

FAMILY HISTORY OF CLARA ERNESTINE PIFFER DALLY

(Great-Granddaughter of Frank and Clara Marble)

This is the history of my grandparents, great-grandparents and then their parents.

Frank and Clara Marble, and his parents, Hiram Shepcott and Esther Ann Marble, decided to come west from Nebraska, soon after Frank and Clara were married. They settled on a tract of land just west of Marble Creek on Mt. Pleasant. The Marble house was built near the creek, located there because of the good spot to get their water. The barn was built higher up the hill, and in front of the house they cleared a large field, on which they raised large crops of dry onions. There was a large porch across the front of the unpainted house, and a climbing red rose grew there for all who passed by to admire, and in Grandma's flower bed, on the west, were flowers of every color and size. Especially remembered were the four o'clocks, rarely seen anymore.

After a few years, D. L. Marble and his wife and family also came from Nebraska, and lived with them for a while until they were able to get a place of their own in Belle Center. Milton Marble of Camas says that he remembers his father Clyde telling him that his family came to Mt. Pleasant when he, Clyde, was a small boy, around seven years of age.

The Marble families were a great asset to the Mt. Pleasant community, and also to the grange. Hiram Shepcott and his wife Esther Ann, and Frank and his wife Clara, were charter members of the Washougal Grange and later, Mt. Pleasant Grange, when it organized in 1889. Frank was a past master of the Mt. Pleasant Grange and also a charter member of Stevenson Grange in 1901, when Frank was elected Skamania County treasurer and the family had moved to Stevenson for a few years. He was also the first insurance agent of Mt. Pleasant Grange in 1898. Their literary talents and their use of good English was noticeable in the Marble family, and Frank was one of the earliest teachers, and later served as county superintendent of schools in Skamania County.

The degree of respect in which Frank L. Marble was held can be read in the Resolution of Mt. Pleasant Grange that was written of him in 1899, at the time of the death of his mother.

Hiram Shepcott Marble was born on June 10, 1810, in Bloomfield, Ohio, died February 8, 1891, and buried in the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. He was an Iowa Volunteer Veteran of the Civil War. He married Anne Stewart August 16, 1836, in Clinton, Ohio. Anne Stewart Marble was born December 27, 1814, in Groton, New York, and died April 18, 1849 in Margareta, Ohio. There were five children born of this marriage:

1. Earl Marble, born in 1838.

2. Milton Hall Marble, born March 16, 1840, in Wayne County, Ohio, died December 22, 1940 at Table Rock, Nebraska.
3. Alice Marble was born in 1842, married William Bailey Adams September 14, 1860.
4. Lewis Lyon Marble, born 1844, married Alice Warden September 14, 1868, and lived in Colorado.
5. Mary Ann Marble was born in 1849.

Soon after Anne Stewart's death, Hiram married Esther Ann Merrill, on September 23, 1849. Esther Ann Merrill Marble was born in 1827, died in 1890, and buried in the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. There were four children born of this marriage:

1. Frank Marble, born July 13, 1850, died February 24, 1921, buried at Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, married Clara Fidelia Griffing, had children: Earl, Flora, Nellie, Fern, Walter and Sylvan.
2. Dan Lionel, born December 25, 1852, died November 20, 1917. He married Ellen B. Higgins, born May 28, 1860, died February 18, 1897, had children: Lloyd, Clyde, Callie, Carl, Milton, Guy, Eva Belle.
3. Fannie B. was born December 2, 1855, and died June 8, 1934, in Lawton, Oklahoma, married Reverend Fuller Mitchell.
4. Hiram Marble, born 1868, died 1951, married Anna E., born 1880, died 1972. One child, Edith, married Wilford Harry Ryan of Camas and raised several step-children, in later years lived with her mother in Beaverton, Oregon, do not know where buried. Edith Marble Ryan's stepchildren: Mabel Ryan, born in 1950, possibly in N.Y., was married to Don Flores. Mabel is deceased. Dorothy Ryan, born October 8, 1921, in Clark Co., Vancouver, Washington. Bud Wilford Ryan, Born March 22, 1920, married January 22, 1977 to Leatha Warren, born October 31, 1912, in Klickitat, Wasington. Dee Dee Ryan, born September 23, 1924, in Vancouver, Washington (Clark Co.), married to Mariana Bringus, born April 11, 1912, married November 27, 1948. Children: Robert, February 16, 1950, David July 21, 1952, Mars, July 12, 1957. Edith and Wilford Harry Ryan's children born to them: Lyle Ryan, born November 13, 1934, in Vancouver, Washington (Clark Co.), married to Kitty Rogers, born August 31, 1950, married on June 5, 1987. Harriet Ryan, Born on November 2, 1932, Vancouver, Washington (Clark Co.), married to Warren Ferguson, in Olympia, Washington, Children: Jeff and Sharon. Ruth Ryan, born in Vancouver, Washington (Clark Co.), November 2, 1932, married to Robert Smith, children: a girl Bobbie and a son Franklin. Ruth and Robert divorced.

Esther Ann Merrill Marble had twin sisters: Cecelia and Aurelia.

This is the history of the grandfather and grandmother of my immediate family — my sister, Laura Fern Piffer Holman, myself Clara Ernestine Piffer Dally, and my brother, Earl Piffer.

Frank L. Marble was born July 13, 1850. He died on February 4, 1921, and was buried in the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. His wife, my grandmother, Clara Fidelia Griffing, was born December 23, 1860, and died August 25, 1925. She also is buried in the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. They were married on March 17, 1881. Clara Fidelia Griffing was

the daughter of Joseph and Lydia Griffing, both born in Pennsylvania, Joseph in 1827 and Lydia in 1833. Their four children — Clara (who was my grandmother), Nellie, Frank E., and John W. — were all born in Nebraska. Joseph and Lydia were farmers.

Their children were six, born to Frank and Clara Marble:

1. Earl, born June 15, 1882, died November 13, 1967. His wife was Ella Carne, born April 9, 1890, died June 18, 1973. They were married and had five children - Elva, Ernest, Alice, VernaMae, and Geneille.
2. Flora Pearl, born June 19, 1883, died March 27, 1934, buried at the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. She married Ernest Piffer, born December 15, 1867, died May 11, 1946, also buried at Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. They were married on January 15, 1909. There were three children born of this marriage: Laura Fern, Clara Ernestine, and Earl.
3. Nellie was the third born to the Marble family, born on February 15, 1885, died on January 30, 1963. George Doetsch was her husband. We have no dates for when he was born or died, or where he was buried. They were married and had two sons born of this marriage: Frank and Herman. They lived all their married lives near Goble, Oregon.
4. Sylvan was born on February 8, 1887, died August 29, 1974. He is buried in the Washougal Cemetery. Lulu Workman Stump was his wife, born June 29, 1893, died August 18, 1964. She also was buried in Washougal Cemetery. There were no children born of this marriage. Sylvan raised Lulu's only child by a former marriage: Robert Stump. Robert married and had children, and lived at Gig Harbor, Washington, after he retired as a major in the U.S. Army.
5. Their nextborn was Fern. She was born January 30, 1890, died August 8, 1964, no record of her burial. Clinton McCray was her husband. We have no history on when he was born or died, but he was buried in the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. There were five children born of this marriage: Leatha, Dorothy, Clayton, Leonard, and Helen. Helen died young. Clayton died as a young man and is buried in the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. Leatha, Mrs. Wolford Martin, lives in Portland. Dorothy (with no married name) lives in Spokane. Leonard lives in Battle Ground, Washington.
6. Walter Marble, the youngest, was born December 2, 1895, died September 5, 1981. He was married to Jessie Pendleton. We have no birthdate or date of death. They were married in 1944. Jessie was a school teacher. Both were retired and lived at Panorama City near Lacey, Washington. Walter and Jessie had no children, but were blessed with a happy marriage. Walter was 85 years young on December 2, 1980, and still raised Walla Walla onions for his neighbors and friends, and was called the "Onion King" of Panorama, but he too has since died.

This is the history of my family, the family of Clara Piffer Dally, who is writing this.

My mother, Flora Pearl Marble, was born on June 19, 1883, died on March 27, 1934. She was married to Ernest Frederick Piffer, born December 15, 1867, and died on May 11, 1946. Both are buried in the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. Flora was born at Mt. Pleasant, Washington. Ernest was born in Strousburg, Germany, and came with his

parents to America where they first settled in Iowa, and then on to Nebraska. He was first married to Grace Bacon, losing both his wife and child in childbirth. They are buried in a cemetery in Lewiston, Idaho.

Ernest then made a trip out to California and in his travels, stopped at Mt. Pleasant to visit his siser, Mollie Fox. Mollie and her husband, William J. Fox, and their family, were living near the Marble family on Mt. Pleasant, and Ernest met and married Flora on January 6, 1909. They went back to Nebraska where their three children were born, in Silvercreek, then lived for a time in Colorado before moving back to Belle Center, in 1919, when their oldest child Fern was 9, Clara was 6, and Earl was 4 years old. Mr. Piffer was a farmer, and they later moved to Mt. Pleasant, and still later in their life, to Washougal.

Children:

1. Laura Fern Piffer was born December 6, 1909, died on February 26, 1979, was married to Wilbur Milton Holman, who was born April 17, 1907, and he died on May 6, 1978. They were married January 2, 1935, and both were cremated. The remains are in the Pendleton, Oregon Cemetery. They had one child, Donald Milton Holman, born November 6, 1935. Donald married Barbara Jones, and they had four children:

1. Randall Milton, born August 17, 1954
2. Denise Renee, born January 20, 1957
3. Lisa, (we have no date of birth)
4. Thad, (we have no date of birth)

Donald and Barbara were divorced. Donald then married Elsie (no last name reported), who had three children by a previous marriage. They now live in Pendleton, Oregon. Denise married Robert Calhoun. They have one daughter, Jessica Dawn. But Elsie has also died and Donald has remarried to a lady named Betty.

2. Clara Ernestine Piffer was born November 21, 1912. She married James Charles Dally, born April 9, 1905, died January 12, 1981. They were married on January 16, 1932, in Vancouver, Washington. Jim was a carpenter. Clara was a homemaker. Except for a few years when they had a restaurant in Bingen, Washington, their entire married life was spent in Washougal. They had three children: Joanne Marie, born September 6, 1934; Mary Louise, born June 30, 1946; Charles Ernest, born March 7, 1948.

3. Piffer was born December 16, 1914, and he died July 24, 1953. He died from a sudden heart attack as he was going into a restaurant in Washougal. He is buried in the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, in the Frank Marble plot. He never married.

This is the history of my marriage, Clara Piffer Dally.

My name is Clara Ernestine Piffer, and I was born on November 21, 1912. I married James Charles Dally, who was born on April 9, 1905, and he died on January 12, 1981. We were married on January 16, 1932, in Vancouver, Washington. Our children are: Joanne Marie, Mary Louise, and Charles Ernest. Jim was a carpenter. Clara was a homemaker, and in her spare time, sold Sarah Coventry Jewelry at house parties for thirteen years. She also clerked in J.C. Penneys for a short time, did community work such as had a Girl Scout troop, was secretary of the volunteer

firemen of Clark County District #1 for 30 years. She was State Treasurer of the Ladies Auxiliary of Carpenters for two terms, and sang in the church choir. She taught Sunday School for 25 years. She also held various positions in the church that was the Congregational Church. She served many years on election boards. (*Ed Note: She has also been a lifelong poet of the finest quality.*) Except for a few years when they had a restaurant in Bingen, their entire married life was spent in Washougal.

Children:

1. Joanne Marie Dally was born September 6, 1934. She was married to Richard Michael Tuholsky, who was born March 8, 1933. They were married on August 22, 1951. Joanne and Richard were divorced. Children born to them:
 1. Debbie Marie Tuholsky, born February 26, 1952. She was married to Wayne Baldwin on October 8, 1977. Children born to them are: Aaron Wayne, born October 8, 1978; and Matthew, born August 21, 1980.
 2. Richard Michael Tuholsky, born July 8, 1953. He was married to Deborah Kay Corey on February 24, 1973. Richard and Deborah were also divorced. Children born to them are: Amanda Kay, born January 25, 1974; Kasimer Joseph, born March 26, 1978; Rachel Joanne, born December 26, 1979; and Edward John (adopted), born April 5, 1970. Amanda Kay Tuholsky married Eric Dean Froke on December 4, 1993. A baby girl was born to them on August 21, 1995. They named her Shelby Brienne. This is my great-great granddaughter, which makes us a five generation family.
 3. Lori Jean Tuholsky, born November 22, 1956. Married September 9, 1981 to James Thorton (Gant), born October 7, 1953. Children: Sarah Jean, born April 13, 1990; Emily Anne, born May 3, 1992.
 4. Traci Lynn Tuholsky, born February 11, 1959, married on August 30, 1980, to William Sundby, born November 13, 1957. Children: Tyler Chester, born July 8, 1984; Nicholas John, born August 25, 1988.
 5. Jamie Joanne Tuholsky, born September 25, 1962. One child Paige, born December 8, 1992.
2. My daughter, Mary Louise Dally, was born on June 30, 1946. She was married on January 20, 1968 to Dean Smith, born March 7, 1924. There were no children from this marriage.
3. Our last child, a son, was born and we named him Charles Ernest Dally. He was born on March 7, 1948. He married Wendy Johnston, who was born on November 5, 1951. They were married December 21, 1968, at the Congregational Church in Washougal. Charles and Wendy were divorced. Their children are:
 1. James Charles Dally, born on December 15, 1969. James married Mischel Marie Boldt on July 11, 1992. Mischel was born on June 15, 1972.
 2. John Louis Dally, born February 5, 1973, married to Angela Lynn Ehresman on July 11, 1993. Children: John (Jay) Anthony Dally, born on March 31, 1994; Gage James Dean Dally, born April 19, 1995.

NOTE: Daddy changed our name from Pfeiffer to Piffer, unofficially.

My parents, Ernest and Flora Piffer, moved out here from Colorado in 1919, right after World War I. The train was loaded with soldiers coming home from the war. We came to Mt. Pleasant and made a home for a month with my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marble. We stayed there until we were able to find a little farm on Mt. Pleasant.

My brother came down with World War Flu right after we got here. He was four years old, and he nearly died. The rest of us managed to escape the flu. We went to school first in a little school on Belle Center. We were living on Belle Center at the time instead of Mt. Pleasant. We went through about half of the grades there and then we moved around the hill, down to Mt. Pleasant, and we finished grade school there. Then when it came high school time we attended in Washougal. We hadn't come down before because there was no school bus, no way to get the children down. We all finished high school down here.

Some of the early things I remember were not having bathrooms, we had outhouses. We had our Saturday night bath, and Mama had to heat water in her reservoir on top of an old wood stove.

I can remember the winters were very severe at that time. We didn't own a car and we were quite dependent on our neighbors to go to Washougal to pick up groceries, although there was a little store down by the river which was a little closer than going into town, and we did quite a lot of our shopping there.

My dad sold cream for a living and we had a small farm. I can remember as youngsters we hoed corn for our 4th of July money, and those rows were awfully long for a nickel a row. We would usually manage to have about a dollar when the 4th of July celebration came. We always had a picnic up on the hill, either at the grange hall or, I remember one time it was in our grove of trees, and all the neighbors from around came and celebrated with us.

All of our activities, besides school, went on between the school house and the grange hall. We did everything that people up on the hill, farmers, did. We had dances, not every Saturday night, but occasionally. I can remember while we were still over on Belle Center, we walked everywhere we went, and we would walk up several fields, through our field and my uncle's field and down a field to get to the school house, and then we would dance. I learned to dance when I was six years old, I guess. My brother would go to sleep and then when it would be time to come home we would get him up out of a warm building and into the cold weather, and Daddy would carry him and they would have me by one hand, and my sister tagging along behind. I can remember how that cold air sort of woke us up as we walked home.

In those days we had house parties for entertainment, even the older people. There were parlour games, I guess they called them in those days, and sometimes a few of the people would play cards and sometimes there would be somebody there to play a fiddle, and some of them would dance. That was just about all the recreation we had.

I know when my mother had a visit it would be somebody sitting on the front steps while she shelled or snapped beans and got ready for canning the next day. So, our mothers had it rather hard. We scrubbed on a scrub board to wash our clothes.

I remember Mondays were the days we washed the sheets, and how we had to

boil water in the big boiler, and on the second day we washed our clothes, the colored things. And we look back and wonder sometimes how in the world our mothers managed with so much really hard work and how little we appreciate the conveniences that we have in this day in which we are living.

As I said before, winters used to be much more severe up on Mt. Pleasant and Belle Center than they seem to be today. I can remember when in high school that we would miss at least two weeks of school. The east wind blew so hard that it blew snow over our prune orchard and we were actually coasting over the top of our prune orchard. I remember the kids in town were a little envious because we never had to make up our work because we were mostly all A students, and we were having all this fun coasting when they were going to school.

And I remember the most severe storm was an ice storm, and ice actually frozen up on our roof into great big blocks, and then finally from the heat of the chimneys from the stoves, they would slide off. It was very dangerous at night for my father to go in or out of the barn doing chores, or for us to go in or out of the house because at any moment one of those great big slabs, they were really slabs of ice, would come crashing down.

Another little incident that I would like to relate, that happened to my great-grandparents, they actually did finally come from Nebraska, and they wanted to get away from the east wind that blew so hard in Kansas. The joke is that they came here to Mt. Pleasant where, I don't think the wind can possibly blow any harder than it does up on the hill.

I will relate another story, in more recent years. We were living in Washougal and we wanted to go up to my husband's niece and her husband's home to visit a while because our weather had cleared up here and it was just like spring. But, just as soon as we got to Lawton Creek, at the foot of Mt. Pleasant, it was like we were in another world — big, long icicles hanging on the banks where the little creeks were coming down.

We went in to the Halls' and we visited there, stayed until the 10 o'clock news was over and then headed back for home. We got down into a cut that they used to call the "Barnes Cut," and the chains broke on our truck.

Jim would get out and mend the chains and get back in and we would go just a few feet and they would break again, and this went on quite a little while. All the while it was snowing and the snow was blowing over our car and Jim said, "Do you want to stay here until I go down to Abbuehls (where Lewis would be with the snow plow) and get the snow plow to get us out?" And I said, "No," because I knew that that car would be drifted over and I would be trapped in there. So together we walked down to the main highway and down to Abbuehls, where Jim's niece's husband was driving the snowplow.

Abbuehls always stayed up, and she made homemade bread and had coffee for us and for the men that were plowing the road. She would do that all night long. And finally we got the car to going and got back home to Washougal.

But our new superintendents who came here to school, who were new, could just not believe that there was any reason at all for the children up on Mt. Pleasant not to be coming to school, until they would go and find out for themselves. The foot of

Lawton Creek was the beginning of the change, and from there on it was like another world, and they would be snowbound.

Another time, I remember the wind blew for 21 days and nights, and we started counting because that was the longest it had ever blown, and we just wanted to know how long it would continue. And I can still remember how our old windows in those old farmhouses rattled with the wind, and finally when the wind went down there was such calm and peace, we couldn't believe it.

Our first neighbors, when we came out here from Colorado, were the Jemtegaards, Benedict Jemtegaard. Gudrun Jemtegaard was in the 8th grade when I was in the first, so I went to school with her there at Belle Center. She went away to normal and came back and my father was on the school board, and when they were deciding on a teacher my father said, "Well, why don't we hire Gudrun. She is a good girl and a neighbor girl, we have known her all these years. Why don't we just hire Gudrun." So, Gudrun became our teacher up there. Then, when I was in the 8th grade she taught school over at Mt. Pleasant where I was. Then from there on she taught my children and my grandchildren, some of them, and of course, the school here in Washougal was named after Gudrun Jemtegaard.

My husband, Jim Dally, and I were married in the winter of 1932. Our first year of marriage was filled with some tragedies. In October of that same year our house burned down. We lost all of our belongings, and then a month to the date, he was hurt in a bakery truck accident on the highway east of town, up close to where the old Catholic church used to be.

He was in the hospital from the night before Thanksgiving from his accident until April of the next year. And then the day after the 4th of July, we decided to go back east, and we spent six weeks in Minnesota with Jim's family and then mine in Nebraska.

We came back and he was without a job and so we bought a little bus depot in Bingen, a little restaurant along with it, and we were there for four years. And then he went back driving the bakery truck. Jim's mother was unable to live alone any longer and so we moved down here, built onto the small house that had been built after the fire, and he worked for two summers as a fire warden out of Washougal and in the hills. Then war came and he worked in the shipyard as a carpenter and he worked as a carpenter up until the day of his retirement. We had a lot of interesting experiences along the way.

One of the memories up on Mt. Pleasant was when my grandfather and grandmother, each at separate times, of course, became ill, and my mother would take my little four year old brother and walk over to Mt. Pleasant. They had to go through what they we called "The Big Canyon" and cougars were many there at that time. As Marvin Jemtegaard grew older he used to hunt, I don't know how many cougars he had killed in his time. Most times my mother and brother didn't get back until after dark, and we would sit there, we could hear the cougars crying and they made a noise like a baby crying, and we would be so afraid that the cougars were going to get my mother and my brother.

We would be sitting out in the yard after being barefoot all day and washing our feet in a little pan, getting ready to go to bed.

Another incident that happened while we were living close to the Jemtegaards was a night when Mr. Jemtegaard came over to visit, and it was bath night and my little four year old brother was in a regular washtub having his bath. So Mama shoved him under the table and put a blanket over him. In those days we had tablecloths that hung clear down all around to the floor, and poor little Earl sat in there and shivered. Mr. Jemtegaard just kept talking and talking and talking, and at last he went home and they got Earl out of the bathtub, but we laugh about that.

The most fun Christmas that I ever remember was the time at Belle Center. Our habit and other folks' habit was to go out and get a Christmas tree off of our property and Daddy would take the three of us and we would go out and get the tree. Then they would bring it home and they would decorate it at night after we had gone to bed. This particular night we had our lamps lit, and it was shortly after suppertime and Daddy kept saying, "Oh, Santie Claus won't come if he knows we are up," and so he turned the lights down, still lower.

After while he stepped out on the porch and there was snow on the ground, much snow, and we heard a great big "BANG," and Daddy said that Santie Claus was standing on the woodshed roof right across from the house and that he had thrown in his sack of toys on the floor of the upstairs room, and immediately my mother went flying up the stairs to get the sack of toys. So we knew, you know, that there was a Santie Claus. And then Daddy kind of threw his voice, saying, "Ho! ho! ho!" and in our minds we could just see him, to this day I can still see a Santie Claus jump off the roof and run down through the snow, and it was years before Daddy ever told us what he had actually done.

We were all grown, and it was at the time that we owned our little restaurant and bus depot in Bingen, and there was snow on the ground there, and we were all sitting around with some of the customers that were there for a while. Daddy was with us and he told us what he had done. He said he had tied a rope to the upstairs window and he had the window open and when he stepped out on the porch and told us the story about Santie Claus being on the woodshed roof, he just pulled the rope and the window went down "bang," and mother went up to get the toys. And of course because she ran up there we just knew that that's what happened. The fact that he had thrown his voice convinced us it was Santie Claus, so after all these many many years he told us the true story.

My mind keeps recalling more stories of my family life on Belle Center, and then on Mt. Pleasant. I mentioned the severe winters that we experienced back in the 20s and early 30s; however, we children missed very little school. Even so, there were no school buses and we had to walk through our fields and through other neighbors' fields, much of it was uphill. On only one occasion do I remember my Daddy hitching the horses to a sled and taking us to school on it.

There were times when I am sure that mother wanted us to remain at home, but our tears and begging prevailed. She would wrap gunnysacks, which were cattle feed sacks, around our galoshes to help us get traction on the snow, which was sometimes hard and crusty. Also, it helped to keep our feet warm. Then we had warm wool scarves over our faces, with just our eyes uncovered. My little brother was just four years old when he started school. There was always a hard east wind so we

encountered high snow drifts. The snow wasn't always hard and crusty so we could walk on top of the snow, but when it was soft we would sink down to our knees, with every step we took being an arduous task.

It was hard work, but what a lot of stamina our young bodies had. The children on the "Hill" were seldom ill. We used to say that the east wind blew the germs away, but I do recall one winter near Christmastime when my sister, brother and I were all ill with the flu.

That was a real heartbreak for us for we had to stay home from our Christmas program. This time we knew that neither tears nor begging would allow us to go, we were just too ill. I am sure what concerned us the most was the fact that we would not be there to get our usual little sack of hard candy and an orange. However, the Jemtegaard boys came by with those treasures and then everything turned out just fine.

Because we did not own a car until the last year we lived on Mt. Pleasant, we were unable to get to Washougal, a seven mile distance, to attend church. So my parents managed on a few occasions to get a pastor's family to come up from Washougal to preach a sermon at the Belle Center schoolhouse.

I was about eight or nine years old and I vividly remember the pastor's pounding the pulpit and talking about hell. It used to scare me half to death. I learned at an early age that there was a heaven and a hell, and I sure didn't want to go to hell. I was happy when the preacher and his wife had little children because then they would let me go down in the basement and care for the children and thus, I avoided the sermon.

Mother and Daddy always brought the minister and his family home to dinner after church. Mother would get up early in the morning and dress out a couple of chickens and then leave them to cool out in a pan in our cold spring water. I remember our usual dinner would consist of fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy, two or three other home-canned vegetables, homemade bread, country butter and homemade jelly. This was usually topped off with strawberry shortcake with a generous topping of whipped cream, and that also was from the farm, from our cows, of course.

My mother always sent away for Sunday school superintendent material and during the summer months we held Sunday school in the Mt. Pleasant school. I was about eleven by now and I taught the little ones stories about Jesus. Even at that early age I wanted to become a teacher, as my mother was for a short while. However, that did not happen, but my teaching career lasted 25 years as I taught a second grade class of children in Sunday school at the Congregational Church here in Washougal.

We have heard it said, "Oh for the good old days," and others point out that they weren't all that good. My view is that we had something in my growing-up days that many children do not have in the age in which we are living now, and that is security in the home.

My sister and brother and I came home from school to find a mother waiting who welcomed her children. The home was warm with a fire burning in an old wood stove. We were always hungry so there was homemade bread, butter and jelly, to keep us satisfied until suppertime. We never went without food because Mother raised a big garden and canned many many jars of vegetables and fruits as well. And they raised their own meat. I can still taste that canned cooked beef, cubed beef, that was always on hand in an emergency when an unexpected guest would drop in. Sometimes it

would be our county school superintendent, Lily Miller, as she came walking, sometimes through deep snow, to make her rounds visiting schools. My mother always fed her and gave her a room and a bed to sleep in.

By today's standards we had little of material things. Our mother made my sister's and my underwear from bleached flour sacks, we had no inside plumbing, a Saturday night bath was taken in a washtub, though our bare feet were washed each night in a pan out in the yard prior to bedtime. We had no washer, no dryer, no vacuum cleaner, but we had no use for a vacuum cleaner as our floors were bare wood. We had no boats, no cars, no airplanes, and no vacations.

Because there was no money, and our cows and other animals had to be taken care of daily, just once some neighbor came and cared for our livestock, and Daddy took us all to the Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus in Portland, which was the highlight of our lives.

We slept in a hotel with bedbugs, we ate pancakes in a restaurant, and then waited in a long long line in the summer's heat on our way to the ticket box. Daddy held little Earl up on his shoulders, but Fern and I nearly smothered, it seemed, down around grown up legs in a pressing crowd. But the animals and the performance has forever remained in my memory, and the 10 cent Eskimo Pies were also a treat to remember a lifetime.

Fern, Earl and I went on to high school in the old brick high school located on B Street (which is still being used today). It was about two years old when we started school. We started out in a car driven by Rolf Jemtegaard. My sister was out of school for two years because of lack of transportation, so she attended the eighth grade on Mt. Pleasant the second time just to be with children. As a result of Fern's delay to high school, she and I graduated in the same class.

We moved to Washougal after graduation. My sister and mother operated a small cafe in town for a while. I worked a while, then married. We lived with Jim's aged parents. Before the year was over our house burned to the ground, we lost everything and had no insurance. Remember this was during the Depression.

A month to the day, the night before Thanksgiving, Jim was driving the bakery truck for the Ideal Bakery in Camas. It was a gray night, driving into the direction of the sun, but no sun. It was misting a bit. He came upon a wagon driven by a man and a boy driving a team of horses. He tried to turn out to avoid hitting them, but the top-heavy truck tipped over on its side and his left arm was out of the truck. They skidded several feet in the gravel. The truck finally came to a rest, and his arm was pinning him there. All the people who were in the truck and on the wagon escaped injury, but Jim was taken by ambulance to the hospital where he spent several months there recovering. It was late spring before he was released. They just don't keep people in hospitals that long today.

After the 4th of July, we drove back to Minnesota and Nebraska, and spent the summer with relatives. The following spring we bought the bus depot and cafe in Bingen with the \$1,600 that the state had paid Jim in compensation for his accident. We were in Bingen for five years, then moved back to Washougal to care for Jim's aged mother. My dad who was alone at this time also came to live with us as well.

Two more children were born to Jim and I, namely Mary and Charles. My

husband Jim of 49 years died 16 years ago. All nine of his immediate family are gone, and my immediate family of five are all gone, except for myself.

Today at 84, I live alone in an apartment here in Washougal. My three children have brought me eight grandchildren, fourteen greatgrandchildren and one great-great-granddaughter. With the exception of two of my family, one who resides in Yuma, Arizona, and one in Portland, all the rest live in the Camas-Washougal area. I feel so fortunate to have them so close where I can see them often.

Since my mother didn't live to see a first grandchild, and I was expecting my first child at the time of her death, I feel it is so unfair that I have been blessed with so many. But then as they say, life isn't always fair, and that certainly seems to be true in so many cases.

MORE SPECIAL STORIES BY CLARA PIFFER DALLY

This is a story of my first boat ride. My brother and sister also were along. We kids were raised in Nebraska and all the water we had was the muddy little Platte River that was nearby. We never had an opportunity to go on a boat ride or anything like that. We moved out here in 1919 to the Mt. Pleasant area, and my Uncle Walter thought he would give us a treat and take us on a seining trip, when they put their boats in the Columbia River and seine for salmon.

Well, two boys from town, Jimmie Pike and Ray Fitzgerald, had walked out, seven miles, to visit. I don't know whether it was just me, I think they kind of liked me, but anyway, Fern was there too. We were in the cherry trees all afternoon, just visiting, and all of us at kind of an awkward, bashful stage, and I had to go to the bathroom, probably all afternoon. And in those days we didn't even let a boy know that we ever did anything like that. So we stayed out there until Momma called us for supper, and the boys went home and we went in to eat. And again, supper was on the table and I didn't take time to go to the bathroom.

Right in the middle of our supper, Uncle Walter came. It was about 6 o'clock, and he said, "Pete Benson is the first boat out tonight and so get on your coats and I'm going to take you down and we will go out with Pete on the Columbia River." So again, I didn't go. I put on my coat and away we went.

Well, as soon as I sat down I knew that the pressure was more than I could bear, and I didn't know what in the world I was going to do. We had to ride in Uncle Walter's little Ford several miles down the highway and then walk a ways to the boat landing, and if it had been in this day and age I would have simply said to Uncle Walter, "Well, let's stop, I've got to go to the bathroom," but that was an unheard of gesture in those days.

We got in the boat. It was still bright sunny daylight. My brother positioned himself in the bow of the boat, in the back. He had put on a suit to go. I don't know why he wanted to wear a suit. And he had his mouth harp and he was huddled down there playing a tune on his mouth harp.

Fern and I sat, one on either side of the boat, and Pete and Uncle Walter were up

at the front of the boat taking care of the net.

Well, we just went whizzing up the river real fast and got up to a certain point and they whirled around, threw out the net, and then we were going to do what they called drifting until midnight. And the boat would rock back and forth, and back and forth.

Well, I was desperate by this time, I was afraid to tell anybody and I just had finally figured it out — if I would just sit there and kind of pull down my panties and pull up my dress a little bit. Every time anybody would look around, well then naturally I would stop and I would just be sitting there. This procedure went on for well, too long, and I did think, “Well, now this water is going to go out on the water and there will be a little rippling sound,” but I thought I would just have to do it.

So, anyway, we went up and about the time they turned the boat around, I let loose. My brother jumped up and said, “Something’s leaking, something’s leaking,” and he shook his collar, and what I hadn’t noticed was that the boat sloped downward instead of out toward the water.

Well, Uncle Walter and Pete just had to find out where that water was coming from. So they came back to the back of the boat to examine it, and they finally figured that probably the net was wet and it had laid on the back of the boat and then when they went to put the net out and whirled around, that water rolled down Earl’s neck. I was so relieved, I couldn’t have thought of a better one myself. But, I knew that if Earl ever found out what kind of water that was on his neck and on his suit he would never wear that suit again, and it was all he had.

Well, anyway, I wasn’t relieved, my clothes were wet, it got cold out there by midnight and I just had a miserable, miserable boat ride.

When we came back we again had to walk up the railroad track, get into Uncle Walter’s little Fliver and drive home. Earl and Fern just ran right into the house, and I dropped down and finished the job in my mother’s pansy garden.

Now for years, I just made it a habit to never go anywhere without going first to the bathroom. I knew I couldn’t tell my mother, she would think I wasn’t old enough to go out in company, so, I had to keep it a secret, and I didn’t tell Earl because he wouldn’t wear his suit anymore, and I don’t know why I didn’t confide in my sister, I never, never did.

Later, when we grew up and we were all sitting around our cafe in Bingen with some of the bachelor guys that we got to know like our own family, I told this story, and I knew the suit that Earl wore was all worn out long years before. They all got a kick out of the story.

But anyway, I always managed to never forget for years and years to go to the bathroom before I started out anywhere. But again, after I was married, Jim and I and Joanne were up at Tacoma visiting some friends that we had met when we lived in Bingen, and it was the 4th of July. It was a rainy day, didn’t rain too hard but just a kind of a miserable day.

We were at the picnic table, however, clear across the field from the restrooms, when suddenly Peggy said, “Let’s go for a horseback ride.” There was a man there with some horses, and I didn’t like horses, I was scared of horses. And so finally, I gave in, I said, “Well, I guess, if you can find me a slow old nag, I’ll go with you.” But another

thing that I thought about was I hadn't gone to the bathroom, but I thought that I could make out all right. I was just too lazy to go so far. And this was about the time that women started wearing slacks, and they were made out of rayon, which was a thin, sleazy material.

But I got on the horse and everybody cantered off on this little field trip.

My horse wouldn't go. He just stood still and he munched grass. I would say, "Oh, come on horsie," and I would give him a little pat on the rear end. This man who was the owner of the horses came along and slapped the horse a good one, and you know what happened! I went up on that saddle and I came down like a brick. Every time I came down, I wet my pants.

And then, one time wasn't enough, the horse still wouldn't go so the man came and gave him another big hard slap and up in the air I went and down I came, and the same thing happened a second time.

Well, I was miserable. That old horse poked along, everybody got out of sight, and I went around the trail, the horse knew the way. Finally, because it was almost time for the horses to go back to the barn and we came close to the little red barn, my horse just stopped. He stood up and whirled around, and I thought I was going to slide off the back of him. Finally, Chuck, Peggy's husband, came and led that horse and I all the way back to the park.

But the irony of the story was, they charged me for an extra half an hour, a trip that I didn't enjoy, and a trip that I felt wasn't my fault.