

Slipper's Soliloquies

The Fourth of July

By Fred Slipper

With the Loggerodeo coming up soon it brings back some memories of past Fourth of July celebrations. When I was still in high school in Hamilton, the annual affair in Sedro-Woolley was a big event in our lives. One year in particular stands out; something happened at the time that really scared me.

A group of us had come down to Sedro and, from the collection of fireworks we planned to shoot off later in the evening, I had "borrowed" half a dozen torpedoes from home. These were the kind you had to throw against a hard surface to make them explode, and in Hamilton we didn't have many brick or concrete walls. In those days the celebration was held right on the downtown streets of Sedro.

After walking up and down the streets and getting into the spirit of the Fourth, the torpedoes began to seem like a good idea. I thought that maybe they should be used to liven things up a bit. About that

time, we were walking in the middle of the street near the Oliver-Hammer store, and the brick front looked awfully inviting. So I threw one of my bombs against the wall and it made a fine, loud explosion.

Cheered on by my companions I threw another one, and about that time I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder. There stood law officer Bert Woodruff, badge, gun, handcuffs—the whole works. He announced that I was breaking the law and that he would have to take me to jail. Suddenly my happy Fourth of July was turning sour, and I had visions of being locked up. At the time I wasn't so worried about myself, but I sure hated the thought of what my parents would say!!!

After escorting me to the City Hall I guess Bert thought that he had scared me enough because, after a stern lecture, he let me go. I don't remember what happened to the rest of my torpedoes, but I do know they weren't thrown against any store fronts in Sedro.