



L to R, standing -Edgar Simmons, Frank Quinelle, Frank Wheeler, George Cook David Holmes, Wilson Bob, Delbert Hoffer, Frank Cook, Martin Croy, Bill Simmons, Marcus Simmons, Selvester Simmons, Irving Tom and Joe Michelle. L to R sitting - Elvina Hoffer (Wheeler), Rena Hoffer, Dick McGee, (two Yakimas?), Colenda Wacheno and children, Adam Wacheno, Suzzette Simmons, ?, ?, Simon Wacheno, Homer Hoffer, Eva Simmons, Sampson Simmons, Nathan Leno and ?. Circa 1925
- Photo Courtesy of Ila Dowd.

Hop Yard Memories

*They were hot and dry
September summer days,
with cool nights,
and fall impending...
the time,
of harvesting the hops.*

*McGloughlins, Lakebrooks,
and so many others.
They were everywhere,
the hop yards...*

*It was a gathering
of families, relatives and friends.
A time when the Grand Rondes
were together again.*

*The tent camps went up,
to create makeshift cities,
as bundles of straw were bed,
and the old camp stove
made you feel at home.*

*But the Indian workers
came from everywhere,
there were the Yakimas, the Siletz,
and, of course, the Warm Springers,
carrying all their fish,
to dry in the late summer sun.*

*It was an endless task,
filling 25 pound baskets,
and 50 pound boxes,*

*For the young women,
it was a half a day in the fields,
and a half day,
cooking,
babysitting,
washing the family's cloths.*

*For the youngsters,
it was working the fields,*

*filling the baskets and boxes,
and hoping for a treat.*

*It all tasted so good.
A popsicle, or ice cream,
or perhaps cataloupe or watermelon,
and the bees following everywhere,
for a piece of the mid-afternoon sweet.*

*But work was work,
and fun was fun,
blowing up bullfrogs,
teasing the Warm Springers
about their "pew pew" fish,
or just walking and dancin
atop hop yard wires.*

*There were the evenings,
of boxing matches,
silent movies,
stick games,
and bombfires.*

*Then there were the drier fires,
with moments of excitement,
as flames spewed, wood crackeled,*

*and smoke bellowed...
but then there were
the moments of fear...
gather the cloths, blankets,
and hop yard tickets,
cause the fire could head this way,
at any moment.*

*These were hot summer days,
of picking fields clean, and
when the time came,
to pack the belongings,
cash-in the tickets,
and move on.*

*A new farm and new fields,
and green vines
full of fragile hops, and
more stories to tell,
of the hop yard memories,
as the Grand Rondes
gather again.*