

roots. The roots gave us handicaps. I had a favorite shooter, it was a beautiful agate. (I asked Grace if she could describe the agate to me, she replied, I can do better than that and got up and retrieved a small sack from another room in her home. It contained the same handful of marbles she had played with 80 years earlier. She even pointed out her favorite shooter and told me its name.) There was no gym at the school, so when it rained we played in the classrooms.

After I graduated from the Washington Elementary School, I went to Coquille High. I then went to the Normal School at Monmouth to get my teaching certificate in 1935..."

Grace Greenough continued with the interview describing her teaching experience after graduating from the Normal School at Monmouth:

"... I taught at Lyons, Oregon my first two years out of college. It was there that a friend told me to talk with the school superintendent at Coquille as he liked the young good looking teachers. Since I only went to the Normal School, I could only teach grades one through eight. To teach in the high school a four-year education was required. I was fortunate to get the job in Coquille where I taught the fourth grade for four years at the same Washington Elementary School where I had been a student 20 years earlier.

I loved the children because by the time I got them they had already had three years of Reading, Writing and Arithmetic and they were ready for other subjects. It seemed to me like the children really wanted to learn. I had a teaching style that kept the kids active. Every half hour we would stand up and do exercises.



Washington Elementary School fundraising campaign. Courtesy Mike Knips

I only had one boy who was a problem, so I took him out in the hall as if to really shake the stuffing's out of him. I told him "what for" and that he was to go back into the room as if I had really whacked him. I told him it was just between the two of us and to make like I was really tough. Or else he would be sent to the principal's office.

Kids get restless around Christmas, as they want to think about gifts and all the other stuff that happens around the holiday. So I brought a toy phone to school about a week before Christmas and rang the bell on the phone and pretended to have a conversation with Santa. Frequently, I would use one of the student's name or describe something in the classroom to make it more real - "oh yes he is here and he has on a plaid shirt" Oh such fun..." (When the war came along, Mrs. Greenough stopped teaching to follow her husband in the Judge Advocate General's Corp; returning to Coquille at the end of the war. Although she only taught school for four years, there remains a twinkle in her eye as she told me of her memories of those school days long ago.)

Another student who attended school in Coquille in the early days was Kenneth Dale Hooton:

"... My mother came to North Bend in 1906 from Minneapolis; She was eight years old and told me of the train ride across the country to Seattle then on to Portland where the family caught a steamer for the trip to North Bend. She said she was sick the whole way. They stayed in North Bend a month or so before moving to Coquille. The move involved traveling up Isthmus Slough and over the trail to Beaver Slough then on to the Coquille River where they caught the paddle-wheeler named the "Mud Hen" for the final leg of the trip. Mom graduated from high school at the Washington School in Coquille in 1917. My dad was born up Big Creek in 1898, but the family moved to Coquille in 1904. He also graduated high school from the Washington School, but a year earlier.

My grandfather Hooton was a bricklayer in Coquille. Apparently the chimney from the furnace at the Washington School only was surrounded by one layer of bricks. When the chimney got hot, the grout holding the bricks would deteriorate and fires were a regular occurrence. The school board got tired of fighting fires so in 1910, they hired my grandfather to replace the chimney with bricks two layers thick. As my dad relayed the story, at age 12, he carried the bricks and hod and was paid one penny per brick. He earned \$5 that summer, enough to buy a bicycle.

I started school in 1931 at the old Lincoln School and went there for two years; transferred to the Washington School for three years, then back to the Lincoln School for 6th, 7th and 8th grades. At the Lincoln School, there was