

## BACK IN TIME

## To Victoria and return—Part One

BY EVELYN BYRNE WILLIAMS WITH JANEEN SATHRE

I found a few pages written by my dad about a trip my parents took in 1937 to Victoria, Canada. I do not remember my dad writing about this trip, but do recall how unhappy my sister Gladys and I were to be left behind. My Uncle Harold, Aunt Maud, and their son Bernard were here from San Jose and they planned to travel north to Victoria. With my parents and all their camping gear in the car, there was not enough room for Gladys and me and, who knows, maybe it was just nice to have some time away from the kids.

I was 11, and I remember my Uncle Harold giving me a five-dollar bill for my birthday, which was the day after they left. Gladys, several years older, and I stayed at our house, though I did spend a lot of the time at my grandparents across the river. I ate with them and helped with the haying by making many trips with cold water to the fields where Grandpa was working.

Here are a few excerpts from my dad's notes, along with a photo. By looking at the clothing they are wearing, hard to believe they were camping along the way!

**Dad's Story**

So the morning of the 21st of June, 1937, found us trekking across the wire foot bridge. Harold, impatient to be away, performed most of the menial labor, and when everything was beside the car, started stowing it away. It took a good deal of maneuvering and repressed swearing to get everything tucked in and our bed roll lashed on behind.

At this point Dad, who was mowing hay just over the wire fence, flushed a rabbit, and the dogs were in hot pursuit. Bernard hastily got his movie picture camera in position, and no doubt would have got a picture notable for its action, as the rabbit and dogs came right down the road and into the midst of us, then dashed away and out of sight. Later we learned that the film was stuck and did not register.

But this put us in a good frame of mind, and we hurriedly bid the kiddies goodbye and were off. It flashed over me that we might not see them again—there are so many things that can happen—but this is life, and we put it quickly aside.

We went down the Applegate and were in Grants Pass at 10 am. The road between Grants Pass and Roseburg is noted for its crooks and turns, but the country is very beautiful, or at least it is at this time of the year. We were pretty well wedged in the back seat, and did not slide around a great deal, but taking the turns at a pretty good clip, we imagined we could hear the car groan at every joint. Maybe it is just a Scotch idea of ours not to want to subject such a fine piece of machinery to so much strain.

There also developed at this time the first faint rumblings of the back seat drivers. It was destined to grow louder and more confusing when we reached the cities, but it seemingly was taken in good part by the drivers—or at least we hope it was.

We ate lunch in Roseburg at 12:30. Most notable through this section are the wild roses in bloom in fields and pastures along the highway. We noted cattle and sheep and rolling green hills. Arrived at Cottage Grove at 3:33 [p.m.] and visited Ernest and Eileene. We were in Salem at 6:20 and decided to camp. The Lone Star Auto Camp looked good, so we unpacked and later were directed to the "Argo" hotel, where we dined for fifty cents a plate, family style. As we had had a strenuous day, we retired early.

We had heard a great deal of the Columbia River highway, and we were not disappointed in the highway or in the grandeur of the scenery. Multnomah Falls has to be seen to be appreciated, and all of the falls along here would be a pleasant place to be on a hot day; one could easily take a cold shower from the

spray. Numerous trails lead from here up into the back country, and we believe we could enjoy a few days following these trails out with a light camping outfit.

Hunger again assailed us, and we reached Bonneville dam in time for lunch. Plenty of eating places and a good deal of a rush, as this is a busy place. The government has built a small town below the dam on this side of the river, presumably for government workers and officials. Numerous small houses are built in all the nooks and corners along the highway here. We drove on up a short distance to the Bridge of the Gods, a toll bridge, and crossed to the Washington side. This seemed to be the main town for the laborers. From an observation point we watched the huge machinery in operation. Towers, cables, cars, huge cranes, shovels, and mixers, and men crawling around like a lot of ants. We hope the power generated from this great dam will be used wisely and well for all the people.

Camas was our next stop. We were in a heavy down-pour and pulled into a filling station and took a look at our bed roll to check the moisture. Here is a large paper mill; the attendant told us the largest of its kind in the world, but we don't know if this is correct. Vancouver, Washington next and then North again. Gassed up in Woodland, and then on to Chehalis, a very nice town. We did some shopping here as we have a light camping outfit with us.

Sun up about five o'clock June 23rd. Just enough to induce us to roll out early, and then it started raining again. We were equipped with a waffle iron, and although it was against the rules in all the camps we visited, we plugged in and started making waffles. It seemed like pouring sand in a rat hole, but Harold stayed manfully with it until we were all fortified for a day's run.

At 11:30 we found ourselves in a large public market [Seattle], and as the



Left to right, Dad and Mom (John and Pearl Byrne) and Aunt Maud.

waffles and coffee seemed to have lost their potency, we dined, overlooking the bay or sound. This is a very large market, and everything looked good. Wanting to buy some strawberries, and kept looking the stalls over. Harold wanted to boycott the Japanese, of which there were a goodly number, so we finally bought some from a white dealer, but when we emptied them out that evening the bottom ones were small and moldy. Ahem!!

The nicest gardens we saw on the trip were just south of Seattle. Left Seattle at noon and it is still raining. A wonderful new highway north to Everett. Stopped a few minutes in Everett at 12:45 and Bellingham at 2:30. This is all very rich looking farming country through here. We are now nearing the border, and this is one of the high spots of our trip, as we are about to leave the United States. We checked through at 3:30.

To be continued...

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with Janeen Sathre  
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## Federal grant approved to restore McKee Bridge

BY ROBERT E. VAN HEUIT

On August 2, 2012, the federal government awarded a grant to Jackson County in the amount of \$491,048 to restore McKee Bridge. The grant was among 22 issued nationwide as part of the National Historic Covered Bridge Preservation Program for 2012.

McKee Bridge was inspected in October 2011. During the inspection, a critical structural deficiency was discovered and the engineer, Oregon Bridge Engineering Company (OBEC), recommended that the bridge be closed to pedestrian use until it was corrected.

Jackson County, with assistance from the State of Oregon, OBEC, and the McKee Bridge Historical Society

(MBHS), submitted a request for a grant to completely restore the bridge. Jackson County submitted the grant application through the State of Oregon in December 2011 for \$491,048. MBHS has agreed to raise the matching funds of about \$57,000. MBHS has made many contacts with charitable foundations, but found it difficult to get assistance until the grant was approved. Now that the grant has been awarded, we will be better able to pursue assistance from these foundations; however, almost all foundations also require matching funds.

MBHS has established the McKee Bridge Restoration Fund (MBRF) and has successfully raised over \$5,000 to date. If you wish to help by contributing to MBRF, please send checks to MBHS, P.O. Box 854, Jacksonville, Oregon 97530. MBHS is a 501(c)3 nonprofit corporation and all contributions are tax-deductible. If you have any questions, please call Robert Van Heuit at 541-899-2927.

Robert E. Van Heuit • 541-899-2927  
President

McKee Bridge Historical Society



## Poetry Corner

### Children

by John Taylor, Grants Pass, OR

Let's always be like children,  
Happy, running free,  
Rolling down a hillside,  
Climbing up a tree.

Squeezing fuzzy kittens,  
Drinking chocolate from a mug,  
Feeling soft warm mittens,  
Giving dogs a hug.

Like a child you giggle,  
And my tummy turns its cogs.  
I feel it do a wiggle,  
Like a pocket full of frogs.

Time will pass and we'll grow old,  
But let us all recall,  
Those happy laughing children,  
They're us after all?



### Plain Murder

by A.G. Prys-Jones (1888 - 1987), Wales

I saw a wasp upon a wall  
and did not like his face at all:  
And so the creature had no time  
To wonder whether he liked mine.