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Hi Frances,

Been so long since I have written a letter that I almost cannot remember how to even start to compose one. Really I do not recall how long it was, thousands of emails but must have been at least ten or twenty years since a personal letter. Even longer than that since I have been able to write long hand so it could be read. My hands no longer work so I scribble but I never was very good at writing anyway and my spelling and grammar is even worse. But like always as this will probably attest to, I always wrote a book when I did write or email anything. Not always comprehensive either. Of all the things I have lost over the years I think I miss my mind the most.

It was so nice meeting you and Ginger. Over the past thirty-three years since I retired I have probably met thousands of distant new and old cousins during my hobby of genealogy and meeting you was just as comfortable and easy like I had known you for years when you departed. My family, like you said about yours was always farm people too. I did that kind of work for the first sixteen years or so. We evidently have much in common in more ways than one. Thank you for the gifts and card but really the pleasure was on this side I assure you.

About these pictures and pages, I have only recently got a new computer.
I hope you can make sense of it all and can use it in any way you like. Use any or none of it and toss it away if you like. I have been working on it ever since you left. The kids finally got here for Mother's Day at noon after you left that morning and they went back

home that evening . I have worked on it ever since. A couple of nights I worked at it all night. In the Air Force in Korea during the war there I worked on 24 and off 48 hours all the time fifty-seven years ago and almost until I retired in 1972 so I still work on that schedule, even when not working. When I really have something to do I can sleep about every third night, have to work until I get tired enough to sleep most times. I still fly a lot in my sleep. As you can also tell, I wander around a lot when I write too.

Anyway, back to the task at hand, I hope I can wrap this up today it has gone so slow and I have forgotten many things about the people that have been here before and said this or that about it but the most difficult thing about writing for me is the works I wish to use. The last stroke I had took away my ability to think of the words, I still can recall the meanings of about everything but how to say or write the exact words escapes me. So I can usually go to Velda and ask her what it means when you say this or do that and generally she can give me the word but that means I cannot write when she is sleeping and a thought is not always readily to explain.

There were a lot of nice stone markers in this cemetery for it to be a paupers burying ground. Perhaps 300 sunken places and some markers to indicate there probably was at least 300 graves like the previous owner that established the mobile home park said there was. Perhaps some later family member had a marker installed when times had improved for their finances for a long dead parent or something like that. I know of such things in my family being done that way as fortunes improved years after the fact. One nice but broken white marble marker that I recall was some gentleman from England that gave me the indication he was traveling and his inscription said in effect " a wayward son of old England while wandering far from home in a foreign land lies here." And gave his name but I do not recall it now. Date seems to have been in the mid 1800's in my mind. Another small metal with paper card funeral marker was probably the last one to be buried there, do not recall the name or dates clearly but it was a 15 year old girl that was buried in the early 1950s, perhaps 1954.

The first person that came to me early in the 1970s to try to find the place his father was buried there had been in the Navy during WW II and came to the port of Portland on a ship during the war. He told me he got a short leave and came to Walla Walla to see his Dad a patient residing in the Poor Farm where all of the men just sat around on the street or one of the porches and talked like old men did those days that were unable to work and had no funds to live on. He spent only the one day and returned to his ship, I do not recall how he traveled, if it was by train or bus or he just hitch hiked but it was probably by common carrier as he was limited in his travel time. Later at some point in time his father died at the Poor Farm and he got an emergency leave to attend the funeral while he was still at war. He came to Walla Walla again arriving after the burial the same day he got there so he only saw the new grave and had to go back to his ship again.

When he came here from California on a trip in about 1975 or 76 and talked to me I took him over to what was left of the cemetery. It had been vandalized many times over the years and they were just starting to change the land into the mobile home park then but the fence for the cemetery was still there and they had just graded the road beside the

cemetery which is now between Osprey and Sandpiper off Mockingbird Lane.. He stood in the old gate and said he recognized the spot where his father had been buried, said his silent prayer and "Rest in Peace Dad" and we left. He had got into genealogy by then and we talked as we came back over here to the old Poor House where he had parked. I had also been working on my genealogy. He said he had a freeware tree program and would mail a disc of it to me when he finished his trip around the northeast. He did and I used it for many years as it was a good one but I cannot recall his name or the name of the program. I changed it for a commercial one later that proved to be not as good but I still use it as my tree is too big to change easily now.

Another man that worked around here for the mobile home park for a while, first name was Rex, told me that his Mother or Aunt used to work in the Poor Farm House as a cook or something when he was a kid and he would often come to the house to visit and eat lunch. He looked like he was in his fifties or sixties when he worked here so would probably have been born in the 1930s or 40s or perhaps even in the late 1920s. He said they always had plenty of good food to eat well. He had never married or was not married at the time he worked here and finally married a lady that lived in one of the mobile homes here and he moved into her place on Mockingbird Lane. He either moved on or has died and I do not know where he is at present and do not recall his last name unless it was Rex.

In the process of remodeling some of the walls and ceilings of the old house I ran into several things secreted in the walls and attics. A couple of things were a small aspirin sized metal box for condoms of a popular brand of the thirties. Also evidently they did not allow smoking as I found a couple of hidden old red metal Prince Albert smoking tobacco cans. Also a slug of about 38 special caliber buried about head height in the north inside wall of what was probably in the dining room of the east wing on the north side. So all was not utopia and brotherhood in the Poor Farm for some.

Also some hard money with a metal detector in the yard. Everything from pennies to silver fifty cent coins, many of them in single items that were evidently lost out of some pocket. More pennies than anything else, all dated from the thirties on up to recent times. The oldest coin was a 1913 V nickel. Evidently they burned some of the patients clothes when they died as I found a small stack of several silver coins that looked like the small purse which also showed the small metal clasp of the snap that closed the bag like purse, had been burned in the furnace and it was found in the old ash and clinker pile just at the east edge of the parking lot. Also found a small silver sewing thimble and an iron bull nose ring pliers they used for leading a bull around with the two balls that went in his nose that had a chain tied in the end to lead him with. Some of them I still have if I could only find them.

I graded some of the uneven ground and run into a couple of the old outhouse pits as I dug holes to plant trees here. I saw many old early bottles and china there, some were Hostters Bitters patent medicine in red square quart bottles and even older bottles embossed with the name of a local drug still in business in Walla Walla and others that are now defunct. Just south of my fence there must have been other outhouse pits or a

dump since when they were leveling the ground there for the mobile home park and it was glittering all the time on the surface of the soil from broken glass where the heavy machines had shaved the ground to smooth it . They used dirt to fill in some of the more swampy ground down the crick and west of the cemetery. They hauled it in dump trucks from the basement they were digging at the time for part of St. Mary's Hospital improvement in the 1976 era.. They dug up and deposited a time capsule from the twenties of some nurse graduation class and it was returned to the hospital.

This soil of the Poor Farm was all silt with slick river rocks mostly at the level of the crick bottom and above that level it would grow anything almost. I have grown okra, peanuts, sweet potatoes, onions, corn and all kinds of beans and root crops. As far as I know the people in the Poor Farm grew the same things as well as their meat. Lots of old saw cut roast meat bones for butchering are found anywhere the soil has been disturbed like next to foundations and such, they must have buried them there.

You may use any of this stuff you like for any reason or none at all as you wish. It has been done with a crippled computer and a dumb operator like I said before. Some of the pages that I rejected are included here as extras for the notes if you want, keep them or toss them away as you wish. I have enclosed what actual photos that I have extra copies of, the rest there is only one print of . I hope it makes sense for you.

I hope you come up with a best seller of a book and hope we will have a chance to buy a copy of it . I am sorry I did not get this altogether like I wanted it to be and apologize for taking so long to get it to you.

Take care. Call, write or come over anytime you like. Please keep in touch. Any questions or comments or remarks just fire away. Now I am going to mow or go fishing, which ever fits my mood.

All the best.

Vern Jordan