

Remembering the old roads

by Fred Slipper

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This is certainly a nice time of the year to take a leisurely drive up river. All the trees are bursting out in bloom, and the various wild flowers along the road are starting to realize it is time to "do their thing".

The road from Sedro-Woolley up river has changed a great deal from the way I remember it.

From Hamilton, we used to follow the railway track down to Lyman and then go out past the cemetery and wind around the hill at Minkler Lake. From there was two long straight stretches to Sedro-Woolley, the only curve being when we crossed the railway track at Cokedale.

I recall how bumpy some of this straight part used to be. My folks told me the concrete had been poured on an old railroad right-of-way, and apparently the wooden ties hadn't been removed, so when they rotted out the concrete sank in

spots.

From Hamilton up river the road is completely different. It used to follow various section lines and took the line of least resistance, winding all over the valley from the river bank over to the foot hills.

In grade school, one of the big events of the spring was the trip up to Rockport to play baseball. This was an all day trip, starting early in the morning and including a picnic lunch at Rockport. The baseball field was really a "field", being on a pasture next to the river, and a ball hit too far in left field ended up in the Skagit.

I guess the new roads are important, if you are in a hurry, but I kind of miss the picturesque, winding, "take it easy" roads of my younger days. Guess this is a sign of getting older and joining the Senior Citizen group.

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