

Family Album Northwest

By Kathryn Hall Bogle

This is the fourth installment of "On The Farm" the remaining portion of the Flowers Family Album as told by Ralph Flowers. The Flowers family, headed by Allen Erwin Flowers and his wife Louisa Thatcher Flowers with their sons Lloyd, Ralph, Elmer and Ervin, lived on their farm on Mt. Scott for many years after their purchase of the property in 1901.

All of the Flowers loved people and their homes were always open to their friends. Ralph and Erwin were perhaps more outgoing than were Lloyd and Elmer and could tell stories funny or sad, but always entertaining. "On the Farm" is a reminiscence of his boyhood days by Ralph. He relates:

ON THE FARM

Mother's chickens began to disappear, so one morning just about sun-up, Lloyd had hidden out behind the barn to ambush the

of company we had, we should have at least a three-holer-and especially so in the springtime during green apple season.

So we toiled and got it finished. Dad had us set it up one foot off the ground so the summer breezes could blow all around it. Grandpa wanted the door to face the house but Mother insisted that the door face the orchard, so we put it the way Mother wanted it.

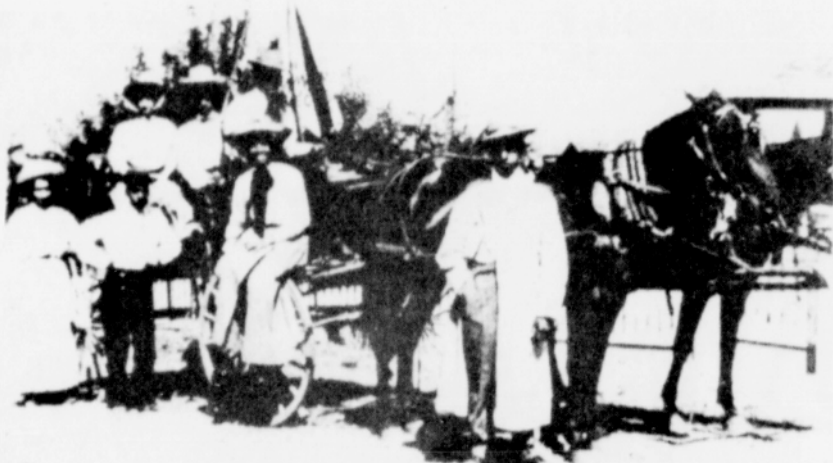
On the 28th day of August there was to be the annual picnic and church social over the hill in "Happy Hollow." This was an event that the whole countryside looked forward to. It was truly the one day farmers enjoyed themselves.

The women folks cooked for days. The chicken pens were mostly emptied, large hams were cooked, apple pies baked - big deep ones - cakes with four layers and between each layer thick cream, and



Allen Elmer Flowers and his wife, Louise M. Flowers, Ervin, Elmer, Ralph and Lloyd.

(Photo: courtesy of Oregon Historical Society)



Leaving for a picnic on the Clackamas River.

(Photo: Courtesy of Oregon Historical Society)

marauder. Later, in the clear sunrise, we heard the old 12-gauge shotgun bark out (you could have heard it for miles in the clear mornin air). Out of the hay we came. Dressed, and mostly not dressed, down behind the barn we ran - twins and all.

The shotgun charge hit the skunk from a distance and he died slowly and odoriferously. The racket brought the folks down from the house. Grandpa, of course, had killed many a skunk and knew all about them.

Later that morning Grandpa went down the hundred-foot trail to the "little house behind the house" and hung his coat on the limb of an apple tree and forgot it there.

Later that afternoon, Less and Lesser had got the skunk that, by now, was thoroughly dead and put in Grandpa's coat pocket. In his hurry that morning Grandpa had put on his best coat and he had to bury it in the ground for about a week after his twin's trick before he could get near it.

Our work being pretty well caught up, Dad wanted to keep us busy. Some of the neighbors had given Dad a book written by a fellow named Chic Sales on how to build out-houses, and Dad had us dig a hole three times as large as the old one.

Grandpa had read the book too, and told Dad that this Chic Sales who laid out the plans for these buildings, knew what he was thinking about. He said a family as large as ours, and with the amount

chocolate - also all kinds of home-made root beer.

We were not long that morning getting ready and loading the wagon. Lloyd had the corral mare with saddle and bridle all polished. Her creamy mane and tail were braided with fancy colored ribbons in them, for if there was to be a free-for-all race, Lloyd knew she could run away backwards from anything on that track.

We had the team hitched to the wagon. While everyone was getting ready, the twins went down to the powder house and got a cap, one whole stick of dynamite and about 10 feet of fuse.

They put the fuse in the cap and put the cap down in the powder and covered it all with thick mud, just like Lloyd had showed them. Then they tied it all to the end of a long pole and pushed it down through the raised ventilation space under the new out-building we had made a few months before. They pushed the powder to the very bottom of the hole and they were just splitting the upper end of the fuse when we called them to come a-running and they did. We were ready to leave.

The old wagon, with all hands on, began to creak and roll. Lloyd was on his prancing sorrel mare and she was chomping the bit. Truly a sight to behold. Mother guarded the lunch and would not let anybody have a bite.

We arrived about one o'clock. Foot races, riding the greased pig, a big ball game, and two boys who were good on the mouth-harps gave

plenty of excitement. The old folks were all sitting around the sorrel mare when they heard Lloyd was going to run her in the free-for-all. The rest of us separated and got into all kinds of games.

Mother and Aunt Clara spread the lunch and was it a big one! When it came time to eat, we were all ready and by now you know what Grandpa Booth's appetite was. He started off by taking a half a fried chicken in each hand. When he got down to apple pie, he said, "I'll take this pie and the twins can help me with it."

It grew late and time to leave for home. We had spent a perfect day and we gathered up everything and had climbed on the wagon when Mrs. Brown called Grandpa and asked him to try some of her home-made root beer. Now if there was anything Grandpa liked better than root beer, it was just another bottle and then we started the long, hot, dusty trip home.

When we stopped in front of the house and all climbed out, Mother, Dad and Aunt Clara carried in the dishes. Lloyd unsaddled his horse. Ervin got the milk buckets, Ralph unhooked the team and Elmer built the fire in the stove. Grandpa took a double-quick, hurried walk down the trail to the new building.

He did not hang his coat on the apple tree, but left it on the ground halfway there and we heard him fuss that the trail was too long, anyway.

He called to the twins to bring him a match to light his pipe. They came running and gave him some matches. Then they slipped around the back to finish a job they had begun. The sun was setting in a beautiful golden red and the shadows were lengthening from the trees in the orchards. Less and Lesser split the fuse, lit it and ran.

In the quiet twilight you could hear a dog barking and a cowbell in the barn ring now and then as the cows ate.

Silence prevailed. Then with a roar like thunder, the new house raised in the air and rolled over on its side.

It blew poor Grandpa through the open door, and he lit about five feet from the house on the grass.

Aunt Clara being a nurse took charge. She sent some of us for Mother's big wash tub full of water, someone else for a gunny sack, and all of us got buckets and carried more water.

Aunt Clara wet the sack and began to wash Grandpa off. After Grandpa got over the scare, he began moving first one toe, then foot, then fingers and hands. When he was sure he was not hurt, he began moaning and groaning for sympathy.

After Aunt Clara had got Grandpa partly cleaned up, she rolled him over on his back. He closed his eyes and kept moaning very loud. We all stood staring at him and wondering if he had been badly hurt.

Aunt Clara asked him, "What in the world happened to you, Grandpa? Are you hurt?"

In a very quiet voice that we could hardly hear, Grandpa said slowly, "I-I don't know, daughter, what did happen, b-but I-I reckon it was something I ate!"

Note: This ends "On the Farm" by Ralph Flowers. At another time, we will show you a few more nostalgic pictures from the Flowers Family Album.

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FROM THE FRONT DOOR

By Tom Boothe

From the Front Door, I wish to thank all of my readers; those who have appreciated my philosophical aspirations, those who have phoned, written and spoke with me in person to inspire and encourage me over the past year. A special thanks to those who have faithfully attended the Tuesday night Forums, making it one of our community's most successful gatherings.

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Non-citizens must report

More than ten million aliens are again required to furnish their addresses to the Immigration and Naturalization Service, according to Robert E. Krueger, District Director, Portland District Office.

Under the provision of the 1952 Immigration and Nationality Act, every alien in the United States, with few exceptions, must report his or her address during the month of January.

Exceptions to the law are persons with diplomatic status and those accredited to certain international organizations.

Alien address report forms are available at any United States Post Office and at the Office of the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

A Japanese Proverb says,
"Adversity is the source of
strength."