

JOHN LAWRENCE SKAAR

JULY 21, 2000

Interviewed by Daughter Lois Evelyn Skaar

John Lawrence Skaar was born on the Skaar family farm on Jan. 31, 1916, in Stevenson. He was the son of Johanne Nilsson (John) Skaar (1869-1940) and Agata Christina Skaalheim (1883-1957). He was the grandson of Nils Gjermundson Skaar (1839-1902) of Norway, and Christi Olavsdaughter Melstvedt, (1846-1886) of Norway. His brothers and sisters were . . . He married Evelyn Louise Kuhnhausen in Stevenson. Evelyn was born in 1932 in Vancouver. Their children were Patricia Louise Skaar, b. 1950; Daniel Arthur Skaar, b. 1952; Carrie Ann Skaar, b. 1957; Marshall Orin Skaar, b. 1959; and Lois Evelyn Skaar, b. 1970.

The following is an excerpt from
“The Family and Ancestors of Nils Gjermundson Skaar and
Christi Olesdatter Melstvedt”

by Joanne Murray Seymour, 1994.

Joanne is a niece of Lawrence Skaar.

(A copy is available at the Columbia Gorge Interpretive
Center Museum for research.)

John and Christine Skaar

(Parents of Lawrence Skaar)

Johannes Nilsson (John) Skaar 1869-1940

m. 1901 Agata Christine Skaalheim 1883-1957

Children:

- a. *Ella b. 1902 d. 1999. m. Donald Murran 7-11-1925*
- b. *Mabel Christine b. 1904 d. 1938*
- c. *Ada Josephine b. 1906 d. 2001. m. Macey Neice*
- d. *George Erwin b. 1908 d. 1994. m. Edna Skaar 1973*
- e. *Clarence Harold b. 1911 d. 1969. m. Edna Lucas*
- f. *Norman Theodore b. 1913 d. 1992. m. Hazel Turner*
- g. *John Lawrence b. 1916 d. 2005. m Evelyn Kuhnhausen,
4-8-1967*
- h. *Lois Marjorie b. 1919 d. 2009. m. Claude Cluster 6-8-1036;
James Okeson 12-31-1953*

As with most Norwegian-American children, the name Johannes was Angelcized, so Johannes was known most of his life as John. After the family came

out to Washington, John took a homestead on Rock Creek north of Stevenson. This homestead was just west of his dad's place. It has been told that he kept his cabin very neat with all his tools and utensils well organized. This was a trait that lasted his lifetime.

Some time after Grandpa Nils moved to Everett, John moved to his dad's farm. Ole seems to have gotten possession of the farm, which he signed over to John on the 19th of January, 1901. This was filed with the county on 23rd January 1901. The farm has belonged to the Skaar family since they moved there in 1888 or 1889.

On May 28, 1901, John married Agata Christine Skaalheim, who had been born in the same area of Minnesota as he had, and whose parents were from the same area of Norway. They were married in Stevenson by John H. Ginder, Justice of the Peace, and the certificate was signed Edith Kale and T. W. Kale as witnesses. He and Christine lived on the Skaar farm all their married life, and this is where their eight children were born and raised. They were Ella, Mabel, Ada, George, Clarence, Norman, Lawrence, and Lois.

At first the family lived in a cabin that sat just below the road that goes into the farm, and just east of Kanaka Creek. Then John built a large house just above the road north of the cabin.

I have learned, from what his children tell about him, that he was a good husband and father. They tell that while their mother fixed dinner in the evening, he used to take the baby on his lap and gather the rest of the children around him near the stove in the kitchen and sing Norwegian songs to them. This was not only fun for the kids it was a big help to their mother. In the mornings he fixed breakfast for the family while she did the outside chores. He didn't do this because he thought that these chores were a woman's duty. He just knew that she needed to get outdoors for a while each day away from the children, and that was his way of helping out.

John had a number of civic jobs in addition to his work on the farm. He served on the school board of the Cloverdale School which he helped build in 1907, just in time for his oldest daughter, Ella, to start school. All his children went through their first eight years at Cloverdale, and some of them took their ninth grade there, too.

He was a county commissioner from 1905 to 1911. He was also active in several organizations in the community. He was a charter member of the Stevenson Grange where he was master several times. He was also a charter member of the International Order of Odd Fellows in Stevenson, and held the position of Noble Grand. He was active in the Lutheran church when it was in town, but there wasn't always a pastor available during his lifetime. He also was one of the men in the neighborhood that strung up the first phone lines to the Cloverdale area. At that time they had their own privately owned line. Later when

the phone companies got the monopoly on the lines, the phone service to that area was discontinued for a number of years.

I was only 4 years old when he died so I can just barely remember him. I remember one time when he took me by the hand and we went down to the corn patch. We talked about how the corn was taller than he was. I also remember seeing him wind the old clock that they had, but I remember hardly anything else.

John died from apparent stroke while he was rounding up the cows from the woods one evening in the spring of 1940. He was 70 years old. When he didn't return from the woods that evening, George went out to look for him. Not finding him right away, he got Clarence to come help him. They continued until they found him about 1 a.m. on the morning of April 1st. He had died on the 31st of March. His funeral was held on Wednesday, April 3rd at the Stevenson Methodist Church. The Lutheran church in Stevenson was inactive at that time. He was buried in the Odd Fellows Cemetery in Stevenson.

**The following is an excerpt from
“The Family and Ancestors of Tore Jonson Skaalheim and
Agata Hansdatter Kannikeberg”
by Joanne Murray Seymour, 1992.
Joanne is a niece of Lawrence Skaar.
(A copy is available at the Columbia Gorge Interpretive
Center Museum for research.)**

Agata Christine Skaalheim Skaar

(Mother of Lawrence Skaar)

Agata Christine Skaalheim 1883-1957

m. 1901 Johannes Nilsson (John) Skaar 1869-1940

Agata remembers living in a sod house on the prairies in the Dakotas. These were built low, so the dirt floor of the house was lower than the surrounding prairie. When she was quite small, probably about three years old — it was when Hans was a baby — her mother had to go outside to do some chores, so she asked Christine to keep an eye on the baby for her. She said that soon after her mother left the house, she and John looked up at the window, and there was a prairie wolf looking in at them. This scared them so much that they climbed under the table and hid. She said later that it was a good thing the wolf wasn't a real danger because they left poor little Hans in his cradle with no protection at all.

Christine didn't remember her father very well. It seems that her mother must not have talked about him much. After he died they moved to Home Valley, Washington where she grew up. Indians would sometimes bring salmon to her mother to trade for milk and cream. Because she and her brothers were shy, they

would hide behind their mother's skirt when the Indians came. She told of one Indian man who laughed when he saw three little "towheads" peeking out at him. Later one of her best friends was an Indian girl named Georgia Miller, who as an adult moved to Warm Springs reservation in Oregon. Among her Scandinavian friends was a girl named Bertha Fixen. The Fixen family, who had also immigrated from the Hardanger area of Norway, later moved to Everett so the two girls lost contact with each other.

As many children of that era, Christine attended school only until about 4th grade. School years weren't as long as they are now, so the number of weeks she spent in school was quite limited. Luckily, they expected quite a bit more from students in those days so she learned to read well.

She did not like her step-father. She thought he was cruel. He probably didn't know what to expect of children, and it couldn't have been easy to take over a half-grown family. When she was a teenager she fell in love with an "American" boy, and her step-father caught her sitting on the boy's lap down in the barn. He told her she was to have nothing to do with an American boy, and when she married she was to marry a Scandinavian — a Swede or Norwegian. She wouldn't have anything to do with a Swede because she was afraid that they were all mean like her step-father, so she determined to marry the first Norwegian that gave her the chance just so she could get away from home.

Not long after that John Skaar proposed and they were married in Stevenson on May 28, 1901, when she was 18 years old. For her wedding she wore a peacock blue dress made from wool chalis. They were married by John H. Ginder, who was a justice of the peace in the Stevenson precinct. The witnesses were Edith Kale and T. W. Kale. T. W. Kale was the auditor for Skamania County at the time, so probably the witnesses were people who happened to be handy at the court house rather than friends of the bride and groom.

She then moved to the Skaar farm north of Stevenson, Washington. This is where she and John lived the rest of their lives, and where their eight children were born and raised.

When her oldest child, Ella, started school, the family switched from using Norwegian to using English at home. The older children still learned to read and write Norwegian because their confirmation classes were taught in Norwegian. The younger children didn't use Norwegian except to talk to their grandmother.

Like most farm women in the early 1900s, Christine worked hard. She helped raise the food in the garden, canned and smoked meat, and helped with the milking and with the chickens. There was always enough food on the table for the big family.

She liked to sing, and sang while she did her work. She liked to sew, and she liked to read. She had subscriptions to several magazines, and read the stories that were in the section of the "Decorah Posten" called "Ved Arnen" (which means

“By the Hearth”).

She had an unusually good memory, and could remember names and birthdays of people years after she had lost contact with them. One year in the 1950s she was telling me about a woman who was getting married and she started naming all her older brothers and sisters. They had lived near her in the 1930s. She could name them all, including their middle names, and knew just about how old each one was. She mentioned one boy’s name, and said she remembered that because he was named after his uncle. When I asked if she had known his uncle, she answered that she hadn’t. Some times her kids would tease her and say, “Mama can remember when I was born because I was born the same year as the red cow had the spotted calf.” I’m sure she had better reasons to remember the birthdays of her own family, but it did seem as if she used some unusual reminders.

Christine was an active member in church when there was a Lutheran church available in the vicinity. She was confirmed in 1898 in Home Valley. She was a charter member of the Lutheran church in Stevenson when it was incorporated in 1917, and was one of those who helped reactivate it in the 1950s.

She was an active member of the Stevenson Grange for many years, and was also member of the Rebekah Lodge in Stevenson. She was also an active member of the Cloverdale Club which was a social club that met in the Cloverdale school house. The group met once each month on Sunday for a potluck lunch, then once a month on a Saturday night for dessert and to play cards or just visit. Most of the people who lived in the area, and some who had lived in the area earlier, belonged to this club.

Christine’s husband died from a stroke in 1940, not long after their daughter, Mabel died from epileptic seizures. Mabel had suffered from them most of her life. The sons, George and Lawrence, lived at home with their mother for the rest of her life.

Christine had brown eyes, and pretty, brown hair, and as an adult was about 5’ 4” tall and as a young woman was rather plump. She injured her knee when she was fairly young, and as a result had to slow down somewhat. This caused her to gain extra weight, which in turn made her more crippled. This certainly caused or aggravated her health problems. She spent the last several years of her life confined to her home, too crippled to walk more than a few feet at a time.

She had extremely high blood pressure and had to be hospitalized in Skyline Hospital in White Salmon, Washington. After a short while there, she was moved to Bonneville Sanitarium in North Bonneville where she lived just a couple of weeks. She died on August 12, 1957, from heart failure, at the age of 73, and was buried next to her husband and daughter in the IOOF cemetery at Stevenson.

INTERVIEW BY LOIS EVELYN SKAAR

Lois Evelyn: The following are memories of John Lawrence Skaar, who was born on 31st of January, 1916. What do you remember about your birth, or anything told to you about that.

Lawrence: I don't remember any of that , but I was told that it was cold and the snow was deep, clear up to the window of the house. Ah, but I, when I threatened to be born, the neighbor woman got up, and I believe the doctor got up there was on horse-back, but I don't know. Anyway, it was a hard winter. Ah. I don't know, I can't really think of anything that I can remember, the early remembrances of my mother and father. I remember one time going with Dad, he was taking, going down town with the horse and wagon taking, I think, taking cream to the creamery that was down here. And I can remember that most of the way down and most of the way back, he was just kinda hummin a tune most of the day. That's one of the first things I can remember. I don't really know what the favorite memories of the folks. Grandparents, of course. The only one I knew was my grandmother. She was Norwegian, and she knew very few words in American language, most of the time she talked in Norwegian, so I didn't understand what she was talking about. But she was a hard working woman, and they had quite a few cows that she milked. And she carried the milk from the barn, up to the house, uphill all the way. My son had a separator. She had what was called a yoke that fit over her shoulders and had a ---- on both ends up top and hooks on her teeth. She hooked, I think they were five gallon buckets of milk on each side and walked, come up to the house. Later in years she stooped forward, I think that was because of the weight of the milk on her shoulders made her stoop over. I can't remember very much about uncles and things. I do remember that the . . . I do remember a little bit about Dad's brothers, my uncle. The oldest brother I never did see them at all, the younger brother, Uncle Chris (Skaar) used to come here about, oh, about once a year or so, that I can remember. Another thing that I can remember about him was that he pertinear always gave each one of us kids 25 cent -----.

As far as remembering much about my aunts, I don't remember a lot about them. Aunt Carrie and Mrs. Lillegard, I remember her quite a bit. And, of course, Aunt Anna (Erickson Cheney), I

remember her a whole lot. And Aunt Thea (Skaalheim Nelson), who lived in The Dalles, I remember her. She used to come down and visit once or so a year.

Lois Evelyn: She has children your age right? Your Aunt Thea, her children were your age? Bill and Bob (Nelson).

Lawrence: Yeh, she had two boys, Bill and Bob. Those characters, they were. One of the things about . . . her husband was a railroad man, and every once in a while Bill would take off and he would go down to the, he would end up maybe down by the railroad where his dad was. I don't remember if it was him or if it was Bob, but one time, to keep Bob down there she tied a rope on the back of the bib overalls they had. I believe that was Bill, and tied him up in the back yard. And later on she went to see how he was getting along and the pants was laying on the ground and he wasn't there. Somebody found him down town and brought him back home. But them boys were characters, they were.

Lois Evelyn: How about your cousin . . . you once mentioned a cousin, your Uncle George's daughter that would come up once in a while; she was close to your age?

Lawrence: No, it must of been Uncle Eilert's (Skaar). He had a daughter named Anne. I don't remember much about her, but I remember her and her mother was here to visit. I was coming home from school and she met me in the road. That's about all I remember of her.

The memories of school: I can remember I was five years old when I started school in the fall. The first thing that I remember about that, along in November there come a snow storm. And I can remember all four of us boys going over to the school, George was going first, then Clarence, Norman and I was coming up the back, and the snow was deep enough it came pretty close to my waist. I don't remember but I know that from that storm the school was closed for quite a while. One of the things that I remember when I was in the first grade. the teacher that we had was kinda quite strict. One day we heard airplanes coming up the river. Of course, at that time airplanes ----(carton) squares. And all of us kids were trying to look out the window and saying

“Airplane, Airplane.” Finally they came into sight and I remember that I jumped up on my seat and said “Hey, there is five of them.” I don’t remember what the teacher did, but I was probably punished for that.

Lois Evelyn: If you were punished at school, were you punished at home, too? How did you parents deal with that?

Lawrence: Well, I don’t remember that we got punished very much. But I remember there used to be a cupboard right inside the kitchen door and there was a switch on top of that cupboard. We were always told if we didn't do what we were told to do, dad was going to get that switch and use it on us. But I don’t think he ever did, I don’t remember that he ever did.

Lois Evelyn: How did you play when you were kids, what did you do for entertainment?

Lawrence: I don’t remember. We used to play at the school. There were various games. One of the games that we played quite a bit was “anti-eye-over”. Two kids would get on each side of the school, one would throw the ball over, the player on the back of the school, would throw it over. The object was that if someone on the other side would catch the ball, they would run around and anyone they would tag was on their team. There was a space under the back-end of the school room where you could see through, so all of us smaller kids were looking underneath and when we could see someone coming we would holler “Here they come,” and everybody would scatter to get out of the way. And, of course, we would play with the baseball and things like that. One of the things I remember was when I was in the second grade a teacher bought a regular baseball to play with. A lot of the boys, I think it was probably George or another boy that was in the eighth grade, batted that ball one time and it went clear out of the yard and over into the pasture beyond the yard. We went over there and we hunted for days and days and we never did find that ball. When I was in the eighth grade, six years later, we was playing, we didn’t have a baseball, us had a rubber ball, and somebody batted that and it went over in the pasture there in the same area. So we went over and looking for it, and while we were looking, lo and behold we found the baseball, that was

lost six years before. So we took it over, it looked pretty good, so we started to use that (ball). Well the first time somebody hit it, it went to pieces, all the thread came out. It went to pieces (laughing). One of the things that I remember that we played in school quite a bit . . . a teacher that we had, Mr. Miller, one time took a piece of wood and whittle out a shape, like a club, like a softball club, and we were wondering what he was doing. Well, he said he was making a golf club. He told us we were to play golf, make holes around the yard, and get a ball. Of course, we didn't have golf balls, we just had rubber balls. We batted it around to get it into a hole. Well, we started out pretty easy behind this room where it was level, than we decided to go clear all around the yard. Sometimes it took us anywhere from five or six to a dozen shots to get the ball in the hole, in some places. But that was one of the things that we played around there quite a bit.

Lois Evelyn: Could you tell me about your teachers from when you started on up? Who were the teachers you had?

Lawrence: Well the first teacher was an older woman and her name Miss O'Meg(sp). Some of the older kids got to call her "Miss Old Meg." I'm pretty sure it was shorten down to "Miss Meg." She was quite strict, as I remember. Second grade teacher was a young girl from Bellingham. Her name was Vera Hendrickson. She was a real nice friendly girl. She'd come out and play with us out in the yard and play in the snow. I remember one time she was . . . I had threw a snow ball at her and she run and grabbed me and took some snow and rubbed in my face. So George, who was in the eighth grade and the other boy in eighth grade, they grabbed her and they grabbed some snow and started to rub it all over her hair. At that time the girls all had long hair, and she just laughed about it. Finally she told them all that was enough, better not do any more. And when we came in from recess she was standing by the stove brushing her hair trying to get the water and snow out of her hair. The next teacher was, ah, a young woman, named Miss Heller, and she was quite strict. She wouldn't let us go out and play in the snow at all. In the wintertime we had to play inside in the play room, because she was afraid if we went out and played in the snow we'd get sick and took a cold. The next one was, ah, Miss Monaghan from

Home — up in Carson. I don't remember a whole lot about her.

Then the next year after that, was Mr. Miller. And he was, like I said, he had lots of things to, ah, keep us busy, keep us a playing. He had an expression that he used a lot of time — if we wasn't doing what he thought we should, why, he would said, "If you don't straighten out, I'm going to come down on you like a ton of bricks!" After awhile it just kind got to be where it just a more of a joke than anything else. Then the next year after that, my sister Ada was the teacher and she taught one year. And then the next year, was a Foster, from, I don't just remember where he come from. But, anyway, he was a pretty good teacher. One of the things he always . . . one of the first things in the morning he wanted us to do was all gather around his desk. And he had a hymn book, and we would sing one hymn before we started school. And, ah, I don't remember what we sang, the only one I can remember was one that about, ah, oh, can't remember that now. But anyway, toward the end of the year he got sick and had to leave and go home. And my sister Ella finished the year. By the next year when I was in the eighth grade Mr. Miller was teaching again. It was the same thing as before, he had things to do to keep us occupied and keep busy.

Ah, the Depression started about the same year that I started high school in 1929. Ah, the thing I remember about the Depression was that there was very little work, nobody had much work, but it seemed like everybody had a good time, they just made fun for themselves. I know that there were people who had very little to eat, but here on the place we had a garden and pigs, beef, we always had something to eat. Sometimes it was pretty hard to raise enough money to pay some of the expenses, but we got by. And, of course, what I remember about high school was. . . I do remember the year that I started (high) school, the enrollment of the high school wasn't very big at that time. The freshman class that year was the biggest freshman class that ever started in the school. There was 42 of us.

Lois Evelyn: What year was that?

Lawrence: That was the fall of 1929. As the year, as time went by, some of them moved away and some of them dropped out, and when we

graduated there was 20 of us. Of the 20, though, was . . . about five or six that didn't start when we did, they come from other places. So out of the 42 there very few of us that went all the way through.

Lois Evelyn: What about dances? You said you brought your horse General to a dance.

Lawrence: Yeh, we had a horse that we called General. He was a really gentle old feller. One time we had a party at the school at the fall that the teachers used to put on, and the principal asked me if I would to bring that horse down and we would fix it up . . . he would fix a stall right in the doorway, or the dressing room on the side of the gym. And so I rode the horse down and we led him to . . . there was a bridge from the football field over to the gym . . . and we led him and tied him in that stall. It was supposed to be like a barn dance, there was bales of straw around. And the teachers got a box of apples, and the kids found out that the horse liked apples so they would take an apple and take a couple of bites out of it and then feed the horse (laughter). I don't know how many apples he ate, but . . . anyway when the party was over why I backed him up and got him back outside and got the saddle on and rode him home.

Lois Evelyn: You had a reporter come from The Columbian when you were in high school. A reporter from The Columbian?

Lawrence: No, that was a reporter from The Portland Oregonian. The Women's Club used to meet every once in a while. They would come, and they would have some special person, and they would come and we would call an assembly and they would meet with us for entertainment. This cartoonist, and I can't remember what his name was, but anyway, he, ah, was showing different pictures; he had a big sheets of paper he would draw on. He asked the president of the women's club to make some marks on the paper and tell him what kind of picture she wanted. So she went up and she drew a line across the paper with two lines down across that, and she said, "Make a horse out of this." So he looked at it and pretty soon he in started making two marks here and there, and gradually more and more, and he ended up with a horse with a great big head looking right

straight at him and those lines she made was the horse' teeth. So he asked them if there was any special thing that we wanted to, ah, pictures we would like to have made. It just so happened that the basketball team was going to play Ridgefield that night and the high school down here was known as the Bulldogs, and the Ridgefield team was known as the Potato Diggers. So we asked . . . somebody asked if he would draw a picture of a Bulldog chasing a man on a potato peel. And that's what he did. He drew a Bulldog and there were sacks of potatoes standing around, and a man was running as fast as he could with a Bulldog right behind him. We took that picture that night, it was tacked up on the wall over at the gymnasium where the ball game was. Ridgefield didn't like the looks of it very well, but I remember that we beat them anyway.

Lois Evelyn: I remember once that you told me there was a style in high school when you were in high school where kids would get a white pair of jeans and wear them and wear them without washing them?

Lawrence: Yeh, there was a style about that time that, ah, a couple of boys would get white corduroy pants and they would wear them, and wouldn't . . . the idea was that they wasn't supposed to be washed. I remember one boy from Carson, ah, Andrew St. Martin, that had a pair . . . when school started they was a new pair of white pants and later on towards, I don't remember how long in the year, I believe they could almost would have stood up by themselves if they took them off. They didn't show hardly any white any more, but that was the style at that time.

You asked about school photos. I remember when, ah, when they were taking them, the photographer would come and taking the senior pictures and each one of us would go into a room and he was taking a picture. He got me all lined up and he snapped the picture and I was caught sober looking, and he said, "Why are you so sober?" Well, I broke off into a smile and at that time he snapped another one. That was a lot better picture, I believe. Graduation . . . ah.

Lois Evelyn: The notebook you had to buy for a dime?

Lawrence: Oh, that wasn't anything to do with graduation. At one time during the Depression years, ah, we used looseleaf spiral notebooks, and I needed some paper very bad, and the bundled up loose paper was for 10 cents, but I didn't have 10 cents, I just didn't want to ask the folks for the paper because I knew that they didn't have much dimes to spare. Anyway, I went downtown . . . walked downtown and right out in front of the drug store where I was going to buy . . . could've bought the paper, just as I was going to step up on the curb I saw a dime laying in the gutter. I picked up the dime and went in and bought my bundle of paper. That was one time finding a little bit of money came in handy.

Lois Evelyn: What was your graduation ceremony like?

Lawrence: Well, I don't remember a lot about it, ah, we were all lined up on the . . . on the stage with those speakers and so on, like there is all the time. One of the things I do remember about it is that H. (Heinie) E. Rogers was the superintendent of school, and during the year one of the seniors, Dorothy Nelson, that had been his secretary. He was introducing us as we . . . got up to get our, ah, diplomas, and when come to her time she got up and walked up and he said, "This is Miss uh, uh, uh, uh, 'what is your name?' " And she said, "Oh, Dorothy Nelson." (Laughter). They used to talk about absent-minded professor, I guess that's what he was.

And the memories of work, ah. One of the first things that I remember, actually, I could say was a job, was when I was 11 years old our neighbor, Roy Kreig(sp), that lived up on the, where ----- lives, told his boy and I that he would give us \$10.00 an acre if we would chop the little fir trees down. So we thought we was going to make lots of money. He told us how much an acre was. He lined up an acre. The trees were about, oh, up to six, maybe a few of them eight feet tall, not very big around. We thought it wasn't to take us very long to chop down an acre of trees. So we started in, and we would soon get tired and we would stop, and rest, and do something else, and we finally finished up the acre just about time the school started again in the fall. After I got out of school, after I had graduated in 1933, ah, odd jobs I used to do, the parents and I used to do a quite of bit of cutting wood, cutting cord wood with a buzz saw. We done

quite a lot of that during the summer. Then in the fall I signed up to go into the Civilian Conservation Corps. I was called in November, the first part of November. I went in November, the first of November, down to Vancouver. I was down there in the Barracks for about three days, and then, with a bunch of others, was taken up to a camp at Sunset Falls, which is on the dividing line between Clark and Skamania County (northeast of Battle Ground). At the time that was in the Yacolt Burn and about all you could see was snags, stumps and snags that had already been cut. A little bit of future trees along the river, and at that time the leaves was going off, mostly alder and willows, there just wasn't anything green out there at that time. One of the main things that I done in the CCCs was, at first I was on the crew shoveling gravel in trucks to keep the roads so the trucks could get through. Then about in January I went on a snag falling crew and I was on the snag falling crew from then until, clear until I got out right at the first of 1935. Ah, we felled snags all around down there at Lewis River and then moved up to Twin Butte during the summer and felled snags up around there. Then in the fall we come back down to a camp down here at Rock Creek. But the snag falling crew, every day we would go clear out to, pertinear out to Hemlock, and felled snags there on the plateau there between the Wind River and the Trout Creek and down across Trout Creek and around in there. By that time I had advanced up where I wasn't falling any more, I was measuring the stumps, what they call the scaler. One of the things that I remember strictly about that was that two of the boys scaling for was working on the side right down next to Wind River, and the point between Wind River and Trout Creek, it was more or less like a lava rock slide, but there was a couple of trees growing down over the side there, and they had felled one of them, but the other one, both were very big, and it stood almost straight down, from that tree almost straight down into Wind River. They asked me if they would have to fall that. And I said "I don't know, but I'll ask the boss." And when I asked and explained how it was, he said, "No, it will blow down by itself sometime." So they didn't have to go down and get that one.

Lois Evelyn: Do you remember the flying squirrels?

Lawrence: That was when we were down at the, ah, still down at Sunset

Falls, and down along . . . we were falling down snags pretty close to the river, down by, ah, the road going down to the Doe(sp) Valley. There was some tall trees there that had been, evidently killed not very many years before, and my partner and I was working on them and we noticed there was flying squirrels around there. And every once in a while, why one of the squirrels would come out of the snag and sail across to some other place, they'd be in the snag that we felled and they would be scattered around. Anyway, it was a warm day and we had taken our shirts and undershirts off of us, we were stripped down to our waist. We was working . . . working away and I happened to look up and I seen a flying squirrel coming sailing along right straight towards my partner, and I hollered, "Duck!" When he ducked his head, and just about that time it went, the squirrel, went right over his head and landed on a snag and scurried up the tree. If he hadn't have ducked and if I hadn't seen him, it would have probably landed on his shoulders.

Lois Evelyn: Do you remember the name of your partner?

Lawrence: Yeh, that was Elmer Lucas.

Lois Evelyn: Elmer Lucas.

Lawrence: We worked together for quite a long time. In fact, we, right down in the same area there, a little bit later on, we run into a snag that we had to work on, that was not very tall, but was big around. We started in, we had to get a bigger saw, we had a nine foot saw, and we sawed in quite a ways and chopped out the undercut, and then we went around on the back and started in and we sawed in part ways, and it was time to quit. So we hung up our saw, and everything, ah, and went to camp. When we came back the next morning we found out that we had sawed just deep enough that we had gone into a pitch cut, and the pitch was running out on the front and down the side of the stump, clear down to the ground. The stump was fairly high because we were working on spring boards up off the ground. We started working on that and there was so much pitch in there that we would have to pour oil on the saw, pull it through and put oil on the other side and pull it back and forth. Finally we got the tree felled and down, pretty well in the afternoon of that

day when it was measured and it was seven feet in diameter, which was, ah, the biggest we had ever worked on. Later on in the spring, I wasn't working with Elmer anymore, but was working with an older man, and down, pretty much in the same area, but up, ah, right close to the road on the edge of an immense field, was a double tree that was called a "School Marm." We was supposed to cut that. Well, the day we was going to work on that one of the other boys was sick, so his partner worked with us, there was three of us working. We sawed in, and chopped off the undercut, and when we chopped that off the water run out. Between the two parts of the tree there was a crack, oh, if I remember, two to three inches wide, and the water run out for quite a while. So, anyway we took turns working on that, sawing on that, we finally felled it, got it down. And when it fell and when it hit the ground it split in those parts, the one part laid up on the edge, and the other part rolled over slipped down, the flat side on a man's field. He was standing there watching us and he said, "Well, I'm glad to get it down, I'll get it off the field some time." That tree was six feet across one way and eight feet across the other way. So it averaged out to seven feet in diameter, also. That was another one that was quite a hard time getting cut down.

Lois Evelyn: You caught a flying squirrel, didn't you catch a flying squirrel?

Lawrence: Yeh. At the time we was working around there with those flying squirrels, they were flying, they were back and forth all around. I don't remember just how I done it but I threw my shirt down over it and caught it. Anyway, I took it back up to camp because I had heard, I had known . . . heard of somebody that had one as a pet. And it was a really nice pet. So I got a 50-pound powder box and a piece of screen and I put that squirrel in there, and I don't remember what I put in there for feed. But anyway, during the night, it made so much noise, scratching around in there, that a lot of the other boys told me that: "Damn it, if I didn't get rid of of that thing, they'd get rid of me, too!" So, I took it out, took the screen loose, and turned him loose. When I took it out of the box he bit my finger. But, not very bad, didn't hurt very bad. But anyway, I didn't have a pet since then. Guess it was a better thing that I had let him go . . . I should have taken him back down where it come from but I turned him loose up at

camp.

Lois Evelyn: How did the CCC pay you?

Lawrence: We was paid \$30.00 a month and \$25.00 went home to our parents, or whoever it was, and we would get \$5.00 in cash. Of course, we got all our clothing, and all our food, place to sleep, and everything like that. So, \$30.00 a month didn't seem like very much, but actually it was amounted to quite a bit. Ah. There were some of boys that had the \$5.00 spent almost before they even got it, but, again there were others that got their \$5.00 pretty well . . . there wasn't much of anything in camp to spend it for, but, candy bars and a few things like that. But, of course, there was always, a some of them who was playing poker or cards, things, and some of them spent their money that way. Ah. Some of the boys . . . some of the ones that worked up into higher . . . the first cooks and some of them, instead of getting \$30.00 a month, got \$45.00 a month. I think they got . . . I don't remember how much they got in cash, the rest was sent home.

END OF TAPE ONE, SIDE ONE

START OF TAPE ONE, SIDE TWO

missing information, pick it up it with Lawrence about candy bars:

Lawrence: Anyway, there was a little confectionary store down there in Stevenson that had those candy bars, they were, I can remember they were something like a Babe Ruth but smaller. Anyway the price was that you go out and picked out one and you open the cover, and you pay whatever the check inside. Anyway, it was up to 3-cents and every once in a while there would be one that was free. And they was quite popular, the kids was going down and get them all the time, because they were a good-tasting bar, too. I don't remember what they were called, but . . .

Lois Evelyn: After the CCCs, you went to work for Bonneville Dam?

Lawrence: Yeah, later on in the summer, I . . . I didn't . . . I had signed up to work at the Bonneville Dam and finally in, August I got called to go down to work down there. Anyway, I supposed, to come

down, supposed to be down to work at . . . around the gravel plant at 6:00 o'clock in the evening. I made arrangements to ride down with a fellow that lived down below, by the name of Slim Lanken(sp). And I went down . . . at that time they were working six hour shifts. And . . . I got to working around and the boss that was there asked me if I wanted to work eight hours. And I said, "Well, OK." Because I thought that Slim would be working eight hours, too. So, instead of getting off at 12 o'clock it was 2 o'clock in the morning when I got off work. And I went to go home and his car was gone and nobody around. And I found out, that I realized then, that he had only worked six hours, I was the only one that worked eight. So there was no way I knew of to get home but to walk. So, the gravel plant was right in where the town of Bonneville, right below the . . . the, ah, powerhouse on this side now. So I started walking and at two o'clock in the morning there was very little traffic on the road and I hoped maybe somebody would pick me up and give me a ride but, few cars come along would go right on by. So I kept poking along and finally when I got clear up, just about crossing Rock Creek, a car stopped and asked me if I wanted a ride. I said, "Well, I'm going to turn off right here so I'm not going any farther." So, I walked the rest of the way home. But I figured that was between seven-and-a-half and eight miles that I walked after putting in a eight-hour shift. Anyway, I went, I went to bed, and if I remember, I was so tired that I didn't wake up until about two or three o'clock in the afternoon the next day. And, of course, I had to get ready and go back to work. I made arrangements then, that we had an old car here that had been made into a pickup, but I drove it down. I wasn't the greatest driver, but I drove it down. So, I worked around that gravel plant and done all kinds of work around there.

But, I didn't . . . I don't remember, I think I had worked . . . we used to get paid every week, and I had worked three or four days, something like that, so I got a paycheck and then I worked one more day, and I began to feel real bad, my back ached and I just didn't feel good at all. So, I went down and hunted up the boss and told him I just felt like I couldn't go to work, and he he looked at me and said, "You don't look like you could work, neither, so you had better go home." So I went home, back home, and I didn't feel good for two or three days. Felt like I had, well,

we call it the summer complaint, or something like flu. My back ached, I just didn't feel very good. Finally, by Sunday I was flattened down to where once in a while my legs would give out from under me and I would just fall down. So, I made arrangements that I would go down, George took me down to the . . . we had the . . . hospital care through the National Hospital Association . . . he took me there and they asked me a bunch of questions and examined me. I don't know what they told George, but they told me that they was going to take me down to a hospital in Portland. And I was taken down there, and, ah, that was when I come down with polio. That was the trouble I had when I wasn't feeling good. Of course, I didn't know for quite a little while . . . why I was down there, what was the matter. They took all kinds of tests, etc., examined me and things. It was quite a little while before I finally asked them, the nurse, what, ah, what was the matter with me? Why was I down there? Then she told me, she had told me I had poliomyelitis. So I was in the hospital there for four months. It was the 15th of August when I went down there, and I was there until the 27th of December before I got to come home. By that time they had gave me a pair of crutches so that I could get up and move around a little bit. I gradually got stronger and stronger, pretty good but not completely.

Lois Evelyn: What hospital was you in?

Lawrence: I was in the, ah, St. Vincent's hospital, it was the old St. Vincent's hospital, not the one that's down there now. It was, ah, I don't remember just exactly where it was, but somewheres right up on the hills where you went towards the zoo, the Oregon Zoo. It was a Catholic hospital. But they, ah, they gave me good care. They didn't know a whole lot about polio at that time. They learned a lot . . . a lot more about polio afterwards, than they knew then. Ah, I feel very lucky because I had worked long enough down there and paid into the National Hospital, I had paid a \$1.00 into the National Hospital, and that was all it cost me for being in the hospital.

Lois Evelyn: Wow!

Lawrence: For four months and all that time.

Lois Evelyn: The last time I was up here we talked about the Carson Suspension Bridge and you had two interesting stories. One when George worked at Broughton, and one from the CCC. Can you tell me about the Carson suspension bridge?

Lawrence: Yeh, about the old suspension bridge. The thing . . . one of things that I was talking about was a story that was in the Pioneer a while back, ah, Bonnie Lamb telling about her riding her horse across there. Her folks told her, "Now when you ride the horse across the bridge, you walk him, don't . . . don't gallop." But she said it was more fun to gallop, so she would gallop across there. Her mother would hear the clatter, clatter, clatter, so she would bawl her out, but she said, "I would go back and do it again." But, anyway, one time the Hegewald crew was coming down, George was working at Hegewald's that time, and they were coming down and just about the time they were coming across the bridge, she was coming across the bridge on her horse. So they stopped and she got in a hurry to get out of their way, and she started to gallop, but for some reason or another the horse slipped and fell down and she went flying off the horse. Scared them because they thought she was going to go over the railing and down into the canyon. I suppose she was scared, just as much as they were. But she didn't mention that in her story that was in The Pioneer.

Another thing about the suspension bridge, I remember when the CCC first started, ah, there was, several camps out in the Wind River area and a lot the camps had boys from back East. They would come to Vancouver, and were hauled from Vancouver out to the camps in the old hard-rubber-tired, World War One trucks at that time. The sat up . . . pretty high up in the seats that were there, and a lot of them when they come to that bridge they absolutely didn't want to ride cross there. They would . . . they wanted to get off and walk across that bridge rather than ride across. One of the other things I remember about that: when the camp, we was moving the camp from Twin Butte to Rock Creek. Two of the boys were taking trucks . . . taking stuff down . . . to come down here to Rock Creek camp. One of the boys, the one that was telling me about them, when he come down the other truck was stopped there by the end of

the bridge. So he stopped and got out and said, "What's the matter? What are you stopped for?" "Well," he said, "that bridge was too narrow to drive across, these trucks are too wide for that bridge." Then he said, "How do you think the, the camps from Hemlock and all the other camps out there get back and forth?" "Oh," he said, "there has to be another road someplace to get across there. It is too narrow to drive across." Finally, he said, "Well, I'll go across and show you it isn't wide enough." So, he drove across and he said he looked back in the mirror to see and the boy was coming just as slow as he could drive, and gripping the steering wheel, looking straight ahead like he was sure he was going hit both sides of the bridge. But anyway, he got across. It was a narrow bridge alright. It had a hump, quite a hump in the middle. When anything heavy went across there, why they would, the hump would go down and the end of the bridge would raise up when the truck, or whatever it was, come past the middle and it would start and the end would start, the end would start going down again on the footwork. Sometimes it would come down with a kind of bang and clatter. That, ah, amazing what I can remember about that bridge.

Lois Evelyn: When your father (John Nilsson Skaar) died, when your father passed away, tell me about that time.

Lawrence: Well . . .

Lois Evelyn: When was it?

Lawrence: It was, ah, about the last day in March in 1940. He was just a little over 70, about three months over 70 years old. And the cows had went someplace and hadn't come home, so he went out to find them, and later on in the evening, ah, he didn't show up. Finally the cows all come home. By that time George called, got Clark to come with him and they started looking for him. And they, the tracks, they kinda tracked where the cows come in and they finally found him quite a long ways from home. Apparently he had, had some trouble getting the cows agoing and he was just overworked and had a heart attack and dropped down dead in the trail there. And, ah, . . .

Lois Evelyn: Your mother lived beyond that for quite a few years?

Lawrence: Yeh, my mother lived for, ah, about seven years longer than that. But she had quite a bit of trouble, she had, ah, rheumatism so bad that she got where she had a hard time getting around, getting, moving around. Finally we, ah, decided that the best things for her would be go down, and there was an old-folks home in North Bonneville at that time. So we got her put in down there, and she was getting along pretty good, and sometime during the night, after she had been down there, ah, less than a month, she died during the night. Some time when the nurse come in in the morning she, she was gone.

Lois Evelyn: You once said that when your mom was in her strength, when she was stronger, she could twist a stick out of your hand?

Lawrence: Well, she milked cows for years and years and years and she had a strong grip in her hands. I know one time we was playing around with a stick with us boys, and we thought we could twist a stick out of her hands. And we found out that she had a better grip than we did, and she could twist it . . . get it out of our hands. One of the things that she always said, no matter how tired she was during the day, she could go over and sit down and milk cows and relax while she was doing that.

Lois Evelyn: I think I remember you saying that your father would cook breakfast while your mom milked the cows. Was that true?

Lawrence: Well, I don't . . . he used to go out and milk the cows, too. But a lot of times he would get up earlier and cook the breakfast. I don't know whether she went and started milking and he . . . ah, if I remember right, we had breakfast before she went and milked. It seemed like a lot times he would cook the breakfast. He would make hot cakes or, oh, probably bacon, and make gravy and we would have bread and gravy. A lot of times we just had oatmeal mush or something. Of course, at that time, we had lots of milk and cream, stuff to put on 'em.

Lois Evelyn: Your father also entertained your children when, when your mom cooked dinner. Is that true? I heard aunt Ella say that. That he would rock the baby . . .

Lawrence: Yeh. A lot of times when she was cooking supper, why he would be carrying some of the smaller kids around, and, bounce, he bounced them on his knee, and kinda singing to 'em, or something to keep them . . . to keeping them from getting in the way, I guess.

Lois Evelyn: I'm kinda into recent past. When did you meet Mom?

Lawrence: Oh, I don't know. It was some time after she joined the Grange. Of course, I knew her in the Grange work, and then, ah, that is, I guess when I met her. Later on after she was separated from her husband, we started . . . we used to go around and play cards at different places, at her home, and at Kuskie's, and different places. And I kinda got to thinking more and more about her. So, the first time I think I, one time I asked her if she would like to go up to Evergreen Grange because they were having chicken dinner, on a Sunday. She said "Ok," she would go, and so her and Carrie Ann and Marshall, ah, went up there, I think, I don't know where Dan was at that time, but Patti was staying up at her grandparents at the time. So anyway, that was the first time that we any kind of a date, we went up and had a chicken dinner. And then I drove around someplace. Probably the next date I really had with her was, I asked her one time if would like to go to a show down in Camas. There was, at that time it was the outside theatres, and there was . . . the show was "It's A Mad, Mad, Mad World." I had heard about, heard fellows talking about that and so I kinda wanted to see it. So, that was the first date we had, we went down to that. From then on I got to see her quite a lot, having dates with her and going and visiting at her place. It got more and more.

Lois Evelyn: I understand that the date you picked to get married, your plans were foiled by the Grange. Can you tell me about that?

Lawrence: Yeah. We had decided, finally, we decided that we would get married in 1967. So we thought, well the first day of April was a Saturday, which would have been a Grange meeting, so we thought it would be a big joke if we would go and get married . . . we would just leave a message someplace at the Grange, that "April Fool, that we had gotten married, and they could conduct

the Grange which way they wanted.” But, anyway, along in March, we used to put on Degree Work, and the Grange decided that they would put on the Third and Fourth Degrees on April 1st. So we had to change our plans on that, so we decided to wait a week. And after the, I was Master at the time, so after the Degree Work, and pretty much at the end of the meeting I told everybody how we had planned, and we was gonna fool them and going to get married on the 1st, but we had to be there for degree work. So we didn’t . . . we didn’t get married that day, we waited another week, and got married on the 8th.

Lois Evelyn: When did you adopt Marshall, and Carrie, Dan and Patti?

Lawrence: Uh, I think it was, probably not long after that. I don’t remember just exactly when it was. Patti (age 16,) and Dan’s (age 14) name was Tubbs, and Marshall (age 8) and Carrie (age 10) was (named) Ray, and I thought well, rather than have them being all scattered different names, I would adopt them and they would take my name. So I made arrangements and I adopted all four of them.

Lois Evelyn: How did having four children all of a sudden change your life?

Lawrence: Well, it was quite a change alright. I, ah, I wasn’t used to having a lot of kids around, I know there was sometimes when I got upset but I really shouldn’t have. It would have been better if I just let go of things . . . things the way they were going, I guess. Anyway, we got along and I feel now that they all feel that I am their father, that they, they love me.

Lois Evelyn: Three years after you got married you got a surprise. What was that?

Lawrence: Well, ah, about three years afterwards I found out that I was going to be a father, that there was going to be another child in the family.

Lois Evelyn: What did you think about that?

Lawrence: Well, I thought it was a darn good thing, but I know that, ah, Mom was hoping it was going to be a boy, be a Junior, and I said

I didn't care whether it was a boy or if it was a girl, as long as it was a healthy baby. I didn't care what it was. It turned out to be a girl and she was healthy.

Lois Evelyn: And you got to choose the name. How did you choose the name?

Lawrence: Well, I didn't know the name, just what the name was, so I got to thinking after I had taken her down to the hospital and I stayed there until she was born. And then I come home and started thinking. My younger sister was named Lois, so I thought that would be a pretty good name for her. So, when I come down the day I told her, "Mom, the name I had picked out was Lois Evelyn." She said, "That's fine, that's what the name will be then." (laughter).

Lois Evelyn: When I was young I remember you had a lot of jobs. You would rototill, you went out and did haying for people, you kept cows, and you worked for the Grange. Tell me about some of the things that you did.

Lawrence: Oh, I had several cows to milk around here, at home here. Then I used to go out and do custom tractor work, rototilling yards, and plowing garden work for gardens, and doing haying. I was the Grange Insurance agent at the time, so I would go out whenever there was a need, insurance work, I would do that. That pretty well kept me busy. Do the work around home here and do the garden rototilling and the haying wasn't all the time, just certain times of the year. The spring when the gardens were being worked and then later in the summer when there was haying to do. Then, the rest of the time I just pretty well, depending on the Grange insurance work.

Lois Evelyn: You've been a member of the Grange for many years. When did you join the Grange?

Lawrence: I joined the Grange in January in 1940. So, I have been a member now for a little over sixty years.

Lois Evelyn: Your parents were members before you?

Lawrence: Yeah, my parents were Grange members, and three of my

brothers have been Grange members.

Lois Evelyn: And your sisters were Grange members?

Lawrence: Yeh. Ella (Murray), my older sister, originally joined the Grange when she was teaching school up in Home Valley, and the Wind Mt. Grange. But then later she dropped out, but reinstated again after they lived down by Camas, in the Fern Prairie Grange. And, of course, after they moved up here, well she, they changed over to the Stevenson Grange.

Lois Evelyn: I remember you telling once about helping build the Lutheran church, or helping with some of the work there? Where was the old Lutheran church and when did they build the new one?

Lawrence: That was the old Lutheran church. The Lutheran church that had been a long time ago. The Lutherans reorganized and started in again and there was quite a lot of work to be done around there. Ah. I didn't become a member of the church, or anything like that, but I used to go down sometimes with the tractor and do some work down around there. One time there was, ah, Norman Risjord had hauled some gravel in and he couldn't spread it very good, so I went down with the tractor and the blade and spread the gravel. The minister there was a real common man. He had been . . . had been a soldier in the World War II and he had been in a prison camp for quite a long time. And after he come home he had become a minister. So he was right out there working with us, and there was, ah, I and Harry Aalvik was working around there helping him, but he was out there with blue jeans and sweat shirt. And a young couple come and asked if that was the Lutheran church. And he said, "Yes, it was." And they said, "We want to get married and would like to get married in the Lutheran church, where is the minister?" And he said, "I am the minister. If you want to get married, why we will go ahead." So, he asked Harry and I if we would come in and be witnesses to the marriage. We went into the church and he performed the marriage. After they were gone he was laughing. He said, "I'll bet they thought they were never was going to get married by a minister in overall and sweatshirt." (laughter).

Lois Evelyn: As far as being a regular church attender, it was not until the 1970s, after you had a detached retina, that you began to attend church. What was the circumstances that led up to that?

Lawrence: Ah . . .

Lois Evelyn: Pastor Heyworth . . .

Lawrence: When I was in the hospital, I had a detached retina and was down in the hospital, and, ah, the Little Church in the Valley, and there was a fellow by the name of Pastor Heyworth. And, ah, Evelyn had went to church up there and she had said that I was in the hospital down there, so he come down and come in and visit with me, and said a prayer and everything. So I kinda felt then . . . I had went up there just a few times when something special, Easter, maybe Christmas, or some time like that. But I felt that . . . I found out that the people up there and the members of the church had been praying for me that my eye would heal up all right. And then he come down and seen me, I thought it was about time that I had better start attending a church. So I have been going there ever since then.

Lois Evelyn: And the doctor told you your eye wouldn't heal very well. How well did it heal?

Lawrence: The doctor at the time, they said, ah, there was a 50-, they had to put a little patch on the back of the eye, and he said I had a 50-50 chance I would lose my sight. And it healed up and I have pretty good sight again. I have to have glasses but I can see good with that eye.

Lois Evelyn: Are there any other memories, that you, any other recent or past memories that you . . .?

Lawrence: Oh, I don't know. It's nothing that I can really think about. Ah, I might say that the one thing that I couldn't remember, hadn't thought about, was all the way back in the summer when I was six years old. That was the first time that I was ever in a hospital. Clarence, and Norman and I had went over to bring the horses over from the pasture to the barn in the evening. And

Clarence was riding one horse and Norman and I was on the other one, and, I don't remember, I can't remember any of that, I don't even remember ever going over to get the horses. But the horse started to trot and I fell off, and I don't know whether I fell and my head hit the ground, or whether her hoof hit my head. But, anyway, I was knocked unconscious, and, of course, they hollered and I was brought up to the house and they brought the doctor. He examined me, and he said I had better go into a hospital down in Portland because he was afraid I had a fractured skull, which turned out to be. So, the only way that we had of getting down there was Dr. John Skaalheim had a pretty good car, and we talked him to take me down. And I was in the hospital — Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland — I think it was about five days until I got my conscious again, and I can remember awaking up and realizing that I was in the hospital and I thought that I must be in the hospital in Stevenson. There was a hospital there, at the time in the Avary building. I can remember getting out of the bed and going over and looking out the window and wondering why there so many cars on the street. Because I didn't think that there were was that many cars around Stevenson. It was, I don't know, it was some time after that I found out I was in the hospital in Portland. Ah, to this day I don't remember of ever going after the horses or falling off, or anything. And that day, the only thing I can . . . I can't remember anything until I woke up and got out of the bed.

Lois Evelyn: Now, I remember that you telling about you falling and General almost stepping on your head, a horse that almost stepped on your head. What happened there?

Lawrence: No . . .

Lois Evelyn: No, wasn't General?

Lawrence: No, I think that there was a horse, we kept a horse here that was a Belgian horse that we kept one winter for Curley Larson. He weighed 2200 pounds and his front feet were about as big as dinner plates. He had come into the barn and I walked up along him to tie him up, and as soon as I got there he moved his foot and started to step right down on my toes, and just about the time I felt it he picked up his foot a little bit.

Lois Evelyn: Oh, OK.

Lawrence: That's the one I was thinking about.

Lois Evelyn: OK. Well, thank you very much, Pop.