



MEMORIES
&

REFLECTIONS



NW

of

Earl E. Matthews

1975



"MEMORIES"

YEARS HAVE PASSED
SINCE WE MOVED AWAY.
I RETURNED AT LAST
IN '73, ON LABOR DAY.
I LOOKED AT OUR OLD HOME,
THE STREETS AND THE TREES,
BUT I SAW ONLY.....
MEMORIES!

by Earl Matthews

"I REMEMBER"

I suppose every elderly person wonders, as he or she reflects upon their past life, whether they would have done differently or not. My adolescent years in Tenino have given me many hours of pleasureable thoughts about them. The boyhood friends and the many days of fishing and walking through the woods together make wonderful memories which are of immeasurable value to me. I'm truly thankful that I was raised in Tenino. I know that many of my old friends are gone and cannot share the things that I remember with me but to the friends that remain, I say that I know they could add a lot to the memories. Following are some of the memories that have made lasting impressions for over 65 years.....

I REMEMBER portions of the train ride from Kansas to Tenino. The whole train was shunted onto a ferry for the crossing of the Columbia River. There was no bridge across the river in 1907. I remember worrying about whether the rails would meet on the other side. Thankfully, they did! I remember being greeted by my maternal grandparents and an uncle. They lived in a wooden square, green house located directly across from the Frank Newell home. There was an Oregon Trail marker in front of the house.

I REMEMBER starting school in the old two-story square building in 1908. I remember the fire drills and sliding down a canvas chute from the second floor windows. I remember the piles of slab wood that was used for heating the building. We kids used to help by throwing the slabs down a chute into the basement fire-room. The janitor, Mr. Wells, was a five-foot four inch man who really had more than he could do. I remember our home being only three blocks from the school and going home for lunch to warm bread, fresh from the oven and covered with melted butter. A long-forgotten art (baking bread).

"I REMEMBER the old burro who used to roam around town. He had no owner, I guess. He used to appear on the schoolgrounds at recess to let the kids ride him. He took great pleasure in dumping his riders over his head!

I REMEMBER the streets of Tenino before the paving was there. Eight inches of mud in the winter and two inches of dust in the summer. I remember the half-moon shaped crosswalks put out in the winter and removed in the spring. I remember the false-fronted buildings and the wooden sidewalks. I remember jumping on the tailgate of Henry Anderson's dray wagon and getting bawled out for it, but he was never very mean and we snatched a ride at every opportunity.

I REMEMBER Indian Louie who lived near the old slaughter house on the south city limits of Tenino. He used to walk to town for supplies about once a week and he always attracted a bunch of kids for story time. Very interesting stories of days of yore around Tenino.

I REMEMBER Ezra Meeker, the old pioneer, who came through town about 1910 in a covered wagon drawn by oxen. A picture of him was printed in the Tenino Independent recently.

I REMEMBER the soldiers who marched on foot through town from Vancouver to Ft. Lewis. They always camped on the prairie just south of town.

I REMEMBER the celebration of the Battle of Pea Soup held at the 4th of July celebration each year. I remember the old cannon pulled by an old gray horse and the Tenino Drum and Bugle Corps who always played in each parade. I remember the clambake held on the 4th in the old park. They were cooked in large pans about 3' x 6' x 8" and then shoveled onto trays surrounding the ovens. They were delicious! I remember the horse races; the contestants came from the

local ranches. I remember the ballgames between Bucoda and Tenino on the same day. They were highly competitive and led to many arguments and often fights.

I REMEMBER the first movies in Tenino at the McClellan Theatre. Of course, they were silent films and mostly cowboy and Indian stories. They were full of excitement, magnified by the piano player and the correct loud music at the right time.

I REMEMBER one of the first automobiles that came to Tenino. The exact owner I can't remember---whether it was Dr. Robson or N. W. Everts. It was a Brush, one-seated topless car. Then came a high buggy-wheeled car owned by, I believe, one of the McArthur family. We kids were promised a ride if we would push it to get it started but the rides never materialized!!

I REMEMBER Axtelle the butcher offering 5¢ for each fly that we were able to put a didee on. No luck!

I REMEMBER the hills around Tenino at that time were covered with virgin Douglas Fir trees. I remember watching the loggers on the hill across Scatter Creek and behind the fairgrounds. The logs were pulled to the skid road by a steam donkey engine and they skidded to the Jonas Brother's mill by teams of horses. I remember a young man going before the teams greasing the skids with a large swab.

I REMEMBER seeing the stone-cutting machines cutting stones at the quarry. I believe they were called chandlers. I remember the stone saws sawing the large blocks into different sizes. I remember watching the stone mason carving the stone. I remember the quarry hole filling with water-----what a great day for the Tenino kids who liked to swim! I remember the quarry north of town and saw a boxcar-load of dynamite being detonated under the hill.

The whole hill rose several feet into the air and settled back into broken boulders to be hauled away and used for jetties along the ocean harbors.

I REMEMBER many businesses that flourished at one time in Tenino but that eventually disappeared. They are as follows: (please indulge any spelling errors) Rose's Laundry; Norm Clower's Barbershop; Sim Lewis' Barbershop; Art Merrill's Pool Hall; Howard & Engle Grocery store; Norman W. Everts' Grocery store; Angelel Cafe; Whitty Jewelers; Stang Transfer; Anderson Transfer; Keithahn Feed Store and Creamery; Snyder Used Furniture store; Mike Harris' Second hand store that was in the Tenino Hotel that burned; McLean Grocery; P. C. Kibbee, Attorney; T. F. Mentzer, Attorney and mill owner; Gorline Variety store; L. J. Johnson Garage; Phillip's Garage; George Simmons' Clothing store; Ax-telle's Meat Market; Earl Matthews' Shoe-shine Stand; John Kryskowski Shoe Repair; Newell Candy store; Campbell Grocery and four Taxicabs operated by Gus Klingbeil, Earl McKee, Frank Peasley and Bert Gibson.

I REMEMBER many old-timers around Tenino such as Tom Bruly, Marshal; Pumpwater Bill who kept the water tank full for the main line railroads; Bill Kretzer, the town carpenter; Indian Louie, caretaker at the slaughterhouse; Red, the harmonica man, a man who had a harmonica in every pocket and would play anytime he was asked; S. W. Fenton, quarry owner; George Sumption, road supervisor in Thurston County; Mike Morrissey, section foreman for the railroad; Jim Matthews, my dad, who built and maintained the logging road for the Mutual Lumber Co.; Henry Keithahn, feed store and creamery owner; Jonas brothers, owners of a sawmill on Scatter Creek; Joe Taylor and Bud Colvin, ranch owners; Peanut John Denhaser, my uncle, who used to sit on the windowsill of Clower's Barbershop and eat peanuts, letting the shells fall on the sidewalk (Mr. Norm Clowers, the barber, was always mad at John!); L. G. Johnson, who graduated from bicycle repairman to auto mechanics; Ed Wherritt, rancher and Bob Brand, bar owner. Some

other old-timers were L. A. McLean, A. D. Campbell, Mr. Peterson, who worked in the Campbell store; N. W. Everts; Frank Angelel, the cafe owner; Bert Gibson; Frank Peasley; Earl McKee; Gus Klingbeil; Mr. Stang, the drayman; Ben, Henny & Carl Anderson; Dell Axtelle, Mike Ruggeri; P. C. Kibbee and T. F. Mentzer, Lawyers; Walt and Lucy Bryant; Dr. Robson, who was shot in front of his office by Bill Cole, a bartender. (I saw the mess on the pavement!); Bob McArthur, bandmaster; Ted McLafferty; Frank and Barney Newell; C. Lee Martin, the school superintendent and the McClellan family..There were many more that I can't remember.

I REMEMBER my father and a friend panning and sluicing for gold on Little Creek. They had a cradle or rocker into which water flowed. It was my job to rock the cradle while gravel was shoveled into it and the water flowed through it and the gold particles were trapped behind slats which were crosswise.

I REMEMBER the oil rigs drilling for oil around Tenino but to no avail.

I REMEMBER the old swimming hole on Scatter Creek just above where it flowed under the railroad grade. I believe it is now adjacent to the Penny property.

I REMEMBER Scatter Creek when it had water all year round. We kids fished for shiners, trout and bullheads. I remember the salmon that ran each fall up Scatter Creek and into a tributary we called Little Creek. We boys would get long poles to poke them out of the deep holes while several boys with clubs would club them as they went over the shallow riffles. Some were edible but most were worn out by the long trip from the ocean. I remember the crawdad feasts we had along Scatter Creek. We took along a pail and salt and when we had filled the pail with crawdads, we would build a fire and boil them.

I REMEMBER my two best boy friends when we were about 12 years old. They were John Snyder and George McDonald. We were together constantly, fishing and roaming through the woods. I remember walking to the several lakes close to Tenino with my boyfriends, to go fishing. There were lots of fish in the years past.

I REMEMBER walking from the Matthews' home to the creamery for buttermilk. It was 5¢ per gallon and a dipper hung in the cream can so you could drink all you wanted for free.

I REMEMBER the full moon shining down upon the winter snows and the ominous dark shadows cast by the trees and unlighted homes late at night.

I REMEMBER seeing the tornado that touched down on the ridge of hills behind the reservoir and quarry southeast of town. The sky was full of leaves and sticks for some time.

I REMEMBER the three-petal white lilies that grew in the woods. Also the yellow Johnny-Jump-Ups that grew in slightly damp places. I remember the muleheads that grew in the fields, also the yellow buttercups and violets on the prairies. I remember the beautiful tiger-lilies that were very scarce and hard to find. I remember the red huckleberries that grew in the wooded hills and the sweet wild strawberries that grew on the railroad right-of-way between Tenino and Bucoda. I remember pulling mustard from the grain fields on the Campbell ranch (where the fairgrounds now stand). I remember picking the wild blackberries in the hills back of the old Mutual Lumber Co. north of town. Just south of the mill and east of it ran an old skid road back into the hills. A very small stream of water ran alongside the skid road. The stream was shaded by large alder trees. What a beautiful part of Paradise that was! About $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile back into the hills the wild blackberries grew profusely. We would fill our

gallon pails and trudge wearily back into town to sell them for 50¢ per gallon. What a grand feeling to be able to go to the candy store and buy as many penny candies as we wanted!

I REMEMBER the catbirds along the creek banks and their attempts to lure us away from their nests. The sparrows were very common around Tenino. I remember the hummingbirds and their beautiful colors. I remember the night hawks in the late evenings. They would spiral to great heights and then zoom towards earth with wierd cries. The crows were plentiful in the fields and around harvest time they would follow the threshing machines. The blackbirds and robin redbreasts always heralded in the spring in great flocks. I remember the quail and Chinese pheasants of Grand Mound Prairie. I remember the grouse and their strumming with their wings on a log at mating time. I remember the several species of woodpeckers and their noisy quests for food.. The flora and fauna were abundant around Tenino.

I REMEMBER boys and girls lying on their backs watching the clouds being gently blown across the sky. We tried to see how many shapes of animals we could find in the clouds. I remember the large earth mounds on the Colvin ranch. We were told that they were Indian graves. Who knows?

To you boys and girls who complain to your parents that there is nothing to do, there must be about the same things now as there were then 60 or 65 years ago. Explore the lakes, creeks, rivers and woods..I'm sure the same flowers grow there and the same birds and animals abide there. I'm glad my generation missed the dubious pleasures of plugging toilets with rags or paper, writing dirty names on walls or breaking windows in the park buildings. Think twice before defacing property that your folks pay taxes to support. Be proud to be a part of all the activities that go on to make a small town the best place to raise children. To this day, I thank God

always for Tenino and the wonderful people of my generation---those boys and girls who were my companions and friends. We thoroughly enjoyed our way of life and the many things of nature that Tenino afforded.

To all of my old friends who have passed on into eternity, "Adios". I remember our relationships and enjoyed your friendships. To the remaining friends, I sincerely wish you a long life, free from tribulations. I would like to see you once more but if not, may God be with you.

Sincerely,

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AND, WHAT OF TODAY?

LIFE AT 73 IS A VERY PRECIOUS THING....
YOU LIVE FROM DAY TO DAY, PRAYING TO GOD
YOUR THANKS FOR THE DAY JUST PASSED AND
ASKING FOR ANOTHER DAY JUST AS IT WAS,
REALIZING THAT LIFE CAN FADE AWAY JUST AS
SILENTLY AS THE MORNING DEW IN THE
WARM SUNLIGHT.....

E.E.M. 1975

While accumulating sufficient material to write the preceding pages, my father spent many warm, pleasant hours probing the most remote "nooks and crannies" of his memory.

The many remembrances discovered in the rusty vaults of his "memory banks" brought to mind wonderful, vivid pictures of those times, people and places which, so many decades ago, were an important part of my father's life, eventually to become a treasure trove of memories to warm his heart in later years.

I know he has immensely enjoyed sharing his nostalgic glimpses with you. And yet, he says, regrettably, that there is still much more of those memorable years in Tenino that has escaped his memory. He would love to have his memory refreshed where it has failed him. He would greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who has read this booklet and enjoyed wandering back through the years with him. And to any who are kind enough to include some of their own personal memories of early days in Tenino, he will be doubly grateful.

Now, don't get the wrong idea! My father does not believe in living only in the past---or living only for the future either, for that matter. He believes in living now---giving and receiving each day all that his best efforts make possible. At the same time he can retain fond memories of what has gone before while still giving due consideration to what is yet to come. For, no matter how long the past is behind us is or how short the future ahead of us may be, the present will always be the same---just one single day at a time; no more, no less.

Earline Matthews Campbell