

Family Album Northwest

By Kathryn Hall Bogle

Ralph Flowers, in the third of the series from the Flowers Family Album, tells us more of life on the quiet farm of his family when they lived on the slopes of Mt. Scott back in 1901. Lloyd Ralph, Elmer and Ervin and were brothers. "Less" and "Lesser" were the mischievous visiting cousins. Ralph recounts:

"ON THE FARM"

Dad bought a pretty sorrel mare, very high strung, who carried her head reared back almost in your face when you were in the saddle. With a showy mane waving and her long creamy tail slightly raised, she pranced along and was the envy of the countryside.

All of us, including the twins, waited impatiently our turn to ride her. One day, Ervin was mounted on her and she pranced along chafing the bit when one of the twins who had caught one of the Tom cats, tossed it high above the horse and as the Tom cat came down with claws unsheathed it landed on the horses' rump.

The horse was quick on her feet, and at the second lunge, off went Ervin, jolted but unharmed. The mare started to buck the saddle off and went down the road like mad. When we got other horses and finally caught her, she was white with foam. It took weeks to get her quiet again.

Another time there was one of those City slickers named Rex who came out nearly every Saturday and stayed until Sunday night. He worked in a doctor's office and would ride nothing but a gentle colt that the girls used to ride.

We all wanted him bucked off and he knew it. One Sunday morning we put the saddle on him and helped him to mount. We scratched the colt's mane and it turned its head up in the air and twisted its lips. Then we scratched it on the rump and tail. As it raised its tail a little we slipped a Canadian thistle under its tail and we jumped back.



Mother Flowers at the farm.

(Courtesy: Oregon Historical Society)

The colt kicked and bucked and kicked and off in the dust went the city slicker.

The twins got a good licking one morning on account of those thistles.

Dad had a pair of new boots and of course nobody wore socks - just your shoes, when you had any. Someone put a whole handful of thistles in Dad's boots. When he shoved his bare foot down in those boots you should have seen that

foot come out! He thought a rattle-snake had crawled in it. When he found the thistles in his boot, the only ones who didn't get a beating were the ones who got in the woods and hid.

We had felled some large fir trees down in the pasture, and as late summer came on we sawed these up into sixteen-inch wood. How Grandpa Booth would love to get his pipe and sit in the shade of a vine maple or hazelnut bush. Dad would often join him. There they would smoke and tell their experience and how much work they used to do when they were our age. We often wondered how there could be any work left for us.

One day Less and Lesser got out and pried a board off the little house down in the woods where Dad kept the dynamite, caps and fuses. As they had watched Lloyd do some blasting they knew they could do it. They took a small stick of powder, a cap and about five feet of fuse, slit the other end of the fuse with a knife, took it down over the hill, lit it and ran.

It made a small noise and only they knew it, but at that, whenever there was any powder used for blasting of stumps, or cracking of logs, the twins were always there.

Dad had to go to town to the dentist and have all his teeth pulled out. Later he got a set of false teeth. They always hurt his gums, so most of the time he carried them in his hip pocket. The only time he wore them was when there was company and as soon as he could he put them back in his hip pocket and out of sight.

One day when we all came in to dinner Dad was late and tired, so when he dropped down in his chair, he let out a roar and jumped about two feet. He began cussing those teeth, saying they "bit him."

We would just finish strawberry picking and then on came the raspberries. These jobs called for long,

hard hours from 4:00 a.m. until 9 or 10 p.m. As it neared July, we had the late potatoes in and looked forward to the Fourth of July when Aunt Clara was coming to the farm to spend the rest of the summer. In September she would take the twins back home to school.

Aunt Clara was a nurse and needed rest for a few months. She was barely middle aged and her work made her strong and muscular. Aunt Clara took complete charge of the house and that gave mother a chance to work among her flowers which she dearly loved.

Mother set a number of hens and some turkeys and eggs and it wasn't long before the hens came into the barnyard, bringing two hundred and more baby chicks. These chickens and turkeys, with the hogs we salted and smoked, furnished our "eats" for a large part of the winter.

"On The Farm" will be continued in the next issue.

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Keeping Christ in Christmas



Bill Alexander, usher-guide at exhibit, shows Manger scene.



Rebecca Miller and her hand painted creche figures at "Keep Christ in Christmas" exhibit.

By Kathryn Hall Bogle

The true meaning of Christmas must each year be retold and celebrated lest it be overlooked among the bright ribbons and tissue paper wrappings of commercial gifts we bestow upon one another.

The Ecumenical Ministries of Oregon, the Archdiocesan Holy Name Union, Portland Districts of Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women, and Church Women United have for some time celebrated the complete Christmas cycle by inviting church groups and individuals to exhibit for public showing, an expression focusing on Advent, Christ birthday or the Twelve Days of Christmas.

The Festival has come to be known as "Keep Christ in Christmas" and this year hundreds of persons visited the religious display at a recent showing at the Hilton Hotel. This year's title was "Christmas Begins With Christ - 1980."

Listed on the program were several church organizations from our community among those of the majority community. Individuals and private groups also contributed to the event.

Some of the exhibitors and committee persons were: Geraldine Ward, the Fleur de Lis Club, Lillian Bell, Allen Temple CME Church, Morning Star Baptist Church, Verla Woods, Vancouver Avenue First Baptist Church, Minnie Bell Johnson, Mt. Olivet Baptist Church, Bethel AME Church, Mr. and Mrs. Aldridge Johnson, Mt. Olivet Baptist Women, Rebecca Miller, Lowell Jackson Jr. Helene Jackson and William Alexander.

Black soprano Leontyne Price sang the leading role in Samuel Barber's *Antony and Cleopatra* when the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center opened in September 1966.

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