

YOU CAN'T SELL A LEGEND

By Sam Denny

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Sixty-two, five, sixty-two, five, one last chance, sixty-two, five, the auctioneer droned on, calling for a higher bid.

For longer than most of the large crowd at the sale could remember the 100 acre cove farm at the south end of Long Branch had been in the Everett Trapp family.

The main portion of the old home place, located near the center of the farm, was built many years ago by Jim Anderson when he was carving a homestead out of a wilderness. The old home, now deteriorated to the point of uselessness holds many memories for those that grew up in the community during the first half of the twentieth century.

When Mr. and Mrs. Trapp's children, Spencer, Eules, Mattie, Carlos, Cathleen and Bonnie were young adults this home was the frequent gathering place for the young people of the area.

They entertained themselves by playing Rook or other parlor games.

They also provided their own music and singing.

The young women prepared such tasty items as chicken stew, popcorn balls and homemade candy. In the summer months ice cream making was an enjoyable activity.

Mr. and Mrs. Trapp had a friendly greeting for all visitors. Mr. Trapp would entertain the children with tales of long ago.

To the right of the house is the remains of the barn. This barn one time housed some fine horses.

One of these horses was always available for Mr. Trapp to ride when answering the request for help with someone's sick animal.

Mr. Trapp didn't have any formal training as a veterinarian but kept well read on the subject, most of all he had a natural gift for treating animals. He was called on for his help far and wide.

When viewing the old home site one's thoughts turn to the hardships, the disappointments, and sorrows that transpired here.

The years when drought, flood or hordes of insects left the fertile fields almost barren. The times of anguish when there was serious illness in the family.

The time when Mr. Trapp had to sell the last milk cow to meet the payment on the farm; of happiness and joy when times were good.

Years later, when son, Carlos, and his wife, Dorothy obtained possession of the farm they lived in a house on the north side of the property near Long Branch Road.

They maintained the friendly and neighborly tradition of Mr. Everett, and “Aunt” Sara. Until Carlos’ death he was usually about the place and tried to greet everyone that passed by.

Sixty-two, five, sixty-two, five going for sixty-two, going once, going twice, going three times, sold for sixty-two thousand.

Sold! Yes, in fact the deed will be transferred but the place will never be “owned” as it was by two generations of the Everett Trapp family.

*Read more Sam Denny stories at: <http://www.ajlambert.com>