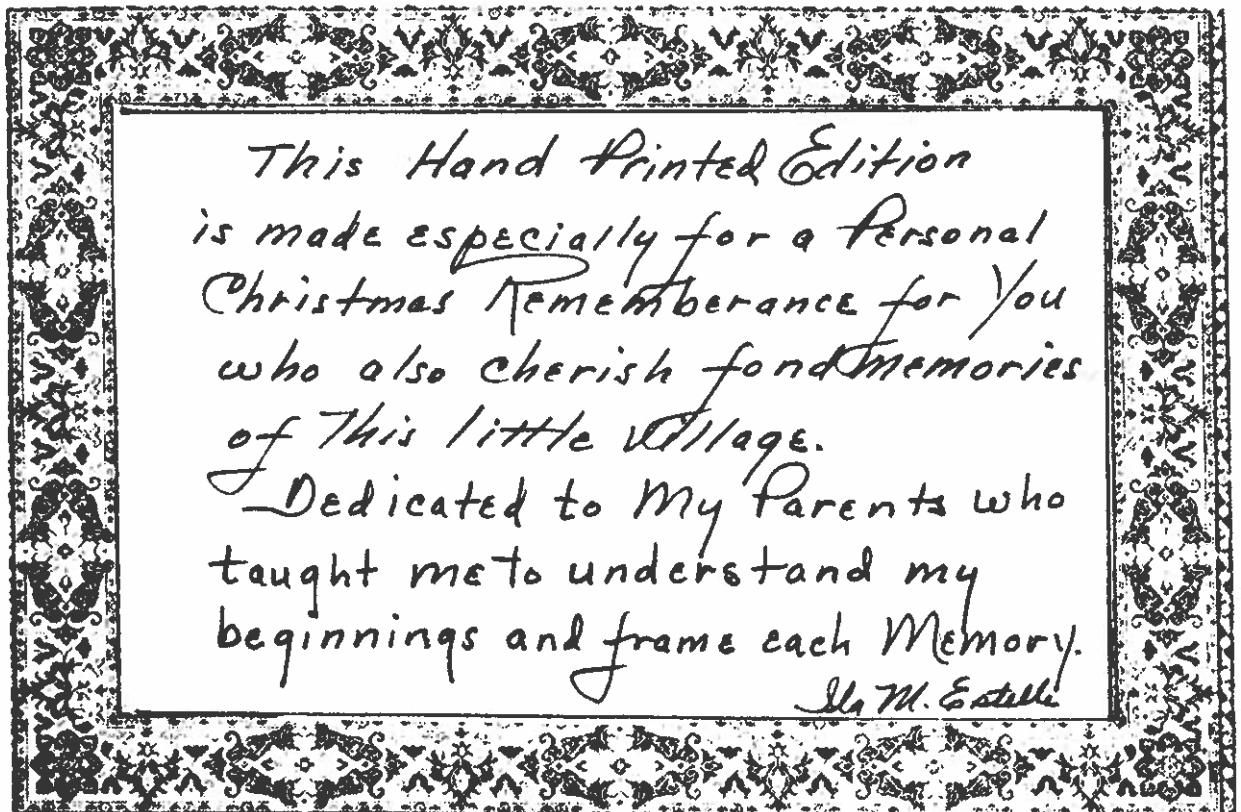




Given to Hunter and Claire Mc Connell, Christmas 1978



First The Indian:

During the first part of the 1800's, Indian Tribes frequented this area. Timber was old and dense and hunting was good. The native streams were stocked with fish. Camas grew well at this altitude and climate. As they wandered about they pulled the Camas roots for their flour. The deer and bear gave them dried and fresh meat and skins for their clothes and moccasins. The berries were not only used for food but dried and used for coloring in their natural craft work. The Chinooks and Calapois were two of the larger, stronger tribes. Close by the Siletz and Grande Ronde tribes settled and with Goo't.

1.

protection, Agencies were established.

One of my earliest recollections of seeing a large group of Indians was at the age of 4 or 5 years. The seemingly very old Squaws were seated on the ground, braiding and weaving baskets. They paid no mind to the folk who were enchanted at their dexterity in creating such beautiful patterns from the Tong fibers. These baskets were woven so tightly they would hold water and with care would last for years. Some of these now rare objects are still kept and treasured with great sentimental value. They took great pride in teaching these skills to each new generation. One Squaw must have been one

of the eldest present. She smiled easily and spoke broken English and had the number "111" tattooed on her chin. The history of that number is a story too.

The Falls City area was a days walk from the Agency. The Siletz Indians made camp here when they travelled thru the Mts. to the Willamette Valley.

After the first Settlers cleared the grounds of dense woods, the Indians would find a clearing near the stream and build a fire. At nite they would dance and show the baskets and bead work they were carrying for trading. They became well received and respected, so when the white Settlers went into their Reservation from Falls City, they too were received

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as friends.

On the land which is now the development of Bridlewood Estates as we enter Dallas from the South, was also an old Indian Camp Ground. At some time in history or perhaps more than once a war of some kind took place there. Countless numbers of all kinds of arrow heads and bones were found in the deep earth, as the ground was worked and farmed over the later years.

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Then The Settlers:

Major John Thorpe and his large family came to this locale about 1844. He came from Kentucky where he was commissioned in the Army and was a fighter in the Indian Wars. No doubt he had heard stories by the Scouts of this beautiful Virgin land out West. He was a robust, ambitious man and not only acquired land himself but interested others coming West to take claims and learn by experience that this was a land of promise. A few years later these folk wrote such glowing letters back to their families and friends, that there was quite an Eastern movement to Polk Co.

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This soil freshly cleared made excellent pasture, gardens and orchard growth and the moderate climate was heavenly. Soon tents were replaced with cabins and hastily built shacks on sections of land and portions thereof. A Spartan existence at first.

In early 1850, Maj. Thorpe built a grist mill at the falls. Here he harnessed power to grind grain into flour and feed for the settlement. Oxen were used for much of the early clearing and logging, and such primitive work as was necessary.

This mill was very successful and by 1865 as the settlers were making inroads into Polk Co., Mr. Thorpe moved his grist mill to Rickreall.

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Soon it was necessary to have help so he took in a partner by the name of Dempsey. Truly a name and family in our midst much respected and loved by all of us.

The Settlers around here were becoming more closely associated so they chose the name of Luckimute Falls to identify their center. In 1878 just East of this center was the postal point for the Settlers. Syracuse was the name they chose to be established there. The first established Post Office was in 1885, in the home of Frank Hubbard who was the first Post Master. The name, Hubbard, also identified the early day plot where the

first formal grave yard was located. It seems sad that this cemetery has been permitted to be desecrated, overgrown and forgotten thru the years. It is located just at the edge of the S.E. city limits, on the hill.

In 1889, the first formal Post Office Bldg. was dedicated. In the meantime a second name for our Village was selected, Pleasant Valley. 55 years of hard work and hopes and dreams realized, must have inspired this descriptive name.

Timber Cruises and land surveys and boundary stakes were all being conducted and recorded by the Gov't. thru out the area.

A Survey Engineer, by the name of Frank Butler,

came into this part of the vast Oregon Territory. Fresh from England, he chose a large parcel of land here and built a beautiful farm home and out-buildings on a Mt. stream later known as Teal Creek. It was not uncommon for him to be away from home 6 months at a time. Eleanor, his wife was every bit a lady of social standing and breeding, so this experience was a daily challenge to her as she raised their 3 sons virtually alone. One son died in his youth, one son became a medical doctor in Wash. D.C. Her third son Randolph, became the farmer and after marriage lived on the old home place. His young son Frank, was the pride and joy of

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Grandmother Eleanor. Upon leaving the farm she and her husband moved into town on property they owned. Here they built a large home with many features of a fine English house. Marion and Edith Woodruff now live in this early 1900 home.

Our family had the privilege of knowing Eleanor Butter as a close neighbor and dear friend. She was a beautiful story teller and related many interesting incidents of life in England as well as some of the more daring experiences of early days on Teal Creek. She had surprises too. Frequently she went out with her sons to pick berries and gather wood. Upon returning home this day they

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found Their pet milk cow in the kitchen eating a freshly baked custard pie, that she had baked for Their dinner. No doubt that cow had entered the door pretty simply but There seemed no simple way to squeeze her out. After tears and laughter They buttered her up and coaxed her outside.

Another very ambitious and progressive man who walked into This Village was Tom Hollowell. In 1891, he found no place to eat and sleep as a stranger. He left and came back a couple of months later with 2 other men. Together They built and operated The first boarding house. Up until that time it was a matter of sleeping under the stars
" "

if one carried no tent. Tom certainly was The right man for the times as he began at once to put down roots in new enterprises. He obtained The land on The North Hill a block above N. Main Street. Where The steps on the Hill were later built. He married and built a fine home just at the foot of the steps on the West Side. On the East Side of the Hill he planted strawberries. Many of The Old Timers have told me about picking berries There when They were kids. When the berries ran out he built glass houses near his home. Here he and his wife worked long hours raising early vegetables for the market. And on the sunny, warm, hilly

ground he planted a vineyard of fine varieties of grapes for marketing.

Perhaps he learned how well the grapes grew and ripened from his neighbor to the West. He also raised grapes on the hillside and was known far and near as one of the best of winemakers, in his quaint little home on the side of the hill.

But to the children, Henry Wagner, the little winemaker was one of the most jovial and interesting persons. He was the town's Cobbler and Bootmaker. His low bench and work table, lasts and hand operated sewing machine; his agility to strike tacks with deadly aim with a hammer,

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made him seem more like a Magician to an inquisitive child. One could only stand motionless and speechless as he worked. Then as he finished the shoe with a flourish, you knew he was going to laugh real loudly and heartily and tease you in his broken German-English. No modern sophisticated shoe repair shop can ever rival the sights and sounds of that little room.

Then The Development:

In 1888, another family group came West from Allentown, Penn. They came first to the Independence area. After scouting around and saw this area, they immediately procured land that bordered the river. They could visualize what a planned city, rightly developed could be realized here.

Up to this time the Settlers were all working more or less individually. They were content to enjoy their survival without too much pressure. Sowing and reaping their seasonal harvest, planting orchards, and socializing in a meager way, was their life style. But as soon as the men folk in this lively

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Montgomery family started to work and plan it was like a yeast cake. They were unafraid to accept a risk of any size or kind. By their efforts they enlivened the village and soon more mills and plans for a town grew. In 1891, John L. Montgomery, the father of our Beloved Millie Wray, had a saw mill running by water power by the falls. Soon there were 4 saw mills in operation, supplying better lumber for construction of better quality houses to replace and supplement the hastily and crudely built cabins and shacks. Two planing mills were built by men who were visionary and skilled workmen. Soon refined and

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pattern stock lumber was on the market. Arthur Watkins, added a sash and door factory to his planing mill. This man was also very innovative as he had a flume constructed to bear the rough sawn lumber by water from the mill up in the hills to his planing mill here in the village.

The fine styled, quality sash and door stock was soon being hauled for miles over the rapidly growing county territory where towns were fast taking shape. Schools, churches, stores and offices were ordering this lumber, manufactured by fine Artisans here in Falls City, who later moved on to larger and more successful places of business. As we read

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the names of men who filled the trades positions, and office and business management and ownership in the County and State; many of them were first a part of the growing little town of Falls City. Their humble beginnings were simply preparatory steps and learning to reach their ultimate goals.

In 1891, the name Falls City, became official. The South side of the river was platted and dedicated by H.S. and Esther Montgomery in a 160 acre plot. It was a part of their original parcel and was a large undertaking. Their ambitions had carried them far during their 3 years in the Oregon Territory.

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About 5 months later another group of enterprising business men recorded another plat of a development. This took in the land on the North side of the Luckiamute River. Thus we had a South Main St. and a North Main St. with businesses to rapidly spring up on each Main Street.

3 names of the North side development group I remember were: Prof. A. M. Bryant, who was also one of our early Postmasters. He was the Father of one of Falls City's most colorful and well remembered school teachers, Jessie Moyer. The original home of the Bryant family was on the present site of Bill and Helen Diehm's home on N. Main St.

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Another name was that of Frank Hubbard. He and his family were very industrious and left their mark and name County wide. The third man in the group was a land owner of property on the North side of North Main Street. He later sold the 2 lots where the present United Methodist Church building stands as well as the lot to the West where the old Parsonage was built.

History records that it was quite a contest and rivalry over the South and North Main Street developments. The South Side won, and was recorded Feb. 24, 1891. The North Side was recorded July 3, 1891.

Then Schools & Churches:

Now That legal status was in order of course a school must be the next rule of order. The first school was built across the street from the present gymnasium on North Main St. The second and more proper building for the new City, was erected on the present site of our Elementary School in 1892. It housed both lower grades and High School students, and had to have rooms added from time to time. The two story structure was architecturally attractive in its day. With its belfry and melodious bell that could be heard at least a mile in every direction, it was truly a monumental educational beginning.

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Walking 1 to 4 miles each way to school. Then climbing 117 steps up the hill on the last lap, was a small part in growing up, and the physical challenge was no great thing. Just as routine as daily marching in to the school rooms to the martial beat of the big bass drum. After 3 generations of youth filling those bells, many still remember that hot Summer day in 1938 that this proud old building burned to the ground. Standing gleaming white and stately at the top of the hill is a memory indelibly marked on each child's mind. Of course each one has a memory picture of her first love and of their favorite teacher.

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As in all communities the school houses were not only the center of learning but a place where the town people gathered to consider the weightier business matters, or for a social time or gathering place in general.

Close to follow was the need for gathering places of those religiously inclined. Many small groups met in homes, encouraging one another and sharing their hopes. When the settlers began to see their dream of an organized community coming to pass, they naturally harked back to their home training or religious persuasion. They now took affirmative action to build churches to their faith.

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History tells the first church built on the South side of the river was that of the Free Methodist Company in the late 1800's. Pioneers from Michigan, Ohio, Central and Eastern United States helped organize and build this church. The names of Ward, Harrington, Graham, Courter, Buell and Harrison are but a few of the progenitors of this present Christian Body.

Soon there after the Disciples of Christ or the Christian Church believers who were meeting in a room over a butcher shop North of the river, built a very small primitive building on South Main Street. This building burned and was replaced

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by a very fine large building. The sanctuary was like a second floor over a full ground level basement. This served as ladies Aid room, Sunday School rooms, dining room and kitchen. To reach the sanctuary one walked up 19 very steep steps at the front of the building on the outside. The large iron bell rang its first notes in the building. New Years Day 1900. This was a very fast growing and popular church and travelling Evangelists often filled the pulpit. Perhaps for size or some reason I do not know, this church was often used for funerals. The Pall Bearers always preferred the M. E. Church, as there were

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fewer steps to climb to enter the sanctuary.

Regardless of what church or funeral, the Black, shiny horsedrawn hearse, driven by Mr. Titus, and pulled by a pair of shiny, black horses, was an awesome sight to a child. Mr. Titus sat so straight on that seat that it seemed that he must have been as starched as his white winged back collar, with his black coat and black hat. How could he look so austere driving that hearse then look so smiling and friendly driving his dray wagon?

In 1892, on this site where we are tonight, this building was erected and dedicated to the Lord

by the name of The Beulah Methodist Episcopal church. Up to this time this company of believers had met as a Branch of The Dallas M. E. Church. The first Sunday School was organized in 1888, and the first Class leader was H. S. Montgomery. Formal organization of The church was in 1891. As we look about the sanctuary at the door and window casings and the beautiful old pattern and design, we realize that thru 86 years of use it still is a charming and cherished old room. What a joy to know it still stands as dedicated, to the love of God and the Faith of our Forefathers. No, nothing has changed, not even the original hard pews.

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About 1890, The Seventh Day Adventist believers began meeting together in a home on the Southwest side of The Village, what is now known as Valsetz Rd. Their first small church was built by volunteer labor by carpenters in the group, on South Main St. across from the present Christian church. Here again pews and furnishings were simple, and I am told that many a small child thought them less than comfortable if the prayers and sermons ran over time. Their Sanctuary was dedicated in 1906, and over the period of years was enlarged and made more comfortable. That building was torn down in early 1970 by Granville Wilson. Much

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of The 65 year old lumber was still sound, so Granville donated This lumber and his labor to build a much needed wood shed to The widow neighbor next door. The spirit of sharing has always been The Hallmark of This little town, may it ever be.

As far as I could learn there never was a formal church building for The German Lutheran believers in This town. And I have no certain dates on The Catholic Church, which used to stand at The top of The hill, just a short distance from The top of The steps. By structure, design and Sanctuary lumber and general appearance, it would seem that it too could have been dedicated about The

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same time as The other churches, from 1890 to 1900. The Sanctuary and all The amenities were in place and in good order for considerable time after The masses discontinued. The building finally burned.

While on The Theme of religions, Can any child ever forget The big white tents that would be put up amidst The big fir trees and an Old Fashion Revival meeting would be The center of attraction for 10 days or so? Spirited singing and equally spirited preaching followed. To The older folk it was a refresher course in Their Christian experience. To The young folk it was a splendid social experience, but one deeply imprinted in our Good Thoughts of Yesterday.

Then Industry and The Estelle Family:

My parents came here from Michigan in 1898. My father worked in the Timber There. Each Spring he was one of the men hired to ride the swollen rivers with huge log drives out of the North Woods. After he was married it seemed a less dangerous occupation would seem logical. A hard depression was in effect all thru the East. Members of my Mother's family had already migrated to Oregon and established in this community. They wrote glowing reports of moderate climate, of the lumber industry already a pure bet. Of plenty of soft water and fertile soil for one's big gardens. It certainly

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sounded like a good place to live. So my Mother's parents and sister, Joe, Dora and Carrie Graham; her cousin and family, The Harley Griffens and baby son Leslie; and my parents, Wm. and Orilla Estel and their infant son Everett, packed their precious possessions and bought tickets for Oregon. Many interesting and exciting things happened on the trip out West as many others also were bound for their land of promise. They arrived in Portland and thence to Derry Station, East of Tuckwell where a horse drawn stage bro't them to The Dallas Hotel for the night. At 7 o'clock the next morning they climbed aboard a wagon for the last part of their trip.

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Pussy Willows and early Spring flowers were in bloom as They made Their way over The hill road to Falls City. This road is now known as The Canyon-Oakdale Rd. In some places The mud was almost axle deep. They arrived at Their families' home just at Noon. It had taken 5 hours to come those last 9 miles, and it was The first day of April.

One of the first jobs my Grandfather and Father Took when They first got settled, was to cut grub oak wood by double bitted Ax, for \$1.⁰⁰ per cord. Each man could work as hard and fast as possible and only cut one cord per day. Quite a beginning. So my Father Took his family and went up to

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Anacortes, Wash. where he sawed shingles for about a year or so. After that millwrighting, bridge construction for the railroad and like gave him steady employment here again. Since he had no fear of heights, working on high flumes for the early day mills and work on high trestles helped him to progress and enjoy The benefits of a fast growing and secure way of life for a young family man. He always enjoyed The newness and Challenge of all that he saw. In This capacity he came to know The lumber business and its related fields. When the railroads were expanding so rapidly all over This Valley, he took a

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Contract for thousands of hand hewn ties, which his crew delivered by team out of the woods to the R.R. For years he was Construction Foreman for Cobb and Mitchell who owned the large steam powered saw mill in Falls City. He also helped build their camp which was in the woods about 5 miles South. A private railroad bro't out the timber over several very long and high trestles. This line ran South and West of what is now Camp Yellowan and thru the holdings now established in Kay Richardson's Tree Farm. I wrote to my brother Vernon in Ariz. to verify the data on this steam saw mill, planer, dry kiln of the

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Falls City Lbr. Co. He said that it cut 100 to 120,000 bd. ft. of lumber per shift. The large pond held about 500,000 ft. of logs bro't in from the woods by 2 locomotives and logging cars, 6 days a week. It was part of my Father's job to build a huge cold deck of about 6 million feet of logs each Summer by the side of the pond. This supply of logs kept the mill in operation in Winter time when the weather would not permit the men to work in the woods. Each camp had a cook house for the loggers and train crews. My Grandfather worked in these cook houses and kept check in the bunk houses for men who stayed in camp thru the

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week. Both of my brothers, Everett and Vernon, followed the timber industry, so our family was an active part of the daily and yearly growth of our community. They shared the joys and sorrows of a town which in 1910 was advertised as the "Queen City of Polk County".

In 1920 this large mill had cut out most of the near available virgin stand of timber. It was not economically profitable for the operation to continue here. So the Company moved the whole set up over the Coast Range. They sent my father on ahead to build a school house as they planned to create a town and keep their workmen

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and their families together. It was a success greater than the innovators ever dreamed it might be. We know it as Valsetz.

While the World War II years were a financial benefit to Falls City, it never gained in stature or economic growth after the big mill moved out. Many smaller mills have filled their places, and the lumber industry really created and sustained Falls City in a beautiful manner.

What earlier had been planned and advertised as a Resort Area, had materialized into a very successful timber community.

⑥

Then Came Business:

Falls City had a Creamery in 1891. It was operated by The Vick Brothers. If that name sounds familiar, perhaps your family bought Their first Ford car from this enterprising family who operated one of The first Ford car agencies in Salem.

Falls City in 1900 even had its own paper. Mr. Scott Leavitt opened and published The first newspaper in Falls City. He was well educated and was not long for a small town. He later became Congressman from Montana. Thru the years until depression struck The newspaper Challenge kept one after another editing and publishing. Several

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names of stature followed Mr. Leavitt.

Falls City in 1905 installed telephone lines. Two lines extended to all the farming areas as well. How well we all remember The "White" and "Blue" lines as the farmer's lines were called. Since a dozen to 20 families were served by each line, the Honor and mutual respect Code of Ethics hopefully prevailed. But being human, sometimes the temptation "to rubber" was too great. One could call any part of the county for 10¢. In 1907, C.J. Fugh, another very enterprising business man, was granted a telephone franchise. He really ran a splendid phone service and kept a growing list

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of subscribers happy. He also built a Loganberry Juice Plant and following that was a partner in a Cannery business.

Falls City in 1910 had its first Municipally owned Water System. This has been maintained with dignity all thru the years to the present time.

In 1910, Falls City had a privately owned Electric Light Plant, built and powered by The falls, by Mr. W. E. Newsom. Later Claude Ellison purchased it and maintained it until 1922, when it was sold to Mt. States Power Co., now P. P. & L. Archie Montgomery was general line man and plant operator thru the years. He began working at The

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plant at The age of 15 years. He had taken his Course of Study by Correspondence School to prepare for the position.

In 1910 in Falls City, an ordinance was passed to grant a right of way to The Salem, Falls City and Western R. R. from Salem to Falls City. A "Y" was built and came to an end on the corners of Lombard and South Main Sts. Before this was installed, a turntable operated by hand was used. The locomotive was run on the turntable and it was turned around by men power. Many times boys would have the fun and excitement of helping The train crew turn The "Engine" around. I

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have heard men in their 70's and older talk about it with fond memories. Cable cars in San Francisco are still turned in the same manner.

Another exciting place was along the walk to school. It was Nick Lundy's Blacksmith Shop. The huge sliding door was always open and the sights and sounds at the forge and ringing anvil with each measured blow of that big hammer sounded musical. Then when he was working by the door shoeing those heavy work horses, putting their curly legs on his leather apron he was trimming and fitting their big iron shoes perfectly. All the while the sweat would be rolling down his

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face and neck from under his tight little black cap. Such strength was simply unbelievable to this child.

Before I leave North Main St. I want to ask you if you can remember that good smell that almost overcame you when you opened the door to Mr. Toller's Bakery? It was an experience a child will never forget. And his gracious spic and span wife always made you feel so good as she talked to you while wrapping the warm loaves of bread or packed the sweet goods for your school lunch. A few times in my life I have been privileged to enjoy that same beautiful aroma in a bake shop, but never excited me as it did in the

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weights coming up level to show the correct grams or whatever were "just so" to fill the prescription. I considered that man to be one of the most trustworthy and surely one of the smartest men in town. He certainly was the epitome of professionalism in the community and his quiet, kind mannerism was a virtue to covet.

My oldest brother and his son Hal used to play together when they were little boys. Mr. Thompson got his first automobile in the very early days of pressure cars. He bro't it down town on one 4th of July and let people have a ride out to the corner of The Canyon Rd. and back to town for \$1.00

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If my memory serves me rightly Valoris Dennis was driving the car for these excursions. Hal and Everett were so anxious to get in that car, so toward evening when the public had started for home, Mr. Thompson let the boys have a ride out in the country. The trip was awesome, as Everett told me about it, a short time before he passed away in 1977.

Another ambitious and colorful gentleman lived to the south of Falls City. And very definitely John Teal Sr. left his mark in this area and Polk Co. He later became Polk Co. Judge John Teal. He came and laid claim on large land holdings with virgin timber and a Mt. stream in 1878. Just 100 yrs ago.

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He was a shrewd and successful business man. A friend to old and young alike. His land was covered with giant fir trees. He built his own mill to manufacture lumber that was used in the early day fine homes in Dallas. After the timber was cut off the land, he and his five sons brought The Teal's Ponds into being, then stocked them with trout. His early holdings are now a part of The Camp Tylowan and the home of Hubert and Mabel Taylor, his granddaughter by his eldest son Albert and wife, Eva. The gift of this unique Natural Beauty spot will etch the family name in our history past, present and future.

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Businesses I Can Remember As A Child:
Falls City had: A Bank, 2 Hotels, A Ford Garage, A Drug Store, 5 General Stores, A Shoe Store, A Millinery Shop, A Man's Furnishing Goods and Tailor Shop. A Meat Market, A Bakery, A Furniture Store, 2 Confectionery Stores. 2 Hardware Stores. A Jewelry Store, A Barber Shop, A Photo Gallery, A Piano Studio, A Shoe Shop, A Dray Service, 2 Blacksmith Shops. A Feed Store, A Livery Stable. The Gem Theatre, The Wagner Hall or Opera House. Pool Hall and Card Room after Prohibition, 5 Saloons before. 2 Medical Drs., A Dentist, An Attorney. The Electric Light Plant.

A Telephone Office, A Recorders Office, The S.P. Depot and The Post Office, where if you went a little early you could visit with all your friends while the mail was being distributed. The Postmaster could command my respect almost equal to the City Marshall who always wore his shiny, silver Star on his vest.

The following childhood memorabilia was deleted at The Historical Society. It simply relates my introduction to trains, horse and buggy, and Model T Fords, Three Score and Ten Years Ago.

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Then My Transportation Beginnings: Trains:

My first trip to Falls City was in 1910. My parents bro't me home over the recently franchised railroad which ran from Salem to Falls City thence to Black Rock. This was to become a thriving logging center as large companies purchased huge blocks of timbered land and millions of feet of virgin stands were removed giving employment to many of our local residents. Industry in these wooded hills saw logging evolve from the days of oxen and teams of horses to steam driven donkeys and locomotives, later to gasoline then diesel driven equipment. Falls City families have thrived and

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witnessed some of The most exciting developments in The use of wheels and gears. Four and five generations were to profit by The foresight and ambitions of their early beginnings and dreams of these hardy people.

Our family patronized The railroads pretty often. The S. P. Depot here in town was another place of mystery to a child. The big room was separated in two by a long, metal cage divider. In The front were long, hard benches where we sat waiting for The train. The loud ticking of The big faced clock on The wall, made the room seem so still. As more people came in to buy Their tickets They all visited

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until The train pulled in and then we hurried out to see The people get off The train, as they waved and called to Their families and friends. Then The Conductor would call "All Aboard" and we would get on and find a seat and shortly The wheels would be clicking clacking down The track and The cars would be gently swaying as The engine picked up speed.

But another excitement of The Depot was behind that metal cage. The Agent sat back there at a desk listening to short and long, rapid sounds from a small box called a wireless. Then he would tap a silver bar and it sounded like The same rapid strokes only now he was talking back to someone else.

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It was all very hard for this child to understand how these pounds could carry both happy and sad messages which they wrote down on yellow pieces of paper. Like the time it said that our Grandma Estelle was dead.

The man behind the cage always wore a green eye shade, and black cloth things over his shirt sleeves that gathered around the wrist and reached to his elbows. It seems it must have been a warm job to be an Agent, as they always worked in their shirt sleeves. Those tickets were another mystery. Some were small, others for half fares and to far away places were long, narrow strips of folded paper with lots of

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printing and places where they punched holes in them. When we got on the train the Conductor would punch some more holes in them and sometimes he put a small colored piece of paper in my Father's hat. They told me it was to make sure that we would get off at the right place. It was really exciting to go on a long train trip. There we sat on red and green velvet seats in the cars, and these seats would slide back and forth to make double seats. We always took a shoe box or two full of food. Sandwiches, chicken, fruit and several kinds of cookies, pie and cake. Then we could buy apples and oranges from the Porter who came thru the cars.

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For a score of years The little gasoline operated car, called "The Skunk" was the popular way to go to Dallas and Salem. It literally served thousands of Polk County people. Everyone who rode the train seemed so friendly and when they noticed your new hat, coat or dress and remarked how fast you were growing, it made one feel so important to be a child and a part of this little community.

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This very early memory was by horse drawn buggy and wagon. It was our first trip to The Pacific Ocean. My parents, brothers, Aunt Carrie, and our very good neighbors next door, The Dormans, made up the group. I was too young to know the work it took to plan for a week's stay. We were on the road one night and two days. We stayed over night in the Rock Creek school house on the West Side of the Coast Range. I remember the big folks talked to The Nortons who owned a large ranch in a place they called, "The Basin." We finally drove in to Tent City on the seashore of Newport. I shall never forget standing on

The Sand Cliff overlooking that great, noisy body of water, as we all looked at the ocean for the first time. My Mother held my hand ever so tightly and I could feel her tremble as she asked me not to go near the water alone. Mr. & Mrs. Dorman were very good company. He made biscuits each morning in a big iron skillet and laughingly he called them "death wads." Marguerite their eldest daughter was my brothers age, while Juanita their baby girl had learned that walking could get her any place she wanted to go. We spent many happy hours that week playing in the sand and exploring caves and a huge rock formation called, "Jump Off Joe."

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That trip so early in my life still stands out as just equally as exciting as by fast train to New York City, or by Jet Planes across that same beautiful Pacific Ocean.

When I was still quite young my Father sold the team of heavy work horses. At the age of about 10, I was given a horse of my own to learn to ride. My Grandfather loved horses and he taught me to gently handle and respect this new possession. So I early cultivated the love for a faithful and well mannered horse.

My next memories in pre-school age were These when my Father bought our first pleasure car. Called a Flivver by my brothers, but it was really a Model T Ford. It was during World War I. I can remember it was so exciting to put on those duster coats over your nice clothes, and veils to hold your hat from flying off. Only I did not use a veil and pretty often my hat flew off when we rode with the top folded down. It seems I could not trust that little rubber on my hat that fitted under my chin. And there were so many things to see that I simply would forget to hang on to my little hat with even one hand. Seemed we always had blow-

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outs on one or two tires if we drove a long way. I can remember they always were so disgusting because the tires and tubes both had to be patched and soon became pretty full of patches. And it seemed we ran out of gas quite often and my Father had a reputation of driving pretty fast. A Minister once told him that, "he drove like Jehu". My Father just smiled. I asked my Mother who Jehu was and she told me that he raced chariots even before there were Indians and Settlers here. That Black Ford had to be cranked by hand and lots of times my Father and brothers got pretty upset because they said it kicked. I tho't it just must be a

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hang over expression from Their horse and buggy days. But it never seemed to dampen The spirits for the next trip to visit family or friends. There was always so much laughing and talking and lots of good things to eat where ever we went. The men would usually talk about Their cars and how fast They would go. But to This child it was really exciting when we would drive over Those narrow and steep roads. We always had to honk the horn when we drove around The curves so no one would run into us. And sometimes we had to back quite a ways down a hill so The other car could pass us. It nearly frightened my Mother to

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death. But I always knew That My Father could drive That car to pure safety so I hung tightly to my little hat and we always made ^{it}. Those close encounters were as exciting as driving over very rough roads that bounced That little car until half the time it seemed we were in the air. My Mother was always imploring my Father to drive slower it seemed. Before long my Father went to some city on business and came home with another car called a Briscoe. It had bigger tires that didn't blow out all the time. It also had a self starter so it didn't need to be cranked. And it had a fancy hand swiper on The wind shield.

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It also had a fancy glass vase on the dashboard for flowers. The men talked about how much faster it would go than the Fords on the road.

I could not know at that age 68 years ago, that I would be reliving these experiences with such vivid appreciation and love in my heart for all such precious memories of my beginnings.

Now I know that no child is ever poor who has a mind to store the wealth of words and sights that goes to make up her everyday life.

I can not begin to do justice to all the people who have made such a fine contribution to the development, betterment and quality

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of life for all of us who have lived here and so lovingly called Falls City, our home.

If each Newcomer can grasp the spirit and dedication that molded this community and kept it United thru thick and thin, then all will be well.

Truly, As sands in the hour glass,
So are the days of our lives.