Dorothy's Biography
Volume 2

Dorothy Dell Dutton Hammill
1910-1986

The families of
Daniel Benedict Dutton, Daniel Livingston Dutton
and Dorothy Dell Dutton Hammill

~~1970 trip~~

Dorothy's biography

Volume 2

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"UNCLE Q" COMES TO OREGON

Together, three of the 5 Newbill siblings came to Oregon in 1852, leaving their widowed mother, Jane Hawkins Estes Newbill, their widowed sister, Regina Maria Roche (Roche) and their brother "Q"(John Quincy Adams) Newbill behind in Missouri. Jane died 4 years later at age 78. Roche died in 1872 at age 66, leaving "Q:, the youngest child in Missouri alone.

He was a farmer. With his family gone, together with poor crops, caused by recession, drought and pestilence, he was ready to sell out and join his siblings in Oregon. In 1862 his 33 year old wife died 5 days after twin daughters were born - their 5th and 6th children. A year and a half later he remarried. Eight children blessed that union, among them another set of twin daughters. Only their last child was born in Oregon - in 1879. Following are 7 letters "Q" wrote to his Oregon relatives over a two year period in which he was making arrangements to come to Oregon.

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Knob Noster, Mo Feb 16, 1876

My Dear Nephew:

I will try to write you a few lines this evening. I have not heard from any of you for so long that I did not know whether you were all dead or had forgotten me. Mr. B.P. Taylor tells me that he saw you when he was in Oregon and so I thought that I would write to you and I want you to write to me as soon as you receive this, and give me all the news about yourself and all the rest of the family, your Aunt Amanda and her family, Tom Rector, Crout Dives, the Scotts, and all the rest, and how times are out there, etc, etc,. "Hows Crapps"?

I have not much news to write. Myself and family are well. None of my children are married except Nannie. Oscar is in Colorado and has been for about 4 years. The rest are all with me yet, although John talks of leaving me in the spring. We have six children of the last gang. I will give you their names. Albert Newton, Stanford Ing, Elbert Madison, Ira Otis, Mira Bell, and Minnie May. The two last twins and two of the prettiest little girls you ever saw. I can't tell you much about your Aunt Roche's folks. Zeek is living on Muddy close to where J. Dejarnette used to live. Sally is living close to Lamonte. Buck has gone down to Texas and I believe the rest are still about the old place. Callohil is living in Lamonte, running a hotel. Bill Thomas and Julia are dead. (Dickey) ? "my old man", as Doshe used to call him, is living in Knob Noster with his second wife. They have one child, a little boy and he is proud of him you bet. Well I don't know who else to write about that would interest you, so I will turn over. (the Page. KCH)

Times are the hardest here that I ever saw. In fact there is no money at all. Year before last the drought and the cinch bugs destroyed the crops entirely and last spring corn was worth one dollar per bu. and no money to buy with. The hogs nearly all starved to death. In the fall the grasshoppers came and eat up all the wheat that was sowed. I sold one hog a few weeks ago for 40 dollars, no, $35. Last spring everybody was doing there best to rais a big crop of corn but just as it began to grow and look nice (some plowed over the second time) here come Mr. Grasshoppers and took it off to the ground, in a great many farms entirly and in others leaving some and others not inguring it at all. I had out 43 acres and they didn't

leave enough to stand on 3 acres, eating up everything in the garden, vines, vegetables and everything else. I have 100 grape vines and they were as full as they could hold and Mr. Grasshopper did not leave enough to make a pint of grapes. They tarried with us until about the last days of June then they left, darkning the air. I planted my corn over after they left and made a fine chance of feed but very little corn. Corn that was not injured by the hoppers was the finest I ever saw. Corn is worth 25 cents per bu. delivered at the R.R, pork 6 cents gross, stock hogs 7½ cents per lb, beef cattle from 2½ to 4 according to quality. Cows from 5 to 20 dollars and horses from nothing up to 75 dollars asking but none selling. Nothing else to sell and hardly that. I intend to leave this country if ever I can get away and I want you to write what you think I could do in Oregon. My wife joins me in love to you and all the rest. Write soon. Yours, etc. J.Q. Newbill.

Notes: Knob Noster is the county seat of Johnson County. "Q" lived on its east boundary, across the road from his brother, Nathaniel who lived in Pettis County. That was before Nathaniel went to Oregon, of course. The nephew to whom he is writing is 40 year old John Anthony Kemp, the only son of "Q"'s sister, Sarah Newbill Kemp. Apparently "Q" couldn't get his relatives to write to him.

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His next letter is to Amanda. The Cragheads he mentions were siblings of Amanda's first husband, Jonathan Craghead.

Knobnoster Mo March 28, 1876

Dear Sister I received your welcome letter yesterday and you can't imagine how glad it made me. I should have written to you long long ago if I could have found out your PO but as you never wrote to me I could not find out where to direct to. We are all in our usual good health. I mailed a letter to John A. Kemp yesterday. I want to see you all worse than you can possibly think. Well sister you think of me as I looked the last time you saw me. Well let me give you a short description of my self. I am as white as a sheep both hair and beard but most people ~~say remarkable good-looking for a man 53~~ years old. I believe I am about as stout as I ever was tho not quite so active. You ask which one of the Rucker girls I married etc. I married Lizzie one they called Sáss. She is 37 years old and is a great big stout woman weighing from 90 to 95 lbs. As to the rest of her family the old man is dead. He has been dead 13 years. The old Lady is very stout and spry for one of her age. Ed is living on the old place in a house that was built for him by his father but has a small place of his own close by. He has 5 children alive, 2 boys and 3 girls and 3 dead. Kitty died of measles. Lucy married a man by the name of Hargrove and died leaving three children, two boys and one girl, a little babe. Mrs. Rucker took the babe and raised her and she died last fall age 15. John volunteered in the army and died in the hospital at Rolla, Mo. Puss is still single. Tom and George, the two youngest, are with their mother on the old place. Well that brings me to your 2nd (question). Of my first children 5 are living, one of the twins dying the day after it was born. Nannie married a man by the name of Fisher. They have 6 children, 3 boys and all the balance girls. John is single and has rented a place close by me. Oscar is in Colorado. Euginia and Kate say they are going to keep house for John.

Yes I do say that my little girls are pretty and everybody else that sees them say they are the prettiest children they ever saw. They

Are three years old today. Mira had a very hard spell of sickness last summer and all her hair came out. Up to that time I couldn't tell them apart. Minnie weighs 29 lb and Mira 28 lb. They both have blue eyes and curly hair. As to any other particulars about myself and family I have not much to write. The financial crash with two years failure in crops has about "busted" me up. If it were not for that you might look for me in Oregon soon. If I can close out, pay debts and have enough to bring me to that country I shall come sure. Well now as to everybody else that you know that is a hard task but I will try and do the best I can. Old Bobby Craghead died last fall. The girls are all dead but the youngest. She was married about Christmas and people say she has consumption. The boys I believe are all dead but one or two. John Wells and Martha are living in Crescent Hill, Bates County and have 4 children living 3 girls and 1 boy. They had two boys smothered by wheat in a granery, they sleeping in the granery with a neighbor boy that came to see them when a partition broke loose and smothere all three and the family knew nothing of it until they went to wake them in the morning. Bill Hughs is living in the same place merchandising. He has I think his 4th wife. Davie same place practising medicine and drinking the crooked mostly the latter. Jim is living down in his old neighborhood. I was horse hunting last winter and stayed 2 nights with Moses Mullins. He lives near Center View Johnson Co. His mother and one of the girls are living near him. I went to see the old lady one night and she had a great deal to say about you. Would like to see you etc etc. and if I ever wrote to you to be sure to send her love etc etc. Ed Garton is living out at the spring N of where you used to live. His wife died and he married the widow Agee and they have parted. Ed is bloated up worse than a Lager beer keg. No more paper. J.Q.Newbill and bro Talbot, I would like you to send me your picture. You must excuse my writing for my little girls are constantly running against me. Write soon and more.
I would like to have the photos of all my kinfolks in that country.

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Notes: All the remaining 5 letters are to Amanda. This one, the third, was written some 3 months after the second.
W.T. is Washington Territory. Hun and Mary are Amanda's daughters.

Johnson Co Mo. June 16,76

Dear Sister:

Yours of May 18th came safe to hand but in the hurry and bustle of spring work I have neglected to answer until today. When I wrote before we were having snow. Well it continued to snow until some time in April when we had a snow which lay on the ground in places 3 feet deep and lasted about a week and then went off with rain and continued to rain almost incessantly up to about the 5th of May and we had in that time several Oregon mists (three drops to the bucketful). Consequently we are late with our crops. It then quit raining and we had no more rain until the 10th of the present month when it commenced again and still keeps it up without any appearance of quiting. Crops look splendid considering the lateness of planting. I have in about 60 acres of corn which looks well. The mice have been very destructuve to corn taking up some fields entirely almost. I have suffered some by them but not as much as a great many others. Wheat looks as well as I ever saw it but I am told that the weavels are destroying some fields. There is not much sown in this part of the country. We have a fine garden with a good

prospect for melons, pumpkins, squash, peas, beans, etc.. You say Sam Edwards was to see you. Well, I saw Lee some time ago and he said he had just got a letter from Sam. He was in California when he wrote where he had deposited $4100 in gold in a bank and the bank had broke and he had lost all. Sounds rather fishy to me. He had been living in W.T. and was going back there.

Well, tell Hun that I don't think that I am mistaken either in name or age of my wife, but if they had hickory wood in Oregon I would think maybe she had been licking it and had immitations. Tell Mary that sore, well it looks like it will never get well and I know it won't. Well, enough of this. I was very glad of your picture. I can see a good deal of favor of what you used to look like. Tell Mary I am very thankful for hers. I showed it to Mrs. Rucker and she says that it looks a good deal like you used to do. I will send you mine as soon as I can get one taken. I would like to have the other childrens pictures and also Mr. Talberts. I think I would know him. I saw Ed Garton the day I mailed my last letter to you and he said to be sure to give you his best love, respects etc. As to my coming to that country, I don't see any show at this time but I don't know what may happen. I will do the best I can.

When you write again put on your thinking cap and don't be afraid you will write anything that will not interest me for anything from that country will interest me, as what kind of fruit you raise, what kind of vegetables, do you raise melons, how about cabbage standing all winter and having seven or eight heads the next year, how about apple trees bearing the third year from the seed. Do you raise sweet potatoes? How about fish? Do fowls do well? Do hogs do well and have you a good stock of hogs? How are taxes? What kind of wild fruits do you have? Well I guess that is enough questions for one time. I would like to show my little girls against any or all of your grandchildren and I still think I would not change my mind.

I got a letter from John Kemp a few days ago. All well. Fruit all killed except grapes. We have about 100 vines very full.
Lizzie joins me in love to you all.
Your brother affectionately

J.Q. Newbill

More notes: Hun must have been chiding him about his wife's youth. The sore that he tells Mary will never go away must refer to their mutual loss of a spouse. They are surely engrossed in the "new fangled" photography.

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The next letter is ten months later. I have heard of the old paper WEST SHORE but am unfamiliar with it. Rutherford Hayes, our 19th president, was elected the preceding November. We don't understand how he could be harvesting corn the first of April. Could it be an "April Fools" joke?

Johnson Co Mo April 6, 77

Dear Sister

I seat myself this morning to answer your welcome and interesting letter which came to hand a week ago. I have received the Jan. and Feb numbers of West Shore and am much pleased with it. Many thanks for the paper. Well now something about the family. We have another new baby. A girl. She was born on the 5th of Feb. and weighed 9½ lbs at her birth and has grown fast ever since. Lizzie talks of

calling her Sarah Amanda as we don't think it is time for Omega yet.

I am not enjoying very good health at this time. I have been unwell for about five weeks. I was not able to do anything for about three weeks with a pain in my back but am better now. Lizzie has also been unwell for a week but is now improving. In fact it is hard to find anyone that is entirely well.

I commenced before breakfast and while eating one of the little girls turned the ink over and blotted it somewhat, and I haven't time to commence again, so will proceed to finish.

There have been three or four deaths in the neighborhood since I wrote to you before but none that you were acquainted with unless you were acquainted with Wm. Moore. He was taken sick Saturday night and died Thursday. Now for the weather. We have not had a snow since the third of this month but we had a thunder storm yesterday evening and it is still cloudy with winds N.E.and turning cold with the wild geese scuding back south. During the month of Feb we had nice weather with the exception of mud, but March came in like a roaring Lion and kept it up throughout the month. We had five or six snows and the last one which fell on the 23rd was six inches deep on an average, tho drifted in some places 3 feet deep and was cold enough to freeze lard in jars sitting in our kitchen hard enough to burst the jars, but I reckon you think it is time I was writing about something else. Well, we had a big fire in Knobnoster a short time ago. Mr. E.B. Taylor's Grocery store was consumed by fire. It was a large brick building. House and contents a total loss. He told me his loss on building and stock was about eleven thousand dollars, insurance five thousand. Winkler Bro. building ajoining about five or six hundred, fully covered by insurance. I saw Jim Hughs a few days ago. He has just come back from a visit to Bates Co. where he went to see Bill and Dave and John Wells and tells me they are all well. His mother is living with John Wells and Martha and he says that she looks about as young as she did when you left and can see to read without glasses. You would hardly know Jim. He has a new set of teeth which alters his appearance very much. Sends his respects to you all.

Yes, we had heard about the election of Hays. (had you heard anything about Cronin's nose out in the backwoods of Oregon?) The Democrats say in this country that he stole the presidential chair. I cut a piece out of the Globe Democrat and sent it to you, and ask the question, "Can this be thus?" To me it sounds rather fishey. I have not sold out yet and have no prospects that I can see before next fall. There is a young man in the neighborhood who says that if he raises a good crop the present year he will buy me out. I am not done gathering corn yet. I have something upwards of 300 bushels to gather yet which I have to sell but it is worth only 12 cents per bushel now. In looking over this letter I am almost ashamed to send it. My fingers are so sore from gathering corn that I can scarcely hold my pen and in so much of a hurry that I have not taken much pains. Lizzie joins me in love to you all, your brother

J.Q. Newbill

(Note: The corn he is gathering must have stood in the field all winter?)

Johnson Co Mo July 13 77

Dear Sister, I received yours of May 30th in due time and will now try to answer it. I have been canvassing for a book (Dr. Chases FACTS OR INFORMATION FOR EVERYBODY.) It sells for $2. I am averaging from five to six dollars a day. I have been from home so much is my excuse for not writing sooner. My little boys are tending the crop. They have in about 35 acres of corn. It looks well. We have a very remarkable season. It has rained almost incessantly ever since winter broke. Consequently corn is very much in the weeds. We have had now about two weeks with only one rain, but the thermometer has ranged from 98 to 102. There has been a few cases of sun stroke. Wheat and oats have been first rate for this country. Wheat is all out and in shock and people are stacking with all their might. Oats are mostly cut and if the fair weather continues a few days the crop will be safe, but it is looking very much like rain now. I was at a picnic at or near where old George Hughs used to live. It was across the creek from there on the 4th. They had quite a time. I stayed all night at Marcella Gartons on your old place that night. You would hardly know it. It is all fenced in. Not a foot of prairie being outside except along the lanes. There is a lane running north of the house about 150 yards. The yard is all grown up with weeds as high as my head. There is a honey locust standing in the south yard (which is now the back yard) which is fully two feet through. The cherry trees are all dead. There are two black locust trees about 18 inches through in the yard. I am sorry to hear about the sickness of Hun's children and hope they are better. Will try to send some Ptelah will have to send by mail as I see no chance of coming myself before next spring if then. There is no sale for land here now. Times are very hard. I received the West Shore yesterday which I suppose is the last copy I shall receive without renewing. I believe I shall send the money for the balance of the year. The May number was only half the size. I want you to tell the Ed. that I don't like to be humbugged in any such style. My self and family all well and little Sarah Amanda outgrows anything you ever saw. She is five months old and has two teeth and two more most through. Tell Hun that I am afraid I can not send her the prairie flower seed for the prairie is very nearly all in cultivation and what is not the flowers are all killed out and even the prairie grass is all gone. Well, as to strawberries, we don't raise them to any extent. They do not do well except one season out of 4 or 5. We have a fine prospect for grapes. In fact I never saw better. I have about 100 vines about 7 or 8 years old and they are as full as they can hold. Most of my apple trees are very full but they are falling off very badly. Peaches are very full, but the curculio have nearly destroyed them all. I saw Nancy Craghead a few days ago. She is well and says that her mother is well. She got a letter from her a short time ago. She says that the old lady is losing her eye sight. Nancy says she will write to you. I gave her your post office address. I haven't much news to write. The connections are all well so far as I know. I have not as much of the Ptelah bark as I thought I had but will send what I have and if it does good will send more. We all have the Oregon fever pretty badly but see no chance as yet to get off. Mama Rucker is improving some but can not use her arm yet. I don't know whether I wrote about her accident or not. She fell down stairs more than two months ago and is just getting so that she can walk and has not been long since she could lie down. John has a fine prospect for a crop and says that he is going to have some pictures taken and send to Oregon. Well I must quit, yours affectionately

J.Q. Newbill

Knob Noster, Mo. Sept 23rd '77

Dear Sister:

I will try to answer yours of the 1st inst. which came to my hand on the 12th. By the by did you know it was mailed on my birthday? Then the next day I was taken down with Typhoid fever and am just getting so I can sit up a little. It is hard work for me to write, but I will do the best I can. John is very low with the same fever. He has been down now three weeks. (I think my sickness was brought on by nursing and waiting on him.) and is in a very critical condition but we will hope for the best. There has been and is still more sickness in this country than I ever saw before and is proving very fatal. There were seven burials in the cemetery at Knobnoster in one day. The rest of my family are well. Yes, I had begun to think that you did not intend to write. I wrote to sister S.G. Kemp and children at the same time I wrote you and have not received an answer yet. I got the West Shore last week. Only half a paper making this paper of the kind I have not and if M.S. intends to continue to issue half sheets I don't think he deserves much credit for his mammoth sheets that boasts so much about. You say people are cutting and threshing grain. Well, this sounds odd to be harvesting in Sept. I would like to get an average yield per acre. The W.S. speaks of enormous yields but does not give the yield per acre, nor what it is worth. We feel here that if we get a yield of 10 to 25 bu per acre we have a big yield. Wheat is worth here 65 cents to $1 per bu. We have had a remarkably wet summer, consequently a great deal of damaged grain. I bought some wheat to sow. I paid $1.10 per bu. It is a new wheat called the Foulk wheat. It is claimed that it will make ten bushels per acre more than any other wheat. Next, as to coming to that country. One of my neighbors told me a short time ago that he had some connection coming out here this fall from Ky. and they would buy me out or back me out. I don't think I shall back out and if I sell I think I shall come sure. One of my neighbors, a Mr. J. Mahan, says he is going out there this fall and if I can see him before he starts I will try to get him to call on you. John has been very unfortunate besides his sickness. He lost a young mare died worth $150. Old Mother Rucker lost her baby a short time ago, G.W. I don't mean he died but got married. He married a Miss Armentrout, a Va, Dutch girl. You ask what we do with our grapes. Well, we can enough to last us plentiful for a year, eat all we can and generally market the balance at 3 cents a lb, and this year have made a little wine and I tell you it is good. I have nearly lived on it since I have been sick and I tell you if good templars would not take some for the stomach's sake in sickness you have a different templar from what we have here. All the rage here now is the Murphy movement. Almost everybody you meet has a blue ribbon pinned on their breast as a badge. You can beat us on cabbage off three year old stalks but we have the finest we ever raised but are too early. Are beginning to burst open. I am going to try to get a vessel and make some up into sourkrout. We have the finest sweet potatoes you ever saw and any amount of them. Also fine Irish potatoes as I ever raised. We also have fine beets and parsnips and have raised bushels of corn, field peas and crowders, and lady pears for winter use. Our young apple trees are very full of the nicest apples I have seen for many a day.

Yours truly

J.Q. Newbill

Lizzie joins me in love to you all.

Notes: In the preceding letter John is his son, of course. As Amanda's letter had reached him in 12 days it had to have come by train, not by horse. This is the earliest evidence we have seen of rail service between Oregon and the east. It would have been via San Francisco.

In his next and final letter he again refers to cutting corn in the spring, corn from the previous year. Apparently that was common. His son, John, was married 5 months later at age 29.

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Knob Noster Feb 13th 78

Dear Sister I have just received your favor of Jan 23rd and will try to reply. I was glad to hear from you as I had begun to think that you had all forgotten me. I wrote to Sister Sallie at the same time that I wrote to you but have not received a scratch of a pen from any of them yet. I have sold out had to sell so low and when I came to square up I owed more than I expected and find I can not get there with more than 250-300 dollars. Do you think that I can get a start there on that amount? I have given possession to the man who bought me out, am staying with John on his rented place. We are all well with the exception of colds. John is heavier than he ever was in his life but has not fully gained his strength.

And now about our winter. We have had no cold weather to amount to anything. The ground has not been frozen hard enough to bear up a wagon but twice and then but two or three days at a time. But it has rained and snowed incessantly almost or I would say fully half the time. Travel is entirely suspended. We are living two miles from town and it nearly pulls a team to death to get there with a grist of 3 or 4 bushels and it is nothing uncommon to find teams stuck in the mud with an empty wagon and it is not for a day or two that way but has been so all fall and winter and I have Prof. Tice's Almanac and he says that it is to continue until June. Corn is still standing in the fields and it does not look like people would ever get it cut.

As to writing about everybody. I can't do so and tell you anything about anybody unless they live right close by as we hardly ever get any news farther than a few miles off. All the connections are well so far as I know. I want to go down on Muddy as soon as the weather will permit and the roads get passable. I wrote to Sister Sally to know if you have the pear Sweatning apple in that country and I will ask you the same question. And if not have you any nursery near so if I send some twigs you could have them grafted. For if I do come to that country I should like to have a few trees of them myself. I heard of John's wedding through the Willamette Farmer. Mr. B.F. Taylor takes that paper and he told me about it, and by the by he tells me that he is going to start to that country the last of this month.

Little Sallie Amanda is running about and is one of the sweetest and best little things you ever saw, I think. There. I will give you some of the prices of things. Corn is worth 25 cts per bu, wheat is from 80 cts to one dollar, oats 20cts, domestic (cloth) 8 cts per yd, prints 5 to 7 cts pr yd, jeans 20 to 50 cts per yd, sugar 7 to 9 lbs to the dollar, coffee 3 &3/4 to 4 lbs to the dollar. I want you to write to me as soon as you get this and tell me all about what things we had better bring with us as we will be allowed 100 lb of baggage for every ticket. Can I rent a place anywhere near where you live or any other information that you think will be

of advantage to me in making the trip. I shall not start before May or June. Lizzie and the children join me in love to you all. If you see any of sister S's folks tell them to write.

J.Q. Newbill

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Notes: He mentions seeing John's wedding in the paper. He refers to Amanda's son, John Talbert. We learned from other sources that he did come to Oregon that year, probably in June or July. In addition to his younger children, we think the youngest child by his first wife came too. The four oldest stayed in Missouri.

We found them in the 1880 census in the Highland area, a few miles east of Oregon City. "Q" died in January, 1888 at age 65. He is buried in the Stony Point Cemetery, according to a Newbill relative. Lizzie died four months later and is buried in the Springwater Cemetery. After only cursory searching we have not found either cemetery. Lizzie was only 47. The cause of her death is unknown to us.

All of their 7 children came to Oregon with them, the oldest being 13, the youngest 2. One more was born after they reached Oregon. We surmise that the youngest child of "Q"'s first marriage also came. She was 15. Much of our data on this family came from an unpublished family history compiled by Leona Hopper Newbill, a Newbill spouse, in the 1930s and 1940s. She died before getting it finished. So far no one else has finished it.

When "Q" and Lizzie died, ten years after reaching Oregon, the children ranged in age from 25 to 9. Although we don't know what happened to them, it is likely that the younger ones lived with their older siblings until they were grown. We do know that "Q"'s descendants are scattered over the Midwest and the West.

One reason that Dorothy doesn't remember more about her antecedents is that her mother, aunts, uncles and grandmother excluded the children from their midst while visiting. In a few rare instances she got to listen briefly by remaining still and stationary.

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The following letter is from Mary, Sarah's sister, to their mother, Amanda, in Clackamas. Mary has now been married to William Mills for six years. New Lebanon is a few miles east of The Dalles and north of the Columbia River, toward Goldendale.

Oak Grove is a few miles south of Portland, near Milwaukie and Clackamas. They seem to have recently moved from Oak Grove.

Jennie Mills Saxton is her husband's daughter. Pratt is her cousin's husband. While she calls her husband "Mr.", everyone else calls him "Mills".

Molly, Dora and Jessie are the small children of her half-brother, John Talbert. Most of our old letters came through Jessie by her daughter, Thelma Rickman Ferris.

Mather was the Clackamas postmaster. We can't identify the other people in the letter.

We knew Dora and her husband, Lee Harrington, in the 1930s. Then in their later years, we liked them very much. I saw Molly once. A spinster, she much resembled her mother, "Aunt Emma". Neither of us knew Jessie who married Matt Rickman.

New Lebanon Klickitat Co Wash Ter
Monday Nov 10 1879

Dear father and mother your more than welcome letter, after traveling a circuitous route, reached us a few days ago. It found us still in Klickitat, in our usual health. It has rained a little and laid the dust, and what mud there is is as sticky as wax. Last friday night snow fell about 1½ inches deep, but melted before saturday night. Several days the wind blew quite hard, and every day it blew considerable, which makes it so disagreeable going out. I suffer a great deal more riding here in the wind than I did at home traveling all day in the rain. Mr Mills is going to start back to Oak Grove in a few days to look at his cattle. He has not decided yet whether to drive them here or leave them there this winter - and to get a few things we left there. I intend going with him, will put on an extra suit of clothes and all the wraps I have and a blanket over all and think I can go rather comfortably. We will go as far as Jennie Mills Saxton's - a few miles this side of the Dalles - the first day. Will aim to get to Pratt's the second. Then if we have good luck will reach Oak Grove the third day.

We went to church yesterday and heard a Rev Bullock, a hard shell Baptist preacher. There are more of that denomination here than any other. The house was filled to overflowing. After church went to the funeral of a Mrs. Neall, but they were so tedious and we were so cold, we drove home before the services were over.

Had a roast goose for dinner, which was aliked by us all. Our appetites have increased since coming here. That goose caused me to get a little ahead of my subject. Sunday before last we went to hear the Methodist minister, but were disappointed as he failed to make his presence, but they had some excellent singing. The Sunday we were at Oak Grove, we went to church twice.

Next Sabbath is appointed for the Methodist again, and Mr. Colwell sent an appointment for three weeks from yesterday.

I am really glad the school teacher is boarding with you, as I think she will be company for you this winter. Am sorry to hear father is suffering with rheumatism. Mr. Mills seems to be entirely free from that condition in this climate. I have had a cold ever since I left Moore's. If I owned his farm I think I would be willing to make a home there. I often think of the place and wish I was there.

Tell Mollie and Dora I am glad to hear they are learning so fast. Does Dora speak any plainer? I would love to see little Jessie as well as all the rest of you.

Tell Mrs. Thomson this is the country where a flea dersn't to come. If he should take a leap, he would never come down again. I see Mary and a Miss Sparks coming. They have been here several times. Johnny lives about 1½ miles from here. But his place is about 4 or 5 miles away. When the wind is from the right direction we can hear the steamboats puffing on the Columbia river.

What became of all our grapes?

There are no orchards here, but they say they raise all kinds of fruit to perfection on the Columbia river only a few miles from here. I must stop for tonight.

Mary

Wed 12 Expect to start to Oak Grove tomorrow. Got letter from Bent and L.G. yesterday. Tell Mather, if any mail for any of us comes to that office where to send it.

Clackamas
March 25, 1880

Dear Sarah

Yours of the 17th was gladly received. We were glad to hear the good news. Tell Claude to live up to his profestion and he won't regret it. Mother Matlock was here yesterday. I read the letter to her. She seemed to be very glad, told me to tell you so when I sent a letter, and would be glad to hear of more conversions.

We are all well. John's folks have gone back home again. I got a letter from Mary this morning. I don't think she likes that country. She says they have had a harder storm than the other. It blew down houses and unroofed barns and lasted 18 hours. It is windy there all the time. They drove out to Goldendale one day. There they met Will Dunbar. He invited them to his home and introduced them to his wife and they staid and took dinner with them. Mary's P.O. address is New Lebanon, Klickitat Co W.T.

I had not heard of Mollie and Pratt separating, though I was not much surprised. Mary wrote to me that they staid there all night going and coming from Oak Grove and everything wasn't very pleasant but she thought the children were more to blame than Pratt.

What made you so long sending Cary's picture?

I think he is about as good looking as the rest of you. I am going to put them in a frame and would like to have Noble's to put in it too.

I want you to be sure to come when you said you thought you would. We are like your Aunt Sally. We haven't the means to go up there. It seems like a long time since I saw you all. John staid at Theodore's last night. Charley sent me a letter saying he was going home this evening so I thought I would send you those quilts. I have had them pieced a long time but couldn't get the chance to send them. Tell Agie not to feel slighted. I will piece her one sometime if I live long enough.

Old Mrs. Sprague has sold her house and lot to Len Jones for $120 to set Frank up in business. She is trying to sell off her furniture. I think she and Mrs. Jackson intend going to California.

Alvis Philips and his wife have parted. I don't remember whether I wrote it before or not. Old Father Allyn is dead. Perhaps you have seen it in the papers. Mary said Mills got a letter from Greenville saying his sister Ann Ramsey was dead. We understand from Bent that Mills has lost all of his cattle but 8 head. Mary never said anything about it. I have got the worst pen or paper I ever saw. Please write soon and tell all the children I want to see them awful bad.

I am as ever your mother

Amanda Talbert

Notes: Sarah was then living in Salem. The good news was that 17 year old Claude had joined the church. Pratt and Mollie each had children by previous marriages. Those children ruined the marriage - or so it was said. Aunt Sally is Amanda's sister. Charley, Claude, Cary and Aggie are Sarah's children. Mary is her sister. Theodore is the husband of her other sister, Hopie. Mother Matlock was Betsy, her mother-in-law* John Talbert is her half-brother, Amanda's son. Betsy, we think, was then living with her old friend, Jemima Capps.

* widow of W.T. Matlock.

Clackamas Nov 5 1882

N. N. Matlock Esq

My Dear Sir,

The first thing I will tell you is, that I have been sick ever since I got home, have had another siege of the swelling in my throat the Swelling is gone and I am better of my cold but not well yet, Ellen is just up from one of her sick spells. Emma, Johns wife has been very sick. Had the Doctor out to see her. She is getting better so I hear Mrs Talberts health she says is better than when she came home Mother is well as usual. Says she thinks it is time you should write to her.

When Carey comes down, if you have no use for that Hay Cutter this winter send it down by him, and I will take good care of it. I intended to bring it when I came if you could spare it, but I forgot it when I was with you, There is a man here whose Surname is Bennit, that is going to put up a sawmill immediately or sooner, he also has a planer and a feed smasher, tell Kara not to come till his eyes gets well. if he comes and gives us the sore eyes Ill gouge both his eyes out by the roots. Ernie has Graduated, and starts tomorrow morning to take the Professorship at Oberlin College at New York, no not New York New Era. The outcome of some children is past finding out - such uprisings, raises in the estimation of the world, all the ____, ____, and generations of all the relatives on both sides of the House.

Selah: if he stays at the college a week I shall find it my duty to write again Now if you read all this and aint sick, send for Doctor Clark to give you a mild (wamak?) as he did me the other day. I am writing this just simply for the news thats in it.

N. B. Hurry and get the Senatorship at the state house, so I can get the other fellow at the Asylum

P.S. Has there been another Senator elected since I left -

Very Respectfully

W Chapman

Drop me a line when you have leisure.

Notes: The above letter to Noble is from Wiley Chapman, his sister, Ellen's husband. Emma is John Talbert's wife. Mrs. Talbert is Amanda, John's mother. Her husband, Francis died about a year earlier. Amanda had just got home after visiting Sarah* in Salem. Mother is Betsy who is then living with Ellen and Wiley. Carey, to whom he also refers as Kara, is Noble's 17 year old son. Wiley is being facetious about his own son, Ernie, who is to become the new school teacher at New Era, some five miles south of Oregon City.

* also Noble and children, of course.

THE MATLOCKS LEAVE CLACKAMAS

I have already said that Theodore left Clackamas. It was probably in late 1872, after his father died.

According to Sarah's application for an Indian War pension Noble left in 1878, no doubt when their home burned, the same year Uncle "Q" came from Missouri. The 1880 census lists Noble and family in South Salem. His occupation is shown as "nurseryman" - whether in his own business or as an employe we don't know.

The same census lists Betsy, W.T.'s widow, at Rock Creek near Clackamas, with her old friend, the widow, Jemima Capps, mother of the deceased John who had married Mary Craghead, only to die 13 months later. In 1882 Betsy was living with her daughter, Ellen, at Clackamas. Sometime between 1882 and 1884 she moved to Salem where she lived with Noble. Ruth was 7 when they moved to Salem, 14 when they left. She said they lived near Bush Park which is still in South Salem, not far from where W.T. first lived in Oregon.

Although Ruth had pleasant memories and several life-long friends from that period, she spoke little of them. Or if she did, Dorothy and Louise have forgotten them - except for one incident. Once while playing in their hay loft Ruth fell from the loft onto a pitch fork. The resultant wound on her inner thigh left a big, permanent scar.

It seems strange that they don't remember hearing their mother say anything about Betsy. Perhaps she had lived with them only a short time before her death in 1884. She was 77. We don't know the cause of her death or of any illnesses.

In 1885 Noble and Sarah moved to the Noble area some 3 miles southeast of Scotts Mills and 20 miles northeast of Salem. They bought a farm there. Noble must have salvaged something from his Clackamas holdings, or have earned enough in their 7 years in Salem, to buy the place. We don't know its size, nor its exact location. A creek ran through it - Coal Creek, if we remember correctly.

Cousin Lena took us there once in the 1950s, a few years before she died. Nothing was there then, but Lena said the old house where the Matlocks lived had burned down only a short time before. About 1900, the community had boasted a school, store and post office. Now there is nothing left but farm land.

Family legend tells us that Noble ran the store and the post office, and that the area was named for him. In her 11 years there, Ruth surely became endeared to their home. In fact, she always regarded it as "home". She was even more endeared to her father who, she knew, was the finest man who ever lived.

The following letters give us an inkling as to why she and her younger siblings were so attached to their home there.

Clackamas May 28th 1885

Dear Sarah

Your letter received, I confess I was surprised and think you ought to have credit for writing such a long and newsy letter. I was sorry to hear of Charley's being sick and the girls meeting with such accidents, poor children. They must have suffered a great deal. I would advise them when they see a nail sticking up to turn the piece over that it is in. I am glad to hear you like the place and have plenty fruit and can raise everything you need except your flower bed. My house plants don't bloom worth a cent. I have one fuicia in bloom like the one Mrs. Campbell gave you. The rest have not a bud on them. I feel sometimes like throwing them over the fence.

Emma says tell you to let your flower bed go and go to raising turkeys. She had 30 when the rain came. Now she has five. Those that didn't die a natural death the rats killed. They killed one rat and Sam fetched in a very large one last night. Our cherries are turning red but I don't think the birds will let many stay to get ripe. I have been piecing some on a log cabin quilt. Light pieces are very scarce. I have knit four collars since I got home. Sold two for 50 cents a piece, haven't got paid for yet. Lena has got another boy. Got along splendid - only sick two hours and not very bad either.

Mrs. Davis is living with Snap. She looks very feeble. She and Jane have gone to visit Mrs. Bailey today. Miss Warner is teaching the school here. Has 45 schollars. Tell Dot Jerrie is in the second reader. I got a letter from Hopie. She says she is stronger than she has been for a long time. Has a boarder from East Portland. Cooks three meals a day. Theodore was keeping a fruit and vegetable stand. Had been running it about a week. Thought it would pay very well. Started with a small capital but expected to add more to it. Lena and Grace are going down in July and stay all summer. Hopie said I must be sure to come with them. Frank's wife wrote they were coming up in June and I have to go home with them. If I was able to go she would take no deniel. You said I have to go up there. So you see I can't go to all and I had better stay at home and let you all come to see me. I learned to crochet when I was at Salem. When you see Mary get her to tell you about the pretty little shawl I crocheted for myself. The folks down here admire it very much. This is the fourth letter I have written this week. Don't you think I deserve credit. One to Mary, one to Hopie, one to Lizzie Newbill. Uncle Q has been sick since ___?___. I expect he has the consumption. The last letter I got he hadn't been able to sit up longer than to have his bed made for 5 weeks. I would like to go and see him but I don't believe I could ride that far in a wagon.

We will have peas and potatoes large enough to eat in a few days. There have been bushels of wild strwberries down here. We have several new neighbors. Some of them are very noisy. John sold a man a lot and he is putting up a house on it. What has become of Merl and his Brother Jack? Do they catch any squirrels? I want you to come down this summer but I don't think I can go home with you. Mollie has not been well this week but goes to school. Faith and Mollie are taking music lessons of Miss Warner. Dora has been broken out in big spots but did not make her sick. I think you ought to let Grant come to see us. I call that a real good letter you wrote. Write again. My love to all

Amanda Talbert

The above letter is the last we have that was written by Amanda. Apparently Sarah and Noble were just getting settled after moving to Noble from Salem. Charley is their oldest child, then 24 years old and still living at home, it seems. The girls are Ruth, Agnes (Aggie) and Louisa (Dot), so called because she was no bigger than a dot when she was born. Two or more of the girls must have stepped on a nail. Already, in May, they are barefooted, perhaps for the summer. They would have been 14, 12 and 8.

Emma is the wife of Amanda's son, John Talbert. Sam must be a dog or a cat. Amanda tried to earn a few dollars by knitting and quilting. Her husband, Francis Talbert, had died 4 years before. Lena is the oldest of Hopie's 7 daughters. Hopie is one of Amanda's three daughters. Hopie and Theodore have just moved from East Portland to Los Angeles where Hopie seems to be keeping boarders, as she had in Portland. Grace is their second daughter. Now grown, she and Lena stayed in Portland when the rest of the family moved to Los Angeles. Grace never married.

Frank Talbert is Amanda's step-son. Uncle "Q" and his wife lived 3 more years. Amanda could hardly move because of arthritis in her back in her later years. Merl is Sarah's youngest child, the only one not born in Clackamas. Born in Salem, he is now five years old. "Brother Jack" is his imaginary playmate. Mollie and Dora are John and Emma's daughters. They all live in Amanda's old house which is still standing, though barely. It is now used for storage only. Faith is the daughter of Noble's sister, Almira Matlock Youmans. Grant is Sarah's 4th child, 18 years old. When very young he had polio which left his left arm and leg partially paralyzed, permanently.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Another letter, written to Noble at Noble in 1887 by his best friend, is omitted as the contents are meaningless to us. Dorothy said the two men enjoyed each other so much that they were almost inseparable. She gives this example.

One Sunday in summer they spent the afternoon at Noble's home, talking. When evening came, his visitor finally started home - a half mile or so down the road. Unable to let him go, alone, Noble walked all the way home with his friend. After talking at his doorstepfor a time, Noble finally started back to his own home. And, of course, his friend couldn't let him go alone. He walked half way home with Noble. They stood there in the road, half way between their homes, supperless, until darkness came and the moon came up.

These 50-60 year old men sound like 18-20 year olds. I remember a Sunday morning when we were 18, a friend and I, after taking our dates home from a Saturday night dance, sat in his car in front of my home and talked from 1 a.m. until 5:30 when Dad came out of the house with his milk pails enroute to the barn for his morning's milking.

Note: the following letter should come later, chronologically, but we overlooked it. Now we can't find a better place to insert it!

June 15, 1905
Barlow, Oregon

This morning, as you all know, M.L. Rickman and family consisting of one wife, one cat, two dogs and two horses, also a covered vehicle and other articles too numerous to mention, left the Talbert home for the sunny south. Everything went well and they were enjoying themselves immensely until they reached the home of Mr. J. Loenberger's when the left front shim broke, letting the front wheel fall off. After proper investigation it was found that nothing would remedy it but a new shim. Mr. Hanson, living on the old Williams place, offered the loan of his hack to drive to Oregon City, so we took the two dogs and the horses and drove to Clackamas bridge. There Matt took the car to Oregon City, leaving me to take care of the animals - (he unhitched the horses though). He couln't get what he wanted in Oregon City, so took the car for Portland. After some time he got back and we got back to the wagon which we left Loenberg's youngster watching. Mr. Hanson and Matt put on the new shim and by two o'clock we were ready to start once more.

Everything again went well until we were between Oregon City and Canemah, when driving up the electric car track the wagon wheels caught on the outside of the rails and spread the wagon wheels apart. He got out and fixed them the best he could but I tell you they looked "wobbly" for a while. By good driving and careful watching we arrived at New Era expecting to find a blacksmith shop but were told it was farther on at Canby. So with the help of a Dutchman the wheels were patched up again. We arrived at Canby at six p.m. The blacksmith shop was closed. The blacksmith lived out of town and the man at the saloon said he had more work than he could do, but that there was a shop at Barlow. So on to Barlow we went and here we are, right in front of the blacksmith shop. It's on one side of town - well, it's on the county road, if you know where that is. We turned Teddy out and he's contented as can be. Sits up in front of the wagon like he owned it. Well, we've eaten, fed the dogs and cats, put the wheel to straighten, so think we'll retire. O yes, the horses and dogs sleep in the blacksmith shop and Teddy is fastened in his box and put in the wagon. so good night.

June 16 Salem - Along about four o'clock this morning Ted fussed so to get out Matt got up and got Trail and tied him under the wagon, then turned Ted loose. We thought he'd be alright as he was perfectly contented last night. But this morning when we got up he was gone. We called him and looked all over Barlow for him. Had all the old Dutchmen in town looking for him, but couldn't find him. Two of them said if he was around there they'd get him and take care of him until we came back. With no further accident we arrived in Salem tonight and are camped in front of the SP depot. Just as we came in to Salem an Automobile came up behind us. The horses never noticed it at all. I think they would though if they met one. Doll is afraid of street cars here in Salem - or at least she tries to make believe she is - in Oregon City she wasn't afraid - she got frightened at the SP train yesterday. I think that by the time she gets as fat as Prince she will be as high lived as he is, or will want you to think she is. If I hadn't lost Ted it would be alright. But it's done and can't be helped now. They all said at Barlow he'd gone home but I'm afraid not. If I was sure he had I wouldn't care so much. If I'd had had the least idea we would

lose him I'd left him at home. Trump followed a train quite a ways after we left Aurora but after a while he stopped and waited for us. We thought we'd lost him too. I suppose some people would say the reason we had bad luck was because we started with a cat. Matt wants someone to kick him for half an hour because he bought an old wagon. He thinks Wade knew it was all worn out. If we make it through without breaking an axle we'll do well as it is bent quite a considerable.

June 17 Salem 8 a.m.. Matt's down town to see about another shim so if he breaks the other one he'll have an extra one. It's a fine sunny morning this morning. I forgot to tell you it rained all morning on us yesterday morning. My but it's dusty up in these parts. Quite a crowd is gathering at the depot so it must be train time. Matt's stomach is bothering him this morning. He ate some "bologne" yesterday and thinks that is what's the matter. Well, without any accidents we reach Albany today and drove about two miles this side. Albany is the worst town I ever saw. We tried every bakery for bread and couldn't get any. You ought to have seen me driving through the streets of Albany . A sprinkler came by while I was alone waiting for Matt to go to the bakery. Prince began to shy away so the fellow shut off the water. Then he was alright. Just before we got to Jefferson we passed a gypsy camp. One of them came out and wanted to know if we didn't want to get a match for that sorrel. We told him no and went on. O, yes, the first day out a little boy came out of that old store in front of Gladstone station and said, "Say, Mr. do you want to sell or trade that black horse"?

Talk about your dust, it's a fright. You couldn't tell whether your'e black or white five minutes after you start.

We have the bummest time getting good water.

June 18, Two miles south of Coburg on the McKenzie River. We started this morning at six a.m. and traveled until 5:30 p.m., a distance of about 46 miles. Of course, we stopped for dinner. And the dust, O, my. It's so dusty you can't see the horses to tell whether they're fastened to the wagon or not. This morning after we had passed Tangent, Prince saw a stump that had been grubbed up, lying at the side of the road and he got frightened. Matt made him stop and look at it, and he decided it was something awful and jumped against the tongue and the tongue had been broken before sometime and fastened together, so of course he knocked it out of whack. There was no way of straightening it here so we wired it up and went on. Tonight we fixed it. The axle is awful crooked but if nothing happens we will get there tomorrow. Prince is pretty tired, but he fretted and pulled ahead all day. Tonight while Matt was currying him he found out another sore was coming like he had before. I wouldn't live in this blooming country from Salem to Coburg. I don't think it's rained here since last fourth of July if it rained then. And there is not enough brush to get behind to s---. It is very hot indeed up along these roads. Trump hates to give up and ride. He's afraid he won't see everything. He has been on three feet part of today. We couldn't get bread any place today. We used all our potatoes for supper. All we have for breakfast is meat. I don't know how the dogs will fare. Can tell better tomorrow.

June 20 I didn't write last night. I see when I wrote last it was doubtful if we'd have anything to eat. Well, we ate beef steak and the dogs ate a slice of raw pork apiece for breakfast. For dinner we got some sardines and crackers and divided with the dogs and then gave them a slice of pork again. We got a sack of flour at Leaburg and some spuds at Walterville so last night we had a feast. They say there are no potatoes this side of Walterville. We got here last night about 5 o'clock and found Papa perched up on a rock by the side of a river watching the salmon.

Last night we had company. Colonel Finn and granddaughters (two of them). They didn't come on purpose to make us a visit but stopped. This morning they went up Gales Creek for the stove. I went as far as Andy's and waited for them to come back. Saw Billy and Winnie, Andy and his wife. Billy looks lots fleshier than he did. They have a baby two months old. Flossie married a Bob Hayes and "my big brother Wallie" married Hay's sister. The road out here is a fright. They said they have gravelled it but their gravel is great big rock. June 21st Yesterday I was trying to clean the house out a little. It's awful dirty and was sweeping the walls and taking their clothes down that were hanging on the walls. I found out the house is well stocked with bed bugs, big, little and unhatched bugs. We haven't slept in the house a night yet. Matt and I still sleep in the wagon. Took the bed off of the running gears and put it on two saw horses. We go in from the back and with the end gate out it's only a step in. Papa took the canvas we have and has fixed him a tent. The sides don't go clear to the ground and there's only one end in it. But he prefers it to bugs. He looks for Van Dusen up this week. Maybe he can get him to do some things so we won't have to live in the house. Last night the fleas bothered me till I couldn't sleep. I caught six in bed this morning and several got away. They have been biting me all day today. About a dozen on me now. Ponjade has a few onions and cabbage and lots of lettuce here. Told us to use it. Well, I'll go and have my head washed it's so dirty I can't get a comb through my hair. I couldn't wear my hat any on account of the wagon top. It wouldn't have done any good if I had though. There was a dead deer washed down against the rack this morning, had been dead some time. Its hair had all come off. Of course when the men went to take it off the two dogs and myself had to go along. I don't know what Trump was doing but I suppose acting smart and he fell in the river. He tried to swim back to the rack but the current was too strong for him and took him over the rapids. He wasn't afraid to try the rack again though. He's a regular water dog. Coming up here he'd swim across creeks instead of going across the bridge. Whenever we came to any water we would stop and throw sticks in to see Trump go after them. I saw quite a good many of those lillies like we have growing in an oat field on the road from Eugene here. Winnie has built a house on this side of the river and lives in it. Mr. Pepiot tore down the house where we lived and built one across the road. Billie and Dellie live across the river below Winnie's place. Grandma Pepiot has been very sick but is getting better now. She is at Coburg with her daughter. Do you remember that Thomson girl that married that half breed she has two babies not a year between them. Papa was saving us a venison ham it tastes fine. He's very anxious for Uncle Dan Palmatier and Uncle Frank to stop and see him. There seem to be a good many salmon in the river.

We went fishing last night but the fish wouldn't bite. Matt caught one, the only bite he had and Papa didn't get a bite. I forgot my wash board and Dora's chamber. I don't know yet what I want you to send up, will write again and let you know. Prince has a sore neck and it makes him mean to drive so they can't drive him until it's better. Did Wallie say anything after we left about inviting him to come with us? The winter we left here a cougar came down and caught Ponjade's dog by their woodshed, and it's as near the house as ours, and took it just a little way and ate it. I guess there are lots of cougar here. Trump dares one to come down now.

Well if I don't stop I'll have to pay two cents on this. Matt and Dad are fixing a barn.

Jessie

This house has building paper tacked on the walls. Do you suppose a person could tear that off, scald the walls and paste new paper on and get rid of the bugs? The house isn't ceiled.

June 22 It is raining a little this morning. I hung my apron over the window last night for a curtain. This morning it had a big bed bug on it.

Note: the above unsigned letter was written by Jessie (Talbert) Rickman, daughter of John Talbert, Sarah's half-brother. She had been married about six months.

Silverton Ore March 5th (1889-KH)

Dear Agie We got your and Ruths letter last Thursday and was glad to hear from you. Grant said he would answer your letter before long. He is sick, has been sick over a week. I dont know what is the matter with him. We thought it might be the mumps but the Dr. didnt think it was. He is so hoarse he can hardly speak. Mama isent well either. The Dr. was up to see them last night. Papa is going to Salem before long and will take you some vegetables.

We have got six calves. They are all heifers but one. Syd's is* a bull. Ped's, Clara's, Pansy's, Speek's and Pyde's are heifers. Dr. Rowland has a five leged calf. Its fifth leg is between its sholders. The skunks caught Black Dick and General York** We have got a lot of apples. Papa will bring you some. We got a letter from Claude yesterday. He sent $12, said to send $2 to you to have your pictures taken. Mama said by taking them together you could have half a dozen photographs and they are better than the tin-types. Claude says he thinks Ruth ought to have her hair done up and have long dresses on at the time. Mag was here and stayed all night Saturday night. I walked back with her as far as Kenworthys and saw their baby. I guess you didn't know they had a baby. They have got a boy two weeks old. They named it (Cauler?). The old Dr. named it.

(Later). It's lung fever. Grant has got the lung fever. Papa will send you money by the Dr. Did you know tomorrow will be my birthday? We are getting a good many eggs. We haven't got any new chackens. Mama said she will send you some eggs. Write soon

From your sister, Dot.

Notes: Before the post office opened at Noble in 1893 the nearest post office was at Silverton.

The writer is 12 year old Lillian Louisa Matlock, called Louise or, more commonly, "Dot". She is writing to her sisters, 16 year old Aggie, and 17 year old Ruth. They are in Salem, attending the academy (high school) or teacher training classes at Willamette University. As both would be teaching in the fall, it was probably the latter. Apparently they were "batching". We know that Ruth attended Willamette later,-the 1891-92 school year.

Grant is their 22 year old brother.

Claude, their 26 year old brother is living in Portland where he works for the Albers Milling Company.

Dorothy says that Ruth at age 17½ was still wearing "junior" clothes and "hair dos". Seemingly her parents didn't want her to be "grown up". In desperation Ruth sought the aid of Claude whose opinions were highly regarded by their parents. This letter shows that Claude gave his assistance, successfully, Dorothy says.

As Ruth was only 18 months older than Aggie their parents kept Ruth home until she was 7 so that the two girls could start school together. Ruth, Dorothy's mother, always resented this, says Dorothy.

* These are the names of the calves' mothers.
** Perhaps roosters or ducks?

Noble, Ore. March 21, 1895

Dear Aggie:

Dot and I were so busy studying last Tuesday that we didn't think of its being the day to write to you until it was too late to write. I suppose you will get this on Sunday, if you don't go to Clackamas Saturday. I guess you will get it Sunday night anyhow.

It is snowing most of the time today. It was very stormy last night. We have had some beautiful weather. Mama and I have raked the yard a great deal. Grant got a quince tree of Mrs. Murry and set it out at the back door in that hole. It is real pretty, looks considerable like the sycamore that Zacias climbed.

Lena returned last Monday. She said the Clackamas folks were looking for you on next Saturday. She brought Mama a calico dress and Merle a calico shirt from Portland, or the calico to make them because you know we boarded Hugh, Ivan and Allen for over two weeks, and her dog and six cats, and Charlie's dinner, and Merle did her chores. She says she is going again in three or four weeks and is going to leave all of the children, which we recognize and duly appreciate as a great honor.

The school is doing finely. We know more Latin than you ever dreamed of. They elected me president yesterday - another honor. We named the school, "Seminary Nobilitatis"-Seminary of Noble. Orange is the college color. We are going to select a college yell tomorrow. Minnie is splendid in grammar. She is teaching us to diagram. Eva couldn't get her algebra lessons, so I took the class yesterday. Dot is going to teach geography after this, and Eva literature. They are all anxious for you to get home to go to school too. Miss Finley is going to be married. Carey says he thinks you can have the school if you want it. We tried to get Dot to take it, but she won't.

Mr. Dutton stayed here last night. This is the third time he has been here since you left and the only time he has staid all night.

The cactus has seven blooms on it. Some are not open though. It is snowing quite hard and the snow is beginning to lie on the ground.

Well, I must stop and help Dot do the dishes.

Lovingly,

Ruth

Notes: Now, 1895, Noble boasts of its own post office.

Aggie is teaching at Gervais, a tiny settlement on the railroad, some 20 miles north of Salem. She could get on the train in Gervais and get off in Clackamas. She had access to her post office box on Sundays.

The 3 sisters were the motivators of the "school". All 3 were not only qualified as teachers, they were already teaching - Ruth and Aggie for some 5 years. Their co-teachers were other young women in the community. Some were cousins. Each taught the subject in which she was strongest. The school was a substitute for an academy or high school, neither of which was available in the area. A good many young people attended. Classes were held in

a large cabin or bunk house which Noble's older sons had built on their farm.

Their father, Noble, had died some 5 weeks before. Ruth, apparently, was not teaching in order to be at home with their bereaved mother, Sarah.

Lena is the cousin whom we have often mentioned before. Living nearby, she seems to rely upon our family to care for her home and children while she visited her husband's parents in Portland.

Merle, 15, is Noble and Sarah's youngest child.

This is the earliest reference to Daniel Livingston Dutton we have seen.

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THE MATLOCKS AT NOBLE*

Noble died 11 February 1895 of pneumonia. We don't know any details, except that the doctor "bled" him. Some of his descendants think it was the bleeding more than the pneumonia that killed him.

Dorothy thinks he was never healthy. Poor health was given as the reason he had to give up his study of law in his early 20s. And the foregoing letters often show concern for his health. Some descendants say that he was always frail and couldn't do physical work. Even on his farm he relied chiefly on his sons and hired men. Some thought that he regarded physical labor as demeaning - below his status - others that he was simply lazy, or didn't want to get his hands dirty.

His contemporaries seem to have regarded him with great respect - a fine person. Sarah and Ruth, at least, idolized him. Dr. Rowland, his best friend, said he'd never known such a fine man. The doctor who delivered Ruth's last child asked if he could name the baby boy, and did so - Noble. We have so little information on his life that we can't go into detail.

I've said that Dorothy's mother always regarded their farm at Noble as "home". It was her home from age 14 to 25. In her last years, when she was growing senile, we sometimes heard her murmuring, "Papa, Papa, oh, Papa." And, "Oh, I want to go home!"

Ruth and Aggie taught at numerous little schools in the area, including Crooked Finger, Scanty Grease, Whiskey Hill and Hard Scrabble. Although Ruth's teaching career was often interrupted after her marriage, Aggie taught from age 16 to 65, a total of 49 years, the last 30 or so in Portland.

Ruth, in her letter, states matter-of-factly that Mr. Dutton (Daniel Livingston Dutton) had visistd them 3 times, disclosing no personal interest whatsoever. Dorothy suddenly remembered some notes she made on her father about 1975. Here they are, called, simply, PAPA. You and I will wish there were more.

PAPA

"Papa was 3 years old when his mother died. His sister, Molly, who was 19, took over the care of the house and her two younger brothers for the next two years, until their father remarried. Molly remained at home for a year following his marriage, then was married herself but lived near by.

* Named for Noah Noble in whose home the post office was located.

Home of Noah Noble Matlock family at Noble (gone now) near Scotts Mills, east of Salem, Oregon where they lived from about 1885-1900. Behind the fence are Grandma (Sarah Catherine) Matlock and her son, Charlie's family.

Had we become interested in family history sooner we could have seen this old home. During the 1930s and 40s we had often taken Mrs. Dutton to Scotts Mills to visit her "Cousin Lena" and her sister-in-law, "Aunt Tote", widow of her brother, Charlie. The last time we visited there - probably in 1952 - we asked Cousin Lena to take us to see the old family home. She did. But it had burned to the ground some months earlier.

"She and Papa were very close - more like a mother-son relationship than a brother-sister. Papa's closest brother, James Howland, was 7 years older and by the time Papa was old enough to enjoy hunting, fishing, etc. Jim was a young man, either away at school or later teaching. So there was little companionship between them.

"Hannah Harkness, his step-mother, had two sons. Will was a year older than Papa and John was a year younger. These two step-brothers were more like brothers to him than were his own two brothers who were so much older. Papa and Will were especially close.

"All of the boys, including Papa, enjoyed fishing. And they hunted rabbits, prairie chickens and ducks. Papa was an excellent swimmer and was fun to be with.

"They all helped on the homestead in Cloud County, Kansas, some 3 miles south of Clyde, when they weren't in school. But 1883 was a time of change. Jim had been teaching around home but now he left for greener fields, in Iowa, near Des Moines. Molly and her husband, Will Campbell moved some miles away to Ames. And Ed, at age 32, married Rachel (Rae) Moore and bought his own farm. Grandpa was 67, Will 14, Papa 13 and John 12. It was difficult for Grandpa, not in the best of health, to farm the place with just the help of 3 school boys. He was also trying to carry on a medical practice.

"So the decision was made to move to Miltonvale. Schools were more available. Grandpa qould set up a medical office in their own home and the hard work of homesteading would be over. By May, 1883 the old place was sold, the new place in town was ready and the move made. There were enough people in the town to support a doctor and Grandpa made a comfortable living as a physician.

"When Papa was 17 in 1887 he entered college, perhaps in Norwich College, Vermont, where, to please his father, he studied medicine. Within a year he knew that medicine was not what he wanted and he switched to the ministry which he enjoyed. He attended college about two years, but his father's failing health called him home. He taught school around the county until his father's death, 5 May 1891.

"Papa had saved some money from his teaching and he received some as a bequest from his father. For some time he had been thinking of coming to Oregon where several Dutton cousins had settled and now, after the death of his father, it seemed a good time. Besides, he hadn't been feeling really well for a while and both Molly and his step-mother, Hannah, felt a change of climate would be of benefit. They weren't sure whether his malaise was mental, physical or both.

"He came by train to Oregon and was soon in Salem to see the capital. While there he went to the county school superintendent to see about teaching and he attended church services. He accepted an invitation to attend a church meeting at Noble in the hills above Scotts Mills and to help out.

"He liked the area and the people and accepted a teaching position at Scotts Mills.

"Papa had a beautiful baritone voice, both in speaking and singing. He could play most musical instruments, so it wasn't long until he started a singing school at Noble and it was very well attended. He also preached in various churches in the area.

"Cousin Lena and her family had moved to Noble about 1894. Her son, Bruce, went to school to Papa. When we talked to Bruce in 1972, he said, "Cousin Dutton was the best teacher I ever had. He was easy going and well liked and all the students did their best to please him."

"Papa's flashing blue eyes, infectious smile and pleasant manner won many friends for him. Soon he and Ruth Matlock were regarded as a couple. But Mama's parents weren't pleased with the situation. Papa didn't own any land and didn't seem inclined to get any. He didn't want to be a farmer. Before Papa came on the scene Mama had been interested in a prosperous young farmer who owned his place and it seemed certain that they would marry. Now, here was this itinerant singing master - preacher- teacher changing Mama's safe future. They knew nothing about him or his people. His family was way back east in Kansas and he was certainly a damn Yankee - his father born in Vermont! He wasn't good enough for Ruth. He had nothing and was apparently restless - didn't want to settle down on his own place. They didn't want her to marry Mr. Dutton. She didn't. Not until 18 months after the death of her father in 1895 were they married - in the home of her mother at Noble.

"Papa gave her a gold wedding band, set with one large ruby , with two smaller diamonds on each side. Mama loved it and always wore it. It may have belonged to Papa's mother, Mary Cornelia Howland.

"After my birth, Mama had lost weight, making the ring a little large. She did the washing one day, neglecting to remove it. When she was finished, the floor mopped, and the water emptied on the garden, she discovered the ring was gone. They all hunted and hunted but it was never found and it was never replaced."

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Dorothy, we're glad you found that little story you'd written - and the others that follow. I might add that Noble persuaded Ruth to postpone her marriage at least a year to see if she might change her mind. Out of reverence to her father she waited eighteen months after his death. But she didn't change her mind.

Daniel Livingstone Dutton was commonly called "Livvy". Ruth called him Mr. Dutton until their first child was born. After that she called him, "Papa". He was in the Scotts Mills-Noble area by 1894, perhaps by 1893, or even earlier, not long after the death of his father, Daniel Benedict Dutton II. "Livvy" and Ruth first met in his singing school.

Another of Dorothy's stories follows. It is called,

MAURICE

"After their marriage in 1896 Mama and Papa went to Sublimity, some 15 miles east of Salem where they both taught school. Sublimity was an enlightened, prosperous community that operated its school from the time crops were gathered in the fall until time for planting in the spring. There, 14 months after their marriage, Maurice Livingstone Dutton was born. The Livingstone in his name was for "Dr. Livingstone, I presume!", the African explorer and medical missionary who, according to family legend, is a cousin. We have found our Livingstone ancestry back to John who in 1788 attended Edinburg University in Scotland, who married a widow, Martha Lyle, in Bethesda, Md.,1793, who later was a minister in Alexandria and

Fredericksburg, Virginia, and who, late in life in Baltimore, became a Quaker.

"The first born, Maurice, was such a sweet, pretty, happy baby. His dark hair was curly enough to hang in soft ringlets. His eyes were large and blue and he weighed twelve pounds at birth. He was a delight to his parents.

"Besides teaching, Papa was preaching and running a singing school.

"A doctor came to the house for the delivery. As babies in those days, 1897, all wore dresses until they were toilet trained, and their hair was allowed to grow, Maurice, with his big blue eyes, long dark curls past his shoulders and winning smile, was often taken for a girl.

"After Dwight was born, Maurice's curls were cut and he was put in short pants to be a boy. One day when it was too quiet, Mama went into the kitchen to investigate. Maurice was under the sink with a pan of water, a cup and a sieve, busily scooping water out of the pan into the sieve and so onto the floor. When Mama came into the room he didn't miss a scoop as he admonished, 'Now, don't nobody bozzer me!'

"Maurice didn't get to be the baby very long, for Dwight was born in 1899 and was always sickly. So poor, sturdy little Maurice had to give up his babyhood early. He and Papa were very close - a special sort of closeness born of enjoying the same things."

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Although Dwight was born at Noble, we think that Ruth had simply gone home to be with her mother. They still lived at Sublimity. Dorothy wrote the following about Dwight. It must have occurred while they were still living at Sublimity.

DWIGHT - 1900 *

"One sunny, warm spring day Mama heard Dwight, age about 8 months, babbling away outside on the blanket where she had put him a short time earlier. Smiling to herself over his vocalizations, and curious to know to whom he was 'talking', so eagerly, she stepped out on the porch to say 'good morning' to a passing friend. No one was any where in sight, but there, stretched out on the edge of the blanket was a rattlesnake, its head weaving restlesssly - its tongue flicking in and out questingly. In a flash Mama pinned the snake down with the broom she held in her hands and shouted for Papa who came running. He quickly dispatched the snake. Mama grabbed Dwight. Papa and the neighbors conducted a snake hunt but found no more rattlers.

"Dwight was a sickly baby. Mama wasn't well, during her pregnancy and after. She always felt that her milk supply was inadequate for him. He was colicky. He slept poorly. Maurice, at 21 months, needed her attention too, and Mama was just spread too thin between two babies and all that house work. She prevailed among her nursing friends who had milk to spare to take Dwight on for a good feeding as often as possible which got them through until he could be fed from a spoon and cup. He always had a cold. Whatever the prevailing disease, Dwight got it first and shared it with all the others. The doctor said for Mama to let Dwight go barefoot and shirtless and play in the good, clean dirt all he wanted to."

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*Indefatigable Grgrandma Amanda Newbill Craghead Talbert died, age 90.

Daniel Livingston Dutton
(1870-1918)

Ruth (Matlock) Dutton
(1871-1954)

Dwight & Maurice Dutton
(1904)

Churchill

The next we know of them for sure was when their third child, Ruth, was born 5 years later, 1904, in Portland. As we think Ruth's mother and siblings, the younger ones at least, were already living in Portland, it is reasonable that they would go there for the birth whether they, themselves, were living there or not. Baby Ruth had no middle name, and we know nothing of her babyhood. Although we don't know their whereabouts during all the intervening 5 years, we do know they lived and taught in Hayesville and Brooks. Both are northern suburbs of Salem.

*Portland's 1905 World Fair made a strong impression on Dorothy's mother, aunts and uncles. Dorothy remembers hearing them talk of it at their family reunions well into the 1920s. They went not just once but several times, or even more, with the composition of the group always changing.

One of its exhibits lived and thrived into the late 1950s or early 1960s. That was the forestry building which stood near the old Montgomery Ward store. Made of Douglas fir logs 4-6 feet in diameter, which were hewn, notched and fitted together, with a lofty roof supported by huge vertical tree trunks, the enormous structure was full of interesting exhibits hinged upon wood products. It was probably the region's greatest tourist attraction for decades. Its long life ended in a great conflagration of unknown origin. Although its replacement is entirely adequate it can't compare with the unique original.

The fair site was located on filled land in Guild's Lake, a vast marsh in present northwest Portland. It is now an industrial area, probably the city's largest. The fair attracted hundreds of thousands of visitors from all over the world and caused a large spurt in the city's growth.

A year later, in 1906, their 4th child, Louise, was born, in Astoria. They had been at the coast - where we assume they had been living, teaching and preaching - and were on their way to Portland when urgency required them to stop. Dorothy tells of it.

"LOUISE - 1906" **

"Her name was Mary Louise but we always called her Louise, which as a child, she disliked. Someway, she couldn't convince the family she was anyone else but Louise. When she was grown and left home to work in Spokane she immediately became Mary Lou.

"We called John William "Billy" until he started to school and learned his name was John. Thereafter, he insisted on being called John. The hardest thing I ever did was changing from Billy to John. Louise someway didn't have the calm assurance that we'd fall in line as we had for John.

"Louise was born in transit. They were on their way from somewhere on the coast to Portland, to Grandma's, for her birth, but by the time they reached Astoria it was obvious the baby was ahead of schedule. Bouncing around over rough roads in a buggy or a wagon probably hurried her along.

"The only house available quickly was on the dock near a fish cannery, in the midst of a Finnish colony. While Mama settled Maurice 9, Dwight 7 and Ruthie 2½ and got things ready, Papa hurried around to find a midwife. The storekeeper was able to supply her name and where she could be found.

*Unlike recent world's fairs, Portland's was a financial success.

**The incredible Sarah Newbill Kemp, Amanda's sister died, age 102.

"On Saturday evening, 24 November, 1906 Louise made her early appearance, with the help of a smiling middle-aged, sturdy, Finnish mid-wife with only a smattering of English. She drank innumerable cups of coffee well laced with canned milk and a dallop of butter melting on top, strained thru a cube of sugar held in her teeth.

"'Nice baby,' she pronounced, 'too little,maybe, but-' with a shrug, 'strong. She'll grow'.

"Louise was small and dainty, with a beautifully shaped head, delicate features and big brown eyes. They were well pleased.

"They remained in Astoria some weeks until Mama really got fed up with Maurice and Dwight disappearing thru the trap door in the floor, descending the ladder that ended in a rowboat under the house, and reappearing on the bay bobbing around like yellow and red tops. (One wore a red stocking cap, the other a yellow one). At first Papa took them out in a boat but when he wasn't available they felt they could explore and fish the bay as well as the Finnish boys, thereby scaring the wits out of Mama. Besides, the Finns were clannish and most of the women could speak no English. The midwife appeared every few days bringing a friend to see the baby and drink coffee but on the whole it was a lonely and worrisome time for Mama, and she was glad to leave.

"Louise is usually early for appointments, (probably caused by her premature birth)! She was reading at age 4 and had her own library card.

"She was a small 4 year old but was allowed to go alone the block or two to the library where she would read an hour or so then select the books to take home but she was too small to be seen by the librarian who would have to stand up, lean forward and peer over the counter to see what was propelling the stack of books toward her."

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THE DUTTONS AT VICTOR

We don't know exactly when they arrived at Victor, nor when they left Astoria. We know they were at Victor by July, 1908, probably earlier, perhaps in early 1907. Maurice and Dwight carried a strong attachment for the area far into adulthood, too strong to have developed in a short time, even in mid to late childhood.

Victor, in north central Oregon, now extinct, was on Juniper Flats, a few miles west of Maupin, about midway between Tygh Valley to the north and Wapanitia to the south. The existence of the tiny settlement was tied to the stage line. It was an overnight stop for the horse drawn stages, with an inn, livery stable, post office and perhaps a store. The Duttons operated some or all of those services - we don't know just which. We do know they ran the post office, that they had a hired girl and that Daniel, assisted by Maurice, operated a horse drawn freight line to Shaniko. Maurice told me about it one day in the 1950s - the last time we ever saw him. Although interested, I wasn't interested enough to write it down or to encourage him to go into detail. Now, unfortunately, I've forgotten most of it.

He said they hauled the sheepmen's wool to market in Shaniko and brought back supplies for them, notably food and clothing for the families and crews, and salt for the sheep. Daniel filed a

homestead claim on the land where they lived.

Maurice said that, on their freight line, Daniel drove a large wagon, drawn by a team of 8 horses. Maurice, about 14, drove a smaller one, drawn by 4 horses. On the steepest hills, going down, they had to chain the rear wheels to the wagon bed to hold the wagons back. Climbing up, the 8 horse team was necessary to pull up the small wagon, while all 12 horses were required to pull the large one.

The coming of the railroad caused the demise of Victor and wiped out the Duttons' livelihood. It bi-passed Victor and went through Maupin. The stage line ceased. Even the post office moved to Maupin. Maurice reported, in the 1930s, that only a lonely shed still tottered on their old place. In the 40s he went again and found only a few scattered boards lying on the ground. In the 60s we searched for it and found nothing but weeds where a rancher told us the inn had stood. All that we found standing were two road signs pointing , one to the north, one to the south, to a long-gone roadside inn, called Victor. Dorothy tells more of their lives there.

"About 1907 the family went to Victor in Wasco County. Papa took out a homestead, had the post office and a stage stop and hauled freight to and from Shaniko, Maupin, Antelope, Dufur and Victor. Maurice often went with him on his freight runs, learning to drive and handle horses, etc.. He and Papa enjoyed the hot, dry summers, the cold, dry winters and the flat desert country.

"Baby Catherine was born there at Victor on Juniper Flats on a hot July day. She was a premature 'blue' baby, too tiny to live. Mama often told how tiny she was. She could fit into a shoe box with room to spare and weighed only 3 pounds. She lived 9 days. This was in 1908. We have never found her grave. *

"A year or so after I was born at Victor the railroad came into Maupin and on to Bend and so cut into the horse and mule freight business. The Victor people began to move into the railroad towns. The post office was discontinued. Victor was no longer a stage stop. The Dutton income practically stopped.

"Mama was pregnant with Noble and needed a doctor's care so it was decided that she would take Dwight, Ruthie, Louise and me to Portland, until after the baby's birth. Maurice, who was about 15 by then, would stay on the homestead with Papa.

"After we left, Papa got the Ft. Rock school, some distance away. It was too far to commute. Papa would have to live near the school. After much discussion, Maurice convinced Papa that he was old enough to stay alone at the homestead so proving up on it until Mama and the rest of us came back. But Mama had a difficult birth and was unable to return. Maurice, after all, wasn't very old. The wolves and bobcats were forced out of the mountains down onto the flats after food. There were always the coyotes, too, and no neighbors nearby. Maurice was a gregarious fellow and the loneliness got to him. At the first break in the weather, he saddled up and joined Papa at his school.

"So ended the Eastern Oregon venture. They joined Mama and the rest of us in Portland. The birth of the new baby had been difficult. The first and last children were boys, each weighing 12 pounds and each required a doctor. None of the rest of us did. Mama recovered very, very slowly.

*The box was lined with lamb's skin and warmed with a hot water bottle. The box was placed in a tiny coffin.

Dorothy tells of a misfortune which befell Dwight about 1907. It was not long after they arrived in Victor, when he was about 8.

"Maurice and Dwight were crazy about the horses and were always trying to ride them. When Dwight was about 8 his horse stumbled and fell, tossing him to the ground. The tumble knocked him breathless so that he was unable to move. As the horse struggled to his feet he rolled onto Dwight who still was motionless. Maurice ran shrieking to the barn for Papa who came running. When he got there the horse was standing quietly beside Dwight who couldn't talk. Papa ascertained that Dwight was just breathless - nothing broken - and carried him to the house with Maurice running ahead to tell Mama. The horse, with ears pricked forward, brought up the rear. Papa rode him bare-back to get the doctor who lived just down the road.

"Some days after his fall Papa again went for the doctor. Dwight had developed what the doctor called St. Vitus Dance--a disorder of the nervous system characterized by irregular, jerking movements caused by involuntary muscular contractions - Chorea. He gradually improved but for several months he was plagued by the movements."

ENTER, OUR MAIN CHARACTER

Victor - 1910

Dorothy tells of her own birth:

"Then, as now, I'm slow, procrastinating until enough pressure builds to force me into action. So was it at my birth. For 40 days and 40 nights they waited, expecting me at any time. Then, like the flood, with little warning, there I was.

"Babies, in 1910, were born at home. And Mama was an old hand at the birthing business since I was her sixth child. She had no doctor but did have a nurse "cum mid-wife". Since I was expected in early April, Papa had engaged the nurse in The Dalles several months earlier. Then, as Mama got larger and I became more vigorous in my kicking and stretching, Mama and Papa got edgy, and on Saturday, the second of April Papa hitched our white horse, Dandy, to the buggy and drove the 40 miles to The Dalles, spent the night, and on Sunday, the third, Papa, the nurse, and Dandy arrived back in Victor late in the evening to find Mama and me maintaining the status quo. Everything was ready for my birth except me.

"Mama baked, cooked, and cleaned in preparation. The nurse got right down to her knitting. By the end of the first week the sweater she was working on was completed and presented to Mama for the baby. By the end of the second week the hood and booties were laid away with the sweater. The cooking and baking had been eaten. The house needed cleaning. Mama and the nurse started over - the nurse on a coverlet, Mama on bread, pies, stew, and cleaning cupboards. The fourth week Mama cleaned closets and washed windows. She baked and cooked. The nurse gave up on me and started a sweater for Louise. Mama gave up on the cleaning and planted a flower garden. At the beginning of the sixth week Cousin Lena came from Clackamas to see for herself what was holding things up. Mama was still cooking, the nurse still knitting but she was beginning to talk of going back to The Dalles as she was getting low on yarn and she doubted that Mama was expecting a baby at all.

"On Monday morning, the 16th of May, 40 days later, as Mama was well into the washing, she decided she'd either picked up a bug or eaten something that disagreed. Her nagging back ache was to be expected - leaning over a washboard. Another stomach twinge made her reach for the soda box when a more severe twinge caught her by surprise, causing her to grunt and drop the soda box. Another twinge came on the heels of the last, forcing another grunt. The nurse appeared - no knitting. She took Mama in hand. By the time Mama was in bed, several grunts and a half hour later, I was there, too, taking everyone by surprise after all.

"Cousin Lena said she had never seen anything like the way Ruth had babies. She would be so sick the first three months each time that all she could do was lie over a log and vomit. Then, when the baby was due, three grunts and it was all over. The nurse was very competent as soon as she had a patient, as well as being a good cook. Two weeks later she left. Cousin Lena left a week or so after that.

"A year or two later the post office left, and then we joined the exodus. The railroad had come. It by-passed Victor and went through Maupin. It did away with Papa's stage line, freight line, hotel, restaurant - everything, not just the post office.

"Victor is no more - living only in the fading memories of a few old timers. But I'm still here!"

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The family probably left Victor in late 1912 or early 1913.

One of Dorothy's older cousins said that he remembered when Daniel Dutton taught in a tiny, remote school out of Fort Rock in south central Oregon. He "batched" there. Maurice left their homestead, joining his father. We don't know how he traversed the intervening 150 miles. When Daniel's term ended they re-joined the rest of the family in Portland. Whether they arrived before Noble's birth, March 24, 1913, we don't know. We found Ruth in the 1913 Portland Directory, living in the Lents area, near her life-long friend, Mrs. Watson. Although this sounds as if Daniel hadn't yet joined her, it might be that the information was obtained in late 1912 or very early in 1913.

Dorothy recalls hearing of another incident that occurred while they lived at Victor. It was about 1909, before she was born. It happened in a railway passenger depot, probably at Dufur, some 20 miles north of Victor. The railroad had come to Dufur by 1910. Dorothy tells us:

"RUTHIE"

"Mama believed the ideal family consisted of the parents and 4 girls. She felt she really shouldn't be blamed for two false starts, and Maurice and Dwight were both welcomed happily. Papa was very pleased that the two first born were boys.

"Then came Ruthie on 12 March 1904. Mama was delighted with her brown eyed first daughter. Papa, too, was pleased and said at once, 'We'll call her Ruth.'

Mama had thought Sarah Catherine for her own mother, but Papa was adamant. Ruthie was born in Portland where they had come to

be with Grandma for the birth. Dwight was 5 years old and no longer a baby. His health was better and he was growing into a sturdy little boy. He was the one who started calling the baby, "Ruthie". Neither Papa nor Mama liked nicknames. Children should be called by their given names. But the first girl was very soon "Ruthie" to everyone. She was the only one of the Dutton children to have a nickname. It may have been permitted to differentiate between mother and daughter. But I believe she was such a good, sweet, serious little thing that she was just naturally "Ruthie". She would cling tightly to any proffered finger and study the face above intently. Family life revolved around the baby. There was always a closeness between Dwight and Ruthie.

"She walked and talked early. Dwight was always ready to let her hold his thumbs while she practiced.

"From the first she tried to do what Mama did. She'd help make beds, set the table, wash the dishes, put things away. When Mama swept the floor, Ruthie swept with her own little broom. When Mama dusted, Ruthie had her own dust cloth.

"When Mama cooked, Ruthie sat on the table where the action was and helped, while Dwight stood on a stool, draped in one of Mama's aprons and really got into it. Especially, the bread, pie and cookie making fascinated them. There were so many interesting things to do with a bit of dough. But Dwight was interested in all kinds of cooking and was a real help.

"Ruthie was serious, and literal minded. When Louise was about 2-3 years old Mama accepted an invitation from Mrs. Brittain, a cousin in The Dalles, to bring the two girls and spend several days.

"Mama's all-seasons (except winter) wheat colored linen suit had just been finished and fit beautifully. It fell straight to her knees where two narrow gores had been set in (thereby giving a bit more room to walk) and dropped to her instep. The back fullness was gathered into a slight bustle and fell in soft folds to within an inch of the floor where a chestnut brown pleated satin dust ruffle brought the skirt down to the fashionable length - just barely clearing the floor in back and curving up on the sides to where it broke in front on her instep so that the toes of her laced high top brown shoes peaked out with each step. The dressmaker had added the same dust ruffle pleating at her wrists. The jacket had a little peplum that helped call attention to Mama's slim waist and hips. Her soft lawn blouse with a jabot consisting of a froth of lace at her throat and down the front, was of a cream-rose color that complimented the cluster of cherries on her new Panama hat. The rosy color of her blouse and the cherries, ranging from the creamy-red of a Royal Ann to the clearer, deeper red of a Lambert, set off her outfit to perfection. The cherries looked good enough to eat.

"Mama surveyed herself in the mirror of the oak dresser with acorns for drawer pulls. She tweaked her Panama to a better angle, drew on her left brown kid glove, tucked her brown leather purse under her arm, gathered up the back folds of her skirt in her left hand so that the dust ruffle cleared her ankles completely (She didn't want dust on until she got to The Dalles and Mrs. Brittain.) and went out to Papa and her family waiting at the buggy. Papa's blue eyes sparkled in appreciation. "You're looking very elegant,

Mrs. Dutton,' he said as he helped her into the buggy and kissed the ungloved hand. Not to be outdone, Maurice told her she looked nice. Dwight contributed, 'You're pretty.' Ruthie surveyed Mama carefully then turned to the boys and said, 'She's beautiful!'

"Two year old Louise, the baby, couldn't take her eyes off the cherries. 'Good, good,' was her contribution. Mama, a dust scarf over her hat and cherries and tied under her chin, covered her new outfit with a dust coat and they were off.

"The station in Dufur was warm so Mama took off her hat and put it and Louise on a bench and told Ruthie to watch them while Mama went to wave goodby to Papa and the boys. She was gone only a few minutes. When she turned back to the bench she was just in time to see Louise pop the last cherry into her mouth and chomp it up. Ruthie was standing aghast, watching. 'Ruthie,' Mama gasped, sticking her finger in Louise's mouth to scoop out any cherry parts left in, and swabbing her off, 'I asked you to watch Louise!'

"'But I did watch her,' answered Ruthie, 'I watched her eat them all. Didn't you want your cherries, Mama?'

Cherries have always been Louise's favorite fruit."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I might add that Dorothy learned about her mother's fine dress by finding it in their attic and playing in it for years while she was growing up. It is amazing that she can remember it so well, after 60-65 years.

LENTS, S.E. PORTLAND, LATE 1912 - 1913

Dorothy remembers one story from that time. It follows:

"MY LITTLE RED ROCKIN'"

"It wasn't really a toy, but I loved it. If I were to be gone from home more than an hour my 'Little Red Rockin'' had better be there too, or life was completely miserable for everyone. Always when we went to Grandma's, my Little Red Rockin' had to come along. It usually fell to Dwight's unhappy lot to carry it, causing him acute embarassment to lug that unwieldy rocking chair on and off the street car. However, as compensation, he got to stand by the motorman, keeping the chair in place with his feet and legs. When we got off the street car at 80th and Ash, Dwight would turn the chair upside down on his head, peering through the back rounds at the world and scowling at anyone who seemed inclined to laugh or make remarks. We were at Grnadma's so much that everyone knew us and we them. We made quite a parade - we 5 kids and Mama and sometimes Papa. If any one of the uncles were home they'd walk down to the street car stop to meet us with any aunts and cousins who were around. It was wonderful. This was my world and I'd be passed around like a doll for hugs and kisses. Maurice and Dwight always got to the house first. When I got there, there would be my chair, waiting in its place by Grandma's rocking chair, and that's where I'd be. My diaper padded bottom fit so comfortably into its seat, my head could rest against the top. My hands loved the feel of the rounded ends of the arm rest. Grandma and I would rock together, smiling at each other.

"After a while Grandma would hold me on her lap and we'd rock in her chair. Life was good.

Dorothy Ruth Louise Dorothy

1912 - Grandma's house, SE 78th and Ash, Portland. The girls were playing in the yard when a commercieal photographer came along and asked if he could take their picture.

"Grandma" (Sarah Catherine) Matlock at her home in Montavilla - from about 1900-1922. It was then 22 East 78th St.. Now, it is 204 SE 78th Avenue.

"When I had a bath at Grandma's all the aunts, uncles and Grandma would come in and watch, which was fine with me. One morning Grandma decided to have a bath. She left the water running to fill the tub and went to her room for clothing. When she returned to the bathroom she found me in my Little Red Rockin' as close to the tub as I could get, all ready to enjoy watching Grandma take her bath. But it didn't work out that way. My chair and I were laughingly removed."

What a memory for a 2½ year old!

TWO YEARS AT THE BEACH

* The Duttons next appear in the Portland Directory in 1916. During most if not all the intervening two years they were at the coast, in Tillamook County. More specifically, they were at Rockaway, and at Hobsonville, a few miles to the north. Dorothy remembers a number of stories from that time. And here they are:

"STILL 1913 - HOBSONVILLE"

"in the fall when school started Mama took Ruthie, 9 years old, Louise nearly 7, I, about 3½ and Noble, about 6 months old, to school with her. Noble took his naps in a big wicker basket at school, and for my naps I had an army cot with a soft, cozy blue blanket all my own. My Little Red Rockin' came, too. I spent quite a bit of time dragging my chair from class to class as Mama heard the recitations. When I tired of classes I played outside under the windows so Mama and Ruthie (as well as the other kids) could see me. I don't remember learning to read. It seems that I always knew how. And there were always books and kids reading aloud. When Noble woke and fussed Ruthie would take both of us home, across the road, I for a snack and favorite toy, Noble to be changed. Then back to school we went. When Noble needed to be fed, the school was given a play period while Mama nursed him. We all soon accommodated ourselves to the regular school regime. Ruthie kept up with her school work and seemed to enjoy taking care of us.

"Papa called Ruthie 'Little Mother'. When Noble started talking , one of his first words was 'Mudder', his version of 'Mother'. Ruthie was always 'Mother' to Noble. Our mother was always 'Mama'."

The 1½ story house on the bluff overlooking the ocean seemed ideal for our family of six children and our parents. There was a big garden plot facing the road, already for planting, a chicken house and a cow shed. It was just across the road from the school where Mama would teach. Papa's school and church were a little farther away, but Dandy and the buggy could share Daisy's shed and still have room for hay and grain. To the Jersey, Daisy, one cow shed was much like another if it included feed.

"With Dandy pulling the buggy, twitching his ears and switching his tail, Daisy trailing behind, Rex trotting beneath, little Fritz with us, and the hens and old Red in the coop on the back, we ambled down the road to Hobsonville and the house on the bluff. Maurice and Dwight drove the wagon with the furniture.

"Upon arrival, the black wood range with its warming oven was set up and its cistern on the side filled with water. So was the teakettle. Papa's chair was by the stove where he could open the oven door and warm his feet. The tall heater with the shiny nickel

*The 1913 school census, probably taken in the summer, shows the Duttons at Beaver, some ten miles south of Tillamook.

dome on top that could swing to the side leaving a level surface for a coffee pot, was in place in the living room. There too was the gleaming round oak table that, by adding boards could change its shape. It was fascinating to me that it could go from round to long. The old oak bureau with the two candle shelves and the acorn drawer pulls was in Mama's bedroom where it always had its place. The beds were made with the familiar crazy quilt and log cabin counter panes. We were home again.

"The broody hens were set. The garden was planted. We all helped. Mama's sweet pea bed was in an ideal spot. Maurice fussed over the tomatoes and cucumbers. I dropped the potatoes in the ground and patted the soft crumbly soil over them. We dropped three grains of corn in each hole. It was more fun to plant a garden than to keep the weeds out. Between the rows of vegetables Mama, Ruthie and Louise planted flowers. Maurice enjoyed gardening and planted more and more seeds. Dwight liked Daisy and did the milking night and morning with Papa's help. The milk room was on the cool shady side of the back porch near the kitchen. It had shelves around three sides for the big round pans of milk, the churn and butter molds. It was screened and we must never, never leave the door open. We must come through the door quickly and not let in any flies. A fly swatter was always available in the milk room and we must not go away leaving a fly with the milk. After each milking Mama strained it into the big round pans and left them on the shelves for the cream to rise.

"We picked the abundant wild strawberries, sweet and juicy and had shortcake with good Jersey cream. There were enough for jam for winter, too. We picked the delicious little wild blackberries for jam and pie. It was a happy time.

"One day Mama came to the milk room to discover that someone had left the screen door open. Not only had the flies got in with a few other insects, but the chickens had also come in. Every pan of milk on the shelves had been walked on by the chickens, cream and milk gulped down and every pan was decorated with chicken droppings! Did we ever get scolded! All the pans had to be emptied, washed and boiled. Every shelf had to be cleaned and disinfected. The floor had to be scrubbed. But worst of all the screen was nailed shut and we all had to go around the house to another door. There was no butter that night. We had to wait until enough cream had risen for a churning. We did drink the evening's milking but we all held back for butter was important, too.

"Dwight liked to cook. He, Ruthie and Mama spent a lot of time in the kitchen making bread, rolls, cakes, pies, cookies, jam and jelly, preserves, and in canning. I liked it all except the green tomato preserves. Those just wouldn't go down. But Mama and Papa liked them. I loved the smell of the apple butter simmering on the stove, all cinnamony and nutmeggy. Sometimes I'd put a piece of crusty home made bread on saucers for Noble and me, pile on the thickening apple butter and then cover it all with rich cream. We'd sit on the porch watching the ocean, slapping at flies and eat our snack. Delicious."

"PEACH POISON - 1914"

"One day Papa and Maurice brought home several bushels of tree ripened peaches, leaving them lined up on the porch until Mama was

ready to can them. We were warned not to eat them but were not told that they might have poison on them. While Mama and Dwight washed the jars, Ruthie was to watch Louise, Noble and me. For a while it was enough just to see and smell the golden fruit and anticipate the taste. The bees, too, were buzzing around, wanting peaches. Finally we could wait no longer and each took a peach - even Ruthie. Giving it a hasty rub off on our fronts we ate. Sweet juice ran down our arms and dripped off our elbows. One sweet peach was not enough. Before long we had each eaten several, carefully rubbing off on our fronts the prettiest side.

"When Mama and Dwight came out to get the peaches we four were stretched out on the porch having difficulty breathing, violent headaches, high fevers and very somnolent. Mama sent Dwight on the run for Papa. 'Tell him to bring the doctor,' she called after him.'

"Soon Papa, the doctor and Dwight were there studying the situation. Although I can't remember what treatment we received, we were quite ill for several days. Ruthie and I were the worst, I because I'd simply 'pigged' out on unwashed, unpealed, sprayed peaches. Ruthie augmented her illness by feelings of guilt. Only ten years old, she had been responsible for us. Not only had she succumbed to temptation and eaten of the forbidden fruit, she had let us eat, too. God's vengeance had been swift.

"After several days of acute lasitude and misery, we gradually improved with the help of the good doctor. For some years after, none of us cared much for peaches."

"1914"

"When school was out in the spring of 1914 we all worked making garden again. It seemed to us that our garden had sunk some during the winter. While Mama, Papa and the boys looked it over, the farmer who had sold the place to us came along with a big load of dirt. 'How would you like to have this load of good soil and manure for garden this spring?,' he asked. He went on to explain that he was cleaning up his barnyard and needed a place to dump. The folks were pleased to have it and soon the garden plot was level and planted, with Maurice eager to try new seeds and plants. This spring Noble was a year old, walking, beginning to talk and wanting to plant potatoes too. Sometimes he'd plant rocks in the holes. Then I usually had to go behind him picking out the rocks and putting in the potato, to his great annoyance. Again Mama had her sweet peas.

"The hens had chicks, and Louise decided that she'd have a team of chickens. All the old match boxes were given to her to make into wagons. Ruthie helped her and they spent much time rigging up harnesses of string with which to hitch the match box wagons to the chickens, who just didn't cooperate at all. Louise didn't give up. She'd try again every day to train the chickens to pull the 'wagons'. But they never got the idea. They did learn to run like the dickens when she appeared, though. Sometimes she'd press me into service and I'd chase chickens, sometimes catching one for her to hitch up.

"That fall after school started, Mama left Noble and me home alone one morning to play outside until Ruthie came from school for us. They hadn't been gone long when an itinerant photographer came along in his horse and buggy and asked us if we'd like to

Noble Dorothy

1914 - Hobsonville, on the Oregon coast.

They abandoned the house when the bluff it stood on began slipping toward the ocean.

have our pictures taken. Of course we would. But, I told him, we'd have to put on clean clothes first. He was in no hurry. I, 4½ years old, took Noble, 19 months old, in the house, located our clean outfits in the ironing basket, got Noble's on him (although I just couldn't figure out the intricacies of fastening his rompers between his legs) washed his face, dampened and combed his hair then got myself into my unironed dress. But the belt was too much for me. I buttoned the ends and let it hang at hem level. .

"Outside again, the photographer suggested that I catch one of the chicks from the last hatching for Noble to hold. For some time I chased a chick before I cornered it. Noble was eager to hold it. We had our pictures taken together. Then one was taken of Noble in the Little Red Rockin' holding the chicken. I felt I'd really accomplished something in getting us dressed up (even though I forgot my stockings), a chicken caught and our pictures taken all by myself! Mama ordered a number of them and the family all laughed at the way I had dressed us for picture taking."

"WE LEAVE OUR NEW HOME - 1914"

"The rains came early that fall. Day after day it poured, and the wind blew fiercely. Right before our eyes our garden began to sink. Papa and the boys laid planks across the crevice so we could get across to the road and school. We couldn't believe what we were seeing. The kids from school stood on the road's edge looking down the deepening, widening crack. Soon other residents appeared and talked to Papa and Mama.

"'Every year or so this happens,' they said. 'Get a lot of wind and rain and that crack opens up. Ben will be along in a while with a load of rocks to pour in. But one of these years that whole section, house and all, will topple over into the ocean.'

"Our parents were dismayed. What could we do? What should we do? It was necessary for them both to teach. Papa and the boys scouted around for a place to move into. They finally located a beached boat house at Rockaway, not too far from their schools. So, again we moved, leaving the house we had all called home and had liked so well, into a rather cramped house boat that would be home for several months.

"After quite a struggle the reluctant Ben refunded the money they had paid on the place. He had sold the house a number of times. When the crack appeared the purchasers had just moved away, so that after piling in rocks and covering them with dirt the place was ready to sell again.

"CHRISTMAS - 1914"

"We were in the beach house for Christmas. Mama and Dwight had made fruit cakes in November. In December they were into the delicious cookies. We younger ones rolled and cut and spread red and green frosting to our hearts content. The boys had cut and brought in the Christmas tree. We all decorated it with red cranberry strings that strung quickly if the needle wasn't too big and split them. The popcorn strings took much longer. For every popped corn that went on the thread a handful went into our mouths. The paper chains were not allowed on the tree where the flickering candles might set them on fire. They were festooned from diagonal corners on the ceiling, crossed in the middle and a red paper

Christmas ball hung from the crossing. The white angel on top of the tree was perfect.

"Christmas morning we woke to find the ground white with frost. We rushed to the door and windows to see Santa's tracks. Sure enough, coming right to our door were what we were sure were tracks - Santa's sleigh runners, small hoof marks and certainly boot tracks! Besides, right at the door was a small barrel-shaped wooden keg full of hard Christmas candy. Further proof was all the wonderful things under the tree. Why did Christmas come only once a year!

"In the evenings during our weeks of preparation for Christmas, Papa held Noble and me on his lap, rocked and sang to us. I can remember only one verse of my favorite Christmas song -

'Hang up the baby's stocking
Be sure and don't forget
For the dear little dimpled darling
Has never seen Christmas yet.'

"We all sang the old Christmas carols - Silent Night, Hark the Herald Angels Sing, Little Town of Bethlehem and others. Louise enjoyed singing and knew all the words, but the tune was her own. She couldn't carry a tune then and still can't. But it was fun nonetheless. If I were close to her I'd go wandering off, tunewise, with her, for she had a strong voice.

"In the evening, after the tree was decorated, Mama or the boys lit the candles on the tree, blew out the kerosene lamps, and we sat in the semi-light of the yellow-orange flames behind the isinglass front of our pot-bellied living room stove, with the twinkling light of the tree candles glinting on the fragile glass ornaments that Papa and Mama had accumulated over the years, sang songs, told stories and reveled in the season.

"A TAFFY PULL"

"Several days before Christmas we had a taffy pull for the older kids of both schools. Mama and Dwight made long baking pans of fluffy, puffy marshmallows, some pink, the rest white. They were so lovely to look at. The smell was out of this world and when I touched their puffy, yielding goodness and squeezed them between my thumb and index finger they'd spring right back into their delectable squareness. I can still see those big pans of pink and white goodness. There were also big maple syrupy popcorn balls. Papa was an expert candy maker and there were pans of his special fudge with nuts, too. He had fastened a hook high in a door jamb all ready for the pull. When every one was there Papa cooked the candy until it reached the desired consistency then poured it out on buttered platters. Then he took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves, tested the edges of the taffy, poured some flavoring in the center and started. He worked the taffy edges to the center then stretched the candy out in the platter. Mama and Dwight were working platters, too. Some was flavored with peppermint, some vanilla, some strawberry and one licorice. When Papa's was worked enough in the platter, with his finger tips he pulled it in a rope out of the platter and deftly looped the middle over the buttered hook. Before it could plunk down on the floor he caught the ends and expertly looped them over the hook again. Anyone who wanted could have a try at the hook, even I, standing on a chair. If Papa hadn't been there to catch it my blob of taffy would have landed

on the floor in a sticky mess. The others pulled with partners, stretching the taffy between them, then one catching the other end while the partner grabbed the middle, pulled, tossed his end back and grabbed the middle again. It was done rhythmically, just as Papa did it rhythmically with the hook, bend to catch then rise to toss to the hook or to the partner and pull it. My taffy would not come. It got between my fingers and trickled down my wrists. I finally gave up, got a saucer and spoon, licked my fingers and wrists and ate the goop with a spoon.

"It wasn't long until the candy of the others was ready to cut. It was twisted and stretched into a rope. The big scissors were buttered and bite size pieces of taffy were cut off to drop into pans of powdered sugar. When every one had eaten some the rest was wrapped in squares of waxed paper. Everyone got to take some home. It was a wonderful party even though mine wasn't really taffy. I never hear of taffy pulls anymore. They were such fun."

"A BEACH CLAM BAKE - ALL DAY LONG"

"The congregation of Papa's little church decided to have a clam bake on the 4th of July, and preparations went forward. Clams were dug, crabs caught, corn gathered, desilked and some of the outer husks removed, potatoes dug and scrubbed, dry onions skinned, and more clams dug. The men were in charge of this clam bake. But they did allow the women to make the clam chowder for the first course, probably because of the tedious chopping of clams. The ladies got in on the cleaning of all the clams and crabs, saying they wanted to be sure they wouldn't be eating sand.

"The 4th of July finally came. Everyone gathered at the designated spot, well above high tide, early in the day. One of the men came trundling a big rain barrel and a good sized piece of canvas in a horse drawn cart. Several men began digging the bake hole while other men started a fire near the hole. Another gathered several rocks. He whistled all the kids together, had them examine his rocks and then sent them out to get more, one big rock each, rounded and shatter proof like his. We scampered off. By the time we got back, lugging the biggest rock we could carry, with a good deal of yelling, stumbling, dropping our rocks and falling, the fire was burning well. Each of our rocks was examined carefully. If it was the right kind, into the fire it went, and more drift wood was added. The men kept us busy bringing rocks and drift wood. The mothers kept the older kids busy chasing the little ones.

"Noble was small but fast and kept us busy hauling him out of the ocean. Mama and several other mothers had brought baby harnesses and finally they staked the more vigorous under 4 group out on long ropes fastened to their harnesses. The other end was then tied to any secure log or projection. We all had buckets and shovels. Eventually, the rocks were white hot. The barrel was lowered into the hole, with a foot or two sticking out. Sand was carefully packed around the barrel. A good layer of rock weed was put in the barrel bottom. The bottom and sides were liberally sprinkled with sea water. Then the hot rocks were tumbled into the barrel and another good layer of rock weed laid over them. Then came a layer of lobster, clams and crab, then more rock weed. A net or salt bag of potatoes and onions for each adult(who would share with the children)made another layer, then the sea weed again, and a layer of corn in its husks, again covered by sea weed. A good

splashing of sea water went over it all. Then the canvas covered it all and was securely held down with sand piled all over it, thickly and sloping down the sides so no canvas nor barrel showed.

"By this time the kids at least were starving. The rock fire had died down just right. We each were given a potato and allowed to roast it in the fire. Each jealously guarded his own potato, rolling it closer to a hot rock or pulling it out a little if it charred too much. The outside really got black and burned looking but when Mama said it was ready and gave me an enameled tin saucer and spoon I dug right in. I managed to peel away the charred part and there was the white, hot, mealy baked potato. Mama put a dallop of good home churned butter on it, and Noble and I sat on the same log eating and knowing that life was good. Even then, though, I thought we could do with a little less sand in the food.

"Now that the men were no longer busy with the bake, they lined the kids up according to age and had us run foot races, do long jumps, high jumps, 3-legged races and tugs of war.

"Now everyone was hungry and the ladies served bowls of just right white chowder full of potatoes, onions, clams, bacon bits and whole milk with butter melting on top and a handful of crackers. The big black iron kettles were suspended from tripods over fires maintained by the ladies and any youngster who could be pressed into duty.

"After the chowder the men chose up teams with some of the big kids and young women and had a ball game. We kids watched, yelling advice to the players until some of us settled down on blankets and sort of had naps. What bliss to lie on a sand free blanket, gaze up at the clear blue sky with here and there a puffy cloud, listening to Louise and Ruthie describe the pictures they could see in the clouds.

"Sometime later I was aware of a wonderful aroma and sat up to see that a sawhorses and boards table had appeared near the barrel pit. The men were gathered with shovels, waiting for word from the pit master who sniffed the air(Idid too), consulted his pocket watch and nodded. The sand was scraped from the top of the barrel and removed from the top sides. Then the canvas was carefully removed. The aroma increased with a puff of steam from the barrel. The sea weed was removed with a pitch fork. There was the corn on the cob which was removed onto big platters with tongs. The next layer of seaweed came off and the net bags of potatoes and onions were lifted into big pans. Finally the lobsters, crabs and clams were on platters on the table where bowls of cole slaw and dishes of radishes and green onions, bread, butter, jam and all kinds of other delicious food was ready. We each took our enameled plate and walked down the table where we were served just what we asked for. There's nothing like a clambake at the beach unless maybe a salmon roast.

"Short speeches were made after dinner. (Probably the speakers were too full of delicious food for long ones.) Papa led us all in singing songs - Star Spangled Banner, America, America the Beautiful and lots more. Then Papa and the boys and others went home to hurry through the chores. The ladies gathered up their plates, etc. and got them into convenient baskets to take home, leaving out the cookies, pies, cakes and fruit to eat later. The men came

back with lanterns. The fires were allowed to die down and we waited for dark, watching the sun sink out of sight into the far edge of the ocean. Noble and I strained our ears listening for the sizzle we knew it must make.

"When it was finally dark enough the fire works came out. Ours wasn't the only beach party. All up and down the shore we watched the Roman candles, sky rockets and clusters of fire crackers. The kids ran up and down with a sparkler waving in each hand. It was a grand and glorious 4th of July. None other has impressed me so much.

"Noble and I didn't really understand why a whole day should be spent on the beach with the whole congregation and the whole of Rockaway there as well. We just enjoyed it all, except that fire crackers always frightened me. I liked to watch the rockets and Roman candles from a respectful distance, safe in Mama's or Papa's arms. The sparklers I could handle. But when one burned a hole in my new dress and I burned my hand on the hot wire after the sparkler stopped, I wanted no more of them."

"COUGARS AND SUCH"

"The narrow, winding, dirt road from Rockaway to our house on the bluff skirted the forest that carpeted the mountain above. Papa and the boys walked this road 1-2 miles daily when they had work in Rockaway. At dinner every evening they would tell us about the animals they saw going and coming. Deer were very common.

"Often they'd see a doe and her fawn together and at other times there would be a band of 8 or more. Sometimes they saw the fawns lying in the brachen where their mothers had hidden them. Elk were often seen along the way. Sometimes a fox would sit on a down tree and survey them with pricked up ears and bright eyes as they in turn watched him with equal interest.

"A lightning blasted snag in a good huckleberry patch was always approached warily. It was a favorite claw-sharpening tree for at least one bear. They never saw any but it was apparent bears were around and they didn't want to surprise or be surprised by any.

"One evening as dusk approached and they were well out from Rockaway, they were alarmed to hear a woman scream in the edge of the forest. They stopped, listened and tried to penetrate the trees with their eyes. As they stood assessing the situation they heard what seemed to be a baby crying, but could see nothing. "Panther!" cried Papa, and they started on hoping the animal would stay behind.

"But a half mile farther on, the scream came again, right beside them, ending in what seemed to be a young child crying. Again they saw nothing, but each of them kept an eye out for a likely looking down branch that could be used for a weapon. All the way home, as it grew darker the panther paced beside them, letting them know of its presence, either by screaming or crying like a child.

"Several times they caught a glimpse of a tawny coat through thinner places in the forest. All the way home they kept hoping the animal would lose interest and leave, but it gave its last scream as they turned into our gate, and for a minute or two it stood in full view in the lighter gloom at the road's edge. As

they watched, it threw up its head, screamed again, turned and disappeared into the forest."

Note: The animal which Dorothy's father called a panther roamed the entire western hemisphere, from Alaska to the southern tip of South America. In Central and South America it is known as a puma. In the southwestern United States and the southern Rockies it is commonly referred to as a mountain lion. We, in the Pacific Northwest, call it a cougar. But in the eastern United States where Dorothy's father's parents came from it was usually called a panther. This large cat sometimes reached a length of 8 feet, from the tip of its nose to the tip of its tail.

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"GOATS"

"From our breakfast table we could see the animal trails up and down our mountain. There was what Mama and Papa believed to be several abandoned goats which had developed into a herd of about a dozen. They lived up near the top. When the notion took them, they'd follow the leader down the mountain, to our delight. That is, to the delight of Ruthie, Louise, Noble and uneasy me. The young goats would rush out to the sides, then ahead, then scramble back to their mothers again, going 3 or 4 times as far as the wiser older ones. It was as though they were all off on a picnic. And Maurice, especially, knew that our place on the bluff was the picnic site.

"Papa and the boys had set out a young orchard of apples, prunes, cherries and a peach for Mama. There were about a dozen little trees that we were urging to produce fruit. Not only did the goats come to see how they were doing, the deer came, too, to have, with the goats, a nibble of the succulent young twigs, or at least of the bark. Several of the trees were killed. High chicken wire fences had been circled around each tree to discourage the animals until a high fence could be built to keep them out.

"The goats would eat or pull up anything in the garden and trample down the rest so the garden had to be replanted. Once was enough. The first priority was a fence.

"I, age about 4-5, wanted a 'crazy', or 'snake' fence. If it kept out snakes so much the better, but the crazy one I wanted - just like Uncle Charley's. If the top rail were laid flat I could easily climb up the few bars and then walk zigzag all around the place. And I could teach Noble how to do it, too. What we got was what went up the fastest - a wire fence around the garden and orchard.

"The next time we watched the goats come down the trail Louise was ready for them, with a basket of carrots and oats. The goats edged up along the road, and several gradually came up to the fence. Louise poked a carrot out at them. Noble and I stayed at a respectful distance. Ruthie stood by with a stick to drive them away if necessary. But one of the goats sidled up, poked his face out and got the carrot. Several others came, and Louise fed them carrots, too. She pushed the oats under the fence in a pie pan. They were soon licked up. The goats came more often, and Louise always managed to have something for them. One or two would eat from her

her hand. She felt she could tame two little ones, and surely they could be taught to pull a little wagon. Mama and Papa told her that the other goats would stay around, and there were two big ones with sharp horns that we were afraid of. Reluctantly she stopped feeding them. They came less and less. I really feel she should have been allowed to keep the two little ones which she might hitch up to our little wagon!"

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"ME AND MISS MUFFET"

"We had more milk than we could drink and more butter then we could use. When there was extra butter, Papa would take it to the store in Rockaway and sell it, along with our extra eggs. Our flock of chickens prospered and increased. Every week he'd kill and dress a few chickens and sell them, too - always removed from us kids so we wouldn't know.

"There was plenty of sour milk for the chickens. It was fun to watch them eat it. When they got too much on their bills they would give their heads a quick shake and everything was spattered with sour milk.

"About twice a week Mama made cottage cheese. She would pour the sour milk into a big enamel kettle and set it on the side of the stove where it wasn't too hot. When the whey began to form she'd give it a gentle stir or two and let it heat some more. When the curd held shape she'd stir it again then pour it all into clean salt bags and hang them on a shady part of the clothesline where the whey could drip out undisturbed - often over night. When it was dry enough it was emptied into a bowl, the curd cut small, a little salt was added and then a good bit of sweet cream was stirred in. We all enjoyed it. Sometimes Papa would sell some of it, too.

"Papa and Mama often ate a bowl of clabber, sprinkled with nutmeg and perhaps a bit of sugar. But the rest of us didn't care for that.

"When Mama made cottage cheese I'd get a little bowl of the curds and whey sprinkled with sugar and nutmeg, sit on a stool, look around for spiders and eat a bite or two. It was only the nursery rhyme that enticed me to do it. When I couldn't eat it , I'd sit Noble on the stool, say the rhyme and poke a spoonful in his mouth. He'd promptly spit it out. My curds and whey always wound up in the chicken pans. But I tried."

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I HELP MAMA WITH NOBLE'S NEW ROMPERS"

"Mama didn't like to sew. She usually had a dressmaker come and live with us for a week or so and make everything we needed for the coming six months. Often it would be Cousin Lena. They really enjoyed visiting, sewing and eating.

"We wore a lot of hand-me-downs and made-overs. The Missionary Barrel came about twice a year. But we were always disappointed in its contents. Cousin Lena did a good job but ----------. The spring Noble was two, having run out of hand-me-downs for him, Mama made him several new romper outfits. They were very nice, and we

were duly impressed. Mama was pleased. So was Noble. I wasn't. Here was Noble, a great big boy two years old who had to be undressed to go to the bathroom. Usually it was Ruthie who helped him, but occasionally I would take him, and those new rompers were too much. He should be able to go to the bathroom like a big boy. I'd seen Mama teaching him, and here she'd forgotten to put a fly in his new rompers. I could fix that though - and I did. Using Mama's scissors I gathered up the material in front at the correct spot and snipped it off on all his new rompers, including those he was wearing. Much to my consternation there was a hole the size of a saucer right in the low front of his outfits. I was completely bewildered. I had cut such a small piece out. How could it leave such a big hole? Poor Mama. All that sewing for nothing! She had to get more material and make new fronts from the waist down for all his rompers. I don't remember what my punishment was, but I didn't get to use scissors for a long time.

"Eventually, Noble was toilet trained, with no more help from me. It wasn't so much the making of new fronts that got Mama as it was the picking out of the stitches to replace the fronts that was so tedious."

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"WASH DAY - 1914"

"The best part of wash day was the pot of beans we had for dinner. The night before, Mama, Noble and I would pick them over. There was nothing worse, when eating the succulent morsels, than to bite down on a piece of gravel or a little stick which had somehow got in with the beans.

"The dry beans were washed and soaked in water over night. The next morning when we looked, the little beans had swollen way up. The pot was full of beans, but most of the water was gone. It was a miracle each time. Mama rinsed them again and put them on the back of the stove, with chopped up onions and ham hocks with lots of meat, or salt pork, or a ham bone, where they'd simmer lazily all day, gradually giving off the most enticing aroma.

"On wash day morning Papa and the boys filled the shiny copper wash boiler, dipping water out of the rain barrel which stood under the down spout of the roof gutter collecting the rain. It had two covers. One was solid and let no water in because the first rain was what cleaned the roof and gutters of dust and leaves, etc.. After the cleansing rain, the solid lid was removed, the barrel cleaned and the other lid put on. It was of a fine wire net that would strain out foreign material so that we had pure rain water for washing clothes and our hair. Our drinking and cooking water was pumped from the well.

"The wash boiler was lifted to the side of the range next to the reservoir which was filled every day for our hot water. The tea kettle was always kept full. After breakfast one of the big round, galvanized tubs was also filled and put on the front of the stove to heat. The fire was kept hot to warm the water quickly. The clothes were brought to the kitchen and sorted into 3 piles - whites, colored, and dark socks and overalls. They were examined carefully for special care. Berry stains had to be removed before

washing by pouring boiling water through them. Coffee stains were soaked in warm water. Each stain was treated separately. The tub was lifted off the stove and set on the wash bench. Then the white things went in - table cloths and dish towels first. In warm weather we washed on the big porch. The wash bench was pulled out from the wall and the tubs lined up on it. In cold weather we brought the bench into the kitchen.

"By the time the regular house chores were finished and sandwiches fixed for our lunches, the white clothes were ready to rub. Mama quickly rolled her sleeves way up above her elbows, and Ruthie used a safety pin to hold them up. I'd stick my little wash board in the tub and start on the napkins - just my size. Mama had shown me how to rub with my fingers, but when I gathered the rubbed napkins up in my hands, my fingers stayed curled which meant that very soon my knuckles were rubbed sore. Mama assured me that by the time I had to do the laundry alone my knuckles would be big and tough and able to take it.

"As Mama rubbed the big pieces up and down on the wash board she rubbed the dirty spots with a bar of Crystal White laundry soap or Fels Naptha. The longer she washed the soapier the water became, with soap bubbles forming around the edges. Occasionally a big one would break loose and drift silently up on an air draft, an irridescent blueish gossamer bubble. Noble and I would blow on it to see how far it would go before bursting.

"The way Mama wrung clothes out filled me with envy. She gathered a sheet by its long side and twisted it between her two hands, then gathered up a little more. As her hands worked down the sheet gathering and twisting, the wrung part just climbed right up her left arm, coiling around it all by itself, as far as I could tell. Mama could do so many things!

"As the white things were wrung out they went into the boiler with some of the laundry soap cut up in it. Mama sloshed the clothes in the boiler with a boiler stick - the cut off end of a broom. Each time she put an article in the boiler she'd stir it all up.

"When all the white things were in the boiler, the colored went into the wash tub, with hot water from the reservoir added. Each piece was rubbed on the board,(with Ruthie and Louise taking turns), wrung out and put in the laundry basket to wait its turn in the rinse water. Whites got all the first waters.

"When the dark things went into the wash tub to soak, Mama lifted the white out of the boiler into the dish pan, and the colored went into the boiler for a short stir. She'd press as much of the boiler water out as she could with the boiler stick and then drop the pieces one by one into the rinse water where they were sloshed around vigorously by all of us. The coloreds were given a stir. Then Mama started wringing the whites into the blueing water - unless there was still too much soap in the whites. If so, they had to go into another rinse water, be sloshed thoroughly, wrung out well, then into the blueing water. We liked the liquid blueing best, it being easier to mix. Sometimes we got the little balls of blueing - about the size of small marbles, but it took too long for them to dissolve. If the blueing wasn't mixed evenly, the laundry would dry with great streaks of blue in them which was a disgrace. It took several washings to get the streaks out.

"Mama liked to get the white things on the lines to dry before she rubbed the dark ones. While she wrung the whites into the blueing water Ruthie washed the clothes line with a soapy cloth, and Louise came behind with a wet one. Then Ruthie tied the clothespin bag around her waist. She and Louise carried the big laundry basket out to the lines and working together shook out the table cloths first, folded them end to end, lapped about an inch of the hems over the line and pinned them on with the straight wooden pegs that I'd dress up for dolls, with holly-hock blossoms for skirts and morning glory hats. Everything was hung straight on the line. I hung the dish towels, napkins and handkerchiefs and small thin things on the grass in the sun to make them dry whiter.

"Washing ended with the starching. Mama mixed, in a pan, a cup of Argo laundry starch with some cold water to make a thin, runny, smooth paste. Into this she'd pour warm water, stirring all the time. She'd bring it to a boil, stir till it thickened like pudding, and it was ready. If it was lumpy(another disgrace), it would have to be strained through a sieve, for lumpy starch really gooed up the ironing.

"The white dress shirts were starched first - always whites came first - in everything. Mama did just the collars, cuffs and fronts of the shirts. They were the stiffest. Then came our dresses and aprons.

"The washing was never finished before the middle of the afternoon. But when the whites were drying we took time out to gobble our sandwiches, then back at it.

"Even the socks and overalls had a turn in the boiler. The only things that didn't boil were woolens. They had to be washed carefully in cool water all through, rinses too or they'd shrink up into the stiffest, harshest swatch of nothing-at-all that didn't even make a good rag.

"After everything was hung up, the tubs were emptied on the porch and it was given a good scrub. The kitchen was mopped, the tubs rinsed, wiped and hung on the wall, the bench returned to its place, and we all breathed a sigh of relief.

"I didn't like the mess, confusion and hurry of wash day. The steamy kitchen bothered me. Wash days were just plain hard work, aching backs and sore knuckles, with only the pot of beans at the end of the day to keep us going.

"While we lived in the house on the bluff we got our first washing machine. It was a wooden tub on the side of which clamped a hand turned wringer. The tub itself stood on its own legs. The clothes were agitated by pushing and pulling a lever by hand. Of course, Maurice and Dwight were pressed into duty for the pulling and pushing. They hated it with a passion. Mama was always afraid one of us would get our hair or fingers caught in the wringer. Sometimes apron strings would somehow get caught in it and torn off. You just couldn't win.

"Wash day dinners were always delicious. The pot of savory beans with tomato sauce that Mama canned, a pan of hot corn bread and honey, and rich milk. Even on wash days life was pretty good."

"IRONING DAY - 1914"

"Mama always liked to fold the laundry as it came in from the line to cut down on ironing. If the sheets weren't hung by their hems correctly they had to be ironed. When table cloths were hung straight they were usually easier to iron - so with everything.

"The night before ironing day the basket was brought to the kitchen and dampened. Warm water was sprinkled on each piece. It was then rolled compactly and smoothly, and all the rolls were wrapped up in bath towels or an outing flannel blanket and returned to the basket to await the morning.

"Right after breakfast the stove top was rubbed down thoroughly with newspapers. Then the stove rag was used to be sure no soot particles were around. The irons were wiped off carefully, too, and put on the stove to heat. We had 4 one-piece black iron irons. They were smaller, but the handles got hot, too. So we had to use pads to hold them. The other 3 were also iron, but they had a handle that fit down over the sole and clamped on. We had only the one handle. Each time an iron was taken from the stove it was run over a folded newspaper or old cloth to be sure it was clean and there was no soot on it.

"Of course the ironing board had to be close to the stove. We had two ironing boards. One was a well padded board that fit over the backs of two kitchen chairs, with the seats under the board. The other was the end of the kitchen table, well padded with an old blanket and covered with an old sheet. Each place had a metal trivet on which to rest the iron.

"Ruthie always started on the flat things on the table end. Mama did the hardest things first - Papa's white dress shirts with pleats down the front, and the boys white shirts (no pleats).

"The shirt was unrolled from its overnight dampening to come out evenly damp all over. The ironing handle was clamped on an iron and lifted from the stove. Then Mama tested it to see if it was hot enough. She'd lick her left index finger and quickly and lightly touch the iron. If it sizzled it was ready. The iron was run over the pad. The shirt was draped over the board with the sleeves in the chair bottoms and Mama ironed the tail of the shirt first. If nothing scorched or got sooty, she quickly did the collar and cuffs and sleeves. Then she'd put the iron back on the stove to heat again and pick up another which would have to be sizzled and carefully wiped, then back to another part of the shirt tail to test it. This time the front of the shirt from the collar to the tail was done on one iron. A new iron was clamped on, sizzled, wiped, tested, and the shoulders and back done. If an unnoticed piece of soot fell off onto the shirt front, the shirt would have to be washed and ironed again. It happened sometimes.

"After the irons were used for several pieces, a starch build-up formed. Then salt was sprinkled on a folded newspaper. The iron was run back and forth over the salt until all the starch was gone. Then it was run over a cake of paraffin wax to make it slick, and ironing was resumed.

"Ruthie would iron the napkins, being sure to get the hems straight, the pillow slips, Noble's rompers, and my play clothes. Louise was learning to do her own things, and I did all the handkerchiefs, with both Ruthie and Louise bossing, and I chanting,

'If the ironing's all done by New Year's, it'll stay finished all year.' In the last year or so I've proven that to be true.

"AT PLAY - 1914"

"There, under the spreading, slanting-trunked, old tree was the gate - high, with 5 bars; wide - a team of horses pulling a loaded hay wagon had room to spare.

"The board fence went on down the road. Just beyond the tree, it made a right angle and was met by the barbed wire. In that corner by the gate and under the tree we often played. By leaning a few boards against the barbed wire, and stacking up two apple boxes, we had our own private world. Sometimes we would open the gate wide so that it almost touched the wire. Then we were indeed private. Unless we propped the gate open, though, it would certainly creak shut. When we tired of our play pen we climbed up on the bars, leaned forward and began a long, slow swing, gaining a little momentum as we progressed to the fence where a catch somehow always came down with a comforting, metalic 'thunk' to hold the gate in place. We rotated places on the gate so each took a turn lifting the catch and pushing the gate back to the wire before hopping aboard for another delicious swing. Sometimes one of the others would help me because, after all, I was the youngest, smallest and slowest.

"Sometimes, too, Dandy, our old white horse would come to the corner to investigate our squeals. Maurice and Dwight loved Dandy, and so did Louise. I kept my distance. His tail could switch unexpectedly, which was always disconcerting. His back was too broad and my legs stuck out so that I couldn't grip him with my knees. Besides, he had big, yellow teeth, and wrinkled his lips at me. Louise fed him apples and carrots from her hand, and was delighted when she was put on his back for a saunter across the field.

"Rex, our big, mongrel, shaggy dog would sleep under the tree, opening an eye occasionally to see what was going on. Fritz, the little, frisky terrier would scramble up the slanting trunk to a platform secured in a crotch and settle down overhead.

"Sometimes we would lie on the grass, our heads cushioned on Rex's comfortable back and neck, squint up at the clouds through the leafy tree and tell each other stories about the pictures we could see above, in the clouds."

"SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY - 1914"

"Wherever we lived Papa was the Baptist minister.

"Every Saturday night we brought in one of the big galvanized tubs half full of water and also the wash boiler of water and heated them. Then the tub was lifted off the stove onto the floor and enough cold water added to make it comfortable. Noble and I were scrubbed, shampooed and our toe and fingernails cleaned and trimmed. I didn't like the way my nails felt afterward and didn't want my fingers to touch. We were put to bed and Ruthie and Louise had shampoos and baths. Mama mixed warm water in a stew pan and poured it over our heads to rinse our hair and bodies. Dwight came next. He always scooped out some of the water and added more. So did Maurice. After we were all down, Papa and Mama had their baths and shampoos and nails trimmed and cleaned up the mess.

"Sunday morning we all had clean clothes. Shoes had been polished on Saturday. If we put our church clothes on before breakfast there was almost sure to be an accident, so we wore robes until after breakfast.

"We all looked nice Clean, shiny hair, the boys in white shirts and ties. We girls, freshly starched and ironed, with a bow in our hair. Mama always looked lovely. But Papa!

"He always wore a white starched shirt with pleats down the front. His trousers were black with a tiny gray pin stripe. But his coat! He always preached in a black swallow tail coat. His tie was gray silk, tied beautifully. We always told him how handsome and elegent he looked. He always told us how lovely we looked and how proud he was of his family. We were so proud of Papa.

"At church he led us in singing, and his voice was the only one I heard unless Louise stood next to me. When he preached he was very impressive. He stood with dignity behind the pulpit to read the text and moved easily across the platform. When the sermon needed a point made he'd quickly and easily drop to one knee and hold out a hand, or stand and raise his arms to heaven. Oh, that swallow tail coat! It so enhanced everything he preached."

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The above "stories" Dorothy tells show an amazing memory for a 4-5 year old - stories which she "digs up" from her memory and writes for us 60-70 years later. Color and flavor were added by a vivid imagination.

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THE RETURN TO PORTLAND - 1915

Although we don't know just when the Duttons left the Rockaway-Hobsonville area, it must have been in 1915. The 1916 Portland directory shows them living on S.E. Powell Valley Road (now called S.E. Powell) and operating a fruit stand on Yamhill Street, down town. The information could have been obtained in late 1915 or early 1916.

Nor do we know why they left the coast. They seem to have been happy there, or at least Dorothy was. Clearly they planned to live there indefinitely, for they were purchasing a home - until they found that it was slowly eroding onto the beach. That would have been devastating. Doubtless, it contributed to their decision to leave the area.

Another factor may have been the lack of suitable employment opportunities for their sons, 18 year old Maurice and 16 year old Dwight. Certainly they could have found jobs as loggers or sawmill workers which they apparently shunned*- then, as well as in their maturity. Maurice liked the fruit and vegetable business. Dwight liked to cook. Both preferences were permanent.

Employment for the parents may have been a factor also. Schools and churches were small and few. Ruth, who had been teaching, wanted to be at home with their children. Daniel needed employment that would yield an income sufficient for the family, without help from Ruth.

*Some ten years later, Maurice did work as a logger for a time,

Finally, and perhaps most determinant, was Daniel's health. Within two years, failing health would force him to give up the most promising church of his preaching career. And within 3½ years he would die of diabetes.

The early years of their marriage were the happiest and most prosperous Daniel and Ruth ever knew. The stories Dorothy tells plainly show the latter and suggest the former. They ate and dressed well, went to the world fair, had a washing machine and, at times a hired girl to help with the housework. Daniel, Maurice and Dwight worked when they weren't in school - Daniel as a teacher, the sons as students. Louise remembers that Daniel worked in an office in Rockaway, at least some of the time. Their socio-economic level seems to have exceeded that typical of residents in their community.

They probably returned to Portland in 1915 after the data for that year had been taken for the city directory. The 1916 directory shows them living at 6713 Powell Valley Road S.E., and operating a fruit and vegetable business at 225 Yamhil Street, downtown. His experience there doubtless stimulated Maurice's interest in that activity, an interest which became almost an obsession which followed him all his life.

It is interesting to speculate on how they might have run the business at a place 4 miles from their home. Did they drive a horse and buggy to town, stopping off at the early farmers' market at S.E. 11th and Belmont each morning to buy the produce to sell that day? Or did they ride the street car back and forth, buying their produce from farmers or wholesalers who delivered to them?

Dorothy's following stories may spring from the time they lived on Powell. Although they aren't shown in the 1915 Portland directory, they may have come to Portland in 1915 after the data for that year was taken. Here is the first story:

"GRANDMA'S - 1915"

"At the head of the dark stairway the figured curtain serving as the closet door, billowed slightly in some vagrant draft. Half way up I stopped. Would this be the time when something would reach out with a huge bony hand and gather me in to who knows what? Each step was slower now, and more wary, until at last at the top I skittered as silently and swiftly as possible into the big room on the left, being careful to hug the door jamb as far from the moving curtain as possible. Safe again! From the room below I could hear the murmur of the grown-up voices, deep in a religious discussion."

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Notes:

We don't know exactly when Sarah (Grandma), with her two grown, unmarried daughters, Agnes and Louise, came to Portland. They first appear in the city directory in 1910*. Other evidence indicates that they were here - or at least in the Portland area - by 1904.

First, Ruth had been going home to mother when her babies were born. Her third baby, Ruthie, was born in or near Portland, probably at her mother's, in 1904.

* when Montavilla was annexed to Portland.

Second, Aggie and Dot were teaching here, or near here. Aggie taught in the Portland schools some 35 years, retiring in 1936-37 at age 65. Then she must have come here by 1903. And she and her mother always lived together.

Third, Montavilla may not have been a part of Portland before 1910, thus explaining their absence from the directory. Or, before 1910 they may have been living in Clackamas, or some other area near Portland - on a street car line that carried Aggie and Dot to and from their schools.

Fourth, they had gone to the 1905 world fair in Portland a number of times, over a period of months. We feel sure they were in or near Portland by 1904. Sarah must have sold the farm at Noble where the family had lived for some 20 years.

In 1910 Sarah and her daughters were living at SE 78 th and Ash Streets in Montavilla. That was the setting for Dorothy's many pleasant childhood memories of Grandma's house. Another story:

SUCH SWEET PAIN - 1915

"It was Sunday morning and we were nearly ready for church. I was swinging one of Papa's shoes by the strings when somehow it made contact with the coffee pot simmering away on the wood range. In a flash the scalding coffee was down my left leg from knee to foot. Maurice had been on the point of grabbing the shoe but was just too late. He grabbed me and stuck my leg into a bucket of water waiting to be poured on the rose bushes and pulled off my stocking - long, black ones - neatly peeling off much of the skin.

"Everyone came running at my shrieks, and I was rushed down the street to the doctor's house.

"Papa, who was the pastor of the Calvary Baptist church in Portland, with Maurice, Dwight, Ruthie and Louise, had to go off to church without Mama and me which was a rare happening.

"Blisters formed on my leg and foot so that for some weeks I couldn't walk. Mama opened the blisters with a needle and soon I didn't mind the process.

"We had gone to Grandma's. Uncle Claude met us at the street car stop on 80th and Ash and we made a fine procession walking the two blocks to 78th, with Uncle Claude carrying me, and the others coming single file down the narrow, dusty path. (Sidewalks came shortly after).

"Uncle Claude put me down on the back porch step while the rest disappeared and Mama went to get what was needed to dress my leg again.

"We liked to go to Grandma's. She always had a garden and would help us shove a tiny cucumber into the narrow neck of a bottle where it would soon fill the space and the uninitiated would marvel at how we'd got a big cuke through that tiny opening. She also had a plant or two of cherry tomatoes and some of yellow and we didn't even have to ask her if we could pick them. We could just go and stuff ourselves. Peas were there for the eating, raw.

"I was wondering whether I could hop into the garden and see how full my cucumber bottle was when Mama and Grandma came out together - Mama with bandages and ointment and Grandma with her

favorite paring knife - a wicked appearing thing - more like a stilleto than a knife. Mama was telling Grandma how she opened the blisters and how this new one would hold about a cup of liquid, and how good I was about having the leg dressed when I burst into tears as Grandma gestured with the knife. The needle I was used to - but to open blisters with a knife was too much!"

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That old house at 78th and Ash still stands there, modest but proud, sheltering and comforting its occupants as of yore. When the Matlocks were there the property was some 150 feet square, or about half an acre. The house stood on the corner, the rest of the site being used for orchard, garden, chickens and a cow.

At this point we stopped, did some more research and found that the Matlocks were in Montavilla in 1901, at 130 Misner Street. The family consisted of Sarah, Agnes, Lillian (or Louisa or Dot), and Merle. Two older married sons - Grant and Charles, lived near them, as did Sarah's twice widowed sister, Mary Craghead Capps Mills.

About 1908 Montavilla was annexed to Portland. This brought paved streets (but no sidewalks yet), the street car, and a change in street names and numbers. 130 Misner St. became 22 East 78th St, on the corner of Ash. About 1930 Portland revised its street numbering system and the address became, and still is, 204 S.E. 78th Avenue.

Two blocks south, on Stark Street was the thriving little commercial area of Montavilla. The Montavilla street car came out Burnside Street, turning south on 80th to Stark Street - the end of the line. The Montavilla school was two blocks west on 76th. About 1926 it was replaced by a new one - Vestal - on 82nd, between Glisan and Burnside. Also on 76th was - and still is - the Grace Baptist Church, of which Sarah was a founder and charter member. A small library was nearby, on 80th. Before 1920 sidewalks were installed.

Dorothy told of Daniel's being the pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, a rather large one. Now at SE 43rd and Holgate, it was then in the vicinity of SE 28th and Powell. We don't think that Ruth was teaching in 1915 and 1916.

Sometime in 1916, probably during the summer, the Duttons moved * to what was then 712 East 11th Street, in the Brooklyn area. It is about four blocks south of Powell between Rhine and Rhone. As one of Dorothy's stories will show, it is within a rather long walk of downtown, perhaps 1½ mile. The Brooklyn school and park were a block north and west. Although the park remains, the school was replaced by a new one about 1930. It is several blocks farther east.

Where they lived, the lot is far above the street, with a high retaining wall abutting the street. Concrete steps climb to the top. The two story house stands at the rear of the lot, hardly visible from the street.

In the fall of 1916, Dorothy started to school there. School records show that she finished grade 1A in January, 1917, while Louise finished grade 5A. The 1917 Portland directory shows their home address but gives no occupation. Maurice and Dwight were probably running the fruit stand. By this time Daniel's illness

* The current address is 3531 SE 11th Avenue.

had doubtless progressed to a point where he could barely handle his church work. Dorothy has many memories of that time. She writes:

"MY PEEK-A-BOO SHOES - 1916"

"My new black kid shoes were high top button, as soft as gloves. Not only were they incredibly soft, they were a joy to behold, for the button holes were on a series of 7 or 8 straps across my instep and up my shin. Between the straps my white lisle thread stockings gleamed demurely. The buttons were black with a white irridescent center that made buttoning a most pleasant pasttime - especially since I'd finally mastered the intricasies of the button hook technique.

"When wearing my new shoes I walked with my head down in order to further delight my eyes with their loveliness. The family benevolently moved out of my way and passed the word along, "Watch out for the peek-a-boo shoes!"

"The furniture and doors were not so accommodating, and I sported a number of knots and black and blue spots for some time.

"It was during this time that my first baby tooth loosened itself. Walking into the half open door was probably a contributing factor. I had just buttoned the shoes when a blemish on one caught my attention, and, needing both hands, I naturally stuck the button hook in my mouth. Someway, the machinations of my tongue, the wobbliness of the front tooth and the waywardness of the button hook contributed to getting the tooth caught in the hook and I gave out a wail of anguish that brought the whole family.

"My problem was obvious. Maurice told Dwight to hold me and he'd have the hook and tooth both out in a second which brought an even louder wail. Mama hushed the boys and looked in my mouth. But Papa took me to the light of a window, studied the situation, then painlessly unhooked the hook and carefully straightened the tooth. He gave me a squeeze, smiled at Mama and me and returned to his book. Papa was wonderful."

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"A WALK TO TOWN WITH PAPA - 1916"

"Papa and I were walking to town. We had prepared for the trip with great care. Side by side on the back porch we had polished and polished our shoes, I watching Papa as he deftly spread the paste polish over his shoes - then trying to emulate him, being careful to get the polish on my shoes and not on my arms and face. Papa used the brush as I finished up with the polish. Surreptitiously, just at the last, I spat on the toe of each shoe as I had seen the shoe shine boys do, and spread it around with the paste. I used the brush as Papa began with the polishing cloth. The brush had a tendency to roll out of my grasp - especially when trying to toss it lightly from one hand to the other to do the sides and get in the crease between the soles and tops. Papa was still giving his the final touch with the polishing cloth, making it snap professionally every stroke or so, and then it was my turn. I could pull the cloth back and forth over the tops until my feet felt warm, but not a snap could I make, no matter what help I had from my tongue. After polishing shoes my hands and tongue were always tired.

"Next, we washed together, using a scouring powder. In spite of my care there were always streaks of polish on my wrists and one or two on my arms. My nails required special treatment too, to get the globs of paste out. Getting ready for a trip could be quite a chore but Papa kept me interested.

"At last we were ready, he in a dark suit with a white shirt, I in my freshly ironed and stiffly starched dress with the sash tied in a perky bow in the back. Mama brushed my hair, gathering the top into a braid and doubling it under. As the final touch she produced a new hair bow, about 17" of beautiful pink taffeta ribbon with two stripes of blue down both edges and lots of little blue flowers scattered between. She folded it back and forth 4 times to make a double bow. Gathering it in the middle, she locked it in the hump backed barette and clasped it at the top of my doubled back braid on top of my head. It was lovely. I felt like a princess - none so grand as I - as off we went.

"Now we were on the Hawthorne Bridge. Papa was holding my hand. The sun was shining, and with a bow at my back and one on my head, and shiny black shoes, all was right with the world.

"It was always a treat to walk across the bridge to town. Papa pointed out the river sights as I trotted along beside him, my hand comfortably in his, admiring my shiny shoes as they flashed in and out of my sight. I had found that by giving a little extra rise on the balls of my feet, and at the same time a slight toss of my head, the doubled back braid and bow would lift lightly and settle back again. I had just got the rhythm synchronized - trot, rise, toss, plop; trot, rise, toss, plop - when my rise and toss synchronized with a sudden gust of wind. My braid and ribbon failed to plop, and my head felt lighter. As I lifted my hand to investigate Papa made a lunge toward the side of the bridge, just missing my beautiful hair ribbon as the last section unfolded, arched over the side and disappeared in a graceful pink arc under the bridge, never to be seen again."

"I LOSE A PLAYMATE - 1916"

"Our front porch - when we lived on East 11th between Rhine and Rhone - from the floor to the ground, was enclosed with laths, laid up in an opposite diagonal pattern. On the sides were huge hydrangea bushes that concealed the way we squeezed in and out.

"From our vantage point beneath the porch we could observe through the diamond shaped openings, the sneaky approach of the 'enemy', whether he be cowboy, Indian, giant or dragon. We could also observe, unnoticed, the approach of anyone to our front door. The floor of our secret place was hard packed earth, except on one side where left over sand, becoming more and more adulterated with fine dirt, offered a wonderful place for tunnel digging, road construction and castle building, tempered with mud pie making, decorated in season by wall flowers, holly-hocks and hydrangea blossoms.

"Tommy Doig, just my age, lived across the street. From the beginning we were best friends and many happy hours were spent under our front porch - Noble, Tommy and I and whichever other for-the-moment- favored friends. Tommy's parents and ours always knew where we were.

"One of Tommy's many attractions was his father who was a baker. Not that we often saw him, but from his house to ours, via Tommy, was a never ending supply of goodies. It was the doughnuts that Tommy and I favored. Plain cake doughnuts with a delicious crisp crust and wonderful nutmeggy insides. These, eaten in our secret hideout were wonderful treats.

"One late afternoon when Tommy had left and Ruthie had bathed and shampooed Noble and me,(we went daily from under the porch into the tub) we were surprised when one of Tommy's several sisters came to get him. Some time later Tommy's parents came over and asked about him. (I was always fascinated by Tommy's father's mustache. It was a regular mustache under his nose, but the corners were long, narrow and pointed, and curled up over his cheeks like handle bars. How could he do it?) Mama and Papa went with Tommy's parents, leaving us with Ruthie.

"All evening we could hear the adults and big kids of the neighborhood calling Tommy as they scoured the river bank. From our upstairs bedroom we could see the lights of their flashlights and lanterns. All night they searched. They found his hat and a sack with two doughnuts on one of the log booms in the Willamette River only a few blocks from our house, but no Tommy. It was several days later that the men who worked the log booms and made up the rafts found his body wedged under the boom."

MAURICE JOINS THE ARMY - 1916

Daniel, Maurice and Dwight gave up the produce stand on Yamhill Street, perhaps because of Daniel's failing health. Maurice and Dwight worked at odd jobs for a time, until Maurice enlisted in the army and Dwight found a job driving a delivery wagon for Sealy-Dresser, a prominent downtown grocer.

Although we don't know just when Maurice enlisted in the United States Army, it had to be in 1916, probably in the summer or early fall. When Daniel wrote to him in January, 1917 Maurice had already completed his basic militery training and was stationed at Corregidore in the Philippine Islands.

Dorothy adds: "I don't know how much schooling Maurice had. He enjoyed reading, and he was smart. Before he enlisted, Maurice worked in the eastern Oregon harvests during the summers. He enjoyed farming and that country. There were friends and relatives that he and Dwight visited there. Maurice was over seas 4 years, stationed in the Philippines."

A TIME OF TRAVAIL BEGINS - 1917

Dorothy writes:

"The house on 11th between Rhine and Rhone was surrounded by huge, blue hydrangea bushes that bloomed rankly. For years after, none of us could stand hydrangeas.

"Mama was teaching again. Papa was preaching, but was intermitently sick. His bad times came oftener and lasted longer. We knew he was quite ill. Maurice had gone to The Dalles looking for work. He enlisted there, although he was under age and just over the flu.

"We spent the winter of 1916-1917 sick most of the time. All

five of us children, from Dwight down through Noble, were down at once, for several weeks. The beds were brought down from upstairs and set up in the living and dining rooms. Wet sheets were hung in the doorways with their bottoms in tubs of water. Cold, wet compresses were kept on our chests when they weren't covered by mustard plasters. It was Spanish influenza followed by severe measles. The ladies from church worked in shifts taking care of us round the clock. As soon as Dwight, age 17, was up and around, he, too, went to The Dalles to recuperate, visit friends and try to find work.

"When Noble and I were well enough, neighbors took us, leaving Louise and Ruthie still sick. Ruthie got worse and was taken to the Good Samaritan hospital where she continued to worsen - pneumonia, they said. As Louise got better at home, Ruthie got worse at the hospital. Noble kept crying for 'Mudder', as he called Ruthie. She had pretty much taken care of him since he was weaned, thus freeing Mama for other things which sometimes included teaching. Later, Dwight, too, had lied about his age and he, too, was in the army.

"Ruthie died 24 January, 1917, almost 13 years old. Mrs. Watson, Mama's life long friend, sat up with Ruthie her last night and told Ruthie she was dying. Ruthie's concern was for Mama and Papa. Did they know? How would they manage without her help?

"The heads of the hydrangeas hung on all winter."

"MAMA - 1917"

"Never in my life did I hear Mama call Papa anything but Papa or Mr. Dutton. When I was filling in Linda's baby book Mama and I talked of the past and she referred to'Papa! I asked her what she had called him before they were married. She laughed, surprised, and said, 'Mr. Dutton, of course.' Pursuing it further I asked her what she called him after they were married. Again she replied, 'Mr. Dutton. I called him Mr. Dutton until Maurice was born. After that I called him 'Papa.'

"Louise said recently (1968) that she had heard her call him, 'Livy' just once. When Ruthie was taken to the hospital, Mama said, 'Oh, Livy, I'm so afraid she's dying!' (Others called him that, too - from his middle name, Livingstone.)

"Mama was the epitome of a lady. Her bearing was gracious, refined. Her movements were graceful. Her voice was well modulated. Her English was correct. She never used slang. The strongest language I ever heard her use was, 'Oh, sugar!, oh, fudge!, or Oh, pshaw!' I have never seen anyone sit down or rise so gracefully."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Following, is the only letter we have from Dorothy's father.

Portland, Ore Jan 29:17

Dear Maurice:

I have been expecting to hear from you every day but we have not so I'll write just a few lines.

Ruthie died Wed morning Jan 24 at 11 oclock at the Good Samaritan hospital. She was buried the next day at Clackamas.

She had been in the hospital a month.

Louise has been up two days and Dwight is getting better but will not be up for some time. Mamma has just about broken down. I was not able to do anything the week I wrote you but am better, only today is my bad day.

Noble & Dorothy have been with Mrs. Cavender for nearly two weeks. The church (people) have been very good, and some one has sat up with Dwight for three weeks, and with Louise for two weeks. Of course some one has been with Ruthie every minute.

Mamma wants you to tell her all about what you are doing.

Uncle Claude's address is 4362 - 21st St., San Francisco. Send your picture and write us all about things. Mamma will write when she is able. Your father D.L.D.

Notes: This protracted siege of illness is almost incredible today and could well have been even more fatal. The lives of two other children obviously hung in the balance for days, perhaps weeks. Strangely, the older children seem to have suffered more than the younger ones.

Mrs. Cavender was a next door neighbor. The steadfast support of friends, neighbors, relatives and members of Daniel's church far exceeds todays expectations and plainly shows their great esteem for the Duttons.

It was indeed a tragic time. It could hardly happen today when Ruthie, too, could likely have been saved.

Was there ever a letter from Maurice? We know of none. Indeed, he once told us, in his middle age, that he never wrote letters.

The illnesses must have begun before Christmas, possibly as early as Thanksgiving. Dorothy remembers staying with the Cavenders. They were very good to her and Noble.

Letters from Dwight to Maurice and to their mother follow.

Benbrook, Texas
Dec. 9, 1917

Dear Brother,

I don't know whether I ever wrote to you or not but if I did I never got an answer to it.

Well I am in the Army too. I enlisted the 14th of November in The Dalles, Ore. Am in the Aviation Corps. Paul Holmes and another kid in The Dalles enlisted with me but they both flunked so I had to go alone.

I went up to Bend early in the spring and was there for about 4 months. Then I went home for about one and was sick most of the time. So I went up to The Dalles. There I stayed until I enlisted.

I sure had some fun in The Dalles. Gages and I roomed together.

Mother is teaching school out at Troutdale. Louise is staying with Grandma and Dorothy is with Aunt Dot and Uncle Smith down at Mosier. I never got to see Dorothy before I left.

Papa is very sick. You know he has Diabetes. He only weighs about 100 lbs. I don't think he will live long. I didn't know he was so bad or I wouldn't of enlisted when I did. He went up

Louise - age 11

Noble - age 3-4

Maurice - age 19

Age 19

RUTH (MATLOCK) DUTTON

About 1916?
Age 45?

About 1921?
Age 50?

Dorothy Dell Dutton - age 7

The photo was taken in 1917 at The Dalles. Dorothy was living with her Aunt Louise and Uncle Albert at Mosier where he was superintendent of construction on the old Columbia River Highway. They had gone to The Dalles on business, taking the train and staying over night in a hotel.

in Southern Ore. to teach School when I went to The Dalles and he was looking pretty well then. I never heard from the folks but once while I was gone. Then when I enlisted I went to Portland and found Papa there in very bad condition. But it was too late then and I had to go.

I am making an allotment of $15 a month to Papa and the Government will pay him another $15 making him $30 a month from me. That, with what you send, ought to keep him pretty well. Mama gets about $65 a month. But I don't think she is able to teach.

I am in the 183rd aero squadron and we expect to go to France in two or three months. I suppose you will have to stay in the P.I. for some time.

I was shipped from Vancouver, Washington to Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas, and stayed there about a week, and then was sent to Camp Taliferro, Fort Worth, Texas, about 300 miles north of Kelly Field where I have been ever since.

How do you like it in the PI.? I haven't heard from home yet. My Address is Field #3 Camp Taliferro, Benbrook, Fort Worth, Texas 183rd Aero sqdn (comes first).

Well I will have to close for this time. Hoping to hear from you soon. Your brother,

Dwight M. Dutton

If you have any pictures send one and I will send some as soon as I can.

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183rd Aero squadron
Telferro Field
Bendbrook, Texas
Dec. 17, 1917

Dear Mother,

This makes the third time I have written and I haven't had an answer to any of them yet. Why don't you ever write? If you wrote to Kelly Field I may never get it because there has been considerable trouble in getting our mail forwarded from there.

I was sent in the machine shop to learn engine fitting. I went two days and was transferred to the machine gunnery school and have been going to school ever since. I am studying to be an instructor. If I make good there won't be much chance of me ever getting to go to France or England. We are still under quarantine but it may be lifted any day and it may not be lifted until the first of the year. We haven't been paid any yet either and won't until the 5th of January. I am going to see about having that allotment made out this afternoon. You will get it just as quick as you would of if it had been made out the day I enlisted.

When you send that little suitcase be sure and have it addressed plain and put a slip with another address on it inside the suitcase so as to identify it if there is any trouble.

Tell the Watsons to write, and anyone else that wants to. I haven't had a letter since I enlisted.

It takes three months to finish my course so I will be here

that long anyway, and then, if I pass the exam and have any choice of where I go I am going to try to get to some school a little closer home.

I wrote to Maurice the day I wrote you. Have you heard from him lately? I addressed it to the 9th Co C.A.D. Fort Mills P.I. That may be one of his old addresses, I don't know.

I have been up flying twice since I got here. The British instructors take up almost anyone in the U.S. Army. One day I was up for about 30 min and the last about 45 min.

We get up at 6:15 and have breakfast at 7:00. Then we go out to drill at 8:15 and drill until 9:30. Then I go to school and come to camp at 11:30; dinner at 12:30 and back to school at 2:00, back to camp at 4:30, have supper at 5:00. Then we go out and drill from 5:45 until 7:00. So I don't have much time to myself.

As soon as the quarantine is lifted I will go to Fort Worth which is about 12 miles from here and have some pictures taken. Be sure and send yours and the kids'. Is Papa any better?

When you send the suitcase put a little dictionary in. I have lots of trouble in spelling and I have lots of writing to do. (Note: I have been correcting his spelling. Sorry. KCH).

I guess I have told you all. Will try and write more next time. I will send those shoes as soon as I get paid or bum a little money from some of the boys. Leave out the Fort Worth in my address and I will get it quicker.

your son
Dwight

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Dorothy's following story should have come before, in 1916.

"BIKES AND BROTHERS - 1916"

"Louise and I (1984) don't know what education Maurice and Dwight had. We do know that our parents felt education was essential and that the boys must have finished the 8th grade and probably had some high schooling. They both, as did we all, enjoyed reading and read early - also late!

"Both boys had summer jobs and had odd jobs after school. Maurice enjoyed gardening and farm work and spending his earnings. He never had any money. Dwight had long range plans and saved part of his earnings regularly so that soon after we moved to East 11th Street between Rhine and Rhone, he had enough money saved to buy a bike, a brand new one. He was the envy of the neighborhood. For a week or more all the kids gathered at our house, admired, discussed, and tried it out. Poor Maurice. He never knew what had become of his money but it was always gone - nickeled and dimed away. Eventually, my turn on the bike came. Dwight explained how I must hold my feet away from the wheel, sit still, and hold on to the handle bars. All this I knew, having seen other little kids ride the bar with their older brothers. It was easy. I was lifted on and Dwight started up the 11th Street hill to coast down.

"I hadn't expected that bar to be so hard and narrow. We were almost at the top of the block when my bottom could no longer stay

put. I wriggled a bit, trying to get more comfortable - just enough wriggle to make the front wheel swerve into my leg and all at once the foot was among the spokes and over we went, Dwight, bike and I, onto the grassy parking, with my horrified cries of anguish bringing everyone on the run. I was scared, not really hurt. But what if I'd ruined his beautiful new bike? No one asked where I hurt. All they were interested in was the bike. Was the wheel ruined? Were the spokes broken? What was the damage? Could it be fixed?

"I sat sobbing quietly for a while. Then I got up, rubbed my eyes, wiped my nose on my sweater sleeve and announced with as much dignity as could be mustered while walking backward toward our steps, 'Well, one thing, anyway, you'll never get me on that bike again.' And I turned around and ran home.

"Dwight had got a job with Sealy-Dresser, a downtown grocer, driving the delivery wagon. At first he had walked to and from work, but with the bike the mile and a half or so to and from work was quickly covered. Bob Matlock, (Christened Merle Iler Matlock - he didn't like being called 'Little Merle' to distinguish him from Uncle Merle so insisted on being Bob, and we all fell in line.) some two years younger than Dwight, often rode the delivery wagon with him. Dwight always had many friends - of all ages and sexes.

"For several years Maurice left home in the summers to work in the eastern Oregon harvests. And he bought the calk boots and tin pants and slicker to work in logging camps too, which he did winters. After the war he went to California to log since the weather was better there."

THE FAMILY IS FORCED TO SEPARATE

Ruthie's dying remarks that her perents could hardly get along without her were quite correct. She had been the hub of the family, the link between the 3 younger children and their two older brothers. She had been the child sitter and trusted household assistant, holding things together while her parents worked, when her father wasn't at home, ill. Louise remembers that Ruthie had worried about her school work because of so many and protracted absences.

Maurice was already in the army, a vast ocean away. Dwight, only 18, was unaware that his father was already critically ill. Along with the many other American youths who caught the War Fever that followed our declaration of war against Germany in 1917, he, too, enlisted in the army, lying about his age.

As the fall opening of school approached, it became impossible for Daniel and Ruth to keep the family together. Apparently unable to find teaching jobs in or near Portland, Ruth took a tiny one room school in the Hurlburt community southeast of Troutdale, keeping 4 year old Noble with her. They boarded with a local family, and Ruth took Noble to school with her, as she had done at Hobsonville when he was seven months old. Daniel could find nothing closer than a school somewhere in Southern Oregon.

We don't know whether they left the house on East 11th, storing their furniture or sub-let it, furnished. Apparently they were able to stay in the house through most of the summer, for Dwight's letter says that he had been at home for a month, being sick most of the time. That was probably in July or August.

When he came next, after enlisting on November 14, he found

only his very ill father who had given up his school in southern Oregon because of illness. He was apparently living in a hotel or boarding house downtown. The city directory lists him, alone, at 331½ Salmon Street.

We don't know whether they had been buying or renting the house on East 11th Street.

Dorothy was at Mosier, some 9 miles east of Hood River, with *Aunt Dot who in 1909 had married Albert Smith, a superintendent in logging camps and sewer, water and road building projects. At Mosier in 1917 he was construction superintendent for the legendary Columbia River Highway through the Cascade Mountains. The highway was completed a few years later. He was called "Uncle Albert" by* the younger folk. Others called him, "Skook", short for"Skookum" which had been hung on him by Indians who hung around his jobs.

Louise was with Grandma and Aunt Aggie in the house on 78th and Ash. Aggie was called "Auntie" by her nieces and nephews.

Dwight's letters were a big help in piecing together this information, especially the chronology.

In the spring of 1918, after school was out, the family was reunited. Mrs. Dutton, with little Noble, Daniel, Louise and Dorothy moved into a house on N.E. 81st, 150 feet or so south of Fremont Street. Daniel was able to drive the team and wagon, as Dorothy will tell.

"OUR LAST HOME - 1918"

"We were driving down a rutty dirt road toward a big hill. All our possessions were in the wagon with us. Papa was driving the two horses and telling us the hill was called a butte - Rocky Butte, he said, and we three practiced saying it.

"We had been in the wagon a long time and were restless. This old road was rough and there weren't many houses. There were lots of fir trees almost swallowed up by hazel bushes, though. Papa told us we could pick all the nuts we wanted when they were ripe.

"Now we were trying to guess which of the few houses was ours. 'It's that one,' one of us would call, only to be interrupted by another, 'No, it's that one.' One we passed was made up of two tent houses, doubled together.

"Finally the horses turned, went a very short way down a worse trail and stopped in front of a house with a big front porch. There was a low cement wall holding up the bank. But there was a big yard with a cherry tree out back - just right for climbing, and we were home.

"We were really glad to leave the house on East 11th between Rhine and Rhone. We had been cautioned so much about the 3 great dangers there. First was the high bank in front of the house, with its huge cement retaining wall. We could tumble into the street below before we knew it. Second, the Willamette River was only a few blocks behind us and we could tumble down its bank and land in the river or on the log booms or even on a log raft. The third great danger was the storage tanks of the Portland Gas and Coke Company a few blocks north of us. Mama told us to never, ever go down there to even look at them, much less to play. Those tanks

*Younger folk also used "Uncle Smith", "Uncle Skook"& "Aunt Louise".

Dutton home, intermittently, 1918-37.
Old cherry tree visible in upper left rear above.
I, Ken, in foreground. Photos taken April 10, 1986,
three days after Dorothy died.

are still there to this day - 1984 - and have never exploded yet as far as we know. There was also the Southern Pacific Railroad 6-8 blocks to the east - too far to be a hazard.

"Our 'new' house was the first one south of Fremont on the west* side of 81st - 739 East 81st Street North. Between us and Fremont was about a quarter of a block of brachen, hazel brush and tall grass, wild roses, little wild blackberry vines and several stumps of big fir trees. This was 'The Field', with a meandering, diagonal path from our house to the corner of 80th and Fremont. When there were enough kids we played Workup there, or Run Sheep Run, Red Light, Blackman, Statue, Pom Pom Pull Away, or just ran around squealing and yelling.

"Mr. Weisse staked his cow there, much to our displeasure. But she never stayed more than a day or two - just long enough to eat the grass down low enough. Then he'd let her cut grass on one of the other vacant fields on either side of 81st and even north of Fremont Street.

"Weisses lived across 81st from us. George was my age and Buddy was Noble's. We were either good friends or mortal enemies, not speaking except to yell insults at each other from the safety of our front porches.

"On Saturday Mama would send Noble and me, with our little red wagon, to the store at 72nd and Sandy. I carried the list because I was older and In Charge. Noble sat with his legs hanging over the back of the wagon and I knelt on my right leg in the wagon and pushed with my left, steering with the tipped back handle. I never became very adept at either steering or pushing. So, after the first block I'd pull Noble. Then when it was my turn to ride I'd try to help him by sitting backward and pushing with my feet."

* Now the 4th house, present address - 3427 NE 81st Avenue.

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The spring and summer of 1918 was the last time the three younger children were all together with both parents. Although a happy time for the children, it must have held severe undertones of grief for the parents, knowing that Daniel was approaching the end. In the summer, Daniel went back to Kansas (Emporia) to visit his older sister, Molly. She had been almost a mother to him, his own mother having died when he was 3.

Before being shipped overseas, Dwight had time to visit Aunt Molly, too. Unfortunately, he arrived at her home just after Daniel had left for home. We don't know why Dwight didn't go on home to see his family. Perhaps his leave wasn't long enough, or he didn't have enough money, or both. Communication between him and home had been meager at best, as shown in the following letter from Dwight. Written from a port of embarkation, it is the last letter we have from him. He wrote many others which have disappeared. Obviously, the letters he had from home were few and far between.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Hempstead, Long Island
Aug 22, 1918

Dear Mother,

received your letter last night it was the first one in several months! Am glad Papa got back alright. Aunt Mollie

was afraid the trip was going to be hard on him. I got a letter from her several days ago saying Papa had left. My letter got there a day after he left so she said she would send it to him.

I was transferred out of the Casual Detachment into a replacement squadron. They go across and fill in Squadrons that have lost some men. There were 800 men in a Squadron that went across last week. I just missed that bunch but will go with the next the first of the month or some time near then.

I am going to put in my application to go to a school of aerial gunnery at Dayton, Ohio. There is none here and that is the closest. I think I can get in there as an instructor as I have had some experience at that. Then I would get into a squadron on this side. That would be better than going across and then taking a dead man's place. Don't you think so?

I had to turn in my hat and get a cap when I left the casual. But I had an old hat to turn in so I am going to send my good one home. I don't know whether the soldiers out there wear those little "go to hell" caps as they call them here. So as soon as I get paid off this month I will get one and send it home for a souvenir.

I am going to have some pictures taken payday, so will send some if they are any good. I never got yours. I guess it must have got lost in the mail. Next time you send anything be sure to have it insured or send it by special delivery or the chances are I won't get it.

I got a special duty job this morning, guarding prisoners - one day on and one day off. So I will have plenty of time to run about & see the country. I guess you will get this if I send it to Grandma. Be sure to tell me where to send your mail next time, and write soon.

As ever your son
Dwight.

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We have part of a letter from Dwight, written March 3, 1918, in which he said his outfit was ready to ship to France any day. In his last letter, August 22, he was again ready to board ship. The delay was caused by an outbreak of typhoid fever. Somewhere in the unit was a typhoid "carrier", one who passes it on to others although not afflicted by it himself. Such carriers were called, "Typhoid Marys", after the first known one whose name was Mary. When the carrier was finally identified it was Dwight. He was quarantined for months before the disease entirely left his body.

A form letter of welcome from King George of England was given to each American soldier who disembarked in England or France. A copy of it will be shown, if we can find it.

Apparently, Dwight never became an instructor. Not long after arriving in France he was on the battle front. When volunteers for "Runners" were asked for, he stepped forward. He didn't know what runners were. But, thinking he was a pretty fast runner, he volunteered. "Runners", he quickly learned, bore messages to and from field headquarters and the battle front.

A German gas attack which preceded their last major assault caught Dwight while he was on such a mission. He fell into a fox

hole and survived, although permanently disabled. In their assault the Germans took him prisoner. He was in their prisoners' hospital when the great allied counter attack drove the Germans back, freeing Dwight, along with other allies' prisoners.

The rest of Dwight's army service was as a patient in military hospitals in France, England and the United States. Always frail, he was never again entirely well.

For months after his capture Dwight's family heard nothing of or from him. Their fears that he had been killed or captured finally seemed confirmed when Mrs. Dutton received a form letter from King George saying that Dwight was missing in action and presumed dead - killed while serving valiantly in a noble cause, etc.. That letter, unfortunately, is lost.

Dwight finally became well enough to notify his family that he was still alive and was slowly recovering from being gassed. Eventually, a year or so after the Armistice was signed, he was discharged and at home, though far from well.

Going back to the summer of 1918, Daniel, returning to Portland after visiting his sister, helped Ruth prepare for the coming school year. This time the family would not be separated. Daniel and the children would keep the home fires burning, Monday through Friday while Ruth boarded where she taught, near Troutdale, as she had the year before.

Noble, now 5, was old enough to stay at home with his father and two sisters - 8 year old Dorothy and Louise who was nearly 12. Daniel would care for Noble until the girls got home from school. Dorothy would be in the third grade at Rose City School, 1½ mile southwest at 57th and Sacramento Street. She skipped the second grade, not having attended school the preceding year while living with her aunt and uncle at Mosier. Louise would be in the 7th grade at Glenhaven School, a mile to the south, at 82nd and Tillamook. There was a small school nearby - Gregory Heights, at 72nd and Siskiyou - but it had only the even numbered grades in even numbered years and odd numbered grades in odd numbered years. So, it didn't offer the right grade for either Dorothy or Louise.

The girls could help Daniel with the housework and with caring for Noble before and after school during the 5 days each week that Ruth would be gone. Although Daniel had better days, he slowly worsened. Sometimes he was bedfast, requiring one of the girls to miss school. Sometimes he could sweep and cook. Often he could not. Sometimes he was cross, especially with Noble when he faltered in learning to count. Sometimes his craving for sweets was irresistible. Sometimes he made and ate candy. Dorothy says that once, shortly before he went to the hospital the last time, he ate all the pies that Ruth had baked for the week. Dorothy writes more:

"HALLOWEEN WITH SHAKESPEARE - 1918"

"In the fall of 1918 Papa was re-reading Shakespeare. When he felt well enough he would read aloud the parts he most enjoyed, changing his voice and face to suit the character. We three listened attentively, sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of him. Louise and Noble savored the words. I savored the expressions on his face and in his voice and the way the words rolled off his tongue. We all enjoyed certain phrases and expressions and

declaim them over and over, thus: 'Frailty, thy name is woman!'. Noble, only 5, could read and memorize, but he couldn't say his 'R's. He said, 'Fwailty'. And Hamlet: 'Something is wotten in the state of Denmawk.' And, 'Oh, my pwophetic soul!' --- 'Oh, howible! Oh, howible! Most howible!' ---'Now cwacks a noble heawt.' ---'Good night, sweet pwince, And flights of angels sing thee to west.'

"Our bookcases bulged with books. Like wire coat hangers, if two get together, soon the closet is dripping hangers. So with our books. They multiplied. They overran the bookcases and were stacked on chests, tables and in out-of-the-way corners. Louise, 11 years old, read them all. Noble and I read at them but were fairly easily discouraged. Among the books were several volumes of Shakespeare for children. These Louise pored over, committing much of them to memory. Then she got the standard Shakespeare, read and compared the children's with the standard and discarded the children's. She, too, would read aloud the parts she enjoyed and Noble and I would shortly have them memorized. We'd all 3 sit in a line on the front steps, with one book. Louise would start reading. Noble and I listened intently. Whichever of us caught her in a mistake got the book to read aloud until the next mistake. Louise, of course, got to read the most, but Noble and I were improving rapidly.

"As Hallowe'en approached, Louise got the idea of dramatizing the witches scenes in Macbeth. She had little trouble in convincing Noble and me that we could learn it all and perform it for Papa and Mama for Hallowe'en - in costume! We made our hats of cardboard. The cones were covered with black crepe paper as were the tops of the brims. The bottoms of the brims were covered with orange crepe paper which cast an eerie glow on our faces. Louise and I turned our plaid rain capes inside out, with the green lining on the outside. As we made dramatic gestures with our arms the red and green plaid inside flashed before the eyes of the spectators. Noble wore my cape. I wore Louise's, and Louise wore Papa's swallow-tail coat, with the sleeves turned to the inside. We were very witchy. Our caldron was the old, black-iron 3-legged Dutch oven. We spent some time hunting through the trees and hazel brush for fallen branches - with enough character and no bark - to make good stir-sticks for whipping up the witches' brew. We searched our toy box for the ingredients - fillet of a fenny snake; eye of newt (a marble); toe of frog (a strip of shoe tongue); wool of bat; tongue of dog (piece of a red belt); adder's fork (kitchen fork); blind-worm's sting (thorn from a rose bush); lizard's leg(broken doll's leg); howlet's wing (chicken wing).

"We found something for all and stirred as we each believed a witch would, and capered fiendishly about our caldron, flashing our cape linings. Louise flourished her coat tails. We were the Cadilac line of all witches, even though some of us had trouble keeping our hats on our heads until we safety-pinned black elastic to each cone to go under our chins. If they were a little tight we felt it made our faces more witchy.

"Come Halloween night. Papa was in bed, where he spent much of his time now, propped up on pillows. Mama sat beside him. We turned out all the lights, but lit one of the kerosene lamps on the dresser. It gave just enough light to cast huge shadows, and

we went into our act. It was a great success. Mama and Papa were impressed by our memorization, interpretation, characterization, costumes and originality. We were completely satisfied. None of us aspired to acting again, however, having got it out of our systems early on."

"LIFE ON EAST 81ST STREET"

"To get to our basement on 81st we went out the back door, down the 4 or 5 steps from the porch to the ground, walked a few steps north to the corner of the house, bent over and lifted the slanting door which covered the basement steps. When open it latched with a hook to an eye on the house. There were 7 or 8 steps to the basement. Once down, we were on a dirt floor, except for a cement island on which stood two fixed laundry trays (cement) with enough room for a washing machine which we didn't have.

"Uncle Grant, from Crystal Laundry, came by every week, driving his horse and laundry wagon and picked up our fully stuffed laundry bag. He returned things the following week, with the flat things run through the mangle, folded and wrapped in neat blue packages. The things to be ironed, full of wrinkles, were in a clean laundry bag.

"Out from the north wall of the basement was a big wood lift which was supposed to be filled every day, first with stove wood - the small pieces for the kitchen stove - which would then be cranked up, by windlass, turning the handle which would wind up the heavy rope that ran through a pulley under the drainboard. The door under the drainboard was then opened and the wood removed to the woodbox by the kitchen stove. The woodlift was then uncranked to the basement and refilled with chunks for the dining room heater. When brought up they would remain in the lift until used up, unless more small wood for the kitchen stove were needed.

"Before getting down to cranking up wood we'd take turns cranking each other up. All the kids in the neighborhood came to ride the woodlift and slide down our cellar door. We'd save any cardboard boxes, gunny sacks or old pieces of carpet to use as bottom protectors when we slid down the door. We'd learned the hard way that splinters in the bottom were no fun.

"Across the middle of our basement were three big, square wood posts, set on cement piers, holding the house up. Across the back was another cement retaining wall that went to about 3 feet from the floor of the house. On this wall were other posts supporting the house, with crawl space left open, and we crawled.

"The big post near the woodlift was a nuisance. It was in the way of the lift and the wood pile. The chopping block and ax were right beside it. We vented our spleen on it. Kicking the post was unsatisfactory. Soon we were giving it a whack with the ax when it was particularly offensive. Over the years that post became smaller toward the base - sort of like sharpening a pencil with a knife. Mama seldom came into the basement so wasn't aware of what was happening. It didn't occur to us that the post was an integral part of the house. When she did get down in the basement she was really shocked at what we had done - with assistance from the neighbor kids. After that, other kids had to stay out of the basement and we must NEVER take another whack at that post or any of the others lest the whole house tumble down on our heads."

"THE SHED"

"It wasn't a shed at all. It was a well built, solid room about 12' x 18'. It had a good floor, with a window on each side of the door which faced our kitchen door. There was a window on each of the long walls, and a floored loft above the back one third of the room, with a railing and spindles to keep whoever or whatever was up there from falling off. We reached the loft by climbing up a wall ladder.

"Mama and Papa thought it had been used as an office, but there was no heat in it.

"We used it as a play and storage room. Now, in thinking back, I wonder why we didn't use it as a third bedroom which we sorely needed. Poor Noble didn't have a room of his own in all the years we lived on 81st. He slept on the couch in the dining room and shared Mama's closet, dresser and chest.

"It wasn't long after we moved there - maybe a year or so - that Noble and I discovered a way of climbing to the roof of the shed where we'd tramp around for a while then finally jump from the eves and land with a teeth jarring thump in the soft dirt of the vegetable garden. When the neighborhood kids added shed jumping to woodlift rides and sliding down our cellar door, Mama soon found out about that and put a stop to it.

"When Laheys bought the lot next to us and started to build a house, we, Noble and I, were indignant. They were ruining 'The Field'. Where would we play? They had no business there. After they moved in, Mr. Lahey wanted to buy our shed which abutted their property line. He was sure he could hitch his Ford to it and pull it across the line and have a good garage. For some time Mama refused. Finally, one summer, with no income, she gave in and sold our shed to him for $25! We were aghast. Where would we store our things when we rented the house, as we often did? Where would we play?

"Mr. Lahey measured the shed, measured his space, and prepared a foundation to receive it. Came the day when he hitched his Ford to the shed, pulled mightily, and nothing budged. He had to spend a good many evenings loosening the shed from its foundation. Then, with the help of some of his many relations and the trusty Ford, he finally pulled it into position. Our shed became Lahey's garage. We regretted it from the start, but the money helped us through a moneyless summer."

"PAPA'S SONGS"

"'In the night time at the right time, so I've understood,
Tis the habit of Sir Rabbit to dance in the wood.'

and

'Hang up the baby's stocking. Be sure and don't forget,
For the dear little dimpled darling has never seen Christmas yet.'

"These are the only 'special' songs that I can remember Papa singing to us, although there were many more. We'd join in with the singing - Louise, too. But she wandered away from the melody, and if I were close to her I'd follow her 'tune' rather than Papa's. When Noble and I both sat on Papa's lap in the rocking chair, and

we 3 sang the old songs - 'Church in the Wildwood', 'Annie Laurie', 'Dance with the Dolly with the Hole in her Stocking', 'Loch Lomond', and lots of hymns, I had no trouble staying on the tune.

"Papa had such a wonderful baritone voice, both speaking and singing."

MORE - "LIFE ON 81ST"

"When we first moved to 81st Mama and Papa had the plowman come with his horse and wagon. We watched as he slid the plow out of the wagon, unhitched the horse and hitched him to the plow. Then they slid it up the trail on its side, by the north side of our house where they turned into our yard and plowed everything up. Our lot was 50' x 100', including the house and shed. So there really wasn't a great deal of plowing to do.

"But there were lots of rocks. Some of them were great big. The plowman helped us roll them into the hazel brush on each side of our lot. It was easier to get them out of the way on the north side because that was part of THE FIELD, where we played. It had been fairly well cleared of firs and hazel. The plowman obligingly helped us arrange the big rocks in a sort of semi-circle. We filled in between them with smaller rocks that all 3 of us kids could handle. By the end of the day we proudly showed Mama and Papa our 'fort'.

"After the plowing was finished, the horse was hitched to the harrow and driven back and forth over the plowed furrows to rake them level. Again, there were rocks to be thrown to either side of us or into the dirt track that was 81st Street. We had sidewalks and curbs (done in 1914) but no improved streets.

"All day the robins were feasting on the worms turned up in the plowing and harrowing. They came in great flocks and hardly bothered to move out of our way.

"While the horse was there Louise and Noble fed it carrots while I kept a respectful distance, though slightly envious. A horse had once kicked me. I took no chances.

"The whole plowed yard was planted to potatoes, although Mama slipped in some flowers. On the south side of the front porch she planted a pink climbing Dorothy Perkins rose bush, with a red one on the north side.

"Across the west end of our lot, against the wire fence, we planted 50' of Cuthbert raspberries that began producing that summer and kept it up all the years we had the house.

"There was a nice Bing cherry tree off the southwest corner of the house that produced the biggest, sweetest, juiciest cherries we'd ever eaten. It produced year after year, grew larger year after year, and we kids climbed higher year after year. We began eating the fruit when it turned a faint pink and kept it up until it was all gone.

"We canned quarts of cherries every year, storing them in the fruit cupboard in the basement, along with raspberries in quarts, raspberry and cherry jam, jelly, and syrup. Mama made the most delectable cherry and raspberry pies, cobblers and dumplings. She was a very good cook. Our yard produced a bumper crop of potatoes that fall. They lasted well into the winter.

"The next year too, the whole yard was plowed and harrowed again, but we had a larger vegetable garden with peas, beans, spinach, carrots, onions and corn. The rest went into potatoes again. Again, we filled the road with rocks of assorted sizes, besides all we threw into the hazel brush on either side."

"BIRDS"

"Our house stood at the northeast corner of the city. To the north and east lay a semi-wilderness of forest, sloughs, marshes, ponds, rivers and islands. In particular, there was the Columbia River and Rocky Butte.

"A mile or so to the north lay the bottom lands of the Columbia River, a marshy area, bisected by sloughs - an attraction for all sorts of water birds. A mile farther north was the mighty river, a mile wide.

"Rocky Butte, an extinct volcanic cone, some 700 feet high and a mile in diameter, loomed before us half a mile to the east. Densely covered by evergreen and deciduous trees, it was a haven for myriads of birds of all kinds.

"At the back of our house, in the protected corner between the porch and the side, grew a large wild currant bush which bloomed profusely for several weeks in May and June. The humming birds considered it their own, especially in the morning and late afternoon when a dozen or so would congregate to sip from the bright red currant flowers. But nearly any time of day we would be aware of one or more at the bush.

"Sometimes our resident cats, Ted and Midget, with their current family, would become too inquisitive and try to get one of the birds. As at a signal, the whole flock would turn and dive bomb the cats, driving them completely away from the house - diving repeatedly until the cats took refuge up the cherry tree or behind the shed. We seldom saw their tiny nests so cleverly hidden in lichen. But they must have been all around, for there was lots of wild currant around us and on the Butte.

"Just before sundown we'd all gather on the front porch and watch the sunset. Although it set in the west, our view was east, including Rocky Butte and Mt. Hood. We particularly enjoyed watching Mt. Hood change from vanilla icecream to strawberry. The afterglow was so beautiful. The fleecy white clouds in the clear blue sky would subtly change from white through peach, through pink. As the sun sank, the sky would darken with birds, flying to roost on the Butte.

"There were all kinds - robins, blackbirds, bluebirds, and hosts of other smaller birds. They were very noisy on their way to roost, not with song, but with chatter. They seemed to be telling each other how good it was to be going to bed.

"Pheasants, grouse, quail and flickers were common. Great eagles and hawks soared over the Butte. In the spring and fall great flocks of ducks and geese wedged through the sky, filling our ears with their guiding quacks and honks. In spring the omnipotent but elusive meadow larks tantalized our ears and spirits with their song. On warm summer evenings, night hawks plummetted from the sky, then zoomed upward, leaving the roar of their wings behind.

Rather surprising to us. we used to hear them downtown - and it wasn't many years ago. On summer nights we heard bats flittering and squeaking. Only seldom did we see the sparks of fireflies. These are, indeed, pleasant, stirring memories."

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

The Duttons' salaries as grade school teachers were minimal and were received only for the time school was in session. During the summer their only income was what they could earn at something else. The best they could do was take the children and go berry and hop picking. This they did almost every summer. The only exception Dorothy and Louise recall was 1918, the last summer of Daniel's life, when he was too ill to go.

They went to the berry fields in early summer and to the hop fields in late summer. The farmers, or their associations, would send a man for them, with horses and a large wagon. Louise tells of one such trip on a scorchingly hot day. Horses and people were very hot - the horses lathered with sweat - when they came to a small spot of shade - too small for both horses and wagon. Much to the passengers' surprise and displeasure, the driver stopped with the horses in the shade, leaving his passengers in the broiling sun.

Some minimal living quarters were provided - usually small individual cabins, or larger, barracks type buildings. Invariably, they were dirty. Ruth wouldn't let her family in until they had spent hours cleaning up the quarters - a chore the children relished not at all. Dorothy remembers how they set cans of kerosene under the bed posts to keep bed-bugs from going up and catch those coming down.

It was a good experience for the children - good for their health and for character building - developing work habits and personal responsibility. They earned a few dollars for themselves and enjoyed the experience. Daniel and Ruth didn't expect them to work all day, allowing them time to play and have fun. Of course there were plenty of other kids to play with. The adults found comfort, too, socializing in the evenings and on Sundays.

The summer after Maurice returned from the army - probably in 1921 - he accompanied the family - berry picking at Blue Lake, some ten miles east of Portland. Dwight never accompanied them. He always had jobs of his own. On this safari Dorothy had the misfortune to step in a bees' nest. Maurice called to her to stand still. But of course she couldn't, as the bees were stinging her. She had a dozen or more stings, mostly on her face, arms and legs. Her eyes swelled shut, and she was sick for days. Ruth had Louise and Noble bring mud from the lake to put on her stings. When the mud dried they brought more. It made her stings feel much better.

Then Louise became ill. In a few days sores began to appear. Then Dorothy developed similar symptoms. As there was a good deal of smallpox around, Ruth decided they had smallpox. They went home immediately. As soon as they were home, 8 year old Noble, alone, without asking anyone, walked the two miles to their family doctor in Montavilla for a smallpox vaccination. He had just learned about them. Dorothy and Louise recovered quickly, with only a few minor scars. Little Noble had made sure that he wouldn't get it.

"ARMISTICE DAY - NOVEMBER 11, 1918"

"Papa had gone to the doctor early that morning, leaving Louise in charge of Noble and me, with instructions that the beds were to be made, the dishes done and the house straightened up and looking nice for Mama's week-end at home.

"With a good deal of bossing from Louise, and argument from me, and, 'read-me-a-story', from Noble, the business of picking up the house was accomplished by the time Papa got home.

"He looked so tired and discouraged when he came in. But we were used to his looking that way. As we often did, Noble rubbed his aching head, and I got the basin of hot water and washed and dried his tired feet, while Louise fixed the lunch sandwiches.

"After lunch Papa told us to go down to 82nd and Sandy and watch the celebration. He had heard that the Armistice had just been signed and everyone was out in force joyfully celebrating this long hoped for event.

"Louise had a good book waiting. Noble and I had plans involving Rocky Butte. None of us wanted to go down the hill to Sandy. Papa explained that this was a very important time. This war had made the world safe for Democracy. It had been the war to end all wars. This was a day to be impressed upon our memories. The whole world was celebrating. Now, Maurice and Dwight could come home, and we'd be a whole family again. He wanted us to be able to remember this day all our lives. 'Besides,' he said, 'Mama will be home when you get back.'

Rather reluctantly we set out. We heard the church bells ringing wildly as soon as we stepped outside. In 1918 Sandy was a smooth topped road, but 82nd was a rutted dirt track, and the path along its edge was narrow, rocky and overhung with hazel bushes. There were only a few houses in the 3 or 4 blocks between Fremont and Sandy. By the time we got to the top of the 82nd Street hill we could hear the commotion. Where in the world had all the people come from! Grownups were blowing horns, beating on pans, banging pot lids together, slapping each other on the back, shaking hands, hugging each other, crying and yelling.

"We stood on the bank under the hazel brush where the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children now stands * and watched in amazement. Everyone who had a car was driving up and down Sandy, trailing tin cans and anything else that would make a noise. The drivers honked their horns incessantly. Drivers, passengers, bystanders were all yelling. By concentrating we could make out words. 'Peace', 'Armistice', 'The boys are coming home.' Those who had them were waving flags.

"Every little while a street car would come clanking down the tracks, its bell jangling frantically. People were yelling out the windows and doors. At the end of the line on 82nd a few of them would get off and a few pile on. The conductor jumped off, changed the trolley direction, climbed back on, jangled the bell, and the street car rumbled off, inbound, with its crowd of yelling, singing people. Fire crackers were banging and sending up little puffs

* The facility was vacated in 1983, a new one having been erected in the west hills at the Oregon Health Sciences Center.

of smoke. Dogs were running around, barking. Even the cows in the pasture of the Midget Dairy - across Sandy gathered along the fence and added their moos to the din. Noble and I hunted around for tin cans to clang together. It was exciting! All the kids we knew were there, with and without their parents.

"Eventually we got cold and tired and straggled back home. When we got there Papa was gone and Mama hadn't got home yet. A pot of stew was simmering on the stove. The table was set for three. As a centerpiece there was a big pan of fudge with walnuts in it and a note propped up against it saying the doctor had ordered Papa to the hospital. We were to be good, help Mama all we could, and eat the stew before the fudge.

"Now, in 1978, Louise and I still remember Armistice Day, 1918."

"1 DECEMBER - 1918"

"We were at Grandma's at 22 East 78th and Ash. As we came in, Louise heard Grandma say in an aside to Auntie,'Now, we won't tell her he's worse until after she's had her dinner.' Auntie agreed, but Louise told me.

"Now dinner was over. Mama was resting on the lounge in the living room for a few minutes before going by street car to the Portland Sanatorium at East 60th and Belmont where Papa was very ill.

"The dishes were done; the kitchen was warm and cozy. Grandma had set out a plate of her fat soft sugar cookies for Louise, Noble and me. Louise was curled up in Grandma's kitchen rocker, reading and rubbing a finger across the little indentation on the left arm of the chair, made, over the years, by Grandpa as he cracked hazelnuts in the spot where the first arm support fit into the arm. Noble was under the table playing with his brightly painted little soldiers. I was sitting on the floor using the open oven door as a table and drawing pictures.

"The grownups were in the living room with Mama who was now putting on her coat and hat preparatory to leaving when the phone rang. I pushed the swinging door open thinking it might be Evelyn-Across-the-Street asking me over to her house. Auntie answered. Auntie, who was usually a great talker, didn't have much to say - only, 'Yes, she's here.' 'When?', and, 'Thank you.'

"Slowly she hung up the receiver, turned to Mama and said, 'There's no need to go, Ruth.'

"Noble had crawled out from under the table and was peeking through the door with me. Louise closed her book and stood up. Everyone seemed frozen.

"Papa's dead,' I breathed."

"3 DECEMBER - 1918"

"We didn't go to school that day.

"Neither did we go to the funeral. Mama thought Noble and I were too young - and Louise, too, as far as that went. But she would be in charge while the others went.

"Usually a day free from school was anticipated with joy, and the day itself would be perfect.