

VERNONIA, OREGON

by Mildred "Millie" Thacker Graves

Vernonia, Oregon in its heyday
was a rip-roaring town,
Especially when the trees no longer fell
and the woods shut down.
This was often in the summer
when humidity was low
Or in the dead of winter when
the woods were covered with snow.
When the woods shut down ,
all the loggers would jump into their cars
And head to Vernonia to some
of the many scattered bars.
They'd go to The Club, Mike's,
Dessy's or Lew's Place.
It didn't matter where they'd go,
they could find a friendly face.
But sometimes things turned ugly,
and developed into a fight
Which moved out to the street or sidewalk
to prove which one was right.
At certain times the bars were full
and they couldn't get inside.
Then they'd pass the order down the line
and pass the drinks outside.
They would have to visit every bar
in case they'd miss a friend.
If they did not have a drink with them,
They would never hear the end.
Loggers are as hard as nails.
They are a different breed of cat----
But there is a soft spot in their hearts,
You can be sure of that!