

## **Termination Winds**

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We came here in '29 and settled near White Bluff  
Dug a farm from sagebrush, Lord, those years were mighty tough  
But Uncle Sam bought all our lands, said it'd help the war to end  
Soon our farms were blown away by termination winds

The desert wind can blow here 'til you've almost lost your mind  
Sand will fill your mouth and nose and eyes 'til you're half blind  
Some folks dig in deeper and just pray the storm will end  
Others pack their bags and leave these termination winds

I went to work for Hanford, that was nineteen forty-three  
What we labored hard to build remained a mystery  
The land was torn up pretty bad and the dust storms would begin  
Folks stood all day to draw their pay & leave - termination winds

Chorus

Instrumental

Well, things are changing fast these days, the old plants have shut down  
Some folks have been worried 'bout what's buried underground  
I've spent sixty years here - it'd be hard to start again  
Guess I'll stay and see what comes with these termination winds

Notes:

I spent time in Kennewick with John and Mikki Perry. John works at Hanford and suggested the theme of "termination winds"...a well-known phenomenon amongst Hanford employees. I also stayed with Bud (a fine cowboy poet) and Shirley Stewart of Royal City. Shirley's family was displaced by Hanford back in 1943, and she had stories to tell.