



"All the events, the emotional valleys and promontories we travel culminate in the poem that becomes our life," a close friend once told me. I like the notion that our lives become a poem, some epics, some grand sonnets, others mere haiku or short epigrams.

After twenty-five years of seasoning in an old trunk, I recently exhumed autobiographical accounts from two of my predecessors, one my great-grandfather Bradley M. Barnes, the other my father Harvey Lindsey. Their accounts of life prior to, and immediately following, the turn of the century fashion a catalogue of memories that become their own unique poems. I would like to share several verses with you. Each is unique in tone, style, and imagery. Archibald MacLeish once said that all poets are writing the same poem. Perhaps in significant ways all our lives are the same life. All our poems the same poem. The poem of great-grandfather Bradley M. Barnes sounds like this:

"My grandfather on my father's side moved from South Hadley, Massachusetts early in 1790 to Bakersfield, Vermont, my father, Benjamin Barnes, being at that time some 3 or 4 years old. He there grew up and at about 18 years of age went into the army in a Vermont regiment in what is termed the War of 1812. I, his 4th son, was born in the town of Bakersfield on the 10th day of July 1828. About 1830 my father moved his family to Dickinson, Franklin Co., New York where I grew up. Being somewhat of a rover, I left friends and home in September 1844 and travelled to what was then the Far West, the state of Illinois. At that time there was no railroad. I had to go by steamboat by way of the St. Lawrence River and via the great chain of lakes. The only railroad was the short line around Niagara Falls. The journey occupied about 14 days. Chicago at that time had about 25,000 inhabitants. One could stand on Lake Street midway between the lake and the South Branch of the Chicago River and look upon the lake on the east and look into the open country beyond in every direction. The business houses on Lake Street were wooden structures. I have seen teams of horses stuck so fast in the mud on Lake Street that they had to be pulled out. I have seen the covered prairie wagons in from the country in the fall of the year loaded with wheat hauled 100 to 150 miles and often be from 1 to 2 weeks making the trip. After paying hotel bills, a few groceries and other necessary articles would be all they would have to recompense them for their load and time."

Great-grandfather rambled New England and the "Far West" pecking out a living at a series of trades during the 1850's, shaving pine shingles, serving as fireman aboard the steamboat Sultanna at Buffalo, working in a hotel in Elizabethtown, N. Y.

By 1855, he had ranged through most of the northeastern U.S. working his trade, carpentry, and yearning for a parcel of land to call his own.

The country (Waupaca Co., Wisconsin) was new and thinly settled and it was a common sight to see almost any hour in the day hunting and fishing parties of the Menominee Indians in their rude birch bark canoes gliding up or down the river. In them days in summer the Indians dressed only with coarse cloth about their loins and a blanket thrown loosely over their shoulders, legs, arms, and body, perfectly bare, with long coarse black hair hanging down their backs. The squaws in like manner except they wore a short skirt from their waist to their knees. Not one in ten of them could speak the English Language. Strange, though easily accounted for, the old ones in particular could invariably speak the French Language, they having come in contact with the Catholic missionaries."

Great-grandfather Barnes settled in Omro, near Oshkosh, Wisconsin. The central feature of his life—the war which engulfed our nation—touched him indelibly, as war does young men and their families.

"When the war broke out between the North and South in 1861, the whole country was in commotion. Volunteering in the Union Army in the North was the order of things, while in the South a large army was being recruited in the interest of secession, with the avowed purpose of separation. The quotas of the several loyal states were soon filled under the call of the President for volunteers, and mostly by single men. War was upon us. Its terrible results were not among us in reality until 1862-63 when it was visible to everyone just what the war was in fact. At that time the maimed and crippled were among us, to say nothing of those that were killed and would never return. The enlistments of 1863-4 gathered to the ranks the husbands and fathers of the young families, and at that stage of the war I saw that I no longer had an excuse for not going. It had come to be such that my country had a greater claim than any or all others had. As a patriot I should immediately go to its rescue and give, if need be, my life to its service."

"I enlisted on the 14th day of February 1864 in Company I, 7th Regiment of the Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry to serve 3 years, or the duration of the war, as a veteran recruit and went to Camp Randall at Madison, Wisconsin. In March I started with others for the front via Chicago, Buffalo, Elmira, Baltimore, and Washington, from thence via Alexandria to Culpeper, Virginia, where we joined our regiments, the 2nd, 6th, and 7th Wisconsin where they had been in winter quarters."

"On the 4th of May about 2 a. m. in the morning we broke camp and started in on active service. We marched south across the Rappahannock River on till near dark. We went in to camp by laying down upon a road, without fires, and had only 3 hard tacks for our supper and the same for breakfast. It was the last breakfast that many of the boys ever ate. At about eleven O'clock we were ordered to advance through a thick growth of scrub pines with low hanging branches. The ground was covered with running blackberry vines that would trip one at almost every

step. We felt our way on for about 1/2 mile when we came upon the enemy strongly entrenched behind their works three times strong."

"At sight of them we opened fire. They jumped over their works and come for us 2 lines deep. It became necessary for us under such conditions to retreat which we did by loading and firing as we went. The enemy did not pursue us, but returned behind their works. The fight did not last more than 1/2 to 3/4 of an hour, but that was long enough for us to lose 20 men killed and mortally wounded out of our company of 45 men."

"I was in every fight from the Wilderness to Petersburg, 13 in all, and in the fight at that place on June the 16th 1864, I was wounded and saw no more of the war. On April 9th, 1865, I was discharged from the service and returned home to my family a permanent cripple."

"The time will surely come when the sacrifices made by the generation now fast passing away, by the loyal men and women of that time will stand out upon the pages of history, both written and unwritten, as sublime and will be read with reverence by those coming after."

Bradley Barnes' grandson, Harvey Lindsey, was my father. His account of life in rural Wisconsin at the turn of the century will appear in next month's Upper Left Edge.

I look upon the whole world as my fatherland, and every war has to me the horror of a family feud.

Heien Keller

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**This Month in Oregon History**

**Sept. 9, 1936 From The Oregonian by Ben Hur Lampman**

**How Depoe Bay Was Named.**  
There is no tarrying place on the Oregon coastline more popular with motorists than is Depoe Bay. It is an astonishment, the secret little harbor sheltered by forest and sea cliff, with its narrow green water channel to the thundering ocean.

This Lincoln county small-eract harbor was named for one of the original proprietors of the Oregon country—William Depoe was a Siletz Indian—the wife of William Depoe was Matilda, of the Siletz people, and to these twain, nearly seventy years ago, the Great White Father allotted certain lands around and about the secret bay.

**Sept. 11, 1845 Joel Palmer's Journal**

The chief Aliquot (by name) who had joined us at our other encampment, and had pursued this day's journey in company, had pitched his tent some three hundred yards in the rear of our camp. In the evening, a conversation sprung up between the old chief and myself, in which he took occasion to ask me if I were a Christian...of course I answered in the affirmative...on my return to our camp some of our party proposed we should while away an hour or so, in a game of cards, which was readily assented to. We had but engaged in our amusement, when old chief Aliquot made his appearance

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...and gently taking me by the arm, said Captain, Captain, no good, no good...I inwardly resolved to abandon card playing forever.

**Sept. 17, 1911**

Under the provision of a will left by Simon Reed to his widow, Reed College was founded this day in 1911. Reed Institute as it was first called, opened with 6 instructors and 50 students selected from 150 applicants. The endowment of 3 million dollars and 46 acres plus an additional 40 acres from Mr. Wm. Ladd created a school where the arts, music, literature, science and allied course could be learned free of sectarian influence. The institute's president, Wm. Trufant Foster, inaugurated a system of self government and student council, and encouraged students to examine issues from all sides.

**Sept. 29, 1850**

Shortly after Oregon became a territory, Samuel R. Thurston was elected delegate to Congress for the new territory. In Washington, D.C., he was active in preparing the text of the donation land act of 1850, which provided for a grant of land to settlers in Oregon. The law prescribed residence on and cultivation of the land in order to secure a patent and gave 320 acres to each single man and 640 acres to a married couple. One half for himself and one half for his wife to be held in her own right. A wedded woman's right to hold property, rare at that time in any country, was established by law early in Oregon.

(The above information was supplied by the Oregon Historical Society and "This Day in Oregon" by Image West Press PO Box 5511 Eugene, Or.)