

## BACK IN TIME

# Summer of '29

BY EVELYN BYRNE WILLIAMS WITH JANEEN SATHRE



*John., Evelyn and Gladys Byrne.*

By 1929 my parents were somewhat prospering after having left the Applegate and moved to Medford where dad found employment at the Owen Oregon Sawmill. They were renting a two story house at 408 West Sixth Street next to the Perl Funeral home. The Perl's and my folks became good friends and I often took the liberty of playing on their front steps or visiting their rabbits that they kept in a hutch in the backyard.

Mother was making some money by renting the rooms upstairs in our house. I sometimes got permission to visit a nice couple living up there and they would make me bread and honey sandwiches. I was not to play on the stairs though I found this difficult to not do. However, the closet underneath the stairway became a terrifying place that I had to stay in sometimes when being naughty. The threat of being there made me an almost model child.

My brother, Morris, and sister, Gladys, attended the Washington School where the Jackson County Court House is located now. It was close enough to our home for my sister to sometimes take me there after school to play on the slide and swings. Most of all, I wanted to be able to roller skate as my sister was doing

when taking me there, but my feet were too small for skates to be screwed onto my shoes. Those old skates would probably be a collector's item now.

One day a city crew was making sidewalks by our house. When they left Morris took the liberty to write his name in the fresh cement on the corner of Sixth and Ivy Streets. Maybe it is still there. Of course, the old house is long gone and the Evelyn apartments are there in its place. The name is just a coincidence.

I remember the long hot summer in 1929 and mother convinced my dad to take us on a week-end trip to the coast. None of us had ever seen the ocean and thought getting out of the heat for awhile would be so inviting. We had a Chevrolet touring car, maybe a 1919 model with a canvas top.

It was a long ride to Crescent City, California, especially in those days. The

dirt roads were bumpy and dusty and my riding in the back seat and having to endure all of the wind and particles in the air while getting car sick, definitely put a damper on the first part of my trip.

However, seeing the beautiful big redwood trees was wonderful. Mother took a picture of us by our car, but the mystery is why she didn't take any pictures of the giant trees.

One of the worst parts of traveling in those days was having a flat tire. My poor dad had to stop and patch an inner tube several times before reaching our destination in the late evening, where we would rent a small cabin for the night. I recall there being about four or five of these cabins down by the beach. Gladys had

disappeared from us while our car was being unloaded. She had always been inquisitive and by the time my mother found her she was getting acquainted with some people in another cabin.

Our cabin was not at all cheerful but we were so glad to get out of the cold wind. Mother made our beds but she realized she had not brought enough bedding to keep us warm. No one was able to sleep so when early morning came we hurriedly piled back into the car and left. I do not remember seeing the ocean as I was too miserable to remember anything but the cold.

On the way home, we somewhat welcomed the intense heat but poor dad kept having to fix flat tires. I'm sure he was not having a good time with this trip. About four blocks from home he didn't even stop to fix another flat, we just kept on going and Gladys became so embarrassed that



*Gladys and Evelyn Byrne in their front yard.*

someone would see us that dad let her out of the car to walk the rest of the way home.

Soon after this trip the Great Depression came and we moved back to the Applegate in the summer of 1930. I did not return to see the ocean until 1948. The beautiful Oregon Coast became one of my favorite places to go and the traveling was so much better than that first trip back in time.

Evelyn Byrne Williams  
541-899-1443