

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

(When Dorothea died on May 9, 2011, she had lived a number of years in Nebraska with a relative. At her graveside service held at Blaine Community Cemetery I mentioned that I had interviewed Dorothea years ago but could not find the interview.

I searched through my hard drives and CDs looking for a digital copy of the interview but could not find it. I contacted Darleen Cole who typed most of the interviews of people I had interviewed over the years, but she did not have Dorothea's Interview either.

Finally during the fall of 2012 I found a copy of Dorothea's interview. I again searched my hard drives looking for a digital copy and then finally remembered that Gay Beaudet, 7th/8th grade teacher at Nestucca Valley Middle School at the time of the interview, had offered to transcribe an interview for me. She graciously transcribed Dorothea's interview. Neither of us at the time thought about making sure I also had a digital copy of the interview so that I could reformat it to post on the web.

So when I wasn't working on Outdoor School and other projects this past fall of 2012 I retyped Dorothea's interview from the typewritten copy Gay had left. I just finished it today . . . finally!, on January 5, 2013!

Note that at the time of the interview the focus of my interviews was rather shortsighted. My class was focusing on learning about the history of schools in South Tillamook County; so this interview focuses on Dorothea's schooling. How I wish I would have done a more complete interview not only of Dorothea but of others as well.

And . . . Dorothea's memory wasn't all that sharp even in 2002. I found that she had great difficulty recalling details, so as you read through this interview you'll quickly find out that I felt I had to ask many, many leading questions in order to try to pull information out of Dorothea's memory.

And as an fyi . . . I LOVED being around this woman! I thoroughly enjoyed visiting her in her home through the years and very much enjoyed her flair for decorating and using everyday objects in creative ways. I'm just sayin' . . . there was only 1 Dorothea Benfield Woodward! Dean Bones)

Dean: *Please tell the name of the grade school you attended, and describe, if you can, the exact location of the school. . . You attended Boulder Creek and Brown?*

Dorothea: *Gwendolyn Ayer Jones (stating name), and I was born... let's see.. I was born on August 15th, 19... 'er, August 17th, 1915 in Tillamook, Oregon.*

Dorothea: *Yes*

Dean: *How many years were you at Boulder Creek?*

Dorothea: *Well, I was up there through the 7th grade, and then the 8th grade I finished over at Brown.*

Dean: *So 1st grade through 7th grade at Boulder Creek?*

Dorothea: *Mmmm hmmm (Yes).*

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May 5, 2002

Dean: *I'm confused on where the school was because I've had people tell me different things. So, do you know where Bentleys live now?*

Dorothea: Yes

Dean: *I was told it was actually further than their house by somebody, and somebody else told me it was closer down from their house. Where was it?*

Dorothea: Well, I thought it was right there where his home is.

Dean: *I know that they moved the school, an that's how he built his garage was I think from the school, but um . . . I'm not sure if it was further up or not; so I might actually ask Walt Bentley. I guess he could probably tell me that too.*

Dorothea: Yes . . . yeah.

Dean: *Do you have any idea when the school started or when it closed? Did it close when you moved to Brown? Was that the last year it was open in your 7th grade year?*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *Do you have any idea what year that was?*

Dorothea: No, see?

Dean: *And, any idea what year it was when you started?*

Dorothea: Huh-hmmmm (no).

Dean: *What kids attended the school, I mean from where did they come? Just Boulder Creek Road? No, you weren't on Boulder Creek Road, were you?*

Dorothea: No, no, I was on . . .

Dean: *Where did kids live when they went to Boulder Creek School? How far up Blaine Road, and how far down Blaine Road?*

Dorothea: Well, let's see . . . my twin brothers were there . . . and, uh. . .

Dean: *And you lived at what is now the Blankenship Farm?*

Dorothea: Yes.

Dean: *And it became the Johnson farm sometime after you . . .*

Dorothea: No, Johnson had it first. My dad bought it from Johnson. Mmhmmm . . .

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May 5, 2002

Dean: *Now, is this Warren's dad? Did you know Warren Johnson that married Gertrude?*

Dorothea: Yes.

Dean: *Is it his family that had it?*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *And then later he must have bought it again? Because Gertrude lived there when I was in high school . . .*

Dorothea: I don't know about that . . .

Dean: *I did hear that they owned it many years ago, too, so . . . is it the same house that's there?*

Dorothea: Yes, the same house. But the barn used to be further up the road towards this way.

Dean: *Toward the east?*

Dorothea: Where the little bridge was . . . you know the little bridge. It was on this side of the little bridge.

Dean: *So that's quite a walk . . .*

Dorothea: Yes, yes, but we never had any of the barn odors or anything . . . then where um, uh . . . what's the woman's name that lives up on the hill there by the farm? Um . . .

Dean: *In the trailer you mean?*

Dorothea: Yeah, and she sells eggs?

Dean: *Oh, you mean Colleen Huston?*

Dorothea: Colleen! That was Dad's property up there, too.

Dean: *All of the way up to actually where Pieren's were, isn't it?*

Dorothea: Yes.

Dean: *So, kids that went to Boulder Creek . . . nobody that lived on Bay's Creek Road went to Boulder, did they?*

Dorothea: Not that I know of . . .

Dean: *How far up on Blaine Road, like the Shikey Place? Did those kids ever go to Boulder Creek? Any idea?*

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

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May 5, 2002

Dorothea: Not that I know of I . . .

Dean: So would it have only been your farm and all of Boulder Creek Road?

Dorothea: Mmhhmmmm (yes).

Dean: Boulder Creek Was closer than Brown School? Was it for you, is that why you went to Boulder Creek?

Dorothea: Yes, yes . . .

Dean: Try, as much as you can, what the building looked like on the outside if you can. If you can picture it in your mind . . .

Dorothea: Well, it was a little thing that was built like this, you know . . . and it had little steps that went up.

Dean: So, looking at your living room, was it about this size? It wasn't very big, was it?

Dorothea: No! No . . .

Dean: Was it bigger than this, do you think?

Dorothea: It could have been a little bit bigger.

Dean: So maybe 20 feet wide by 30 feet long, or something like that . . .

Dorothea: Yeah, not any more than that.

Dean: And the picture I saw looked like it was rough siding . . .

Dorothea: Yes, just boards.

Dean: Okay, so we go inside the school . . . what did that look like?

Dorothea: Well, it was al one room . . . it had a big pot bellied stove down at the back end, and uh, the desks were in there and one wall had a big blackboard on it.

Dean: Okay, so as we're standing at the front door and looking inside . . .

Dorothea: Yes.

Dean: Where the windows on the right or the left, if you can remember . . .

Dorothea: On the left.

Dean: On the left, and the blackboard was on the right?

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dorothea: Yes.

Dean: *Okay, so I'm guessing, if the windows were on the left, did that mean that that faced south, or . . . because of the light probably. If it was a dark rainy day, how did you see? You had no electricity, right?*

Dorothea: No, no . . .

Dean: *Was it just through the light through the window?*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *Ever use lamps?*

Dorothea: No, no.

Dean: *Was there any kind of a platform where the teacher's desk was?*

Dorothea: Yes, yes, she was on a platform, and um, then in the front of the school house there was an "ante room" it was called, and in there we hung our coats and hats and lunch pails. And um, then in there was a big bucket with a ladle that we got the water for drinking out of the river. And we'd all drink out of that one ladle.

Dean: *So was that Boulder Creek where you got your water?*

Dorothea: Yes.

Dean: *Did kids take turns getting the water, or did older kids do it, or how did that work?*

Dorothea: I don't remember about that, 'cause it was always there, and I don't remember who got it, but . . .

Dean: *What about bathrooms:*

Dorothea: Yeah, that was outside.

Dean: *Close to the school, or quite a ways away?*

Dorothea: Oh, maybe as far as from here to where your car is parked.

Dean: *Okay, so maybe 50 feet away or so . . .*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *Cold days that must have been a fast trip . . .*

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dorothea: (Laughing)

Dean: *I asked someone else this. Were there catalogues to read or newspaper on the wall or anything like that?*

Dorothea: Newspaper, I can remember that.

Dean: *On the wall kind of? Was that for insulation or to protect from the cracks?*

Dorothea: I don't know how that, why that . . .

Dean: *Just to read?*

Dorothea: Yeah . . . and then there was a big play shed too, a big play shed that had a bar in there and a silver thing that was on the end of . . . two of those on the end of ropes like a ring. And that was all sawdust underneath.

Dean: *Was that behind the building, or was that off of the side that the blackboard was on?*

Dorothea: On the side where the blackboard was . . .

Dean: *Were the walls completely up, or did they only go part way and then it was open?*

Dorothea: NO, no, they were all of the way up on the school house.

Dean: *On the play shed, I mean.*

Dorothea: Oh! Oh, on the play shed, only part way up!

Dean: *And then it was open?*

Dorothea: Yes.

Dean: *Was there any bell on the school?*

Dorothea: Oh, yes! Yes.

Dean: *A big bell that would ring, you mean?*

Dorothea: As I remember there was . . .

Dean: *Where's that bell?*

Dorothea: I don't know.

Dean: *That's one of the questions that I have for lots of these schools. I'm wondering where the bells are . . .*

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dorothea: Yes.

Dean: *When would they ring the bell?*

Dorothea: At the time school took up and after recess was over.

Dean: *I hear, some people have told me from Brown School that they rang it 15 minutes before school was going to start so they could hear it when they were walking, and it was kind of a warning thing.*

Dorothea: Oh!

Dean: *But, up here at Boulder Creek it was just right at the start of school, huh?*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *What are all the ways kids got to school? I assume kids walked.*

Dorothea: Mmhmhhh (yes).

Dean: *Did you walk?*

Dorothea: I walked.

Dean: *That's quite a ways.*

Dorothea: Quite a ways, and my twin brothers would take turns, and they would take a rope to school with them. One day Clyde would have it, and the next day Clifford would have it. And when they thought I was getting tired, they would put that around my waist and help me along! (Chuckle) Or going up the little hills, they would put it around their waist and pull me along.

Dean: *Really? And are they older than you?*

Dorothea: Yes.

Dean: *How many years older are they?*

Dorothea: Oh, let's see . . . they were in the 8th grade when I was starting in.

Dean: *When they graduated from 8th grade, and you were 2nd grade, did you walk along?*

Dorothea: Yes, yeah.

Dean: *Was that scary at times or not?*

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

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May 5, 2002

Dorothea: No, there was a neighbor boy, Marion Chopard, that lived across the river from us. His folks' farm was right across the creek from us.

Dean: *Down by where the horse barn is now, where the mill was?*

Dorothea: Yeah, and uh, so we'd meet up at his gate and we'd walk together. (Chuckle) One morning he would bring the newspaper, and the next morning I'd bring the matches. We'd switch off, you know. (Chuckle) . . . and we'd roll that newspaper up and sometimes it was that long like for a cigarette.

Dean: *You mean on the way to school?*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *And what would you do, light it?*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *And pretend you were smoking?*

Dorothea: (Laughing)

Dean: *That's a great story . . . so you must have had a lot of fun . . .*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *Any idea how long it took to walk to school?*

Dorothea: Gosh, no, I never did time it.

Dean: *Was your school like it is now, did it actually run September through May, or was it a school that was only in the summer times?*

Dorothea: Summer and winter, yeah. 'Cause I know one year Marion didn't go because he didn't think he could make it in the snow, but I went. I never missed any. I went. And I would be the only one in the school. 'Cause it was down to where it was only he and I in the whole school at one time, you know.

Dean: *In like the later grades you mean?*

Dorothea: Yes, in like the 6th and 7th grade.

Dean: *Did the snow get pretty deep sometimes?*

Dorothea: No, not really, huh-uh.

Dean: *Any of those times that you walked, can you tell us about seeing wild animals or anything?*

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dorothea: No, except one time we heard a farmer's bull, and we didn't know where it was coming from, and we got frightened. The twins went up over the bank and under a barbed wire fence, and I went too.

Dean: *Did you ever see the bull?*

Dorothea: No.

Dean: *Did any kids ever ride in buggies or ride horses or anything to get to school?*

Dorothea: No, not while I was there.

Dean: *You said you also went in the summer . . .*

Dorothea: Well, I mean all through the school period.

Dean: *Until May, and then you'd get out until September?*

Dorothea: Whatever, I don't remember about that.

Dean: *Any days that you got off of school like holidays? Probably Christmas. Probably Thanksgiving.*

Dorothea: Yeah, mmhmmm . . .

Dean: *Did you do a Christmas program or anything for parents?*

Dorothea: No.

Dean: *You don't remember any performances?*

Dorothea: Not there, but over at the Brown School there was. You know a little bit over there. I remember singing and . . . like that.

Dean: *Let's talk a little bit about Brown School now. So when you walked to Brown, that was a little bit further to walk.*

Dorothea: Mmhmmm (Yes).

Dean: *So, did you have kids to walk with you then, or were you alone then?*

Dorothea: No, I was alone then . . . yeah.

Dean: *And did you have to walk down here to the bridge, or did you walk up the highway and go that way?*

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dorothea: I went down through the covered, when it was a covered bridge down where the folks had their farm.

Dean: *Okay, so that's the 5th bridge . . .*

Dorothea: Yeah, and then take that road to the right and go past . . .

Dean: *Borba Road.*

Dorothea: Yeah, Borba Road and walk up that way. And then sometimes I'd go across the meadow where Marion lived cause they had a swinging bridge that went across the river, and I'd go across there.

Dean: *A little skinny bridge? Just wide enough for a person to walk on?*

Dorothea: Yeah, it was only about that wide, and it went across the river.

Dean: *Okay, so only about 3 feet wide?*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *What did you walk on?*

Dorothea: Well, they had boards on the . . . somehow or other.

Dean: *What were the sides of it like?*

Dorothea: That was wire.

Dean: *Like a woven wire?*

Dorothea: Yeah, uh-huh.

Dean: *So you couldn't really fall through?*

Dorothea: No, no.

Dean: *Did it swing ever?*

Dorothea: Yes, (chuckle) especially when the twins would get on there and start swinging it.

Dean: *Did they like to do that to you?*

Dorothea: Yes, (chuckle) and scare me to death.

Dean: *Do you remember any awful stories about that, any times when you felt like you were going to fall in probably or anything?*

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dorothea: No, no . . .

(Was there a gap here, or was this next question kind of out of the blue?)

Dean: *Brown School had a bell, because it's now down at Beaver Church.*

Dorothea: Oh, is it?

Dean: *Yeah, that's what Quentin told us.*

Dorothea: Oh! Well . . .

Dean: *So, let's go back to Boulder Creek . . . when you got to school, what would happen through the day? What's the first thing that would happen?*

Dorothea: Well, we would salute the flag. And that was it.

Dean: *And what would be the next thing that you would do after that?*

Dorothea: Well, the children would just recite whatever their lessons were, you know.

Dean: *And, how did the teacher work with the kids if there were different grades in the same room?*

Yeah . . .

Dean: *Did she teach everybody at once, or did she teach part of the kids separately? How would that work?*

Dorothea: I don't really remember that.

Dean: *Or, of the kids would go to her desk or would stay in their seats at all?*

Dorothea: I just don't remember that.

Dean: *Did your teachers ever lead you in singing any songs during the day?*

Dorothea: Brown School did.

Dean: *Did you have a recess at noon?*

Dorothea: Mmhmm.

Dean: *What did you do at recess?*

Dorothea: Went out and played.

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dean: *Were there woods all around the school, trees, or was it open area?*

Dorothea: No, it was woodsy. Yeah, it was woodsy.

Dean: *Could you play in the woods then for recess?*

Dorothea: Mmhmm, go out and take the moss off of the trees and build like a house, you know, and different rooms and play like that.

Dean: *Like a fort or something . . .*

Dorothea: Yeah, yeah.

Dean: *What are some of the games that kids used to play when you went to school?*

Dorothea: Mostly ball.

Dean: *Like softball you mean? Baseball, or kicking it?*

Dorothea: Well, no, they'd have a batter up at the front and bat, and there was a pitcher and . . . one day my brother swung the bat around and hit the teacher on the shin and about killed her.

Dean: *What teacher was that?*

Dorothea: Mrs. Alvord.

Dean: *That woman taught at a lot of schools!*

Dorothea: Yeah, she was great!

Dean: *So, she played ball with you, or she was just standing there?*

Dorothea: Yeah, no, yeah, she played with us! And then when I was up there the year by myself, the teacher would bring jacks, a little game of jacks, and uh, we'd play that.

Dean: *What teacher was that one?*

Dorothea: Mrs. Alvord.

(Note that Dorothea was the only student at Boulder Creek School with her teacher, Ruth Redberg. So I really think that Dorothea might have confused Boulder Creek with Brown School in her answer. Dean Bones)

Dean: *How did that feel to be the only student in school for a while? Was it lonely, or was it nice?*

Dorothea: No, nice.

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dean: Because you had the teacher all to yourself?

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: Was she more of a friend at that point?

Dorothea: Mmhmm.

Dean: So, it was a good time?

Dorothea: Yeah, and then when Ruth Redberg was there, that was through the 7th grade, and I was mostly the only one there, we'd go outside when it was warm, and sit on the ground, lean up against the building and do the school that way.

Dean: That sounds wonderful.

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: I'll bet it was very peaceful.

Dorothea: Mmhmm, yeah.

Dean: The school was right by the creek, wasn't it?

Dorothea: Yes.

Dean: So you could hear that running?

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: I didn't realize that Ruth taught at Boulder Creek until after she moved away, but she's still living in Hillsboro now.

Dorothea: Is she really? Oh, my! Gosh!

Dean: She just moved this past year to a retirement center in Hillsboro. I would love to talk to her about being the teacher at Brown also.

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: What were some of the subjects that were taught at school?

Dorothea: You see, I can't remember that, Dean.

Dean: Do you remember ever having much homework?

Dorothea: Never brought anything home, never ever!

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dean: *I don't know if anybody ever misbehaved at school, but if somebody would have misbehaved at school, what do you think the punishment would have been?*

Dorothea: Oh, I don't have any idea because it never happened. Never happened at either school. If it did, I didn't know of it.

Dean: *Was there ever a time when anybody at school ever got hurt very badly? And, I'm curious if anybody did, what would the teacher have done, because there was no phone?*

Dorothea: No, no.

Dean: *You don't remember any time of that happening?*

Dorothea: Huhhmm (no).

Dean: *Did parents ever come to school and be involved in any way?*

Dorothea: Not at Boulder Creek, but at Brown School on holidays, you know like Christmas. Christmas time is the only time I can remember.

Dean: *Is that mostly for a program or something?*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *Any stories about anything you remember about your school days?*

Dorothea: Huhmm (no).

Dean: *Sometimes, you know, we like to tell grandchildren stories, and I was just wondering if there was any story you might remember of going to school there . . . or at Brown. Is there any particular thing? You were telling me about Joe Haines falling, now that was at Brown, wasn't it?*

Dorothea: Yes.

Dean: *You said he had crutches, and fell down . . .*

Dorothea: Yes, mmhmm.

Dean: *You said he couldn't get up, why couldn't he get up?*

Dorothea: Well, I don't know. It took him a while to get up. He had to maneuver around, you know. I always felt so sorry for him.

Dean: *You somethings would help him?*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dean: *Were kids very polite to him? Do you ever think he was teased much about being disabled? Or was that just the way it was?*

Dorothea: I think over at the Brown School, I felt as though he was, you know, sometimes he was picked on. Yeah. But, I don't remember how many were over there either, but it seems like it was a lot of, a lot of youngsters after only being myself there at the other one.

Dean: *Okay, if you think of any other stories, anything that might have happened at either school, you can interrupt and share that. And, if it's okay, when and where were you born, if you want to share that?*

Dorothea: At Beaver, I mean at the farm, at Blankenship's.

Dean: *What's your ancestry? Your ancestors, did they come from like Norway, or England, do you know?*

Dorothea: Well, my grandfather was from Germany.

Dean: *On your dad's side, or your mom's side?*

Dorothea: On my mom's side, but as far as the rest of them, I don't know anything like that.

Dean: *And then before they came to this area, do you know where they moved from before they came to the Beaver area?*

Dorothea: Mmhmm.

Dean: *Okay, um, this is a hard one, but when you were a child, did you ever think about what you wanted to do or be when you grew up? You know some kids wanted to be a nurse or a fireman or something.*

Dorothea: No.

Dean: *What were your favorite games, books or hobbies? I'm not just talking necessarily about school now, but what would you do at home? If you had time, what would you like to do? Did you read much or play out in the woods?*

Dorothea: Yeah, I used to like to go in the, especially in the summertime and pick those Easter lilies. And I'd just pick a while washtub full of 'em, have water in the washtub and just put 'em in there.

Dean: *Easter lilies? You mean real Easter lilies?*

Dorothea: Trilliums people call 'em. Yeah, we called em Easter lilies, and then, uh, the neighbor boy, Marion Chopard that lived across the river, he'd come over, and we'd play like we was makin' playing house. You know playin' house, and we'd make mud pies, and uh . . .

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May 5, 2002

Dean: *Do you think that's one of the reasons you enjoy nature so much now?*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *What do you remember most about your mother and your father?*

Dorothea: Oh, my mother was an angel.

Dean: *In what way?*

Dorothea: She was just so sweet and kind . . . always working canning all kinds of stuff.

Dean: *So, doing all the things that needed done around the home.*

Dorothea: Yeah, yeah.

Dean: *And your dad?*

Dorothea: Of course he was crippled, you know.

Dean: *No, I didn't know.*

Dorothea: He had in his left leg, there was an opening in the bone, and it drained. When he was a young boy, the horse kicked him in that knee, and the next morning he came downstairs at his home, and never, never could bend that leg again. And he had surgery upon surgery.

Dean: *And they didn't help?*

Dorothea: No, huh-uh. And it always drained, and he had to dress it every night and morning. And that was like an hour by the time he started to quit.

Dean: *You mean like all through his life he had this?*

Dorothea: All through his life, yeah.

Dean: *How did it drain? Was there a tube or something in there?*

Dorothea: Well, there was a little opening in there that never healed up. And he had a syringe, and he would squirt a solution in there and rinse it out, run his leg around, and then let it pour out.

Dean: *Was it painful for him?*

Dorothea: Terrible along towards the last. Yeah.

Dean: *And you dad's name was . . .*

Dorothea: David.

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dean: *David Benfield.*

Dorothea: Uh-huh, David William Benfield.

Dean: *And your mother's name?*

Dorothea: Ada Jane.

Dean: *What was her maiden name?*

Dorothea: Masterson.

Dean: *Ada Jane Masterson?*

Dorothea: Uh-huh.

Dean: *Okay, and you said you don't know where she came from before coming here?*

Dorothea: I don't know if . . . that was in the Corbett area, I believe. Yeah, in the Corbett area.

Dean: *What was the best advice that your mother or father ever gave you? Or, what were some good lessons you learned from them?*

Dorothea: Well, I learned kindness from my mother, I know that. And love . . . and, uh, Dad was more stern and all business. His leg kept him from being what he might have liked to have been, you know. So much pain all the time.

Dean: *But, did he run the farm? Was that his job then?*

Dorothea: Yes, and then he had the twin brothers. All the brothers were home at one time or another to help him run it.

Dean: *Did you ever work out in the barn?*

Dorothea: Oh, gosh . . . Once in a while I went out there, yeah. Well, I was always there, but never seemed to have anything to do.

Dean: *What were your chores or responsibilities as you grew up?*

Dorothea: Uh, work in the garden and at night we'd go down and bring water up from the crick in pails and have a little container to run it along the rows.

Dean: *Did you have water in your home?*

Dorothea: Yes, yeah. And I guess we were the first farm to have electric lights. My dad had his own power plant.

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dean: Was it a water wheel you mean?

Dorothea: Huh?

Dean: What did he use, a water wheel?

Dorothea: No, it had batteries in the basement.

Dean: In your house?

Dorothea: Uh-huh, and we had electric lights. Mother had an iron and warshin' machine.

Dean: Any idea about what year that might have been, or how old you might have been?

Dorothea: Oh, let me see . . . well, all the while I went through school from the first grade on.

Dean: You had electricity . . .

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: But, other people around here did not?

Dorothea: Mmhmm (no).

Dean: You must have felt a little privileged.

Dorothea: Yes (chuckle).

Dean: Wonder why other people didn't have these batteries also.

Dorothea: I don't know' I'm sure I don't know.

Dean: How did he charge them up?

Dorothea: I don't know how that was done either.

Dean: Tell us about any of your occupations or accomplishments in your life. What have you done? Once you graduated from high school . . . did you go to Nestucca then?

Dorothea: To high school at Nestucca? Let's see, where did I go? I went to Portland to the Maculata Academy. That was a Catholic school, and I stayed with my sister and her husband.

Dean: Oh, a sister . . . so how many brothers and sisters do you have then?

Dorothea: I had 5 brothers and 1 sister.

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dean: *Were you the youngest?*

Dorothea: Yeah, yeah.

Dean: *So, you went four years in Portland to high school?*

Dorothea: No, I only went the one year.

Dean: *And then did you come back to Nestucca then?*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *Did you end up graduating from Nestucca? Or did you graduate from the other school?*

Dorothea: From Nestucca? No, I only graduated from grade school.

Dean: *Tell us about your own family . . . Cecil. You got married, and can you share a little bit about Cecil?*

Dorothea: I know he was a wonderful man.

Dean: *And, he worked on a railroad, didn't he?*

Dorothea: No, he was a crane operator hoisting in portable engineer . . . and he operated cranes.

Dean: *He did that most of his time working?*

Dorothea: Yeah, that was his line of work.

Dean: *Why did you move back to this area?*

Dorothea: He loved it down here. He was a fisherman, and he fell in love with the parents, my mother and dad . . . especially my mother. You know, he claimed her as his mother. And, us, he just loved it down here.

Dean: *So, were they still living here when you moved back, you mean?*

Dorothea: No, they were gone then. But, uh, he would come . . . when we would come down to see the folks, I not knowing this, he always made a point, when this place was operating . . . the little grocery store on that end of the house. He'd always stop in there and have a candy bar or something and talk with the people. And, I guess that was his idea to someday have this place.

Dean: *How did you reel about moving back here? Did you think it was a good idea?*

Dorothea: Oh, I wanted to, but I was . . . I liked it where we were so much that I cried for the first six months down here.

Interview with Dorothea Benfield Woodward

Interviewed by Dean Bones

May 5, 2002

Dean: *But you like just about anything, don't you?*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *You're very content.*

Dorothea: Yeah.

Dean: *I could see where you'd like where you lived there and like it here too.*

Dorothea: Yes.

Dean: *It must get a little lonely at times.*

Dorothea: Well, not anymore, (chuckle) . . . not anymore. It did at first.

Dean: *If we had a lot of your nieces and nephews sitting here, can you think of any stories when you were young, or times with Cecil, or stories that your parents told you, that you'd like to share with them?*

Dorothea: Gosh, I just can't.

Dean: *You know, one thing I forgot to ask you, Dorothea, was who all your teachers were. You mentioned Mrs. Alvord, Mrs. Crockett . . .*

Dorothea: Ruth Redberg . . .

Dean: *Oh, Ruth Redberg, who became Mrs. Crockett.*

Dorothea: Mrs. Alvord, and uh, I don't remember of any others.

Dean: *So, the one at Brown School . . . do you remember who that was in your 8th grade year? It doesn't matter. If you don't, it's okay.*

Dorothea: No, I can't really remember for sure.