

# Miscellaneous Memories of the Meda Area

by Raymond Bones

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My parents were both hard working people. Dad was a small man. I don't believe he ever weighed over 145 pounds.

My first remembrance of being a part of my family . . . my family lived south of Cloverdale off Meda Loop across from Walt Bodyfelt's farm. Some things I remember from there . . . Dad had some bee hives on the north end of the house. Also, a trail went up in the woods past these hives. One day Dad walked up this trail. I started following him. He evidently saw me, because he hid behind a tree. When I came along he jumped out and grabbed me! Of course I thought it was a bear or something. To this day it still bothers me.

I remembered it snowing one time. Dad cleaned a walkway out to the car. I was probably maybe 3 years old. It seemed to me it was over my head which would have made it over 2 feet.

My sis and I walked to school 1 1/2 miles one way uphill both ways!

One time Dad was out in the wood shed. He always had his axe just like a razor. He was splitting some kindling and as always, the axe handle was between his legs. The handle caught on the chopping block, and it cut his left wrist entirely in two. Aunt Elma and Uncle Dee were there. Dee had his car there. It was a Whippet. He got Dad in the front seat, and I got in the back seat. He drove Dad to Cloverdale to a doctor who sewed his wrist together. But from that day he had no use of his thumb.

My dad was as tough as they came. He had a lot of friends, always helping somebody in a fight.

Dad would take his net down to the river, put it in, and catch a bunch of salmon. I remember one time he went to the river, and he thought the cops were there. So he took off, and later he found it was one of the neighbors also interested in getting some fish.

I went to the first grade at Meda School before we moved to Beaver in 1930. The teacher's name was Mrs. Blackerbee. One time after she had whipped some of the students, they gave me the milking machine hose to get rid of. I threw it off the bridge on the way home. It hung up on a limb for a long time. I just knew someone would somehow find out I had thrown it in the river.

One time when Dad's sister, Elma, was there she gave me a bunch of pennies. I was down by the river, and for some unknown reason I threw them in the river. I just know there were a couple of 1909s in there (worth \$200.00 to 300.00 each!).

One time my sis and I were walking home, and we were by the bridge. Mom and Dad drove up in an old Model T that I think had one door on the driver's side and two on the passenger's side. I have no idea what year it was, but that was the way I saw it. That's my story, and I'm sticking to it!

I still have a lot of friends in the Meda area . . . Wilma Rowland, who was a daughter of Clarence Dunn, Tony and Clem Hurliman, John Craven, the Reddekopp family . . . but Carol is the only one left. My grandmother, Mary Dawson, my mother's mother, brought most of these people into this world.