always, spacious and beautifully kept.

Up the Hudson River where my grandmother lived, and where I spent my summers as a child, were the town and mountains portrayed in the adventures of Rip Van Winkle, who slept twenty years in the mountains. Another story of the area was the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow and Ichabod Crane." Sleepy Hollow is still there near Tarrytown, New York. Both stories were written about New York State, and they were extra reading during our high school days.

In the early 1900's the lamplighter used to come around and light the lamps, which were on lamp posts about six feet high and had gas mantles. He came in the evening to light them and then put them out in the morning. Years ago there were two songs published about the "Old Lamplighter," and they remind me of those days of long ago before we had electricity anywhere.

Near my grandmother's home there was a road that was built over the bodies of Hessian soldiers, who were in battle there during Washington's time and were left where they fell. The road, I have since forgotten the name, was built above them.

Ruth Mantell
Corvallis
Father immigrated to America from Switzerland after he heard President Theodore Roosevelt's invitation to "Go West, Young Man."

My serious, well-educated father, who was a naturalized citizen, settled on an acreage near the small town of Buckeye, now of "Hells-A-Poppin" fame, which was named by Ohio settlers. As father was skilled in many trades--carpentry, plumbing, wine making, milling, horticulture and many others, he was determined to make our little homestead an oasis in the Arizona desert. In 1920, father began building a home with an older brother's help.

Planting cottonwood trees was for quick shade, so greatly needed and appreciated in the summer heat, and the trees thrived from water transported by a horse-drawn water-tank wagon from the Buckeye canal.

Finally a deep well was drilled, and the life-giving water flowed for irrigation as mother operated the enormous noisy pump. Its pounding beat could be heard for many a mile. The citrus, fruit trees and grapes, fields of alfalfa and wheat (food for dairy cattle and poultry) flourished with irrigation and hard work. A rose and grape arbor around the screened porches increased the enjoyment of Mother and her family at home.

As a young child, I remember Father drove to Phoenix (it seemed far distant then) for a selection of precious citrus trees. We were on our way home and stopped to pick up the mail at our small post office. Returning to the Model T, we found a curious crowd gathered around it. The trees were being scoffed at. Then someone discovered a fire in the overheated engine. Father calmly rescued his precious trees from the back seat, and paying no attention to all the shouting and confusion, he calmly put the car in working order, reloaded the trees, and drove home.

Father planted and cared for these trees ever so lovingly and expertly. His reward was in bountiful crops, plus notoriety for pioneering in citrus, grape, and other crops. He modestly accepted this, but felt grateful and satisfied to have made this accomplishment for posterity.

Father also pioneered in building a simple, workable, solar water-heating system on our roof. By way of indoor plumbing, this produced hot water for the kitchen and indoor bathroom, new to most folks in those days. We, as younsters, did not have to bathe in wash tubs filled with hot water heated in kettles on the stove. He also built a large workable septic tank.

The curiosity of people as to what he might do next was amusing, and yet pleasantly rewarding. The many surprises, and the many of his doin's did not keep some from referring to him as the "Dumb Dutchman," though, which always hurt my feelings. To me, he was my hero.

In my memory I can still smell the lovely fragrance of the
blossoms and taste the fruit of those original citrus trees, reminding me of my wonderful pioneering father and his loyal wife of many hard but happy years. I'm grateful for the great legacy my parents passed on to me.

Lilly E. Predmore
Corvallis
THE BULL FIGHT

When I was a child our family lived on Shot Pouch Creek, beneath the northwest slopes of Mary's Peak, and near what was later named Burnt Woods, Oregon. In those days children thought up their own fun and excitement.

The neighbors next to us had an extremely pugnacious black and white bull. One day, as my brother, three years older than I, and I were going by the pasture, we saw and heard a teen-aged boy fight him off with a club and very strong language.

We decided later that it would be exciting to see if we could outsmart that old bull and make it across the pasture before he could get to us. We tried--but spent a long time on a huge log waiting for "Old Baldy" to stop bellowing and digging the dirt below us. You may rest assured, as soon as he lost interest and got far enough away, we set a new record for sprinting, even at nine and twelve years old.

Dorothy Garriott
Philomath

ANGELS IN THE COAL BIN

Have you ever heard of "black angels"? Neither had we, nor did we give much thought that they might not have been black.

Living in the Midwest some sixty years ago, we used shiny black coal for heating and cooking purposes. When the coal bin was empty, there was a great deal of black coal dust left.

One day my oldest brother, my sister, and I decided the coal bin would be a nice place to play. We were all pre-school age: my sister was probably two years old, my brother four, and I was five.

All of us from our earliest recollections had been in Sunday
School and knew something about angels, probably through the Christmas story. So, we decided we'd be angels, and played in the black dust, letting it slip through our fingers or throwing it into the air. Of course, our clothes, faces and everything about us became the same color. We thought it was fun sitting down and stirring up the dust as if the wind were blowing out of the west.

What a picture Mother found as she came looking for her darlings! And we insisted we were angels!

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A newly-painted red barn, some chalk, and three young children looking for something to do make another tale to tell.

I do not know where the three of us found the chalk, but it probably was some soft white rock. When we discovered that the red barn made a good blackboard, we really went to town.

No board as high as we could reach was left untouched. When we were discovered and the evidence was noted by our mother, we wished it had been left untouched.

After a thorough reprimand we were given a container of water and some rags, with the instructions that we remove every chalk mark made on the barn, with the added information that there would be no supper for us until we did so.

Although I don't remember the outcome, we most likely accomplished the task. Our lesson was well-learned because never again did we use a red, newly painted barn for a blackboard.

Mathilda Fast
Corvallis
DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE DAYS

A teacher friend recently told me of an incident that occurred at her retirement party. She was talking with a gentleman who had been one of her first grade students over forty years ago.

"Harry," she asked, "what do you remember about your first year in school?"

She waited, smugly certain that he would praise her for opening the doors of education for him, or for teaching him to read, or for helping him to establish life-long study habits. Harry thought awhile and then responded,

"Miss Shaw, you always kept a cardboard box on your desk. It was filled with squares of cloth, and if we forgot our handkerchiefs, we were supposed to take one of those rags."

I have only two memories of my first grade in Indianapolis. My teacher's surname was TerLinden. When people said to me,

"Who is your teacher?"

I responded, "Miss TerLinden."

Then they said, "Oh, so you have a man for a teacher."

And I would explain that she was a lady—Miss TerLinden. That was a wonderful joke.

My other memory was knitting wristlets. They were about six inches square and of a nauseous color of khaki. I can see those squares piled up on the teacher's desk, ready to be sent to the soldier boys to keep them warm in the trenches.

During the third grade we moved to Waukegan, Illinois, and my teacher was Miss Allen. One morning I arrived early and joined a Pom Pom Pullaway game already in progress. I looked up at our room and say Miss Allen standing by the window, which was closed, or so I
thought. I announced to everyone that Miss Allen would be crabby that day, as she was wearing her green dress. Later in the morning Miss Allen found it necessary to reprimand some of us, and she said,

"After all, I am wearing my green dress today."

Twice a day I roller-skated the seven or eight blocks to school, once in the morning and once after lunch. Toward the end of the school year the weather got warmer, the blocks seemed longer, and I yearned to discard the long underwear which I had been forced to wear during the cold winter months. My mother had invented a rule which governed the shedding of this encasement: The mercury must register seventy degrees for three consecutive days. How I watched that thermometer and wished for the day when I could don the knee-length socks with garters and feel the breezes blowing on my liberated knees.

The Great Lakes Naval Training Station exerted an influence on our lives, and this included our clothes. I think every girl in my class owned several white middy blouses and at least one navy blue pleated skirt. If we were lucky enough to know someone in the navy, we could get a real sailor tie, black silk and a yard square. Even after several diagonal folds, it still produced a bulky effect under the collar.

Often on warm summer evenings my mother packed a picnic basket, and our family walked down to the beach of Lake Michigan for a swim and supper. The city sits on a ridge about a mile back from the lake front, so we first descended the steep bluff and then walked single file on top of the six-foot concrete sewer pipe. We passed swamps with cat-tails and redwinged blackbirds, railroad tracks, a Johns-Manville plant, and a tannery which scented the air with the acrid odors of curing hides. Pollution was no problem to us. When we reached the beach, we first determined which direction the current was carrying the raw sewage. Then we swam and picnicked on the other side! Now, in the ecology-conscious world of the seventies, I prefer to swim at the YMCA.

Margery Stauffer
Philomath
I grew up on a farm near Albany, moved to Corvallis, and then lived with relatives in Vancouver so that I could attend high school (this was just after the turn of the century and years before Corvallis had a high school). I returned to Corvallis to attend Oregon Agricultural College for two and a half years. The evenings I spent with friends during this time are some of my fondest memories.

We had literary societies and spelling matches. I had four brothers and sisters, all about four years apart, and our home was always open to young people, so naturally there was quite a variety always to be found there. We had a little orchestra and performed at different houses. I played the piano and several others played banjos, violins, and guitars.

Another favorite evening activity was pulling taffy. We started with sugar and a little vinegar and some cream of tartar. This was cooked until it would spin a thread, and then we would butter our hands and pull it until it began to get white and crisp; then we would cut it in little squares and put it on a buttered plate, to suck on it afterwards.

Once we were all out on the porch pulling our taffy and having lots of fun with it. One of the boys had brought his dog, and for a lark he tossed him a piece of taffy. Well, the poor dog caught it in his mouth and then he couldn't get his mouth open. The boys had quite a time with him, warming up the candy a bit so he could get it out of his mouth because it was solid, you know, and cold, and it stuck right to his teeth. They finally got it loose. Everybody seemed to enjoy the taffy pulls except occasionally a dog.

And about once a year there was a basket social, when each girl would fix her basket with a full meal for herself and her partner. Some made beautiful baskets, all decorated up with paper flowers and ribbons in different shapes. And then there would be an auctioneer: the highest bidder got the basket, and you ate with the boy who bought your basket. The money went to a good cause.

I remember one time mine was in the shape of a football. It was so cut that I could open it up in the middle and each one would have a meal on one side of the football! Just before we got ready to go to the social my brother picked it up and acted like it was a football. The young man who was working for father and who was a little sweet on me saw it and then knew which was my basket. I didn't want him to buy my basket and was disappointed when he outbid everybody else.

But those were happy times for me, and the few disappointments were outweighed. Such were a few of the joys of growing into young womanhood in Corvallis in the early years of this century.

Golda Belknap
Corvallis
OUR 1917 TIN LIZZIE

In the fall of 1917 my dad bought a Model T Ford touring car so that we would be ready to travel when I graduated from a northern Michigan high school in 1918. My brother had graduated in 1916. It was a two-seated open car with a top on it, but when it rained or the wind blew you had to hook side curtains on. We thought the brass radiators were beautiful!

Of course, it had to be cranked to start it. There were two levers on the steering wheel; on the left was the spark and on the right the gas. On the floor were three pedals: the clutch, reverse, and the brake. There was also an emergency brake at the left which had to be set when you parked or cranked the car, because it might run over you when it started.

To start the car you turned the crank over easy a couple of times to prime it. Then you lowered the spark and the gas a little (not too much spark or the crank would kick back at you), and gave the crank a quick jerk. It surely had a kick to it. My dad broke his arm this way just a few months after he got the car.

It was an easy car to maintain. All you needed was a hunk of bailing wire which would fix most anything. The most aggravating thing about it was the tires. When you had a blow-out you had to remove the tire from the wheel with a tire iron, take the tube out and patch it with rubber patches, then put it back on the wheel, get your tire pump out, and pump the air into it. This I had to do many times when I was driving it. Of course, in those days we just had dirt roads, no pavement except in the cities, and it was rather hard on tires.
To get ready for our traveling, Dad fixed a trunk carrier on the rear to hold all our clothes. We had to stop a day every so often to do our washing and there were no laundromats!

On the driver's side of the front seat there was no door at all. In the back there were two doors but we decided we could get by with only one. So, on the driver's side, Dad stretched a long piece of chicken wire attached to the front and back fenders and, at the bottom, to the running board. Then he lined this with canvas, and in this pocket we packed our tent, stove, cooking utensils, food, extra gas, etc. Our bedding we placed on the seats in the car. When everything was packed in the running-board box we fastened the canvas up and over it to keep out the rain and dust.

The back of the front seat was cut down so that we could make a bed in the car. When we traveled, it was hooked up in place again; but at night, we put the side curtains on the left side of the car and the tent was attached to the other side. One flap on the tent went up over the car and was fastened down. Then the rest was staked up and made into another bedroom. My mother and I slept in the car and my brother and dad slept on army cots in the tent.

Our meals were usually cooked and eaten outside. We cooked on a small oil stove or sometimes over an open fire. We camped sometimes in school yards or along the banks of rivers or creeks where we could get water. There were not many campgrounds then, but we would meet others who camped along the way and were always welcome to join them.

In the fall of 1918 we took our first trip in the Ford from Petoskey, Michigan, to Miami, Florida. This was a bad time to start traveling because of the war, and to save gas we were not allowed to travel on Sundays. Doctors were the only ones permitted to drive then because the flu epidemic was very bad and many of the towns on the way were quarantined.

We were three weeks going down to Miami at thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. In the spring of 1919 we again spent three weeks returning to Michigan.

Then, in the fall of 1921, my dad said that he wanted to come to Oregon, so we loaded up the same Ford again and were off.

We drove to Chicago where we stopped and picked up some sort of a map to guide us. The route we took coming out here was then called the Lincoln Highway, and it was marked only by red and white rings, painted around telephone poles, as highway markers. Our maps showed us which towns we were to go through, so if we lost our way we could inquire the direction to the next town on the map.

Crossing the Rockies was quite a chore, since the roads were in very bad repair as well as very steep. Of course, if you were a little low on gas, you had to back up the steep inclines, for the gas would flow to the back of the tank and the engine couldn't run. One time we came to a hill we couldn't make. Since the gas tank was under the
front seat, we took out the seat, I sat on the gas tank and drove, and my brother took the cap off the gas tank and blew into it. We got over the hill--but Mother and Dad had to walk all the way up!

At one place in the Rockies, we were having a very bad time. We came down a very steep slope and the road made a sharp turn and started back up again. At the turn someone had jokingly put up a sign that said "15 miles per hour--Fords, do your damnedest!"

Looking back, one of the worst spots we had to get through was nineteen miles of mud just out of Aberdeen, South Dakota. Everyone said that we couldn't make it without chains, but we were loaded too heavy to put them on, so we decided to tackle it anyway. We got stuck several times, but I would drive, and my dad and brother would get out and push.

We finally got into a deep chuckhole we just couldn't get out of by any method. There was a man with a team there to pull us out, but Dad was stubborn. He wanted to get out on his own. Finally, my brother talked him into letting the team hook on and pull us over into another rut where we could pull out. But not before Dad noticed that it was a team of mules! He then said, "I can still say that I never had a horse hitched to it!"

When we arrived at The Dalles, Oregon, we stayed in a better campground than usual. We were informed that we should leave early in the morning, though, because there were crews working on the new Columbia Highway, which was just being put through. Well, we got up early and took off, stopping to cook and eat our breakfast after we had passed one work crew. Then, after we got started again we met the real work crew and had to detour over a terrible road, back in the hills between The Dalles and Hood River.

When we arrived at Hood River the brake, clutch, and reverse were all burned out: the clutch by going up the hills, and the reverse and brake by coming down. We had to stop and camp in Hood River and re-line everything.

Then on to Albany, Oregon, our destination. We arrived on October 6, 1921, just about five weeks on the road, just in time for the Linn County Fair. We ate our first potato chips there and I can still hear the vendors passing through the grandstand shouting "Git you taters, git 'em now."

Edith L. Harrison
Corvallis
THE MAPLE GROVES

Do some of you recall going to Blevin's Grove along the Calapooia, Hulburt's Grove near Western Star Grange, or Smith's Grove along the Willamette north of Peoria, to celebrate the Fourth of July or just picnic and swim? Pollution wasn't a problem then.

One well-known maple grove, decimated by the October storm, is still a community gathering place in Brownsville. Annually the Pioneer Picnic is held there in June. It has become the city park.

Platforms with overhead shelters were built for permanent use and rows of planks were placed on logs for seating. Sometimes, following the programs, planks were shoved together to make a table between the seats for the bounteous picnic foods seasoned with freshly churned butter and real cream. Frozen berries were then unknown, so berry shortcake with whipped cream was a true delight.

On the Fourth of July the platforms would be festooned with red white and blue bunting and flags were displayed everywhere. Tableaux and drills were performed by costumed groups, and someone would bring an organ by wagon to be placed on the platform. The speakers were usually long-winded and love of God and love of country were stressed.

Only a naughty boy would dare fire a firecracker while a program was in progress--patriotism and respect for our elders were stressed by our parents. Firecracker stands were put up so one's supply could be replenished. One time my frilly new dress was ruined by an unruly spark. It took me awhile to like the boy responsible again.

Blue jeans certainly weren't the order of the day then. The well-corseted women even wore hats in the pictures taken just before I was born. Bustles were in then.

One old newspaper clipping tells of a political mass meeting to which farmers came from twenty-five miles around and "never was such an assemblage seen in Linn County." Quoting The Salem Journal, whose editor was present, the following account was given of the big picnic at Hulburt's Grove:

"A non-partisan, silver, mass meeting was held at Hulburt's Grove six miles from Albany, Saturday. It was a picnic--a sixteen to one picnic all day--six speakers, two republicans, two democrats, and two populists spoke. The Corvallis ladies' band was present, and match game of baseball was played between the Albany and Oakville clubs. It was the largest gathering of the kind ever held in the county, and the sense of the gathering was strongly in favor of a union of forces in Oregon against the single gold standard. About 1,500 people attended and great enthusiasm prevailed."
The article goes on to name politicians present and tell of the arguments presented.

When you couldn't go to the beach or mountains in an hour and a half, you hitched up your well-curried horse to the buggy or the surrey with the fringe on top and headed for the nearest maple grove for a great day of visiting, eating, and becoming informed of the issues of the day. Do you remember when?

Merthel McConnel
Corvallis

BENTON COUNTY'S FIRST BLACK PIONEERS

The Mt. Union Cemetery located between Corvallis and Philomath just off the Plymouth Road on Mt. Union Avenue has been designated an historical landmark and is in need of a marker. However, to date there has not been a marker erected in honor of the black family who donated the land for a pioneer cemetery. The story of how Mary Jane and Reuben Shipley settled in the area and later donated the cemetery is as follows.

In 1844, Colonel Nathaniel Ford promised his slaves, Robbin and Polly Holmes, their freedom if they would help him open up a farm in
Oregon. After five years of hard work, Colonel Ford's Rickreal farm was flourishing with abundant harvests. Pastures had been fenced and a small orchard of apples, pears, and peaches grown from seeds had been planted.

Robbin accompanied the colonel's son to the gold field in 1849 and returned with $900 in gold dust before he and Polly were granted their freedom. However, the colonel claimed their three children, Mary Jane, James, and Roxanna, as his wards until they came of age.

Robbin and Polly settled in Salem and established a nursery. Many fruit trees planted in the 1860's in Marion and Polk counties were raised by Robbin. Three years later, seeing that Ford had no intentions of releasing their children, Robbin instituted habeas corpus proceedings for their freedom, which resulted in one of the most celebrated court decisions of the Oregon Territory history.

Judge George H. Williams, Supreme Court Justice of the Territory of Oregon, decreed, "Whether or not slaveholders can carry their slaves into a territory and hold them there as property has become a burning question. Colonel Ford contends that these children are his property, and that he has as much right to hold that kind of property in Oregon as he has to hold cattle or any other property.

"But my opinion is, and I do so hold, that inasmuch as these colored children are in Oregon, where slavery does not legally exist, they are free. And I hereby award them to their families."

James and Roxanna went to live with their parents in Salem. Mary Jane continued to live with Ford's daughter--not as a slave but as a member of her household.

The year of this court decision, 1853, there came to Benton county a Robert Shipley, who took out a land claim just east of Philomath in the Plymouth neighborhood. With him, from Missouri, came his two sons and a slave, Reuben. Reuben had been promised his freedom upon his arrival to Oregon, if he would drive a team of oxen from Missouri. After being fed, Reuben was employed by a farmer whose claim adjoined Shipley's.

Reuben saved money to buy the freedom of his young wife, left behind in Missouri, but before he had saved enough money, she died. In three years' time he had saved enough to purchase a 100-acre farm. Here he built a snug weather-tight cabin and set up housekeeping for himself. However, Reuben was lonesome, and soon began to look for a wife. He met Mary Jane, who was now sixteen, and married her a year later.

Some people believe that Reuben had to pay Colonel Ford $700 for Mary Jane before he could take her home. Another report from a Plymouth neighbor is that Reuben paid a ransom in installments over several years, until his white friends learned of it and put a stop to the payments. This is believed the last case of a slave being sole as property in Oregon.
Mary Jane and Reuben had three sons and three daughters. The family entered into the social life of the community and nearby Bethel church without any question of equality.

Shortly after Reuben and Mary Jane were married, a neighbor suggested that the hill on Reuben's farm was a likely place for a cemetery. Reuben agreed and deeded three acres to what is now Mt. Union cemetery, where many Benton county pioneers are buried.

After they contracted smallpox and died in 1873, Reuben and his daughter Martha were the first to be buried in Reuben's plot. Unable to care for the farm, Mary Jane sold it in 1889 and went to live with a son in Portland until her death. She then returned to join the rest of her family in the Mt. Union cemetery.

The people who bought the farm built a small smokehouse near the cemetery, using the lumber of Reuben's old cabin. Today the little smokehouse and, close to the gate, a granite stone, inscribed with the name Mary Jane, is all that is left. An historical marker is needed to recognize this generous pioneer family.

From Harriett Moore's files
Corvallis
My memories of school in the early days aren't very pleasant. We went to country schools. Josephine County was a poor county and didn’t have a lot of money.

I can remember one building that we went to school in was made with green lumber. As the lumber dried the cracks drew apart, and that’s all there was between us and the world. We’d nearly freeze! Eventually they put in a back to the place and laid new flooring. That made it a tighter building, so it was easier to read. But my land, it was a awful place to go to school; it got so cold that you couldn’t concentrate. I remember that we would bring a rug from home and put it underneath our desks so that the air didn’t blow up our legs and freeze us to death.

We used to walk a mountain trail into canyons and through fields to get to school. In the spring the grass would be high and often it would rain. We would just be soaked. There was only one little box stove in the center of the room, and it sure didn’t keep the school house very warm. We would be sitting around the stove and the steam would be going up around us.

Louie was one of the boys that I liked pretty well, but we were just good friends—not sweethearts or anything. I remember that I got the stove poker and reached over with it and pushed his pants against his leg and burned him! The teacher sent us all to our seats, and Louie said, "Hazel, someday I’m going to kill you!" But I think it's old Louie that's dead now.

Some of the boys got whipped. It was all kind of exciting, but it made you wonder whether or not that was the right thing for a teacher to do. I’ll never forget our dad saying that if we got into trouble at school, why, we'd get into a worse cup of trouble when we got home. So we behaved ourselves, 'cause we knew that when Dad said things like that, he meant it.

The last sessions of the afternoon were for spelling bees and deciphering bees, where we would work out problems on the blackboard. The boys would compete against the girls. I was always good in spelling, but when it came to math, I wasn't. There were some girls in the class that were just as sharp as the could be; my sister Mabel was one of them. I'll never forget when we would outdo the boys—that was really something.
When we moved from Josephine County to Douglas County (this side of Roseburg) I was just finishing the eighth grade. We were six days on the road with a wagon and team, and a carriage with a team of horses. My younger brother and I drove the carriage. That was a great experience, and we got to miss school.

We found that we were behind some when we started the school in Douglas County. The school had been running for a couple of months, but it didn't take us long to catch up. With one extra full term we took the State Examination and passed the eighth grade. I don't suppose that children have to take State Examinations to graduate from primary grades now.

It ain't what it used to be, I tell you. It's wonderful the opportunity that the children have nowadays. But sometimes I wonder if they get as much out of it as we did.

Hazel Becker
Corvallis

WYOMING, 1910

In my life I've known a fair share of people--some of them real characters. I came to Wyoming from New Hampshire in 1910. We followed my Uncle George and Aunt Mary to Meeteese, Wyoming. Father wanted all of us to move to Wyoming, so my husband, Harry, and my sister and brother went. I stayed home with Mother, who was sick, and then we went out later by train through Canada. Harry was a railroad man, and if he had stayed with them six more months he'd have had a lifetime pass, but he quit when we moved west.

Harry and I settled right on West Fork of Wind River and lived there until after the children were born. The river went right by the ranch, and we had to wade it until they cut down two great big trees and laid them flat across. If you were in a wagon you were supposed to hit them even with the wheels, but there wasn't anything to keep you from sliding off. Whenever I was riding with someone else I'd get out and wade across.

Uncle George was a cattleman, and they fought with the sheepmen, but after he died the boys took over and brought in sheep.

My cousin George said, "My land, if Dad knew that, he'd jump right out of his grave!"

Uncle George was in business with a couple of other fellows, one from England and one from New York. When they dissolved their partnership they drew cards from a hat for the land. My uncle's land portion was so poor that grass wouldn't even grow! But it did produce oil!
My cousin George married a girl named Alma, from England. A woman in England had a half-dozen daughters and she sent them over here to a Mrs. Sharp who lived near Meeteese, who would marry them off.

One time I was at my uncle's ranch and my cousin said, "I'm going over to Sharp's and I won't be there but a couple of days."

"George," I said, "you can't fool me that you didn't know Mrs. Sharp's got another niece over there."

Well, George was gone a month, and he came home married. His bride, Alma, wasn't nice to him at all; I didn't like her. For instance, my cousin never had very much, and wasn't ashamed to be proud of new things. He bought a car, as he had a rattletrap of a thing, and when they came down and stayed at our house they brought their brand new car. I was cooking when they arrived, and he picked me up and carried me out, turned me around, and sat me down in his new car. Oh, Alma was so disgusted! She said a lot of people have new cars and don't make such a fuss over them. I thought, well, you old fool, you never would have even had one if you hadn't met him!

Another neighbor was a family by the name of Nicholson. Mr. Nicholson was the meanest man I ever saw. His wife was very wealthy; the people of the New York and Albany Railroad were friends of her father, and her parents sent them a lot of money and bought them groceries and got their kids shoes and everything.

I remember one time, before they had the bridge up there, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson were going home, and he'd just gotten a big case of whiskey in the back of his wagon. The buggy hit a boulder and tipped over in the river. It didn't throw them out, but threw out everything else, and my uncle ran down and hollered to the man to help Mrs. Nicholson out.

Mr. Nicholson said, "Wait, I've got to get the whiskey, it's going down the creek!"

Mrs. Nicholson was so mad at him. She could swim for herself, you know, if she had to, but she didn't want to get wet.

These are a few of the people I remember from Wyoming around 1910.

Mrs. Grace Putnam
Corvallis
Gravestones are often man's only link with history. Such markers record the shortest story ever told of human life on earth: the fact that someone lived—for a minute, a day, or a hundred years—and died.

Many of Benton County's pioneers lie forgotten in neglected burial grounds. One such abandoned cemetery, The Reeves Burial Ground, 1848-1886, listed in the DAR Benton County Cemetery Records, is the oldest existing cemetery in Benton County. According to these records it contains fifteen marked and four unmarked graves.

The two earliest grave markers are dated 1849, but the first burial, on July 9, 1848, in an unmarked grave, was of the day-old son of Thomas Reeves.

Information on the cemetery was submitted by the late Mrs. James Cooper, granddaughter of Thomas Reeves. "The Reeves Cemetery is located about two miles northeast of Bellfountain on the Thomas Reeves land claim #190. It is less than five rods square and is no longer used as a burial ground. The original county road #1 went right by the place."

The cemetery lies atop a cultivated hill beneath a spreading canopy of white oaks and towering fir trees. In the underbrush of poison oak are sixteen grave markers, one more than those listed in the records. Three of the gravestones mark resting places of pioneers who made some of Benton County's earliest history.

One marks the grave of Thomas D. Reeves, the first white settler in Benton County. He came to Oregon with the 1843 wagon train and, by 1845, he had built a cabin near a spring two miles east of the present village of Bellfountain. Early in 1846 he saw wagons approaching along the trappers' trail across the prairie. He rode out to meet the newcomers, the John Lloyd family. He fell in love with seventeen-year-old Nancy on the spot, and he married her on June 4, 1846, at her father's adjacent homestead.

This was the first marriage ceremony performed in Benton County. Thomas Reeves shared the event, a double wedding, with a member of the Lloyd wagon train, John Foster, who married Mary Lloyd, Nancy's twenty-year-old sister. The Reverend Leander Belieu, who preached the first sermon in Benton County, officiated. Mother Lloyd had no presents for the wedding, so in order that her daughters might have some sort of wedding gift, she divided her Dutch oven between them—one sister receiving the top and the other the bottom part.

Mrs. Cooper, in a pioneer story, THE REEVES CHERRY TREE, described the hard life of her grandparents: "Thomas took Nancy to live in the cabin which he had built. It was of logs chinked with clay. A rude door swung in on leather straps, and window holes were covered with shutters. A fireplace was built of stones and clay and a split shake roof. The fireplace was used for heat, light, and cooking. The floor was hard-packed earth."
A second stone marks the grave of Nancy Walker Lloyd, who with her husband John brought their nine children, ranging in age from four to twenty, across the Terrible Meek Cutoff Trail in 1845. They filed land claim #187 on March 25, 1846.

Her husband John became a prominent citizen as other pioneers moved into the area, and built the first county school there. He was appointed Judge of the Probate Court and Justice of the Peace of Benton County on October 15, 1849. He established the Forks of Mary's River Postoffice on April 9, 1850, and was postmaster until its discontinuance on January 9, 1852.

The grave marker of Mary Ann Foster locates the resting place of the first white woman to cross the river that now bears her name. She was driving the Lloyd's lead ox team and got stuck in the sand at the crossing of the Mouse (River de Souris) south of Philomath in February 1846. She stood up, yelling and slashing her ox whip. The team gave a quick jerk and threw her into the icy water. The Lloyd children watched from the near bank. They hollered for help. The hired wagon master, Wayman St. Clair, raced his horse into the stream, grabbed her, and carried her to the opposite bank. "Mary's all right," he shouted across to the family. "She just baptized her river."

On July 31, 1854, she made her last will and testament. To her husband John she left her half of the land claim and her gold watch during his life time, to be passed down at his death to her son Jasper Thomas. "Lingering on the bed of sickness," she wrote, "...I consign my mortal remains to their Mother Dust, and my soul to God who gave it...." She died on August 22, 1854, aged twenty-nine years and one day.

Jess Stauffer
Philomath
The pioneer needed more than food, clothing, and shelter. He hungered for social contact and communication. He welcomed the traveling minister who came with news of friends and events in other places. In town the minister might ride the streets crying, "Services will begin at early candle lighting," and he could be sure of a well-filled hall.

Many families traveled great distances for an occasional church service. Captain and "Aunt" Mary Stewart, in whose home the First Methodist Church was born, opened their 18x30-foot log cabin for services, and then provided food, shelter, and a period of pure social for the worshippers, many of whom had come so far that they had to stay overnight.

Wallis Nash, an Episcopalian from England who became a prominent Corvallis resident, described the church "sociables" of 1880. They were very much like the potluck dinners and family fun nights of today. Women shared in the preparation of food. After tea or supper there was visiting and a program which might include musical numbers, recitations, and a lecture. The minister closed the sociable with devotions.

The church provided the setting for some cultural events. The well-educated missionary settlers were interested in a variety of subjects. Mrs. Ethel Mack told about the Union Literary Society which met in Simpson Chapel, midway between Bellfountain and Alpine, and sponsored many cultural programs. "I remember Congressman Hawley's father giving an historical sketch," she said, "and poems were written and recited by the uncle of Edwin and Harold Woodcock. One debate we all enjoyed concerned the topic 'Circumstance versus natural disposition.' Mr. Woodcock gave his rebuttal in poetry. Plays were given too, but Brother Ransome Belknap wouldn't allow them in the church. They were given in the Alpine schoolhouse. We bought good classical books for our church library with the money we earned."

The First Methodist Church on Second and Van Buren had a melodeon or small reed organ. Although many churches of that time had no musical instruments, services provided a real musical outlet. Hymnals often contained no written music, and so the minister led the singing, sometimes with a pitch pipe or tuning fork, sometimes with his own powerful voice. Favorite hymns were "O Happy Day," "How Firm a Foundation," and "Prepare for the Judgment Day."

By 1893, when Victor Moses came to Corvallis as a young freshman, he found that organs were common. His sister, the late Mrs. Josephine Trask, played the organ in the South Methodist Church. "I conducted the choir and an orchestra for services," he said. "That was in the building once used for Corvallis College, now Oregon State. The South Methodists started the college and used its chapel for church services."

Over 100 years ago Dr. Joseph Hanna organized the First Presbyterian Church of Corvallis, then Marysville, in his "own little
cottage in the prairie three miles south of the city, that too, when it had neither doors nor windows in it."

Schools were used for church meetings. The log schoolhouse at Second and Van Buren was used by the First Baptist Church, the Methodists, and the Presbyterians. Traveling ministers very often called meetings in schools because they were central, available, and large.

The school was also a good place to advertise a meeting. If the preacher met with the children in the afternoon, he could be sure that families would hear the news and come in the evening. Split log seats and smooth boards painted black for blackboards were a far cry from varnished seats, pews, and pulpits.

It was fortunate for us today that Corvallis was settled by people of high standards who had an interest in their community. One historian says that Corvallis was even a bit dull, unlike mining communities or mill towns. But it was a stable community where the citizens found social and cultural satisfaction through their churches.

Betty McCauley
Corvallis
THE GREAT FLOOD

My great grandparents, Benjamin Franklin Owen and his wife, the former Jane McClure, pioneers of 1853, were living in 1861 in the southern end of the Willamette Valley in an area where there were low streambeds on each side of them. As the waters that came to be called the Great Flood of the Willamette Valley increased around them, they realized they were trapped.

Mr. Owen decided on a plan to save his wife and their six-month-old baby girl. The way my great aunt, Mrs. George Bayne, tells the story, he built a raft of logs, tied it to a tree, put his family and what goods he could on the raft, and waited for the flood to come. His plan worked, and as the water flooded higher, the raft was raised up the tree. He had saved his little family. (Their youngest daughter, now ninety-three years old, still lives near Gladstone, Oregon.)

A day or two later, several people in a large rowboat came along and rescued them from the raft. Immediately after the Owens family left their raft, the tree they'd been anchored to fell, taking the raft down into the waters with it.

In the boat there was a boy who kept reaching out and grabbing onto bushes—just to be doing something. As they were rowing toward higher ground, he was warned several times to stop lest he tip the boat over in deep water, but he persisted and sure enough, he tipped the boat over.

Mr. Owen managed somehow to get his wife and baby daughter to higher ground and out of the water, and the other people in the boat also made it out, so no one was lost.

Everyone was so overjoyed at getting out without loss of life that the boy who caused this near-tragedy was apparently forgiven. The Great Flood of the Willamette Valley of 1861 is still known as the highest flood in Oregon history.

Later, about 1870, the Owens moved to a ranch near Wren, and while they were living there a band of Calapooia Indians came through, apparently on their way to Siletz or the coast. For some reason—perhaps because the Owens were unusually friendly to Indians—the Indians made their evening camp near the Owen residence.

Meanwhile, it seems that an Indian girl was about to be married against her will to one of the men, an arrangement being made by her father and the groom-to-be. She didn't love this man and certainly didn't want to marry him, so in desperation she ran away, as it happened, past the Owen place.

They noticed she was alarmed and invited her in, inquiring what her problem was. Knowing enough English to make herself understood, she told them her story. The Owens didn't like the plight she was in, so they decided to do something about it, slipping her away out of sight
and hiding her until the Indians gave up looking for her and moved on. The Owens kept the girl in their home for six months.

The mystery is what happened to this Indian girl after she left the home of the Owens. No one seems to know.

Melvin S. Hawkins
Corvallis

CHILDHOOD IN CHARLESTON HARBOR

I was born on Christmas Day in 1906. My boyhood was not real unusual, but many things stick in my mind about my life back then: the depression, money panics, and the days when butter was ten cents a pound and a man could work for twelve hours and make $1.00. In those days that was okay pay.

It was a difficult life compared to today. The average age of death then was forty and now it is seventy-two. The old days had their good aspects, however, and if it could be possible to combine the old days' unhurried aspects with today's technological advances, life would be so much more enjoyable.

At any rate, we survived fairly well in those years of early depression and my boyhood saw me doing many things, particularly around Charleston Bay where my dad worked and we lived.

My dad was a civil service beacon tender in Charleston harbor. There were seven beacons in the harbor, and he was responsible for making sure they kept burning. Once a week he would moor his launch at each beacon while he replenished it with kerosene to keep it going.

He would pour the kerosene from big cans to little cans and then take the little cans, along with scissors and wads of newspaper (usually the New York Times), and climb up the beacon ladder to where the lamp was. He first had to pull the shade off and wipe that with newspaper, and then he would cut the wick so the flame would remain uniform when burning, then fill the lamp with kerosene, and finally replace the shade before returning to his launch at the base of the beacon.

This job paid $480 a year plus his residence. He was responsible for replenishing these beacons when they needed it and making sure they remained in good shape. I remember this well, because oftentimes I would accompany him when he would go to the beacons. I would be captain of the boat and read the New York Times sitting in the captain's seat. I enjoyed these trips out into the harbor and it inspired me to start a little business of my own.

At the time, I was eight, nine and ten years old. I was an eager beaver, and every day I would go out with my net and cast it out to catch mullet and shrimp (big prawns) which I sold to the fisherman ten to twelve miles out on the harbor jetty. I was able to keep thirty to
forty boats supplied with all the bait they needed. My prices ranged from three shrimp for one cent to one cent apiece for mullets.

There was a trick to all of this, for it was necessary to catch the tides at the right times. Each day the tide changed an hour later. So each day I would go out an hour later than the day before and spend maybe five to six hours fishing. The trick was to catch the low tide as it came in bringing food for the shrimp and mullet. There was always a bountiful catch at this time.

Once in a while there would be a bad day for fishing or I would have to miss going out, so, being a wise business man, I always kept a reservoir submerged in the salt water in a pan for the bad days. It was a good little business I had and I used to make more than my dad. My first year of doing this I made $520 and Dad 'invested' my wealth for me in his bank for safekeeping.

Of course I had to operate this "business" while attending school. We lived on Sullivan's Island and in order to get to school, which had only three rooms where about fifty of us attended classes, I had to walk or ride a horse seven miles and over a railway tressel.

Usually I was able to get my fishing in while going to school, but it kept me pretty busy. Sometimes my younger two brothers and one sister would help me out with my fishing escapades. Of course they wanted a share in the profits, so I obliged, paying them a generous twenty-five cents for six hours' work. It was a fun time then, and memories of my boyhood days in Charleston Harbor always give me a smile.

Wyman Swenson
Corvallis
LLANO, THE 1912 "BIG CON"

In 1912 my mother went on a tour from Los Angeles to Llano, a social colony which Job Haniman had started. It was for soldiers' widows, a few wealthy persons, and what we now call low income people, and it was located in the Mojave Desert between Littlerock and Victorville and below what is now called Big Bear. Mother wouldn't invest, because she would have had to turn her home over to the colony and move with our family of four.

As a graduation present in June, 1912, I was to visit a family of nine who had turned in their home on a soldier's claim. I packed my straw suitcase, and Mother and I rode to the Southern Pacific Depot on the yellow electric car. She put me on the train that left for Palmdale at 8 P.M. The train was made up of a coal car, a baggage car, and one passenger car. It was slow going up the Newhall grade and we made many stops on this 50-mile trip. We arrived at midnight on a clear, cold, moonlit night. No one was at the station to meet me!

I was scared. What now? I had never been away from home before, and I had been told you don't talk to strangers. The station master said,

"Little girl, you cannot stay at the depot alone. I will take you to the hotel."

The town consisted of the hotel just across a dirt road, the depot, and another building which later became the first gas station.

I was introduced to the lady manager. "What is a child like that (nearly 15) doing here alone?" She insisted that I go to bed.

I was scared, you bet. There was a wash basin and a thunder mug in a very small room.

"Sarah," she said, "I will call you at 6 o'clock. You can help me get breakfast. The water closet is down the hall, so be sure to empty the thunder mug and wash."
Shaking all over, I climbed in between the cold sheets. It gets mighty cold after midnight on the Mojave even in the summer. I didn't get much sleep. I was too worried.

The lady manager served me a good breakfast. She knew I was scared, so she put me to work helping clean.

Noon, and no friends came for me; evening, and still no one.

The lady said, "The train goes back to Los Angeles in the morning and if your friends don't come, you should go home."

I went to bed. Tears? What a present for graduation! At midnight I heard a dog barking, a jungle of harness, and the creak of a wagon. Three girls, my two friends and their friend, had come for me! The manager wanted us to stay for the rest of the night, but they had to get the horse back.

So into the wagon we all went. About a mile out of town they stopped to feed and water the horse and we slept while he ate. We had to get home before sunrise because the temperature would rise to 110 degrees early in the day. Lots of girl-talk and giggles. Suddenly we heard a train whistle in the distance, and, answering it, a coyote pack. If you have never heard this combination you wouldn't understand. It is weird. The desert talks at night with whispers of sage brush, Joshua trees and the squeaking of small animals. Even the sand seems to talk. Tears again. Why did I come? The girls laughed. "You will get used to it!"

We arrived at their place at Llano, the colony, about 3 A.M. Surprise! Just tents, no toilets, and a ditch which brought water from Big Rock Creek. Water was dipped into barrels at certain times of the day. Ladies to the left, gents to the right for relief purposes. The two weeks was enough! The bus took me back to the Los Angeles yellow streetcar and home. Gee, fig jam tastes good!

I visited the colony again the next summer. This time I found
adobe and shake houses, an administration building, a store, corrals, cattle, horses, chickens, pigs, a bakery, and a commissary. It was really a going project, with stockholders' meetings, dances, alfalfa fields, and fruit trees. I enjoyed the second summer’s visit.

In 1916, Job Haniman absconded with $60,000. He converted all the assets into his private fund and left for New York. Later he was caught and convicted of grand theft, and the people received their claims and got their homes back, and other assets were taken by the creditors. The deserted colony just picked up and left.

A few years ago my niece, who lived in Little Rock, took Mother and me out to the colony site. All wood and anything possible to carry off was gone. The rock fireplace was the only thing left standing. Today, I hear the "Llano" is being built up with very expensive homes, and there is not a trace of the hopes and dreams of so many people.

Sarah Elliott
Monroe

THE REEVES CHERRY TREE

Four years after coming to Oregon, Grandfather, Thomas D. Reeves, set out his orchard in 1847. It is not known whether his trees came from the Hudson Bay Company or from Henderson Luelling, but I prefer to think they were some of the trees Mr. Luelling brought across the plains in 1847.

Mr. Luelling had brought a wagonload of young trees, 700 of them, apples, pears, plums, and cherries, that ranged in height from twenty inches to four feet. For the long journey he had planted the trees in boxes and kept them protected and watered.

Grandfather's orchard was planted south of his Bellfountain cabin and consisted of the cherry tree, a pear tree or two, and several apple trees.

The cherry tree Grandfather planted, a Royal Anne, did not bear for nearly twenty years, but after that it bore heavily for thirty years or more. One year, more than twenty-five bushels of cherries were gathered and sold. The tree at its largest had a spread of sixty-six feet. Three feet above the ground it measured nine feet and eleven inches around. It overhung the road and was commonly called a neighborhood tree. Anyone passing by was welcome to stop and eat all the cherries he wished.

Lack of care almost killed the tree in the early 1930's. Later, dry rot set in and the tree was cut down around 1935.

Grace Cooper
Pioneer Stories - WPA project, 1937

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SO OLD THAT IT'S NEW!

Can you imagine a cookie without sugar, milk or shortening? That's right! None of these ingredients!

No one knows who first brought this cookie recipe into being, it's so old. The first our family knew about it was during the depression years of the early '30's, while our family was living in Hillsboro, Kansas.

At the time, the August Ebels were living across the street from us. Having migrated from their beloved Germany, they came to live in the state of Kansas. Many years had passed. Mrs. Ebel, a typical German lady, was now elderly and not always able to accomplish tasks as she would like.

"I brought this recipe from Germany and because you are German it would be good for you to carry on the tradition," Mrs. Ebel said. "My arms are not strong enough any longer to stir, beat and mix this cookie dough as it should be mixed, so I will teach you how to make it." And she did, watching every step closely to assure perfection.

Over the years I made some changes as to amounts of certain ingredients as well as the method I used in mixing them. For instance, I discovered that if I separated the yolks and whites of eggs into two different bowls, beating them, and folding the whites into the yolks before adding them to the honey mixture, it made a fluffier cookie. Also, instead of the three days in the original recipe, overnight was long enough for the batter to set before baking. Icing the cookie, not customary in the Old Country, was also my invention. Powdered sugar is used here, but none is in the cookie itself.

This large recipe which can be divided easily is the one I follow:

German Honey Cookies

5 pounds honey (warmed to about 80 degrees F.)
5 pounds all-purpose flour
5 eggs
10 tablespoons baking soda
1/3 cup vinegar
2 serving spoons grated orange rind
1/2 teaspoon salt
Nutmeg and cinnamon (Optional)

Dissolve baking soda in vinegar. Mix in honey. Stir until creamy. The mixture will look like thick whipped cream. Stir in grated orange rind.

Sift flour onto paper. Add salt and spices.

Pour into honey mixture, alternating with the flour mixture.

Set bowl in a warm place about the same temperature as used in bread rising. Let stand overnight.

The next day, flour a bread board and roll out the cookie dough on the board. (I usually flour my hands also.) The dough should be soft, about the consistency of noodle dough. Roll the dough to \( \frac{1}{4} \)-inch thickness. Cut cookies with any desired cutter and place them on a lightly floured pan. Bake ten to fifteen minutes in a 300 degree oven.

Remove from oven and let stand a minute or so. Remove cookies from pan with a spatula and place on waxed paper. Store for several days in a tightly closed metal container before serving.

(Work more flour into the dough if cookies fall apart when removed from pan. The cookies will be very hard when they cool but will soften during storage.)

Orange Juice Icing

Mix 2 tablespoons melted butter and 1 cup sifted powdered sugar with just enough juice from an orange to moisten sugar for spreading. Usually I ice the bottom of the cookie--the side against the pan in baking. I ice only as many as I need at the time.

This makes a good holiday cookie since it can be made ahead of time.

Elizabeth Fast
by her daughter Mathilda
Corvallis
FROM IDAHO TO OREGON A "HAPPENSTANCE"

My husband, his sister, our two small sons and I arrived at Lebanon, Oregon, on July 27, 1929, after traveling from Donnelly, Idaho, in an old Ford Model T touring car. We visited my husband's father a couple days in Boise, Idaho, and then came by way of Weiser, Idaho, through Mitchell on the John Day Highway, Prineville and the McKenzie Pass to Eugene, and finally, Lebanon.

We had a small black and white dog who rode on the running board of the car the whole distance. He was black except for white paws and two spots of white on his throat.

Many times my sister-in-law and I had to walk up the hills instead of riding and just as often used our strength to get the old car up some of the steep hills. The roads in those days were far from the type of highway of today.

Our trip to Lebanon was to be a visit to my husband's oldest sister and her family who lived in the Liberty School District between Lebanon and Sweet Home. We intended to return to Idaho in the early fall. However, due to an injury my husband was under the care of a physician. Before he recovered, our two boys contracted whooping cough and had to be cared for by a relative.

I, then, had to learn the tiresome job of picking prunes to earn money to buy a few groceries since my husband was not able to work. Consequently, the very mild winters (rain but no snow) of 1929 and '30 we spent in Oregon. As we were used to snow from late October until late April or early May in Idaho, we decided to spend more time here in Oregon. So here I still am in May 1977, in a modern mobile home near Corvallis.

Ethel Woods
Corvallis