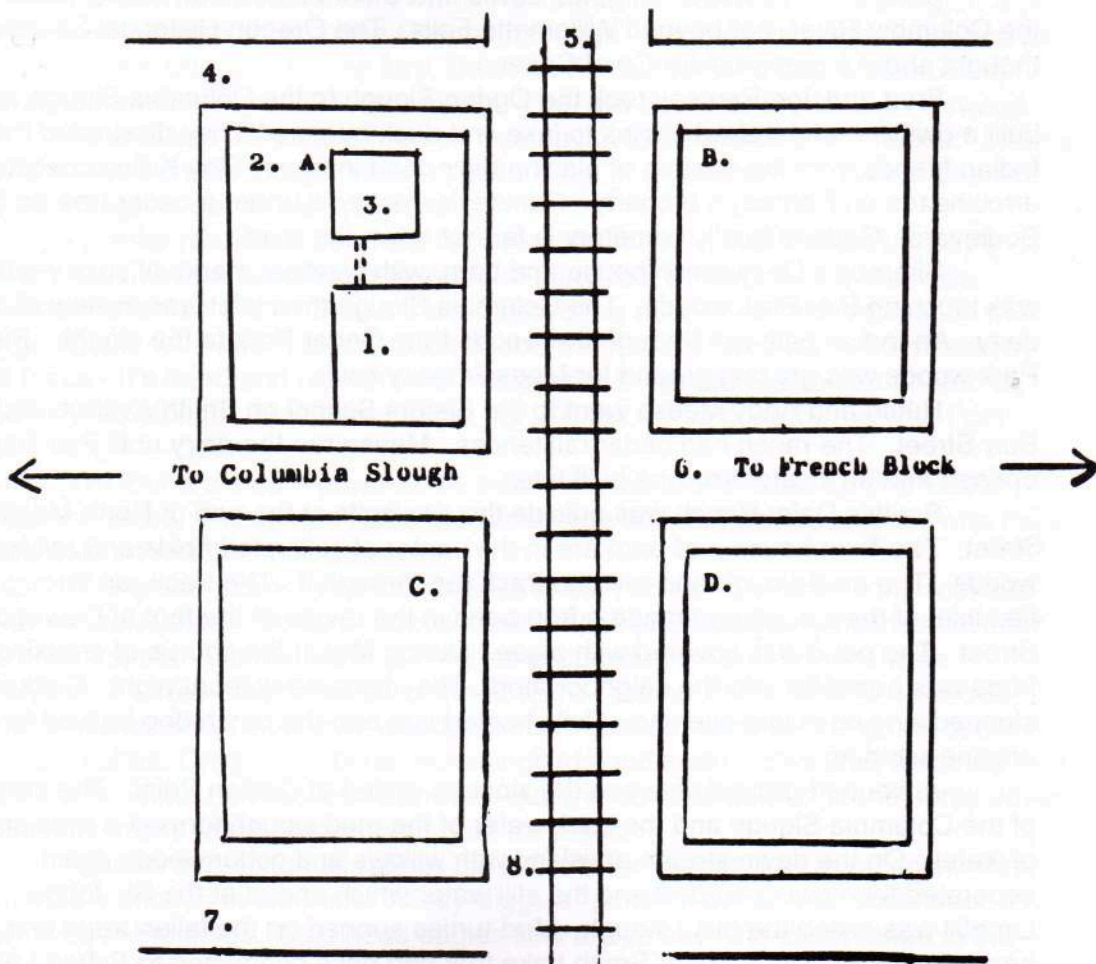


THE CHARLES LEWIS HOLMES GROCERY STORE

This map identifies the 1905 location of the C. L. Holmes Grocery store with family home attached by a walk. Today in 1997 the same block is at 8100 N. Fessenden Street and at 9500 N. Oswego Avenue. The former Holmes buildings have been replaced. The 302 N. Fessenden Street address is now 8005 N. Fessenden. A majority of the current concrete sidewalks within a four block area were poured by V. W. Mason. They are dated 1911. Originally the sidewalks were boardwalks.

The Rainbow Gas (Chevron) Station occupies the west corner of block B. Block C contains a building in which the Rivergate Foursquare Church and Shamrock Shopping Center are housed. Block D contains a current construction site at the corner of N. Oswego. The second part of the block is a house numbered 8124.



- | | |
|---|----------------------------|
| 1. C. L. Holmes Grocery 1905 - 1948 | 5. St. Johns Car Line |
| 2. A., B., C., D., are 1905 - 1997 blocks | 6. N. Oswego Avenue |
| 3. C. L. Holmes House | 7. N. Richmond Avenue |
| 4. N. Mohawk Avenue | 8. 302 N. Fessenden Street |

THROUGH THE EYES OF BRO. HOLMES O.S.M.

Widmer's dairy at the end of North Jersey Street was near the Ogden Slough. The Ogden Slough emptied into the Willamette River. Terminal No. 4 was built on the Ogden Slough channel and the Ogden Slough finally disappeared.

Chief Cesanos' Camp was on the Linnton bank of the Willamette River looking over to the Multnomah Indians on Sauvies Island. Chief Cesano took Lewis and Clark to a village at the mouth of the Ogden Slough. The people there traveled the slough in canoes. This mode of travel made them muscular of shoulder and arm, though they were diminutive. Women wore dresses woven out of cedar bark strips. The explorers treated the tribe for an eye infection. After 1860 the relics of the Indian habitation were gradually collected.

Chief Cesano would not guide Lewis and Clark farther than Rocky Butte up the Columbia River, nor beyond Willamette Falls. The Oregon Historical Society has thought about a memorial for Chief Cesano.

Fred and Joe Ramsey took the Ogden Slough to the Columbia Slough and built a dwelling and leased cabins to lake and duck hunters. They dissuaded their Indian friends from the custom of placing their dead in trees. Roy Killion collected arrowheads on Ramsey's property. Ramsey's marker is under a cedar tree on Swift Boulevard. Gattons family cemetery is farther down the road.

Simmon's Dairy ranch house and barn, with weather marks of sixty years, was touching Pier Park woods. The Columbia Slough third inlet was in view of the dairy. An Indian path ran through the woods from Cedar Park to the slough. Pier Park woods was grazing ground for Meese's dairy cows.

Hutch and Andy Meese went to the Sisters School on Smith Avenue and Burr Street. The ranch had cedar rail fences. Meese ran the dairy until Pier Park opened and an incinerator was built later.

Smith's Dairy Ranch was outside the city limits at the end of North Mohawk Street. The farm house and barn are in the center of cultivated fields and rail fenced woods. The mud slough and railroad track ran through it. The track ran through the first inlet of the slough and made a frog pond in the ravine at the foot of Oswego Street. The pond was covered with algae. During March the chorus of croaking frogs was heard far into the neighborhood. They became quiet at night. Crickets stopped singing in late evening. Owls hooted late and the ranch dog barked for anyone listening.

A wooded ground between the sloughs ended at Catfish Point. The current of the Columbia Slough and the back water of the mud slough formed a wide space of water. On the down stream an island with willows and cottonwoods again seperated the flowing current and the still water which ended at the St. Johns Landfill was called the blind slough. Mud turtles sunned on the fallen trees and dead heads in this still slough near Smith Lake that had once connected to Bybee Lake.

Van De Bouvier rowed in his scow and the collie dog chased the cows to the basin and they plunged in and swam over to Smith Lake. The faces of the gallant herd swimming the slough were photographed by a reporter for the Saturday Evening Post and their picture was on the magazine cover in 1916. Van and his brother-in-law, a world war veteran, raised grain and potatoes on the dairy. The english walnut tree by their farm house was photographed by the Eastman Kodak

Company in 1914. It was the largest english walnut tree found in the United States and was awarded first prize. Germane Van De Bouvier and her close neighbor, Vivian Milhon, graduated from Roosevelt High School in 1927. Van quit the dairy and moved to Smith Avenue and Richmond Street the same year.

Pete and Mrs. Repp leased lake and duck hunters cabins as Fred and Joe Ramsey had done before them. They drove a black team up to St. Johns to trade. In November hunters came on the St. Johns Streetcar and walked down muddy Oswego Street and Swift Boulevard to the duck lakes as they were called. Sunday evening they came with twenty-five ducks and eight geese and boarded the streetcar back to Portland. The pop of shotguns woke us up on Sunday morning at daybreak and we went down to get the Oregonian funny papers on the porch to look at in bed.

My grandmother, Lizzie Cook and my mother, Nadean Holmes and I caught catfish on throw lines and angle worms in the Ogden Slough in 1910. Mr. and Mrs. Dan drove their lively horse from Dan's Restaurant on Ivanhoe and Burlington Street to the best fishing places on the Columbia Slough. Bamboo fish poles were tied to the side of the buggy. Mr. and Mrs. Dean on Fessenden and Charleston Street came home with sixty catfish on a string. The two bachelor brothers on Oswego and Seneca Street were fishermen on nice days. Ernie Milhon and "mudcat" Johnny Jewston lived on the slough, weather permitting. A fisherman cut down a bee tree on the slough to get its store of honey.

A cedar rail fence along the farm road from N. Tyler Street to Ramsey's Ranch had five thousand two hundred and thirty-four ten feet long cedar rails. Chipmunks ran on them. Snake trails crossed the dusty road and we spat on them for good luck. A black snake as thick as the width of my hand lay in the weeds by the fence. It's head and tail were not in sight but it was ten feet long, unheard of, down by the slough. I ran home to get my .22, but it was gone by the time I got back.

We found a steam powered thrashing machine belt rolled up and hidden under the fence. Policeman Roberts took charge of it, but we never knew who hid it there or what mischief had occurred.

Evergreen, cedar, yew and fir were in the uncleared woods along with wild cherry, maple, alder and ash. Scotland wild roses and blackberry bushes covered the sunny spots. Violets, stars, johnny jump-ups, daisies and trilliums were everywhere. Wood loving birds retreated there - robins, chick-a-dees, sparrows, blue birds, canaries, blue jays, woodpeckers, thrushes, sapsuckers, gross beaks, wrens, finches, Oregon cat birds, hummingbirds and swifts. Swallows fastened their mud nests on the barn eaves. Bobwhite quail, whip-poor-wills, pigeons, turtle doves, pheasant, crows and hawks stayed near the fields.

Skunks and cottontail rabbits hid in the thickets, but liked to be seen. Pine squirrels munched in the trees. "Grey-diggers" perched on the track rails and burrowed in the fields. Bald head eagles flew above from the coast range to the mountains of the Cascades.

Dr. Mary McLoughlin in St. Johns in 1906 said Scottish seamen brought wild rose bushes from Scotland and planted them on the banks of the Willamette River. They spread and travelers on the river began calling Portland "The City of Roses". The wild roses five pink petals produced red seedy pods. Mrs. Schwab made rosebud jelly out of them. It was a red jammy spread for bread, half sugar. Hazelnut and elderberry picking was a summertime event.

Rising water in the June freshet flooded the slough and lakes. Pools became

PENINSULA BANK By Thomas "Scoot" Lind

The Peninsula Bank was established in 1905. The officers of the bank were:

President: Robert T. Platt
Vice-President: F. C. Knapp
Cashier: C. A. Wood

The Board of Directors of the 1905 Peninsula Bank were:

F. C. Knapp
Peter Autzen
R. T. Platt
H. L. Powers
C. A. Wood
Thomas Cochran
Holbrook



ST. JOHN'S JITNEY BUS 1915 LICENSE PLATES Photo donated by Vincent & Jo'An Erceg

spawning beds for crappies, perch, bass, sun fish, chubs, catfish, mudcats, carp, suckers, crawfish and rare flying fish. Sandy Scales said the Columbia was the Sandy River, one and the same at an early time.

At daybreak, fish jumped as far as the eye could see. The hungry fish were catching lady bugs, snails, earth worms, cut worms, caterpillars, dragon flies, moths, grass hoppers, butterflies, flies, bees, mud dobbers, mice, frogs and minnows. Sandhill cranes stood in Bybee Lake waiting to catch a fish.

Kingfishers flew close above the water. A flying fish skimmed in flight. A flying squirrel crossed over. The Oregon Fishing Guide advertised the best bass fishing slough to be the Bybee Slough.

Al Krutsky trapped beaver, otter, mink and muskrats in Smith Lake to sell the pelts to fur buyers. Don Ball said the record shows that Smith gave Smith Lake to Multnomah County for a perpetual wetland preserve. It has not been taken for landfill. Owing to its loss of water, Smith Lake has lost its water fowl. Willow and alder brush has sprung up in Smith Lake. Smith's Garage was home base for their tanker trucks that hauled gasoline from out of state. The garage is still standing at the corner of St. Louis and Jersey (Lombard) Streets. Smith's steam boat, the Sacajawea, was a sternwheeler with a derrick up front. Smith had a cargo of black powder from the Dupont plant in Ridgefield, Washington. One of the barrels tipped over and the black pellets rolled toward the fire box but luckily didn't reach it.

The sternwheelers towed logs to the saw mills and you could see the log rafts anchored and floating along the river bank. The tug boat Ruby towed logs up the Columbia Slough to the Beaver Mill by the railroad bridge in East St. Johns and the Cross Arm Factory on the mud slough. Swimmers jumped into the slough to ride the Ruby's waves up until 1925. The Harvest Queen, the Bailey Gazert, the Georgianna, were five hundred capacity passenger boats to Astoria for a small fare. The America and Iralda were diesel sister twins that passed St. Johns daily on schedule. The Iralda whistled punctually at 3:00 PM for the ferry crossing. The lone and the Beaver towed logs and hauled cargo.

The steam boats and passenger trains were largely replaced after 1930. In 1936 the Holman Transfer Company sent their sternwheeler to Alaska. Other sternwheelers from Portland were put to work on the Yukon in Alaska. The Ruby was working at Bonneville Dam in 1963. Activity on the river decreased as General Motor trucks, busses and hard surfaced freeways became the speedier way.

The SP&S passenger train ran to Seaside and the Y at Holiday until 1930. Emmet Blew of 10009 N. Oswego Street was conductor until the last run. Conductor Cobb on the SP&S run to Seaside was the father of the fat boy in the "Our Gang" movies who was a star with Farina and the other rascals.

Swift Packing Plant was built in Kenton in 1905 and Swift Boulevard was named. Cowboys rode on it from the Kenton Packing Company stockyards. The Webster ferried livestock from Whitwood Court to the ferry slip at the foot of Pittsburg. The long drive of the hurrying animals started up the steep hill, through St. Johns on down Oswego Street and Swift Boulevard to the stockyards in Kenton. Soldiers guarding the bridges and industries marched down Oswego Street to return to camps in East St. Johns near the depot.

Whistles from several mills were heard morning, noon and at the work days end. Ship building finished and the Grant Smith & Porter closed. The Portland Woolen Mills took the whistle and used it. Church bells rang on Sunday. The bell on the City Hall rang the curfew at 9:00 or 10:00 PM. It rang whenever necessary to alert volunteer firemen to man the hose carts. Central informed callers as to where

the fire was. Train whistles caused a symphony of whistles. Street cars had whistles too.

Gypsies came to the woods of East St. Johns in horse drawn wagons and stayed a good part of the summer. In 1915, the Gypsy women offered to tell your fortune and asked that you cross their hand with silver. They carried their babies in their arms.

Frank Leasey on Olympia Street had a one ring circus of trained animals. He also had Civil War articles, arrow heads, a wood freight train on a wooden guiding track. It had a shiny brass bell on the locomotive cab. My father bought the train from Frank Leasey and we kids, wearing straw hats with a feather in the band, pushed the train. The replica of a freight train ended up in the basement also.

Three trunk sewers were running into the slough by 1925 - the Oswego Street, the Pier Park and the Willis Boulevard sewers. The sanitary plant on John Egger's dairy farm at the foot of Peninsula Avenue altered the pollution. The city health officer Dr. Parrish closed the four dairies - Widmers, Meeses, Ramseys and Van De Bouviers in 1925. He also closed a swimming club in the city that had a boat house on the Willamette River in Portland.

In 1963 sight-seers on the Gray Line Columbia Cruiser saw workmen on a barge lowering a pipe into the Columbia River. The Oregonian acknowledged that the water from the Camas Paper Mill would run at the bottom of the Columbia River channel. Since 1963 there has been only one smelt run on the Sandy River (in 1980). A restaurant in Troutdale used to put on an annual smelt eating contest in March until the smelt run stopped in 1963. The 1980 run is the only recorded smelt run in the last 33 years.

Activists in Parkrose have won commitments from county and city Commissioners to reopen the Columbia River to its former flow in the Columbia Slough. A plan to stake out a greenway on the slough's seven mile bank has been approved. Columbia River water can restore the slough to its former freshness. The slough has a depth of fifteen feet for seven miles from Kelly Point to Blue Lake.

Sara Elizabeth "Lizzie" Cook (my grandmother) taught Sunday School at the Pioneer Methodist Church on Richmond Street for twenty years. She was a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, a gleaner who admired Billy Sunday and Gypsy Smith. Cutting the ribbon for the opening of the St. Johns Bridge was an honor given to Lizzie Cook and T. J. Monohan in 1931.

Dr. Solomon Crews Cook (my grandfather) was born in Creston, Iowa in 1851. He studied medicine at the American School of Medicine in St. Louis and practiced medicine in Lyons, Kansas for 25 years. He married Elizabeth Darnell. Daughters Nadean and Jessie were born in Lyons. The family came to Kalama, Washington in 1899 where Cook practiced medicine until he retired and came to St. Johns and built a house at 1000 N. Oswego Street in 1903.

S.C. Cook was on the City Council when the county ferry "Webster" was assigned. It ran for 25 years. Grocery man Couch, a St. Johns councilman, charter-member, worked hard to promote the St. Johns Bridge. Father Michael Miller, O.S.M. at Assumption Parish, wrote a script on the importance of the bridge between the Columbia River Highway and St. Helens Road to Astoria. Two talented Vaudeville and Minstrel Show performers, Bill Burley and Harry Fasset sang a song promoting the bridge during the campaign to pass the bond measure for \$3,000,000 (3 million); it was passed.

Cook opened a real estate office on Fessenden Street and developed the 1910 addition on N. Bank Street. Cook and Henderson, the abstract (land summaries) man opened an office on Jersey Street in the old Post Office on Jersey (Lombard) Street next to Jowers Clothing Store. Both men were extremely deaf and kept a hearing aid on the counter. Solomon Crews Cook died in 1922 and was buried from Assumption Church.

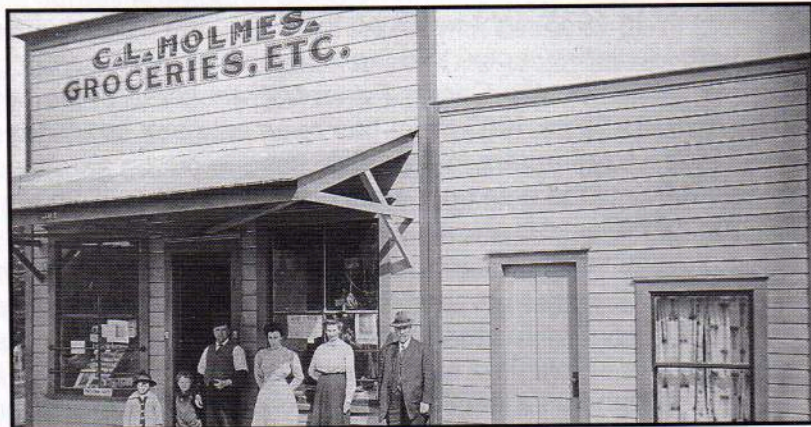
C.L. Holmes (my father) bought Reeves Grocery on Oswego and Fessenden Street in 1905. He worked in the Grant, Smith Porter Shipyards and leased the store to the McClaren chain for two years. C. L. Holmes died in 1944 and was buried from Assumption Church.

Nadean Holmes and son, John Cook Holmes (my brother) closed the grocery store in 1948 at the end of World War II. Nadean died in 1951 and was buried from Assumption Church.

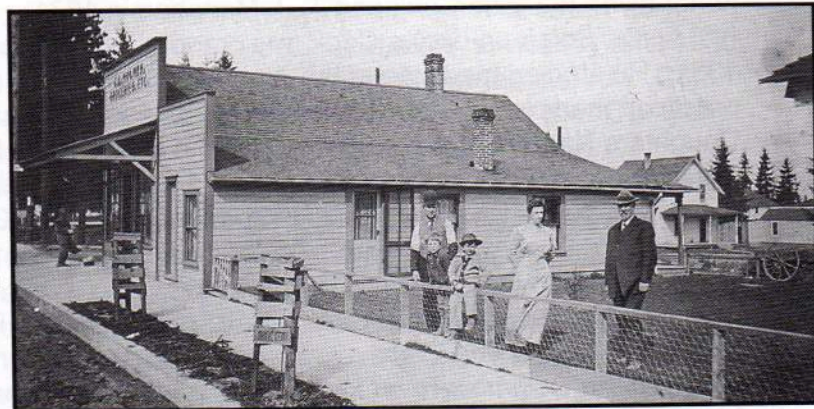
Ben, John, Joe and Mary went to the Sisters School. Ben was at James John High School and moved to Roosevelt High School in 1923. We all went to Roosevelt High School.



1908 - INSIDE HOLMES GROCERY NADEAN HOLMES & SON BEN (AUTHOR)



1910-LOUIS FAIRLEY, C. L. HOLMES, NADEAN HOLMES, MINNIE FITZSIMMONS, SOLOMON COOK (GRANDFATHER), CITY COUNCIL AND REAL ESTATE MAN



1912 - C. L. HOLMES, BEN HOLMES, LOUIS FAIRLEY, NADEAN HOLMES AND HER FATHER S.C. COOK, REALTOR AND COUNCILMAN

DID WILLIAM CLARK SLEEP HERE?

Compiled By Norma Lind Regan

In 1955 a group of St. Johns historians were trying to factually prove that William Clark *did* sleep on the St. Johns side of the river as told in his journal. They hoped to get Historical, Governmental, and other groups excited and help to put a marker in St. Johns stating :

"ON APRIL 2, 1806, CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION, ACCOMPANIED BY SEVEN OF HIS SOLDIERS AND A CUSHOOK INDIAN GUIDE, ENTERED THE WILLAMETTE RIVER IN A CANOE AND JOURNEYED UPSTREAM TO THIS VICINITY. THEY CAME ASHORE NEAR HERE AND REMAINED OVER-NIGHT. THIS IS THE ONLY IDENTIFIED LOCATION PERTAINING TO THE FIRST PENETRATION OF THE WILLAMETTE RIVER BY WHITE MEN IN THE EARLY TIME OF EXPLORATION."

It seems that no one except the committee was interested in this project. The marker was of local significance, but the committee was unable to generate interest. The highway department did not think it was appropriate for them to get involved, since the site was not a right-of-way (main road) and the marker would not be visible from the location plus the fact that the legend has not been historically proven. The site is thought to be the St. Johns Post Office between Ivanhoe and Alta Streets. No evidence has been found that the historical marker was ever put in St. Johns. There was a reference about a marker at the University of Portland mentioning April 3, 1806 which backs up the April 2, 1806 date for a "sleepover" in St. Johns.

The following article was written by Skee Larsen, a former St. Johns resident, in the 1950's to help prove the theory that St. Johns was the landing place of the Clark Expedition, and I compiled this article from Skee's notes.

This description was taken from the original journal of William Clark. "At the distance of seven miles he passed on the right (Willamette Slough), eighty yards wide, and which separates Wappatoo Island from the continent by emptying itself into the inlet below. Three miles farther up, he reached a large wooden house on the east side, (St. Johns) where he intended to sleep, but on entering the rooms he found such swarms of fleas that he preferred lying on the ground in the neighborhood. The guide informed him that this house is the temporary residence of the Nemaquinner tribe of the Cushook nation, who reside just below the falls of the Multnomah, but come down here occasionally to collect wappatoo; it was thirty feet long and forty deep, built of broad boards, covered with the bark of white cedar, the floor on a level with the surface of the earth, and the arrangement of the interior like those near the seacoast."

Clark's chart or log of three miles from the mouth of the Willamette Slough to the foot of Alta Avenue in St. Johns has been measured and found correct. Also, Clark mentioned going upstream two miles to a point opposite what is now Portland University. The distance from Alta Avenue to this point has been measured and is exactly two miles.

My observations around the locality all tend to fix the exact location and this knowledge starts from around 1900 when we lived some three blocks away. This was before the railroad came to the district so that the general landscape was little changed in looks from earliest times. This was definitely true of the land which spread out towards the river, most of which at that time was unfit for use. The lodge Clark identified would be located away from this type and on ground high enough to be safe from freshet as well as flood conditions common to the Willamette especially during spring-time and Clark was there on April 4, 1806. He mentions, "The inhabitants had left their canoes, mats, bladders, train-oil, baskets, bowls and trenchers lying about the house, "proof indeed that the house was not located near the river, but on higher ground.

My recollections around the foot of Alta at the turn of the century revealed a most peculiar earth formation. It was quite similar to the mound with an unusual rise of ground protruding into the lowlands facing the Willamette. The general rise started from where now lies the foot of Alta and spread out more than a hundred feet in a south-westerly direction. The highest point of the mound was around the southerly point. It appeared to be all earth. The elevation, since lowered to the level of the railroad, at its highest point must have been at least eight feet over present levels. It is possible that the distance around the base of the mound would have been close to 75 yards. This was the only high ground in the neighborhood offering advantages for such an Indian lodge.

I recall considerable amount of rock, all facing the river, some lying around the base of the mound, the balance to be found much closer to the river where this portion was strewn for a distance, equally north and south, along the bank of the Willamette for at least a hundred yards. The mound, therefore, seemed to be centered to a remarkable degree in relation to the deposit of rock lying close to the river. None of this rock would be found as far south as Pittsburg Avenue, nor would any be found north of Baltimore Avenue. Most of this rock showed evidence of burning. There was also a small trace of flint-stones scattered along the beach, almost none of the burnt rock or flint common to the location or even native to the district.

No other deposits of this type of rock suitable to Indians could be found, with one slight exception, along the river north for about two miles, or from Alta to the mouth of the Old Ogden or Gatton Slough, where the Nemaquinner nation had a group of four lodges during Clark's visit. The exception mentioned was at the mouth of an inlet which was located at a distance of some several hundred feet north from where Weyerhauser Avenue comes to the river. This is approximately one mile from Alta. I recall small deposits of burnt-rock and flint there, but a mere fraction of what was distributed near the foot of alta.

The trail, if any, from the river to the lodge locations must have lain along the high ground lying at the foot of Baltimore, some several hundred feet north from Alta. As early as 1905 there was a small shipyard operating at the foot of Baltimore, the site offering a raise of ground suitable for this type of business.

In 1900 the mound had a small grove of firs set more than halfway around a frame house, which was apparently constructed of fir, octagonal in shape, with the roof coming to a point in the center. The house was unpainted and the floor at that time was dirt.

During this period a Mr. Knight with his three sons were the only occupants for at least five years. The average age of the firs would not date back to the time of Clark's visit, but were in the range about 75 years, some probably a bit older. The house was something to remember as it presented a singular appearance in the general setting.

Two of the Knight boys were about my age, while the other was considerably older. I played around their home a great deal during the years 1901 thru 1904. I recall their insistence that they were proud of the location, it was really something, as Indians had resided there, also that there must have been some sort of an Indian fort on the spot. I am able to recall their enthusiasm along those lines as well as remember one of the discussions on the subject and where we stood. This was along about 1903 or 1904.

And last but not least, there remain today, (1950's), in spite of industry and the encroachment of man, a few wappatoe, and they may be found by the experienced hunter, around the foot of Baltimore Avenue, just a few yards from the Alta location, a remarkable testimony to this hardy tuber, as the vicinity has been the constant visitor of several shipyards, as well as other hazards incidental to the intervening years. According to an old timer, Roscoe Magone, who lives in the immediate vicinity (in 1950's) and has made a search and study of wappatoe, both in the native and as well as home culture, the next oldest spot where they may be found is in the lowlands about a mile north from Linnton, close to three miles from Alta Avenue in St. Johns.

Viking "Skee" Larsen wrote many stories for the St. Johns Review newspaper. He collaborated with Laura Minkler, historian, for much of the recorded history of St. Johns. He moved to Crescent City, California to help run a family owned plywood mill. Skee retired and lived out his life there. He never forgot his beloved St. Johns and this affection is reflected in other stories he has written in this book.

References: Letters between "Skee" and Laura Minkler, Thomas Vaughan, Director of Oregon Historical Society at that time, Highway Department, U.S. Post Office, and interviews with Roscoe Magone, St. Johns Indian Historian, and Hosmer's History Of The Expedition Of Lewis and Clark, Fourth Edition.



IRA BASEY STANDING IN FRONT OF 1905 STREET CAR AT LEWIS AND CLARK FAIR
Source Andrew Basey, a descendant of the Byars family

MY CHRISTMAS STORY By Laura Bade Ackley

This story goes back to a time before I married William Ackley in 1929 or had moved to St. Johns.

In the fall of 1912 on the first cold night, the stove in the upstairs was started. Mom and Earl went to the fruit cellar for some nice juicy apples. Mom saw flames coming from the bedroom window. We heard, "Fire, fire" and we grabbed the nearest thing and ran. Helen took three dolls to the top of the hill. We girls stayed there while the boys and Mom went back for more.

Soon neighbors started arriving on horseback and in wagons. They kept going in and bringing things out. The roof dropped in and our home was gone. With the light from the fire the men carried everything that was saved into the fruit cellar.

Mom and Helen and one of the boys stayed there to care for the livestock. The rest of us were scattered around to stay with our neighbors. We were at several places before our house was ready. Neighbors hauled lumber and had a real old house raising.

There was always a Christmas program and a Christmas tree at the two room school. After the program we all loaded into Mom's wagon. We drove out to our homesite. When the door was opened, "What a sight." All of our belongings were there. More beds and warm bedding. We all slept at home that night. We had a big Christmas and all of our family together for dinner.

There was still more work to be done on the house. Neighbors came and worked in their spare time. Mom said she would have a house warming. That she did and it was quite a party! I would be the youngest one there. There were from 35 to 40 people. It took two callers for the square dances. Supper was served at 12 o'clock and then they were hard at the dancing again. When they were dancing the Virginia Reel, there was a snap sound. The big support beam cracked. The party ended about 5 AM.

Just goes to show everyone had the time of their lives.



Laura wanted the younger generations to understand how neighbors helped each other in those days. Everyone pitched in to help whenever or wherever the need might appear.

Bill (William) went to school with the Holmes family and later married Laura Bade. He was the grandson of Angeline Ackley who lived on Central Street and he moved there about 1923. Bill was 91 when he died September 24, 1996. Laura was 89 in July, 1996 and still lives in Stanfield, Oregon.



FOUNDING OF LINNTON By V. J. "Skee" Larsen

No community in Oregon has a more interesting historical background than St. John's neighbor, Linnton. Local history would not be complete without touching upon some of it.

Interest is enhanced from the fact that James John, the founder of this community is reputed to have resided there, for a short time, probably as early as 1843, which was several years prior to his crossing the river to locate his claim in St. Johns.

Credit for the town's founding, goes to Peter H. Burnett, a Missouri Lawyer and a Mr. M.M. McCarver, who came west in one of the first immigrant trains with Burnett in charge.

There was a bill pending in Congress during 1842 which would allow the immigrant 640 acres of land for himself and 160 for each child. Since Burnett had six children he would be entitled to 1600 acres of land. This undoubtedly was a factor in luring him westward.

One writer compared the Puritans coming to Massachusetts Bay in 1630 largely determining the history of New England, to the arrival on the Columbia of Burnett's wagon train and Applegate's "Cow Column" as events of fundamental significance in the history of the Pacific Northwest. Burnett was credited with the speed of the westward migration.

Arriving at Vancouver in 1843 half starved and exhausted, they were hospitably received by McLoughlin who bid them welcome. While the party was recuperating, McLoughlin counseled them regarding places of settlement. Burnett felt that a town to offer most should be founded at the head tidewater along the Willamette and, therefore, selected the site of Linnton as having those qualifications.

After a short stay at the fort, then replenished by the Hudson Bay Company stock of goods, they moved to the site and commenced to erect a number of log cabins. He named it Linnton, in remembrance of Senator Linn of Missouri, one of Oregon's earliest and most influential friends during its formative period.

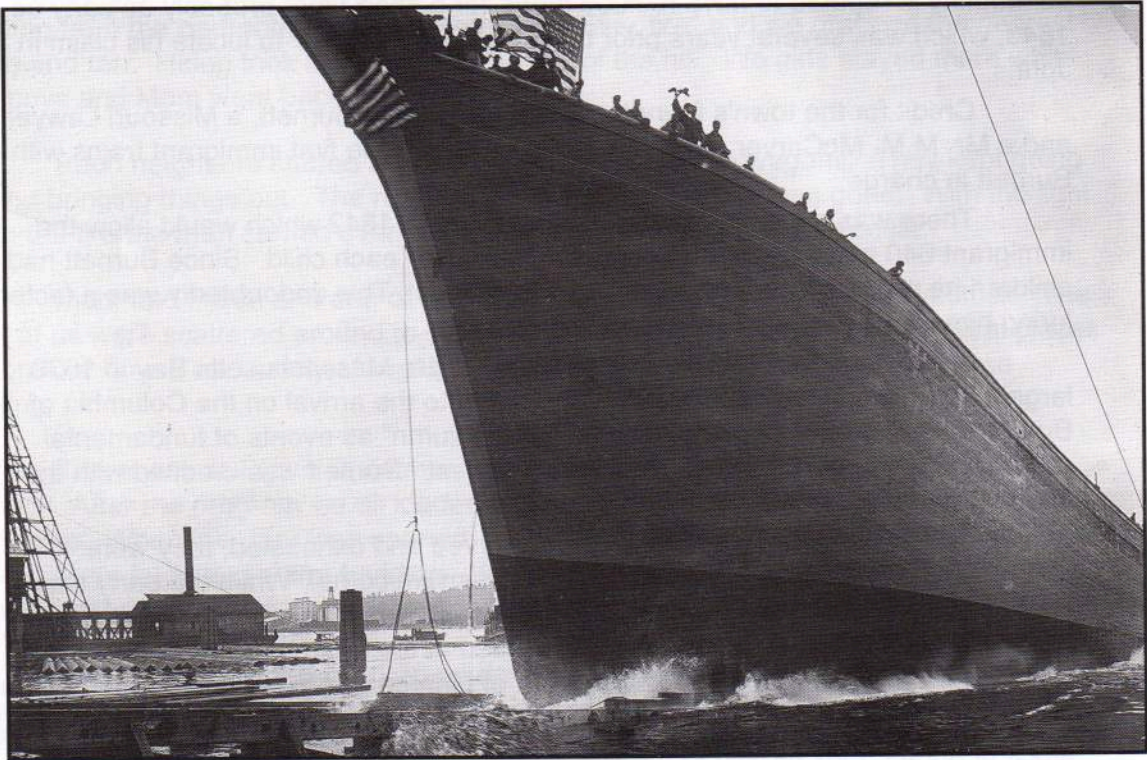
The town was laid out in the winter of 1843-44 and a road immediately cut out from it to the Tualatin Plains which lay over the hill. This was through a virgin forest of fir and other dense growth. Burnett lived at Linnton with his family from the middle of January until May 1845.

The hardworking clergy were soon on the scene. On December 14, 1844 the church, undoubtedly Baptist, came together in the house of Mr. Burnett. In his "Recollections of an Old Pioneer" he said, "By permission of a neighbor we occupied a log cabin, then used for a church, on condition that I would permit him to have service there every Sunday". Along about that time Burnett determined that the site was not at the head of tidewater and moved inland.

Later he wrote that the town speculation was a "small loss to us, the receipts from the sale of lots not being equal to the expenses". With his leaving, ill fortune must have stricken the little village as historical files relate the doleful picture - "At a point called Linnton, where it was intended to form a village, this idea appears to have been abandoned at the present, but one family lives there". Hudson Bay Company thought enough of the location to erect and stock a warehouse during 1845, but that was abandoned afterwards.

Some improvement was noted a few years later in 1849 when Rev. Ezra Fisher wrote that Linnton had six or eight log cabins, and his way there over to the Tualatin Plains lay up a high hill and through a dense forest.

The illustrious Burnett was an Oregon Legislator in 1844 and one of the first Supreme Judges in 1845. Later he moved to California and was elected governor of that state.



LAUNCHING OF S.S. COMMANDANT REMY WWI, HULL No. 306, THE FOUNDATION CO., PORTLAND, OR. MARCH 30, 1918



DOCKING OF LIBERTY SHIP WW II - Source June Armstrong Cusic

LINNTON HORSE CANNERY By "Skee" Larsen

Nearly forgotten, but important in the history of Linnton was the unique industry which settled alongside the banks of the Willamette years before the turn of the century. It was a horse cannery, a slaughterhouse in full sway with trade that was worldwide.

Samuel L. Simpson, Oregon's gifted early-day poet captured for the historian much of the horse drama with his memories of the West, entitled, "At Linnton's Shambles". (He prefaced his on the spot poem by saying-at Linnton, a village on the Willamette, there is located an abattoir, where herds of Oregon Cayuses are introduced through the canning route to the Quartermasters of the armies of the world).

Credit for the factual history related to the cannery and industry comes from the memory of Archie Maher, well known musician of earlier days, who came to St. Johns from Ridgefield, Washington in the year 1900. Archie said his folks lived in that town in 1897, and he remembers taking a river trip on the Steamer Mascot to visit his Aunt then living about three miles up the Newberry Road, which is a very short distance north from Linnton. His relatives living there carried all their drinking water from the river up the three mile hill. He also remembers the wild horses fighting in the large pens, and how scared he became at their terrible struggles, the wild screaming, biting and kicking enacted before his eyes.

The pens would hold from 200 to 300 horses. The sizable building housing the cannery and the sturdy pier which led out to the deep water dock lay close to the river in the general vicinity of the now prominent oil company plant located at the north end of Linnton.

Most of the horses were brought in by cattle cars from Goble, Oregon where the railroad ferry landed from Kalama across the Columbia River. Open ranges of Eastern Oregon and Washington supplied a great portion of those wild horses. Some of the farmers closer by would bring their old nags to trade for younger wild stuff, and in a number of cases brought them back as "too wild to break". Aside from the Quartermasters of the armies, a pretty fair export trade was held with France where horse meat was considered a delicacy as well as a luxury.

Not all horses arrived by way of Goble. From the adjacent farms came many of the working plugs, mostly older draft horses. Those bands in the hands of wiry cow-pokes headed north along the road to Linnton. This rock and dirt road reverberated to the hoof, sending clouds of dust, the curses of horsemen mingling with horse shrill was a picturesque scene, all of which passed in view at the foot of the western hills. When the elements were in tune much of the sound carried across the river to St. Johns.

Linnton's only store at that time was operated by a Mr. Crandall who also had a rooming and eating house near the cannery. The other business was that of woodcutters who found their way to the dock with cordwood for the river wood-burning steamboats.

What factors influenced the end or termination of the bizarre horse cannery enterprise is problematical. Guesses might lead to scarcity due to depletion of range wild stock, competition with other meats, or lack of profit; whatever the cause, the plant ceased operation in 1905.

Before the canning operators passed into history they were selling a number of

GREEN SECURITY GUARD SERVICE

By George Green May 1992

George Green came to St. Johns in 1943. He was in the military in Europe in the infantry. He came back to St. Johns and graduated from the University of Portland in 1951.

George worked in the Portland Lumber Mill and was an accountant for the Portland Manufacturing Company.

In 1954 he started the Green Guard Service, Inc. thus responding to a need for security patrol services to industrial plants in the Portland area. Several years later the company began to offer uniformed, site-specific, security guard services to his clients. Mr. Green sold the patrol service, and then focused on resident guard services to industrial accounts both in Portland, Oregon and Clark County, Washington.

Long tenure and low turnover were characteristic of Green's Security's employees. This was reassuring to the firm's clients. Dedication to the supervision of the Security Guards and prompt action on any problems made them a very desirable Guard Service.

Long term customer relationships were the norm with Green Security. One Fortune Five-Hundred customer had used this service continuously for over 29 years. Another customer, an International Fortune Five-Hundred firm had done business with the Security Firm for over 15 years. This was truly a home-town business!

In September 1991, Jeffrey A. Cohen purchased the assets of Green Guard Service, Inc. He incorporated under the name Westserve, Inc. dba Green Security Guard Service. The offices and personnel continued just the same as under George Green's ownership. George continued to work as a Consultant for the firm for two more years.

This story was submitted by Don Ball.

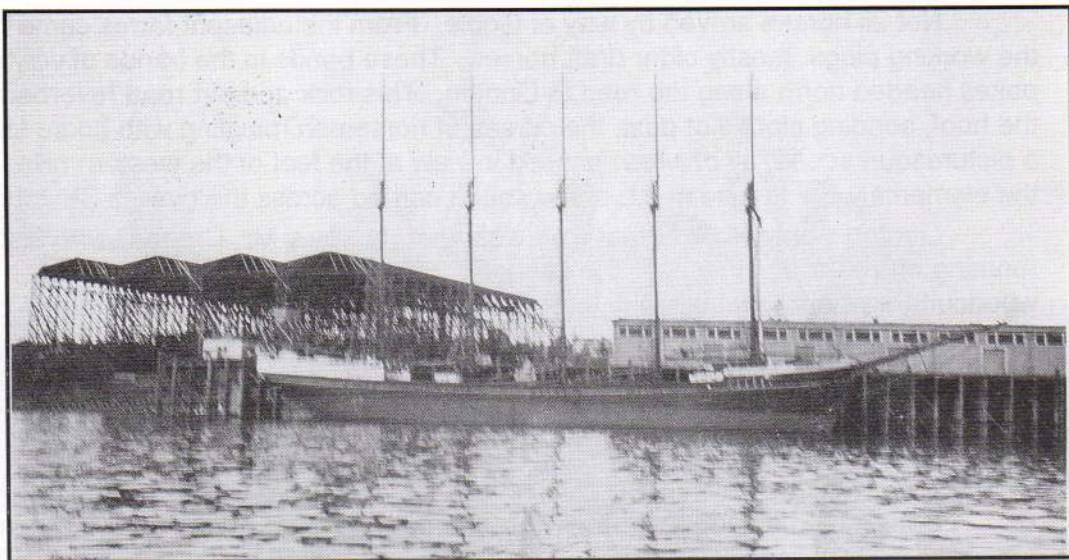


fine looking colts which seemed in much demand. A dozen or more of these animals soon appeared in the St. Johns barns. Youngsters in particular took delight in displaying their "pride & joy". Of course, anything out of the cannery or associated with it was the cause of much good-natured kidding, wise-cracking remarks and the usual guffaws. The town was full of those lively remarks, and the rider's skin soon became thick enough to take all of this teasing in stride. However, the derision in due time, turned to envy as the well-molded, fleet-footed horses took honor after honor in the town racing contests. Climax of those events as recalled by Thomas Lind, came in the 1910 4th of July celebration when younger Russell Poff, a thirteen year old astride his cannery steed won first place in a large field of racers. Lind recalls, the track was laid out on Ivanhoe Street, the starting point at Fessenden and the finish at Philadelphia. The street was dirt and the numerous horses kicked up a great quantity of dust, which didn't seem to dampen the ardor of the large throng of spectators.

To mention a few, Lind said, "John Riley, Kluege, Dan Herrold bought ponies at the cannery".

While living in Sellwood in 1903, Roscoe Magone purchased a month-old colt from the Linnton firm and named him Pontiac after the one owned by Parkman, the author of The Oregon Trail. Roscoe claimed he never rode the youngster, but taught him a number of tricks, including how to jump over hurdles and to lay on the ground. Shortly before moving to St. Johns in 1904 he sold him to a man raising Shetland ponies in the lowlands north of The Oaks.

"Should the trumpets in horse heaven once again call the blue bloods from Arabia to the starting line, the entries of Poff, Herrold, and Magone, etc. would do themselves proud. Probably in gratitude for not having been put in a "can" at the Linnton Slaughterhouse".



GRANT SMITH PORTER SHIPYARD WWI 1914 - 1918 Source Mandy Lind

BILL BURLEY - TROUPER
Edited by Norma Lind Regan

William Nixon Burley grew up "South of the Slot" in San Francisco and the urge to become a showman was strong within him at an early age.

He resisted the temptation until he became dazzled by Dr. Charley Burgess, a traveling snake oil salesman. Young Bill happened by Dr. Burgess on a Market Street corner extolling the virtues of a liniment made from a secret formula purported to have been passed on to him by a dying Medicine Man of the Pawnee tribe. Obviously the Medicine Man could not heal himself!

The magic words of the good doctor and the show which preceded his pitch was just too much for Bill. He joined the Pawnee Medicine Show. It was a wonderful life for awhile and Bill got a look at nearly every town, large or small, in California.

He was a "boy soprano" and had to sell the liniment between shows. Later his voice was getting too deep to pass off as a soprano act any more. The acting he liked but couldn't get his heart into the liniment business.

When he got back home he thanked the kind Dr. Burgess for teaching him show business, bid the Medicine Show good-bye, and looked for a new show business connection. Bill found it with the noted Cary-Scanlon Minstrels. He was a fast learner and after working with a couple of other Minstrel Shows progressed into Vaudeville. He was then known as Billy Nixon. He did black face and white face the same way. For a while he did a Dutch monologue. He then teamed up with Billy Rafferty in a comedy and song act. He also learned to dance.

While touring California with a troupe of fourteen entertainers, one of the couples was Harry and Bessie Houdini. Harry, in fact, played a straight man in one of Burley's acts. Yes, that's the famous magician, and escape artist, Harry Houdini! Bill trouped with Al Jolson, and many other famous people in show business. He made his Portland debut in the leading role of a road show called "Uncle Josh Spruceby" at the old Marquam-Grand Theater in the early 1900's.

Here in Portland, Oregon he met Minnie Moran. They were married in 1907 and successfully toured the Vaudeville circuits for years as Nixon and Moran. Three daughters were born to the Burleys: Celia, Mary and Luzana. Traveling became very difficult and so Bill stayed closer to home in Portland.

In 1919 he retired as a stage performer but never got over the stage fever. In what was supposed to be a garage Bill created a sort of inner sanctum, a behind the scenes miniature museum depicting turn of the century theatre. He had an authentic theater seat and many pictures on the walls reflecting the good years behind the footlights. On a tall row of shelves he had many show business mementos and one of the largest sheet music collections in the country. He had hundreds of different songs ranging all the way from Negro spirituals to ballads and when he started to put a new show together, these would be his resource for new ideas.

He had rows of canvas-covered frames that looked like unfinished stage sets. These were actually raw materials ready for sign painting, a trade he turned to after retiring from the stage as a performer. He always had as much work to do as he wanted.

Although all of the productions and Minstrel shows never brought him any money, it was always a work of love for Bill. He raised many, many thousands of dollars for churches and charitable organizations in the city.

He got into the amateur circuit in 1921 when the Knights of Columbus were putting on a Minstrel Show and the interlocutor got sick the day before the opening. Bill took over and miraculously the show went off without a hitch.

Three years later he undertook the production of a Minstrel Show for the Knights of Columbus and for St. Rose and did so for years. The shows became so popular over the years that they had to be moved to the City Auditorium to handle the crowds.

Harry Fassett of St. Johns, was one of the End Men who was in each of the Minstrel Shows that Bill produced. The American Legion and the St. Johns Bachelor Club sponsored shows beside the churches and many of the Bachelor Club members became part of his troupers.

Back in 1928 they played just about every picture show and school house in Portland on a three month tour campaigning for the St. Johns Bridge. Bill even wrote a parody to the tune of "Sidewalks of New York". Celia wrote that a cavalcade of cars went around singing and entertaining and Bill's three girls were always a big part of convincing the Portland people that St. Johns did need a bridge. The bridge vote passed by many thousand votes and much of the credit belongs to Bill, his family and friends who crusaded with him.

Bill never ran out of songs or gags needed for the shows. It was hard to work with amateurs but he never lost patience with the people. He just had them practice the parts over until they got it down pat. He insisted on a "socko on the first one and you get the audience on your side". It wasn't always easy as he got older to wave the baton and keep the enthusiasm going, but he did. He got a lot of pleasure in bringing out the best in his performers.

In the 1940s Bill was accused of racial discrimination in putting on the Minstrel Shows. This devastated him. He never would do anything to hurt nor harm anyone and he just couldn't understand why they thought he would do so. In deference to those people he never produced another Minstrel Show. Sad, the humor in the Minstrel Shows was just old Vaudeville jokes, not racial in the least.

Not every town can boast of a wonderful, creative, dedicated person as William Nixon "Bill" Burley. He was a great entertainer and one that St. Johns and Portland should never forget for all the years he devoted to them.



BILL BURLEY PRACTICING FOR MINSTREL SHOW

Information for this story was taken from an unidentifiable newspaper article and from the memories of his daughter Celia Burley.

JOHN CATLIN By Donald Ball

The Iriah Byars house I live in is over one hundred years old. A picture of the building from around 1985, with accompanying Byars family history, is researched for the book St. Johns Heritage, published in 1990 (1). The Byars house is about thirty three yards from the intersection of North Catlin Avenue and Edison Street. My story is a summary of the man that Catlin Avenue is named for (2).

Seth and Agness Catlin are the parents of John Catlin. The couple had four additional sons whose names are Adam, James, Seth and Robert.

At the time of John Catlin's birth James John is twenty three years old. He is building a warehouse near the dock at Baker's Landing. The year is 1846.

The Seth Catlin family are early Oregon pioneers. They begin their covered wagon trek in the state of Illinois, traveling over what becomes known as the Oregon Trail. Near Mt. Hood the family travels over the Barlow Road, arriving in Oregon City, Oregon in 1848.

At the time of their arrival in Oregon City John Catlin is seventeen years old. For nine more years John works with his parents. For a year the family settles at Oregon City. Then Seth leads them to Foster, Oregon. In 1849 Foster is a community located about twenty miles south of Portland, Oregon.

At this location Seth files for and obtains a six hundred forty acre Donation Land Claim. John helps improve this claim with his family. They clear enough space for a house and garden. Many years of labor pass before fields of grain, produce, fruit and berries produce an income. In the meantime the family does quite well selling lumber from their trees to the prospectors in California. During this enterprise John decides to return to the east coast and begin his studies for a law degree.

He enters a school at Lebanon, Illinois. After four years of perseverance he graduates with his degree in law. John returns to Portland, Oregon and begins his law practice.

So, at the age of thirty-five, seventeen years after arriving in Oregon City with his family John courts and then marries Frances A. Henderson. Miss Henderson is the daughter of another early pioneer family.

In 1865 John and Frances begin their family. The couple are parents of eight children. The John Catlin family consists of his wife Frances and Agnes R., Blanche, Clementine, Frances, Margaret, Rebecca, Seth and Robert (3).

As soon as their Robert matures he enters into business with his father. John's law firm partner is B. Killin. Eventually John appoints his son Robert as the administrator of the estate of James John.

Through the Catlin family ownership of land in St. Johns, as well as Robert's administration of the James John Donation Land Claim (early 1900's), the Catlin family becomes prominent among the citizens of the town of St. Johns (4).

In 1866 when James John dies at the age of seventy seven, John Catlin is fifty four years old. Prior to his death James John seeks the service of an attorney and John Catlin proves himself to be more than just a friend of James John. Through the acquisition and disposition of property John demonstrates his capability as an attorney. Successful business dealings crowned the association of the men.

At the time the dead body of James John is discovered in his mercantile, John Catlin is beginning his four year elected term as Multnomah County Judge. John practices law another eighteen years after the death of James John.

In 1902 at the time of his death at the age of seventy two, John Catlin is an attorney highly respected by his fellows (5).

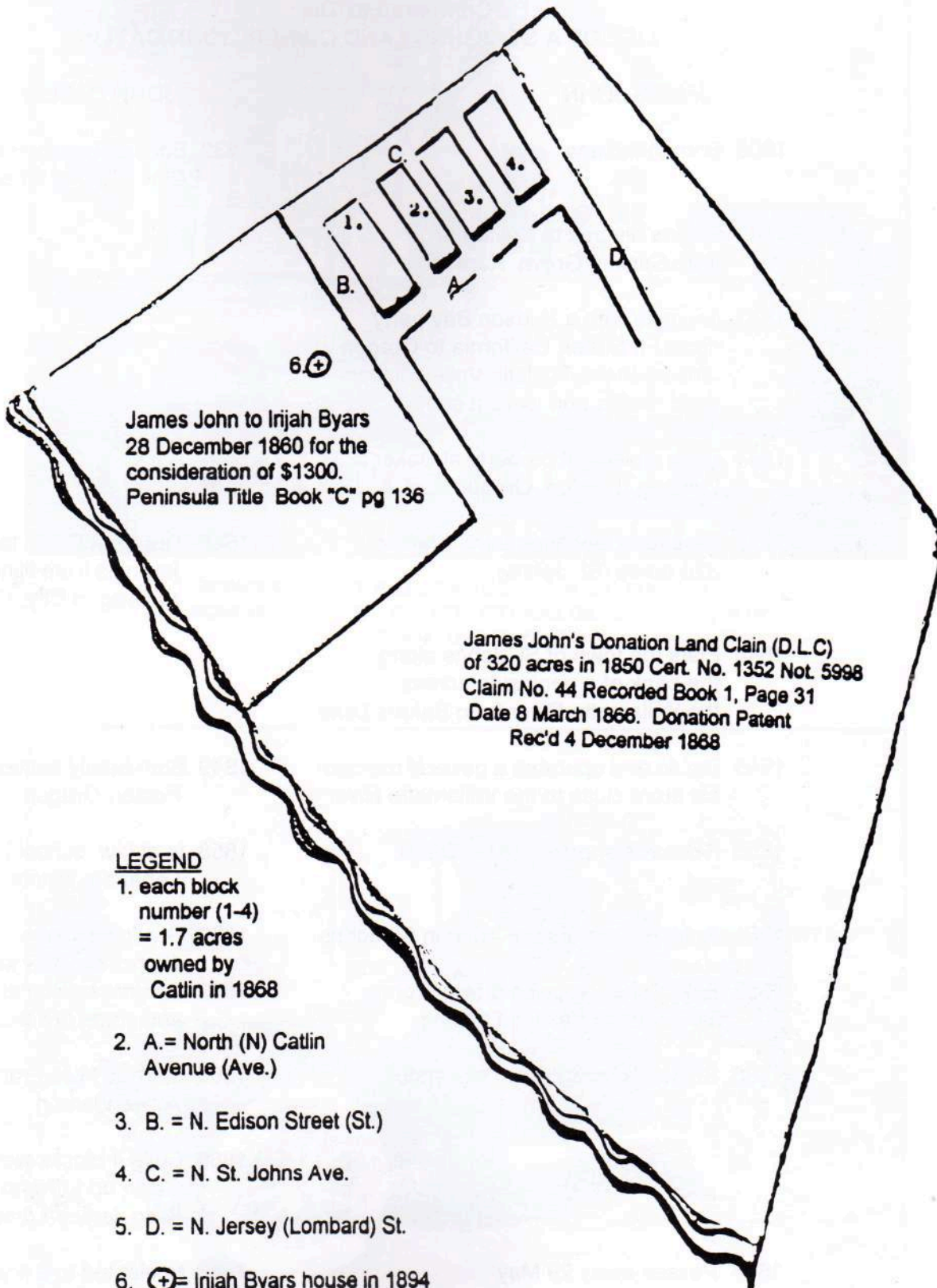
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- (2) Peninsula Title Abstract and Realty Company, St. Johns, Oregon, "St. Johns Park Addition to St. Johns, Oregon," pages land 2. Book donated to the St. Johns Heritage Association by Mrs. Margarat Emmitt.
- (3) Gaston, Joseph, Portland, Oregon History and Builders Great City of the Pacific, Volume III, S. J. Clark Publishing Company, Chicago-Portland, 1911. LCCN 979.51 G25.
- (4) Overby, David, "His Last Will and Testament" University of Portland Masters Thesis, March 16, 1966. St. Johns Branch Library.
- (5) Morning Edition of the Sunday Oregonian, Portland, Oregon, July 20, 1902, page 9.
- (6) Indirect Index CI, 1850-1893. Microfilm file of the Multnomah County Assessors Office. 610 Southwest Alder Street, Portland, Oregon.
- (7) St. Johns City Council Minutes 1904-1915 (hand written), City of Portland Archives.
- (8) Oregon Pioneer Transactions, "History of the Willamette Valley, Oregon Immigration of 1841". 8th Annual Reunion page 52.
- (9) Snyder, Eugene, Stump Town Triumphant Early Portland, pages 129-130 LCCN 83-73372.



GEORGE F. MILES FAMILY IN 1941 BEFORE THE YOUNG MEN WENT INTO THE SERVICE. FRONT IS MRS. ELEANORE MILES WHO SERVED AS A NURSE FOR 3 YEARS IN INDIA, AND MR. GEORGE MILES, ST. JOHNS FARMER. BACK IS ROBERT MILES WHO WAS KILLED IN THE NORMANDY INVASION WW II, MARGARET MILES HESLA, AND GEORGE (BILL) MILES WHO JOINED THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, LATER JOINED THE US ARMY AIR FORCE. BILL FLEW UNTIL THE DAY HE RETIRED.

EARLY LAND OWNERSHIP IN ST. JOHNS, OREGON



James John to Irijah Byars
28 December 1860 for the
consideration of \$1300.
Peninsula Title Book "C" pg 136

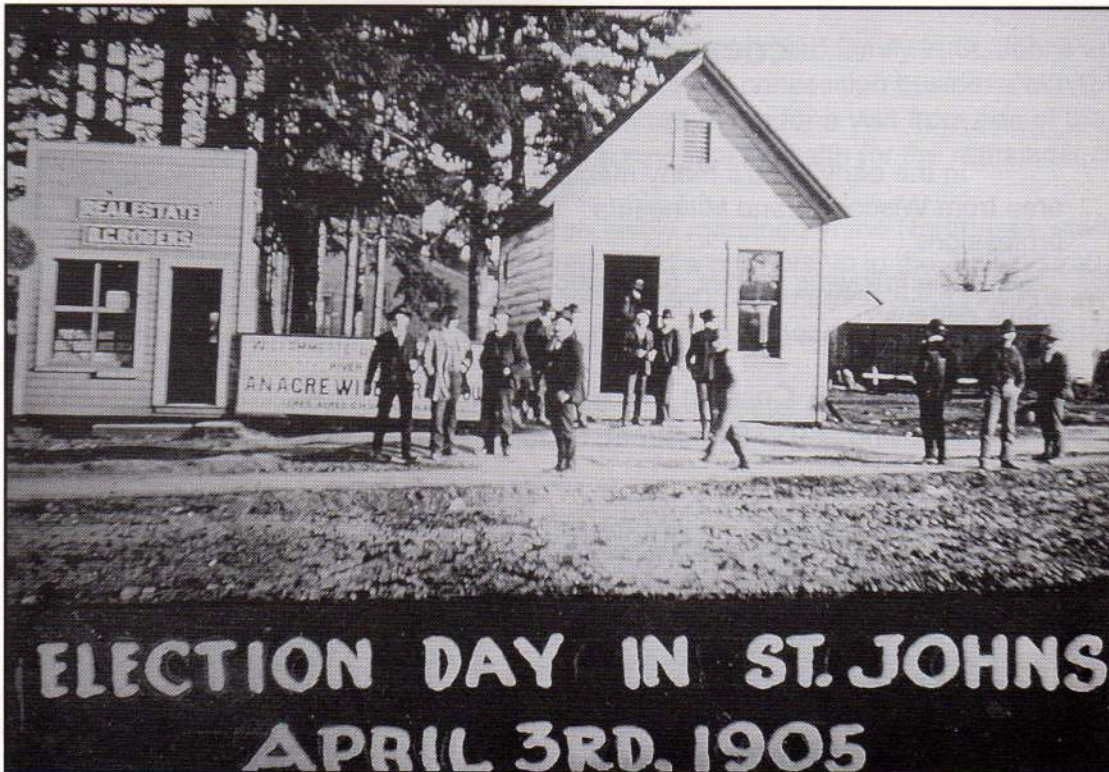
James John's Donation Land Claim (D.L.C)
of 320 acres in 1850 Cert. No. 1352 Not. 5998
Claim No. 44 Recorded Book 1, Page 31
Date 8 March 1866. Donation Patent
Rec'd 4 December 1868

LEGEND

1. each block number (1-4)
= 1.7 acres
owned by
Catlin in 1868
2. A. = North (N) Catlin
Avenue (Ave.)
3. B. = N. Edison Street (St.)
4. C. = N. St. Johns Ave.
5. D. = N. Jersey (Lombard) St.
6. ⊕ = Irijah Byars house in 1894
7. W = Willamette River flowing west.

**LIFE OF THE FOUNDER OF ST. JOHNS, JAMES JOHN
Compared to The
LIFE OF A ST. JOHNS LAND OWNER, JOHN CATLIN**

JAMES JOHN	JOHN CATLIN
1808 Born in Indiana	1832 Born at Turkey Hill (St. Clair, Illinois) 6 February
1841 Begins his trek to California from Sapling Grove, Kansas	
1843 Journies with a Hudson Bay party from Ft. Sutter, California to Oregon... arrives in the Tualatin Valley...clears land, builds and sells a cabin	
1844 Buys a piece of property at Baker's Landing (Linnton, Oregon)	
1847 Files for a Donation Land Claim of 320 acres (St. Johns)	1847 The Seth Catlin family journies from Illinois to Oregon City, Oregon
1848 Plats the town of St. Johns along the bank of a peninsula across the Willamette River from Bakers Land	
1849 Builds and operates a general mercantile store close to the Willamette River	1849 Seth family settles in Foster, Oregon
1850 Receives approval of his D.L.C.	1858 Is at law school at Lebanon, Illinois
1851 A dozen families are living in St. Johns	1858 Graduates from Cinninnati law school
1852 Establishes a rowboat ferry from St. Johns to Baker's Landing	1862 Returns to Portland and starts law practice
1865 St. Johns wins official city status	1865 Marries Miss Frances A. Henderson
	1868 Buys 4 blocks west of Catlin up to Reno and N. to Jersey(Lombard)
1886 Passes away 29 May	1886 Is elected to a 4 year term as Multnomah Co. Judge
	1892 Residing at Portland, Oregon
	1902 Passes away 19 July



BETWEEN IVANHOE AND SYRACUSE ON PHILADELPHIA STREET
B.C. ROGERS REAL ESTATE ON LEFT - CITY HALL ON RIGHT - BUILT IN 1903
Source - Louis Hanberg



J. B. FLETCHER PLUMBING TRUCK

COCHRAN FAMILY By June Factor Fox

In the early 1900's many members of the Cochran family came to the St. Johns area from Wisconsin and Minnesota. They brought with them many different skills and professions.

The following names, occupations and dates were compiled from an early St. Johns census:

James S. Cochran (1900)
Living at 939 First Street, St. Johns, Oregon

Cochran Bros. Thomas H. & Samuel
Livery Stable, 207 W. Burlington, St. Johns, Oregon (1906)
Wood & Lumber Yard, 415 S. Hayes, St. Johns, Oregon (1912-1918)
Excavating, Contracting, Sand & Gravel, Concrete Paving Company
also located at 415 S. Hayes, St. Johns, Oregon
(There are many sidewalks in North Portland that bear the name
Cochran Block (1906) 101 N. Jersey, St. Johns, Oregon

George Cochran & Sherman Cochran (1906)
Saloon Keepers - Linnton, Oregon

Sherman Cochran of Irish ancestry arrived in the St. Johns area with his wife, Hulda Thor Cochran, Norwegian ancestry, a daughter Edyth, age 4, and son Sherman G., age 2. They had previously lived in Grand Rapids, Minnesota.

Settling in Linnton, Sherman went into business with his cousin, George Cochran. The family lived above the business until they moved to the St. Johns area. In 1908 Sherman Cochran started his own saloon at 205 1/2 W. Burlington which is presently the SE corner of Ivanhoe and Burlington. He maintained his business at that site until 1915.

During this period he and his wife Hulda (Ollie) had a three bedroom house built at 820 N. Hayes (Syracuse). The home remains in the family later owned by Edyth and her husband Harry Factor.

The children, Edyth and Sherman G. enjoyed their life in Linnton and St. Johns both attending the Linnton and Sitton Grade Schools and graduating from James John High School. Stories have been told by both Sherman G. and Edyth of diving off the Terminal #4 docks and swimming in the Willamette River. They would say "it wasn't polluted then". Family picnics, trips to Seaside in touring cars, fishing and hunting trips were all enjoyed by young and old alike.

At the end of the year 1917 prohibition was coming into law and Sherman Sr. gave up his business in St. Johns. The family retained the home on Hayes Street and Sherman worked out a contract with the Southern Pacific Railroad whereby he would handle the beverage and concessions for the work crews that were building the line. The concession store was located near Florence, Oregon. In the summer the family joined him for many happy times.

By late 1919-20 Sherman had returned to his home and family in St. Johns and began to work in the shipyards. He later returned to the concession business with the Kerry Line in the lumber camps. It was on the return home for a visit from one of the camps that he was injured in a car accident causing him ill health for the remainder of his life. He died in July 1927 at the age of 47.

The balance of the Sherman Cochran family remained in the North area, starting a new generation. Sherman G. for many years had a partnership in the old Cochran Block (Surber & Cochran, presently Dad's Restaurant). He married Alice Hughes in 1939 and had two children, Sherman Gilbert now living in Ithaca, N. Y. and Colleen Karp of Alberta, Canada.

Edyth Cochran Factor had one daughter, June Factor Fox. Sherman G. passed away in 1972 and Edyth in 1962.

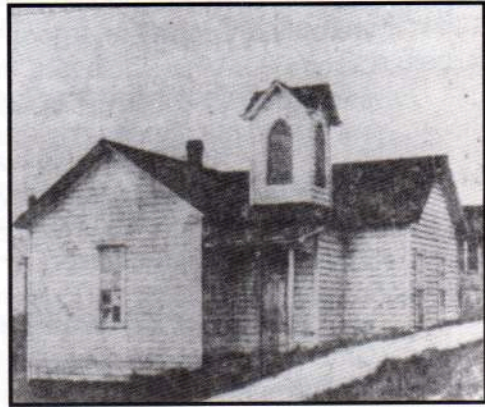


COCHRAN FAMILY - SHERMAN AND HULDA
SHERMAN G. (SON) - EDYTH COCHRAN (DAUGHTER)

ORIGIN OF THE FIRST ST. JOHNS SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH

By Lois Ross and June Cusic

Ground for the church was donated by Mr. James John, founder of the St. Johns Village. The church was located on the corner of Edison and Salem Streets. The first service was held June 5, 1886 and membership was twelve. The church was dedicated in 1888. E. D. Hurlbert was the first Elder. He also served on the St. Johns Council Members Inc. Charter members included Dr. Luzana Graves, a St. Johns physician, William Scott, J. C. Scott and wife, David Fulton and wife, A. Cook and wife. Mr. Cook was the Mayor of St. Johns. The group met in this building until 1914.



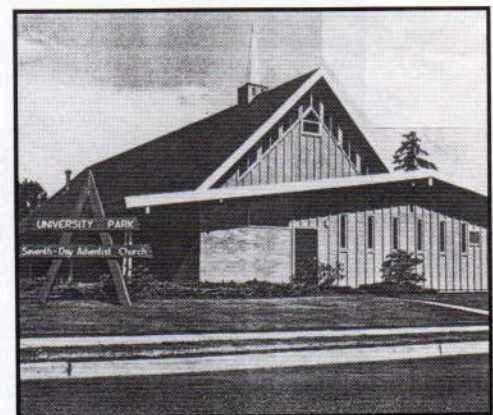
ORIGINAL CHURCH

Mrs. J. C. Scott and daughter, Katherine Scott, donated a lot on the corner of Charleston and north Central Street for the construction of a larger church building. Mr. Antone Falkenberg was the contractor. In planning for the new building it was decided that a school was needed. For several years the lower level of the building was used for a school. This building was dedicated December 3, 1924. Many new members were added to the church's membership. Many of these members were in business in St. Johns such as: The Couchs who had a grocery store, Perry BeLieu a St. Johns police officer and wife Ila, William Falkenberg, the Boothley family, the Starbucks, the Harridens, the BeLieu's, the Fletchers and the O'Haras to name just a few. Services were held in this church building for many years until more space was needed.



SECOND CHURCH

A new location was found but it was out of the St. Johns area. It was located on Chautauqua Place and Alaska Street. The land was purchased and the new building was completed on December 24, 1966. A new name was voted on to become the University Park Seventh Day Adventist Church. The church has been established for 110 years and has had 29 pastors. The pastor and wife in 1997 are Thomas and Brooke Stafford.



NEW CHURCH

Photos Courtesy Of Lois Ross

MARY CROWLEY By Sheri Lee Miles Ketrenos

My great-great grandmother Mary Crowley came from County Cork, Ireland during the potato famine of 1845. To understand this terrible and historical event, you have to go back one hundred years earlier. "In 1739 potato crops failed in Ireland but the effect was not as destructive as the Famine of 1845 since the potatoes did not make up the bulk of most people's diets as they did a century later. Irish cotters (tenant farmers) became more dependent on potatoes for food while raising cereal grains and cattle for the export market that provided them with rent money. Cotters selected potatoes for high-yield varieties, not understanding that they narrowed the genetic base of their plants and this led them to breeding potatoes with little or no resistance to the fungus disease *Phytophthora infestans*."

In 1845 famine killed 2.5 million people from all over Europe from Ireland to Moscow. Unaware that the virus was responsible for the famine it was generally blamed on the wrath of God. The famine was especially severe in Ireland where so many peasants depended on potatoes for food while exporting their grain and meat. The British charity and British government tried to help but this relief did little to alleviate the suffering" (1).

The famine was particularly harsh on the family of Mary Crowley. Everyone in her family died from the starvation except her brother and her. Later she related some of the horrors to her children and grandchildren, expressing with great sorrow scenes from her memories about children so hungry that they would eat even a half formed chick, still raw, from its shell. (Perhaps the children were Mary and her brother.)

We can only surmise the loneliness that Mary as a young girl of ten or eleven must have felt as she left the land, home and everything she knew behind as she set sail for America. But her fears were not behind her, as the ship she sailed on caught fire when they were far out to sea. The fire was bad, and could have been the death of them all, but by the grace of God they were able to put it out. Mary and her brother went to live in Boston with an Aunt and Uncle. It was said, but not documented, that he was a Chief of Police. She had few possessions with her, but among her belongings she had brought a beautiful cameo broach. (This has been passed down as a family heirloom).

In Boston, Massachusetts, Mary and her brother grew up. Mary had a friend named Ellen that was married to another friend, Cornelius Leonard. Ellen became very ill with Tuberculosis and made Mary promise that she would marry Cornelius after she died. They both promised and so, sometime later, when Mary was 26 she married Cornelius Leonard in Lowell, Massachusetts. He was 27. Lowell, Massachusetts, is located around 10 miles from Billirica, Massachusetts where the new couple settled down.

Cornelius had also been born in Ireland around 1835 in the County of Kerry, and immigrated to Massachusetts. He worked in a cotton mill located about one block from where they set up their home. Mary helped make her living before and after her marriage, by making Battenburg lace in her home industry.

The Civil War began in 1861 and two years after that, in 1863, a daughter was

born to them on January 17th. This daughter they named, in honor of her dear friend and his first wife, Ellen. Ellen was the first baby to be born in the new year of 1863 in that village. (In later years Ellen was proud to say she was born (in a house) on the banks of the historic Concord River). In the same year, "President Jefferson Davis urged Southerners to plant corn, peas, and beans. His April message gave priority to food crops over cotton and tobacco" (2).

During this time in the Industrial North, the lack of cotton most surely affected the industry of lace making. It may have been one of the contributing reasons the family decided to sell all that they had and attempt to make the journey to the Oregon Territory. They had been told by a relative (on the Crowley side) in Oregon that there was a mill in Portland where Cornelius could work. So Mary and Cornelius sent him some money to prepare for their arrival, they sold everything they owned and set out.

This was the second time that Mary was forced to leave everything she knew behind her. This time with Cornelius and her children they left Billirica on a steam ship and sailed around the horn. Her children were ill on the journey and "a Colored man gave them some medicine that helped them". After that she had a "soft spot in her heart for the colored."

Her ship stopped a little while in San Francisco which she thought was a good place to dry clothes because of the wind. When they arrived in Portland, there was no mill, no industries at all, it was just a primitive town. The relative was nowhere to be found. They were completely destitute! Cornelius heard that the relative was in the Puget Sound area, so lacking a horse, he walked all the way through the wilderness to get there. The relative wasn't there. He had been sent on a wild goose chase. They heard later the relative was south of Oregon City.

Mary had dreamed of putting the beautiful Battenburg lace curtains that she had laboriously made, up in the front door window of her new home. Instead she put the curtain and other fine lace away. Her first home was a simple farm house and there was no window to put the curtain in. This home was on 12th and Jefferson (now 14th), near the present location of Lincoln High School. Later this farm area was known as "Goose Hollow." Along with her daily household chores, working on the farm and raising her children, Mary Crowley was midwife to other pioneer women in the area since there was no hospital to meet the needs of the families.

Mary Crowley Leonard and her husband worked hard. By their labor they carved a new life in this new town thousands of miles from Boston and civilization. When nuns arrived in Portland, it was Mary's hands that sewed the habits. Later, her daughter Ellen, the eldest also sewed for the nuns. Mary's beautiful lace decorated the first Catholic churches and later, the Cathedral.

Ellen being the oldest child, was always carrying the heavy burden of helping the rest of the family. She watched the children, sewed clothes and cooked for them all. She was the last to marry because her responsibilities didn't end until they were all married. Mary was strict, and her house was spotless. She expected her children to work hard. On Saturdays each girl had the responsibility for one of their chores, to scrub five plank boards in their home, on their hands and knees.

Mary had fashioned the clothes for her children, including the infant baptismal gown made in Billirica. The gown was worn first by Ellen Catherine Leonard and then it was worn by the rest of Mary's children: Julia, Hanna, Catherine, Margaret, Lucy and

John. The next generation that wore it was Frank Gagen and the other Gagen children: Mary, Leonard, Helen and Lucy Gagen. After being worn by all of Mary Crowley's children and grandchildren, the top was worn out, so in anticipation of the next generation wearing it, Ellen replaced the top of the dress in 1916. The effort was not wasted because Helen Leona was happy to have her daughter wear the beautiful dress. Helen Miles was the only child to wear it in the third generation and the last who was baptized in the dress before it was stored away. Her Baptism ceremony took place in the Assumption Church in St. Johns. This dress has remained in the family for 134 years.

Cornelius and Mary lived a busy and satisfying life surrounded by their loving family. Unexpectedly, at the age of 56, Cornelius fell from a scaffold and fractured his skull. He was at work repairing the SW Lincoln Street Reservoir at 1:30 PM on February 25, 1891, when the scaffolding gave way. An investigation showed that the board had a knot in the wood where it broke. Cornelius was carried home unconscious. According to the Oregonian dated February 26, 1891, doctors said "there was absolutely no chance for recovery for the unfortunate man, as he never regained consciousness". The funeral was at their home on 10th and Jefferson. Then Mary hired three funeral hacks to carry her husband and mourners across the Willamette River on a ferry to the South East of Portland. He was buried in the first Catholic Cemetery on SE Stark Street on the grounds where Central Catholic is located today. Later when Mt. Calvary was built, his body was transferred to the new cemetery.

Cornelius Leonard was a well respected man by his friends and family. They have been proud to carry the Leonard name down to this day, in his honor. The different forms of Leonard that can be found are *Leona*, *Lee* and *Leonard*. Mary lived a long life. She spent her last years with her daughter Ellen Leonard Gagen in St. Johns. She lived in their home on N. Myer Street, now know as Pier Park Place. Mary and her daughter Ellen were the first two generations, out of six, to live in St. Johns.

From St. Johns Mary would take the trolley car to visit her other children and relatives living in other sections in Portland or to go shopping in the downtown Portland area. She always wore a black bonnet (mourning color) when she went out for her daily strolls around their St. John's neighborhood. At home her hands were never idle, as she was always busy sewing or making handmade items for her family and friends.

She was described, even in her last years, as having "Rosey Apple Cheeks" and lived to the age of 86 without ever needing to wear a pair of glasses.

Mary Crowley lived her life as so many courageous pioneer women did, with a strong faith in God and the pioneer spirit of "always rising after adversity".

1) The People's Chronology is licensed from Henry Hold and Company, Inc.

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2) Ibid



THE WILL EVANS FAMILY By Florence Denton Evans

William Evans, his wife Catherine and son David William Evans emigrated from Lisburn, Antrim Northern Ireland to Canada. On the voyage William and Catherine contracted diphtheria, died and were buried at sea. David William was raised by his uncle Tom Miller in the province of Ontario, Canada. He married Sarah Jane Wheatford. Information gained through papers and a will suggest the name was Whiteford before coming to North America. Their son William John Evans arrived March 3, 1870. He was the eldest of a family of four girls and two boys.

When Will was thirteen years of age his family moved to St. Thomas, North Dakota where he grew up. He married Ida Cornelia Anderson in Otter Tail, Minnesota. Two daughters and a son were born to them in Thief River Falls, Minnesota. Moving to Canada they homesteaded in Chauvin, Alberta. Six more children were born to them in Canada.

In 1921 they arranged with a nephew to operate their homestead on shares and moved to Oregon. They were accustomed to electric storms on the prairie and were told that such storms here were rare. On the day they arrived Portland had a violent thunderstorm. Will's brother Wesley lived at Mt. Tabor and they came to his place. They found a house at Mt. Tabor which they rented for about six months before moving to a farm at Eagle Creek, Oregon. After two years on the farm they found a big house in St. Johns - a corner lot with an extra lot beside it and another lot behind it. At that time it was still possible to have a cow and chickens on your property. A big garden and berries took up part of the three lots. At about the same time the John Preece family also moved here from Alberta and lived in the same neighborhood. They had two boys, Al and Tom about the same age as two of the Evans boys, Bob and Dan. Bob's sister Agnes used to tell her brothers "Hurry Up. Those little apple-cheeked Canadians are waiting for you to go to school". The older of the two boys, Al, married my sister Laura.

I first knew the Evans family in about 1928. A group of families who liked to square dance began having parties at their homes. All the furniture would be moved out of one room where we would dance. Bob's father, Will Evans played the fiddle and also called the square dances as did his Uncle Wes. Bob's father was real tall and his mother very short. I can still see in my mind's eye how they danced the Schottische. The girls in the family told me how their mother played the mouthharp and danced but I could never convince her to do so after I knew her. We had fun with all the old square dances but I especially remember "Swing Old Adam Swing Old Eve". After quite a long time the dances weren't held anymore but after several years they were revived. That's when I first knew Bob. He was more grown up and at first I didn't recognize him.

The oldest boy Dave and the youngest Joe were baseball players. Joe was a star pitcher at Roosevelt High School. One son, John, passed away during the time of the square dances. The second oldest girl, Mae, passed away while I was going with Bob. The oldest girl married and lived on a farm at Eagle Creek. The big family home had a small bedroom upstairs which was dubbed the matrimonial room as the three occupants who slept there were married one after the other in a very short time. Edna married Wesley Burger, Agnes married Virgil Worthington and Bob married me, Florence Denton. In another year Dave married Edith Smith and later Joe married Evelyn Wilson. Dan was married twice - first to Alice Hanson who passed away and then to Carol Hazelton.

The family was very close knit and "Major" looked for most of us to come to Sunday dinner. If we didn't show up he would be checking to see if something was wrong. I must explain the "Major". One of Will's sons-in-law had a nick-name for everyone and he called him Major after Major Hoople in the funny papers. It was a name that stuck and a lot of people thought he really was a Major. One time the St. Johns Review reported the Major and Mrs. Evans were on a trip to Alberta, Canada. When a lot of us were at the family home the men sat in the living room and the women in the dining room. We had one nephew who didn't want to miss anything so he'd stand between the rooms and listen to both sides. We went on a lot of picnics and camping at Neskowin. The group was so big we'd set up a sizable camp. Bob worked the swing shift and some of us would leave at midnight. One night four of us started out and our tires were so bad a lot of time was spent repairing them. Besides that, the old cars didn't make very good time. When we got to the beach the group had left to go clamming and then stopping at other beaches along the way. We were afraid to spend any money to eat as we thought we'd have to pool our money to buy a tire. We finally caught up with Bob's sister and her husband and they fed us leftovers. Those were the best baked beans I ever ate. We did make it home without buying a tire.

I was from a small family having only one sister. At first such a big family was overwhelming but I soon came to enjoy such a large group.



YOUNG BOB EVANS & VIRGIL WORTHINGTON
(SOON TO BE BROTHER-IN-LAW)



IDA & WILL "MAJOR" EVANS

THE GAGENS By Helen Miles

My great-grandfather and grandmother, the Gagens, were traveling West from Baltimore, Maryland when the Civil War broke out. They were caught between the North and South lines in northern Arkansas. The Confederate Army told the oldest son John, who was 19 years old, to join the Army. He told them his father was a "Lincoln man" so he was given a choice of the Army or steam-boating for the Troops. He decided to go steam-boating.

Great-grandfather Philip, his wife Elizabeth, and the children found a rough cabin in a swampy area near the Black River, near a small town called Pocahontas, Arkansas. They would wait there for the Civil War to end.

The climate was very damp, hot, and humid in the summer and cold, damp, and humid in the winter. The rotting vegetation of the swamp was odorous and the water quality was bad. Life was very hard for them. Finding enough food for the children was extremely difficult and they suffered greatly from the heat and cold. They managed to exist eating mostly fish and cornbread.

John jumped ship, leaving the steam-boat and came back north looking for his family. He found that his father, mother and a brother had all died shortly before he arrived from Typhoid Fever within seven days of getting sick.

The younger children, (including my grandfather Henry, who was three years old) led by John, managed to pass through the lines and join their older sister Ann in Missouri. She had formerly married and moved to Missouri and was then widowed. Later Ann continued their trip to the Oregon country, by bringing the orphans by covered wagon from Missouri to Oregon City. They settled in Elyville up the hill and on the flat above the old town. Grandfather Henry was raised there in Elyville.

John came by wagon train to Old Town Sacramento. He had stopped on the way in Nevada where he had found some gold. Later he moved to Antioch, California where he took up a land claim. He married a widow with children. They soon moved to Portland. John didn't stay long. A restless man, he left his wife in Portland and roamed the Northwest buying, building, and then selling several hotels, saloons and other businesses. He was involved in building a railroad and hotel in Port Townsend, Washington (John's story continues later).

Henry married Ellen Leonard in 1887. She was from a Pioneer family who lived on a farm in Goose Hollow (14th & Jefferson Streets). They were married in the historic "Bishops House" on S.W. Stark Street. Their wedding night was spent at a honey-moon cottage on 10th Avenue near Washington Street. That night they were given an "old-fashioned" chiv-a-ree where their friends rattled pans and pounded on the doors and windows to keep them from retiring. They traveled up the Columbia Gorge to Pendleton, where they spent their honeymoon at John Gagens new four story "Golden Rule Hotel". He was then Mayor of Pendleton.

Henry and Ellen spent one year in Pendleton and then moved back to Portland. In the early part of the 1900's they had a house built in St. Johns on Myers Street (Pier Park Place). By now they had five children. The children (Frank, Mary, Elizabeth, Leonard, and my mother Helen) attended North School renamed Sitton School, and later to St. Clements (later known as Assumption School).

St. Johns was being built up particularly in East St. Johns. Cedar Park was a block from their house. They enjoyed band music and dances in the summer. Some of their new friends were the Hendersons, McManns, Ericksons, Itensons, and Lovlets along with many more.

They lived in their house until the 1920's. Henry died in 1923. Ellen's family had all married and moved away, so she bought a small house where present day Arbor Lodge Park is now located. Her house resembled a house built in the 1850's. The house was surrounded by large fir trees and she could hear and see China pheasants in the area along with rabbits and other small animals. The house was torn down after she died in 1935 to make way for the new park.

In 1989 my husband, George, and I researched in Arkansas to find where the Gagens had lived and died during the Civil War. We found that people who died of Typhoid Fever were buried immediately, often in a common grave. This, however, was not the case with the Gagens for they were buried with some others in individual graves. We located them in what is now a State Park. The area was just being cleared and all but a small portion, around some of the graves, was still covered with brush and trees. After about 126 years the Park Rangers were clearing the old cemetery. We were taken there by a Park Ranger in his truck. We couldn't get in by regular car. After driving by side roads and across a field we came to a narrow path where we left the truck and walked in. It is still somewhat dangerous to walk in the area because of snakes - cottonmouths, copperheads and the eastern rattlesnake. The Ranger said, "Walk in my footsteps and look out." It made me feel sad to know how terrible they must have suffered living in such a dismal and dangerous place.

Meanwhile John started a soda-pop business at the 1905 Lewis and Clark Fair. After it closed he moved to Kenton where he bought land and set up a cement-block manufacturing business. Henry worked for his brother John for a time. John thought St. Johns would be a good place to set up a soda factory but they changed their minds and started it in Kenton instead. In the end John went to Bend, Oregon and established a soda factory there. It soon became a huge success. John stayed in Bend and finally died there at the age of 83. He is buried there in the Bend Cemetery. His last well-built house is still there.



HENRY GAGEN AGE 18 AND SISTER - ORPHANS
CIRCA 1878, PORTLAND



MAURICE L. FINN, HELEN M. FINN MILES,
HELEN L. GAGEN ROTH, MARY GAGEN HAYTEAS
AND FRANK GAGEN

Photos From Helen Miles

DR. WILLIAM J. GILSTRAP - ST. JOHNS DOCTOR

By V.J. "Skee" Larsen

He was born in Unionville, Missouri, July 6, 1870 and died in La Grande, Oregon February 12, 1956. He was 86 years old at the time of his death, and was the second eldest member of the Oregon State Medical Society. He was buried in Rose City Cemetery.

He moved with his family to Oregon in 1877, coming west by wagon and train. He married Nettie G. Van Groos on August 1, 1899, graduated in pre-medical training from Oregon State College in 1898, and received his medical education at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in San Francisco and at the New York Postgraduate Medical College.

He started his practice in Sheridan, Oregon, at the time when the family physician went to the help of the sick or injured, often traveling distances of sixty miles by horse and buggy over mountain roads made virtually impassable by deep mud. A trip to a single patient frequently meant a journey lasting all day and sometimes far into the night.

Dr. Gilstrap moved to Portland in 1914 and in the midst of an active professional career he found time to discharge his civic and community obligations. For five years he served as President of the St. Johns Businessmen's Association. During World War I he was the chairman and examining physician of the largest draft board in the state of Oregon.

Recognizing the need for low-cost prepaid medical and hospital care, he was active in organizing the Multnomah Medical Service Bureau later known as the Oregon Physician's Service. From 1936 to 1939 he was a member of the Board of Directors.

He was a member of Doric Lodge No. 132 A.F. and A.M. and Al Kader Temple, Order of the Mystic Shrine. He retired in 1944 from active medical practice and resided at 405 Russett Street in Portland. The Gilstraps celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary at their home in 1949. Mrs. Gilstrap died in 1951.

He was survived by two daughters and one son - Carlie M. Gilstrap of Portland where he made his home, Mrs. Alice G. Whisler, Vancouver, Washington and son Dr. C. L. Gilstrap, physician and surgeon, La Grande, Oregon. He left five grandchildren, six great-grandchildren and several nieces and nephews.



"THE HELL-MAN FROM OREGON"
"THE PRIDE OF ST. JOHNS"
By Daughters Lois Ross and Wanda Harrison

Chuck Hellman was born September 24, 1902, in Turku, Finland. He was the oldest of five children born to Charles and Fannie Hellman. His parents came to America when he was 18 months old and located in Sacramento, California. He later moved to Vancouver, Washington and Portland, Oregon (mostly St. Johns).

Nina Mura Squires was born July 26, 1903, in Milan, Michigan, in a bee hive (Quonset hut). She was the youngest of two children born to Ferris Lee and Lois Mable Squires. The family moved to Vancouver, Washington, when she was only three and they crossed the Columbia River in a train on a ferry boat. She also walked across the Columbia River on ice in 1913.

Chuck met Nina when living at Orchards, Washington, and worked at the SF&S, where Nina's father worked. They fell in love, married in Vancouver, Washington, on June 16, 1923, and moved to St. Johns.

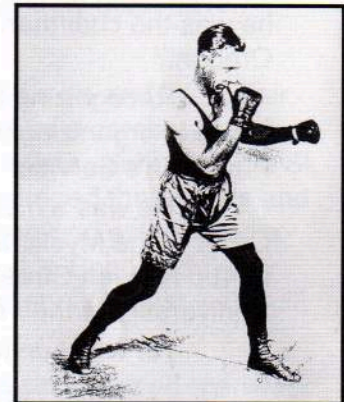
Chuck became the Pacific Coast Bantamweight Boxing Champion, May 11, 1926, in a contest with Young Nationalista. He received a beautiful gold belt with the title.

Chuck bested Cpl. Izzy Schwartz at Ebbits Field in New York in 1927. Izzy was recognized as the world's flyweight champion. Chuck also won a fight against Dixie LaHood after having three molars extracted that same day. His first fight was professional and he was never knocked out. If he lost a fight he always went back and won the next time. He was both flyweight and bantamweight. He kept in shape and had strong hands.

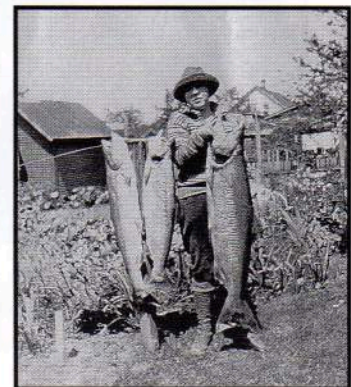
Chuck was one of the most likable boxers ever developed in these parts. He was at the peak of his boxing career but retired from the ring in 1928, after joining the St. Johns Seventh-Day Adventist Church. He was ordained as Head Elder and served for many years.

On November 23, 1927, their first daughter, Lois, was born. Chuck later worked at ESCO and Western Foundry. Their second daughter, Wanda, was born August 31, 1929, and their third daughter, Shirley, was born November 1, 1938. In 1932 Chuck moved his little family to the country to Redlands near Oregon City. In 1936 the family moved back to St. Johns for the girl's education. In 1940 Chuck and Nina assumed the responsibility of raising Nina's sister's three boys - Ray, John and Roy Wesson, due to their folk's fatal illness.

On December 16, 1954, the Oregonian stated that "Of the hundred of boys who took up prize fighting as a profession in their younger days in Portland, none



CHUCK'S BOXING IMAGE 1926



NINA HELLMAN'S CATCH 1924

commanded more respect and admiration than Chuck Hellman who now runs his own service station on Jersey Street in the St. Johns district. Although he was quite a mixer in the ring between 1921 and 1929, Chuck lived a clean life and never mingled with the outer fringe and hangers-on of the boxing game. He had more than 70 professional battles and while he depended on his science to win, he could throw punches with the best of them. His first manager was Jack Capri who later managed Ah Wing Lee, another St. Johns pugilist, and still later Nationalista, Ansell Bell, Doc Snell, Dixie LaHood, Johnny McCoy, world's flyweight champion, and many others. An interesting sidelight came before us. It was while he was fighting McCoy that Chuck's wife gave birth to a baby girl. Although he was only a flyweight he drew heavily each time he appeared and one gate amounted to more than \$9000 which was a record for that time. Tex Rickard, the famous promoter of world's championship bouts, listed Chuck as the seventh leading contender for the bantamweight title. His unmarked face today attest to his scientific ability in the ring. St. Johns is certainly proud to have Chuck listed among its businessmen".

Chuck and Nina were always active in their church work especially working with the young people. Chuck also belonged to the St. Johns Optimist Club as well as being a member of the E-Newsboys Association having distributed the Oregon Journal and The Oregonian in his younger days. He also worked with young fighters, helping them with his expertise. Chuck and Nina also enjoyed fishing and playing golf.

Chuck and Nina's last working years were as service station owners in St. Johns on N. Lombard and Charleston Avenue. They moved to Pacific City in 1976. In 1974, the family became aware that Chuck had Alzheimer's disease. It became necessary in 1982, for him to be placed in a number of Senior Citizen Homes. It was on May 15, 1986, that Chuck fell down a flight of stairs that made him bedfast until his death, August 8, 1986.

In February and March of 1990, Nina entered the hospital for tests. She was brought home a week before her death and her three daughters took care of her up until her death at 7:40 PM on March 21, 1990. She was a wonderful mother. All of her life she gave of herself to others without need for reward. She was known for her humor and zest for life.

Chuck and Nina were both hard workers. They were good parents as well as a friend to everyone. St. Johns people knew them well.

Chuck was not only the PRIDE OF ST. JOHNS but was called the HELL-MAN OF OREGON, as well as the uncrowned champion of the world - a tribute to a supportive wife, clean healthful living and trust in God.



1954 - HELLMAN'S GARAGE
Pictures courtesy of Lois Hellman Ross

THE HISTORY OF NORTHMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

In the summer of 1892, two young men from First Presbyterian Church helped start a Sunday School in the neighborhood known as Arbor Lodge. The first meetings were held Sunday afternoons in a grove of trees which is said to have been located just across Portland Boulevard from the present church. As the Fall rain arrived, the Lear family, one of the original eleven families, opened their home to the new Sunday School.

By 1910 the group was meeting upstairs in a store on the north corner of Greeley and Portland Boulevard, just east of the present chapel of 1997. The first chapel was built at the corner of Curtis and Bryant. It was the permanent church home for over a decade.

On April 23, 1911, the congregation was organized as Arbor Lodge Presbyterian Church by the Presbytery of Portland. There were 28 charter members. The Rev. John A. Townsend was installed as the first pastor on April 30th and served for about a year.

The church soon outgrew its little building and in 1924 began to rent Arbor Lodge Community Hall. Three years later they purchased the building which is the sanctuary and fellowship hall portion of the 1997 building. The name was changed to NORTHMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH in 1928.

Ground was broken for the addition to the building on the 40th Anniversary Celebration in April 1951. The completed building was dedicated on Easter in 1952.

Peggy Haub, pastor in 1997, is the 21st minister and first woman clergy to serve the congregation.

The church has celebrated its 85th anniversary. It is a small congregation, known as "the friendly family church" which is community minded. The building is used for service to: The International Learning Programs five days a week, Play Park for Children during the week, Weight Watchers and the Food Bank. The church also supports "The Habitat For Humanity", which is a duplex for two families.



NORTHMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - LOCATED ON PORTLAND BOULEVARD
NEAR GREELEY AND ATTENDED BY MANY N. PORTLAND RESIDENTS

Courtesy Of Church

V. J. "SKEE" LARSEN, ST. JOHNS HISTORIAN
More St. Johns Memories

I was born in Portland at what now is 34th and NE Fremont. When four years old the family moved via wagon to St. Johns, arriving in 1900. I remember the start of the trip, but not too much thereafter. However we probably came down 33rd to Portland Boulevard and thence to Willamette Boulevard as that route was one of the few open at that time.

The old family house, long since torn down, was situated at the corner of Edison and Philadelphia Streets. The folks owned the entire block.

Most of the town was located under the hill, although within a short time the trend was to get up closer to the new school as well as rail transportation. Highlights of this trend was the slow and tedious moving of two of the churches up the hill. I thought the contractor was never going to get finished with his task.

School days started for me at the old Central School in 1902 when there were only four rooms. School population kept increasing faster than the directors could build new additions, also the rooms were always overcrowded. After several two-room additions had been made the directors decided to build a one story frame shack. Upon completion about 1906 the pupils promptly nicknamed it the "Chicken Coop". My class was transferred into this building the first year of its occupation. Desks would sit two students, usually of the same sex. Ned Weiss was my desk partner during the year we were quartered there.

This frame building was set back quite a ways from Jersey Street, the back of it lay along what is now Charleston. It remained usable for a number of years and possibly wound up its days as a manual training center as I seem to recall.

Along about 1915 I worked at the Willamette Box and Lumber Company in the Linnton district. This was a box and shake plant with a good share of kiln-dried spruce being used. Walking the round trip, as well as crossing the river on the ferry meant over four miles traveled per day in addition to the ten hour shift which prevailed at that time. Pay was 20 cents per hour. This was considered better than average for manual labor in comparable industries. After a few months with those walking conditions, my new bike made connections with an earlier evening ferry much easier.

In 1916 I graduated from a bookkeeping course at the Holmes Business College, then reentered for a short stenographic course. One morning the owner as well as principal, a Mr. Coad, announced that due to financial difficulties the school would be discontinued, but those who wished to use the available facilities for the balance of the day would be welcome to do so. This announcement was a near calamity to me, others greeted it on the borderline of glee. Every student with one exception packed and soon left the building. The school had a three week prepayment of tuition from me so I decided with a bit of Swedish frugality and thrift, instilled since childhood, to remain as long as possible where I practiced in the typing room. Fate in no uncertain manner put her arms around me that day as along about 4 in the afternoon I was called to the phone. The result of this was that an office opening was available at the Oregon Transfer Company and I could report in the morning. The first year my duties were as stock clerk, the pay starting at \$45.00 per month. Promotion to bookkeeper came soon thereafter. This was a few years before problems incidental to income as well as

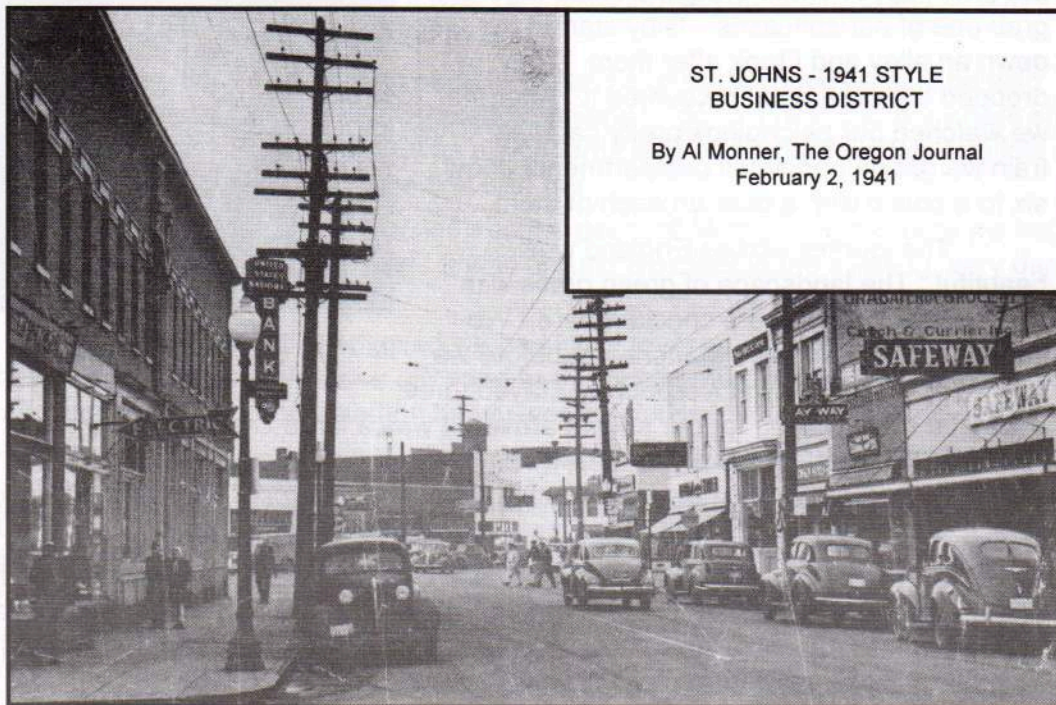
withholding taxes appeared to plague a bookkeeper, so that the position was relatively simple. This firm had been in business since around 1860. In the 1960's it rated as one of the largest on the coast. I left just before being inducted into the army in August 1918.

In 1920 I accepted a position with the Peninsula National Bank, then owned mostly by local residents. The President at that time was John N. Edlefsen. Several years later Thomas Autzen, a Director of the bank offered me an opportunity to become associated with him at the Portland Manufacturing Company. I entered his employ on August 22, 1922. The following February, Clara Cole, a coworker at the bank and I were married. The position with Mr. Autzen held for about nine years.

Next long time connection was with the Pacific Stoneware Company, potteryware makers since 1882, located in the Kenton district. This was interesting work as the company employed several skilled old fashioned hand turners each having about a half century of craftsmanship behind them. I never seemed to tire of watching them work with moist clay on the spinning wheel. During my ten years there this honored art, one of the worlds oldest, disappeared from the work bench, replaced with moulds and modern high speed production methods.

We moved to Crescent City after leaving the pottery. Interests are in the plywood industry. Our old home is still on Oswego Avenue.

"Skee" was a prolific writer for the St. Johns Review and carried on his love of history in joining The Crescent City Historical Society. Source: all stories used in this book were approved by daughter, Velma Larsen Wadsworth



ST. JOHNS - 1941 STYLE
BUSINESS DISTRICT

By Al Monner, The Oregon Journal
February 2, 1941

THE OLAF LIND FAMILY EMIGRATES TO AMERICA As remembered by son Thomas Antonio Lind (Scoot)

The Olaf Lind family, mother Olette Marin, and five children, Caroline 13 years, Thomas 11, Halvor 7, Donald 5, and Carl 3 years old arrived in St. Johns on October 3, 1907. The family left Norway on the first week in September 1907 on a small steamship named OSLO.

We pulled away from the pier at Kragero, Norway, around noontime. Our friends and relatives came to see us off some crying and others wishing us a nice trip.

It was a rough voyage across the North Sea. The waves smashed over the gunwales and one night I nearly got washed overboard when headed for the bathroom, located under the forecastle deck. When I was halfway across the deck, a large wave hit over the side and knocked me down. Luckily a sailor saw me, and ran and pulled me to safety. I got soaking wet!

After 2 1/2 days we landed in Hull, on the coast of England. We stayed there about one day waiting for a train to take us across England to Liverpool.

While waiting in line at a large mess hall to eat dinner, I noticed a couple of teenagers grab one of our suitcases. They started running down an alley and I took after them. They dropped the case and I recovered it. After that we watched our belongings pretty carefully. This train we got on had small compartments about six to a coach with a door on each of them.

The journey across England was beautiful. The landscape of green grass with rock fences looked like a checkerboard. We stayed at Sheffield, also Manchester before we arrived at Liverpool. In Liverpool we stayed three days at a hotel waiting for our ship to arrive. It was a large cruise ship named EMPRESS OF IRELAND.

When it put into port, they moved her into a big lock, like a dry-dock. Later, I knew why! A couple of hours later the tide went out of the sound and there was, as far as you could see, a mud flat at least a mile beyond. We got aboard that evening and the next morning when the tide was in, we sailed away through the Irish Sea, headed for the Atlantic Ocean. We had our smallpox shots which were required and had the usual life boat drills with life jackets on.



OLETTE MARIN LIND



OLAF THEODOR LIND

Around Newfoundland, it was very foggy. The ship's whistle blew continuously. We lost a passenger who jumped overboard. The ship slowed down nearly to a stop. The ship quivered. I ran up to the top deck to see what was wrong. I thought we had hit an iceberg. There were several of them around. Then a life boat was lowered and they cruised around for about an hour, but all they found was a stovepipe hat that the man had worn!

My sister, Caroline, was sick nearly every day across the sea. We arrived in Quebec, Canada after about eight days of "smooth" sailing. Going up the St. Lawrence River with beautiful scenery along the banks and green hills with several forests, we passed several ships and fishing boats along the way.

We landed at the dock in Quebec around 9 AM. We had dinner there and then we had to travel through a covered dock for about half a mile long, it seemed. How do I know? Because my brother, Halvor, had broken out with four large boils on his stomach. He couldn't walk, so I carried him on my back to the train. There was fear, because of his illness, we couldn't emigrate.

We got aboard the Canadian Pacific train. It was quite a relief to get away from rolling and bouncing movements of the ship. The seats on this train were corrugated hard wood seats, very hard when sitting on them any length of time. We arrived in Winnipeg, Canada on the morning of the third day.

Mother met a Norwegian lady from Seattle so they went shopping up town while all of us kids waited at the depot. Halvor, who wasn't feeling well, got worried when the train dispatcher kept yelling the names of different trains that had arrived and pulled out. He started crying thinking the train was going on without us. A big policeman sat down with him to console and comfort him. He gave Halvor an old pocket knife. About that time, Mother and her friend arrived with candy and cookies. Everybody was happy!

On the train, they had a large coal burning stove range where you could cook a pot of coffee, but at mealtimes it was very crowded so you couldn't get close to it. We ate plenty of bread and canned food.

Mother was very brave to be able to handle all of us youngsters. She also was very homesick, leaving her beloved homeland to go to a new country where she couldn't speak any English. She was a wonderful lady and a hard worker with lots of spunk. Her children always came first with her.

In a couple of days, we pulled into the depot at Medicine Hat, where we had to change trains the next morning. It was around 8 o'clock in the evening, very dark and cold.

The hotel was all filled up so we had to try to sleep in the depot that night. They had a large potbelly stove attended to by a watchman who kept it filled with big chunks of coal. Luckily we had on heavy woolen clothes.

Next morning our train headed for British Columbia. We had a rough time along the way to find groceries as most places we stopped had only lunch counters. At one of the places, Mother and I got off to try and locate some groceries. The same thing- a lunch counter only but run by Chinese help. The "coolies" were dressed in Chinese clothing with little black hats and long queue down their backs. Mother and I were amazed since these were the first Chinese we had ever seen. We had a cup of coffee and pointed at a loaf of bread which we received after a lot of chattering by the "coolies".

It was a beautiful country. We saw many lakes with Indians camped along the shoreline. There were many wigwams set up nearby. Some of the Indians were fishing and others just sat around the campfire. It was very cold and dark when we traveled through the Rockies. The railroad in some places had snow sheds covering their tracks.

At midnight we landed at Golden, BC, a border town, to let off some passengers. The next morning we landed at Vancouver, BC. About noon we got on a train headed south which had very nice seats covered with red velvet and were very soft.

During our trip a man volunteered to open a can of salmon. The knife slipped and he cut his hand pretty badly. We all felt sorry for him but he laughed it off.

We crossed the border and stopped at Seattle. The Norwegian lady from Seattle got off there and said goodbye. She wished us lots of happiness in our new home. We arrived in Kalama, Washington around 8 o'clock in the evening where a railroad ferry was moored. They started to load the coaches one by one until they had four on the ferry. We crossed the Columbia River and landed at Goble, Oregon where they assembled the train again. In those days there were no bridges across the river.

We arrived at Portland Union Station around midnight. We sure were happy when we spotted our Father in the crowd who met us with a big smile and hugged us all. The restaurants were all closed so Dad bought us a big red apple as large as a cantaloupe.

We stayed at the Union Hotel on 6th Street that night. Next morning we ate breakfast close by and it sure felt good to have a decent meal after living on canned stuff and bread during our train ride.

Then Dad took us uptown to 3rd Street where we boarded a St. Johns street car. It took us about an hour to get to Jersey and Fessenden Streets during the ride out. The motor man would blow his air whistle at every station along the way. Oh, yes, we saw they were scooping up dirt at the railroad cut which was only about twelve feet deep then. They had a trestle at east St. Johns where we crossed over.

After we left the street car, we started walking toward Marin Nelson's home on Edison Street near Catlin. It sure was hot. Around 70° and we still had on our woolen clothes. It was a dusty road all the way.

Mrs. Nelson had a big dinner waiting for us. Clara, Norman and Minnie, their children, were very glad to see us. It was a wonderful dinner, everything was delicious, except they had ripe tomatoes. I tried one, the first tomato we had ever seen or heard of as Norway didn't grow any at that time. They had a bitter taste to me. After dinner, we started walking to our new home on Tioga Street where Dad had it all furnished for us. That house is still there. (1997)

This story was written by Thomas "Scoot" Lind a few years before his death.

LOOMIS FAMILY THREADS By Lance D. Loomis

One of the earliest pioneers to homestead in the St. Johns area was James Loomis and his family. James was a descendant of Joseph Loomis of Braintree, Essex County, England who also was a pioneer to the New World when he left England in 1638 and established a homestead (believed to be the oldest still standing in the U.S.) in Windsor, Connecticut. James was born to Benjamin and Martha (Denslow) Loomis in western New York in 1813. In 1833 at the age of 20 he married his wife, Sarah, in Erie County, Pennsylvania.

James moved to Missouri to farm and begin raising his family. Still, his restless spirit was looking for better opportunities and in the spring, 1844 he set out for the Oregon Territory to seek a new home. He arrived with his family in the Northwest by September 1, 1844, and by May 1, 1846, had possession of 640 acres of land which was to become the James Loomis Donation Land Claim, along the east side of the Willamette River. He was the first pioneer to secure his claim in the area that was to become the town of St. Johns.

The Donation Land Law of 1850 provided that any male American citizen over eighteen years of age who settled in Oregon before December, 1850, would be entitled to receive 320 acres of land. Further, his wife would be entitled to 320 acres as well. To qualify for ownership, he had to show proof that he had cultivated his claim for four years. Any settler arriving in the Oregon Territory from December, 1850, to December, 1855 and was at least 21 years of age would receive 160 acres from the Government.

The following Pioneers secured their claims soon after - William Caples (November 26, 1850), Frederick Ramsey (March 8, 1851), Daniel Southmayde (November 29, 1851), Cuthbert Stump (October 31, 1852), William Gatton (May 16, 1853), and James John (November 15, 1853).

In mid October of 1854, James traveled to Salem to make his claim on the property upon which he had settled. Later that month he returned to Salem accompanied by his neighbors, James John and Frederick H. Ramsey to give witness to that claim. Using today's landmarks the Loomis claim was bordered on the south by north St. Johns Avenue to the east boundary of Pier Park, north to the Columbia Slough, then west along a line about even with Burgard Street to the Willamette River - the west boundary being the Willamette River.

James belonged to the Masonic order, the symbol of which was prominently displayed on his headstone which has disappeared without trace. Only several photos remain showing the stone above James' grave in the now extinct Loomis cemetery. He performed several marriages, as a Justice of the Peace, between some of St. Johns' earliest settlers.

By 1859 the pioneering life finally took its' toll and James Loomis passed away on January 20th. His wife, Sarah, continued to handle the Loomis claim and raise her family until her passing on April 6, 1879. Some forty acres or so at the northeast corner of the claim was either given or purchased in the early years to nearby neighbors or to new settlers coming into the territory. Several of these were William Gatton, Perry Baker, Thomas Carter, Ellis Walker, G. W. Fuller, James F. Bybee and F. H. Ramsey.

James had at least eight children, several of which preceded him in death. The children of James were Mariah Jane, Christopher, Clarissa, James Albert, Albert, Edward and Charles.

One of the daughters, Mariah Jane Loomis, married Francis W. Ward on the 5th of February, 1852 and together they staked out a claim in Cowlitz County in Washington Territory on August 10th, 1853. However, tragedy struck on September 17, 1853, when Francis fell into the Columbia River and drowned while riding in a small boat heading to Portland. Mariah was pregnant at this time and gave birth on November 28, 1853 to Sarah Ellen Ward. A year later, Mariah married Perry G. Baker on January 11, 1855. Mariah Jane and Perry G. Baker are buried in Riverview Cemetery.

One of the sons of James, James Albert Loomis, married the stout but attractive Rivanna Stump, daughter of nearby neighbors, Cuthbert and Pelina Yokum Stump, who had come out to stake their claim in 1851 from Hardy County, Virginia, by way of Missouri where Rivanna was born. James Albert and Rivanna soon had a family and sought their own piece of property. They moved south to the Jacksonville area, just west of Medford. Their family included sons and daughters, Edward Christopher, James, Lucy, Rivanna, Marvilla, Olive and Russell. Just how long they stayed in this area is unclear. However, their son, Edward Christopher Loomis, who was born in St. Johns on July 12, 1865, returned to his grandparents farm in the 1880's and from there entered into steam boating in 1884.

Edward was a Master of the steamers "Iralda", "Manzanillo" and the "City of Frankfort" plying the waters of the Willamette and Columbia. He continued his career at sea as Mate, Master and Pilot sailing throughout their world and working the paddle wheelers on the Yukon River in the 1890's and early 1900's.

Edward Christopher Loomis married Helen Englebert of Portland, the daughter of John and Helene (Tuschenbonner) Englebert. In 1903 he picked up his small family and moved to Seattle, Washington where many of his descendants live today, 1997. He retired in December 1928, and passed away in Redmond, Washington in January 1947.

Author's photos



RIVANNA STUMP LOOMIS BORN CIRCA 1845 IN MISSOURI, WIFE OF JAMES ALBERT LOOMIS



EDWARD C. LOOMIS, HELEN E. LOOMIS, SON MARTIN E., DAUGHTER GERTRUDE

THE GEORGE WEBSTER MUNSON FAMILY By Gerry Munson Skene

George Webster Munson was born in St. Johns, Michigan, on August 29, 1876. Leota May Knickerbocker was born in Ithaca, Michigan, on September 23, 1884 and they were married on November 2, 1904 in her hometown.

Then George Munson responded to a request to accept the position of Superintendent at the Peninsula Iron Works in St. Johns so they moved to Oregon in 1906, leaving every person they knew. He was intrigued by the move to St. Johns, Oregon which had the same name as his birthplace! This was very hard on Leota as she was a true lady and very shy, but George loved it as he was very outgoing and it was easy for him to get acquainted with everyone.

During his work at Peninsula Iron Works he was instrumental in designing and building the machinery for Aerial Dam and also Cascade Locks. It always was a great outing for the family when he had to drive to both locations to check on their progress on Sundays.

Their family consisted of:

Madeline Mozelle born on February 2, 1908

Barbara Constance born on August 1, 1910

Wilder born on August 24, 1919

Geraldine Joy (Dede) born on May 16, 1922

Lewis Wallace born on April 10, 1925

George not only worked ten hours a days, six days a week but also put in a huge garden in an area where five houses were later built. He also put in a Bing cherry tree, Bartlett pear, huge apple tree, Italian Plum tree, Quince tree, three walnut trees and a grape arbor so there was no end of fruit and nuts. He also had chickens and a Jersey cow which he milked daily, having enough milk for the entire family plus enough milk, fruits and vegetables for needy neighbors, putting them on their porches at night when they couldn't see him.

Often on Saturday nights he would play the piano, violin and harmonica at the dances at the Odd Fellows Lodge.

He truly loved Portland and Oregon and would always take the family to the Rose Parade and the Electric Parade during the Rose Festival in June. His favorite drives were up the Columbia Gorge to the Vista House and all the Falls up to Multnomah and also around Mt. Hood loop. He also loved to drive to the Coast, always taking the family on rides that weather permitted, taking along blankets to keep everyone warm since the car was a Ford Touring car. Sunday nights were enjoyed by his popping huge pans of popcorn for family and guests, especially when the Boomsluiters visited!

One of his favorite community contributions was attending the City Council Meetings and the greatest of all being on the committee with Edward F. Doyle and Thomas Autzen when they approved the building of the St. Johns Bridge. He and Mr. Doyle wanted the tunnel through the Linnton side but was voted down. However, he died in a diabetic coma before the bridge was completed at the age of one month less than 50 years in June 1927.

Madeline attended Whitman College at Walla Walla, Washington, on scholarships which were extended for two additional years due to her top grades. Unfortunately when their father died, her plans changed. She went to Behnke Walker Business College and after completion of her courses, she went to work for Dan Malarkey, one of the top attorneys in Portland and Oregon, and Karl Herbring for about forty years. Upon their deaths she went to work for the Federal Fish and Game Commission at Lloyd Center, receiving a grade of 100 in her federal test. She passed away July 29, 1984.

Barbara married George Wray, a Coast Guard Officer from Edinburgh, Scotland. After his retirement, he was a Superintendent in the Albina Shipyard and was the Worthy Patron of Doric Masonic Lodge in St. Johns. They eventually moved to Bremerton, Washington with their two sons, George and Michael, where he worked in that shipyard as a Superintendent. He preceded her in death and Barbara passed away September 25, 1980.

Wilder drowned on May 30, 1930, at age 9, which was a terrible loss to everyone in the entire family.

Geraldine J. Munson worked as a secretary for Edward Doyle, marrying Quentin H. Skene, also a Scotsman, from Boston, Massachusetts. After losing her husband and two little daughters, Deborah - 5 years old, and Rebecca - 17 months - in a car accident, she went to work for Portland Public Schools to support her son, Stephan H. Skene, 8 years old. She is now retired.

Lewis Wallace Munson, worked for various hotel supply and hardware companies. He had two sons, Timothy who lives in Hawaii and Ralph who still lives in St. Johns. Lewis (Bud) passed away September 27, 1969 from a heart attack as the result of diabetes.

Leota Munson passed away on August 25, 1975.

Gerry is a member of the St. Johns Heritage Association, as was Madeline previous to her death, and both walked with pride up the same steps of St. Johns City Hall as their father, George Munson did when he served on various committees and occasions throughout his life.



SPANNING THE TIMES By Lucille Lindstrom

My dad, Emil Peterson as a young man first came to the United States in a sailing ship, (like the picture on the following page) to Portland Harbor. He sailed the North and Baltic Seas from Kalmar, Sweden, where he was born in 1879, to Portland Harbor where he jumped ship in 1902.

The story of his experiences on sailing ships at the hands of crimps and boarding masters in Portland Harbor, and as a man along the shore in pre-union days sounds like something out of Eugene O'Neill or Jack London! He recalled hitting ice in the Bering Sea and floating in the ice for a whole month and the biting wind coming around the Horn on his first voyage to the United States - two weeks to round the Horn - 136 days from Hamburg, Germany - to Portland on a windjammer ship. He fell in love and married Emma Binger, and they had me, Lucille.

Daddy worked in the St. John's saw mills and later worked as a longshoreman loading and unloading ships. He loaded sacked wheat by hand onto sailing ships, lumber from sleds pulled along the sawmill docks by horses and unloaded coal. It was hard work and long hours in those days before containers and the union. He said the union was the best thing going and we didn't lose any strikes under Bridges, president of ILWU. Daddy attended regular monthly meetings and important meetings and was always there when called for picket duty or to march on Bloody Thursday - fellow workers say. He was a veteran of the historic 34, 36, 46 and 48 strikes while waiting for ships and work .

Memories of growing up in Portsmouth and St. Johns are precious and dear. We lived in a stone house still standing in 1997 on Bowdoin Street between the Hat and Blanding families. My playmates across the street were Jesslyn and Roland Riffel, Janet Anderson and Helen Kelly on Portsmouth. I went to Portsmouth School. It was a wooden structure then. Mr. Perry was the principal, and the playgrounds were on Lombard where carnivals were held in the evening. Across the street was the Crest Theater where the cashier lady played the piano to silent movies. Down the street Marcel's Indian girl was circled in rattle snakes, an attraction for her dad to sell his snake oil tonic.

I met my husband, Hjalmar John Lindstrom soon after the completion of the St. Johns Bridge. His father, Tony Lindstrom, was involved in building the St. Johns east approach decks and sidewalks starting January 29, 1931 and completed them April 29, 1931. Their names of Lindstrom and Fiegason are on a plaque near the center of the St. Johns Bridge. The entries for the Rose Festival Grand Floral Parade were the first to cross the new St. Johns Bridge in June 1931.

Soon after we married in 1935 and drove on our honeymoon to Waldport, Oregon where Lindstrom and Fiegason were building the Waldport Bridge, one of the five coastal bridges being built at that time. The others were: Yaquina Bay, Suislaw Bay, Umpqua and Coos Bay. Crossing those waters was accomplished by ferries instead of bridges to fill the gaps in Highway 101. It was not uncommon to wait up to four hours for a ferry to cross Alsea Bay to Waldport.

THE "SHIRLEE ANN" MEMORIAL AND TRUST FUND

A 40 year old tragedy continues to be the basic inspiration for local support of the "Shirlee Ann", an Emergency Rescue Vehicle based at Fire Bureau Station 22 in St. Johns. In 1955 on the day before her first birthday a little girl named Shirlee Ann Howell choked to death on a grape. Efforts by firemen and police failed to save her. She died enroute to the hospital. At the time the nearest resuscitator was located downtown. The firemen felt this child's life might have been saved with an inhalator-respirator.

When the facts were related to Mrs. Victor Van Alstine she began the ground work for a community project which she hoped would save time and possibly lives. At the same time the child's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Howell, were determined to begin a community project to raise funds for an emergency hospital in the community. The two women contacted local firemen who talked with Fire Chief Boatright. He approved the project and listed the cost of the basic equipment at \$800.

Mrs. Van Alstine and Mrs. Howell wrote to Commissioner Stanley Earl to ask that the City "man and maintain" the equipment after the funds were raised. Commissioner Earl was aware of the inadequacy of emergency equipment in the north district and promised the project 100% backing. He met with the two women and reporters from both daily newspapers (the Oregon Journal, now defunct, and the Oregonian). The letter was presented at a board meeting and approved. Commissioner Earl added, however, that he hoped the fund would extend to the cost of a fully equipped emergency first aid car.

This meeting was followed by a January 30, 1955 St. Johns Review article by Jewel Sundquist, detailing the background of the need for a first aid vehicle and the meeting with City officials. Cooperation in fund raising was requested from civic clubs, fraternal clubs, lodges, PTA organizations, churches, the Community Club and others.

In three months the "Resuscitator Fund" had reached the \$1,000.00 mark. Donations came from widely diverse sources: St. Johns Auto Parts, Skyline American Legion, Portsmouth Motor Company, Fred Bauer Chevrolet, Portland Manufacturing Company, George School PTA (and all other schools' PTAS's), Rebekah Lodge, Pay-N-Takit, Wonder Bakery, Plywood Veneer Workers Local 2531, Oregon Grape Circle, Pythian Sisters, Assumption School, Steinfelds, Sunshine Seekers Garden Club, Peninsula-St. Johns Merchants Committee, Boy Scouts Contribution Project, Mrs. Howell, Carpenters and Joiners of America #583, Linnton Plywood, Mrs. Wright's Ta Shuto Group, Trail Seekers Campfire, 4-H Clubs and many private individuals.

Local talent performed at a "Resuscitator Fund" benefit sponsored by American Legion Post #98, held at James John School. Entertainers included Wes Fenning and his Wood Shed 6, Virginia "Becker" Nolan, dancer and singer who recently returned from Hollywood, Irene Swanson and Viola Hawks in duet vocals, Elmer Luse, talented violinist, Tootsie Haner Reiner, professional soloist, boy's ensemble from Roosevelt High School, Celia Burley, her magic piano and talented dancers from Burley School of Dance, Geraldine Sothern and Jean Hanson with several vocal selections, and the comical 98er hot shot band of the American Legion Auxiliary.

Wonderful fishing up the Alsea River, blackberry picking and raking in crabs from under the bridge. We lived there until the Waldport Bridge was completed in 1936.

I followed my husband around his construction work and at Bonneville Dam, elder Tony Lindstrom died. His two sons took over their fathers company and named it Lindstrom Brothers Construction Company. Their firm helped build the Portland Art Museum and last but not least, installed the Battleship Oregon mast in Tom McCall Waterfront Park.



SHIPS SIMILAR TO ONE EMIL PETERSON TRAVELED ON TO THE UNITED STATES
Source Lucille Peterson Lindstrom

THE STEINFELD FAMILY Submitted By Ray Steinfeld, Sr.

The Steinfeld family has been associated with Portland for over seventy-five years. European immigrants Henry and Barbara Steinfeld were wed in Winnipeg, Canada in 1909 and honeymooned in Portland. The newlyweds were so taken by the Rose City they moved here in 1909. The vegetables grown on the Steinfeld's North Portland family farm were sold in the old, fragrant Farmers' Market along Southwest Yamhill Street until a surplus remained of cucumbers and cabbages in 1922.

With the surplus vegetables and some recipes she had brought with her from Canada, Mrs. Steinfeld and her daughter, Elsie, made two 48 gallon wooden crocks of pickles and one of sauerkraut in the back of the family garage. Introduced downtown, the Steinfelds' pickles and sauerkraut immediately caught the fancy of Farmers' Market shoppers.

The Steinfelds' pickling business grew up around their home in St. Johns on North Allegheny. Sons Victor and Raymond grew up with it. They began working when they were old enough to pull weeds, and later lugged 200-pound sacks of cucumbers to the 5,000-gallon vats. Years later, after their father retired from the business in 1942, the two sons' intimate knowledge of the entire process made the family business what it is today in 1997.

In 1951 the company bought a Scappoose, Oregon, plant that was transformed into Steinfeld's major sauerkraut facility. The site is one of the most modern manufacturing operations handling sauerkraut, relying on state-of-the-art equipment.

Steinfeld's Products Company experienced continual growth throughout the years in spite of a disastrous fire in 1978 which destroyed the St. Johns facility. The company rose from the ashes the following year when a manufacturing plant was dedicated in South Rivergate Industrial Area in St. Johns.

Their experimenting with cucumbers and cabbages grew to become Steinfeld's "Western Acres" Products, and is the only major sauerkraut packer west of the Mississippi producing more than 8,000 tons a year. However, cabbage for sauerkraut is only a part of the forty-five million pounds of locally grown cucumbers, cauliflower, and other vegetable products Steinfeld's ships annually throughout the West, around the Pacific Rim, and to the Middle East.

They pride themselves in blending improved technology and equipment with the old, proven methods of processing. It continues to make genuine dill pickles cured the old fashioned, natural way, using good local produce and fresh spices, the way Mrs. Steinfeld did in 1922.

Ninety percent of the vegetables used by Steinfeld's are grown within a thirty-two mile radius of its two Portland-area plants. Over \$2.5 million in vegetables were purchased from the local agricultural community in 1984. They are one of the nation's few family-held pickle-producing companies able to boast of growing with the community. Third-generation of Steinfelds who are active in the company are Richard, Ray Jr., James and Jane. Steinfeld's extends beyond the immediate family. Many of the

firm's dedicated employees have worked over twenty-five years for Steinfeld's. In fact, three generations of other families have been employed, making Steinfeld's a truly Oregon family business.

Ray Steinfeld, Sr. died October 26, 1996 prior to the publication of this book.



STEINFELD'S PROMOTIONAL ADVERTISEMENT Submitted by author, Ray Steinfeld, Sr.



STEINFELD'S PRODUCE AT YAMHILL MARKET DOWNTOWN PORTLAND

MRS. GERTRUDE TOWER, JEWELER
Interviewed by Skee Larsen in 1956

Mrs. Tower was born in Lincoln Center, Kansas in 1875. At the age of five, her family set out for the Oregon Country in two covered wagons. One rig housed the family, while the other transported the belongings. In recalling the trip, much of it on foot so as to ease the exertions of the horses and mules, she said "Dad hid the \$2000.00 in cash which he got from the sale of our Kansas home in one of the feather mattresses where it remained till we arrived in Oregon. A number of times hostile Indians would circle the twenty-four wagons in the train making all sorts of hostile gestures, but there was no real warfare. We ran into evidence where earlier emigrants were less lucky than our group such as marked trails leading to graves of massacre spots. There were moments when most of us were nervous or worried, however, other than a slow three months journey we got along fine, arriving at Halsey in the summer of 1880. My parents remained there but three months, then took up permanent residence in the Lebanon area."

"One of my first early business connections came at the turn of the century when I spent a year in San Francisco employed by the pioneer Gump Department Store. I have always loved San Francisco, but the lure of the green northwest was too much, and I returned to Portland where for a year I worked for a photographer, with this background I later affiliated with Meier and Frank's store, taking charge of their expanding picture department. My stand was near the main entrance which enabled me during the seven years there to observe a great number of people, and also many fine friends."

"Shortly before leaving this work Mr. W. M. Tower and I were married in 1908. We moved to St. Johns buying Butterworth's jewelry store which was in what was then the Bickner Building, later remodeled by the new owner, St. Johns Hardware Company. We shared the ground floor with two other occupants - a drug store and the hardware store. (Mr. Butterworth was mysteriously shot to death near his home and this mystery was never solved!) Our office was up in front facing the street. Store hours were unending, unbelievably long in those early days. Our work week, a six day schedule ran from 8 AM till 9 PM. Business houses universally accepted these conditions. Merchants occasionally wanting a shorter shift would usually hire relief help, but those were exceptions."

"Our store was the gathering place of many of the town folks where we would help them plan parties, boat trips on the river, dances and all the other social activities of a growing community. Among the happy hours were those when a group descended on the store near quitting time just as we were about to close and get out to dinner. We'd lock the front door, postpone dinner and in spirit with the evening, fashion a party of some sort."

"Looking back on over forty years in the jewelry profession, all of it in St. Johns, leads to the conclusion that it is one of the most interesting in the world. Its showcases offer symbols of love and affection seldom found elsewhere. The luster of an engagement ring, the sacredness surrounding the wedding symbol, mark with warmth and friendliness those who labor in the jewelry field."

"Mr. Tower died in 1945 and I ran the store until 1951 at which time I moved to Lebanon to be by my sisters. We became famous as "The Three Sisters". The notoriety probably was from our youthful vigor and age."

ARMSTRONG FAMILY COMES TO ST. JOHNS By June Cusic

Richard Earl Armstrong was born February 19, 1890 in Cozad, Nebraska and his wife, Nellie G. Early, born January 10, 1893 in Roscoe, Illinois. Their families migrated to the West to settle in St. Johns, Oregon in 1904 and 1906.

Loretta Armstrong, Dick's mother, worked in the St. Johns Telephone office, as a night operator. That office was located where the PNB office is presently located between Richmond and Charleston on Lombard (formerly Jersey Street). Nellie found work there in 1911 and worked until she was 24 when she and Dick were married in 1917.

They lived with Dick's mother, Loretta, on Mohawk Street where their daughter, June Lorraine Armstrong was born June 2, 1919. They bought a corner lot on Richmond and Central Avenue and Dick built a house. June was their only child and attended the old Central School which later was called the Williams School. Nellie and Dick also attended that school.

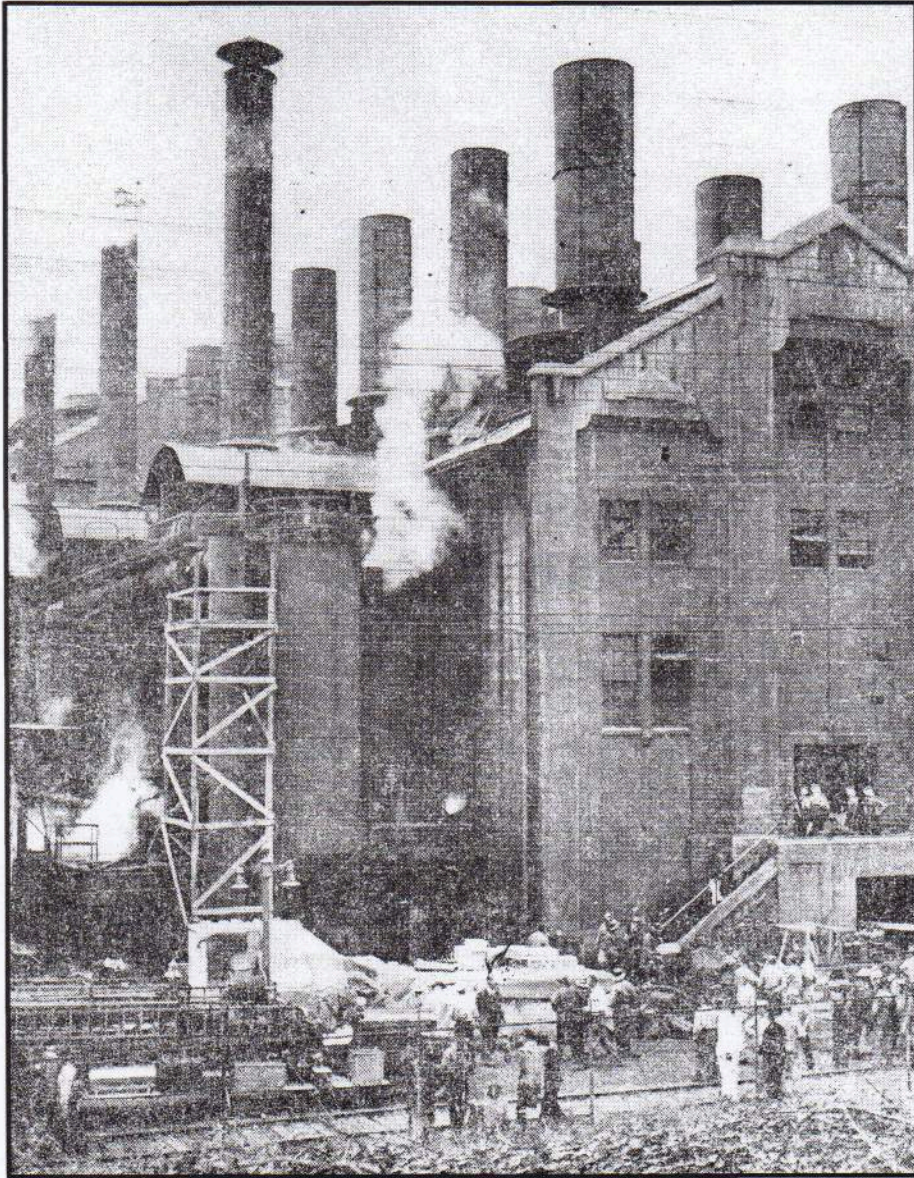
Dick worked as a young fellow at the Oregon Woolen Mill where his father was superintendent. He could up-grade his wages by moving on to the St. Johns Lumber Company and on to the Gas Company across the Willamette River, riding the ferry each way to work. He rode a motorcycle with a gas light on the front for light. When WWI was declared he went to work at the Grant Smith & Porter Shipyard learning the blacksmith trade and stayed with the shipyard for the duration of the war. He then went to Terminal #4 in St. Johns, where he worked for 25 years as a millwright.

He retired in 1941 and bought a ranch east of Vancouver, Washington in Clark County. To start with he finished a new house, garage and well house. He bought cattle and had a dairy. He was an organic farmer and gardener. They had their own timber for fuel, later discontinued the dairy and raised registered Palomino horses. He broke the colts and rode horseback every day, the love of his life. They prized their garden and flowers and were known throughout the County for them.

At age 76 for Nellie and 79 for Dick, he decided to retire again and they moved back to St. Johns and found a home on N. Mohawk Avenue that had been built by Ada and Reuben Pischer, long time residents of St. Johns, their friends. Mohawk Avenue was familiar to them and they felt at home. This was 1969. He started another garden and worked with that until he was 95 years old.

He passed away May 31, 1987 at 97 years of age. Nellie lived on another four and one half years and passed away January 10, 1992 at 99 years of age. Their daughter June lived with them for a number of years taking care of them to the end. She is presently living in the home they left her on Mohawk Avenue. They were laid to rest in the Columbia Cemetery near many friends of the past.





THE PORTLAND GAS AND COKE COMPANY ACROSS THE ST. JOHNS BRIDGE FROM DOWNTOWN ST. JOHNS. THIRTEEN PERSONS WERE INJURED WHEN AN EMPLOYEE OPENED THE WRONG VALVE WHICH CAUSED THE BRIEF FIRE IN THE GENERATORS.

Source - The Oregonian September 3, 1947