

Note inserted by Dan Brown, the owner and contributor of these memoirs—

There are 6 pages of images of typed text that have not yet been transcribed or scanned. Those 6 pages contain the beginning of Coy Brown's memoirs and describe the daily cabin life of his family's typical small farm in Taylor County, Kentucky immediately prior to their migration to Lewis Co, WA in 1910.

Introduction to the author, Coy Delbert Brown (deceased 19 April 1995 Tacoma, WA)-

Coy Delbert Brown was born 18 March 1905 in Pageton, McDowell Co, WV but his parents and ancestors were all originally from Wilkes and Ashe Co, NC. Coy's parents, Jonathon & Martha Frances (Caudill) Brown, upon their arrival in Lewis County had tried traditional subsistence farming but Jonathon also worked in a brick and tile factory in town of Morton. In his followup or 2nd biography titled "Montesano" (also submitted), Coy talks about how his dad became a logger and had to move often to keep up with the timber jobs in the region. Coy's mother, Martha (3 Jun 1878-10 Jan 1939), also wrote her biography titled "Memoirs of Martha F. Caudill Brown". Martha very vividly describes her daily life from childhood, young married life, and her hardships endured while her husband searches for work both in the Blue Ridge Mtns and also in both Lewis and Grays Harbor Co after 1910. Martha's memoirs are also being submitted by Dan Brown. Dan has collected much genealogical info, family history and pictures on many of his paternal Brown ancestors. Dan Brown was sent manuscripts of Coy's and Martha's memoirs or biographies in 2004 from a distant cousin named Paul Phipps (deceased) who had received them from his friend, Coy D. Brown (the author).

For additional information, corrections, additions or comments, **please contact-**

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**NOTE**—these memoirs have been submitted to the Lewis Co GenWeb site—

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## **Moving West**

*Coy D. Brown*

Our family and parents had some longtime friends, Alfred (Alf) Wilson and his wife Catherine who had moved to the state of Washington some time before. They had corresponded regularly

and the Wilson's constantly urged our parents to move there. They wrote glowing accounts of the mild weather, the beautiful country and great opportunities for work or for anything a person could mention.

After much discussion and consideration they decided to make the move. A busy time followed, so many things to be done, the property to be sold and countless details to be attended to. In a few weeks all had been completed but not without some bad feelings. A buyer had been found who would pay cash for the farm when a relative hurried over with a much greater offer but would make a down payment and then send the balance. Knowing from past experience the balance would be almost impossible to collect, my father accepted the cash offer and the disgruntled relative never wrote to my folks. We never heard from him again.

Our parents took no furniture and decided to take only essentials and small things so when packing was finally completed we had one small, one large trunk and three boxes. When these had all been packed and tagged my father marked his name on the bottom of each trunk and box. When moving day arrived a neighbor came early with his buckboard, another with a buggy and all baggage and family, with a few friends all boarded the vehicles. The railway station where we were to board the train for our trip west was at the town of Campbellsville Kentucky about twenty-five miles southeast of the farm. It was a considerable trip for a team and wagon but was made without incident.

Boarding the train was one of the greatest incidents of our lives to date. My father had made all arrangements for the fare and baggage. All our belongings were loaded in the baggage car and my father had secured permission to get items we might need on the way from the small trunk in the baggage car. Many goodbyes were said, endless advice given and as the train left the station the final shouted advice was to look out for the Indians. Washington State was considered by nearly everyone in the east as a most primitive area with hostile Indians.

There were six in our family. There were four children, Virginia was the youngest and was almost three at the time, I was five, my brother Roy was nine and Cordelia (De) was twelve. There was a feeling of adventure and everyone was excitedly looking forward to our weeklong journey. Everything would be new and different and no one was bored or restless. Passing through the larger cities was amazing as we had never seen so many people in one place or at one time ever before. After the first night we all slept soundly and the noise of the train and clicking of the rails seemed to put one to sleep as soon as we laid down. Once De called out and we all hurried to look. We all watched and marveled at our first sight of an automobile waiting at the crossing for the train to pass. The plains seemed endless. We all watched for wildlife and De usually could identify what we saw. When our parents decided to move she had read everything she could find as to what we might see on the way west and she had learned it well. The animals and birds seemed to pay little attention to the passing train. One thing, which was always fascinating, was the occasional prairie dog town we passed. We could hardly believe that any animal could disappear so quickly and pop up again just as fast.

We had to change trains twice on the way. When it was necessary to also transfer our baggage our father saw to it that ours was on the train on which we were traveling. On one long stretch between towns he went to the baggage car and saw a man changing tags on some boxes. He

went to the conductor and told him what he had seen. The conductor returned with him to the baggage car and two of our boxes had different tags on them. The conductor asked my father how he could identify our luggage. My father told the conductor about marking his name on the bottom of the boxes. This satisfied him and proper tags were put on our luggage and we had no further trouble. The conductor told my father that they had had considerable trouble, a man would ship some boxes with little or nothing in them, in route he would change tag with a like number of full boxes. He said he thought this would solve their problem but we never heard the outcome of this.

As we crossed the mountains the size of them and the size of the trees was almost unbelievable. Also, we had never seen snow at anytime except during the wintertime. We saw the largest birds we had ever seen soaring over the mountains, we asked what these were and were told that they were bald eagles. We never tired of watching these whenever they came into view.

One morning we awoke and were told that we were now in Washington. The country seemed so flat and we had been expecting lots of trees. We all waited eagerly and finally the ground began to change. There were more hills and trees, and then the hills became mountains. We were told that we were crossing the Cascade Mountains into the Pacific Northwest. These mountains were the most beautiful we had ever seen, possibly more so as they were nearer our destination. We were told that we would have to spend a night in Chehalis and then the following day another train would take us to our destination, Morton. No one slept much that night due to the excitement of being so near the end of our journey. We were all up early and a smaller train was waiting when we arrived at the station. We boarded that and were soon on our way. Everyone was excited but we could not help marveling at how thickly the trees grew and how wild the rivers were when the train crossed them or the tracks ran alongside. At last the train slowed and suddenly we rounded a bend and saw a town. The conductor call "Morton", we had arrived.

We all climbed down to the station platform. They're waiting were Alf Wilson and his wife Catherine. After warm greetings they secured all our baggage, which had arrived intact. This was loaded into the waiting buckboard wagon, everyone climbed aboard and we were on our way to the Wilson's homestead.

### **Trip to the homestead**

The wagon trip was an exciting time for everyone. In the front of the wagon our parents and the Wilson's spent the time bringing each up to date on the status and location of friends and relatives and learning what to expect in our new environment. In the back we found everything exciting and interesting. We had seen the trees from the train but never before had we seen so many or such big trees. One of our games was to see who could spot the biggest tree. The seats in the front of the wagon and our baggage boxes in the back provided seats for everyone. On the way we learned that we would have to cross the river, the Cowlitz. We expected to see a bridge but when the road finally led from the forest to a wide gravel bar we saw no river bridge. At the edge of the river was a low barge about twenty feet wide and sixty feet long with a sturdy railing on each side. Midway on the upstream side was a large ship's wheel attached to a heavy drum with several turns of heavy rope extending from each end of the barge and leading to pulleys suspended from a heavy cable high above the river which was secured to a large tree on

each side of the river. When the mid-ship wheel was turned, the angle of the barge was changed and the current would then move the barge across the river. A heavy ramp was dragged from the barge and placed from the barge to the gravel bar. The wagon (minus all passengers) was driven aboard the barge, the wheel turned to allow the current to move it across the river and we were soon on the other side. Shortly after crossing the river Mr. Wilson turned off the county road, which had been graveled onto a smaller single road, which wound among the trees. Soon he announced that when we passed between two large trees just ahead we could see his homestead farm. Sure enough it came into view, reminding us of nothing as much as the home we had left in Kentucky. A single cabin built of logs and natural materials and covered, roof and porches with shakes. A chicken coup not far from the house, a sizable barn around which we saw pigs, two cows and a small deer which he had found as an orphaned fawn which had become a pet and had never left the farm although it was not confined in any way. His two horses were a team of Cayuse ponies, smaller than most other horses but tough and tireless workers.

When the wagon had been unloaded and all had been settled we sat down to our first dinner of venison, which we all relished. It probably seemed more palatable because we were all famished although everyone did like the taste of venison. Southern hospitality has long been plauded and the Wilson's certainly did everything possible to make our arrival and our stay warm and memorable. After our dinner and more conversation we all went outside to explore the farm and the surroundings.

When Mr. Wilson asked our father to look over his homestead farm, Roy and I decided to go along while De and Virginia stayed at the house with our mother and Mrs. Wilson. The men first toured the buildings. A coop housed the chickens at night but they were allowed to roam at will during the day. He said he occasionally lost one to predators, usually a weasel but seldom had any trouble. Near the farmhouse was a small log house windowless and almost covered by sod. This was called the root house and was used to store garden and other produce for between crop uses. Next was a sizable barn built to house two milk cows with a separate shed for two horses. Another longer building housed the farm machinery in one end. In the other end was the cover for the pigs with an enclosed run for them, now three in number, about a hundred feet square. The original homestead had included a natural meadow in the woods of about four acres. There were about seven acres under cultivation at that time. Mr. Wilson said he had taken over the homestead from a relative and had proved up on it by full time residence and improvements so that he now had clear title to forty acres, mostly quite heavily wooded. He indicated that he would probably sell to a timber company and had some profitable offers.

My father asked him whether he had lost any livestock, other than an occasional chicken, to predators. He replied that there were many such predators, cougars, wolves and coyotes principally but that game was plentiful so he had no trouble and did not anticipate any. My father as well as the rest of us was quite impressed with what we had seen and said that he felt he had been wise in moving west. The results of work seemed to be much more rewarding in the new country.

When the women called that supper was ready we were ready to eat. After supper my father went with Mr. Wilson to do the chores, milking the cows, feeding and bedding the animals, then as darkness fell, back to the house to spend the night.

## **OUR FIRST NIGHT**

The farmhouse had a stone fireplace, which furnished most of the heat. For light were two kerosene lamps and for outside work a kerosene lantern. As in every farmhouse there was a supply of tallow candles for general or emergency use.

When we had all gathered inside the house some logs were added to the fire and everyone sat in sort of semicircle around the fire, the grownups on chairs, the children on the floors. My folks had a lot of questions. My mother asked about the Indians and the stories she had read and heard. Both Mr. And Mrs. Wilson assured us that there were Indian villages nearby but they were very friendly and there was nothing at all to fear from them. My father asked about work, a place to live and what he might need. Mr. Wilson had made many inquiries and assured my father we would be well settled in very short order.

Then Mr. Wilson told many stories of happenings in the west and tales of some heroic and extraordinary feats of some of the pioneers. I'm sure some of these were handed down tales but the flickering light fanned the imagination and made the wildest tales seem credible. Even after arriving from the east it made us all feel like adventurers all over again and just starting a new adventure.

De then asked about the wild animals in the area and Mr. Wilson told us of most of the game and predatory animals. He told of the many deer, game birds, and smaller game and fur animals. He told of coyotes, wolves and cougar, which were numerous but seldom-bothered farm animals as wild game was plentiful for them. The evening was passing and most were thinking of bed when from somewhere in the distance we heard a long whimpering scream which seemed to fade away to a whimper. Everyone shivered and edged closer to the fire. We all looked at Mr. Wilson and in answer to our unspoken question he said, "that is a cougar", "let's step outside the door." Nobody would admit to being scared or nervous so we followed him outside. He explained that they often prowled at night when the night was clear and as the moon was out and there were a lot of stars, it was a good night for them to roam. Then he told that one was probably a mile away so he would answer it. He stepped to the corner of the house, cupped his hands to his mouth and at the top of his lungs imitated as well as he could the cry of the cougar. Even his call sent shivers down our spine.

We all hurried back inside and sat talking before the fire but much more subdued. About ten minutes later we heard another scream from the cougar but much closer than before, but not trailing off as before. Mr. Wilson said he would answer it again but his wife said no, we shouldn't get it any nearer to the house. We heard one more call before we retired but it seemed farther away and we all felt a great relief. Finally we all were in bed, the lamp was extinguished and we lay watching the glow of the dying embers of the fire and trying to comprehend all we had seen and experienced in our new land.

**NESIKA**

The next morning we were all awake early and anxious to see more of our new surroundings. My father was anxious to get settled in our own home but the Wilson's insisted he take a little time to settle down from the trip. Also that he would be better able to decide on the work and a place to move. My folks agreed and we spent a few pleasant days at the farm. On the morning of the fifth day Mr. Wilson and my father left early in the buggy to investigate some places and job opportunities Mr. Wilson had learned of. Just before dark they returned and our father announced that we would be moving to Nesika, a small farm a few miles away. The place was a nice but small farm and would not fully support our family but our father had been assured of whatever employment he might need. Preparations were made to move but this time little planning or arrangements were needed. Two days later we were again loaded and by early afternoon we were at our new home.

The owner of the farm was at the farm when we arrived. She was a widow who had been left the farm as well as a small house on a plot of ground not far from the farm. She had decided to rent the farm and live in the small house. Her two companions were two dogs, Uno and Ino both of which appeared to understand everything she said. She was very pleasant and made us feel welcome and very much at home.

My father lost no time in getting settled and equipped. The first day he came home with a cow and a pig. The necessary buildings and pens were on the place. The next day he brought home fifteen chickens and a generous neighbor had given him two geese. The geese were noisy and somewhat of a nuisance but we appreciated them, also they made good watchdogs. Another neighbor brought a half grown pup so we felt well equipped with stock and animals.

The farmhouse was large enough for our family and was very comfortable. There was large heating stove in the living room and a good range in the kitchen. The house had been built on the edge of the old river channel, and then the river changed courses and left a small, long lake or slough by the house. A porch extended over this and we often fished from the porch. The water was fresh as a small stream went through the slough and we could always catch a good mess of fish from our porch.

One of the most interesting and fascinating experiences we had was our contacts and associations with the Indians. Less than a mile from the farm there was a village of the Siwash tribe. We became well acquainted with them and they were very good neighbors. The entire village of about sixty persons lived in the skin tent tepees. There was one wooden frame house in the village and this was used for council and tribal meetings and for the shaker dances. They welcomed us to their homes and often invited us to eat with them. This we never did but we knew their invitations were sincere. Besides we were never quite sure what was in the pot.

One day we noticed much activity in the village and were told that one squaw had become very sick and they were preparing for a dance in the "Big House," as it was called, to cure her. We were invited to come and watch if we liked. Mother and we children went to the house at dusk and were given benches where we could sit and watch. There were about eight or nine small shelves around the room and lighted candle was on each shelf. The sick woman was carried in and placed in a chair in the center of the room. The dancers, both men and women dressed in their native costumes, some with small bells or jingling ornaments around the bottom of their

garments. Then began the dance, which was a shuffling prance with an accompanying chant. The dance and the chant had a hypnotic influence on both the dancers and those watching and everyone swayed in unison with the dancers. At times a dancer would see something in the room. He would go in pursuit with his hands cupped until he reached a corner when he would cup his hands closed, go to a nearby candle, open his hands and burn whatever he had caught over a candle. This was to burn the evil spirits he had captured. This was repeated many times and we were told that when most or all of the evil spirits had been burned the sick person would recover.

We watched this for quite some time until our mother said it was time for us to be in bed. We wanted to stay longer as it was most fascinating to us, but had to go home. We could hear the chanting even after we reached home and though not loud it seemed to carry a long ways. This went on until very late at night. We watched for two evenings but the third day we were told that the woman had begun to feel better and the dances were discontinued. The woman did fully recover and sometimes we thought, in spite of the dancing and chanting. The ceremonies were given full credit for her recovery and a celebration was planned for the whole village. We were invited to attend this but politely declined. Judging from the noise of the celebration we were certain we were wise in decline. This was an unforgettable experience for us.

My mother became firm friends with an old Indian woman named Mary Kiona. She often came to visit my mother and brought her basket and beadwork. In return my mother gave her aprons and other things and she was most grateful.

Mother bought some nice colored material and made a dress for her. When she gave this to her she was as pleased as any child with a toy they had yearned for years. Mary seemed very old to us at the time but more than thirty years later we read a newspaper account of her death and that the Indians claimed that she was one hundred and thirty years old at the time of her death.

We children attended a one-room school about two miles from the farm. The children from the Indian village attended and were good pupils. We were no match for them at any of their games. They could run faster, jump higher and farther and climb trees quicker than any of us, and enjoyed laughing at our efforts to keep up. None of them were mean to any of us and our associations were very pleasant.

Our father had gone to work at a brick and tile plant near Morton. He stayed with two other men in a small cabin and came home on the weekends, as it was too far to travel each day. He was able to take off whatever time he needed for haying or other farm work. It was not very pleasant for him and we missed him at home. Both De and Roy were a great help to our mother and we managed very well. One weekend he came home and told our mother that he had been offered the rental of a good-sized farm near Mossayrock, which would support the family, and he could be home full time. They discussed this and then decided to go together to see the place. Early the next day they left in a buggy borrowed from a neighbor, De, Roy, Virginia stayed home to look after the farm. In the late afternoon they returned and both seemed in high spirits. They proudly announced that the Mossyrock farm was real nice and we would be moving there to live.

## MOSSYROCK

We were anxious to move to our new home at Mossyrock. This move did not cause the excited anticipation, as it would not be anything new or unknown. All arrangements were soon made, Mrs. Stansbury had secured a new tenant for her small farm and we were soon on our way. We had accumulated more belongings but were able to move in one trip, which was easily done in the large wagon brought from the Mossyrock farm.

We were all very happy with the new farmhouse. It had much more room than any house we had before. It had been built for a large family and De now had a room of her own which made her happy. There was an almost new range in the kitchen, which pleased our mother. Dad was elated with the good buildings, large barn and the farm machinery and good shelter for all the farm stock. Our dog was now fully grown and found plenty to explore. The house had been built on a high foundation, which left a large cool space underneath for storage. It seemed to fit our needs adequately.

We soon became acquainted with our neighbors and everyone made us feel welcome. There was a sizable stream, which ran through the farm, which we found to be full of fish. De, Roy and I were enrolled in our new school that was about three miles from our home. The school was located near Riffe (pronounced Rife) was a one room school but larger than any we had attended. A small store was near the school and whenever we had a few pennies we would spend it for candy, always-hard candy, it lasted longer. The teacher was a woman who was a stern disciplinarian so all classes were orderly and well conducted.

Our father soon had a herd of seven cows and he sold cream to the dairy association and the cans were picked up three times weekly. The separated skim milk was fed to the pigs and these were a good source of revenue. Behind the farm was a large open area in the rolling hills, which belonged to a timber company, but they never used it and the local people used this for range area. Also during the summer we picked dozens of gallons of wild blackberries. These were an excellent second crop.

The harvest season was a time of great activity. The grain, principally oats and barley was cut and bound into sheaves, which were gathered into teepee like clumps and cured until ready for threshing. At this time a large threshing machine, run by a long belt from a large tractor was moved up the valley, stopping at each farm on the way. As it progressed up the valley the neighboring farmers would join the threshing crew, then all move to the next farm. At each stop the farm where the threshing was being done provided lunch. When our date had been set mother worked hard to make her meals the best she could provide. The crew told that ours was the best stop in the valley but some complained that they ate so much it was hard to work. The work was hard but everyone enjoyed threshing time.

Roy and I got us into a bit of trouble. Roy had talked to the owner of the store near our school and learned that he bought eggs from the farmers there. Roy thought of the scheme and I helped. On our way to school we would go by the chicken house and fill our pockets with eggs from the nests. These we would trade for candy. Mother noticed the drop in egg production and blamed it on predators. Then she noted that no empty shells were left so she checked further and we



were caught red-handed. We never forgot what was said and done to us nor did we ever swipe any more eggs.

One of our most interesting experiences was in acquiring a young crow as a pet. We called him Bill and he was one of the most interesting and at times, exasperating creatures that could be imagined. We all became very attached to him but he fell victim to someone with a rifle. He came home with a broken wing but did not recover. We buried him under his favorite cherry tree with due ceremony and grave markings.

Our folks were considering purchasing a farm in the valley and thought that within another year they would be in a position to do so. Then mother became seriously ill which lasted for a considerable time. She recovered but was not able to do much for quite some time. Then we received word that the owner of the farm. Mr. Blankenship had died and the property would be turned over to others who would move onto the farm. This was great shock to our parents and the uncertainty of combined events put us all under a great strain.

After much thought and discussion they decided it was wise to accept work with a small timber company that had been offered to him. They had corresponded regularly with friends and relatives who worked there and every letter urged them to move there. Mr. Ed Lester, owner of the operation had also written him that he would have work for him if and when he decided to move there. With mixed feelings of regret and relief our folks began to arrange their affairs, dispose of the necessary things and stock at the farm and prepare to move to Ashlock and start a new line of work in a logging camp.

## **ASHLOCK**

Our parents wrote friends at Ashlock asking them to arrange housing and soon received a reply that there was nothing just then at Ashlock but there was a house available at Pluvius, about three miles south with enough ground for a garden and for some small stock. This we could rent until a place was available at Ashlock. They wrote back accepting this. All our belongings were shipped by wagon to Chehalis then by train to Pluvius and we were soon in our new home. Ashlock was a regular train stop but Pluvius was what was known as a flag stop, which meant that the train would only stop if signaled or if requested when on the train. The train stopped long enough to unload our belongings. Friends from Ashlock were on hand to assist us in getting settled and we were soon comfortably installed in our new home.

Our Pluvius home reminded us of our home on the small farm at Nesika. The farmhouse was about three hundred yards from the road and railroad, which ran parallel and was near the end of a six-acre cleared garden and meadow and was surrounded by timber. It was a quiet and homey place and we were happy to live there as long as was necessary.

Life at Pluvius was very pleasant. Dad began working in the logging woods three days after we arrived and had to walk the three miles to his work. He was well satisfied with his work and felt that the move had been a good choice. It was very quiet there in the evenings and these times were some of the nicest times we had. The nighthawks were interesting to watch. They came out every evening at dusk and would fly after insects. At times they would fly several hundred

feet into the air then dive toward the earth. About half way down they would make an abrupt upturn. The sound of this turn was loud booming whirr and was interesting to watch. About a half mile from the house was a tall dead tree. Almost every evening a hoot owl would alight on this tree and we always enjoyed hearing his evening serenade. Every summer evening at dusk hordes of bats would dart around after insects. At times they would fly just over our heads and we tried to catch or to bat them down but we never touched one. This puzzled us but our father told us that a bat could fly in the dark and never hit anything.

One day we were told that a new house was nearly completed at Ashlock and we could move there shortly. The house, which was built by the timber company, was a wooden framework twelve feet wide and thirty feet long. A solid floor and wood wall built up four feet high with a two by four framework over this. Then a tent of the same size was fitted over the framework. Posts were set up and a shake roof built over the entire structure. It was comfortable and secure from the weather and we had ample room for our family. The timber company furnished this to the workers and most of the people lived in this type of building. Life at Ashlock was a close-knit community. Everyone worked in the logging woods and shared the same common interest. All the children went to the one room schoolhouse. All school functions, church services and social gatherings were held in the schoolhouse.

The logging operations were within two or three miles of the camp. The loggers boarded the train each morning and the steam locomotive took them as they took the empty logging cars out to the operations. My father worked on the cutting crew that felled the trees, which were then hand sawed to proper lengths. These were then hauled to the loading site by steam donkeys, loaded on the log cars. At the end of the day these cars were then left on a siding to be picked up the next day by the main line trains to be delivered to the mills.

In the spring the thick bark was easily stripped from the logs and as the bark was an excellent fuel for the wood stoves the men would peel this from the logs and stack for winter fuel. For peeling the bark every man had a SPUD, which was a long iron rod, which had been flattened and sharpened on one end for cutting and loosening the bark. By the time the sap had stopped running and the bark could no longer be peeled our father had a stack in back of our house for a full year's supply.

At the time we lived at Ashlock a national move was on to give voting rights to women. Previously only men had voted and the women's groups often had rights meetings and carried banners reading, "Votes for Women". We younger children thought the whole thing was funny and decided to have some fun and hold our own parade. Without telling anyone we assembled boards and sticks, then had an older boy who could print well print the signs for us. Then one Sunday afternoon when everyone was in camp we took our signs out of hiding and paraded through the camp carrying signs reading, "Votes for Kids". The men all howled but the women saw nothing funny at all. Naturally we were all in the doghouse for a long time. Our neighbor, Guy Bilow was an ardent hunter and often bagged game and deer, which he invariably shared with us so we had venison often in season. He also hunted predatory animals and brought in several cougar and timber wolves on which the government paid a sizable bounty. Fortunately this was later discontinued but not before some animals had become virtually extinct.

Logging is a hazardous occupation and injuries were frequent. The logging company had a practice of signaling injuries. When an injury occurred in the woods three long blasts were blown on the donkey whistle. This could be heard in camp and created instant pandemonium. Most of the workers had families and the wives knew that the victim was likely one of their husbands. It was a most traumatic time until the train arrived and the victim identified. This happened on a few occasions, with the same result each time. When a fatality occurred five long blasts were blown. One-day five blasts were blown and every woman in camp was virtually in hysterics. When the train came slowly into camp with a covered figure on the bed of the car not a word was spoken. When the camp owner lifted the cover from the body to identify the man it was one of the tensest times I have ever experienced. The victim of the accident caused when a dead tree fell and crushed him proved to be the husband of one of the women in camp. They had one small child. The scene that followed is impossible to describe. The look of relief on each face, the urge to scream for joy, which was suppressed because the widow was their close friend and neighbor. The clumsy efforts to comfort her knowing that it could have been any one of them. This practice was discontinued because of the upset caused to everyone.

The largest town near was PeEll and we often took the train there for shopping, banking and for doctor and dental services. We became quite well acquainted with the Boyntons. He was the president of the bank there and we usually visited with them and on occasion spent the night with them. One Fourth of July a carnival and celebration was held there and we all went and thought this must be one of the greatest events ever held anywhere. It was truly a time to remember.

Life was never dull for the young folks at Ashlock. We always found something interesting to do, not always the best or most sensible as often happened. A creek ran through the small valley where the camp was located and during the summer some of the older boys conceived the idea of building a dam and having our own swimming hole. We all worked like beavers and finally had everything ready for the final gate. We had found some heavy boards and we put these in place to stop the stream. This stopped the flow entirely and farther down the stream two women walking by noticed the dry streambed and walked down to see what had happened. Our dam building experience was limited to this one venture. When the dam was almost full the weight of the water swept away everything we had built and went down the stream in a flood. Downstream the two women didn't see it coming in time and found themselves knee deep in mud and water. They were raving mad and came up to see what caused this but we had all scampered out of sight. Our folks all found out soon what had happened and we were all in the doghouse for a long time and got the blame for a lot of things, which were not our fault.

Mr. Ed Lester the owner of the company took the train for Chehalis one day and drove home in a new Reo automobile. It was black shiny car, open with a top that could be folded and rest on the back part of the car. Everyone was excited and flocked to see it, and of course to have a ride in it. We all had a short ride and it was a thrilling experience. Our first automobile ride.

A gravel road went through the camp and for most of the year was quite good. During the wet season it became a mud hole in places and any car passing through was almost certain to become mired in places. This was a problem and usually the only solution was to have someone with a tractor or horse pull them out of the mud. Mr. Ben Jackson had bought the Pluvius farm after we moved and was often called to pull a car out of the mud where the nearby road crossed a swampy

area. Ben charged five dollars for pulling a car out of the mud and his friends jokingly accused him of hauling water to the mud hole at night so he could pull the cars out the next day.

Ben used a big white bull to pull the cars out of the mud. It was a powerful animal and he used it for some of his farm work. One day he was called to pull a car out of the mud and brought the bull, harnessed and ready to free the car. The car turned out to be carrying a group taking moving pictures. The cameraman found a vantage point and filmed the entire incident. Some time later a couple from the camp were in Chehalis and went to a moving picture show there. When they returned they told of seeing this amusing incident on the screen at the theater. Ben was furious and threatened to sue the movie company. Then he discovered that the receipt he had signed for his payment included fine print permission for filming or using the pictures they had taken. He was frustrated but watched everything he signed from that time on.

One day a man ran into camp saying that there was a horse stuck in a nearby railroad bridge and needed a lot of help to free him. My father and several other men gathered ropes tackle and hurried to help. A mainline railroad bridge spanned Rock Creek, a sizable stream about two miles from Ashlock. The horse had somehow gotten on the railroad and had tried to cross the bridge. He had stepped between the ties and ended up helpless with all four feet between the ties. The men set up timbers and tackle and with a lot of strength had to hoist the horse up until his feet were above the level of the bridge. Then making a floor of heavy boards he was led off the bridge apparently unhurt. Fortunately no trains were due and it was accomplished without incident but could have been disastrous if they had not been around to help.

Help was always in demand at the camp and when Roy was fourteen he was offered a job as whistlepunk. A long wire was stretched from the donkey to the site where the men were working. At a signal from the crew he would pull the wire and signal what the crew wanted by the number of toots on the donkey whistle. He worked at this for some time and in later years he worked at all jobs in the logging camps and became one of the best loggers in the industry, holding many jobs in a supervisory capacity. He was seriously hurt in accidents and eventually gave up logging for building and other pursuits.

While at Ashlock the First World War broke out. Feeling and interest ran high and surprisingly that much support was expressed for Germany. This was long before America became involved in the war and although everyone discussed it I can remember many remarks that it was not our concern as it was impossible that we would become involved. The planes then were constructed of wood and fabric. Spruce was in great demand for plane building as it was a strong but lightweight wood. All loggers processed as much spruce as possible to supply the demand. My father and three of his brothers worked in the woods and received a little publicity for their work. After the war had been going on and escalating for some time the opinions of the people began to change and they became apprehensive that it might spread to this of other countries. Until we left Ashlock there was little thought that our country would become involved.

One day a man came to our home and asked dad if he would like to get some apples. He did of course so he got some heavy bags and told me that I could go along if I liked. There were three men and we walked about three miles on the road then turned off on a trail through the woods. It seemed that we walked for hours before we came to a cleared area, which apparently had been

several acres but was now almost overgrown with brush and small trees. In a sizable clearing there were about a dozen apple trees with a lot of apples on each tree. The men said they came out each spring to cut the brush and keep the apple orchard clear. They all filled the sacks as much as they could carry, then dad brought out a small bag, which he said he had brought for me. This was a shock to me but I put some apples in it and felt pretty grownup. Near the orchard was a cabin made of heavy poles and split cedar boards. It still looked quite sturdy although we were told that it had been vacant for over thirty years. Under the boards in one corner I found the remains of a small sled and remember trying to visualize the little boy who had used it.

The men explained that about 1860 a lot of people had made homestead claims on land parcels in the area, then moved onto the land, cleared enough for a small farm and built cabins. These they developed and tried desperately to keep for their homes but the odds against them were too great. Roads were still not adequate to market their produce, supplies were too hard to secure and the isolation too much to cope with an emergency. Most of the pioneers gave up and moved on. Death of a dream is always sad and we felt this as we saw the results of such a venture the death of a dream.

During the logging operations several bee trees were found. These were hollow, usually dead trees where wild bees had started a colony and then built honeycomb during the summers, sometimes nearly filling the trees with honeycomb filled with wild honey. One such tree was pushed over by the logs. Several men worked together to salvage the honey and it was strained into clean tubs. Over one hundred gallons of honey was taken from that tree. Several trees were found but none with as much honey.

Mr. Lester came to our home one evening and told dad that the timber he had been promised and on which he had planned would not be available and he would soon have to close the operation, as he would be out of timber to cut. He advised dad to find another job for a while as he had acquired a large tract in Grays Harbor County and as soon as he began his operations again he wanted dad to work for him again.

This would mean that we would soon have to move again. There may be a question as to the number of moves. At that time small operators did most of the logging. When his available timber had been cut he would move his operation to whatever site he had acquired more timber. Moving then was simple as there were not telephones, utilities or other such details. There was not transportation available to and from work and as the men worked ten hours a day it was necessary to be near their work or stay away from home for a week at a time. Even a distance of only a few miles made moving the best alternative. Consequently moving was easier and more economical. In a way those early loggers could be considered pioneers of the west.

We soon moved to Walville, a sawmill town about seven miles west of Ashlock. The house we rented was not large enough for our family but our folks said we could get along until something better came along. Dad thought this was a fairly good place to work although the company seemed more demanding of the workers. Walville was a small town with a company store where we bought all our supplies but we felt they charged more than was necessary. It was a pleasant town and the folks were friendly and considerate. The mill was a good-sized operation, which

employed a lot of men in the combined mill, and logging operation. It was located on the main railroad line, which was convenient for shipping or for taking the train to Chehalis or other shopping area.

There was a large millpond at the sawmill. The logs were hauled from the woods and dumped into the millpond then taken into the sawmill by conveyor to be sawed into lumber. On one side of the mill pond there was a Chinese community. We were told that they had come into the country illegally. They stayed with the community and never entered into any of the town's social activities. They worked in the mill and on the railroad, which the company maintained. We seldom saw them but they were polite and unobtrusive. We saw very little of them or their activities.

The local school taught only through the fourth grade. Roy, De and I attended the school at PeEll and we were taken there by the school bus as it was called. This was actually a large wagon with seats along the sides and the driver would park the wagon at the school ground each evening then bring the team the next morning and take all the children over the fourth grade to PeEll. We all liked the wagon ride but at times the boys particularly would get rowdy on the trip home in the afternoon. The driver was a stem man and when they got too boisterous, would make them walk home. After one or two walks home they behaved pretty well.

The men were working ten hours a day and six days a week. At the time there was a movement afoot to cut the workday to eight hours. The loggers were asked their opinion of this and dad said he was in favor of it. The owners were not too pleased with those who felt this way and found things to make work disagreeable for the dissenters. Dad looked for work elsewhere and was given a job at Doty, which was about fifteen miles further west.

The move to Doty was comparatively simple and we were soon settled. We had found a nice house and good neighbors so everyone was happy. Doty was a fair sized timber and saw mill operation with good houses and very good school and store. Our home was located just across the tracks from the mill. By the tracks was a large hopper into which the mill chain carried the sawed mill ends and scrap. A local man owned a large wagon, which he used to deliver firewood to the local people. He did very well at this. Many of the scraps would spill over the sides of the hopper and the youngsters of the neighborhood would bring their play wagons and haul these home for firewood. The night watchman would chase us away when he came by but as soon as he resumed his rounds we would scurry back and fill our wagons. It became a game of cat and mouse and the kids got a lot of kick out of it. The watchman played along but enjoyed it as much as the kids. They kept the family wood box filled but if they had had to do this it would have been a real chore.

Doty was pleasant and we all enjoyed our stay there. Dad said it was a good place to work and that the operators were very considerate of the men. One day he received a letter from Mr. Ed Lester saying that he had secured the timber and would be ready to start his operation again within a very short time. He asked my dad to work for him as bull buck, which is foreman of the timber cutting crew. It was a very good offer and dad wrote back accepting and would come as soon as he could arrange it. He wrote friends in Montesano asking about housing there and got an immediate reply stating that a good house was available.

By this time we had accumulated too many things to leave behind. Dad arranged to have a small boxcar left on the siding and all our belongings were loaded into it. Then we all made the rounds saying goodbye to the friends we had made, and then boarded the train for our final trek west to Montesano.

**BILL**  
Coy D. Brown

The year was 1912. Our family was living on a modest farm with the usual orchard, large garden, fields, and livestock. All this provided virtually all our needs. Our only energy concern was replenishing our small stock of kerosene once a month for use in our lamps and lanterns.

There were four children in our family; a sister De (short for Cordelia), a brother Roy who was 11 years and De was 15, I was seven and a younger sister Virginia was 5. We lived a rather self-sufficient and somewhat routine life; routine that is until the arrival of a small creature, a young crow.

Roy and I frequently walked to the small town of Mossyrock, which was about four miles from our home. We had noticed a crow's nest in one of the evergreen trees near the road. We had heard young in the nest and listened for them as we passed. One day the sounds were different with a new and plaintive sound instead of the usual clamor. We made our way to the nesting tree and found the mother crow near the base of the tree, dead. It was apparent that she had been dead for some time but we could not tell from what cause. She had, however, been unable to reach her nest before she died.

Roy climbed to the nest and found two young crows. One was dead but the other was alive and complaining. Roy carefully lifted him out and made his way down. We scampered for home where we were met with a reprimand from our mother for disturbing the nest. We explained to her and she agreed that we could try to help it survive. Also, we were to return it to the wild crows if and when it could fly.

So began our care and education, we thought, of the crow. Our father loved all creatures and he prepared food for the fledgling. He also told us how and when to feed our charge. Not only did it revive quickly but took immediate charge of the situation demanding constant attention and feeding.

It was decided that it should have a name and some lively discussion followed. Virginia had a favorite doll she called Jody and she thought that would be a nice name. De said that no self-respecting female of any species could be as noisy and ornery as that crow and it had to be a boy. Finally, we all agreed and from that time on he was "Bill." We all called him that and my mother would call "Bill" and if he responded he would get a tidbit as a reward.

He was becoming almost fully feathered and would flap his wings often but did not actually try to fly. One day my father lifted him up to a low tree branch and walked away. Bill protested loudly and finally took off in an awkward flight but landed safely. He began making short

flights and in a very few days was flying well. We never attempted to keep him cooped up and he was free to fly wherever he wished, but he stayed nearby.

Our mother then said he was capable of taking care of himself and we should return him to the wild flock. Roy and I set out and about a mile from home we saw a flock of crows nearby. We got as close as we could, then tossed Bill toward the other crows and ran home as fast as we could. When we arrived, out of breath, Bill was there waiting for us. We knew he would be part of our household until he decided to leave.

The family cat had been curious about this intruder. This was certainly not a sparrow or robin which he often chased but certainly warranted investigation. The cat had always been kept away from the small crow but now that he was on his own it was time to check out this upstart. Bill was perched on a low box near the door of the house and the cat stealthily stalked closer. Just as the cat prepared to make a swipe at this victim, a hard and well-aimed peck directly on the cat's nose put him to flight and he never bothered Bill again.

Bill, like most crows, had an insatiable curiosity. Brightly colored and shiny objects seemed to be irresistible. We had many baby chicks around the place being cared for by the mother hens. Bill tried to get to them but the hen was always nearby and would chase him away. One day a few baby chicks had strayed away from the mother hen and Bill immediately started to peck at them. My mother called him to get away but he ignored her. She grabbed the broom and bowled him over. He wasn't hurt but flew to the roof and quarreled for a while until his pride had been restored.

His attraction for colorful and shiny objects was sometimes a bit distracting. Bill now had a roosting place in a large wood and storage shed. He still would come into the house occasionally and as he was very clean we let him go where he pleased. One day my mother was sewing and complained that she had lost a new thimble. She turned around to see Bill heading out with a pair of the thimble again. For a while he wasn't permitted inside and he seemed to sense that he was not in her good graces. Then one day he flew in with a small piece of yellow ribbon and laid it on the table where she was working. She felt this was a peace token and gave him a cookie, which he promptly carried away, probably to his secret hiding place.

We had often heard that crows can and do talk some but it was necessary to slit a membrane under the tongue. This we never did and would not have done for any reason. However, there were times we were sure he could talk. He nearly always followed my father as he did the chores and watched every move. My father talked to Bill as he worked and one day he answered with a querulous sort of noise that sounded as though he was trying to talk. He did this often and sounded much like a quarrelsome child. We listened and were certain we heard distinctive words at times but could never be sure.

We never made any attempt to pen him up or keep him away from the wild crows. He often would fly out and join a group that was feeding or just banding together. We watched carefully but could never discern any confrontation or difficulty and he always came home when they moved on. One day De was doing some sewing. Bill, of course, was in the middle of the action so De tied a red ribbon around his neck. He strutted and preened, seeming to enjoy his new



finery. He finally flew away and a few minutes after we heard a great clamoring and squawking. We ran outside and saw Bill streaking for home with a bunch of crows diving at him trying to get the red ribbon. Not until he was almost to the house did they fly off and let him alone. He had gone out to the crows to show off his new red collar and every crow had tried to get at it. Bill stayed in his shed haven until every crow was out of sight.

One day my mother went to the garden to pick green beans. These were low bush beans and as she worked Bill came to watch. He looked on for a few minutes then began picking his own. He would pick one bean, carry it to his hiding place then come back for another. He did this as long as my mother worked in the garden.

We had a fine well for a good water supply. Also, there was a stream, which ran between the house and barn. The source was a spring in the hills behind the house and the flow was constant the year round, as was the temperature. A milk house was built by the stream, which housed milk cans, pails and other equipment necessary for the milking chores. One end of the building extended over the stream. Part of the floor was cut away and a wooden grid extended down into the water. When the milking had been down, the warm milk was put into heavy milk cans, which were set in this grid for quick and thorough cooling. The milk for our own use was poured into smaller pails with snug but not tight covers and was also put in this area for cooling. Each morning my mother would go to the milk house and skim the heavy cream from these pails and this was saved for churning to make our own butter. Bill always watched this procedure. One morning my mother accidentally dropped a glob of heavy cream on the floor of the milk house. He hopped over to taste it, then cleaned up the whole glob to the last bit and yelled for more, which, of course, he didn't get. The next morning when she went to the millhouse, Bill was already there. The door had been left ajar and he had solved the problem of the pesky lid. By pecking at the lower edge of the lid he had loosened the lid and pushed it aside. Then tipping his head to one side he was scooping the heavy cream for the feast of his life.

My mother was so amused by this antic that Bill wasn't even scolded but the milk house doors were securely fastened thereafter, and the pigs got an extra pail of milk in their feed barrel that day.

One incident happened which did not amuse my mother. Our house was about fifty yards from the road, which ran by our house. Near our gate and by the side of the road was a heavy platform, which was enclosed on three sides and a roof. This platform was for anything we had to ship, milk, eggs, produce, etc. It also served as a mail drop. Any mail we received was left in a protected corner. Any letter we had to mail was placed on the platform and a weight placed on it to prevent it blowing away. My mother had written an overdue letter and left it on the platform, placing a stone on it. A few minutes later she saw Bill at the platform and hurried out to see what he was up to. Bill had spied the letter, pushed the stone away, standing on the envelope, Bill would seize the corner in his mouth. Then bracing himself, he would tear off a narrow strip. Then he would move over a bit and tear off another strip. The letter was more than half destroyed before she reached him. He was in disfavor for some time and seemed to know it because he stayed clear of her for several days.

All his antics were not from curiosity, but he seemed to enjoy teasing any animal or person. He never tired of snatching a tidbit from the dog or the cat then hopping to the top of the fence or a low limb and watch them of into a frenzy trying to reach him. On several occasions when Virginia was playing with small toys, he would grab one and fly to the roof and watch while she screamed at him. When he tired of this, he would drop the toy and go on to something more interesting.

One day Roy screamed something and mother ran to see what was wrong. He yelled, "That man is going to shoot Bill!" A man walking by and carrying a small caliber rifle had seen Bill on a fence post and started to sight on him when Roy saw it. That startled the man and he lowered his rifle. We all descended on him and when our mother tore into him he muttered that he was sorry and beat a hasty retreat. Bill got special treatment for a while.

Bill often went along with us but if he were kept inside until we had gone, he never attempted to follow later. He went with us to school several times. De, Roy and I walked to a one-room country school about three miles from home. When Bill did go with us he usually would wait a bit then fly home. One sunny day he went with us and perched on the sill of an open window. Everyone was used to seeing him and paid him no attention. One girl, a few seats away from the window, had a hair clasp covered with sparklers holding her hair. As she studied she turned her head and the sparklers glittered and glistened in the sun. Bill watched this with mounting curiosity. Finally he could resist it no longer. He flew over to the girl, grabbed the shining object in his mouth, then, planting his feet pulled with all his might. The girl screamed, the teacher yelled at Bill while the students howled. Finally the teacher grabbed the broom and, on seeing the dreaded broom, he let go and fled. We were ordered, in no uncertain terms, to see that he stayed at home from that time on. Bill never went to school after that.

His attention span was not too long and when he had satisfied his curiosity about one thing he would dismiss it and go on to something else that should be taken care of. We never ceased to marvel at his insatiable curiosity and his apparent faculty of classifying what he had learned as to its importance to him. He was fascinating creature to all of us.

Bill was free to come and go as he pleased but he was always back home by late afternoon. We all supposed he would, at some time, join a wild flock and stay with them. One day he did not come home and we all felt this time had come. We missed him but felt it was probably best. We missed his usual company at the morning round of chores. About mid-morning De called out, "Here's Bill." We all ran to see and he was hopping slowly across the field toward the house, dragging one wing. We ran out and picked him up. It was plain to see that someone with a small caliber rifle had gotten too close. How far he had traveled we never knew. My father carefully bound up the wing using medications he had for the animals. Bill endured this without a protest. We fixed a soft bed in a box and put him in the kitchen. Mother gave him a small cup of heavy cream. He took a few nibbles then settled himself. The next morning Bill was dead.

No one had much to say, as we came to look. He looked so small and forlorn to have been such an integral part in all our lives. Everyone seemed to have trouble with something in his or her eyes. We were surprised when mother gave us a new towel to wrap around him. De brought a pretty box she had been saving for a special occasion and we buried him at the foot of his

favorite tree: A large cherry tree near the house where he could survey the whole area. Everyone got busy and nobody talked much.

Not long afterwards we found his cache. Our father was doing some repair work on the large shed in back of our house. There on a large broad crossbeam where it met the roof at the corner, he found Bill's treasure trove. He gathered it together in a box and brought it down. There were mother's thimble and small scissors, two spools of thread, the beans he had picked, now withered and dry. There were other objects we could identify but many we could not. Many bits of brightly colored ribbon and yarn and surprising array of bright and shiny things. These included two teaspoons, some bits of a broken mirror and other little bright objects. All bright and pretty and of no value, except to Bill.

We all looked at these, saying nothing until our father said: "Somehow I wish I hadn't found it." This pretty well expressed how we all felt. In our encounter with this small creature from the wild, we had one of the most interesting and fascinating experiences that anyone could be privileged to enjoy. Bill had given us so much more than he had taken, and we wanted to keep it that way.

### **The Wood box**

A nemesis of early days it seemed life's greatest flaw. Was our old fashioned wood box. With it's hungry gaping maw.

To keep that pesky wood box filled. Became my daily chore. It seemed to take up all my time and it always called for more.

So thus in all our childhood games. The greatest blow of all. Right at the most exciting part to hear that dreaded call.

"The wood box has gone empty and our dinner's in the pot, fetch more wood in right away, we've got to keep it hot."

That daily dread caused me more grief than I could ever tell. One day my father said to me "lets sit and talk a spell."

Said he "this wood box thing has got you in a fretful stew. You've got run that box instead of letting it run you."

"When you feel good just fill that box, then heap it up real high. Then grab some sticks from the woodpile each time that you pass by."

From that time on the box was full it was no chore at all. So we could finish every game and never hear that call.

My father's words so long ago proved lasting, well and true. If you will learn to rule your work it never will rule you.

### **Stop n think**

If your mouth turns on and your mind turns off, it can cause you no end of trouble. If you'll just stop and think before you start to talk your happiness will be double.

### **Remembering**

In our hustle and our bustle work and worry, fuss and fret. The little kindly thoughtful things we all to 'oft forget. When then someone remembers with a timely card of world, it's like a ray of sunshine or the singing of a bird. So won't you please sit down and write that card or make that call "Twill do someone a world of good and you the most of all."

### **A new year**

A volume soon each one will write a record evermore. Twelve chapters there will be in each the pages eighteen score.

When in the days that lie ahead Nostalgia birds return. Let no unpleasant words be found or memories that burn.

Let us then write each word with care that all who pauses to read. May find some word of happiness for other folks in need.

### **Big Red**

Life was pleasant down on the farm with unforgettable features. Livestock and fowl one of which we're sure was one of our finest creatures.

Huge Rhode Island Red roosters which all of us called Big Red and when he crowed his lustiest he could almost raise the dead.

And every morning just at dawn when everyone was at rest. He'd rend the morning skies apart with his clarionic best.

I'd duck my head between the sheets sometimes I'd almost smother, before I could get back to sleep he'd out loose with another.

This serenade went on for weeks in every kind of weather. I vowed I'd catch that pesky fowl and pull out every feather.

I chased that bird around the barn through every pen and yard, and though I tried, I could not catch that doggoned Red off guard.

But when dad or mother came around he'd greet them with elation. Then scratch and peck around my feet for utter aggravation.

One day Big Red was traded off to rule another flock. So to insure arising time we had to use the clock.

Now when submerged in urban sprawl with great contamination. Farm life seems ever more replete with peace and relaxation.

When now I sit in reveries and think of pleasures gone. One of the sweetest sounds was when the rooster crowed at dawn.

### **Our Youth**

In these days of stress and great duress, when most things seem to be wrong. The great need is a man who can build and can plan with character deep and strong. Our greatest need in this age of speed is for men who search for truth. Today we can know as their efforts will show, we can have faith and trust in our youth.

### **Song of the robin**

One summer day I rose at dawn to view the rising sun, and listen to the whispering of the morning just begun.

From somewhere in the distance came a muted plaintive note. A robin's early morning song sang so near yet so remote.

The window then I opened wide to better hear the song. The plaintive notes so indistinct became both clear and strong.

I closed my eyes to better hear and better concentrate. The robin's song became as clear as on a graver's plate.

"When we returned our homes were gone the trees no longer there. Our usual fields of shrub and grass our life support now bares."

"The trees are few and growing less our feeding grounds the same, we know not now where we must go, to live our only aim."

I closed the window sick at heart and wondered what portends. What must we do to help insure life for our feathered friends.

### **Good Kids**

We all are here this evening just as quiet as a mouse. And hoping too, that Santa Claus will not forget our house

We've all been sweet little girls and model little boys. And we all think that we deserve our goodies and our toys.

Each one of us has kept our room real spic and span and neat. Before we walk into the house we always wipe our feet.

And every time we eat a meal we always clean our plate. We come home when we say we will we're never, never late.

We study every lesson, learn to read and wrote and spell. Do everything the teacher asks and try to do it well

We never, never do talk back to mother or to dad. We know we are the nicest kids that parents ever had.

We know that you will all agree that we should take a bow. For being such sweet, loving kids we can hear Santa now.

### **Churning**

When I was young down on the farm and had a lot to learn. The thing, which I disliked the most, was our old fashioned churn.

More cream went in the crock until I'd hear my mother say, "you'd better stay near home a while, you're going to churn today."

"Your brother's feeling pretty bad, he says his fever's burning." It was sure odd how ell he got right when I finished churning.

It always fell to me it seemed and that there was not turning. Though I tried every sham and ruse, I wound up with the churning.

My mother said I did it best and was a real sensation. The reason was that on that churn I worked out my frustration.

All worthwhile work is recompensed and churning's no exception. For there would be a rich reward in spite of my deception.

Mother baked some home made bread that smell was sent from heaven. She put fresh butter in the pan and used her secret heaven.

No taste on earth can quite compare with fresh hot buttered bread. Nor any combination known that you would choose instead.

When I indulge in reveries with a nostalgic yearning. One of the fondest memories is when I did the churning.

### **Barnyard Luncheon**

We're here to say you're welcome and extend a friendly greeting. To say that we're glad you could come and join us in our meeting.

We've scrubbed the floors and swept the barn, we fed the ducks and pigs. With all the hurrying we did we almost flipped our wigs.

We milked the cows, picked up the eggs and fed the horse some hay. We have the daily chores all done so now it's time to play.

We hope you'll like the things we fixed to what your appetite. We're sure that you will eat your fill and enjoy every bite.

We have pickled duck and roasted crow and some tasty squirrel stew. Our extra fancy vittles and we fixed'em all for you.

We hope you all have been impressed with what we call our charm. And that you all enjoy yourselves with us down on the farm.

So come out to the barnyard and find yourself a seat. We all will do the best we can to make your day complete.

We want you to enjoy yourselves so we will do our best. Sit on the hay and just relax and we will do the rest.

### **The Sunday school teacher**

As twig is bent, so grows the tree, an adage ancient, tried and true as child is taught, so grows the man, a proverb old, yet ever new. To those who guide the youthful mind in paths of truth and wisdom's ways our grateful thanks and sincere praise.

At last when asked, "What deed did you beyond the call of golden rule? What greater tribute than to say, "When on earth, I taught Sunday School."

### **Christmas Shopping**

We all hurry and we scurry just about this time of year. For we have the Christmas spirit and we're brimming with good cheer.

We dash around to all the stores to see what we can buy, and we find some dandy gadgets, but they're awful doggoned high.

So we scamper to the basement where they say they sell for less. We find some mighty pretty things, but we just have to confess.

All the prices still are higher than our budget can withstand. We turn around; get out of there head for the five and ten.

We look at this and look at that and we're feeling mighty blue. The things we like and can afford are poor and mighty few.

Our spirits now are getting low, we've feeling desolation. When sudden like, a happy thought we have an inspiration.

Why not just send a lovely card to all our fiends and pals. What better way to bring good cheer to all the guys and gals.

We hurry to the stationers, his cards to scrutinize. The pretty pictures to admire the words to analyze.

But when we add up all the cards we have a saddening blow. When we figure in the postage, it's a mighty lot of dough.

Now we love you all quite dearly and we want you all to know, we hope you have a Christmas that will keep your hearts aglow.

So we wish a Merry Christmas to you, each and every one. But don't expect to get a card from us, there won't be one.

### **A tribute to Plymouth Church Pioneers**

'Tis true that we shall never see a thing more worthy than a tree. To furnish beauty, food and shade and wood from which our homes are made.

To shelter us from wind and storm and fuel to keep our loved ones warm. A haven for the tired and worn with hope and strength for those forlorn.

How much our church is like that tree a stalwart sign for all to see. To offer hope and truth and love with strength we're given from above.

As every living thing needs food to give it strength to do it's good. So must the church have roots to grow, it's aims achieve, it's good bestow.

Our church's roots are deep and strong the roots are folks who've labored long to build a church that will afford a place of worship for our Lord.

A haven for those sore oppressed to give to others peace and rest a place to bring a dawning hope to those who for his blessings grope.

Today we're gathered to extend our gratitude, which knows no end. To those who waged this gallant fight to further Plymouth's guiding light.

Your scores of years have been well spent your service has been heaven sent. For 'tis God's work which you've begun we know he'll say "A Job Well Done."

### **Today**

In the mists of early morning the slumbering world awaits the dawn. When all things seem gray and shapeless, Color, form, and life seem gone. Then there comes the Master painter draws aside the darkening pall shapes the forms and gives the colors renewing hope for one and all. As we daily view the forming of each Kingly masterpiece we should pause and in our reverence thank God for life, his love and peace.

### **The Lily**

The crippled beggar saw the tomb and stopped to look about. The eerie gloom, so quiet it seemed and yet, somehow devout.

He stepped within and seemed to feel a spirit touch his hand and raise it high, a torch to light he naught could do but stand.

The lick' ring light the dark dispelled he gazed with marveling awe, but yet not understanding the things which there he saw.

A crumpled robe that seemed to glow with some deep inner flame, some drops of blood that seemed alive, then something called his name.

He knelt and touched the robe and heard a wondrous heavenly song. His twisted body, maimed since birth was made both whole and strong.

He touched the blood and felt his heart all hate and sin release. His heart and soul purged clean and pure and filled with restful peace.

Then from the blood that he had touched a plant began to grow. Then bore a bud from which there burst a bloom as white as snow.

With trumpet shape as if 'twas held by some angelic hand, to herald a heavenly message to each and every land.

He understood the robe, the blood, and the flower so wondrous fair. The gift of life, here and beyond he knelt in fervent prayer.

"This flower should in a garden grow for all the world to see. I know the place, I'll bear it now to you Gethsemane."

So at the place where Christ once knelt and prayed in agony the lily grew to promise hope for all humanity.

From then till now it blooms each year to bring its message free. He'll never die, but lives to bring us hope eternally.

### **My Boys**

Softly I tiptoe in the room for one last goodnight glance. So peaceful, they lie sleeping there like cherubim's entrance.

So taxing was the day just past to patience and endurance. Problems, questions, hurts that need both love and reassurance.

The precious times they showed their love in countless little ways. The worries when we cared for ills through nights and anxious days.

The fancy flies to year's ahead success their young years crown. Tow stalwart youths so straight and tall adorned in cap and gown.

Then on to giant stadiums where thousands scam acclaim for tow whose many stellar deeds have brought them lasting fame.

My heart overflows and prays that I with wisdom may be clad to guide those who will someday be another young boy's dad.

With tender love I close the door on those from heaven sent and know that in this house once slept a future President. (Written for Jerri Ann, Granddaughter)

### **Growing Old**



The hills o'er which in younger days we roamed with tireless gait seem now more rugged, steep and high their challenge now too great.

We grope for thought thru clouding mists that shadow memory's lane and grasp for well known name or word but all to often in vain.

The days when we could quickly scan and grasp the written word seem now remote, as printed lines grow fainter and more blurred.

The gainful labors once performed with competence and zest now mock the slow, unsteady hand, defy perfection's quest.

We pray that we will never become another's cross to bear and may retain some bit of good we might with others share.

What legacy has we to leave to mark our fleeting stay? Whatever terrestrial path was cleared to ease another's way?

Our family we view with pride and love for each and all each one a worthy person both grownup and the small.

Because their labors and their time are well and wisely spent the world will be a better place and so we are content.

*Written for Arlene who worked for the Tidy Ditey Diaper Service*

### **Frustration**

When the dirty baby dite has made your day both drab and blighty and you've donned your cap and nighty and you know you look a frighty but you still can't say good nighty for Junior needs another ditey. 'Tis a time of desperation Great chagrin and aggravation and you feel complete frustration with the utmost desolation. Truly 'tis a time most trying for the diteys aren't drying fast enough and baby's crying and your precious time is flying. Then you have an inspiration, with a feeling of elation tell yourself congratulation for solving a sad situation call the Tidy Ditey Diaper Service and your problems all are solved.

### **Tutie**

I'm just a little poodle who has been quite well fed. The only things I own on earth are my family and my bed.

Now when my folks must go away and leave me home alone, I grow pretty doggoned lonesome for my bed is all I own.

Now I have found some extra folks that I sure like a lot. They tell me all about a dog they once had, they called Spot.

Now when you have to go away, here's what my begging says, just pack me up and bring my bed and leave me with Inez.