

" THE SAGA OF

GEORGE JOSEPH SMART

and  
LORA VALE  
"EDGAR SMART"

George J. Smart and Lora V. Edgar were married Jan. 1, 1906. They started their married life on a 160 acre farm, 6 miles out of Clinton, Oklahoma. The farm consisted of 90 acres of open ground, 15 acres of alfalfa, 20 acres fenced hogproof; all land fenced and crossed fenced. There were 2 wells and a cistern, plenty of running water. There was a 2 roomed house, a storm house, a 36 by 40 ft. barn, hog sheds, chicken house and yard; a large bearing orchard of all kinds of fruit and a nice grape vinyard, evergreens, shrubs and nice yard. There were horses and mules for working the farm. And he had 100 head of thorobred Poland China hogs. ( WE have a picture of the house and vinyard.)

On Nov. 27, 1906 their first son, Clifford Lee, was born. On Feb. 10, 1908, I, Clara Edna was born.

On May 1, 1908, they sold the farm, stock and machinery at public auction. (Looking back some 77 years, I ponder why they would want to give up, what in those days was a prosperous farm? It was such a good start in their married life. Could we but go back in time for such and many more answers!!)

We know that Papa bought and operated a grocery store, so we can assume that after selling the farm he bought this store in Cloudchief, Okla. Their next three children, Truett Ray, Nov. 27, 1909; Glenwood, May, 3, 1911, and Levern, Sept. 21, 1912, were born in Cloudchief. I don't know how long they had the store during these four years.

Their next move was to a farm that Papa's brother Grover owned. I don't know what year this was, but I have more memories of this place. Ralph Wayne was born there, Jan. 20, 1915.

One of the things I remember is a BIG hail storm. It came up about 4 in the afternoon, and it got as black as night. It was some time before it started to hail, stones as large as golf balls. I can remember them piled up against the foot boards around the chicken yard. It was always my and Clifford's job to pick up a box of dry chips for kindling the

fires. So this day we had to pick them up by the flashing of lightning. We weren't afraid of the storm. That day Papa had gone to town and had just gotten off the main road into our lane, when the storm started and when the hail started he had to stop the team and get under the wagon. One of the horses was hit in the eye and it put his eye out.

Another other time I remember was when Levern, who was about 3, followed the big boys down into the corn field and got lost. It took us a long time to find him, and when we did he was lying fast asleep in a corn row. I wasn't afraid of the lightning, but let the wind start blowing hard, and I would go into hysterics. I'd run in the house and fuss and cry until Mama would make the boys come. They would be so mad at me! One time while we were visiting Aunt Myrtle, her girls had to go over to a neighbor to get some calves, so the brothers and I went with them.

We went through fields and gates- it was quite a distance. After we got there a big dust storm came up. I begged them to all hurry home, but of course they wouldn't. The next thing I remembered I was back to Aunt Myrtle's and I had no memory of getting through all the gates or how I found my way. Of course Aunt Myrtle was all sympathy and thought one of the older ones should have brought me home. Of course Mama was used to my hysterics. And I remember several times when Mama would get her white washing hung up on the line, and a big wind would start blowing and the line would break and all her clothes would go down in that old red dirt. She would cry and cry and of course have to do the wash all over again. I felt so sorry for her and would wish I was big enough to do it for her.

We must have moved to town that fall. Clifford and I started to school the fall of 1915. After school was out in the Spring or some time that Spring or early Summer Mama and us children went to Collville Washington to visit Grandpa Edgar and Uncle Jim and stayed the summer. That winter (1916), Papa was in bed with rheumatism. I remember when one of us would touch the bed, he'd cry out in pain. Clifford and I went thru' the second grade, and Truett the first grade.

The Spring of 1917, we all moved to Washington. We stayed for a short time with Aunt Carolyn and Uncle Clay, at Colville, Wash. Then we went to Rice, Wash., and stayed with Aunt Willie and Uncle Lloyd. Papa was getting much better, and was able to take care of the large vegetable garden Aunt Willie had planted. On June 18, 1917, our little sister, Helen Margerite was born. ( Rice is no longer in existence. When they built the Grand Coulee Dam, that area became a large lake.) Later that summer Papa got work on a farm out of Kettle Falls, and we moved there.

I thought it was the prettiest place I'd ever seen. There was a huge vegetable garden, all so green, and a big fruit orchard. (My memory of Oklahoma was dry and dusty with no trees. Mama told me I was wrong, there were lots of greenery and trees in places.) Outside our bedroom was a large apple tree. I thought that when the apples were ripe it would be a sight to behold. I remembered one year Papa got a big wagon load of big red apples, and sold them to neighbors when we lived on Uncle Grover's place. I was very disappointed when the apples never got any color. They Ben Davis apples which aren't good for anything.

Clifford, Truest and I entered the school in Kettle Falls that fall. Clifford and I were in the third grade, but for some reason the third grade books were late in arriving, so we were put to studying the second grade ones, for the month or so we were there. So when Papa got work in the cement plant out of Spokane, and we moved to Greenacres, we were kept in the second grade with Truest. So the three of us finished the eight grades together. Our little brother Estle George was born in Greenacres Feb. 4, 1919.

In 1920 or 1921 Papa went into Real Estate in Spokane. And it was while he worked there, he heard of a farm at Halfmoon, near Deerpark, Wash. He bought it and we moved there in the spring of 1923. I think it was something like 80 acres, mostly pasture land, and we had quite a few head of cattle. there was a lovely big family orchard. There was some variety of fruit always ripening from early ~~spring~~<sup>Summer</sup> until late fall. How

we enjoyed that! Our closest neighbors were the Longs. Their children were about the same number, and the same age as ours. We all walked together to school, two miles or so, and we enjoyed the years we were neighbors. The two older brothers and I went through the eight grade there and passed the State Tests to graduate in Spring of 1924. This was a small two roomed school, but they taught the nine grades. So I went through the ninth, and the next fall I went back to Greenacres and stayed with a very dear friend of the family. I went through my second year and about two months of my third year of high school. In the fall of 1926 Papa sold the farm and moved the family to Goldendale, Wash. So I went back home and graduated from Goldendale High in the Spring of 1928. That summer Clifford, Truett and I went down to Talent, Ore. in southern Ore., and worked in the fruit orchards. That fall we moved to Vancouver, Wash. The boys worked some in the timber up on Mt. Hood. But there was too much rain for our liking, so in the summer of 1929 we went to Wenatchee, Wash. There was lots of work in the fruit orchards. Truett never left there, and still lives on his fruit ranch there.

I married Harry Dew on Nov. 25, 1930, and spent another year at Wenatchee where our daughter Louise was born, Sept. 9, 1931. The next Spring we moved to the Yakima Valley. Our two sons were born there, Derral, Oct. 13, 1934. Ronald born Oct. 31, 1939. We lived ten years there. In Nov. 1941 we moved to Oregon City, Ore. and lived there in that vicinity until 1962, we moved to Prairie City, in Eastern Oregon, where we now reside - 1986.

Our father died Sept. 1934 and is buried in Wenatchee. The fall of 1935 our Mother went to California for the winter. The next fall she moved to Madera, Cal., where she lived out her remaining years. She passed away Jan. 28, 1969.

Clifford went to California when Mother did. Worked there until World War II, and served in Hawaii until the end of the war. He worked in a Veterans Hospital for a few years, then returned to Wenatchee,

where he has lived since.

Levern also went to California; served in W.W.II in Alaska most of it. He did get to Europe as a paratrooper, just as it ended. He, too came back to Wenatchee and worked for the railroad until he was injured in an explosion. He then moved to Sequim, Wash., where he now lives.

Ralph married Beatrice Winn in 1939 and they moved to California, and he worked for the Southern Pacific Railroad until he retired, and he too, moved to Sequim, Wash. They raised four boys.

Helen married Ervin Schaefer in 1938, and lived in Wenatchee many years. She raised two boys and two girls. She lived in Seattle for a few years. Married Lowell Smith and they too live in Sequim.

Estle went to California when Mother did. He worked there until he was drafted in W.W.II. He served in Africa, Italy, France and a bit of Germany. He was there when Hitler surrendered. He went back to Wenatchee and managed an fruit ranch until he retired in 1984. He had one son.

Truest had three girls. Levern had a son, making sixteen grand children for our Father and Mother.

Thus, as far as I can remember, is the story of the life and lineage of George J. and Lora Vale Smart.

Clara E. Smart Dew

April, 1986