

## HARRY SAMUEL & DAISY LYON MORGAN

*Notes given me by my sister Leta Morgan Pettit:--*

MORGAN-paternal sire, [name unknown] migrated from Wales and settled in Iowa. It is not known whether there were any other children other than a son, ANDREW MORGAN born Dec. 13, 1824, who married ARTEMISIA WHITE FRENCH on Feb 17, 1850. They had 3 sons, Milton John French, Edward Abram, and SAMUEL NELSON.

Edward Abram died March 21, 1862, age 9 yrs of a childhood illness and soon after the family decided to migrate and made preparations that winter to begin the long trek west.

DAISY LYON--Grandfather, [name unknown], was Pennsylvania Dutch and came from Germany to settle in Iowa.

Paternal Great Great Grandfather Lyon, was a pugilist in Germany, and fought in the ring there.

Great Grandfather BENJAMIN LYON, and his brother Gus stowed away aboard ship when they were 9 and 12 yrs old. They were born near Lyon, Germany and came from a large family. Uncle Hiram Lyon always told this story and said they were from near the France and German Border.

BENJAMIN married JANE BURGESS, [whose family had migrated from Ireland] and had 7 children. [SEE CHART] Story continues by Helen. Last January of this year I was asked to write a brief history of my father and mother, and what their children and grandchildren had done with their lives. This was to be included in a book that was being written about pioneers of the Methow Valley in Washington, along with some excerpts of life in the Methow during 20's and 30's. I complied with the request and also insisted that my brothers and sisters also write some experiences.

Since our stories pretty much sum up DAISY LYON and HARRY MORGAN ancestors, I have decided to insert these pages, with a few additional remarks about my parents.

PLEASE NOTE THESE STORIES WRITTEN BY EACH OF US AND THEN GO ON TO THE FOLLOWING PAGES FOR MY ADDITIONAL REMARKS.

**MORGAN, HARRY SAMUEL**

Father	Samuel Nelson Morgan
Mother	Sarah Elizabeth Saling
When born/ where	April 18, 1892/ Heppner, Oregon
When married/where/age	December 31, 1916/ Selah, WA/ Age 24
When died/where/age	September 17, 1961/ Winthrop, WA/ age 69
Buried (town, state & cemetery)	Winthrop, WA/ Sullivan Cemetery

**MARRIED TO: DAISY LYON**

Father	Benjamin Franklin Lyon
Mother	Narissa Weimer
When born/ where	July 25, 1894/ American River, Idaho
When married/ where/age	December 31, 1916/ Selah, WA/ age 22
When died/ where/age	March 6, 1992/ Wenatchee, WA/ age 97
Buried (town, state & cemetery)	Winthrop, WA/ Sullivan Cemetery

**CHILDREN TO: HARRY & DAISY (LYON) MORGAN**

#	NAME	SPOUSE	DATE BORN.	DATE DIED.	WHERE BORN
1.	Leta Mildred Morgan	1st Charles Parker (div.) 2nd Kenneth Frye (d.) 3rd Gordon Pettit	Oct. 7, 1917		Moscow, Idaho
2.	Lois Arlene Morgan	Warren Badger	May 25, 1919		Moscow Idaho
3.	Charles H. Morgan "Chuck"	Ada Overholser	Jan. 30, 1922	Nov. 19, 1993	Moscow, Idaho
4.	Helen L. Morgan	Wilfred Larson "Jack"	Dec. 4, 1925		Winthrop, WA
5.	William R. Morgan	Pat Thompson	Mar. 8, 1932		Wenatchee, WA

***The following is written by Helen (Morgan) Larson***

**Harry and Daisy Morgan** came to the Methow Valley in July of 1922. Harry took the position of manager for his brother, Milt Morgan's ranch on Upper Bear Creek.

Harry was born April 18, 1892 at Heppner, Oregon. His grandparents, (Andrew and Artemisia Morgan) were pioneers of the Old Oregon Trail. In the fall of 1862 they traveled from Iowa to Independence, Missouri where they spent the winter working and preparing for the trip West. Early spring of 1863 they joined a 20 wagon train caravan traveling the Oregon Trail. Their destination... the much talked of Willamette Valley. In late October they arrived at Fort Walla Walla. One of Andrew's horses had been stolen several weeks before along the trail. At the fort while buying provisions for the winter he saw his horse in one of the corrals. In the ensuing argument over possession of the horse, Andrew was shot and died a few hours later. Older family members say that the story they have was that the man in possession of the horse claimed he had purchased it a few days previously.

Please bear in mind that this was not a romantic shoot out where the movies will show them pacing off so many paces and turning and drawing! Rather it was a fight between two men of whom each felt right was on their side and neither would back down. Consequently an old pistol used for coyotes, snakes, (and in extreme case, Indians) was used to snuff out Andrew's life.

This changed the family's plans. Artemisia Morgan continued on into Oregon with her two sons, Samuel and Milton (ages 8 and 13 years) and settled in the vicinity of which was later Heppner and the John Day Valley. Two years later she married Edmond Saling who had also traveled with the Morgans on the same wagon train and lost his wife to pneumonia on the journey. He had one small daughter 10 years old, (Sarah Elizabeth). Samuel was the same age and they grew up together.

Samuel married his stepsister, Sarah, in February 1873 and they continued to live on the farm that Artemesia and the boys had homesteaded before her marriage. Ten children were born of the marriage. The two youngest were twins, Helen and Harry. **Harry Morgan** was my Dad.

Samuel contracted Typhoid Fever while working in the wheat harvest at Dayton, Washington in 1894 and died leaving Sarah with the children ranging in ages of 18 years to 2 years.

In June 1903 Sarah was drowned in the Heppner flood and Harry was an orphan at the age of 11 years.

From that time on he spent his summers in the hills herding sheep and the winters living with relatives going to school and working for his room and board. In 1915 he secured a position at the agriculture farm at University of Idaho in Moscow, Idaho. He was very interested in Animal Husbandry. He met my mother, Daisy Lyon, there on a double date. On December 31, 1916 they were married. It was Leap year and I used to hear Daddy tease her about how she grabbed him before the New Year.

**Daisy (Lyon) Morgan** was born on July 25, 1894. Her ancestors were Pennsylvania Dutch, Scotch Irish and German.. Paternal grandparents came from Germany to settle in Virginia. Her father Benjamin Lyon and Narissa Weimer married in West Virginia October, 1879 in the vicinity of the little town of Scherr.

They belonged to the Mennonite Church and were very dedicated to their religion. Several years later (about 1890) they migrated to American River, Idaho, where Daisy was born. Their purpose in coming west was to start a branch of their church in the West. When Daisy was hardly more than a toddler, they moved to Selah, Washington in the Yakima Valley and Benjamin and Narissa helped to establish a branch of the church there. Daisy grew up and finished High school in Selah with her 12 brothers and sisters and then returned to Moscow, Idaho to visit relatives, where she also obtained a position with an Osteopath doctor. She worked for him for several years and became quite proficient as a nurse in his office and learned many of the healing procedures which she many times was able to use with great success with her children in later years.

When she was 22 years old she met Harry and they were married on December 31, 1916.

They continued to live in Moscow, Idaho where Harry worked at the University farm until June 1922 when the big barn caught fire in the middle of the night and burned to the ground as well as most of the other main buildings on the farm. Suddenly Harry no longer had a job. In July they moved to the Methow Valley and Harry went to work on the Morgan/Pepper ranch on upper Bear Creek above Winthrop.

It is hard to single out any one memory of my childhood in the Methow. Times and events are mixed up with memories of the Sunday afternoon baseball games, (the Winthrop town team playing other towns in the valley or else two Winthrop teams). It was the kind of family outing my father loved. We'd sit on our car bumpers and cheer for our team. Or perhaps the Saturday dances where Fred Walker played his fiddle and Eddie Northcott played his saxophone. They played as long as people could keep dancing.. sometimes way into the early hours. Every Easter after church there was the Cub Creek picnic where all the women brought their best picnic dishes and we kids secretly brought our swim suits and slipped off for the first summer swim in one of the spring run off ponds. There was also the Chewuch and Methow rivers where we swam nearly every day July through September. (There must have been a change in temperature cause now 50 years later if I so much as put my foot into that water it is paralyzed with cold inside of a minute!)

Then remembering the town itself in the early days with the hitching rack down by the river and the dirt and board sidewalks, the creamery where the farmers brought their cream once a week. The blacksmith shop and the harness shop where Jerry Sullivan repaired our shoes, harness, saddles, etc.

In the winter time the week before Xmas, families from nearly the entire upper valley would come driving their teams and sled, (They rarely used their cars in winter in those years as the roads were nearly always in need of plowing, and was done with horse teams), for the annual community party. Santa would come driving down the hill above town with sleigh bells jingling and a sleigh full of small bags of hard candy, nuts and a toy. I never knew for sure but I think Simon Shafer was responsible for these treats from his store. (This reminds me of the many times my brother-in law used to tease me about our little town, saying it was the only town he knew where one could buy a pair of shoes, a horse bridle, and ice cream cone, and pick up your mail in the same building). I've gotten back at him though. Mr. Shafer was just ahead of his time. What about our big new modern malls?

My Dad, (Harry Morgan), worked as foreman on several different ranches during our growing up years and for several years he was a partner with Newland Piercy on the ranch on the Chewuch River. In those years either the Valley was predominantly cattle ranching or apple orchards. Both types of farming did well. The US Forest Service leased grazing land to the ranchers and one of the highlights of my childhood was the spring and fall roundups.

As I mentioned, my Dad had studied Animal Husbandry while working at the university farm in Idaho. Consequently he brought many of the procedures to his own farm. One of these methods was first met with amusement and disbelief by his neighbors, which I shall relate.

During the 1930's most of the farmers had from 10 to 15 milk cows which they milked twice daily. The milk was then separated and the cream was sold to the creamery in Winthrop for butter and cheeses. The young calves not yet old enough to forage for themselves were fed the skim milk. Lack of whole milk caused the calves to be "pot bellied" for pretty much the first year of their life.

We never ever had any pot bellied calves because my Dad always added an equal portion of warm water to the bucket. This is one of the things he learned at the University. Neighbors insisted this would not work and scoffed at the extra work entailed.

However visible proof could not be denied as our calves were sleek and well shaped in contrast to some of the balloon shaped young animals across the neighbors' fence. Soon most of our neighbors adopted this method also and they began taking his advice in other matters.

Perhaps due to his childhood where he essentially had to learn to take care of himself, Harry expected his children to learn to get themselves out of any difficulty or problem they had caused

themselves. An example of this philosophy was demonstrated one day when I was 11 years old and preparing to go after the cows for the evening milking. They were in spring pasture a couple of miles away on the hillside and I always rode horseback to round them up and bring them in. The horse I was using at the time was an especially cantankerous and ill tempered mare named of all things, "Ethel". She constantly used tricks to try my patience and ability and my Dad simply let me battle it out with her. If she could get next to a tree and try to scrape you off or dash under the low hanging barn door with you on her back, she would try it!

On this particular day she decided she did not want to leave the corral and commenced to rear into the air on her hind legs, probably with the idea of making me fall off as I was riding bareback. When she reared up and pawed the air, I would start to slide backward down her back and without realizing it, this made me pull the reins to hang on and thus causing her difficulty getting back to the ground. Each time she seemed to go higher until there was danger of her going over backwards especially since my pull on the reins did not allow her to get her head down.

Daddy was over by the barn door pitching straw into the barn and puffing away on a curved stem pipe that he almost constantly had going. He seemed totally oblivious to my struggle, and after about the 6th time I had maneuvered Ethel to the gate it became obvious that I was possibly about to be the loser. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Daddy calmly turn with his fork with all outward appearances of picking up more straw, but when Ethel began her ascent, he was behind her and he lightly poked her in the rump with the fork. As Ethel and I catapulted out through the gate, with me clinging for dear life, I glanced back and Daddy had again turned and was pitching straw, with the smoke from his pipe lazily rising. I was on my own and as we jet propelled up the road my concern was no longer how to get her started but how to bring her down to a reasonable gallop. Of course Ethel never knew but what I had been responsible for whatever had stung her and I never again had any trouble with her refusing to go where I wanted. She continued her other tricks however and later she was returned to her former owner.

Two years later the curved stem pipe that Daddy enjoyed so much, however, turned out to be the cause of a sore on his lower lip where the pipe rested, and it became cancerous. It was assumed that the heat from the pipe stem was the cause but at any rate medical procedures that were available in the 1930's such as radiation, burning it off and chemo. were to no avail and in the end a sort of poultice was fastened to his lip and it was supposed to draw the poison out. It had to remain there for several weeks. Of course we all knew it was painful and he said he could feel it drawing clear down into his neck and chest. We never heard him complain and he just got a little quieter and sometimes irritable but otherwise he continued the daily chores of farming. But one hot summer night I was sleeping in my upstairs bedroom with the window open and I was awakened by what sounded like my father clearing his throat. I went to the window to look out and I could see my Dad pacing up and down in the road in front of the house.

The next morning I asked my Mother what it was all about and she told me that it was so painful that he could not sleep, but that I must not ask him about it since he did not want us kids to worry.

The cancer was arrested for that time but possibly lay dormant because 23 years later he developed a tumor behind his breastbone that was malignant and that time it could not be stopped. The tumor grew and spread, collapsing his lungs, and he passed away of cancer at age 69.

During the 1930's and 40's in the fall every year my Mother (**Daisy Morgan**) would work in the apple harvest packing apples. She was very good at it and was always in demand every fall. The actual packing of the apples was done by hand by wrapping each in tissue paper and arranging in 50 pound boxes. She averaged between 75 and 100 boxes a day.

The deer were very plentiful before World War II and the farmers had to learn to give and take with the deer on the hay crops. The deer often ruined entire crops of those ranchers living farther into the hills. The deer became so bold that it was sometimes a full time job just keeping them frightened away, sometimes by shooting them.

"Dad" Baskin was one of our best neighbors and lived on the outskirts of the Forest Service land on upper Cub Creek. Since he felt that he fed the deer year round, (they ate on his haystack in the winter), whenever he needed to supplement his supply of meat he would shoot a buck when it came into the field. Home freezers were non existent in the valley in 1936 so he would keep a quarter for himself and share with the neighbors. Most of his neighbors had hay ruined by the deer also and were completely sympathetic, and welcomed the treat. Nevertheless, Mother was always nervous about it because the game warden was constantly patrolling the valley and it was his habit to drop in on various homes just before meal time and chat. Consequently he was invited to share the meal. This way he could know who was partaking of venison and grouse out of season. (He was also a bachelor so I'm sure there was a dual purpose). Nearly every rancher and orchardist was wise to him however. (I forgot to mention that the deer did even worse damage to the apple trees, chewing the tender bark on the trunk and killing the tree). If he

arrived when the wrong kind of meal was being served, it was immediately hidden away and a substitution was made if only some ham or sausage. Many times we had the game warden as a guest for dinner or supper in the summertime. To my knowledge we never had to make any substitution. But it was also a breach of etiquette to refuse a neighbor's offer to share and "Dad" Baskin, (we kids never knew him by any other name), was one of the best!

It was inevitable then that we were often the recipients of a leg of venison, and I shall never forget one day in particular. I was helping Mother can peas. The peas were hulled and we were heating jars in preparation for the canning kettle when who should come driving into the yard but Dad Baskin with a burlap wrapped bundle in his wagon! Mother became very agitated and before my Father and Mr. Baskin came into the kitchen we had the peas put back into the pantry and the jars stored away. Out came the meat grinder and we were ready for action. I was put to sewing small bags of cheese cloth about 18 inches long and 4 inches wide on the sewing machine. My brother, Chuck, was put to work grinding the meat while Daddy cut it into small pieces for the grinder, and my little brother, Bill, was positioned at the food grinder to change the pans. As the meat was ground, Mother began cooking and seasoning the meat to be preserved as chili and also mince meat. The bags were stuffed with chili to hang in the ice house and the mincemeat was immediately canned. "Dad" Baskin enjoyed a cup of coffee and watched us work, beaming with pleasure over his gift. Mother never wasted a minute until she had that meat camouflaged! I know she visualized the game warden stopping by while we were in the process. We had many a great chili supper in the cold winter and the mince pies were delicious and no one would ever be able to tell but what the meat was beef!

This is only one of special memories I have of my Mother, Daisy Morgan. She continued to live in Winthrop after my Dad died of cancer in 1961. She was active in community activities and was instrumental in getting the first hot lunch program into the Winthrop school and also cooked there for several years. She was a wonderful cook as were all the women in the Valley. She was also chief cook at the smoke jumper base between Twisp and Winthrop for several years. She died at age 97 1/2 years and is fondly remembered by several generations of Winthrop residents.

#### **About the children of Harry and Daisy (Lyon) Morgan**

1. Leta M. Morgan... *The following is written by Leta.* I was born in 1917 at Moscow, Idaho where we lived until I was 5 years old when we moved to Winthrop in 1922. Lois and I went 2 years to Bear Creek one room school. After that we bussed into Winthrop where I finished high school. The depression was in full swing and work I could do, was not to be had.

The following February I married Charles Parker and had one daughter, Margaret Elaine, on December 30, 1935. Charles and I separated when Margaret was 13 months old and I went to Wenatchee where I worked in a fruit warehouse during harvest time and worked in Cascadian Hotel dining room in order to support my child.

February 3, 1940 I married Kenneth Frye and we moved to Seattle where we worked in ship yards until after World War II. We then moved to Spokane, WA. I then cooked in restaurants until Margaret graduated from high school and she married Phillip Mooney and they moved to the Dalles, OR.

I enrolled in Kinman Business College for 18 months. Then went to work as a bookkeeper for General Motors and then for Chrysler Corporation where I worked till I retired in 1978.

My husband, Kenneth Frye, had been ill for 10 years and passed away in March 1976.

Mother lived in a retirement home in North Spokane and was at the age where she needed help. She wanted to go back to Winthrop so I sold my home in Spokane and we moved to Winthrop in 1981. We lived together till 1991 when it was necessary to put her in a nursing home in Wenatchee. Since Chuck and Ada Morgan lived in Wenatchee, I moved to Brinnon, WA to a grandmother home my daughter and son-in-law built for me beside their home.

I met my widowed neighbor, Gordon W. Pettit, and we became very good friends. We were married July 20, 1994. Gordon's 10 year old grandson was best man and his daughter was bridesmaid. My daughter, Margaret, was matron of honor. We were married at Harrison Hot Springs in British Columbia and made several very nice trips in both Alberta and British Columbia.

2. Lois A. Morgan... See Badger, Warren
3. Charles H. Morgan "Chuck"... See Morgan, Charles "Chuck"
4. Helen L. Morgan... See Larson, Wilfred C. "Jack"
5. William R. Morgan "Bill"... See Morgan, William R. "Bill"

**MORGAN, CHARLES H. "CHUCK"**

Father (of above)	Harry S. Morgan
Mother (of above - maiden name)	Daisy Lyon
When born/ where	January 30, 1922 / Moscow, Idaho
When married/where/age	April 22, 1944 / Yakima, WA / age 22
When died/where/age	November 19, 1993/ Wenatchee, WA / age 71
Buried (town, state & cemetery)	Winthrop, WA / Sullivan Cemetery

**MARRIED TO: ADA OVERHOLSER**

Father (of above)	Oren V. Overholser
Mother (of above - maiden name)	Clara M. Hall
When born/ where	January 21, 1921 / Yakima, WA
When married/ where/age	April 22, 1944 / Yakima, WA / age 23
When died/ where/age	
Buried (town, state & cemetery)	

**CHILDREN TO: CHUCK & ADA (OVERHOLSER) MORGAN**

#	NAME	SPOUSE	DATE BORN.	DATE DIED.	WHERE BORN
1.	Michael Lee Morgan	Dollie J.	Nov. 3, 1946	Jul. 16, 1987	Yakima, WA
	Robert C. Morgan	Lynn M.	Oct. 2, 1947		Omak, WA

Charles Morgan "Chuck" came with his parents to the Methow Valley in 1922 as a little guy of 6 months old. He attended Winthrop elementary schools and Winthrop High and Puyallup High schools. He was a star football player both at Winthrop and Puyallup and is well remembered by all the Winthrop Alumni of the 1940's.

Chuck joined the US Navy November 28, 1942 and served overseas, receiving severe injuries when the PT boat he was serving on was destroyed. He received his medical discharge on December 7, 1943.

Chuck met Ada Overholser in Yakima while visiting relatives and they were married on April 22, 1944. They lived there until 1945 when he went to work for Fish & Wildlife hatchery at Winthrop and then later to work for the Forest Service in the late 1950's. He transferred to Oregon in 1961 and was a supervisor in the equipment management program.

After being transferred to the Glide Ranger District of Umpqua National Forest, he took over the direction and training for the "fire hot shot" crew at the Wolf Creek Fire Training Center where he was instrumental in developing the "one stroke system", allowing Chuck and crew to receive a number of commendations for superior duties in the building of fire lines while fighting forest fires. Although some improvements and changes have been made, that system is still being used today. (1995)

Chuck retired in 1978 and returned to the Methow Valley where they built a home on the Twisp River. They also purchased a travel trailer whereupon they enjoyed many distant trips. They sold their home in the Methow and purchased a home in E. Wenatchee. They wanted to have a home to accommodate his mother, Daisy Morgan, in her last years. Daisy was then 95 years old and confined to a wheel chair. Daisy passed away in March of 1992.

Soon after Chuck's mother, Daisy, passed away, Chuck's health began to decline seriously and on November 19, 1993 he passed away of severe heart condition.

*The following was written by his son, Robert Morgan.*

Chuck Morgan was an exceptional person who touched many peoples' lives in his path. He was a largely built man, but his size was small in comparison to the humanity this man exhibited. Most people reflect back on Chuck as a very caring person that would go out of his way to help someone, and was affectionately described by a number of people as a "Big Teddy Bear".

**About the two boys of Chuck and Ada (Overholser) Morgan:**

1. **Michael Lee Morgan...** Michael Lee worked in law enforcement for several years and then as a truck driver for Cross State Transport Systems. He died in heart surgery July 16, 1987. He had two daughters.. Tina and Tracey and one son, Shawn.
2. **Robert Charles Morgan...** Robert contracted polio at age 10 and was left with paralysis in his leg. He has spent most of his adult years working for the Forest Service. Bob and his wife and family are presently stationed in Oregon. They have 3 sons; Jerred, Justin and Jeffrey and 2 grandsons.

**MORGAN, WILLIAM ROBERT "BILL"**

Father (of above)	Harry Samuel Morgan
Mother (of above - maiden name)	Daisy Lyon
When born/ where	March 8, 1932/ Wenatchee, WA
When married/where/age	June 10, 1956/ Winthrop, WA/ age 24
When died/where/age	
Buried (town, state & cemetery)	

**MARRIED TO: PATRICIA P. THOMPSON**

Father (of above)	John W. Thompson
Mother (of above - maiden name)	Amy ?
When born/ where	February 19, 1936/ Vinton, Iowa
When married/ where/age	June 10, 1956/ Winthrop, WA/ age 20
When died/ where/age	
Buried (town, state & cemetery)	

**CHILDREN TO: BILL & PATRICIA (THOMPSON) MORGAN**

#	NAME	SPOUSE	DATE BORN.	DATE DIED.	WHERE BORN
1.	Connie Lee Morgan	Howard Sonnicksoen	Sept. 25, 1957		Brewster, WA
2.	David William Morgan		Apr. 9, 1960		Brewster, WA
3.	Donald Robert Morgan		Apr. 9 1960		Brewster, WA
4.	Steven Ray Morgan		Mar. 21, 1963		Brewster, WA

**William Morgan "Bill"** Bill, born in 1932 at Wenatchee, WA came with his parents to Methow Valley in 1933. *The following is written by Bill Morgan.*

The first place that I can remember living was by the Chewuch River in a house owned by Frank and Anna Pennington. My Dad and Mother were milking cows for Frank. The dam for the Fulton Ditch was not too far off and I liked to go there to watch the water go over the dam. I sometimes got a little too close and fell in once. My two older sisters were to watch me while Mom and Dad did the milking. After that one close call they had to devise a way to keep me away from the river. Each time I ran off they would put me in the root cellar. I was only three at the time but it took both of them standing on the cellar door to keep me there.

My folks moved from there to the Newland Piercy Ranch in the spring of 1936, we left there and went to the Dunbar Ranch in Carlton, WA. We left there in 1943 to take the foreman's job for the new Sunny M. Ranch, the former Banker Ranch. In the spring of 1945 Doctor Blende decided to make a Dude Ranch out of the Sunny M. My Dad told him he would herd cows, sheep, horses and goats but he would be damned if he would herd Dudes. During that time I got a job working for LeRoy Wright on his ranch at Pearygin Lake. I made \$24 a week and room and board.

When my folks left the Sunny M we moved on to our own place at the junction of the Methow Highway and Twin Lakes road. I lived there until I finished High School in 1950.

The Korean War came along and I spent a four year hitch in the Navy. I was discharged on February 11, 1955. I had started working at the Wagner saw mill in June of 1950, so upon returning from the Navy I was given my old job back. I later worked for Lloyd Logging and R. D. Schrier, and then went to work for the U.S. Forest Service. I suffered a heart attack and was given a disability pension, not near enough to live and raise a family on. I secured the maintenance job for the Town of Winthrop and later promoted to Town Superintendent. The position I still hold.

I married Patricia Thompson June 10, 1956 and we made our home in Winthrop. Pat and I have four children, Connie the oldest, then twins David and Donald, and Steven the youngest.

About the children of Bill and Pat Morgan.

1. **Connie Morgan...** Connie graduated from High School and took a job as clerk at the North Cascade Smokejumper Base. She later married Howard Sonnichsen who is a partner in O.K.'s Cascade Services. They have one boy "Peter" and they make their home in Twisp, WA.
2. **David & Donald Morgan...** The twins after attending the school of hard knocks with Lloyd Logging they served a five year apprenticeship with Motor Trucks Inc. and are now Diesel Mechanics living at Hamilton, WA.
3. **Steve Morgan...** Steve also spent a short time with the logging Co. Then moved to Marysville, WA and worked as the building maintenance man for G.T.E.'s Big Glass Building in Everett, WA. He now lives at Kenai, Alaska working for an Oil Co. with their Siesmograph crew.

HARRY and DAISY began married life with big dreams for the future and life was going well until the big barn and outbuildings of the University farm in Idaho burned to the ground.

As mentioned in their history, Harry was employed there and studying animal husbandry. They moved to the Methow Valley in 1922 with Leta, Lois and [Chuck who was just a baby], and began life anew. I was born in Dec, 1925 and little more than 3 years later, Mother went to Yakima with me to attend her sister Clara's funeral. While there I developed severe pains in the abdomen and though I was taken to the doctor, my symptoms were misdiagnosed and my appendix ruptured and the condition was very serious.

Due to this mishap, Mother and I remained in Yakima for several weeks at the hospital before I was able to travel the 200 miles home. Naturally there was considerable expense, and the timing along with the stock market crash that threw the entire country into depression depleted their savings as well. The farm where Harry was working could no longer pay him adequate wages.

The family moved to Wenatchee where Harry was employed on a dairy farm. There were two mules for the heavy work and the kids loved to ride the mules. The family spent two years in Wenatchee which perhaps were the most devastating years of their married life. Both Lois and Chuck also suffered appendicitis attacks, which also resulted in ruptures. Both children were in the hospital for a few days. [You may ask how this could happen with doctors close by, but you must remember that these were depression years. Medical insurance was non existent and families did for themselves as much as possible before turning to doctors for medical help].

The house that we lived in at Wenatchee was close to the river and the railroad tracks were on the other side. The nation was no doubt into the lowest economic slide at that time, [1931-32]. Transients looking for work would ride the rails or stow away on a freight car leading into the city. Sometimes the people would jump off as the train slowed for the bend into town and we would see them walking along the river, but they never came across the river, [with the exception of one time]. We three girls all slept upstairs



in the back bedroom and we could see our chicken house by the river. The weather was extremely warm and we had our bed pushed up to the window to catch the breeze if any. One night we were awakened by the chickens making a commotion. We were all on our knees on the bed peeking out the window to see what had happened when we saw a man's figure slip around toward the house, while another was sneaking off with a chicken. Leta ran to waken Daddy but Lois was furious and, fearing that they would get away, leaned out the window and in a low tone but definitely one that carried said, "DROP THAT CHICKEN!!!" Immediately the chicken was dropped and both men ran crashing through the back fence to the river. Lois suddenly realized what she had done and we crawled under the covers, concerned that there may be more thieves. Daddy went out and rescued the chicken, [the poor thing was stumbling around in the dark]. He also found a flashlight that became very handy to us and Lois was the heroine of the day.

I have related more of our experiences of those two years in my history of the GREAT DEPRESSION.

My baby brother Bill was also born during our time in Wenatchee which included another hospital stay. With no savings and deeply in debt after the hospital sessions, the family moved back to Winthrop and began to get back on their feet.

I have been trying to remember the number of houses we lived in during my first 17 years and by my count it amounts to 9, sometimes twice in one year, due to the struggle to make a living. Daddy was never fired and was often begged to stay on but each move was made in an effort to gain a bit more income.

From the time they left the University farm until we moved to the ranch on the Chewuch river we did not have indoor plumbing, with the exception that water was always piped into the kitchen with sometimes a large porcelain sink. Water was heated in the cookstove reservoir and baths were taken in the big washtub. And of course the old two "holer" outhouse out back. Mother never failed to make each house feel like home and she was meticulous as to the cleanliness of the outhouse. It was washed down with soapy water and generous amounts of lime was sprinkled down the hole each week.

Nevertheless it was still an "outhouse", and Lois & I were made very much aware of it one day when I was about 3 yrs old.

Lois is 6 years older than I and she was usually given the responsibility of keeping me amused when Mother was extremely busy, and Leta, [8 yrs older] who liked to cook, helped in the kitchen.

On this particular day Lois and I were playing house in the yard and I was supposed to be her little girl. We had a big black cat whom we called "Blackie" that followed us everywhere and apparently was close by. I had to pee and we went down the path to the outhouse where Lois attempted to get me situated. She was struggling to get me on the seat when Blackie jumped up beside her brushing across her face. It startled her and she jumped back throwing her arm out, accidentally bumping Blackie down in the other hole. Never have I heard such wailing and squalling from a cat and I guess when you think about it one can hardly blame him. We tried to call him to climb out but he couldn't climb up the dirt sides and squalled even more.

In desperation Lois ran to Mother for help and I, for a wonder, had the sense to stand off the path out of the way.

Never before or after, had I seen my mother so utterly exasperated and frustrated with anger as I had that day. She came out to assess the dilemma, ordered us to STAY BACK OUT OF THE WAY!!! and left for the barn while we fretted about our kitty. When she returned she had a board about 4 inches wide and 7 ft long. I can still see her in my mind to this day, as she advanced cautiously, one step at a time, upon the open door of the outhouse with the board carefully held out in front of her until about a foot from the door, then flung it forward into the hole and turned and ran at top speed toward the house. Blackie came streaking up the board and out the door heading for the barn. It was like watching a silent movie with the speed turned to "fast forward" Mother had beautiful wavy long hair, worn wound around her head and fastened with long hairpins. But during her retreat back to the house the hairpins fell out and her hair was down her back. She was flushed and angry. Lois attempted to explain it was an accident, but Mother suspected we were playing a rather cruel prank

and didn't want to listen. Later when she had composed herself, she went in search of Black and gave him a bath, knowing that he could not get clean and she did not want us kids to play with him.

This unpleasant task rekindled Mother's annoyance with us and poor Blackie was again robbed of his dignity.

It seemed prudent to avoid any reminder of the incident for a while so Lois and I stayed away from Blackie for several days. That was easy cause he stayed at the barn and avoided us and Mother for several weeks.

62 years later when I sat on the veranda of the nursing home with Mother in her wheel chair we talked and laughed about that little episode and she remembered, but do you know?, I think she was still suspicious of us. It was an accident and I can testify to that.

We children we were never allowed to talk back to our parents and could bring down the wrath of our father if we argued too strenuously with each other. Harry had been brought up believing in the "behind the woodshed with a willow switch" concept and I'm sure it was used for him more than once. The older children were often the recipients of this practice but by the time my brother Billie and I came into the picture he must have realized that it did not necessarily work. I can remember only two occasions where I tested their patience too far and received the same treatment. It was well deserved, as I look back, as my Mother was cooking for the harvest crew and it was the rule that dinner went on the table immediately at 12 noon when the crew came in to eat. They had one hour to eat and rest before returning to the field. It was my job to keep the woodbox filled for the cookstove. I was eight years old and resented having to do such a menial chore when it was more fun to ride my horse out to the field with drinking water for the crew. Consequently I developed the trick of tumbling the wood into the box so that it piled up faster than if I laid the sticks evenly. The two top layers were placed evenly across so that it looked as though the box was chock full and Mother would not notice. Away to the field and Daddy was proud of me for keeping the men supplied with drinking water. Dinner was

not on time cause Mother had run out of wood and had to go to the woodshed and carry more wood!!

Needless to say Daddy's attitude about my responsibilities changed considerably and I was taken out behind the shed where I received a good larruping on my behind with the switch. He returned to dinner and I pouted for a short while as to the unfairness of it all. After all hadn't I worked hard to carry water? No one seemed to care though. I wiped my tears and decided I may as well go and eat my dinner.

There was one very definite difference that I have often noticed about my childhood and my grandchildren. We were FREE in every sense of the word. In fact the words fear and boredom were not even in our vocabulary.

We roamed the hills with complete abandon. Rattlesnakes and bears were taken into consideration but in no way hampered our explorations. We went barefooted from May thru September [unless we were in school or town], and how we ever escaped getting bitten by a rattlesnake, or injured seriously, I'll never know, but we none of us ever were bitten or broke any bones. I have not seen a rattlesnake for over 30 years but last year while in a souvenir shop some one began playing with a small toy that had the rattlers of a snake attached. Immediately the back of my neck began to tingle and I was on alert. One never forgets.

Daisy and Harry believed that to teach a child to be afraid would contribute considerably to the possibility of them doing something foolish in a dangerous situation. This is not to say that caution and respect for danger was not emphasized many times. It was expected that if we got ourselves into a tight spot, then we could learn how to get out. Consequently we had many a near mishap but each incident taught us a valuable lesson. We swam in the river, rode the hills with no restrictions. We were not allowed to ride away from home using a saddle however as Daddy was afraid that if we fell off our horse we might possibly catch a foot in the stirrup and be dragged by the horse. If we were thrown he wanted to be sure we fell clear. Consequently we always rode bareback and became experts. If we crossed a neighbor's land we were only required to

shut the gate behind us. The thought that we might be kidnapped or assaulted was not a possibility during those years, with the exception of one time, of which I was never aware of until years later. The way Mother and Daddy handled that is an example of how much they kept us protected from the perils of life. I shall try to explain.

When we moved to the ranch on the Chewuch, [300 acres], where Daddy was a partner, I was 10 years old. We lived there for 7 years and with the older girls both gone from home, [Leta was married & Lois was working at the hotel in town], Chuck and I were expected to do our share of the daily chores on a regular basis.

We did have one hired man who was a transient arriving in the spring for the plowing and planting. He had been employed on the place before we moved there and Daddy hired him, feeling that he was familiar with the farm from previous years. He was indifferent to us kids and hardly spoke to us and we consequently gave him little thought. He lived in the bunkhouse across the creek and had the evening meal with us but hardly spoke. His name was Gus.

In the early spring and late fall the milk cows, [about 13-15 in number], were pastured on a 60 acre dryland tract of land about 2 miles away up the hill and across the neighbor's land. Each of these sessions lasted about 6 weeks and it was my job to get up at 4:30 AM, get out to the corral for my horse and be ready to take the cows to pasture when morning milking was done. Then I returned for breakfast, got cleaned up and dressed for school and on the school bus at 7AM. The chore was reversed in the afternoon when I got off the bus, changed my clothes, bridled my horse and rounded up the cows to return for 6PM milking. Timing in the afternoon was tight also as the cows always wanted to hide in the creek bed away from the heat, or be way at the top of the far side of the hill. They were never all in the same place so gathering them up was a challenge. During schooldays there was no time left for dawdling. On Saturdays and Sundays I could take my time after I had turned them to pasture and on my way back I might explore a groundhog hole with the dog or pick some flowers. I had noticed Gus a couple of mornings during the week at a distance walking along the hill or

sitting on a rock but gave it little thought except to think he was enjoying the early morning and went about my business. On Sunday it was a beautiful morning and I stopped and slid off the horse to see what the dog had cornered in a groundhog hole. We were both busy when I saw Gus, about 15 ft away, out of the corner of my eye and the dog growled. For some reason I cannot explain, I nonchalantly climbed back on the horse, pretending not to have seen him, whistled to the dog, and began a swift trot on home, wondering what he was doing up there at 5AM in the morning. Before I was home however, I had begun to figure perhaps he just wanted to see what we were doing and gave it little thought. What else could he want? Out of curiosity I mentioned to Mother later in the day, "What do you suppose Old Gus is doing up on the hill when I take the cows out?" Mother said she really didn't know and what was he doing? "Well I don't know. He just seems to be watching me." She made some uninteresting comment and I forgot the entire incident. Two or three days later at the evening meal Chuck asked, "How come Gus hasn't been to dinner lately, I haven't even seen him for several days?"-----"Oh I guess Daddy seemed to think we would not be needing him and I think he got a job somewhere down by Pateros" replied Mother.

Years later I was thinking of that incident and I suddenly realized my parents had quietly dealt with what they suspected might be a potential danger to me.

Even though money was tight, after returning to Winthrop, we farm kids never went hungry. We had produce from the garden, [and after we moved to the Chewuch], hams hung in the ice house, fruit from the orchard, and all the milk we could drink. Mother preserved and canned, and nothing was wasted. We wore clothing made over and blouses made from printed flour sacks. We never knew we were poor cause all our friends were in the same situation. When the war came and we had to have ration tickets for sugar, butter, tires, gasoline, silk stockings, and other items, we scarcely noticed the change cause we had been conserving all our lives. We parked the car up on blocks. We kept our eyes open for a bee tree during the summer. In the fall Daddy would cut it down and we had

a supply of honey for the winter which took the place of the sugar. I should add that after the tree was fallen, Daddy would always leave ample honey for the bees to get through the winter and place the tree so that the remainder of the honey was protected for them.

When we could, we kids would gather soda pop & beer bottles along the road, [ there were always a few after a saturday night] and turn them in for a penny a bottle. When we had saved enough pennies we would hike to town and see a movie for ten cents a show. SNOW WHITE, GONE WITH THE WIND, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, and TOM MIX were all popular and were brought back many times.

One day, when I was about 11 yrs, Daddy called me into the living room and very seriously told me that he would rather we wouldn't gather the bottles even though it did give us some spending money. [Bill and I had gathered quite a few that week.] He said that often times people would pee in the bottles and that he did not want us handling them. I was totally repulsed that anyone would be so gross and never again did we gather the bottles. If Mother had told me that story, it would not have had near the impact that it had coming from my father, as I figured Daddy must know what he was talking about. To this day when I see an empty beer bottle along the road I think of that day.

When the cancer came on Daddy's lip and it began to look as though it would not be cured, he became a different father than the older children remember. Although always thoughtful to our needs and whims he became anti-social. The older girls were gone from home working in town by that time and Chuck, Billie and myself remembered those times vividly. He would oftentimes brood and become very moody, and when the poultice was on his lip it was to remain until it dropped off of it's own accord. This took about a month and left a cleft in his lip which made it very difficult to drink any liquids, and even most foods, without a mishap. It took him several years to master that problem. Consequently we no longer traded Sunday dinners with neighbors and friends as he was embarrassed to be around people, and he refused to attend any social events with the exception of our school programs at school. Chuck was old enough to go fishing with friends and he also worked

for the neighbors during harvest [for a dollar a day] and was not affected by the loneliness as much and Bill had his playmate just down the road. We occasionally went up into the hills on a family outing, fishing and picnicking, but it was a lonely few years for me and I began to take long rides on my horse and oftentimes in the hot summer evenings I would slip down to the beaver ponds just at dusk and sit quietly to wait for the beavers to start work. When there was moonlight they were beautiful to watch with their bodies cutting a large V in the water as they swam back and forth. During that time I became even more shy than I had been and to this day I find that there are times when I need a little time just to myself. I developed a deep love for the outdoors and the animals. Though the animals were always considered to be of service, we were always taught to respect them and were never allowed to exploit them, such as deliberately making a horse buck or ride a steer just to show off. Consequently all the animals on the farm were my semi-pets and I had names for nearly all of them, with the exception of the chickens, which I have never been very fond of.

When I was small child Mother had the two older girls to help in the house and with only Chuck to help outside, I was elected to do many of the small chores and I much preferred that. Later, when Mother would attempt to recruit me, I would offer the excuse that I thought Daddy needed me to help him and immediately I was told that if "Daddy needed me then I must go help". Thus a precedent had been set.

During hay harvest when stacking time came it was my job to drive "pull-up". Before the loads were brought in they had been placed in a sling on the hay sled. Each end of the sling was pulled together and hooked to a cable running through a large boom and down to the base of the sacker frame. Chuck was so strong and husky that he was always the man on the stack giving the order as to trip the load when it came up and then placing the hay so that as the stack grew higher it would not tip over. It was perhaps the hardest job of the entire harvest and it always paid 50 cents a day more wages, [total 1.50 a day] which was partly why he preferred the job. My part in this process was to hook my team to the cable at the



base and drive them forward pulling up the load to the height required and then holding them there until Chuck gave the signal to trip. As each load came in, the stack grew higher until I often could not see Chuck. One time when we had the load swinging in the air waiting for Chuck's shout to either trip or back up for another position, I thought I heard him yell to "Back-up!!" We could not see him and he was struggling to hold the load. The sled driver holding the trip rope thought he said "trip", and did so at the same time that I backed up my team. Chuck lost control of the sling and the load dumped completely on him. The team driver thinking he was free to return to the field left and I was waiting for my signal from Chuck. Some five minutes later he came spluttering up out of the hay. It is a wonder we hadn't smothered him. He was always good natured and took it as a great joke on himself. He was always kept busy or was working for neighbors, but we were good buddies and he was my big brother protector through our high school years. Due to the way our birthdates fell in the year he was only two years ahead of me. He was always doing things for Bill and I, and one winter he spent weeks planing and sanding down a couple of pine boards about 4 ft long and tapering the ends. He then steamed them for days over the stove in the milk house and gave them to Billie [5 yrs old] for skis for xmas.

While we lived on the Chewuch ranch we had the old time wall crank telephone. Depending on what area of the valley there were usually from 5 to a dozen homes on a line. If you wanted to talk to someone on your own line you merely cranked the number of rings for the party needed and talked. The ring for one party also came into every home on the line. If you needed to talk to someone on the other side of the river for instance, one must ring CENTRAL and ask her to connect you to the party desired. I remember our ring was one long and two shorts. If there were more than a dozen parties on the line it took a bit of ingenuity inventing a series of rings for each home. It was common practice to "rubberneck" [listen in on other people's rings, which Mother would not allow. If too many people listened in it became difficult to get a good connection and the receiving party would yell into the phone

"Somebody hang up!! I can't hear!!" This was not as bizarre a practice as one might believe as neighbors were sometimes miles apart and listening in was often done to determine if there was a problem or emergency and help was speedier in coming if needed. Also, one could often discover if their stray cows or horses had been discovered somewhere down the river. Much better than a newspaper!!

Mother worked hard during those years and supplemented the income in the fall by packing apples during harvest time. When I was a little girl, I thought all mothers sang as they worked. She had a beautiful contralto voice and when she was a girl the choir director at her church taught her some voice lessons. She could be working in the garden, or in the kitchen cooking one of her delicious meals, and you could hear her singing and I loved to sing with her.

I remember one day we were doing the weekly washing and we had an old gasoline motor washing machine with a hand cranked wringer. Mother would feed the clothes into the wringer and I ran the crank. I was so small that I could hardly reach the crank and we would sing. Most of her songs were the hymns that she used to sing in choir at church. I have since suspected that my Mother was a bit homesick and this was her release as we seldom traveled into town to church. Mainly due to the fact that Sunday was like any other day on the farm and the distance to travel and time involved made milking time late and chores undone.

Mother was a very private person and her early Mennonite upbringing had taught her not to show emotions openly or to worry the children about something they could do nothing about. In fact I never knew her to impose her feelings upon other people. I remember when her mother, [my grandmother whom I scarcely knew] passed away and a telegram was sent to her. Daddy was up at the barn and the telegram was delivered to him. I was 9 years old. Daddy brought the telegram to Mother but he had to get back to work. Mother was doing the family wash and she did not stop. However as I was helping her I saw tears slip down her cheeks. When she noticed me watching she smiled and turned her face away to

wipe the tears and we continued the washing. There was no money for her to go to the funeral in Yakima at the time. We all sent a letter to Grandpa and I am sure that Daddy and Mother had some talks but nothing more was said to us children.

She instilled the desire for privacy in all of us and I am afraid that we all have difficulty showing our emotions at times.

Many times I have thought of my parents and their struggle through those years. It seemed every time they were beginning to realize their dream of having a farm of their own there would be another event that would deplete their savings and they made many sacrifices so that we could get an education and as all parents do, they wanted us to have a better life than they had. When Daddy's partner, [on the Chewuch farm], died, his wife wanted to sell. After the cancer episode there was no money to buy her out, so she paid us our share and sold the farm. I left for Business School. Daddy made a down payment on a small house and orchard south of Winthrop.

He continued to work at odd jobs until he got it paid for and they finally moved to their own place. This lasted only for 13 years. The cancer returned and could not be arrested. While he was ill I went back home from Bremerton to help Mother care for him and we had many talks. He told me much of the family history that I have related and also I remember the words of advice he gave me. "Don't wait too long to take the chance for your future"

He also explained to me something that I had always wondered about as a child. We were not allowed to say "shut up!" to each other or anyone. To do so would upset him tremendously and the reprimand received, seemed more severe than necessary.

When he was 11 years old his older brother and wife were living in Heppner and had just had a baby girl. It was June of 1903. His mother was preparing to go into town for a few days to help out and she was hanging the family wash on the clothesline. As was her habit she always held two clothespins in her teeth in preparation for the next garment. Harry was playing with the dog under the clothesline and making a total nuisance of himself. His mother reprimanded him and like all children testing their luck he

mother reprimanded him and like all children testing their luck he replied "Why don't you shut up!!" She turned around to face him and with the pins in her mouth, in a quiet tone said, "Don't ever tell people to shut up. It is very bad language.!!"

The next morning she left in the wagon for town. Two days later on June 14 1903 there was a cloud burst causing a flash flood which is not uncommon in that area and nearly the entire town was washed away. Over 250 people died in that flood. His mother, brother and wife and baby were all drowned and their bodies found several days later. All his life my father agonized over the last day he saw his mother. When he told me that story I began to understand many things about him.

Daddy passed away in September 1961.

When Mother passed away nearly 30 years later she also was ill in a nursing home and when I would go to visit her we would talk of her family. Thus I was able to relate some of her history as well.

One of the stories that my mother related to me during one of those visits was certainly indicative of the fierce struggle the farmers of the early 1900's.

The farms in the Selah-Yakima area were sub irrigated, which meant that water was brought to the fields from the river by way of a canal or "ditch". In most cases the ditch would run for several miles and each farm all the way to the end had rights to so many running square inches of water, depending on the number of acres they had under irrigation. In mid summer some of it always soaked into the ground or evaporated as it moved along, but,--unless the river was very low--there was enough for every one to take his full measure. Each farm had it's own headgate or spillway with a gate to let the full measure of that farm's water onto their land. There were always gauge marks on the spillway gate and when the water was running low each gate must be set so that it would only take the share belonging to that farm. [In every case to this day all over the country where there is this kind of irrigation there are "water hogs" who, when their crops are starting to burn, will take more than their share and to heck with the farmers on down the line.]

The farms in that area were no exception. There was usually

a feud between the farmers at the head of the line and at the end. If any landowner was assigned to monitor the shares taken it would usually end up in a fight with nothing resolved so the only fair way was to hire a "ditch walker" with no interest other than to do his job, and that was to walk the ditch daily and see that each headgate was set at the legal limit. Even this did not totally solve the situation as sometimes a farmer seeing his crops dry up would pull up his headgate after the ditch walker had come by and return it to proper level before he returned the next day.

My mother's brother Milton, was a ditch walker. It was relatively easy work, the most stressful part being to keep the peace. The family was glad to see Milton have this job since as a child he had suffered a couple of seizures and they tried to keep him from doing heavy work. However he had not had any further trouble after reaching adulthood.

One day Milton was found lying along side the ditch with his head submerged in 12 inches of water. He had apparently drowned and there was never any proof that the "accident was otherwise, even though he was a strong young man. The opinion being that perhaps he had a mild stroke and no other investigation was ever made. The family however, had their own suspicions, since water was running low in the ditch and there had been some complaints made to Milton that too much water was being taken at the head of the line.

They suspected that perhaps Milton had inadvertently caught some stealing water. No other proof could ever be determined and Milton was dead at the age of 36 yrs.

I never heard Mother talk much about her childhood before and I felt very grateful to be able to share those times with her on those last visits.

The Methow Valley ran from the town of Pateros [where the Methow river runs into the Columbia] and runs north through the towns of Methow, Carlton, Twisp, Winthrop and Mazama.

Mazama, at the end of the line on the north, consisted of a small store and postoffice [in the same building] and the basic activity there being the dropping off point of supplies being

packed by mules on up the mountain to the mines. The largest mine or rather the most productive was the Azurite mine and I understand that it is still being worked on a much smaller scale. The hills in the entire valley in the springtime was always covered with wild sunflowers, or Balsam root, and the bright yellow blossoms reflected the sun's rays and always gave one a great feeling of being alive. We kids would pick armloads and bring them to Mother for a bouquet.

During the summer months there were always a few Indians traveling up through the valley on the tired old horses. Sometimes a single man or woman but most usually a man and his squaw and a couple of children. They would always stop at our place and get permission to pick Chokecherries and Elderberries which they dried and mixed with dried beef or venison into a tight dried mass that they called "pemmican" Daddy would always trade a cowhide to them for a pair of leather gloves, and I think they always liked to stop at our place cause he was always respectful to them. It was one of these Indians, [a very old man, or at least he certainly seemed old] that told him he lived in the valley as a child and that the word "Methow" in Indian language meant "Valley of the Sun" There have many versions of the word written in books about the Valley but our information came straight from the horse's mouth, so to speak.

The town that I always think of as my childhood home no longer exists even though some of the old buildings still stand and the name is the same.

Until about 1970 Mazama was considered the end of the road. if one drove up the valley from Pateros the only way to get back out was to go back to Pateros. Then the North Cascades Highway was built and connected the valley with MarbleMount on the other side of the mountains, thus connecting with Interstate 5 on the coast, and changed the town forever. The merchants decided to go after the tourist trade and built false western fronts on the buildings, tore out the cement sidewalks and installed board walks. On Saturday a mock gun battle is staged on main street. The entire scene resembles a western movie set. Apparently the public loves it

as tourists flock through town and jam traffic during the summer months. To me it is a mockery of what the old west was really like. Winthrop was as typical of a western town during the 20's and 30's as one could ever see.

In the spring of 1946 I met WILFRED [Jack] LARSON, who had come to the valley to be a Smoke Jumper for forest fires. We were married on November 30 1946. SEE WILFRED AND NELLIE HOLTZ HISTORY CHART