

# Gram's Story

By Mabel Dunn Groskey

1905 to 1925

## FOREWORD

This narrative is a look at life in the late 1800's and early 1900's, with just a glimpse of the generation before and a thumbnail sketch of my ancestors, as far back as I know them. I must make the following acknowledgments:

To my sister Ora, three years older than I, who has in many instances reinforced my memory and in some cases provided material important to the story before and during my memory span;

To my brother Earl, who in the last few years of his life, made notes for me of events and happenings. He supplied important data that have been valuable sources of information of events before my birth as well as afterward but of which I had no knowledge;

To my daughter Glenda, for her help in editing; and to my friends in Nan's Monday writing class, without whose encouragement I might never have finished.

To - Mary Anne -  
With love and  
Appreciation -  
Mabel D.

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Mabel Dunn Groskey

## CHAPTER ONE

By the time I was born, January 11, 1905, a new baby in our family was no novelty. I was the tenth of eleven children born to Darius Jerome and Elizabeth Jane Dunn. In the Little Nestucca River valley where they lived, they were affectionately known as "Lizzie and Rome." Papa was also known as "D.J."

The reason my birth is memorable has more to do with my mother than with me. While all my brothers and sisters had been successfully delivered by neighbors acting as midwives, mine was a breech birth. A doctor had to be summoned from Tillamook to save my mother's life. It took him two days to come by horse and buggy over roads that were hardly more than trails.

When I think of the suffering my mother endured to bring me into this world, I feel a great love and sympathy for her and a deep sense of appreciation for my life. I am told that I cried constantly for three months, which was certainly no way to win friends.

The house in which I was born was built in 1904 and was the first one in the area to be built of milled lumber instead of logs and was a kind of status symbol. Located on the bank of the Little Nestucca River, it was not much more than a mile as the crow flies from the junction with the Big Nestucca River and the ocean, which meant the river in front of our house was affected by the tides. The house, with few changes, was used as a residence until 1986 when it was torn down.

It was a big house with six bedrooms, a big "sitting room", a rather large dining room, a kitchen and pantry. My brother, Donald, born June 4, 1908, and I were born in this house.

Despite all efforts of family and loving neighbors, especially Pearl Fraser, who were taking care of him, Donald lived only four days. Mama had fallen a short time before he was born and it was thought the fall had injured the cord which attaches to the navel. There was infection, probably peritonitis. The treatment was poultices of cobwebs, which had been gathered by my oldest sisters, Tressa and Mary, heated to sterilize, then enclosed in sterilized material and applied to the baby.

The activity surrounding his death and preparations for his burial are my earliest memories. A tiny casket was made and lined with blue silk. When it was time for his burial, Uncle John Craven came with his surrey and two ponies to take them to the cemetery. (We had nothing but wagons and work horses.) When it was time to go, Papa took the little casket into Mama's bedroom and laid it on the side of the bed and they looked and wept together. Then Uncle John drove, with Mary beside him and Papa and Tressa in the back seat. Papa held the baby across his knees. Donald is buried in the Oretown Cemetery.

There had been a log house very close by where my brothers Ralph Darius and Rufus Earl and my older sister Ora May were born. The first child, a boy who was stillborn, my brothers John Clarence and Clifford Arrowsmith and my sisters Mary Emeline and the twins Tressa Veta and Retta Edna, were born in my parent's first home - a homestead cabin built of long split shakes three or four inches thick, called puncheon, for the walls and floors. It was just one room with a loft.

It may be helpful to list the order of births of my brothers and sisters and me:

- Unnamed boy (stillborn)
- John Clarence
- Clifford Arrowsmith
- Retta Edna (named but stillborn)
- Tressa Veta
- Mary Emeline
- Ralph Darius -
- Rufus Earl
- Ora May
- Mabel Eva (myself)
- Donald

There was a big water wheel in the front yard and across the road there was a cellar dug out of the hillside. Retta Edna was buried under the sheepnose apple tree just above the cellar. She had been born dead and had been dead for some time before her birth, which caused Tressa to have what was then believed to be meningitis. This first house was a considerable distance from the later two houses, but they were all located on a land grant from the General Land Office of the United States of America, signed by President Grover Cleveland in 1888. I have a copy of this among my genealogy papers.

When they were living in the cabin, my mother was making all their clothes, including suits for the boys, and later my father made their shoes. But when the two oldest boys first went to school they did not have shoes and went to school barefoot. (When Clarence and Clifford were of school age there were no schools, so Papa taught them at home.) In those days the teacher alternated living among the families as part of her salary. When living with my parents, she would leave early enough to have a fire when Clarence and Clifford arrived with their very cold feet. (School terms in those days were only three or four months.)

How Rome and Lizzie came together in Tillamook County, Oregon, makes a most unlikely story. Papa had been born in Virginia. Not much is known about his father's ancestry. His mother was Zerelda Emeline Bainbridge, whose great-great uncle was Commodore William Bainbridge, one of the Commanders of "Old Ironsides." She had married my grandfather, John W. Dunn, when she was only fifteen years old. Zerelda took her doll with her to her first home, which was a one-room log cabin with a dirt floor and a fireplace which served for both heating and cooking. My cousin Rolland Dunn, who gave me much of this information on Grandma Zerelda, thinks they were married in Bland County, Virginia.

John and Zerelda owned slaves. One of them, Mark, was the age of Rolland's father, my Uncle Jeff. When the slaves were freed, Mark did not want to leave. Years afterward, when Uncle Jeff became a railroad conductor, he was always looking for Mark. In 1925, in Galveston, Texas, he found him - shining shoes.

The Dunn family's departure from Virginia was a terrifying experience. The Civil War was raging and emotions ran high. One day when John Dunn was on his horse riding into town, he was met by friends who told him men were on their way to hang him. He just kept riding, leaving Zerelda to follow later.

She had a very hard time. Soldiers took all their stock, but she had hidden one horse in the bedroom.

Later, after baking all their flour into bread, and baking all the hams, she loaded her children, food and household belongings into the wagon drawn by that lone horse and took off to meet him. They lived in Wisconsin, Virginia, Missouri and Kansas before coming to Oregon.

In 1875, leaving her husband and a daughter behind to sell the crop and property in Kansas, Zerelda, with my father, who at twenty-one was "head of the family", brought her other five children, aged eleven, nine, seven, four and two, by emigrant train to San Francisco.

They took a boat from San Francisco to Oregon, where they were met at Champoeg or Oregon City by Marcellus Falconer, the husband of Zerelda's sister, Caroline. He took them to Sheridan, where he lived. (At the time, Zerelda had four sisters living in the Oregon territory.)

After Grandfather John joined them, he brought the family by horse and wagon to Clear Creek, south of Cloverdale. On the way, they spent the winter at Bear Camp (Boyer) near what is now the Brookside egg farm.

The land on which they settled was rich, but also damp, because of beaver dams, and John's attempts to drain it were unsuccessful. The beavers worked faster than Grandpa and would rebuild at night what had been destroyed by day. Completely discouraged, he sold the claim in 1877 to a beaver-trapper for \$600 and was heading back to the Willamette Valley with his family when he met a man named George Zugg, who wanted to leave because his health was failing. John bought his claim in the Little Nestucca River valley for \$400. He still had many beavers to contend with, but a trapper taught him how to trap them and the sale of their skins formed a large portion of his income.

My mother was born in Oskaloosa, Mahaska County, Iowa on October 2, 1867.

The birthplace of my mother's father, Cyrus Maelin Whiteman, is unknown. Before coming to Oregon he lived in Ohio and Iowa, later settling in Watsonville, California (Cyrus' mother came to Oregon and lived for a time on a farm adjoining that of my parents).

My mother's mother, Mary Ann Harbour, could trace her ancestry back to the Huguenots in France, when a daughter of John Witt, Jr. (a Huguenot refugee) married Thomas Harbour, who had reputedly been born in Wales (1675-1696). Four generations later Mary Ann was born in Iowa (1847). Her parents were Ezekiel Arrowsmith Harbour and Elizabeth M. Kirkpatrick. They later homesteaded some property in the Little Nestucca River area, on the hill rather than the valley. Their homestead touched the Dunn homestead on the east. In fact, Papa sold them forty acres for \$250. They lived there for seven or eight years.

Cyrus and Mary Ann then moved here from Watsonville with their family for a short period of time before returning to Watsonville.

Among Mama's things I found this note scribbled on a small piece of paper.

"Came to Tillamook County in June 1884. Settled on Little Nestucca River on homestead. Left Sheridan before daylight, only stopped team long enough to feed and water the horses. Just removed their bridles so they could eat their grain and we ate basket lunch. Was nearly dark when we got to my grandmother's. Mr. Falconer was the driver. His father had hotel in Sheridan."

Thus it was that Jerome and Elizabeth met and were married at Tillamook, Oregon, October 26, 1884. They began their life together clearing heavily timbered land, whacking out underbrush, growing crops, milking cows and raising a family.

The land on which they settled had been Indian land until 1876 when the Indians had been moved to the mouth of the Salmon River in Lincoln County. The Siletz Indian Reservation extended from roughly the Central Cheese Factory south of Cloverdale to Yaquina. We found Indian artifacts (beads and arrowheads) and dishes buried under trees. One item I especially remember was a hollowed out stone with another long stone which fit into the hollow - I think it was called a bowl and pestle. This was probably used for grinding grains. We used it as a doorstep in our home for many years.

## CHAPTER TWO

A typical day on a dairy farm in the late 1800's and early 1900's didn't differ too much from life on a dairy farm today. The differences are in technology. In the early days, anything attempted or done had to be from "scratch." My father always contended that, in order to obtain maximum yield, the cows had to be milked at regular hours. This meant that if they were milked at four o'clock in the afternoon, they must also be milked at four o'clock in the morning, which seemed awfully early to someone ten years old. (When I was ten I began milking ten cows twice a day.)

Most of the year the cows would be in the field at milking time, and had to be rounded up and brought into the barn. Most farmers had well-trained dogs to assist in this chore. If a cow loitered or strayed off from the others, a well placed nip at her heels would get her back into line very quickly. Once they were in the barn, the job of milking began. Everyone except my father used a three-legged stool - he used a one-legged stool! To keep the cows contented during milking they had to have something to munch on. In wintertime it would be hay or grain and in summer it would be "green feed." These were crops grown for the purpose of cutting and feeding green, instead of drying for winter hay. We also grew and fed chopped rutabagas, but this was finally eliminated from the menu as some thought they could taste it in the milk.

Before milking, the udder needed to be washed to insure clean milk. When your bucket was full, the milk was strained into a ten-gallon can which would be taken to the cheese factory each morning to be made into cheese that same day.

After the milking was finished, the cows would again be turned out to pasture. Now the barn needed to be cleaned. It was done by shoveling manure into a wheelbarrow, wheeling it out and dumping it on a manure pile. This was located a little distance from the barn and was reached by an elevated board walk. No matter how high the walk, eventually the pile reached that height. As it dried, it would be spread on the fields for fertilizer.

While my father, mother and older brothers were milking and doing the chores, my older sisters were busy in the house. Breakfast had to be ready when the barn work was finished so the men could eat before going to the cheese factory and to the fields to work. The women of the household had to arise almost as early as the men did. They had to build a fire in the wood cook-stove and get the oven hot enough to bake biscuits, which might be either sourdough or baking powder. Some of my earliest memories are of hearing the coffee grinder and smelling the freshly ground coffee.



The menu seldom varied. There would be mush (cereal) which was always cooked (dry cereals were unknown). We had oatmeal occasionally, but most of the time it was coarse graham. This was served in bowls which we called "mush bowls," but are known as soup bowls today. It was always served with cream which had just been skimmed off pans of milk saved from the evening milking the day before. In many families, it was the custom to take a dipper to the barn and get the morning cream from the top of the cans, but this practice was not allowed at our house. Papa thought it would keep the butterfat test low at the factory.

After the cereal there would be bacon or sausage. If it was sausage there would be a cream gravy, which was pan drippings with cream stirred in. This was used on the biscuits or the occasional pancakes. Extra potatoes were always cooked at the evening meal, so there would be hash brown potatoes, too. Oh, yes - there was coffee which was boiled in a pot. To settle the coffee grounds before serving, a little cold water would be stirred in. Of course, at every meal there was always a large pitcher of milk and a smaller pitcher of cream on the table.

One might think that with such a breakfast, no one would be hungry again that day, but there were two more meals to come. Lunch, as we know it today, was dinner, and the evening meal was supper. As I remember it, none of these meals were skimpy. They were all meat, potatoes and gravy type of meals.

If there was an omission, it was in the dessert line. We seldom had cake or pie. We had home-canned fruit or puddings, especially rice or bread pudding. Cream was always served with these, though my father sometimes requested a lemon-flavored sauce for the bread pudding. Eating was a serious business - I do not remember any great discussions and there was no horseplay at the table.

It is important to remember that everything which was served had to be produced on the farm, with the exception of sugar, flour, coarse graham, rolled oats, dried beans, rice, coffee, tea, salt, pepper and other spices.

Grandfather Whiteman, my mother's father, was a horticulturist. He planted a large orchard on our hill land quite a distance from our house, and a smaller one close to the location of the first cabin. The smaller one was mostly apples - several varieties - but the larger orchard had pears, prunes and plums, in addition to the apples.

My father had introduced the evergreen blackberry to the area. These things, in addition to the wild berries - huckleberries, both red and blue, salal berries, thimbleberries and salmon berries, plus the wild fruits - I especially remember crabapples and gooseberries - gave great variety to our diet.

We raised all our vegetables. The soil was virgin soil and so rich that the only fertilizer we ever used was that which was produced by the farm animals.

There was plenty of water, but it had to be carried in buckets from a spring. This was the job of the younger children. We did have a barrel placed to catch any rain as it ran off the roof; this water was used for washing clothes, but not drinking. There was always a fresh bucket of water with a dipper in it sitting on a bench on the back porch. Alongside were tin pans for wash pans. This was where the men washed with homemade soap as they came from the barn or the fields.

At butchering time each year several pigs were killed and the meat prepared for our winter food. This was always in the fall so the weather would be cool. Some of the meat was used fresh - and what a treat it was - but there was no refrigeration so most of it was cured. The sides were made into bacon and the legs and shoulders into ham. These were treated with salt and smoked in a smoke house.

Some of the lean meat was ground, seasoned and made into sausage patties. These were fried or browned and packed into five gallon cans or crocks. There would be a layer of fat and a layer of sausage until the crock was full, ending with a layer of fat. This would preserve the meat until it was exposed to air. When using it we would remove the amount of sausage desired, melt some of the fat and pour it over the top to seal it again.

We made head cheese by scrubbing the head with stiff brushes, singeing the whiskers, then cooking it in water. The meat was removed, seasoned and pressed into a loaf which many considered very tasty. Even the feet were scrubbed, boiled and made into pickled pigs feet.

The finest, or leaf, fat was rendered for our winter supply of lard. It would be cut small for maximum fat extraction and rendered in a big iron kettle over a steady moderate fire so as not to burn it. It was then strained through a cloth inside a sieve and poured into five-gallon cans with a cloth over the top. (These five-gallon cans were the ones our kerosene came in and, when empty and carefully cleaned, were very useful).

In the same iron kettle, the fat was mixed with lye, water added, and this was boiled to a consistency to pour into boxes, or forms. When hardened, this would be cut into bars for our yearly supply of soap for laundry, baths, and hands and faces.

Beef was slaughtered more than once a year, and was preserved differently. Neighbors assisted each other with these big jobs and I am sure they received fresh meat for their work. My mother made wonderful corned beef by putting big chunks of beef into a spiced brine in a crock. This would keep longer than fresh meat. It would need to be taken out of the brine and soaked in cold water to freshen before cooking.

Most of the beef which could not be eaten fresh was canned. This was done by packing the meat into jars - mostly one-half gallon jars for our family - adding a little salt, adjusting the lid and placing them in the copper boiler on a rack. The jars were covered with water and, after coming to a boil, boiled for three hours. If you have never eaten home-canned beef, you have missed a treat! When removed from the jar the juices would be thickened for gravy. MMMM!!

Lastly, as a special treat, some meat would be cut into strips, and made into dried beef by hanging it in the attic near the stovepipe.

There were clams waiting to be dug. If we were too busy around the farm to take the time to row a boat down to the clam flats and dig them, a neighbor who we called Uncle John Baker would dig them and sell them to us for \$1 for a ten gallon can. We would transfer them to a galvanized wash tub, cover with fresh water, and toss in a handful of coarse graham. When we were ready to use them a few days later, their stomachs would be clean and more edible.

There were ducks in season; there were also china pheasants, but Papa would not allow them to be killed. They would have been good eating - but they were such a beautiful bird. Salmon was plentiful, and, when most plentiful, my brothers would fish with nets and catch as many as we would need to preserve for future use. They would be cut into chunks and put into big barrels in layers with salt between. The salmon would be soaked in cold water to draw out the salt before cooking. Sometimes it would just be steamed, or parboiled, and served, but mostly Mama made a white sauce to put it in. This would then be used over biscuits or boiled potatoes.

The boys used to let us go along sometimes to help pull the nets from the river. This was an exciting experience for us! Our normal fishing consisted of an alder switch with some fishline tied to it - and most of the time we had only a bent pin for a hook. With this equipment, we sometimes caught enough small trout for a meal. They were tedious to clean, but tasted great!!!

Once or twice each year, my father would go to Willamina with the horses and wagon and bring back sugar, flour and cereal. He would be gone five days. There was a stopping place on the old road between Dolph and Willamina, called the Bee Ranch, where he would stop overnight each way. It was called the Bee Ranch because they had hives of bees, and sold honey as a source of income. (We got our honey by robbing the nests of the wild bees.)

We could hardly wait for him to get home, as the Willamina merchants, in appreciation of his order, always gave him a big bag of hard candy to bring home. Then, and at Christmas, were the only times we had candy. In later years, we learned to make fudge and divinity, but it is my guess that the reason we did it so seldom was that sugar was too scarce a commodity to be squandered in such concentrated form.

When Ora was about ten years old, Marie Metzsky, the wife of our cheesemaker, taught her to make what was then called "light" bread. Until this time, our bread had been either sourdough or baking powder biscuits, with an occasional pan of cornbread which would be baked in a big, flat pan and cut into squares. Having been raised in corn country, Virginia and Kansas, this was a special treat for my father. But from now on, we would have loaf bread, too. It was made from a yeast starter, kept alive by adding potato water after each use. Ora had to stand on a stool to mix the bread, and I would stand and watch and talk to her while she did it. It was mixed in a big dishpan in the evening, and would stand in a warm place with a dishtowel over it all night to rise. The next morning it would be kneaded and made into loaves and left to rise again. Our bread pans were black metal and each held three big loaves. By the time the bread had risen again and was baked, it would still be warm when we came home from school. We would be allowed to have some, buttered and with sugar on it every baking day. The delightful taste still lingers.

Full 1897 everything had to come by boat or by stage  
 through over the highest hills of the coast range on what was then  
 as the stage trail. This followed the Indian trail and was not  
 very wide, close to our farm where the river had to be crossed it was  
 so narrow that horses and mules had to be led across. The alternate route was to follow  
 the Little Belton River to the north, but this necessitated loading the  
 team in four or five places. Travel was planned to avoid the stormy  
 weather when the river would be high and the river very wild. The  
 fact that a summer began when I was eight or nine years old, by  
 modern days was certainly an unusual fact, but the fact that the  
 water level was high at one of the falls also means that the  
 logging and sawing was not done. The lumber had been running for  
 the boats had entered the river while very hot and heavy, which  
 caused it to stop and burn. High came out all right, though.

The later wagon road was opened in 1897. It followed the Little  
 Belton River, but there was still the problem of no bridge. The  
 bridge was not built until the 1930's. The bridge showed the  
 advance considerably for that time and the fact that it was  
 built to go to that we believed in the "Little Belton" bridge.  
 Grand home and all other part of that time was the "Little Belton"  
 road, which was built for the river and in 1930s in several places.  
 In 1930 a bridge was built across the Little Belton River just  
 west of the house where the house was built. The bridge was  
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HOUSE WHERE MABEL WAS BORN  
 Walk at right leads to our old  
 cheese factory. New factory and  
 Miller's store can be seen across  
 river.

### CHAPTER THREE

Until 1882 everything had to come by boat or be brought by horseback over the highest hills of the Coast Range on what was known as the Gauldy Trail. This followed old Indian trails and came out near Meda, close to our farm, where the river had to be forded for one to proceed to Oretown and Neskowin. The alternate route was to follow the Little Nestucca River to Meda, but this necessitated fording the river in four or five places. Travel was planned to avoid the stormy weather when the water would be high and the river very swift. One incident I remember happened when I was eight or nine years old. My brother Ralph was returning on horseback from visiting the girl he would later marry when, at one of the fords, his horse lost his footing and could not recover. My brother had been running him and the horse had entered the water while very hot and sweaty, which caused him to cramp and drown. Ralph came out all right, though.

The first wagon road was opened in 1882. It followed the Little Nestucca River, but there was still the problem of no bridges. The bridges were not built until the 1930's. The bridges shortened the distance considerably for Meda residents and for those south of us wishing to go to what we referred to as "The Valley", which meant Grand Ronde and all points east of that. This was the Meda-to-Dolph route, where previously the river had to be forded in several places. In 1894 a bridge was built across the Little Nestucca River just a short distance west of the house where I was born, which made it possible for people from Oretown and Neskowin to get to Cloverdale without fording the river at Meda. The road to Cloverdale from our home on the north bank of the river was over the highest hill. It came out near the Jenck place which was not far south of Cloverdale.

About 1904 or 1905, a new road was built lower down on the mountain between Cloverdale and our home. This road went past the Hudson house and the Union School (now the Seventh Day Adventist church) just as it does today. It cut across the Ardy and Henry Gage places and came out in the south on Dunn property where John Weiss, Sr. had a sawmill. (This was very close to the site of the original homestead cabin.) It then followed the old road over the hill to the bridge by our house. (The location of this road was easily found and could be followed when I was ten or twelve years old.) A few years later, with picks, shovels and wheelbarrows, they built the road around the hill, which put it on a lower grade. The first road had been a dirt road. The second one was laid with 4 inch by 12 inch planks laid flat on the road bed. The planks were cut in the Weiss sawmill from Dunn timber.

Still later, about 1912-1913, another bridge was built down river where it crosses at the present time. In 1914 a road was built across the tidelands from the then Union School to the dock. A bridge to cross the Little Nestucca River at that point was built at that time or a year earlier. In about 1917-1918 this became the Roosevelt Highway - now Highway 101. In 1927 a road was built from Highway 101 running southeast through the Conder and Dunn property to connect with the Meda Loop road. The original Meda Loop road crossed the bridge by our house, followed the river southwest for two or three hundred yards and cut across John Dunn's property to connect with the Oretown-Dolph road.

Before the roads, the river was our highway for necessities. We traveled the Nestucca to get to Al Southmaid's store at Ocean Park, located between the present Pacific City and Woods, where the early settlers went for the groceries they could not supply for themselves. Mama used to churn butter to trade for some of our needs.

My brother Earl told of going with Papa on one of these shopping trips. Down near the clam flats they met Ardy Gage and his two boys in a large Indian canoe. Ardy carried a pair of dental forceps for emergencies, and since Papa had a tooth that was aching he asked Ardy to pull it for him. They pulled alongside and got into our boat and Ardy pulled the tooth. After it was out they discovered he had pulled the wrong tooth, so there was nothing to do but pull the other tooth, which he did. In those days the only dental service was a traveling dentist who came through about once each year.

Second Road followed  
same route over hills  
later about 1905 build road  
around hill close to river.

Conrad  
D. end

mountain

Homestead

Summit  
Wilson  
Line

Road  
above  
summit

connect with  
all-weather  
road

Crown  
Wilson  
Line

Summit  
place

First Road (about 1900)  
First Cheese Factory

to out town

to Dalph

to Dalph

over

5



## CHAPTER FOUR

There were no doctors in the area and the pioneers had to know what to do when sickness, accidents and death occurred. It required strength and courage, and I am proud to say that my mother was one of the women who helped in all situations. She had no training as a nurse, and I have no idea how she learned to do all the things she was called upon to do. She had the knowledge and skill to help not only her own family but anyone who needed help.

She was one of the women who moved in with the Bowman family at Neskowin in the spring of 1905 when they had what was diagnosed as Black Diphtheria. Earl's notes record that "Mama stayed a long time - it seemed like a month." Despite all efforts, the mother and four of her children died within a week, and she was buried with the youngest, an infant, in her arms. Because of the fear of spreading the disease, all the burials were made at night, with no one in attendance except the two men who were digging the graves and burying them.

Mama assisted at births, cared for the sick and, in case of death, she did the things a mortician would do to care for the body until the funeral. There was no embalming, so the hands and face would be covered with cloths dipped in formaldehyde to prevent discoloration. The cloths would need to be changed frequently and kept moist.

She sewed up wounds and treated our various ailments with home remedies. For blood poisoning she would boil the Yarrow plant, which grew wild, and make hot packs of the liquid; for coughs she made a syrup of the root of the skunk cabbage; for chest congestion she would rub our chests with mutton grease which had been warmed. As a cure for boils she used some kind of 'mud' to make poultices.

I'm not sure there wasn't a little voodooism connected with one of her treatments. It was a preventative rather than a treatment. In the winter we wore a bag containing something called Asafoetida around our necks inside our clothes. It smelled terrible, but was supposed to ward off colds. It really worked, but in retrospect, I suspect it was because the odor discouraged anyone from getting close.

There were people living in the heavily-timbered hills just beyond our home. Many were single men who would build a shack and homestead some property. I am unsure how they existed.

When one of them, a man named McKnight, died, he was brought out and laid in state in our sitting room until the funeral. One of the settlers, Frank Foster, had a sawmill, and he kept a stock of boards already cut for making caskets. Men of the neighborhood made a casket for McKnight, and then sat with him all night, as was the custom. The next day there was a funeral service and he was buried. Ora and I stayed upstairs, peeking over the bannister, most of the time he was there.

Another time, one of the hermits had nothing to do during the long winter except to read. He had very little to read except the Bible and he had gone insane trying to understand it. (At least that is what we were told.) He was brought to our home to wait until transportation to Tillamook could be arranged. We stayed upstairs while he was there, too.

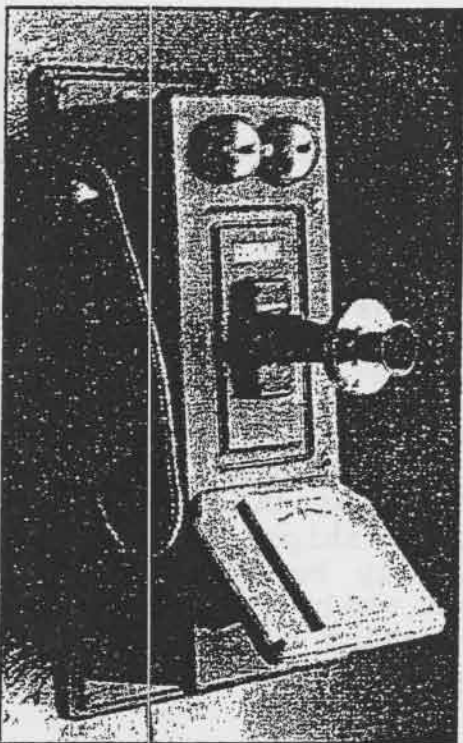
Earl's notes say that, in the years since, nearly all of these old homesteads have been vacated for one reason or another. Some settlers lost heart and walked off; some sold out to timber companies. In the 1930's the government (BLM) bought what was left and burned the buildings. He added, "God only knows how they stayed that long without starving." These homesteaders were in the area above the Estella Falls, fanning out into the hills.

How those people happened to be where they were has always been a mystery to me. Had they chosen the timbered hill land in preference to the bottom land when staking a claim or had they taken it because it was the only free land left, hoping to eke out a living on it? Quite a few of the early homesteaders were single men so perhaps it was a search for adventure as well as the quest for financial rewards which lured them.

Some remained single, others married Little Nestucca River girls. William Penter married Bertha Hess; Alex Fraser married Pearl Penter; Roy Shaeffer married May Wilson, who was the postmistress for the Meda post office until it was abolished about 1917. Frank Foster sent for a mail order bride. Somehow he managed to convince a beautiful, cultured woman to leave her home in the city and join him in his isolated home in the hills.



CRAVEN-DUNN CHEESE FACTORY  
(about 1904)



A 1907 wall telephone in the dining room is wired to receive calls.



L to R - MABEL, ROLLAND METZSKY  
and ORA

## CHAPTER FIVE

In these earliest years my family was busy clearing land, building fences (fences were made from the timber cut to clear land) and always continuing with the regular farm chores. They made fence posts and shakes to sell or to trade for supplies from this timber.

I've already mentioned that my mother made butter for sale or trade. At first she used a dasher churn. The churn was an urn-shaped crock with a wooden disc on the top of it. Through a hole in the middle of this disc a round rod with a paddle on the end of it agitated the cream until it turned to butter. Later, after she had a cream separator, she had a barrel churn, which would churn much larger quantities of butter at a time. A barrel churn is, just as its name implies, a barrel. The barrel fits into a wooden frame and is turned over and over with a crank on the side. The cream splashes back and forth as it is turned, and you can tell by the sound when it has turned to butter. It will "thump" instead of "splash."

Mama was shipping butter to Portland by boat and receiving merchandise in return from Jones' Cash Store. We had a catalog from which we ordered. Of course, we did not order unless it was something we really needed.

In 1900 or 1901, Rome Dunn and John Craven, Senior, who were brothers-in-law, built a cheese factory. A boat would come periodically to pick up the cheese and other produce, bringing our order back by the next boat. There actually were three boats which called at our "dock." They were the Della, the Elmore, and the Gerald C. Of course they had to come at high tide, and if they could not load and return on the same tide, it was necessary to wait for the next high tide.

The early pioneers were extremely dependent on the boats for food. My mother told of the time when, before she was married, her family had nothing but flour for several weeks. They would make biscuits and then brown flour and stir in water to make a gravy to use over the biscuits. The boat arrived just in time!

Our cheese factory was just across a foot bridge from our house and on the bank of the river for easy access to shipping. It was in operation until about 1909 when a new factory was built across the bridge, but still on the river bank for easy shipping. This new factory was owned by the dairymen and eventually became part of the Tillamook County Creamery Association. It was while this factory was in operation that the farmers began regular testing of their cows and keeping production records. They also began a program of improving cleanliness and sanitation.

The cheese factory was moved to a third location in our immediate area before Oretown became THE factory for all the farmers in our area. Beginning with the second cheese factory, there was a period of twenty years when at least one of my brothers was a cheesemaker. The cycle ended when Earl retired from cheesemaking at the Central cheese factory.

A lot of my earliest memories are of Ora's and my activities in and around the first cheese factory. We played in the room where they made the boxes to ship the cheese and even learned how to put the boxes together. One of our favorite things to do was to dip our hands in the paraffin vat when the paraffin had cooled after dipping the cheese. (Cheese was dipped periodically while aging to keep it from molding - a practice still being followed). Our hands would come out looking as though we were wearing gloves. We would pretend that we were rich ladies wearing gloves, and would try to keep from cracking the paraffin as long as possible.

In the early days of cheesemaking, they made only the big round wheels about four inches tall, weighing twenty-four pounds, called triplets, and a smaller round cheese called a longhorn which was six inches in diameter, slightly longer, and weighed about seven pounds.

For many years cheese was purchased by the piece. The merchant had a large cutting board with a glass cover. The cheese was kept under cover and would be cut as nearly as possible to the customers wishes, but it would seldom be exactly one pound or multiples thereof. Papa did not like cheese less than a year old, so he used to buy one of the big ones, and leave it at the factory for a year so it would be paraffined regularly. Then when we needed cheese at home, he would cut a big chunk to bring home and leave the rest to be cared for.

From the beginning, I developed a fondness for curds. As far back as I can remember, I was privileged to stop by a cheese factory and receive a handful of curds. After moving the factory to Tillamook, there was a long period when there was no way to get curds, but they now sell them and I can indulge myself every time I go to the factory. (Curds are fingers of cheese just before being pressed into wheels or loaves or whatever, and are the very mildest form of cheese.)

The cheese factory was the focal point for a couple of accidents which, except for "the Angel riding on my shoulder" could have been the last of me. Both occurred at the location of the second cheese factory. One day a boat was tied at the dock and had finished loading cheese but had not dismantled and removed the loading chute which was put out a window of the factory, across the road from, and higher than, the boat. Ora and I and a couple of friends thought it would be fun to go in the factory, climb through the window and slide down the chute to the dock. When it was my turn, I didn't stop at the dock, but slid across it and went into the river under the boat. Even though we lived on the river bank and played around it and the boats all the time, I could not swim. I do not remember much about my rescue - except that someone pushed a piece of lumber, sort of like an oar, toward me and I grasped it.

The other episode occurred when the woman testing our cows had gone to the factory where she did her testing, but had forgotten to take her samples. She had stayed at our house the night before, so I had ridden to the factory with her. She asked me if, after I got home, I would bring the samples to her. Papa deposited the milk, drove around the factory and filled some of the cans with hot water (this was a new blessing - having hot water for washing milk cans, and also to use in our laundry). Then he drove around to the whey tank. (Whey is a by-product of the cheese, and each farmer was entitled to a certain number of cans of whey based on the number of cans of milk he had delivered. The whey was fed to the pigs and chickens.) When we arrived home, I picked up the bucket containing the little testing bottles and went back to the factory. She took the bottles and gave the bucket back to me. I left the factory, swinging my bucket. The last people to bring their milk that day were filling cans at the whey tank as I walked by (I forgot to mention how bashful I was). It was the Beckwith boys and I knew them well - they were about the same age as my two youngest brothers. As I walked past, one of them said "Good-bye, sweetheart." I felt myself blushing, so I put the bucket over my head and kept walking in what I thought was a straight line. The first thing I knew, I was going through space and landed in the water. The bank was very high at that point. I went completely under, straight down, and the bucket came off my head. When I came up, I was close enough to the bank that I could stick my fingers in the mud. I didn't know what to do, so I waited a while thinking they would leave. Finally, I began yelling "Help!" Fortunately for me, they had not gone, but the noise of the whey tank kept them from hearing me until they were driving along just above me. When they looked over and saw me, hanging on with my fingers in the mud, and the tide coming in, they tried to help me, but I wouldn't let them. They finally went to a field close by where my two youngest brothers were cutting green feed for the cows, and had them come to my rescue.

There was one other incident involving water - but it was no accident! My mother's brother, Linden Whiteman, and his family also lived on the Meda Loop. Their only son, Laurence, was just a few months older than I. Their home had a stream running alongside and Laurence had a wagon. The road in front of their home led down to the stream where a little bridge crossed it. Ora and Laurence put me in the wagon, pulled it to the top of the hill, gave it a push and I went sailing. I didn't go straight but veered to the right and missed the bridge. The wagon tipped upside down into the stream with me underneath. They were scolded, but the worst punishment for Laurence was that Aunt Minnie gave me one of his dresses to put on. (At that time, very young boys wore dresses - I do not know the age at which they changed to pants.)

## CHAPTER SIX

In addition to milking, land clearing, etc., there were seasonal things to be done on the farm. As early as possible in the spring the ground would be prepared for planting our big garden. We would have had root vegetables throughout the winter, either by storing, as with potatoes, or by leaving them in the ground and using them as needed. This was the case with carrots, parsnips and rutabagas.

First the ground would need to be plowed. If you have never seen a plow, it will be difficult to describe, but I will try. It is a long, curved iron horse-drawn implement with a wooden handle which cuts through the sod and turns the earth to a depth of ten or twelve inches. The farmer needed to hold the plow upright and straight as he plowed. He usually tied the reins together behind his back so both hands would be free to handle it. I don't know why I say "he," as my mother had done, or assisted at doing, all these things while raising her big family. The next phase would be discing the ground. A disc is a group of round iron plates around an iron rod. The plates are sharp and cut across the plowed furrows. There is a seat perched high on a strip of metal which makes it a very wobbly ride as it moves horse-drawn over the rough, plowed ground. Harrowing would come next. A harrow is a big, square, iron object with iron teeth, controlled by a lever to lower or retract the teeth. This is pulled back and forth over the ground breaking it down smoothly while the driver walks behind. These implements are all hitched to horses and the entire process takes several days, depending on the size of the field. (About once each year there still is a demonstration using these old farming implements).

We always had good strong horses to do this work. The last pair I remember were named Prince and Ivan. They were pure bred Belgians and Papa was very proud of them. They were so wide that when Ora and I rode them, our legs would stick straight out, instead of down at the side.

Earlier in their marriage, Lizzie and Rome may have had a horse a little less huge, as Mama used to take her babies and ride sidesaddle to Dallas or Sheridan to doctors, if necessary. Once she took both Tressa, who was a tiny baby, and Clifford at the same time. The trip took two days each way over the mountain trail. There were homes along the way who took in travelers for the night, feeding them and their horses before sending them on their way. It was on such trips she would have their pictures taken. Pictures of the three oldest - Clarence, Clifford, and Tressa - can be seen on my "ancestral wall."



Back to the garden. We always had a big rutabaga patch, planted in big, long rows. These were used for animal food as well as for our table. After the seeds sprouted and they started growing, they would need thinning. Ora and I were paid 15 cents a row to help thin them. We would crawl along between the rows, picking out the weakest, leaving room for the others to develop. Some of them got quite large, as they would be left in the ground for pulling as needed. The moderate winter temperatures allowed us to do this.

Once we were trusted with planting the onion sets. After it got boring, we decided to see what would happen if we put them in upside down. These were so slow coming up that Papa investigated and discovered our little game, so we had to dig them up and plant them right.

The vegetables which could not be left in the ground through the winter were either canned or pickled. String beans were treated both ways - the major quantity were canned. After "stringing" and cutting into short lengths, they were packed into jars with a little water and salt, lid adjusted and placed on a wooden rack in the copper boiler and boiled for three hours after coming to a boil. We usually had a large crock of pickled beans also. To describe this method, I am going to quote from a letter from a Lillie Harris to my Aunt Ella Conder. This letter was written from Sandlake, August 30, 1906.

Mrs. Conder, Hebo, Ore., Dear Madam: The way I put down green beans I make a brine strong enough to float an egg string and break the beans just like for cooking and put them in the brine keeping a sack with salt in on the top they will make their own brine after the first start I put Beans cucumbers & coliflour all down in the same jar are cag or Barrel together they soak out and cook like fresh beans it takes a little longer to freshen out than it does cucumbers and longer to cook than it does fresh beans. No I do not cook them before putting them in brine. I never canned any always put them in brine if you try them call me up and tell me how they keep corn can be kept the same way they tell me. I never tried it.

Butter could also be preserved by packing it in a strong brine as above. Apples and potatoes would be stored and preserved in straw or in a root cellar. A root cellar would be dug into a hillside and be entirely underground except for the roof. The walls had several inches of sawdust and food would keep all winter. Before the new crop was ready, the potatoes would have sprouts and be beginning to shrivel and the apples would be shriveling, but they were still edible.

I have covered the preservation of meats quite thoroughly, but before the days of refrigeration, everything that was not produced during the winter had to be preserved for use. Eggs, for instance. The chickens did not produce during the winter, and so during the peak production period, some would be preserved. This was done with something called water glass. The eggs would be packed in a stone crock and after the water glass was poured over them, it would crystallize and keep them sealed from air.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Housekeeping was a challenge as well as a full time job, even after 1905. I can only imagine how much more difficult it was in the years between 1884, when Lizzie and Rome were married, and 1905 when I was born. Our furnishings were sparse - we had only the basic necessities - stoves, beds, tables and chairs. The walls were bare except for a few pictures. The living areas were papered with a plain building paper, but some of our rooms were papered with newspapers. Only one bed had a mattress, and that was for my brother Clifford who suffered with asthma. The rest of us slept on straw mattresses, which consisted of a heavy grade of ticking material fashioned the size of a mattress. Each year, at haying time we would get new "mattresses" by renewing the hay. I can still remember the nice, fresh smell of a newly filled mattress. My father slept in a feather bed, which is very soft and very warm as you sink down into it. We used to like to crawl in with him now and then, just to feel the softness. Ora and I were sort of pampered, and loved sleeping with our mother, which we did until we were much too big and should have been kicked out. However, in retrospect, I wonder if the reason she allowed us to do it was because all the beds were full and there was no other place for us. The boys slept two to a room but our older sisters each had a room to themselves and I don't imagine they wanted us sleeping with them.

Curtains were made of any material at hand - sometime flour sacks. We had wood floors - no rugs or linoleum - so sweeping and mopping were the accepted method of cleaning. Ora and I were very young when our daily chores included washing lamp chimneys, trimming wicks, and filling with kerosene. There were lanterns to be taken care of too, but that was not one of our jobs.

In addition to cooking three big meals each day, special jobs were allotted to certain days. Washing and ironing come to mind. Monday was washday and Tuesday was the day to iron what you had washed on Monday. I trust that you are remembering that every drop of water used had to be carried from the spring unless rain had deposited some in our rain barrel or when, in later years, we were able to bring hot water from the cheese factory in our empty milk cans. This account will be dealing with the worst scenario when every drop had to be carried. This was something children could do, and we did!

Try to picture the pile of clothes, bedding, towels, tablecloths and dishtowels for four boys, four girls and a mother and father. Sometimes we had one or two hired men also. Try to picture the lack of conveniences we had to work with. The wood stove played an important part in wash day. Ours had a reservoir on the side opposite the fire box which held about ten gallons of water (I'm just guessing) which furnished us with that much warm water but which had to be kept filled by the only method available - someone with a bucket. It took a long time for water to heat in the reservoir, so its use as a source of hot water was limited. The three most important pieces of equipment for washday were things seldom seen today. They were the copper washboiler, the galvanized washtub (which was also our bathtub) and the washboard. The best washboards were brass, but later some were made of tin and glass. The old brass washboards and the copper boiler are collectors' items today. The copper boiler is used in many homes to hold fireplace wood or paper and magazines - even a battered one will bring \$25 or more at a garage sale.

A galvanized tub was set on a bench on the back porch, filled with clothes and warm water; another tub was set alongside filled with water for rinsing. The copper boiler, partially filled with water, would be heating on the stove. The washboard was put into the tub, and the physical part of the washday ritual would begin. White clothing would be washed first; then sheets and tablecloths. After soaking the wet article, it was rubbed up and down on the board, with pressure, until spots were removed, then wrung by hand (no wringer yet, not even the hand-operated ones) and put into a bucket or dishpan. When the pan was filled it was emptied into the boiler, which had shaved soap in it, and actually boiled - all the time stirring and turning the clothes with a stick. When sufficiently boiled they were lifted out with the stick into a pan and carried to the back porch where they were put into the rinse water. After adding more water to the boiler, the process was repeated.

There were a couple more steps to the process. There was still another container filled with cold water and bluing. The bluing came in marble-size balls which were tied in a rag and swished around in the water. This step, along with the boiling, was supposed to keep "white clothes white." There would be another container with starch. This was flour mixed with cold water and cooked to form a paste, and then diluted with warm water to proper consistency - we added bluing to the starch, too. After wringing again, the wash would be taken out and hung on the clothesline to dry. It was the desire of every housewife to have the whitest clothes. This process was repeated until everything was washed, with one exception - colored clothes were not boiled. Needless to say, for a family the size of ours, this took all day. My mother and two older sisters did all the hard work.

Cooking that day had to be planned with much less stove space than usual. The washboiler occupied the hottest part of the stove, so something that required long, slow cooking was always planned. Many times it was navy beans, cooked with bacon rind or salt pork or ham bones. My sister Mary always had Boston baked beans and brown bread. Another thing we often made on washday was "Dutch Cheese" which is now known as cottage cheese. With no refrigeration, we had lots of sour milk and much of it was used this way; the pan of milk sat on the coolest part of the stove, until whey formed, then it was drained through a sack until dry. The resulting curds were mixed with salt, pepper and cream.

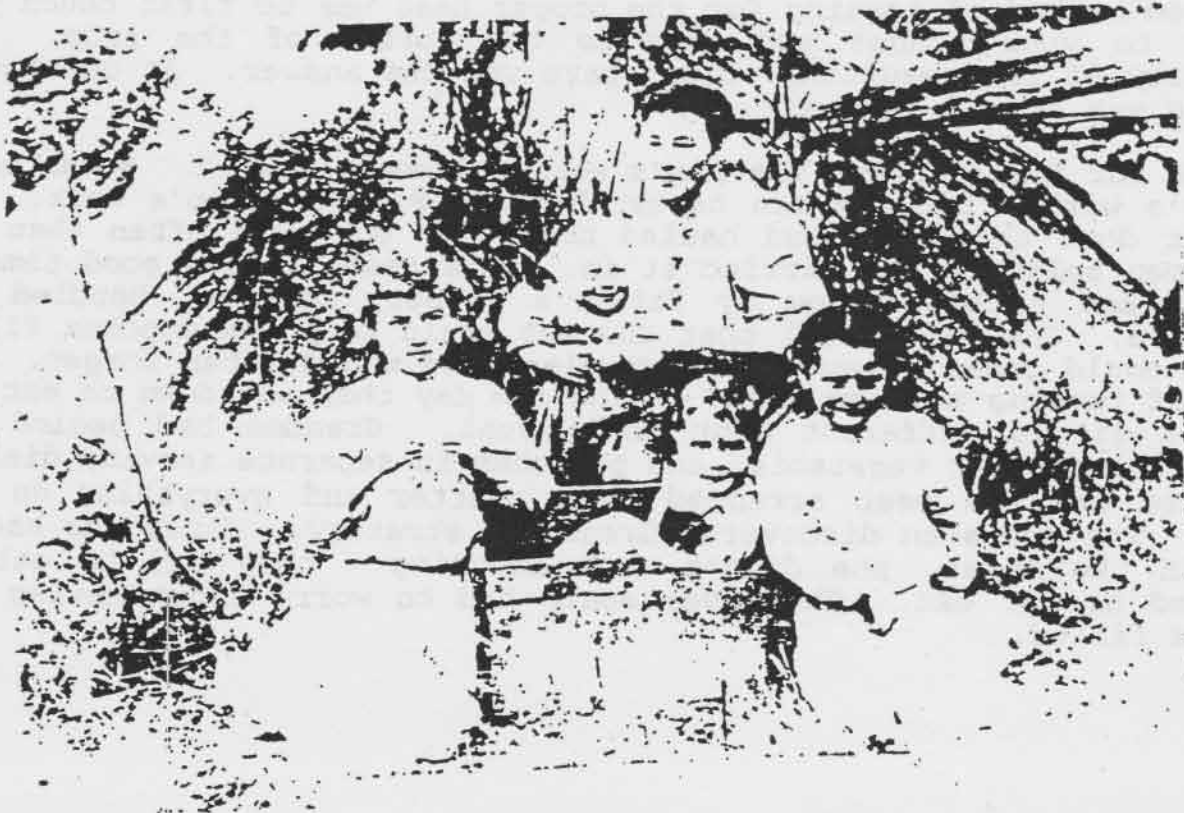
Tuesday was ironing day. The first irons were called sad irons, and one can imagine why. They were solid iron, handle and all, and came in varying sizes. I have a four pound, a six pound and an eight pound one. I am not sure if they were made smaller than four pounds, but I know that they were made larger than eight pounds. These larger ones were used in tailoring shops. Irons had to be heated on a hot stove and the handle had to be wrapped sufficiently to be able to handle it without getting burned. A few years after I was born, there was a greatly improved iron, from the standpoint of comfort in using it. It was heated on the stove in the same manner, but had a detachable wooden handle which could be moved from one iron to another.

The first ironing boards were just that; an unshaped board with no folding mechanism. The first one I remember was placed between two objects, such as a table and the back of a chair. It had some padding tacked on, with a covering of old muslin or something like that. There were always some starched things to be ironed and these took more skill. There were no dials to set for temperature control - the accepted method of testing for the proper heat was to first touch your finger to your tongue and then to the bottom of the iron. The intensity of the resulting "hiss" gave you the answer. At our house, ironing was an all day job.

In our family there was men's work and women's work. Women could do men's work - but the men never, but never, did women's work. The men cut down the trees and hauled the wood, but more often than not the women split it and carried it in. This seems like a good time to digress and tell you how my father's mother, Zerelda, handled the situation. She had a deal that the men would keep the woodbox filled so she could cook. They became careless and would often forget. She tired of fussing at them about it and one day they sat down to eat and found a little different menu than usual. Grandma had peeled the potatoes and other vegetables and put them in separate serving dishes. She also had the meat arranged on a platter and everything on the table. The men soon discovered Grandma's strategy. Since she had no wood in the house, she didn't cook anything - they had to eat it uncooked or not eat. She never again had to worry about having the woodbox filled.



— MAMA WASHING MILK CANS (Kenneth Bissell in wagon)



MAMA HOLDING ROLLAND METZSKY  
ORA, KENNETH BISSELL and MABEL

Grandma Zerelda was quite a lady. She had lived in Virginia during her growing years and during several years of her marriage. Like many of the Southerners she smoked a corn cob pipe. It was a habit she could not break. When, in her later years, she was spending her time living among her children, Ora and I were delighted when she came to our home and we would vie for the privilege of filling her pipe for her after meals. Her can of Dixie Queen tobacco would be in the center of the table in our sitting room as long as she was there. She was seventy-nine when she died at the home of her son, Jeff Dunn, in Portland in 1910, and my cousin Rolland told me that at the end when his father went into her room, she asked him to close the door and help her sit up. Then she said "Do you think it would be all right for me to smoke my pipe now?" and he got it for her.

One of the seasonal jobs which the younger set enjoyed very much was simply called haying. Haying involved cutting, raking, shocking and hauling enough hay to feed to livestock during the winter. Most of this hay was grown on our river bottom land, which we referred to as "tide land" because high tides would come over the bank and overflow these acres. Hence, each year it was a battle between man and nature to get the hay off the fields before the high tides. One had to attempt to forecast the weather because hay, once it is cut, must not get wet before getting into the barn for storage. The entire process took a week or more.

First, the horses were hitched to the mower which was a long, sharp blade which could be raised or lowered by the driver. Starting at the outside of the field, round and round they would go until they reached the center. Almost as soon as they had finished mowing, they would start at the beginning with the "tedder." Like the mower, the driver rides on an elevated metal seat, guiding it around the field. A tedder is an implement with a lot of curved metal "fingers" which work independently and alternately to turn the hay over for aeration so it will dry sooner and more evenly. They would next move in with the rake. A rake is an implement eight to ten feet wide with huge curved metal teeth which can be raised and lowered by the driver. It would drag along, picking up mowed hay, and when it had collected enough to make a row, the driver would release it. When finished, the field would be a series of even rows of new mown hay. At this stage, the hay is considered sufficiently dry to "shock." Shocking was all done by hand. Men with pitchforks would go along the rows making piles of hay, like huge beehives. When this operation was completed, the hauling began.

A specially built form, much wider than the wheels, was placed over the wagon frame for hauling the hay. Once a load of hay arrived at the barn, the horses would be unhitched and at least one of them taken to the other end of the barn, where he would be hooked to a singletree. A singletree is a strong round piece of wood about three feet long, with a metal cap at each end. A strong iron hook is attached to each end of it. The horse's harness was then hooked to these to give him the power he needed to pull the hay from the wagon up into the hay mow.

The man on the wagon would pull on a rope, which would bring a huge iron needle down. The needle would be pushed down into the hay as far as possible and locked to hold the hay. A signal would then be given for the horse in the back of the barn to start pulling. When the needle reached the top of the opening in the barn where the track it operated on was located, it would snap into place and move along the track into the hay mow. There was always someone in the hay mow distributing the hay evenly, and when each bundle of hay reached a point in the hay mow where it was wanted, a signal would be given to the wagon. It would be "tripped" and the hay would fall. If it missed the mark a little, it was the job of the man in the hay mow to toss it around with his pitchfork, to keep the hay as level as possible. Then they would return to the field for another load and continue to work in this manner, as fast as possible, until the job was finished.

Timing was so crucial during the shocking and the hauling that not a moment could be wasted. From the time the men went to the fields in the morning until they left in the evening, they did not have "breaks," even for meals. Mama and the older girls would fry chicken, bake pies and cakes, and cook delightful meals to transport to the field. They would spread a tablecloth on the ground and eat picnic-style to avoid interruption in the work. Our garden would supply new potatoes and peas, creamed with a rich sauce. Often neighbors would be helping too, and the men of our household would help them in turn. The "picnic," plus riding on top of the load of hay, was the part that Ora and I enjoyed most.

In 1916-1917, the farmers on both sides of the Little Nestucca river joined together and had their land diked, from the mouth of the Little Nestucca to the end of the tide land. Flood gates were installed which allowed water to flow out, but none could flow in. This eliminated some of the urgency and stress of haying.

A few years later, something new was added for storage of winter food for the cows. We built a silo at the big barn. A silo is a tall, cylindrical structure made of long staves held together with tight metal bands. It is always built adjacent to the barn. Green hay is fed into the hopper which grinds it and blows it into the silo from the top. During the filling process, someone works inside the silo to keep it level and stomp it down. It ferments and is fed to the cows during the winter to increase milk production.

At first it was fed during milking time, as it kept the cows so contented, but it caused a bad taste in the milk which was eliminated by changing the feeding time.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

It was not all work and no play in the pioneer days; one of the favorite social events was dancing. These were the old fashioned, touching kind of dances - waltzes, schottisches, two steps, three-steps, and square dances. A good square dance "caller" was in demand, and people would "do-si-do" and "all-e-man left" until dawn.

They came to the dances in wagons, boats, horseback or walked. The music would mostly be just a violin or "fiddle" as it was called. If we were lucky there would be a fiddle and a piano - and once in a great while there would be an accordion. Dancing might go on all night, with the revelers getting home just in time for milking the next morning. Young men didn't call for the girl of his dreams and take her home afterward, but it was easy to tell who was interested in whom by noticing who danced the first and last dances together. My theory as to the popularity of dancing is that it was about the only opportunity of "touching" allowed by the very strict moral code of the time.

A more sophisticated social event was the basket social. Here again, one could pick the "love birds" by noticing who ate together. A man would pay almost any price to get the "basket" of the girl he admired. These boxes were really works of art. Girls would spend days decorating empty boxes with colored paper and flowers made of crepe paper. Then they would spend a couple of days frying chicken and baking delicacies to fill them.

They would spend all day the day of a dance or basket social fixing their clothes and curling their hair. The curling process consisted of an iron which would fit inside a lamp chimney. When the iron was heated, the handles would be pressed and the iron would open so hair could be inserted. It was then rolled on the iron and held until curled.

The baskets were then auctioned off without revealing which girl had made the basket. The young man who bought a basket, upon learning who had brought it, would then get the young lady and they would share the contents. The young men conspired to learn ahead of time which basket their "lady" had brought.



MEDA BASEBALL TEAM: Front Row - L to R  
 Henry Weiss, Ralph Dunn, Frank Fox,  
 — John Weiss. Back Row - Fred Weiss, —  
 Lloyd Miller, Clarence Dunn, Frank  
 Wilson, Lyle Craven.



CLOVERDALE, ORE. MAIN ST. LOOKING WEST.

F. BRIDY

MAIN STREET - CLOVERDALE  
 (early 1900's)

The Fourth of July was always a big event in our lives; we nees always had a new white dress for the occasion. The cheese factories would open extra early so the men could finish their work and join in the celebration. The farmers would deliver their milk and hurry through the chores, and we would all pile into the wagon behind our big, slow horses for the ride to Cloverdale. It was only five miles but it seemed to take a long time. We each had \$1 to spend. That would buy ice cream cones to eat there and firecrackers to take home for the evening. At noon we would spread a cloth in a field at the edge of town and have a picnic lunch, after which our Meda baseball team would play the Cloverdale team. We had really good players. They even had regulation baseball suits with a big "M" for Meda stitched on them. No one missed the game!!

One other thing we always did while in Cloverdale was to go upstairs in the Cloverdale Hotel and pull the chain on the water closet - that was technology at its best as far as we were concerned!!!

The time in Cloverdale was all too short as we had to be home by milking time. But we still had the evening ahead of us, with all those marvelous fireworks that we had bought to light up the skies.

Another popular social custom of the times was the Chivari. This was always planned as a surprise - and as soon as possible after the wedding, preferably on the wedding night. Friends of the couple would bring anything they could make noise on - metal to be pounded on, cow bells, horns, whistles - the louder the better. They would wait until they hoped the young couple was asleep, and then quietly surround the house and start the noise. According to tradition, the bride and groom must appear at the door and invite everyone inside where they were expected to be prepared to serve refreshments. By the time I was old enough to go, the custom was waning so I only remember attending one - that of my sister Mary and her husband, John Weiss, Jr.

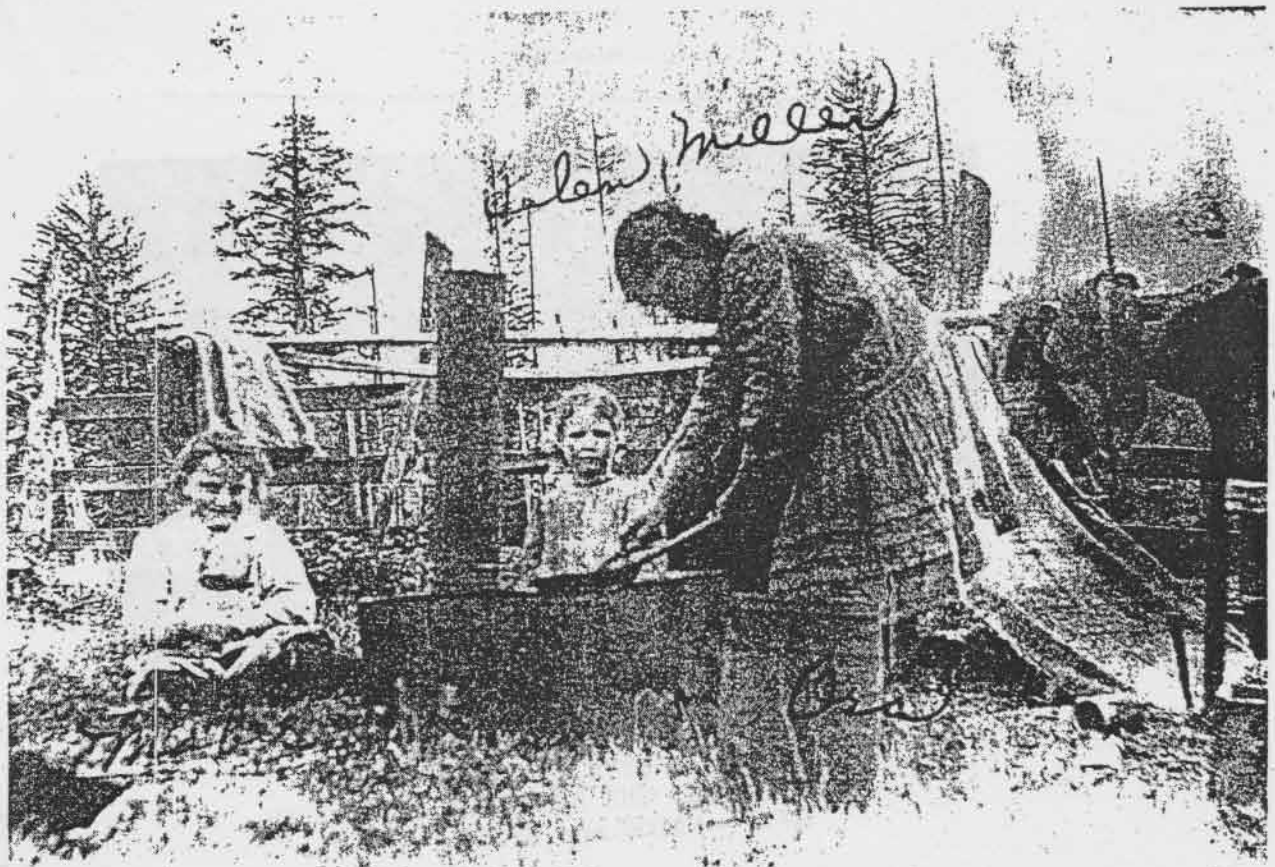
We seldom had snow in the valley and whenever we did, we really made the most of it. My mother made wonderful ice cream by putting cream, sugar, and vanilla in a small bucket, and setting it inside a larger one. She would pack snow and salt under the small bucket and between the buckets. The small bucket would then be turned back and forth, keeping it packed with snow and salt, until it thickened. What a wonderful treat!!!! Later years we had a regular ice cream maker. It was a wooden bucket, with a smaller metal canister which had a paddle inside. The top of the paddle fit into a hole in the cover of the canister. The wooden bucket had metal brackets on the side, into which the crank fit. The crank was attached to a bar which went across the top of the canister and was locked into place on either side. Snow and salt were packed in and around the canister and we would turn the crank until the cream thickened, when we would remove the paddle, replace the lid, and keep the ice cream frozen by keeping it packed with snow. Our ice cream was really just cream, sugar, and vanilla - more like the Dairy Queen variety of today - but ever so much better!!!

Snowy winters were fun for another reason. There were a couple of hills close by which were perfect for sledding. Our sleds were homemade - just a couple of runners with a board on top. Most of them would accommodate two - sometimes three if you bunched together. I usually rode in front of and between the legs of an older brother. Getting to the bottom of the hill took only an instant - then the climb to the top had to be made again. Even though we had a bonfire, we would finally get too cold to stay any longer. We would trudge home, hoping that the snow would still be there tomorrow.

Some fun things were available any time of the year. One of these was egg gathering. It was just like a treasure hunt. We would check the chicken house first, but sometimes they would make nests and lay their eggs in the blackberry bushes, under buildings, or in the hay mow. If we did not find the nests, the hens would eventually sit on the eggs and hatch little chicks. So it was great fun hunting the nests. Feeding the chickens was our job too, and as we started out with the grain, they would form a clucking congregation all around us, waiting for us to scatter it.

Spring was calving time. The baby calves would be allowed to stay with the mother and nurse for only a short time, then they would need to be weaned and taught to drink from a bucket. This was a "kid's job" too. At milking time, morning and evening, the mother would be milked and the milk left in the bucket. While it was still warm, we would gently push the calf's head into the bucket of milk, then put our fingers into its mouth. (A calf's tongue is very scratchy) and it would suck on our fingers. As it did so, it would get milk from the bucket, and it didn't take long before the fingers in the mouth could be eliminated - it would just stick its head in the bucket and drink. (This first milk from a cow who had just "freshened" was very rich. It was called "beaslings" and was not used for human consumption by most farmers. However, one family in the area considered it a delicacy and made "beasling pudding" to take to pot luck at Grange.)

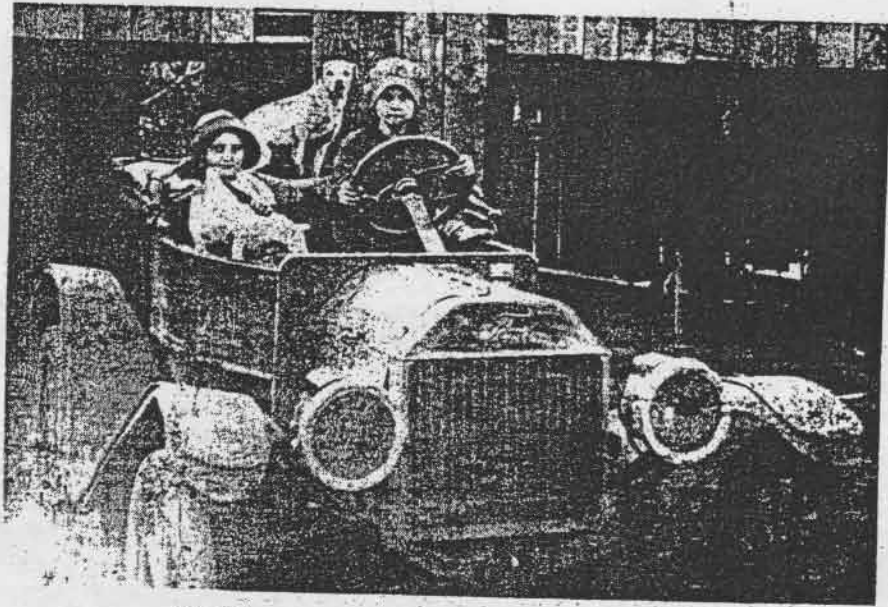
We had improvised a playhouse in one corner of our yard, where Ora and I and our brother Earl, who was two years older than Ora, used to play. It was just some boards put across the fence corner, with an old blanket over the top. We had a small stove made of light weight metal, some dishes, a tea pot, and other necessities. We probably drank peppermint tea, as the peppermint grew along the stream beside our playhouse. Once our good friend Ruth Benson came and had breakfast with us; another time Helen Miller was our guest. The Millers had built a store across the bridge from our home. They had a little girl named Helen who was about my age. She was very pretty and had the loveliest long, red curls. They did not live there long, and I have never heard of her since, but I will always remember her. She was my first good friend, outside my family, and playing at her house was a new and different world to me. She was an only child and had such beautiful dolls to play with.



PLAYING HOUSE: MABEL, HELEN MILLER  
and ORA



RUTH BENSON, ORA and MABEL



MABEL and RUTH BENSON IN WEISS"  
FORD BUG. THE FIRST CAR I HAD SEEN.  
DOGS - MIDGE and SPORT



BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR MIDGE: MABEL,  
ORA, RUTH BENSON, LEXIE and JIMMY  
FRASER

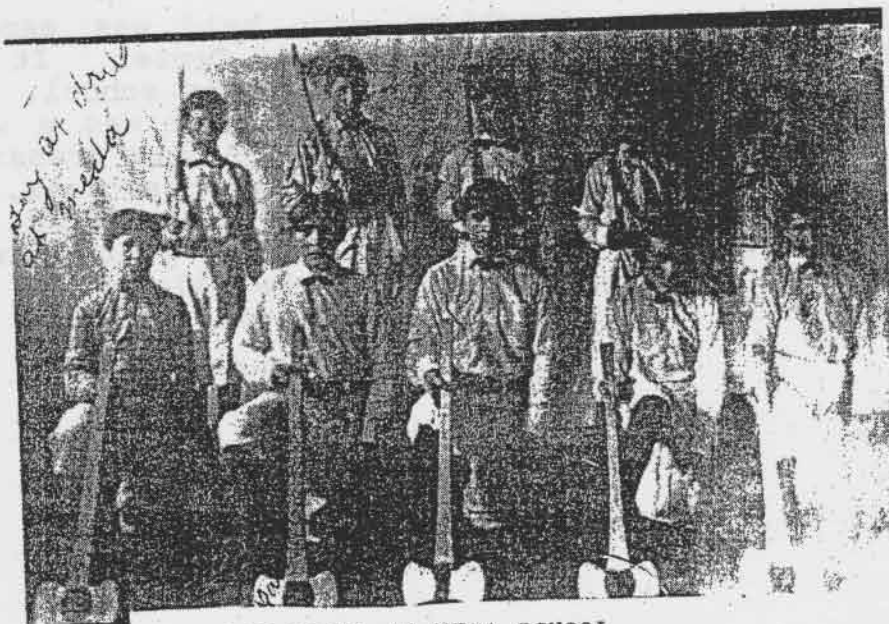
## CHAPTER NINE

Each school year the teacher or teachers, as the case may be, would present a program sometime during the school year for the parents and friends. There would usually be a couple of productions featuring local talent. There would be individual performers reciting poetry or prose; there were group songs with drills - an early day version of the "Rally Squad." They would march to music, back and forth and around the room, creating intricate patterns. The girls would drill with flags; the boys with axes. The costumes and props were very realistic. Usually there would also be a play, and one that I distinctly remember was when I was very young - probably before I started school, and my brother Ralph was still in grade school. The players were supposed to be performing magical acts. They put Ralph in a box with his leg sticking out a hole in one end and were supposedly cutting his leg off. This was too much for me. I cried and cried and could not be consoled. They could not convince me that it was not real. To this day, I don't understand how they did it, but when I saw that Ralph had both legs and could walk, I accepted it as magic. I still do not watch magic tricks unless it is just pulling rabbits out of unlikely places. The ability of those early day teachers to produce and stage something like they did, in addition to teaching several grades (sometimes all eight grades), is impressive even in retrospect. (Part of the time we had a one-room schoolhouse and part of the time we had two rooms.) My contribution was usually a recitation of poetry or prose, as memorizing was easy for me.

The hall where these functions were held was especially for community functions, an early Performing Arts Center. It was located about one-half mile from our home, and near the school. Except for the students who walked four miles to school, it was a very central location. It had a raised platform for a stage with dressing rooms on each side. This hall was where dances, basket socials, and school functions of our little area were held. There was an entry hall, where you could leave your muddy boots and hang your rain clothes or stash your umbrella. The seats were benches along the wall, which were moved around as needed. There were no backs or upholstered seats.



FLAG DRILL AT MEDA SCHOOL



RIFLE DRILL AT MEDA SCHOOL



## CHAPTER TEN

Before I was old enough to go to school, probably about 1909, my father went to Tillamook for jury duty and stayed a few days; when he came home he brought a very unwelcome guest with him - the measles. One-by-one, and sometimes two-by-two, everyone contracted the measles except me. In those days, it was the custom, in case a family was exposed to a communicable disease, not to protect anyone, but rather to encourage exposure. Thus it was that since I was the only healthy one left, I had to eat my meals from the same plate - and with the same fork - as the last patient. It worked! After everyone else was well, I got the measles. Fortunately, none of us suffered any ill effects from the disease.

A little before this time, when I was between four and five years old, some very interesting things began to happen. The Weiss family, who had built a home and sawmill on Dunn property, had a son just a little older than my sister Mary. His name was John Weiss, Jr., and I became aware of him when he began coming to our home to visit with Mary or to go for walks with her. When they went for walks, I went, too. It never occurred to me that they probably wished they could lose me. I enjoyed every minute of it.

At the same period of time, my brother Clarence was courting Estella Miles, but I didn't get to participate in that romance, as she lived in Woods, and most of the activity took place in that territory. However, it came to pass that on January 23, 1911, when I was just six years old, Mary Emeline Dunn and John Weiss, Jr. went to Tillamook and were married. In September of the same year, John Clarence Dunn and Estella Miles were married. The following July their son, Roy, was born. This was our first nephew and a big event in our lives. In April, 1913, Mary and John had a son, Ernest. You can imagine what these two babies meant to us!!!

During John and Mary's courtship years, something happened to shatter the security of my world. My father took Ora and me by horse and wagon to the home of my mother's brother, John Whiteman, and his wife, Lottie. They had a daughter, Grace, who was older than either of us. Uncle John was managing the salmon cannery at the time. They lived in a nice house close to the cannery, which was located on the Big Nestucca river bay, just over the hill from Oretown.

Papa went home and left us there with no explanation. I had never been away from home before and I was very unhappy. I kept everyone else awake crying myself to sleep every night. Aunt Lottie would lie with me and hold me and try to teach me about counting sheep to get to sleep, but it didn't work. I don't know how long we were there - I doubt that it was more than a week or ten days.

One day Papa came to get us. He had come in a rowboat. There was a store in connection with the cannery and he bought a few things at the store. We hadn't gone far toward home when he pulled the boat to shore and secured it at a nice little picnic spot. He had bought things at the store for a picnic, but the only thing I remember was the canned pork and beans, which I had never tasted before. They were the best I have ever had. Every time I open a can of pork and beans I hope they will taste like those did, but they never do.

While we were eating, Papa told us that Mama would not be home when we got there. He said that she had gone to Portland to help his sister, Maude, take care of his mother, Grandma Zerelda. I know now that Grandma Zerelda's illness was a convenient excuse for Mama to get away from Papa for awhile.

It seemed that she was gone for a long time, and things were pretty grim around home. Tressa and Mary had to take over all household tasks, with Mary more or less as manager. The only incident that stands out clearly in my mind was watching two of my brothers playing "ante over" over the house with Mary's biscuits and she was crying. I felt so sorry for her. After all, she was doing her best.

Mama finally came home. Grandma Zerelda died in June 1910. Her body was shipped from Portland to Willamina by train, and hauled from there by horse and wagon to the John Craven home where services were held. Her daughter, Emily, who had preceded her in death, had been Mrs. John Craven.

Grandma was buried in the Oretown cemetery beside her husband, John, who had been the first burial in the cemetery in 1880. Ora and I had red coats trimmed with white "fake" fur, but had to take them off and leave them in the wagon while going to the gravesite. It would have been considered disrespectful to wear red to her services.

The Weiss mill I mentioned before was on Dunn property for several years, but about 1911 or 1912 they moved and set up business on the Fraser farm which adjoined us on the south. The policy was to move in, set up business and when most of the timber was gone, to move the mill to another location where timber was plentiful. Adelia Weiss, or Aunt Delia to us, was Ruth Benson's aunt. Ruth's mother and father were separated so Ruth lived with her father's mother, Grandma Rees, until she was old enough to go to school. She then lived at the Catholic school in Tillamook during the school year, and would spend her summers with Aunt Delia, and that was a fun association for us.

At the new location of the mill, there was a bunkhouse for the workmen who were not members of the family. Aunt Delia did all the cooking and the crew ate at the house, but slept in the bunkhouse. In the bunkhouse there was a pool table to give them something to do with any spare time they might have. The Weiss boys still at home, Henry and Fred, spent their spare time there too, as there was no T.V. - not even electric lights. John, Jr. and Mary had a little house to themselves.

About 1912, the Weiss's bought a car; it was the first car in the area and of course the first one I had ever seen. It was another nine or ten years before Papa bought our first car, a Ford. Earl was the driver in our family. The roads were still either dirt roads or plank roads so the going was at a slow pace. The Weiss's really had two cars - a touring car with two seats and a Ford "Bug" with one seat. Ruth and I would dress up and sit in the "Bug" with Aunt Delia's two dogs, Sport and Midge, and pretend we were traveling.

Soon after the Weiss's got their touring car - I think it was a Stoddard - there was a Chautauqua in Tillamook. By this time most of the roads were plank roads. Cars of that era had tops that could be lowered and most of the time they were driven with the tops down. Because of this, passengers always wore hats - and most of the ladies wore veils - and dusters. I remember a duster as being an oversize tan coat. The hat, veil, and duster were actually worn to keep the dust off so you could arrive in mint condition. It was the fall of 1913 or the spring of 1914 when Ora and I went to Tillamook to the Chautauqua. Henry Weiss drove. His mother, Aunt Delia to us, went, as did our sister Mary and her small son, Ernest. I'm sure that our mother must have arranged for us to go. Neither Ora or I can remember what we wore, but I'm sure we didn't have any special clothes to wear. I do remember that we left very early in the morning to get there and back the same day. I don't remember much about the Chautauqua either - seems that it was more like a circus with animal acts. There were probably some professors giving lectures in tents, too, but we evidently didn't have time for that. It would have taken a lot to impress me as much as the ride in that automobile did. Looking back, I wonder how the news of the Chautauqua got to us? There was no radio, no daily papers; the news must have come by telephone.

About this time, too, another point of interest began operation. Just across the road from our barn, and a little south, a man who we always called Uncle John Baker opened a blacksmith shop. A blacksmith shop is where they have a fire, which is kept glowing all day by pumping bellows. A piece of iron is put into the fire, and when red hot, is taken out and pounded into desired shapes on an anvil. An anvil is a huge block of iron. Sometimes a piece of iron has to be heated and pounded many times before it becomes the item it was supposed to be. A lot of a blacksmith's work in that era was making horseshoes and shoeing horses.

Many of the families in the valley were related, and those who were not became like family by helping each other. Uncle John Baker was a single man, and, as far as I know, had no relatives. He lived close by his blacksmith shop in a "one room with a loft" cabin. He had a garden and a strawberry patch. He augmented his meager income by digging and selling clams and by selling his berries (I have never been able to understand why the farmers with hundreds of acres did not grow berries; they either thought berries would not do well there or they did not have the time to give for that kind of crop). To show their appreciation of his contribution to the quality of life they enjoyed, his neighbors decided to surprise him with a 'birthday party. A picture of the event shows there were twenty-two adults, of which seven were men. There were also seven children.

Someone told the children that there were some kittens upstairs, so some of us went to investigate. The steps going to the loft were not the type of steps in a stairway, but like a ladder, so it was like climbing a ladder instead of going up stairs. There was nothing up there except his bed.

We found the box with the kittens in it under the bed and while we were playing around, the women of the neighborhood were putting food on the table directly underneath the part of the loft where we were playing. In those days B.P. (before plumbing) it was the custom to keep a container under the bed for nighttime use. It was also the custom to empty it each day, but Uncle John had not done that and, in searching for the kittens, it was tipped over!!! The flooring was just wide boards with cracks between; all the food on the table below was ruined! I do not remember what punishment was meted out, but no one in attendance has ever forgotten Uncle John Baker's Birthday Party! Poor Uncle John moved to Tillamook not long after that, eventually living at the County Poor Farm.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

I started school in September, 1910, just before my sixth birthday in January, 1911. I have a mental picture of my first teacher, but I do not remember her name. She was a tall, imposing person and always wore black, or very dark, clothes. The thing I remember about her is that she tried to make me write with my right hand instead of the left. She would stand behind me and tap my knuckles with a ruler as a gentle reminder. Finally, she sent a note home complaining about me, and my father replied, "Let her use whichever hand she wants to use," and so I am still left-handed. I really should thank her because as a result of her insistence, I at least write without turning my hand upside down as so many left-handed people do. We were learning the Palmer method of writing and I did it just like the others, except that I did it with my left hand.

In the earlier years slates and slate pencils were used instead of paper and pencils. By the time I entered school, paper and pencils were standard equipment and I still remember how proud I was the first day of a new school year with my new tablet and a penny pencil.

The thing I remember most about school were the things we used to do at recess; the games we used to play. Hide and Seek, Blackman, and Run Sheep Run were some of the games we played besides baseball. We had swings, but nothing as sophisticated and modern as slides.

In the entrance to the schoolroom we could hang our coats and leave our lunch buckets. There was a bench with a water bucket and a dipper from which everyone drank. Later, we had individual folding cups. But in all those years of drinking from the same dipper, I don't believe there was ever a case of spreading a communicable disease in this manner. We did catch one thing at school. In playing Hide and Seek, we would often try to fool the person hunting us by putting on another person's hat and sticking our head around the corner of the building. In doing this, we picked up some unwelcome visitors - lice. They itched unmercifully. The treatment for lice was washing with sheep-dip, frequently and repeatedly. They were not easily discouraged, so the process took quite a while, and by the time we were rid of them, we were also cured of appropriating someone else's hat for any purpose.



UNCLE JOHN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY



MY SECOND HOME



ELIZABETH and JEROME DUNN and  
family, October 26, 1909  
(25th wedding anniversary)

I don't know when telephones came to the area, but as far back as I can remember, we had one. It hung on the wall. It was like a wooden cabinet about two feet tall with a mouthpiece and a little shelf on the front of it and a handle on the right side. The phone was operated with this handle. Each family had a certain "ring" and if they were on our line, we could ring them by turning the handle. A ring might be two short rings, or one long ring and one short ring., etc. The receiver through which we hear messages hung on the left side of the cabinet opposite the handle. If you wanted to talk to someone in Oretown or on any other line, it was necessary to ring one long ring for "Central." "Central" had a switchboard located in Cloverdale and would call the person you wished to speak to. Anyone on the same line could lift their receiver and listen to the conversation. It wasn't considered good manners but it was practiced a lot. Sometimes it was done from curiosity and sometimes it was a means of "getting the line." After taking the receiver down several times and finding the same people on the line, one might hurry the end of their conversation by staying on the line and listening.

About 1907-1908, my two oldest brothers left for college. The amazing thing about it is that they went direct from grade school - there were no high schools available. They enrolled at Oregon Agricultural College, now Oregon State University. The only thing I remember about their college life was when they left and when they returned. Since I was not quite three when they left the first time, I don't remember that. I do remember Clarence did not return to college the following year. He stayed home and worked for a logging company and helped Clifford stay in school. Because of Clifford's asthma, he could not work around the farm, so more education was a necessity. He played on the O.A.C. football team and graduated in either 1911 or 1912.

Immediately after graduation Clifford went to Juneau, Alaska, where he worked in gold mines for two or three years. At Christmas he would send gifts home for us - beaded moccasins for Mama and Papa and pretty, wide hair ribbons for Ora and me. On January 2, 1915, soon after he returned, he married his college sweetheart, Juna Nicholson, and began work as a surveyor in Tillamook County. That fall they had Ora and me as their guests for a couple of days during the Tillamook County Fair. They lived close to the fairgrounds, and we felt very grown up, as they allowed us to go to the fair by ourselves. We loved the Ferris Wheel!

In June 1917 their daughter, Joy, was born. She was not our first niece, however, as Clarence and Estella had their second child, Wilma Grace, on April 24, 1915. Wilma was close enough that we could enjoy her babyhood, and there was something special about the first little girl baby!!!

Mary and John's little boy, Ernest, was just two years older than Wilma, and Ora and I used to try to outdo each other, by trying to be the first to wash his dirty diapers!! I guess I would have to say that we really loved those little guys as they came along.



Clifford and another Tillamook County man, Charley Baker, later formed a partnership. They became the Dunn-Baker Construction Company. They built roads throughout Oregon, including the one around the rim of Crater Lake. After leaving Tillamook, Clifford had his headquarters in Klamath Falls until he retired to Palm Springs, California.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

In August, 1916, after having survived the trials and tribulations of twenty-seven years of a rugged pioneer life together, Lizzie and Rome were divorced. Neither Ora nor I can remember the slightest signs of problems between Mama and Papa. There was no quarreling, no verbal disagreements. They had separate, but adjoining, bedrooms ever since I could remember. Then, with no warning, Mama took my brother Earl as a witness and went to Tillamook and sued for divorce.

I had been sent to spend the day with a neighbor, Retta Hess Larison, and she asked me if I knew why Mama went to Tillamook. When I said, "No," she said, "She went to Tillamook to get a divorce." "What's that?" I asked, and she happily explained that we wouldn't be living with Mama anymore. I was sure she was wrong, and ran home, crying, to find that it was true. I was devastated!! From that moment on, everything changed for me!

Everything had been decided and agreed upon; Mama received 40 acres of land and the home place where we lived. This was where I had been born, and which up to now had pretty much constituted my "world." Now Tressa, Earl, Ora, and I moved with Papa to the house the Weiss's had built when they had their sawmill on our property.

My feelings were all mixed up; in addition to the loneliness I felt for my mother, I also felt abandoned and rejected. There was also a feeling of shame, as nothing like this had ever happened to anyone I knew and no one in the family talked about it to me.

Worst of all, I think, was the feeling of helplessness and shame I felt for my mother. In the small community in which we lived, society was not accepting of her divorce - people were very judgmental. Not long after the divorce, she sold her home to my brother Ralph, and his wife, Esther, and she moved to Portland to live.

All the years in between then and now, the one overriding question has been "How could she have left us at that time in our lives?" The need to know became so compelling that when I started this history of their pioneer life, I called the Tillamook County Court House to see if I could get a copy of their divorce papers. All I needed to do was send \$1 and a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

The papers detail how for six years she had not been allowed to control or correct her children; we were to be subject only to Papa's corrections and commands. I learned that for more than four years prior to the filing he had not furnished her with any wearing apparel and she had been compelled to purchase them out of her own funds. He accused her of infidelity, even when she went to visit neighbors, and exhibited a jealous and overbearing disposition toward her - even swearing at her and calling her vile names.

In the settlement, custody of the three minor children - Earl, eighteen years, Ora, fourteen years, and Mabel, eleven years, was given to the defendant, my father. Years ago, I accepted it as something that could not be changed and forgave her, but I still found it hard to understand. Now I am sure that she had returned from Portland six years earlier to try to stay with us. She stayed as long as she could stand the abuse, but was realistic enough to know that she couldn't support and care for us, and that it was in our best interest to be left with Papa.

In those days when women had not been trained to work outside the home, she found work in Portland doing what she knew best - cooking. Mama cooked at a cafeteria on Third Street, near Morrison. The Raven Dairy store was close by. They sold eggs, milk, butter, cottage cheese, etc., and you could drink all the buttermilk you wanted for 5 cents. About my third year in high school, I began going to Portland to see Mama. She would take me to the restaurant with her when she went to work. Sometimes they would find jobs for me such as sorting silverware or stacking dishes, but mostly I would read and wait for her to finish work. We would then go shopping before going home - and that is when we drank buttermilk.

Needless to say, things were very different after we moved to live with Papa. Christmas had always been special, with a floor to ceiling tree covered with ornaments - mostly handmade. We strung popcorn and made yards of paper chain. We always had some tinsel and an ornament for the top of the tree. There were candle holders which clamped to the branches. There were small candles which fit into them and we actually burned them, but they were watched every minute.

Mama had always managed to have a new doll for Ora and me. Many times we would receive tea sets of either china or painted metal and one Christmas we received a doll bed. We also had a doll buggy with small doll-size quilts to fit. It took a heap of planning in those days to have things on hand for special occasions. After we moved, I don't remember having another Christmas tree except at school programs.

Tressa did the cooking and most of the housework. We helped, but by this time, we were working at the barn. We had our regular cows to milk and after we got a milking machine Ora and I would take care of sixty cows night and morning during the haying season.

Mary, who by this time had another little boy, Jack, helped us take care of our clothes and often sewed for us. The first year we were alone Papa set a certain sum which we could spend for school clothes and he let us order from the catalog. Since she was three years older than I, Ora did the ordering, after we had mutually decided what we needed. Somehow, when the order arrived, some would be a little more high style than the others - and these were always Ora's size.

Papa was stern and strict but he tried to do special things for us. On Ora's seventeenth birthday, he bought her a Brownie box camera. This brought us hours of pleasure and entertainment, as we had to learn to develop our film and print our pictures. Neither of us can remember who taught us - possibly someone at High's Drug Store in Cloverdale where he had bought the camera.

When the Scherzinger's bought a piano, Papa bought their organ for us. Someone taught us to read notes and we learned to play hymns. That organ brought us a lot of pleasure, too.

Papa's reputation for honesty was known all over the county. He could borrow money without signing a note. He expected the same of us - and trusted us to write checks and sign his name. I don't think we ever took advantage of his trust. I had seen him punish some of the older children so, believe me, I treated him with reverence and respect.

Ever since the third grade Ora and I had been in the same grade, so we graduated from grade school at the same time. We both have our birthdays in January. She had not started school until the September following her sixth birthday; I started the September before my sixth birthday. When I was ready for the third grade and she was ready for the fourth, the teacher told her that because she was having trouble with arithmetic, she could be in the fourth grade for everything except arithmetic. She would need to take her arithmetic with the third grade, so she chose instead to stay in the third grade with me.

Neither of us remember a ceremony or fanfare of any kind for our eighth grade graduation. However, we were required to take a state-prepared examination in order to graduate.

No one talked about high school, but when September rolled around, Uncle Will Conder and Jim Groshong came to get us and we went to Corvallis. Ora was to stay with Aunt Ella and Uncle Will, but after a few days they took me to the home of a family named Horning. During these few days Uncle Will gave me my first lessons in Hygiene. He took me to a dentist to have my teeth checked and could not believe that even though I had never brushed my teeth, I had no cavities. He bought me my first toothbrush!!!

Because of a sad and tragic experience in their own family, Aunt Ella and Uncle Will were almost fanatic regarding healthful food and cleanliness. They had been the parents of three handsome young men, Rex, Ray, and William. William was always called "Willa Boy." Ray had died at age twelve from blood poisoning. Rex and Willa Boy were about the same ages as our sister Mary and brother Ralph. Both grew to young manhood, but each in his turn would die before his twenty-first birthday of tuberculosis, which at that time was called consumption.

The only treatment was to go to a warm, dry climate and live entirely outdoors. They did that - travelling to New Mexico, where they lived in tents, but nothing helped. Being scrupulously clean about yourself and careful about your diet were supposed to ward off the disease. People slept on open porches, called "sleeping porches." The treatment centers, or sanitariums, were open on all four sides. Complete rest was also part of the treatment. This terrible disease was conquered with the discovery of the miraculous antibiotic drugs.

We were sent to Corvallis because the closest high school to us was Tillamook and Papa knew no one there for us to stay with. I guess the reason they sent me to stay with the Hornings was because Aunt Ella felt she could not cope with both of us, and they thought Ora was at a more dangerous age than I. I was so lonesome at the Hornings that I spent most, if not all, weekends at the Conder home. Can you imagine how bewildered I was? I was only twelve years old - would be thirteen in January - and had been surrounded by family all my life. Now I found myself a boarder in the home of a stranger. They had two girls younger than I but they made no effort to be friendly. The parents didn't care anything about me either. But I used to visit Mr. Horning's mother and retarded sister who lived in a small house, more like a large garage, close to, but separated from, the main house. They were always glad to see me.

Aunt Ella and Uncle Will were complete opposites in personality. He was jovial, always looking as though he was just ready to break into a smile; she was solemn and unsmiling. My two most vivid memories of them are in their home. In one they are sitting in their rocking chairs on either side of the fireplace, rocking and talking. The other is of Sunday at their home.

Aunt Ella's grandfather, Darius Bainbridge, had been ordained a Baptist minister in St. Charles, Missouri, in 1824 - seven years before her mother, my Grandma Zerelda was born, so Aunt Ella's formative years were rigidly controlled. In Corvallis they belonged to the Southern Methodist Church, so that is where we attended. Our Sunday routine was Sunday School and church in the morning, Epworth League and church in the evening.

Nothing would transpire at Aunt Ella's on Sunday that would in any way detract from the sanctity of the day. Aunt Ella would spend all day Saturday cooking. On Sunday all she had to do was put the food on the stove (it was a wood stove, you know) and let it heat while we were at church. She was an excellent cook. There was always vegetable soup, made with a hearty beef stock and lots of vegetables. It smelled heavenly - and tasted that way, too. There would be a roast of some kind - and good vegetables from Uncle Will's wonderful garden. They ate lots of fruit and vegetables. One of my surprises was that he always peeled and ate a fresh apple every morning before he ate his bowl of cereal which had been cooked in a double boiler the day before and heated. The glassed-in back porch was filled with boxes of every kind of apple.

In thinking about those years of my life, it seems that everyone I knew lived on acreage, where they could have a cow, some chickens, and an orchard. They raised almost everything they ate, but Uncle Will would buy asparagus when it first came in the markets. He said it was like a tonic. The pattern began changing with my generation, and it was soon the exception rather than the rule for a home to be located on acreage.

Their place had probably twenty-five or thirty acres and was located about one mile from the city limits on North Ninth Street. When we reached the city limits, there was a board walk and a footbridge across a little creek. Ora says that I never lived with Aunt Ella and Uncle Will to go to school, but how else would I remember walking with her and watching her hide her lunch under the footbridge - also removing her school shoes and leaving them there and changing into her dress shoes? I also distinctly remember learning the Theory of Evolution and hurrying home to tell Aunt Ella about it. I was sure I knew something she didn't and was anxious to tell her about it. She listened, but I could tell she was not pleased. In fact, she was horrified that I could consider such a thing to be true. She drew her lips into a thin line, and in her high pitched voice she said "I don't know about you, Mabel. You may have descended from a monkey, but I'm sure I didn't."

My memory tells me that after the Christmas holidays, Aunt Ella took pity on me and let me stay there with Ora. However, if Ora's memory is correct and I really didn't live there, then I must assume that I have blocked out further memories of time spent at the Hornings, preferring to remember only the happier days.

We had a new and thrilling experience at Christmas vacation - we travelled to Tillamook by train. Our first stop after leaving Corvallis was Hillsboro, where we stayed all night with the Gaines family. They had formerly lived in the hills beyond our farm home. It took us all day to go from Hillsboro to Tillamook. My recollection of the trip is that it was through thicker and taller timber than I had ever seen. The track was very winding and went over many high trestles. The train barely crept along. We went through all the little towns: Timber, Fossil, Wheeler, Nehalem, and Garibaldi. Neither of us remembers who met us at Tillamook to take us the remaining twenty-five miles home, but it must have been some of the Weiss family, as few people had cars. It was the winter of 1917 and there was a flu epidemic. We both became ill and were quite sick.

In the spring of 1918 Clifford's beautiful young wife, Juna, died of peritonitis, the result of a ruptured appendix. Their little girl, Joy, was just a toddler which added to the sorrow. They had moved from Tillamook to Salem shortly before her death, so we attended the services with Aunt Ella and Uncle Will. Aunt Ella saw to it that we had the proper clothes for a funeral. We had dark blue dresses and navy blue serge capes with braid trim. They were the prettiest clothes I had ever had. I really liked that cape.

One of our schoolmates at Corvallis High School was Vida Law. She and her family attended the same church we did. Her father worked as a grocery clerk, which did not pay a high salary, and there were three other children in the family, but they would often invite us home with them for dinner after church. Her mother was a genius at making the food stretch and both her parents encouraged all the children to invite their friends to eat with them. It was at their home that I first tasted Jello and many times it would be whipped to make it go further. We remained friends with the family but did not see them often after that year. However, the bond with Vida - and later her husband, Thurston - remained strong until their deaths.

Our church experience in Corvallis was our first introduction to religion in any form. Papa studied the Bible, reading it in its entirety, but dared to take issue with some of the statements he found therein. There were no structured places of worship in our immediate area, so it wasn't a problem, but occasionally there would be a camp meeting of "Holy Rollers." Papa discouraged our attendance, feeling that they preyed on the emotions, and wanted us to wait until we were old enough to think things through and make our own decisions before embracing any religion. He worried unnecessarily, as the only reason we liked to go was to listen to the music and singing.

At the close of a week or so of these meetings, all those who had confessed their sins and asked to be saved were baptized. This was always done at a certain gravel bar in the river near Job Foster's place. The minister would wade almost hip-deep into the water and one by one take care of the dipping while the rest of us stood on the bank and sang songs. The only baptismal song I remember is "Shall We Gather At The River?" If, in going under, one's foot happened to come up out of the water, the dipping would be repeated, otherwise that person would not be saved.

That summer passed quickly doing all the things that summer on a farm brings. There was gardening, haying and milking cows. There was also the preservation of food by canning or preserving, but there was time for visiting friends and family and enjoying the babies in our ever growing family.

All too soon, it was time to return to school. Viola Wilson, a grade school friend, was going to McMinnville to high school, and since Ora had decided not to return I wanted to go to McMinnville instead of returning to Corvallis.

One of my grade school teachers had been Neva Wilcox. Her mother lived in McMinnville and it was decided that I could stay with her. Neva had married Frank Wilson and was now Viola's sister-in-law. Viola was working for her room and board in a home where the lady of the house was very ill. If I remember correctly, I paid the magnificent sum of \$25 per month for room and board.

My arrangement did not last very long. Mrs. Wilcox had remarried and I do not remember her new married name, but not long after I had gone there to live, I returned from school one day and no one was home - I thought. I went into my little room which was a sort of lean-to built onto the side of the house adjacent to the kitchen and eating area. Their bedroom was on the opposite side of this area. I heard a noise - looked up - and her husband was standing in my doorway in his "long-handled" underwear, as it used to be called. Nothing could be more revolting!!!! So far, sex education had been omitted from my education but I instinctively knew his intentions were not honorable. I slammed the door in his face, and stood there against the door, shaking, until she came home and I told her I wanted to move. I do not remember that she questioned me as to the reason. I never told anyone about the incident; things like that were not discussed in those days, and subconsciously I felt that I would be blamed for what happened.

Viola arranged for me to pay room and board and stay where she was working. Sharing a room with Viola made me almost feel like I was home.

The lady's sick bed was in the living room, and I saw her only on rare occasions. My personal living area was the upstairs and the kitchen.



Only a few months elapsed before the lady died, and I again had to make new living arrangements. I knew a girl at school named Mollie Brown and when I told her about my situation, she talked to her parents about it and they let me live at their house - paying room and board, of course. They had two boys and three girls. The oldest boy was already away from home. One of the girls, Lela, was younger than I. The father of the family worked in a factory where they made sweetened condensed milk (it must have been Borden's). The mother was "motherly" and was home all the time. Their home was close to school, and we went home for lunch. She would make cornbread, open a jar of canned vegetable and heat it - I don't know why, but I especially remember the home canned peas. This, with butter for the cornbread and a glass of milk, made a healthful lunch.

They treated me like one of the family - I was comfortable there. I spent the remainder of that year and the next two years with them.

Much happened during that period. I liked sports and played basketball, but not on a school team. It seems to me that it was a part of our physical education class, and the different classes competed. I also tried out for chorus, but had two strikes against me in that class (1) No voice, and (2) No previous musical experience of any kind, so I could not read notes. I imagine the lack of a "voice" was the main reason. I was beginning to realize that I didn't fit the "mold" but I kept plodding along, trying. I think, as the title of the popular song of today states, "I was country when country wasn't cool."

I made a few good friends there; one of them, Angeline Ryan, was from a farm, too. Her home was out around Scio and she lived with her sister in McMinnville to go to school. She took me home with her one weekend. She had a lovely farm home and her parents made me feel so welcome. I still carry the memory of the home set upon a hill. It was reached by a long driveway bordered by beds of flowers of every kind and color.

It was during this period that I began seeing my mother again. She was not a seamstress, but she tried to help me with my clothes and made several dresses for me. I especially remember the dresses she made for my senior year - one for the Prom and one for my graduation.

My father thought that the only two occupations for women were teachers and seamstresses. I took all the classes required for teachers' training, but I also started typing classes. Knowing he would disapprove, I did not send these report cards home for his signature, but had Mrs. Brown sign them for me. It was a little deceitful, I realize, but I was so eager to learn the business skills.

McMinnville is a Baptist town and during my three years there, I affiliated with the Baptist church. This time I was immersed. Churches had built-in baptismal tubs, or pools, on stage behind the pulpit, where the ceremony took place. I do not remember that the Browns were affiliated with any church.

It must have been my second year at the Browns' when I took Mollie home with me for a visit. My brother Earl had just returned from ROTC training at Corvallis. It must have been love at first sight; they were married August 25, 1921, and when I returned to McMinnville in September for my senior year, Mollie was on the farm with Earl.

Something else was new that year. The Sourgrass road from Hebo to Grand Ronde was being built and, while not finished, was negotiable. It was no longer necessary to ford the river in several places to get to Dolph, and it was a new road from Dolph to the valley.

Jumping back a year, to June 13, 1920, I must report the marriage of my sister Ora to Oscar Wellington Steele, whom she had met through our brother Earl, when they served in the ROTC together. None of our family had church weddings, and I wasn't invited to any of them wherever they were.

On October 3, 1921, their first child, Oscar Wellington Jerome Steele was born. That was a ponderous name for such a cute little tow-headed boy. He had big brown eyes and his hair was a mop of tight curls. Before that school year was over, Mollie brought Ora and the baby to McMinnville so I could see him. (He took care of that name himself. When he was in high school he changed his name to Jerry.)

When I went home for the summer of 1921 I created quite a stir; I had followed the fashion of the day and had my hair cut. Since my hair was straight, and permanents had not been discovered, I had a "Dutch Bob." In fact, cutting your hair was called "bobbing" your hair and the finished product was "bobbed" hair. It seemed that everyone thought it was poor judgment. One of my aunts stopped speaking to me. It seemed to have something to do with one's morals, which I was never able to understand.

I don't remember anything special about my senior year. I was feeling less like a square peg in a round hole and sort of enjoying things. I liked the teachers training when we were sent to the grade schools to do our practice teaching - and it was exciting to look forward to having a school of my own. I had secured a job with the Boulder Creek District in Tillamook County and was feeling quite grown up. If I elected to do the janitor work, I would receive \$100 per month - otherwise, \$75 per month. I did the janitor work.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

During the summer prior to the start of the school year, I met the man of my dreams at a dance in Pacific City. His name was August Groskey. He worked in the General Merchandise store at Hebo for his sister, Betty, and her husband, P.D. Ott, who owned the store. It was in the same building where the Hebo Inn is now located. They carried everything - yard goods, chicken feed, hardware, and, of course, food for the table. They had charge accounts and delivered as far south as Neskowin - often having to have a team pull them out of the mud at Neskowin. (I heard that at that time you could have bought all of Neskowin for \$1,500.) They bought eggs from the farmers for resale. One farmer kept bringing such dirty eggs, P.D. spoke to him about it, as they could not be cleaned enough to sell. "What do you want me to do, furnish toilet paper for my chickens?" he shouted.

The summer of 1922 held another "first" for me - my first airplane ride. I believe it was the Fourth of July celebration which occasioned the visit. Its "runway" was an open field between the business section of Pacific City and the Big Nestucca River. It accommodated only one passenger at a time. For \$20 you could have a ten minute ride out over the ocean. Even today I can't believe that I did it, but I did and enjoyed it immensely!!! I had a feeling that Papa was disappointed in my careless use of money and I can't blame him - at that point, it was still his money I was spending.

There was so much to do on the farm during that summer. The days passed quickly and pleasantly and it was soon time to pack and move to Boulder Creek. Carl and Reba White lived close to the school and I was to live with them. I don't feel that it is important to my story, but the fact that I cannot recall details of the arrangement bothers me. The White family had been residents of the Nestucca River area for several years and Carl's younger sister, Bessie, was married to my cousin, Lyle Craven. So perhaps, like so many other things in my life up to that time, someone had arranged for me to stay with them. There is the possibility that because they were the only family living close to the school they had offered to "board" the teacher.

My brother Clarence and his family took me to my new home. He and Estella had been married eleven years and had four children. Roy, ten; Wilma, seven; Donald, two and one-half years; and Audrey, seven months. They had been friends of Carl and Reba for several years.

About halfway between Beaver and Blaine the Boulder Creek road sign appeared on the right. It was just a dirt road, badly rutted, but cars of the era were high enough underneath to stay in the tracks during dry weather. During wet, muddy weather it was sometimes necessary to straddle the rutted tracks and drive on the high center and right shoulder. I am not sure of the distance between the schoolhouse and the highway, probably about three-fourths of a mile to a mile; all except two of the students lived on the highway and walked to and from school.

After visiting with Carl, Reba, and their two children - Martin, six, and Athabelle, about three, we walked over to see where I would be working. By today's standards, it was bleak - just a small, unpainted shack. Inside there was a stove, desk, blackboard, and school desks. Four years previously, when I graduated from the eighth grade at Meda, it was from just such a school, although it had grown to two rooms instead of one during my time there. Architecturally, they were the same.

When Clarence, Estella, and the children left, I really felt isolated and alone. I busied myself with hanging up my clothes and becoming familiar with my room, which was upstairs. When I came down, I started getting acquainted with my new family. The children accepted me at once and we were great friends. Martin was to be one of my first grade students, so we had a lot to talk about. Athabelle was a loving, lovable child and I adored her. Carl and Reba were care-free and fun-loving. Their love for each other was deep, abiding, and very obvious. Another new experience!!! Coming from a family with controlled emotions into such a constant "kissy, kissy" situation took a little adjustment. The few months I spent with them were interesting and happy.

On September 4, 1922, I walked the short distance from home to the schoolhouse early enough to air it out before my pupils began to arrive. I was to have twelve pupils - and six grades. They were from five families. The third grade was composed of a pair of twins - Clifford and Clyde Benfield. They had a brother in the sixth grade and a sister in the eighth. The sister was a lovely young woman just two years younger than I. There were four Chopard's, two Perry's, Martin White, and Rodney Speece.

I had no qualms about my ability to teach, but I did feel young, and so responsible for these young minds. Soon after I had greeted my pupils, someone in the back of the room said "Miss Dunn" and I felt the mantle of maturity dropping silently and ever so softly around my shoulders. Mabel Dunn was relegated to the past, henceforth I would be Miss Dunn to all except my family and close friends.

Subjects taught at Boulder Creek were: reading, writing, and arithmetic, all grades; in addition, the first grade had phonics; the fourth, sixth, and eighth grades had geography; third, fourth, sixth, and eighth had language; sixth had physiology; sixth and eighth had history; and eighth only had agriculture and civics. Many years later, I had the gratifying experience of hearing that a couple of those students credited me with their good start in the learning process.

Long ago I decided that in some ways the one-room country school had advantages unmatched in schools where classes are segregated. In theory, the class waiting to recite should be studying, but it is impossible not to absorb some of what is being said. Planted in the sub-conscious, this information can be called upon when needed. So waste no tears on the kids from the country school; in most cases the child is not disadvantaged, but richly blessed.

Carl White played the violin and Reba played the piano. Needless to say, they were in great demand. In addition, they loved to dance, so nearly every weekend they went somewhere, and they always took me. Sometimes dances would be held at homes in the area. I remember one night when we walked through the timber on a narrow trail behind someone carrying a lantern to reach the home where we were to have a dancing party. The children were put to bed among the wraps which had been removed, and the music started. The room was cleared for dancing which held center stage until midnight, when a supper was served - after which we danced some more. This was the foot-stomping, hand-clapping variety of dancing. It was almost daylight when we headed back down the trail behind the lantern. Sometimes they would wait for the first light before heading home.

Another home in the area, reached through dense timber, was that of the Jacob Nicklaus family. The parents and their two sons, Bob and Herman, made Brick and Limburger cheese which they shipped all over the country. There was a party at their home one night, too - not a dancing party - more of a neighborhood gathering with lots of good food including the wonderful cheeses they made. I did not taste the Limburger, but I loved the Brick cheese - it was really special.

On Halloween night, I got into bed and blew out the light. When I tried to pull the covers over me, they kept rolling away from me. They were going at an angle and I could not grab them. In the darkness, it was very eerie and I began feeling panicky. When I screamed, Carl and Reba came with a light and had a good laugh at my expense. During the day Carl had tied heavy string to one corner of the covers on my bed and covered it with the bedspread. He then ran the string crosswise to the foot of the bed and out the window where he stood and pulled on it steadily and slowly as soon as I blew out the light. I laughed, too - it really was a clever trick.

The only thing I remember about the food is that it was simple but filling. Reba was a frugal cook of necessity. There was just no way they could make a living on the place where they lived. I think they had a couple of cows, but cows don't give milk in the winter. My \$25 per month and the few dollars Carl made playing for dances constituted their income. It must have been a big worry to them. One of her recipes was an eggless, milkless, butterless cake. It was really very good. Under these circumstances, it did not surprise me too much to learn around Christmas time that they were going to move down around Hebo. I would miss them.

Reba's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, lived a mile or so out of Beaver on the Blaine road and my dilemma was solved by boarding with them. I rented a horse from one of their neighbors. I think I paid \$5 per month plus feed. Each morning, I would walk several hundred feet up the road to the barn, saddle up and ride the five miles or so, put the horse in Carl's barn, take the saddle off, feed him, and walk the short distance to the schoolhouse. In the evening I would reverse the process. I continued this procedure until the end of the term, April 20, 1923. I carried my lunch in a paper sack in my coat pocket and when I would bite into my sandwich I could smell the horse, so I lost my appetite. (I don't remember what we used to wrap sandwiches, but there were no wax paper, plastic wrap, or Ziploc bags.)

I had good plain food at the Powell's, however. Mr. Powell was a big man and required hearty food. Mrs. Powell had a strange way of making coffee. There were several granite coffee pots on the stove, and each day she would add a little coffee and a little water to each pot. When one was so full of grounds that it would not hold at least a cup of water, she would empty it and start over.

During the winter, when I was living at Boulder Creek, I would see August at dances, and he would usually take me home. He had a new Studebaker touring car. It was the "top of the line," I'm sure. It even had a vase on the dashboard to hold one flower. I don't think he liked the Boulder Creek road too well - I saw him much more often after moving to the Powell's at Beaver.

He continued to work for Betty and P.D. at Hebo until the latter part of February. On February 27, 1923, he bought the Cloverdale Confectionery Store and renamed it "The Lily." There was a small apartment next door to the store and that was to be our first home - Main Street, Cloverdale.

On April 20, the day school ended, we went to Portland to buy the furniture we would need for this three-room apartment. A davenport and chair covered in grey and blue cut velour for the living room; and small dining table with four chairs and a bedroom set which at the time I thought was gorgeous!! It was painted a cream color with raised floral decorations. The bed had a curved footboard. There was a vanity with triple mirrors, a bench, and of course, a dresser. I don't remember buying a stove, so there must have been one in the apartment - a wood stove.

Betty, Mina who was Betty's daughter, and Mina's friend, Crystal Sappington, went with us. We returned to Cloverdale April 22nd, and on April 25th August and I went back to Portland, where on April 26, 1923, with my mother as one of our witnesses, we were married in the parsonage of the Reverend Bowersox, 1512 Delaware Avenue. August had spoken to my father and bought my rings about the time he bought the confectionery store. We went to Newport for our honeymoon and stayed all night at the Nye Beach Hotel. We stopped at Corvallis to visit his mother both going and coming.

This seems like a good time to tell something about the background of the man I married. His family consisted of his mother, father, and two older sisters. They had emigrated from Austria in late 1891 or early 1892. They were German, but had moved to Austria for more favorable emigration quotas. (Family lore tells that his father at one time worked as a Volga boatman.) Their passport was issued by Franz Joseph of Austria. Years later, when no one wanted to be known as a German, Betty would say "Viennese" when asked her nationality, and August wanted everyone to call him Gus. Their name on the passport was Krusczka, but when they arrived in Winnipeg, Canada, people could not understand them and began calling them Groskey. When they took out naturalization papers in the United States, they used that name. His mother's maiden name had been Koch, which in this country was changed to Cook. A brother had preceded her to the United States and was living in Portland with his family when they came.

August was born in Winnipeg, Canada, October 28, 1892, not long after the family arrived there. When they first came to the United States they lived on the Washington coast, where his father worked in a big sawmill at Hoquiam. They moved to a farm near Blodgett, Oregon, where they lived for many years before selling and moving to Corvallis.

Back to the confectionery store and its challenges. There was so much to learn; most soft drinks were mixed at the fountain. A few flavors of bottled soda pop were available, and many people were making their own root beer and bottling it, but a fountain drink was more sociable. Ice cream sodas were very popular; some syrup would be put in the glass, ice cream added and some of it mashed a little with a spoon, then the charged water put in. A small scoop of ice cream was added and would bob around on top. Milk shakes were very popular, too, and while it is just a matter of putting certain quantities of syrup, ice cream, and milk into the tall metal cup and setting it under the machine to whip, the milk shake machine of those days required careful watching and a little finesse for successful results. One could add to the creaminess by manipulating the beater up and down. There was no soft ice cream - just the dipped variety. Fruit syrups were made by buying concentrates and adding sugar syrup to desired consistency.

There was a card room in the back of the store and we served sandwiches. We hadn't had the store long when August was offered a job with a wholesale grocery company in Salem, so we sold "The Lily" and moved. While in Salem we lived in an apartment which was the lower floor of a two-story home.

We had found a lot we liked out on North Capitol Street and were building our own home. In fact, we were about ready to move in when the company August worked for decided to buy the Hebo store from Betty and P.D. They offered August partnership, and to do this we had to use our house as our share of the investment. We would be moving to Hebo and August would manage the store. It must have been with mixed emotions that I agreed to do this. In looking through all my memorabilia, I ran across the following - an attempt to express my feelings in poetry. Perhaps by today's standards it would not be considered poetry - just rhyme. Anyway, it was written and signed by me, December 21, 1923. It is titled:

"To August"

We've got a little money now  
What shall we do with it?  
If put into a wooden box  
The box with age might split.

If put into a bank, some thief  
May spirit it away.  
If put into a stocking black,  
Where could the stocking stay?

We'll build for us a little house  
Just big enough for two.  
And then our money will be gone  
But still we'll have it too.

Then trade the house for the Hebo store  
What matters if we do?  
Our home we will sometime build again  
In the meantime, I'll have you.

We lived in a spacious apartment above the store in Hebo. There was a living room, dining room, kitchen, two bedrooms and a bathroom. The balance of the upstairs space was storage. In this room we had laundry trays, and a water-powered washing machine. There was no refrigeration, just a cooler. A cooler is a cupboard with a screened opening at the bottom and slatted shelves so air can circulate. There was no electricity and we still used wood stoves. There was an inside and outside entrance to the apartment. The outside stairs led to a hallway which opened into the dining area; the inside stairs were at the back of the building and entered the storage behind the apartment. The dining area had a plate rail above pretty panelling.



I was six months pregnant when we moved to Hebo, so I did not work in the store. I went down often to mingle and visit with the clerks, the warehouse man and the delivery man. Most of the business was done by telephone - taking orders and filling them for delivery. There was not a lot of "drop-in" trade. When customers did come in, it would be to buy something which could not be done without inspection - dress goods perhaps. They usually came in person to pay their bill, as they would receive a "treat" in appreciation.

Betty and Dean (P.D.) moved to Salem - the house that we had built. Mina stayed with us so she could finish the eighth grade at the Hebo school. Mina's friend was Crystal Sappington, whose father, Wirt Sappington, was our warehouseman. Wirt was a wonderful man when he was sober, but he had a fondness for the bottle and a lot of places to hide it in the warehouse. If he couldn't get whiskey, he would drink anything that would give the same results. Once, everyone was watching so closely to keep him on the wagon, but he got "sick" just the same. No one could figure out how or where he was getting it, when someone noticed that the big bottles of vanilla were disappearing regularly.

One time Mina and Crystal were playing in the upstairs storage area and Wirt was working in the area below the open stairway. They were playing church, and he heard Crystal praying, "Dear God, please help my Daddy to stop drinking." He told Betty about it, and with a few well-chosen cuss words said, "Mrs. Ott, if that doesn't stop me from drinking, nothing ever will." Sure enough, nothing ever did.

We sent for Dr. Robinson early in the morning of March 6, 1924, and about noon, our daughter was born. We named her Glenda Gloria. It was a lovely spring day, and there were Gypsies in town. I was afraid that they would hear about the beautiful baby who had just been born and try to spirit her away. It was generally believed that Gypsies went around kidnapping children.

From the beginning, Glenda had feeding problems. When the doctor decided she needed more nourishment than she was getting nursing, he prescribed a formula using cow's milk. She cried most of the time and was losing instead of gaining, so when she was a little more than two months old, we took her to Portland to a baby specialist, Dr. J.B. Bilderback. He felt that he would have to see her and check her every day in order to get her straightened out, and urged us to leave her in Portland in the care of Miss L.N. Robinson, a nurse who took a few babies at a time into her home in Northwest Portland and worked with the doctor to correct their problems. We left her on May 18th, and she was able to come home June 19, during which time Dr. Bilderback saw her every day and Miss Robinson wrote me a government postcard each day with a progress report. We went to see her as often as we could, but, even so, she got used to Miss Robinson and almost forgot me. Once I was so surprised and disappointed when I reached out to take her from the nurse, she turned her head away and snuggled down against Miss Robinson's shoulder.



MABEL and GLENDA IN HEBO SCHOOLYARD



AUGUST HOLDING GLENDA AT HEBO  
(about six months)



AUGUST and GLENDA



GLENDA - ABOUT ONE YEAR

Dr. Bilderback had taken her off cow's milk and her formula was made with rice water, Hoos milk (a powdered product, which I think was butter-milk) and Karo. The rice water formula was - for one day - three pints boiling water and three rounded tablespoons rice cooked for three hours in a double boiler. When ready to take off, pour through coarse strainer, then through a fine strainer. Her formula was: thirty-nine ounces of rice water, one package Hoos milk, three tablespoons white Karo. This made six bottles - six and one half ounces each - one every three hours.

I was to report progress and/or problems to Dr. Bilderback weekly, which I did. If changes were called for he would send me a note. This continued through August when he considered her "a fine, wholesome child, who should go through the early years of childhood without any sickness and be a strong and healthy adult." With this, he enclosed his bill for the entire period, May 18th through August, at least one month of the period being on a daily basis. In light of the medical bills of today it seems noteworthy that it was only \$150.

My sister Mary and Mrs. Savage (I don't remember her first name) were my helpers and support during Glenda's first few months. Mrs. Savage continued to be my baby sitter as long as we were in Hebo.

The joy of watching her grow and develop was tempered by a new concern. She started to walk early before her bones were strong enough and even though she had been taking cod liver oil on a regular basis, her little legs bowed between the knee and the ankle. More specialists - this time an orthopedist. He ordered braces. They were attached to special shoes with a metal strip on the inside of the leg. Leather straps from the metal strip around the bowed part of her leg applied pressure to correct the bow. They hurt her and rubbed sores on her ankles, so after a reasonable time, we discarded that treatment. The orthopedist was not happy with us and remarked that "the kangaroos of Australia make better mothers than the girls of America."

From then on, our efforts were concentrated on doing everything we could to help them to straighten naturally. I massaged them often and regularly. We bought her a tricycle as soon as she could ride one, making sure that she would need to stretch her legs to reach the pedals. The next piece of equipment was roller skates and after we moved to Portland she took ballet lessons. These things, plus a carefully planned diet, resulted in a beautiful child, with perfect legs.

## FRAGMENTED MEMORIES

Joel Harbour's wife, Sara Packard, was captured with all her brothers and sisters and held captive at the Shawnee Village near present-day Xenia, Ohio. All her brothers and sisters were massacred. She was rescued by whites and returned to her friends in Virginia. Someone in the family was burned at the stake by these Indians. (This is a legend among the descendants.) Joel Harbour is our DAR patriot and my great, great, great grandfather.

Lizzie and Rome had ancestry traceable to Ireland, England, Wales and France. Through the generations the Dunns have become quite a potpourri of nationalities.

The land on which Lizzie and Rome settled had been Indian land until 1876 when the Indians had been moved to the mouth of the Salmon River in Lincoln County. They were known as the Nestugga (Nestucca) Indians, but were part of the Siletz Indian Reservation, which extended from the Central Cheese factory south of Cloverdale to Yaquina.

The Little Nestucca River was frozen over in 1886. Jerome Dunn and John Craven, Sr., drove cattle across it. It was frozen over again in the winter of 1919-1920. Earl said, "We got on the ice at the home place and went to the highway bridge on skis."

About 1915 or 1916, Earl and his cousin, Fred Scherzinger, crossed Fletcher's Lake on ice from the beach to the hill (Fletcher's Lake is now Winema Lake).

Nestucca Bay was frozen over in 1928 or 1929.

Our neighbors, Lloyd and Bill Miller, had a gasoline launch which I am sure must have been the first on in our area. In 1909 they took my father, my uncle Linn (Linden) Whiteman and three other men and went out over the bar into the ocean. They got into trouble and were picked up by Captain Tarbell of the ship "Della". The "Della" carried mail and merchandise between Portland and Pacific City and also picked up butter and cheese from us to carry to Portland. Captain Tarbell tried to tow the launch to safety, but was forced to cut it loose as the tide was too swift. It was a very close call for all of them.

The first improvement over kerosene lamps made its appearance in our area about 1911 or 1912. This lamp was filled with gasoline and had to be pumped up with air. The wick, or mantle, was very fragile and gave out a bright, intense white light.

Colloquialisms:

"Pinies" for Peonies

"Crick" for Creek

"Chimbley" for Chimney

Cure for warts: Rub cut potato over wart, bury the potato, when it is gone, so are the warts!!

In the late 1800's the first school district was formed of all land south of the Little Nestucca River. The school was located in Oretown. My father, Rome Dunn, was the first teacher and his sister, Ella, was the second. (Ella later married W.W. Conder who was the first judge of Tillamook County.) In 1886 the district was divided into Oretown, Neskowin, and Meda.

Many of the pioneer women brought plants with them when they came to the Little Nestucca River area. Grandmother Zerelda Dunn brought roses. My great-grandmother, Elizabeth M. Kirkpatrick Harbour, brought a locust tree. It would not surprise me if the locust tree is still there.

One of the things native to the area was the chittem tree; in the spring the bark of this tree could be peeled from the trees and sold as a cash crop. Cascara is produced from the chittem bark.

In later years, fox glove leaves were harvested and sold; Digitalis is the resulting product.

The harvesting of ferns for the florist trade was also a way to make money from the bounty of nature.

About 1895, my mother's brother, Rufus, and a neighbor, Marion Penter, left the Nestucca Bar in a rowboat to fish on the Siletz River. The ocean was rough and they tried to go over the bar to avoid spending the night in a rowboat on the ocean. Their boat capsized and neither of them was ever found. A second boat got in safely. John Whiteman and Will Penter walked from Meda to Taft by mountain trail to investigate. Fish caught in the Siletz water had to be transported by packhorse to the cannery at Oretown.

Papa was a political person and when his brother Jeff came from Portland, or his brother-in-law, Fred Scherzinger, came from Neskowin, they would sit up nearly all night discussing politics by lamplight.

According to family legend, Princeton library is on the original Bainbridge property in New Jersey.

On one of our vacations, Glenda and I were camping at Breitenbush. One day, we rented horses and were riding the Mt. Jefferson trail. Becoming a little saddle sore, Glenda said, "Do you think Polly would mind if I pulled her for a while?"

Glenda was an excellent ballroom dancer - and during her high school years never lacked dates for any of the big-name bands which came to Portland. The boys told her, however, that she was the only girl they had to take home by midnight.

It used to be the custom in Tillamook County, after the breeding season was over, to tether the bulls outside the fence. This served a double purpose - it kept the bull away from the cows and utilized the grass growing alongside the highway. The natural outcome of this was that instead of quoting a distance in miles, one would cite the number of bulls south of Tillamook.

One of my nephews, Ralph Dunn, and his wife, Carlene, became the parents of twins born in Tillamook in 1948. Frederick Ralph was born October 31, 1948, and Frances Earl was born on November 5, 1948. Frances was born deaf and became educated both in signing and in speaking.

I am now almost eighty-five years old. My home overlooks the Pacific Ocean at Lincoln City - only about twenty miles from my birthplace.

Ora is living in Klamath Falls. Glenda and her four children all live in the Portland area. I am involved in my church, Daughters of the Nile, Daughters of the American Revolution, Republicans Womens' Association, local community groups and always my lovely garden. My days are full and rewarding.

Writing this narrative has brought me great pleasure. I hope that you enjoyed my story.







