

## FORWARD

This is the fourth in a series of issues published by the St. Johns Heritage Association. The first issue was entitled "St. Johns History" and was numbered "Bicentennial First Issue". The second issue was entitled "St. Johns History" and included the notes "Bicentennial Issue, Corrected and Enlarged". The third issue was entitled "St. Johns Heritage Association" and was numbered "Fourth Edition, First Printing". Unfortunately these issues had different titles and were not dated, and the third issue was numbered out of sequence. Further, the note on the second issue could be misleading. Because the second issue does not contain about 15 pages of material included in the first issue, the second issue, should not be considered to be a replacement for the first issue as the note may indicate.

To provide order and continuity to all issues of this serial publication, the Association has adopted the title of "St. Johns Heritage" for this and future issues. As this is the fourth issue, it numbered Vol. 4 as shown at the top of this page. Future issues also will be dated. The Heritage Association suggest that the previous three issues be considered to be volumes 1, 2, and 3 of this continuing series in the order presented above.

Copyright 1990 St. Johns Heritage association  
7224 N Washburne Ave. Portland, Oregon 97217  
Helen Miles, President.

St. JOHNS HERITAGE ASSOCIATION  
May 1990

OFFICERS

President	Mrs George W. Miles (Helen) 285-2645
Treasurer	Mrs. Robert Evans (Florence) 286-1184
Secretary	Mr. Donald Ball
Corresponding Secretary	Mrs. Lucille Lindstrom

DIRECTORS

Mrs. Lawrence Austad (Esther)  
Mrs. George Doty (Angie)  
Mrs. Elsie Norris  
Mr. Louis Stone  
Mr. Heber Heine

Museum Co-ordinator                      Mr. George Doty

The St, Johns Heritage Association is a non-profit organization affiliated with the Oregon Historical Society. All funds received from the sale of this book will be used toward a future book and furthering of our plans for the museum.

Although efforts have been made to authenticate information contained in this volume, the St. Johns Heritage Association is not responsible for inadvertent distortion of events, facts or figures by the various writers.

We are interested in receiving, for storage within the archives of the museum, historical photographs, artifacts and information of the St. Johns and the adjacent surrounding areas.

St. Johns Heritage Association

## INTRODUCTION

Researching and writing for this book has been done entirely by amateurs interested in the preservation of the history of this area. Special credit should be given to many who spent countless hours on the endeavor.

Helen Miles, President of the St. Johns Heritage Association, was general chairman and coordinator of the entire effort. She opened her home to board members for meetings to arrange material, choose pictures and make decisions on the compilation of the book.

Special appreciation goes to Heber Heine for providing outstanding art work depicting St. Johns History as seen on the front and back cover of this book, and reproductions, from the original, of other drawings in the book.

Our thanks to Mr. Ron Linder of Printing Sales-Service who gave generously of his time and advised us on printing and picture selection insofar as they applied to the printing process.

Special thanks to Don Ball for writing the personal vignette on Dick Crouchley whose presence is very much missed.

To Elsie Norris and Florence Evans for many extra hours of assistance, and so dependable when called upon for help, on short notice.

To the St. Johns Heritage Association Committee members who donated much time and effort to the completion of this publication:

Thomas A. Lind	-----	Historical consultant, research and writing.
Florence Evans	-----	Research, writing, committee.
George Doty	-----	Research, writing, committee.
Angeline Doty	-----	Research, writing, committee.
Elsie Norris	-----	Research, writing, committee.
Donald Ball	-----	Research, writing, committee.
Heber Heine	-----	Research, writing, committee.
Lucille Lindstrom	--	Writing, committee.
Louis Stone	-----	Writing, committee.
Helen Miles	-----	Research, writing, committee.

\*\*\*\*\*



Richard H. Crouchley

## DEDICATION

This publication is dedicated to the memory of Richard H. Crouchley.

James Crouchley, the grandfather of Richard, established a plumbing business in St. Johns in 1906. James's son Roy bought a building in 1918. The building is a historical landmark of St. Johns. Crouchley's Plumbing Co. of 1990 is housed in the original building located at 8717 N. Lombard St.

Richard H. Crouchley was born July 8, 1925. He attended Sitton and James John grade schools and graduated from Roosevelt High School. In 1943 Mr. Crouchley entered the United States Navy. After World War II he returned to Oregon and St. Johns. He bought the family building and plumbing business in 1948. He and his wife Patricia restored and remodeled the premises, adding a storage building and company parking compound. Mr. Crouchley ran the business until 1985 when he was forced to retire due to a health problem.

Mr. Crouchley had an intense interest in art, archeology, community issues, the environment, sports, and local history. He actively participated in the Oregon Archeological Society as a Charter member. As a rock hound he and his wife Pat traveled throughout the Western States in search of specimens. They also collected and mounted an excellent number of Native American arrowheads found around Indian camps in St. Johns, Sauvies Island and Eastern Oregon.

As a member of the Board of Directors of the St. Johns Heritage Association he regularly attended Board meetings. He contributed his work skills to the Association by contributing his labor to numerous projects. Examples are the installation of the Museum display cases and the walled mountings of the Freedom Shrine Documents. Similar jobs were accomplished with a cheerful attitude and a willingness to get whatever needed to be accomplished in a satisfactory manner. This same enthusiasm was demonstrated during his membership in the Sauvies Island Post of the American Legion, the Bachelors Club, Historic Preservation League, Doric Masonic Lodge and Artists Association 132.

In his early days he enjoyed hunting. As time marched on he became an avid fisherman. His observations of nature and wildlife sparked a deep concern for native wildlife habitat. He was particularly concerned about the effect of industrial pollutants upon the air and water. He attended numerous community meetings that concerned the clean up of the St. Johns area. Mr. Crouchley's death March 27, 1988 was a loss to the community. The memory of what the man stood for is an immeasurable asset.

Donald L. Ball

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Stories only

THE BELL	Page 1
HOWARD BENDER'S FAMILY HISTORY	Page 3
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	Page 5
ELIZABETH HUFF BYARS	Page 7
CATHEDRAL PARK	Page 9
CHILDHOOD MEMORIES	Page 11
THE OLD CLAREMONT TAVERN	Page 13
MAYOR C. C. COUCH	Page 15
LEE DENTON -- RACONTEUR	Page 17
GROWING UP IN EAST ST. JOHNS	Page 19
HANK'S STORE	Page 23
ST JOHN'S HARDWARE, INC.	Page 25
HENRY JOWER -- ST. JOHNS MERCHANT	Page 27
THE CHENEY HOUSE	Page 29
I REMEMBER KIDS	Page 31
THE LARSEN FAMILY	Page 35
LIFE IN ST. Johns	Page 37
A LIFETIME OF FRIENDSHIP	Page 39
A LETTER FROM OREGON IN 1856	Page 41
A MERGER OF FAMILIES	Page 43
OLD TIMERS OF ST. JOHNS	Page 45
THE PRESIDENTS' HOUSE	Page 47
REFUELING STERNWHEELERS	Page 49
MRS. SHAW -- A ST. JOHNS LEGEND	Page 51
ST. JOHNS AS I SAW IT	Page 53
ST. JOHNS HISTORIC POST OFFICE	Page 59
THE ST. JOHNS REVIEW	Page 61
ST. JOHNS RICH IN HISTORY	Page 65
St. JOHNS STUDY CLUB	Page 67
A STUTTERED VALENTINE	Page 68
EARLY MEMORIES OF TERRY SHRUNK	Page 69
VEHICLES IN THE ST. JOHNS AREA	Page 71
CARL JUHNKE	Page 73

\*\*\*\*\*





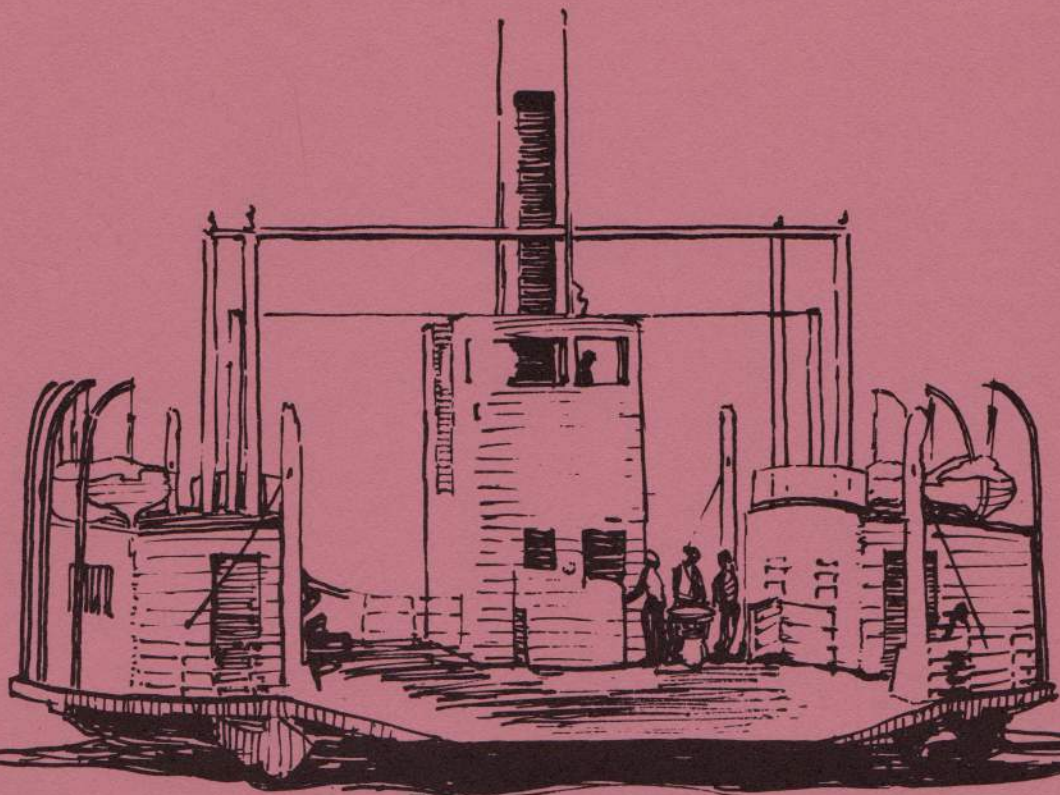
ON THE BACK COVER

An interpretation of the Benson - Chaney house on the bluff overlooking the Willamette River. It was built in 1910 and remains one of the most prestigious buildings in St. Johns. The carriage house (garage), which is in the rear (to the north) of the Chaney house can be seen by looking south from Willamette Blvd. to the end of Polk Ave. "Chaney House" is the title of a poem included in this issue.

H.C.H.



# St. Johns Heritage



ON THE FRONT COVER

A composite drawing from small photographs of the ferry JAMES JOHN, that operated between St. Johns and Whitwood Court (about 1½ miles S.E. of Linnton). It was built in the St. Johns Shipyard, between the woolen mills and the Willamette River, starting in 1907. (In 1907 there were two registered automobiles in the St Johns-Linnton area and 596 in the entire state. These numbers had grown to 17 and 5,061 in the year 1910.) Other ferries later assigned to this run were MULTNOMAH, LIONEL WEBSTER, AND V. W. MASON. This ferry service ended with the dedication of the St. Johns Bridge in 1931.

H.C.H.

## THE BELL

By: Florence Evans

A blaze at the Woolen Mill created interest in fire protection in late December 1904. A meeting was held to organize a volunteer fire department and the members assembled during the month. At a later date a benefit ball helped to raise funds which were badly needed. Everyone was urged to buy tickets even if they were unable to attend as it was to the advantage of all. Thomas Glover, fire chief, was authorized to care for the hose and fire equipment after a fire or to delegate the task to a substitute.

On a Sunday night in March 1906 a fierce gale was blowing. Fire broke out on the corner of Jersey (Lombard) and Burlington Sts. and the alarm was quickly sounded. Elliott's Drug Store, E. O. Magone's second hand store, and the Hazelwood Restaurant were soon engulfed in flames. Bickner's Hall across Burlington St. was saved with a great effort. In two hours the fire was over leaving a mass of ruins but everyone agreed that the fire company did a very commendable job. On Monday morning H. M. Holbrook started a subscription paper around for the department and soon received many pledges.

In July 1906 a new steel fire bell recently ordered was delivered to the city hall. Through the generosity of the O. R. and N. railroad the bell, coming from Hillsboro, Ohio, was switched to St. Johns free of charge. Made of steel alloy with all the fixtures it weighed over a ton. The cost was about \$100. The plan was to erect a platform probably on Burlington Place as a temporary home for it until the new city hall completion. Then it was to be mounted on a tower atop the building.

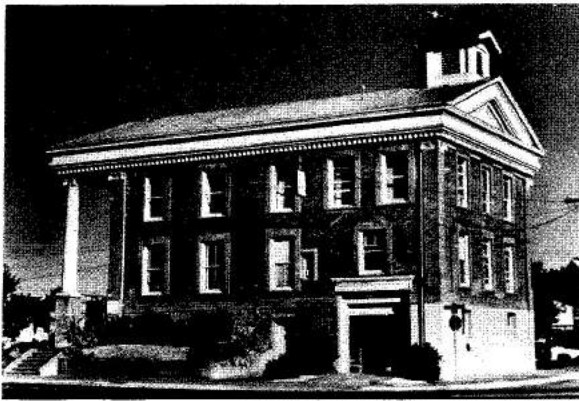
In 1907 an election of officers was held at a meeting of the "fire boys" and the condition of the department was also discussed. They had a nice little hall to meet in but it was cold and had only about half enough furniture. But they were more concerned about very poor equipment and the fact that members were dropping out. The membership had dropped from fifty to twenty five. An appropriation of \$50 per quarter to create a fund for cleaning clothing or replacing a garment accidentally ruined was asked of the city council. This was in November and a \$25 per month maintenance fund was granted in May 1908.

The question of putting the bell on the city hall was brought up at a council meeting in July 1908. There was heated discussion and some said that everyone who had any pride in the new edifice should object to having the building defaced by an "ungainly doghouse" for the bell. Finally in December 1909 plans were made for the erection of a tower for the bell which an electric striker would set going in case of a fire. A call could be sent over central from any phone and the telephone girl could ring an alarm--different strokes telling the fire's locality. In 1910 construction began. This procedure for informing the fire department volunteers of the fire's location continued for several years. Upon the assumption of the fire fighting responsibilities by the Portland fire department, after St. Johns was annexed by the City of Portland, the fire location was sent directly to the station where permanent fire fighters took the call. The use of the bell was then discontinued for that purpose. Later however,

the bell was used for many years as a curfew bell, ringing at 9 PM each evening. Many a child then ran for home, fearing that Officer Roberts was lurking around the next corner waiting to arrest him for being out after curfew. The bell rang for many years for the curfew and was probably discontinued during the World War II years.

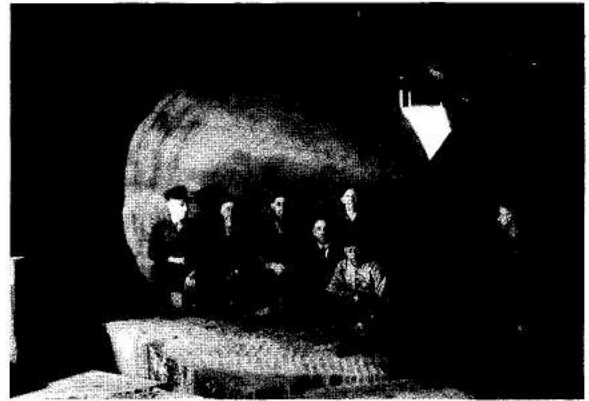
Howard Galbraith organized the St. Johns History Group now known as the St. Johns Heritage Association in 1975 during preparations for our country's bicentennial. He was very interested in the old fire bell and devised a clapper for the bell and an electric timer. His wish was that it would ring at noon each day to remind us of our rich heritage. For a time it did ring at noontime but soon fell into disrepair. It is to be hoped that sometime in the future it will ring out again.

\*\*\*\*\*



Old St. Johns City Hall, became St. Johns Fire Station and later North Police Precinct. Designated historical landmark.

*Source: Oregon Historical Society*



Nine-foot log at St. Johns Cooperage Co.

*Source: Ellen Irish Collection*



Portland Lumber Co., on the waterfront.

*Oregon Historical Society*



Old Rose City Hotel (in St. Johns) now demolished. It was below the St. Johns Police parking lot on Burlington Ave. The arrow in the picture is pointing to Irish family member.

*Source: Ellen Irish Collection*

## HOWARD BENDER'S FAMILY HISTORY

By: Howard Bender

My Grandfather and Grandmother Bender lived in a small village in Ohio. Everyone in the village spoke German, although my grandparents could speak English. Their children couldn't speak English until they went to school. Mr grandmother was an orphan, and she was raised as a German, although she was Irish. Grandfather's ancestors came from Alsace-Lorraine, and were part German, and part French, but they spoke German. My Grandfather had a friend who lived in Oregon. He told him he could find work here. He left his family in Ohio, and he came here by himself, it was 1890. After 1892, he saved enough money to send for his family. There were 7 children; Clara, Jessie, Alva, Olaf, Walt, May and Edna. They moved to St. Johns and lived in a large house known in the past as the "Pott House". After a few years, my grandfather built a big house down on Fiske St. in the University Park district, right where Columbia Villa is located today.

My father was 14 years old and his brother was 18 years old, neither had gone to high school, but they went to Portland University (U of P) in 1890's. At this time it was a Methodist Teachers' School. Uncle Alva took a 3 year course and graduated in 1½ years, and he became a teacher in Union, Oregon. Later becoming a principal, he taught ten years. My father also attended Portland University. He also took a 3 year course and graduated in 2 years. He taught for one year in a small town in Oregon called Dover located near Mt. Hood. After that my father came back to Portland. He decided he wasn't cut out to be a teacher, so he became a carpenter instead. In 1904 he married Louise Howes, (who had come from Michigan) and they were married at my grandmothers house in Portsmouth.. Her father was a mill-wright who came to Oregon to build a saw mill, Peninsula Lumber Co.

In 1905 I was born in a house my father had built on Willamette Blvd., it is the second house south of the railroad cut on the bluff over-looking the river. It is still there.

My father was busy building houses in the Portsmouth area. Later, we moved into one of them on Lombard and Hodge Streets, where a cleaning establishment is located today. The old Holy Cross Church, in those days faced Bowdoin St., it was in back of our house. He also built a house for my uncle on Hodge north of Lombard. Most everything we needed was right in Portsmouth, we could do our shopping by walking. I remember many people - Dr. Christmas was one of our neighbors. Dr. Webster at University Park, Dr. McKenna, Druggist Alfred Brown, Jack Roberts the Postmaster. Some of the families I remember living on or near Portsmouth Ave. were: The Goulds, DeVaults, Williams, Dillon, Jacobson, and many, many more. My Grandfather Howes had a pool-room where the Portsmouth Club is located to-day. My favorite candy store was across the street in the building on the corner next to the Episcopal Church. We kids loved his candy, I believe his name was Gessle.

I can remember when I was 12 years old I could eat like a horse. Every evening, my grandmother prepared dinner for my Uncle Howard and Aunt Mamie who worked downtown in a laundry. They paid my grandmother for the evening meal. Every night, at 5 P.M., I would have dinner at

my house. At 7 P.M., I would go to my grandmothers for milk to take home. My grandmother would say, "Well, Howard don't you want to sit down and have a piece of pie?" "No grandmother, I just had my dinner." Well I'd sit down, and I'd have the pie, then I would look at the mashed potatoes and the meat would look good, so help me --- I would sit there and eat another full meal, that would go on night after night. My Grandmother Howes was a wonderful cook, and she had the money to buy the expensive stuff. My other Grandma Bender was just the opposite. She didn't have the money for a lot of luxury food but she was a good plain cook.

My father liked round steak, no matter how tough it was, he liked it. Mother would send me to Bowman's store for 40¢ worth of round steak. He would cut a big steak and throw it on the scales and mark it 40¢, he never missed. I knew it was impossible that man could hit 40¢ every time, the way Mr. Bowman did.

I attended Portsmouth grade school and the old James John High School. Everyone from Greeley St. towards St. Johns were required to go to the James John High School. While I attended James John High, Roosevelt was built. Before moving to the new school, we were given the honor of voting for and naming the new school "Roosevelt". Later I had the honor of being the President of the 1924 graduating class.

Over the years I worked for a wholesale tobacco business, next to a street car company, located at the Piedmont car barns. While working for the street car company, I ran on all the street car lines, including the St Johns line. I worked in many meat markets.

Meanwhile I got married in 1928, we had one daughter named Barbara. We were divorced and later, in 1950 I married my present wife Leona Rupp whose maiden name was Tetzlaff, she had one daughter, Myrna.

I went into the meat market business with a partner. It was a very good market and was located at Killingsworth Ave. and Albina Streets. The location deteriorated so I sold the market.

I am now semi-retired and work part time at a security company. It has now been 100 years since my grandfather came to St. Johns and the family still lives here.

\*\*\*\*\*

Note: This story was taped, in an audience with Mr. Bender, by Helen Miles, and subsequently edited by her with Mr. Benders' assistance.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By: Tommy "Scoot" Lind

This is a biographical sketch of a wonderful "St. Johns Bachelor Club" member, Roscoe "Brother Tug" Magone, who lived in a houseboat below the Portland Woolen Mills, foot of Chicago Street, for several years. He was a self educated man; he has read the 24 volume encyclopedia owned by the Club, the travels of Lewis & Clark expeditions across the Oregon trail, also the journals of travel by Wyeth. Instead of letting a physical handicap getting the best of him, he got the best of his disability!

"Bro Tug" lost his right hand at the wrist while working at a box factory making strawberry boxes. He got his hand caught in a jointer. He was only 16 years old at the time. He told me that the loss of his hand hadn't been much of a handicap. He learned to weave at the Portland Woolen Mills where he worked for a time. When he was a young man, a mechanic, a good friend of his, made a steel hook, with a swivel, and an attachment that clamped on the stub of his arm, which enabled him to row his boat with both arms.

He also was the best sculler on the river. He would stand up in the stern of his boat and with his weight of 225 lbs., would lean his body the way he was turning to go.

He was an excellent swimmer. He was a life guard at one of the beaches on the Coast. He would jump into the river every morning for his bath, and to keep trim. He was all muscle. He also was a champion arm wrestler. He could beat them all.

He told me that his Grandfather was born in Maine who came across the plains in 1847. He was hired as the hunter to furnish Buffalo, Antelope, and other game for meat for the Wagon Train. They settled around the Woodburn area near Lake Grove which was called then and now: "Magones' Bottom Land". The folks lived in Sellwood for awhile, then in 1904 moved to St. Johns, where they lived the rest of their lives.

"Bro Tug", had twin brothers, Cecil & Cyril, also 2 sisters. One Marion, mother of Keith Glenn. All the brothers were members of the St. Johns Bachelor Club. Their Club names were "Tad", "Zip", and Nephews "Stok" and "Torch".

In the early twenties, "Bro Tug" joined a one arm band and toured for one year, all over the USA. He played a violin. He was very good.

"Bro. Tug" was a commercial fisherman. He fished out of Ketchikan, Alaska, trolling for salmon. He made good money. He also fished on the Columbia River bar. As he told me, "I have lived on the water practically all my life."

During the early depression years of the thirties, he constructed a 12 ft long telescope, the lenses were about 10 inches in diameter. The Club Brothers helped polish them with rouge and so forth. "Tug" would set up his stand at several locations. For a look at the moon, he charged 10 cents but it was depression times, and seems like nobody had any money!

He worked on the St. Johns Bridge, also in the ship yards in the Forties, was night Watchman at the Portland Woolen Mill for "Bro. Scoot", the writer of this, great and noble sketch of Brother Bachelor "Tug" a great gentleman in every way. For a man with his disability, he was the greatest, I have ever known.

He never married. He was a true bachelor all his life!!!

"Tug" was born in March 1889 and passed away in 1966 at the age of 77 years old.

\*\*\*\*\*



Larsen North Bank Dairy - Father Fred, sister Marie and brother Debbert, Ca 1915-16.

*Source: George Larson*

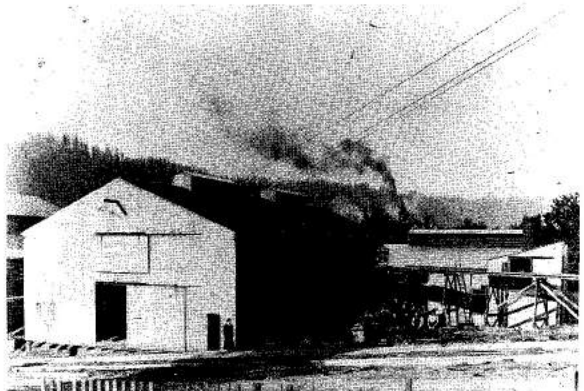


Hoes (former St. Johns photographer) residence at corner of Jersey and Tyler Sts. Note: planer trimming for a quick stove fire.

*Source: Nina Hoes McFadyen*



St. Johns, Ca 1894, from water-tower.



St. Johns Stove Works building.

*Oregon Historical Society*

*Florence Evans*



## ELIZABETH HUFF BYARS

By: Helen Miles

Elizabeth Huff Byars was born in Boone County, Indiana October 23, 1834. She was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jefferson Huff. The Doctor was a native of Tennessee and of German and Irish ancestry. Later he moved his family to Indiana to engage in the practise of medicine, then on to Iowa. Elizabeth attended school while living in both states.

In 1852 Dr. Huff decided to move west with his family. He was considered a wealthy man, and he outfitted three wagons with several oxen to handle his large family of 9 children and many boxes, barrels and bales of supplies. Elizabeth was 17 years old at the time, her future husband Irijah Byars, had been hired by her father to travel with them.

There was great and terrible suffering on the journey. Although her father was a Dr. sickness, equipment breakdowns, and natural calamities took their toll. Six of the nine Huff children died along the way. Sickness, lack of water, lack of food and having to walk barefoot after their shoe wore out all contributed to their problems. It was tortuous walking over the rough and rocky land.

After about 9 months of travel they arrived in Oregon. Three wagons out of a total of fifty-two wagons beginning the journey made it all the way. Elizabeth had managed to live through all the hardships. Their home the first winter in Oregon was spent on a site which later on was the location of the Lewis and Clark Exposition in North West Portland. The following summer they moved down river to Woodland, Washington on the Lewis River. Dr. Huff took up a 320 acre Donation Land Claim.

Meanwhile, Irijah Byars and Elizabeth were married in Clark County, Washington on August 9, 1853. They also filed for a Donation Land Claim. They stayed there about 3 years. While living there in Hayes, Elizabeth gave birth to a girl, the latter part of 1855. At this time the Indians were on the warpath and the families were forced to give up their claims and they moved back to Oregon.

Irijah and Elizabeth bought about 100 acres from James John, adjoining his home place just north along the Willamette River. This took place about the latter 1850's. The location approximates the unloading area for Toyota cars now. While they were building their house, they stayed at James John's house and another baby girl was born in 1858.

When the house was finished, an orchard of apple and prune trees were planted. Red and white climbing roses were at the front of the house. Part of their orchard extended up the hill near the Loomis' claim.

Over the years, Irijah and Elizabeth worked very hard clearing the land. Later, they built a large house on Edison and Catlin Streets. It was finished inside of redwood from California. The family had "Quilting Bees" in the large billiard room upstairs.

Elizabeth and Irijah had one tragedy after another in their lives. They lost so many children. All three of her baby boys died one after another. Of the girls she had Maria Louise (Brown) b. 12/16/55; Mary Lutilda (Root) b. 7/5/58; Martha Ellen (Allen) b. 12/63; Zylpha Caroline (Knautt) b. 1/9/68; Elizabeth Luella (Ashby) b.

2/15/71; and Izora Vesta Elva (Basey) b. 3/31/75. Izora was lost in a tragic fire. She left one son Andrew Basey. He was voted the prettiest baby in St. Johns in 1909. (He now lives in California)

Elizabeth died in her home on Edison St. on Sept. 14, 1916. Some of her descendants still live in Oregon and California.

\*\*\*\*\*

Note: Sources for the above information have come from:

Maurice and Vernice Junkin  
 Bob Junkin  
 Andrew Basey

Condensed and prepared by Helen Miles

Pioneer Elizabeth Byars in light skirt, in front of tent with part of her family, her daughter, Lizzy (Ashby) Byars, holding the horse, Izora in plaid dress, young girl with bicycle. Notice man leaning on rifle.



St. Johns pioneers — Mrs. P. T. Hanson, Elizabeth Huff Byars holding Andrew Byars Basey, Mrs. H. A. Severance, Mrs. A. L. Miner - in chair, Mrs. T. J. Monahan, others - unknown.



Andrew Byars Basey on porch of Ashby's house, Ca 1911.

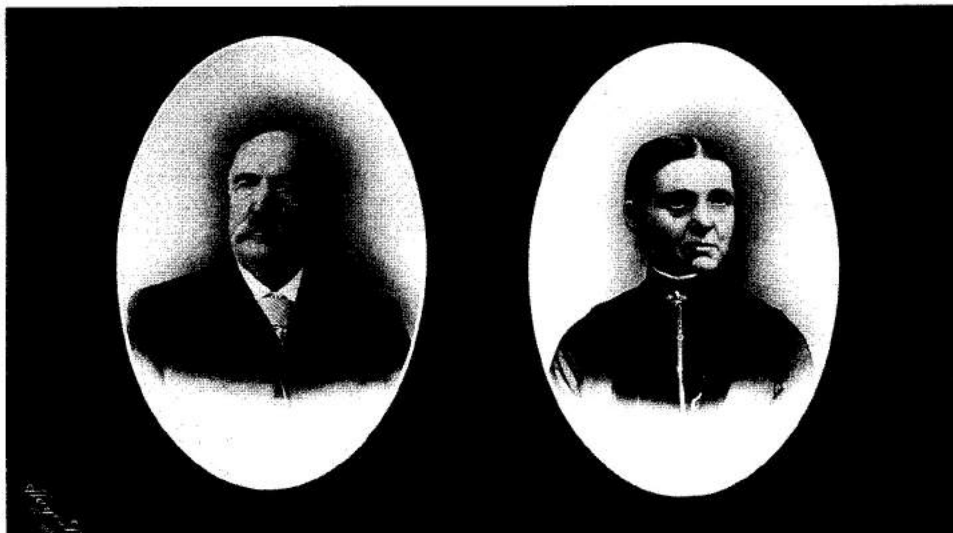
*Junkins Collection*



Byars orchard, notice house river-bank.



Elizabeth Byars house on Edison and Catlin Sts. This was the Byars 2nd home. Pioneer Elizabeth Byars, seated - Grandson Andrew Basey Byars.



St. Johns pioneers — Irijah & Elizabeth (Huff) Byars

## CATHEDRAL PARK

By: Helen Miles

In 1972 the St. Johns Community crafts class, led by Mary Kirkendall, Pat Hoffert, and Mary Sharples were joined by Ivy Murphy and Lucille Miller and they began the first work toward the dream of Cathedral Park. Other members of that 1972 class were Rita Cocannouer, June Larko, Ruth Munson, Fay Roberson, Konradine Jones Edna Hoffert, Ricardo Jones, Ed Abrahams and Howard Galbraith. They cleared a path making a way for the first Cathedral Park Festival under the St. Johns Bridge. At this point, Cathedral Park was just a dream. The following year, North Portland Citizens Committee established a Cathedral Park sub-committee, president, Jim Chrest volunteered to co-chairman the second annual pot-luck and Festival. City Commissioner Frank Ivancie and County Commissioner Mel Gordon were invited. They came out to St. Johns to find out what kind of a park the people wanted.

From that beginning, over the years there were many Cathedral Park Committee meetings at the Portland Development Commission Office on North Richmond St. Later on upon the completion of the park the Cathedral Park Committee consisted of Sharon Roso, Chairman and committee members Rita Cocannouer, Barbara Jaeger, Howard Galbraith, Sheila Driscoll, June Larko, C. R. (Dick) Getchell, George Lund, Ruth Munson, Lucille Miller, Ivy Murphy, Jerry Mounce, Fay Roberson, Mary Sharples, Harry Factor, Mary Wilbur and Helen Miles.

It was decided that the park be named after the Cathedral-like appearance of the bridge supports. Al Monner had a picture in the Oregon Journal showing the Cathedral style arches of the St. Johns' bridge. It was a fitting name.

A Gazebo was built and finished in August 1978 and named Miller-Murphy Square. Lucille Miller, was born in Georgia. She was the mother of Gladys McCoy. Lucille had contributed her art work and she participated in fund raising. Ivy Murphy, born in California, made and contributed many lovely quilts for prizes in drawings at fund raising events.

At the first dedication of the park held on August 19, 1979, one of several dedication events to be held, the completion of Miller-Murphy Square and the general dedication of the park was made. Then Governor, Straub was the featured guest of this special occasion.

Mary Sharples introduced the ideas to have a tree planting program. Forty-seven contributed memorial trees were planted also six dozen contributed Cathedral rose bushes were planted near the Gazebo. Mary Sharples contributed over \$1000 for a drinking fountain located in the history garden.

John Warner, the architect, worked with the Cathedral Park Committee over a period of years to develop the beautiful park. It was an exciting experience to see plans that he unfolded at each phase of the park.

As the time grew close to the Dedication many finishing touches had to be cleared up. A lovely Cathedral Park sign was made and contributed by Jim E. Mounce, and erected on the corner of Edison And Pittsburg Streets. The beautiful bronze plaques, also made by Jim Mounce, were put in place in the History Wall located in the History

Garden - one, honoring Howard Galbraith for his leadership and support in making the park possible. Also located in the History Garden were five flowering cherry trees presented by the St. Johns Heritage Association, honoring St. Johns Pioneers.

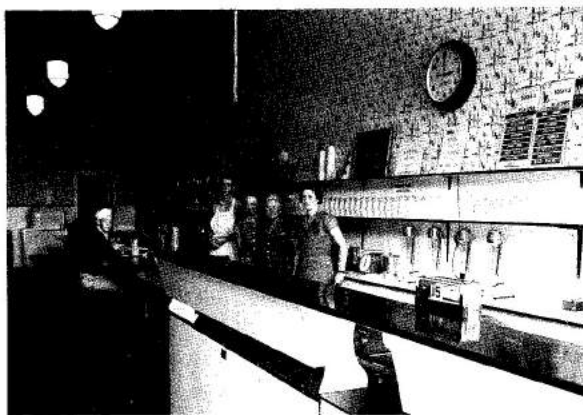
Many invitations were sent out to attend the dedication ceremonies, including one to President Carter and other national and state dignitaries.

Finally after all the years, the long awaited "Day" arrived on May 3, 1980. What a big celebration we had! Sharon Rosso did a wonderful job with the Dedication Ceremonies. Thousands of people came to see our beautiful park. We had good entertainment, special guests, and fire boat displays on the river. In the History Garden many artifacts and memorabilia were on display. What a momentous occasion it had been! It was a day to remember always.

About a month later, June 18, 1980 a time capsule was put in place in the History Garden. Many items were collected to be put into the capsule. Howard Galbraith had made a pair of metal book-ends showing the St. Johns Bridge, and copies of our St. Johns History (Heritage Association) books were also put into the capsule. Mt. St. Helens had erupted a short time before, so a Oregonian news paper was specially wrapped, and other articles were also included, including volcanic ash from the eruption. In 50 years from 1980, the location of the time capsule can be found at the Oregon Historical Society. I hope the some of you who are reading this story will be at the opening.

\*\*\*\*\*

Note: If you were present at the Cathedral Park Dedication and you took pictures of the event, the St. Johns Heritage Association would be pleased to preserve a copy of your picture, if contributed, in their archive files.



Hughes Ice Cream Store, 1938. Behind counter, Bill Hughes, Jr., Edith Evans, Blance Hughes, Mary Parks.  
*Source: Velma Smith*



The Loves Residence on Peninsula. Captain Love served on river-boats. Columbian Cemetery was originally called Loves Cemetery.

## CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

By: Bonnie Joyce (Canoy) Luce

I was born on a homestead farm in Lebanon Oregon, September 10, 1920. My brother's name is Harmon C. Canoy. When a child, he was very ill with a combination of chicken pox and measles. The diseases left him with a severe eye problem, as well as nondescript conditions nobody could figure out. He was placed in Doernbecher children's hospital. My parents decided to move to Portland in August 1924. Our first home was in Portsmouth.

I was put in school at four years of age. I failed grade one because I did not meet the minimum standards of reading and writing established for children aged six and seven. After living on a farm, I was overwhelmed seeing thirty two little people like me. It was very difficult adjusting to my new school.

My family moved to St. Johns into a house on N. Edison and John Streets. We rented the house from Mr. Gillzoos. He owned the Rose City Bakery locate in downtown Portland. In order to pay the rent my parents did the yard work. This included pruning the trees in the orchard, white washing the tree trunks and moving the grape arbor. My father also remodeled two houses that belonged to Mr. Gillzoos, including the one we lived in. My mother and father worked as a team. They also repaired and painted the inside and outside of the houses. Even we children helped. We scraped paint and carried trash. It all helped. We had a house to live in while we did the work. After completing the work for Mr. Gillzoos we moved into a house across the street.

Mr. Letson owned this house and our family fixed it up from top to bottom. I loved that old house. My favorite spot was the window seat. I sat there and read. I watched the Willamette River. I saw China Pheasants nesting and feeding their baby chicks. Occasionally I'd see little brown rabbits. The window was my world to look out of and watch the wildlife. In a child's eyes the field looked like a big park with a view of the mountains across the river. After the Letson house was completed we moved into the Winds house. We repeated the remodeling process.

Our neighbor was Jack Asher. He lived in a tiny house. He worked in the plywood mill located at the bottom of the hill. Mr. Asher was the kindest gentleman. He was the neighborhood children's friend. He looked tall and round like Santa Claus. He had snow white hair, bright blue eyes and a friendly smile. We made pictures in school and he hung them on his walls. A doily I crocheted was displayed in a special spot with a small vase. In the vase he placed dandelions, clover flowers, leaves, or whatever I could find to make a bouquet for him. He listened to our childish dreams or problems. Each child was special for him. Years later when we graduated from high school he gave each of us a camera. I will always remember him.

There were many people in St. Johns who filled my life with happiness. Most in small ways. Helen and Henry Hensome and their son Charles brought music into our lives. Henry played the mandolin and sang to us. Linn and Gladys Rose were my uncle and aunt. We all went to the Pioneer Methodist Church. My cousins are Gorman Arron Rose and June Velma Rose. Gorman lives in California and June Velma Rose-Carra lives in St. Helens, she has 7 daughters.

One man who came to our school to speak on exercising, impressed me. He was a Civil War veteran. He was one hundred one years of age. I decided I wanted to live until I was one hundred five because he had so much fun.

A nature study teacher I liked very much was Miss Clara Nelson. Sometimes I would walk quite a long distance to go to her house. She would let me look into her microscope. I would see a different world. All of my teachers went out of their way to be kind. We were so very poor and they knew it. My mom was ill and they were aware of the problem.

Mrs. Ida Shaw of the Young Womens Christian Association saw to it that I received a pair of shoes. The shoes weren't new, at least there wasn't any cardboard inside and my feet stayed dry. I met many other wonderful people over the years.

All summer long we were kept busy. We went to Church schools. The schools were operated by the Methodists, Baptists and Evangelicals. After the Church school was out we went to Pier Park craft classes. The neighborhood had potlucks and picnics. When someone passed away our funeral sprays were all handmade from flowers from our gardens.

I had no money for a baccalaureate suit when I graduated. Mrs. Butts sister had a suit that fit me. My blouse came from Peggy Pike. All the people of St. Johns were so nice. I appreciated the guidance and caring they gave us.

All these things I gleaned from the St. Johns area. I've lived in Gresham many years now. When I look back I want to say, "God bless them all".

\*\*\*\*\*



St. Johns  
Citizen Band  
Dick Crouchley  
Collection

## THE OLD CLAREMONT TAVERN

By: Angie Doty

In the summer of 1927 I went from my Grandmother's home in St. Johns down to the ferry and across the river and hiked down the St. Helens road toward Portland a couple of blocks to the old Claremont Tavern where my mother was one of the two live-in care-takers. I had remained in St. Johns to continue my schooling and visit with my Grandmother, who had stated that the Tavern, though closed for business, was not a fit place for a girl of my age.

Prohibition had went into effect in 1914 and the brewery which owned the tavern had shut it down and was working with all its might for repeal of the Volstead Act so they could sell liquor again.

I found the Claremont Tavern to be a very interesting place to visit even if it was shut down. It was a beautiful building, long and low with gleaming hardwood floors and trim and beautiful furnishings, including a maplewood bar with mirrors behind it.

Some of the elegance was marred by several bullet holes, made back in it's heyday by desperados and other irate customers who had gotten off a few revolver shots at times. The long bar was empty now, gone was the beer, gone was the wine, the room echoed no more with the popping of Champagne corks. Instead, box after box of beer steins, wine glasses, shot glasses and brandy snifters were stored away under the bar.

The Tavern had, in it's day, been famous for fish and game dinners featuring Salmon, Venison and Elk. There was a well kept herb garden, including a bed of watercress growing in a brawling stream which ran through the tavern grounds, There were also arbors of grapes, mostly for decor, I think. All this was well cared for, awaiting the day when the Nation would come to its senses and legalize liquor again.

Alas, they had a long wait.

\*\*\*\*\*



FRANK ERVIN

**Capt. Ervin  
Succumbs**

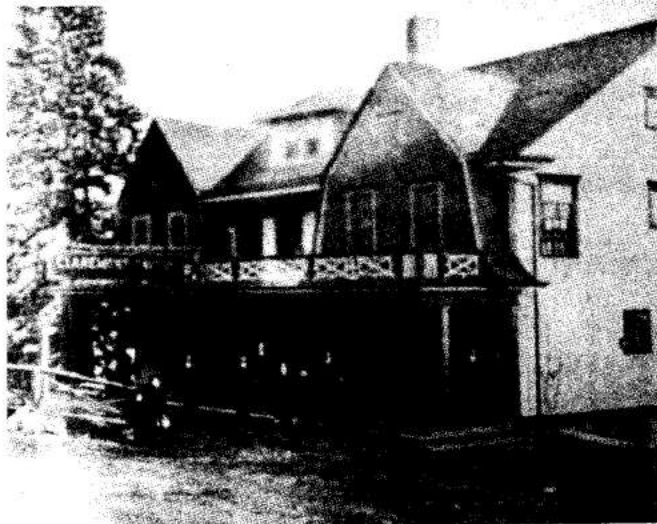
Captain Ervin

A retired Portland Police Captain, Frank Ervin, died recently, after a brief illness. Ervin, 74, at one time a State game warden, joined the Portland Police Bureau in 1915. In 1921 as a Lieutenant, he organized the Traffic Division's Accident Prevention Bureau which is still in operation.

He was promoted to Captain in 1925, and for several years prior to his retirement in 1952, was in charge of the St. Johns precinct.

Captain Ervin was the father of Angeline Doty, nee Ervin and the grandfather of Richard Doty, both of St. Johns

Oregonian February 1, 1961



Claremont Tavern, across the river from St. Johns. It was reached by ferry.



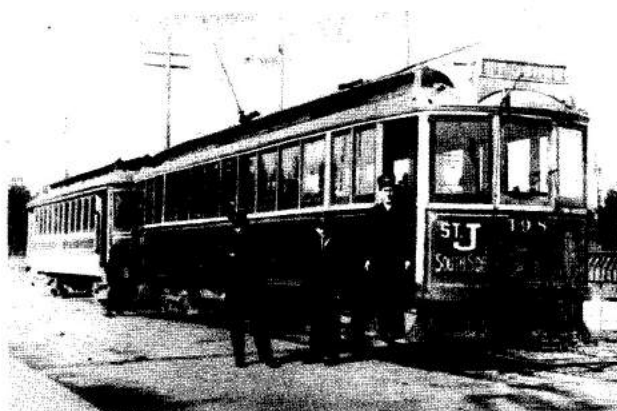
Dagmar and Frank Ervin, father and mother of Angie Doty.

*Source: Angie Doty*



Whitwood Court, Springville Road on right. James John Ferry at slip, Claremont Tavern on left. Mr. Rothesberg home, top-center.

*Oregon Historical Society*



St. Johns double trolley, 1915-1920. Motorman on the step is John S. Perrington, grandfather of Dr. Richard D. Gilbert. Probably taken on Lombard St. at the railroad-cut bridge.



James John graduating class 1930.

*Source: Obert Norgard*



MAYOR K. C. COUCH  
1860 -1940

ST. JOHNS REVIEW ARTICLE  
November 17, 1955

K. C. Couch was twice elected mayor of St. Johns, 1907-1908 and 1911-1912. The genial Mayor Couch was a strong force in city government. He made friends easily and has often been quoted by many old timers as having more friends than any other business men known in the early days of St. Johns. A frequent expression made by those who well remember the good natured, round faced gentleman is that "he had a heart as big as the wash tub" he gave away. His nephew, Kindle Satterlee supplied the information that Mr. Couch presented a wash tub and board and a sack of potatoes to each newly married couple in town. It was also his policy to give cigars to the men and sacks of candy to women and children each time the monthly or weekly bill was paid. (one wonders how many children urged parents to charge their groceries at the Couch and Company Store.)

Having been born July 4, 1860, Mr. Couch had passed the half century mark when he became mayor. His maturity and steady business progress served him well. From the time of opening his small general merchandise store on Philadelphia street in 1904 where his first delivery was with a wheelbarrow. He had enlarged his business into a department store by the time he went into office.

(During his first ten years of business in town his store was enlarged twice.)

In one department, groceries and general merchandise were available, while dry goods were sold exclusively in the other department. Clerks did the serving and wrapping in those days. Self service stores were not even a dream as yet. Cyril and Cecil Magone and A. Carl Nelson were long time clerks in the store.

Mr. Couch had a home built for the family on Willamette Boulevard, where he maintained his residence until he retired. After the store was sold, he became associated with J. S. McKinney in the real estate business until 1938 when he moved to the home of his daughter Louise in Coquille. His daughter Hazel Peterson, works in the Post Office at College Place near Walla Walla.

His son Fred was a sea faring man for some time until he purchased Sandy Scale's store in St. Johns. He arrived in St. Johns in 1908 and married Edna Bailey, an early school teacher whose name appears often in early editions of this paper, (St. Johns Review). They now reside in Bremerton, Washington. He says the chronography "makes me realize that my 71 years almost make me an old timer". (They certainly do.)

Recent correspondence with Fred Couch provides the information that the first pavement was laid on Jersey and Philadelphia Streets during his father's turn at office. His letter also states, "After his term of office as mayor, he was elected to the state legislature." His sole purpose in seeking the office was to secure a bridge at St. Johns to replace the County operated ferry. He was not successful in his first attempt, but returned to Salem for the next session of the legislature and succeeded in lobbying the authorization through, which resulted in the building of the present St. Johns bridge.

Quite a bit of contention arose as to the proper location for the

bridge. One faction sponsored Tyler Street, another Fessenden Street and Couch pressed for Philadelphia Street with the Army Engineers until the plan was finally approved.

Additional information from his daughter Louise, who with her husband Dr. James R, Bunch, continues to live in Coquille, adds to the history. She says, "he was a member of the Masonic lodge as well as the Knights of Pythians and was very active in civic as well as political affairs. I do not know what was accomplished during his administration in the way of improvements. As for his time spent in the legislature, I am quite sure that he did get a new ferry for St. Johns, but how much was started or accomplished in the way of the bridge I don't know. I was rather young, and not enough concerned to have it impress me. Other than the fact that they wanted, that is some people, to name the ferry K. C. Couch, but my father was not in favor of it, as well as others, I am sure, and it was named the James John."

Mr Couch was 80 years old when he died at his daughters home on September 20, 1940. Mrs Couch died December 1949.

The September 20, 1907 Review carried the word that "Mrs H. F. Robertson returned with her two sons to Michigan after spending five months visiting her father K. C. Couch. If she can induce her commander Captain Robertson to leave the Great Lakes they will return and make their home here." Verification was not discovered in the newspaper, but the family must have arrived in time for her son Calvin, is now employed in the detective force Portland Police staff.

Part of the old store building owned by Mr. Couch was used by St, Johns Building Supply Company until the service station was located on the spot. The dry goods section was torn down before the supply company took over the site. Thomas Lind purchased the Couch residence where he now resides in 1990.

In the course of time Mr. Couch was presented with an award for 50 years of membership in the Knights of Pythian lodge.

\$200,000 worth of building permits were issued during the year 1907 with an average of \$1,500 for each structure.

The first sign of the forthcoming political campaign was observed on Tuesday January 7, 1907 when a meeting was held in the law offices of H. E. Collier. Ex governor Fletcher was elected temporary chairman to spearhead a movement for acquiring the City Hall and arranging for a mass meeting to be held January 15. All voter were urged to attend and "effect a permanent organization looking to a bigger, better, and cleaner, city of St. Johns."

(A Laura Norene Minkler article from the St. Johns Review of November 17, 1955. The article title is, "Couch and Family.")

Updated by Thomas "Scoot" Lind, 1990.

\*\*\*\*\*

LEE DENTON--RACONTEUR

By: Florence Denton Evans

He was known to his friends as a teller of stories and jokes and to his children as a singer of old southern songs and folk songs. One I remember was about Nancy Dill who "lived in a canebrake close beside the mill". He told tongue in cheek stories and sometimes you weren't sure until the end if they were real or not. Also he had an unending supply of jokes. One of his friends sent away and got him a "liars license" which he thought was the best joke of all.

Born in Virginia, he never knew his mother who died at his birth. Aunt Jo raised him and she had a son, Richard, who was "redheaded as a woodpecker". They had great times together and got into lots of mischief. Aunt Jo spoiled them and gave them "sugar bread". After his father remarried he lived in North Carolina for awhile.

At the age of eighteen years he decided to see the world and signed up on a cattle boat to go to England. When they arrived there due to an epidemic no one was able to land. Back in the states he started to work his way across the country and lived for awhile in Illinois. When he heard about the Lewis and Clark Fair in Portland he decided to come west. Liking it here he settled in St. Johns and worked for many years at the Woolen Mill and later at the Gas Plant.

At the Woolen Mill he met Emma Quay whom he married. They rented a house on Hayes (Syracuse) St. from Mayor Brice and stayed there several years. Their first daughter was born at that time. Later they moved to Burlington St. where another daughter was born. At the Woolen Mill, Dad was the fireman and Mom always walked down the hill with his lunch. One day at noon he held me up to blow the whistle and it was the shortest toot on record. It scared me to death so he had to blow it anyway.

While Dad worked at the Gas Plant he was on the swing shift. Mom was a homebody and didn't go away much from my sister and me. When she did Dad got lunch and we were always happy because we had chocolate creams for dessert along with the stories.

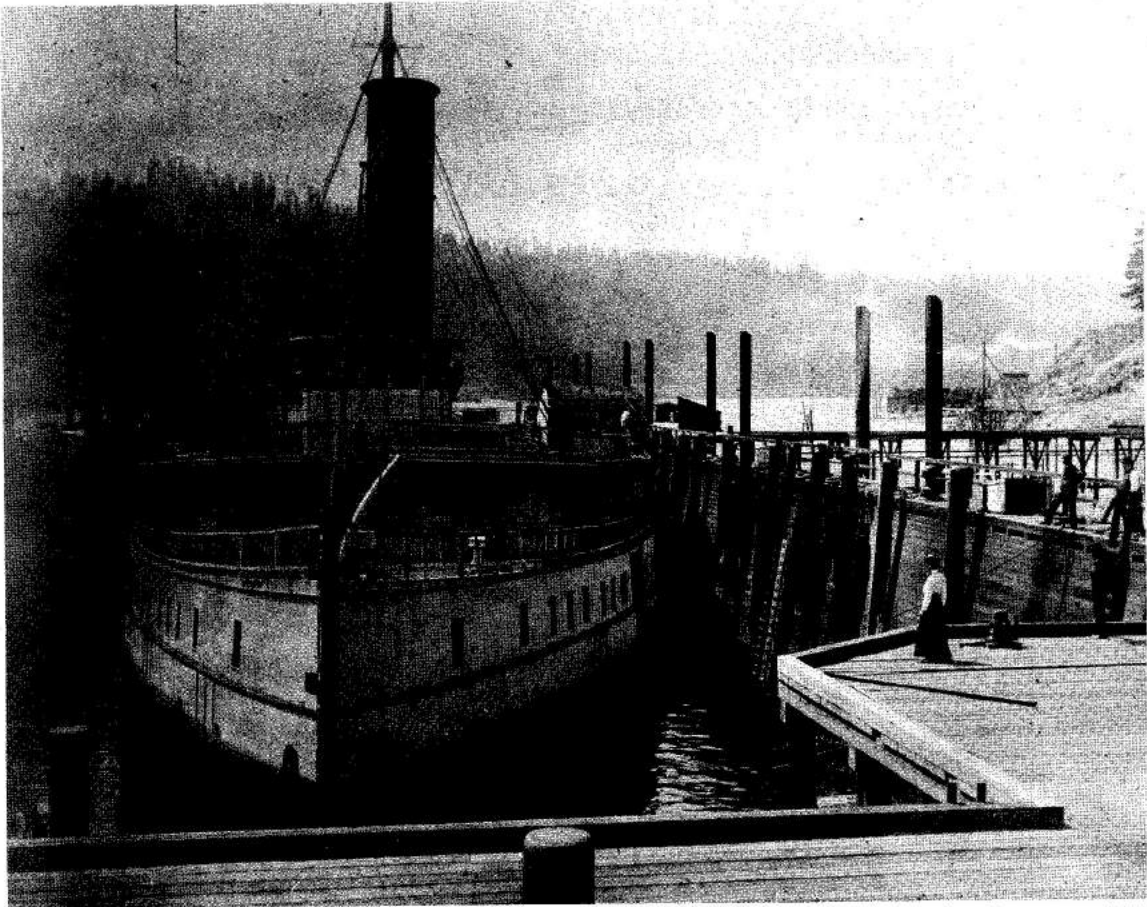
Another good memory is about the family picnics we had at the Oaks. Taking baskets of food we would ride down to Second and Alder and take the open cars to the park. Later some of my older cousins got automobiles and all the aunts, uncles and cousins would picnic along the Sandy River.

Besides enjoying fishing Dad liked to grow big gardens--much more than we could use. Much of this he gave to neighbors. Also he grew big red tulips and lots of sweet peas. Other flowers he called weeds and many times he dug up "weeds" which were really Mom's flower starts.

When it came to Christmas trees he always searched until he found what he considered the perfect one to cut. He made his own tree stand which stood up from the floor as he said, you never see a tree with limbs growing down to the ground. We still elevate our tree the same way today. When we were small all the fruits were not as easy to get at Christmas time as they are today but we looked forward to the big basket he brought home as it contained all the goodies that were available. Also he gave baskets of food to people he knew to be in need and they never knew where they came from.

Lee Denton was a strict but very loving and fair parent and both of his daughters have very wonderful memories of him.

\*\*\*\*\*



Old St. Johns dry-dock was at the foot of Buchanan St. (down what was known as the Cooperage Hill). Notice the lady in long street dress.

*Source: Oregon Historical Society*



Simon Reeder family. Their home was built in 1875 on Sauvies Island. Reeder Road was named after them.

*Contributed to St. Johns Heritage through Dick Crouchley*

## GROWING UP IN EAST ST. JOHNS

By: Elsie NaSmythe Norris

Having reached an age which qualifies me as an old-timer, and as a part of seven generations in St. Johns, I'll join the others, in writing and remembering. I was born in the second house from the N.E. corner of Mears and Macrum Streets. My great grandparents had built it and the corner house - which we moved to in 1925. Mr brother was born on Mears Street, too, at the home of our great uncle, Perry Belieu and aunt Ila Eugene Belieu. He was named Perry Eugene, after them.

We both started school in 1923 at old George School. The portable building was parallel with Fairhaven Street, with doors opening onto the playground. The first three grades were in the portables, and the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th graders were in the main building. 8th graders went to James John School. I guess George School could be called a split level building. Doors opened on each side onto a landing. Girls used the Fessenden Street side and boys the other. Steps went up to the first and second floors - or down to the basement. Girls used one side for a play area and boys the other. During paper drives paper was piled way high on the girl's side. The furnace room was on the boy's side. The principal's office was in the main building. The big kids told us that he had a spanking machine in his office. It was a long time before I discovered we had been tricked. The janitor was a very nice man named Mr. Gibbs. Sometimes he let me ride in his wheelbarrow back to where the wood was stacked. You see, we had wood burning stoves in the portables. Around each stove was a huge metal barrier. In rainy weather we hung wet things, over the top. The barrier was to keep the kids from the stove.

We had lots of vacant lots to play on. We even played in the street. Traffic was nothing like it is now. There were fewer cars. Only teachers drove to school. Near the school, the S.E. corner of Fairhaven and Fessenden Streets was higher than the sidewalk, and had lots of trees on it, and paths to follow. All those vacant lots now have houses on them. One warm sunny day my brother hid his shoes under a bush, intending to put them on again before going home. They were gone when he went back for them. I believe he was spanked before getting a new pair. If any of us ever got into trouble in school we could always expect the same or worse when we got home.

We lived on what was called "the loop". Street cars came into St. Johns on Lombard Street, but some of the cars left Lombard at Wall Ave. and went north to Fessenden Street and on into St. Johns via Jersey Street, which was at that time the name of the main street. I was a second grader when President Wilson died, The papers said that there would be a moment of silence at noon, in his memory. I had gone next door to Heinrich's house to buy an extra quart of milk, and was still in the alley behind our houses when the noon whistle blew. So I just stood there holding the milk bottle and looked at my feet for what I considered to be a moment. If anyone saw me they must have wondered what was wrong with me.

During those years Ketchums brought their horses around to do garden plowing. Larsons had a dairy. Victor Steinfield couldn't play after school much because the cucumbers needed weeding. One classmate later played professional baseball. Marcells had a carnival on Lombard Street near Portsmouth.

I hesitate to list names, because I might leave some out, and certainly don't want to do that. Some of you may remember some of us; Babe and Snooky Candler, Annabelle and John Rowekamp, Mary and John Berry, Conrad, Emma and Frank Heinrich, whose older brothers and sisters were of an age with my mother's younger brothers. Then there were the Holman boys, Ralph and Bobby; Paul Flora, Ernest Elkins, the Hinkles, the Horns, Ralph and Marie Cable, Lehmans, Jack Cassidy, Verne Clark, Bobby, Bud and Billie Maxine Carpenter; Carlsons and my brothers and his friends. In 1980 I was taking organ lessons and a man joined the class who said his name was Ralph Cable. I told him, "That's odd, I used to have a grade school classmate by that name." He laughed and said, "Well, who do you think I am?" Fifty year or so do change the looks of people.

Some of us camped out on what was a vacant lot on the S.W. corner of Mears and Macrum Streets. There were trees on it then. Candler's Garage adjoined that lot. They had pigeons in the garage loft and gobs of mint around the water faucet. We played a cylinder victrola and looked at pictures on a stereopticon. There was a cement building shaped like a huge boxcar, with metal doors on each end, in the field in front of our house. We climbed all over it.

We had bonfires in that field and roasted food that we actually thought was delicious, though slightly burned. The bigger kids tried to scare us with ghost stories. We played soft ball, rode bicycles, skated down the middle of Columbia Blvd., climbed Telephone poles which then had sort of a spike ever so far like a pompiers ladder. We picked up walnuts from trees where there is now a road. Olympia and Mears Streets dead ended at a fence. There was a nice brick house about where that large green building is now. A road went north toward the slough, and the land was used as farms. Lehmans and Paul Flora lived on it. We skated to Columbia Park. My head was one of the first ones to hit bottom when they built the cold water outdoor pool. We made go carts out of an apple box, a piece of 2x4, skate wheels and a couple of sticks to steer with. We took condensed milk cans, smashed them in the middle, until they'd cling to our shoes, and then we'd go clomping down the sidewalk. We went on field trips by street car. The St. Johns Bachelor Club played ball in a field on Wall Ave. near Fessenden Street. During the week we kids played on the bleachers and on the grandstand.

My mother ordered groceries by phone and they were delivered by the grocer. His name was Mr. Reed and his store was across from where McDonald's is now. The building is still there. When my folks paid the grocery bill, he would give us kids a bag of candy - and then we would play store. By 1934 the phone book was only about a half inch thick. We didn't have as many advantages as the kids have now. However, I did have three piano lessons. That was all the teacher could stand, I guess, because she died after the third lesson. Miss Allbright came to the school to teach us music, Mr. Palmer came to help us with our writing skills. Neither seemed to help me much. There was another grocery store on the corner of Oregonian and Fessenden Streets. St. Johns Reviews were stacked on the counter, and they were free! Cassidy's store was close to the sidewalk, between Midway and Oregonian Streets. The square building on the corner of Midway was called the cement building - or the bank building, because there HAD been a bank in it at one time. In the 20's it was a grocery store run by two elderly sisters. We took them bouquets of spring flowers and they gave us candy. The strip of ground between the sidewalk and street, in front of these stores was covered with poison

oak which gave us trouble every year. Where Radke's is, there was a large, long building called the Flatiron Building - because of its shape.

There was an airport between St. Johns and Vancouver called Rankin's. Stunt fliers gave air shows there. Trains weren't as they are now. We had a depot in East St. Johns and trains stopped there. They belched black smoke and spewed steam out sideways from the engines. Engineers pulled the whistle cords and waved to us. For a short time we had a horse which I rode to take lunch to my dad. Those fields now have houses on them. So many things go unnoticed now. We used to run outside to look skyward when we heard a two winged plane overhead. In the summertime we walked out along the railroad tracks to Smith Lake which we called 5 Mile Lake, and on the other side of the tracks was Triangle Lake, which we called 3 Corner Lake. It was deeper and got that way faster. Until about 1930 there was a sandy beach right where the road is now. Big kids watched out for the smaller ones. If they hadn't I'm sure we'd have drowned because none of us were afraid of the water. In winter time we ice skated on the slough and had bonfires. We sledged down Macrum hill and the hill that went from the bridge over the "cut" down to East St. Johns Depot.

It was a wonderful time to be young. World-Wars were ahead of us and behind us. The depression years were still ahead of us. From 6-Point to Smith Street there was a dirt path and it wasn't level ground. On Saturdays we walked to St. Johns to see a 10¢ movie. I sat through "The Cat & Canary" twice, too scared to leave and too scared to stay. Finally, my mother came after me, and she switched my legs all the way home. Not continuously - only when she could get close enough to reach me. I remember her saying, "Stop your crying, your not getting hurt half as much as you ought to be." I answered that it didn't hurt, and that I was only crying because she said that I couldn't go to the next movie. The odd thing about it all is that the switch came from the same elderberry tree that my great grandmother had used on my father. He had cut the top off, and placed our mailbox on the 4 foot high stump. The young switches had come up around the base of it to thwart another generation. During the 20's we caught crawdads in the water below Mock's Crest and in the 30's it was the "in" thing to drive around Swan Island.

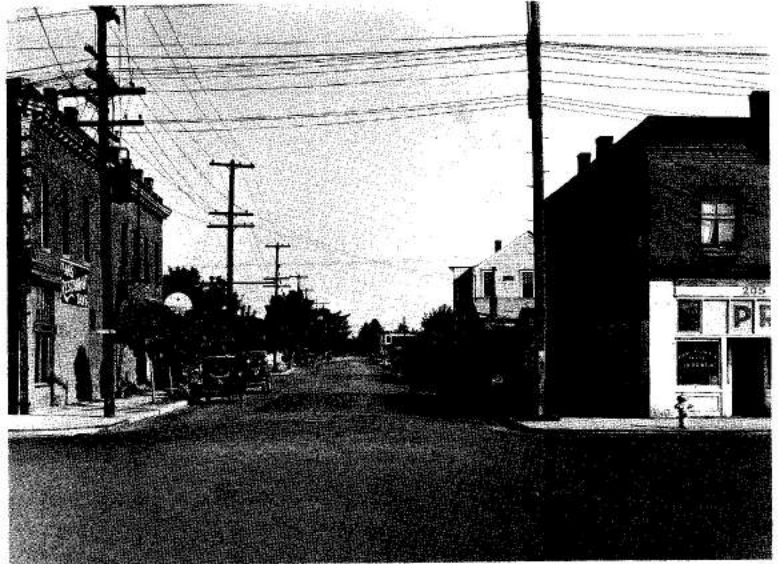
In 1945 my first born started school at old George School. That was the year President Roosevelt died, and the year that I started in P.T.A. We mothers popped corn, sold it and bought outdoor playground equipment for the school. The portable at this time, was build closer to Calhoun Avenue, and in the center of my old playground. Some of the students there were children of the classmates of mine, when I attended school there such a long time ago.

\*\*\*\*\*



Dr. Luzanna Graves, early St. Johns physician who practiced in St. Johns for 57 years.

*Source: Elsie Norris*



Ivanhoe Street at Burlington.



Winter scene of horse fountain in middle of street on Philadelphia and Ivanhoe streets, near present-day approach to the St. Johns Bridge.

*Source: Kelly Robertson*



Street-car tracks at Fessenden and Charleston Streets - Notice the barn on the left - down the tracks, you can also see a house that used to be on the corner of St. Louis and Pier Park Place. Cedar Park was on the left, across the street from the house.

*Picture Source: Oregon Historical Society  
Caption: Helen Miles*



## HANKS' Store

By: George Doty

In mid March Angie and I were wed in the year of our Lord 1932. Shortly after our wedding we rented an apartment on the corner of Edison and Pittsburgh Streets. It was run by an old couple by the name of Hanks -- supposed to be related to the Abraham Lincoln family. Mr. Hanks - Ollie to his friends, was a tall thin man with a full mustache and sparse sandy hair. His wife Ida, (Idy for short) was small and frail looking, but actually was a pretty hardy lady.

We lived in the back part of their house, in one room and a kitchenette, and shared a bathroom with the Hanks. Adjoining their house was a small grocery store where they both spent most of their day. In the evening the store closed at 6 PM and we were always welcome to go there to visit.

Ollie played the fiddle very well and their cats; Goldy, Timmy, and Chinese Chew (named for a candy bar) would dance to the music. Chinese Chew wore a yellow paper hat anchored by a rubber band. Their dance was a kind of a shag, and they more or less kept time to the music. Angie was over to the musicale almost every night after I left for work and when I didn't have to work, on some rare week end, I would join her. Usually we would have refreshments, cookies or soda-pop or, on rare occasions, a big dill pickle each.

I was working nights at the Portland Woolen Mills and taking all the overtime I could get, as we were saving to buy a house. We made lots of plaid Mackinaw cloth - also beautiful blankets. I ran the machine which put the nap on cloth and blankets.

In the summer Angie and Idy sometimes went blackberry picking while I was sleeping during the day. Idy showed her how to make jam and jelly from the berries and also how to cook and clean house.

The Hanks were very dear people who helped us get started on our married life. If we were short of money when the rent was due they would trust us to pay them when money was more plenty full. As the depression ground to a halt things got better. My wages went up a little and finally we had the good fortune to buy a house on Mohawk St. for a small payment down and payments like rent. It needed paint and fixing up and I was good at painting and fixing up so after a few years we had a home with which we could be proud.

We will never forget Ollie and Idy and all they did for us.

\*\*\*\*\*



Peninsula Shipbuilding Co., 1918. Notice the four ships on the ways. Located at the foot of McKenna Ave.

ST JOHNS HARDWARE, INC.

The store was built about 1900 -- owned by Buckner Bros --- and operated as a Department Store.

Leased in 1908 by Potter and Gould and purchased later in the year by Charles S. McGill and William R. Evans and operated as the St. Johns Hardware Co.

At that time there was a second floor on the building which was used for lodge meetings and as a church. The building was made into a one story building in 1930. St. Johns Hardware was known to have the first gasoline pump in North Portland.

William R. Evans passed away in the 1920's and Charles S. McGill became the sole owner. Mrs. Catherine Morand was the bookkeeper and a fifty year employee until she retired in 1958 (?) and moved to California. Edward Fluter was a clerk for approximately 15 years until he went to work in the shipyards. Herbert Frank (Twist) worked for the store for many years until his death in the late 60's.

Donald and Ethel McGill entered the business in 1941. Charles McGill passed away in 1965. The store became affiliated with True Value, a national association of independently owned hardware stores.

Donald and Ethel have four children. Don Jr. who is employed with all State Ins. Co. Robert is with James River Corporation. Patrick, who is an artist and has worked for the store eighteen years, and daughter Pamela Van Vacker a former dental assistant, who has worked at the store for approximately nine years.

St. Johns Hardware is known as the oldest hardware store in the City of Portland.

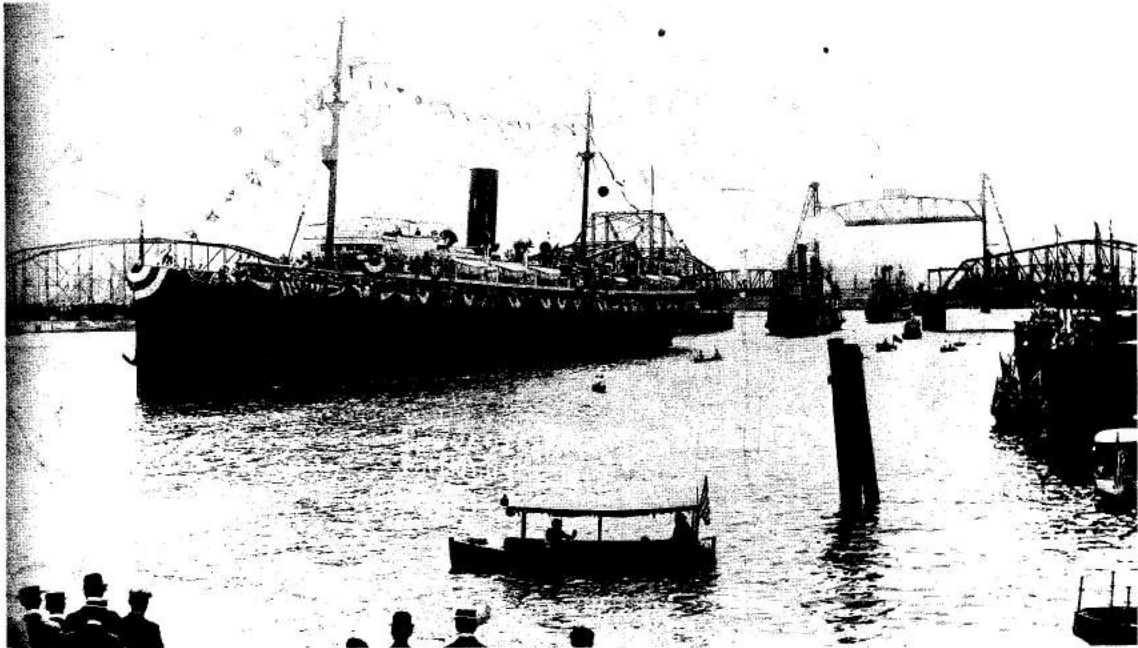
In 1989 the building was updated, painted and the parking lot at the rear of the store was paved.

\*\*\*\*\*



Don Tooley, early St. Johns radio personality, and his accordion class.

*G. W. Miles Collection*



Rose Festival, 1912.

*Source: Dick Crouchley*

## HENRY JOWER--ST.JOHN'S MERCHANT

By: Florence Evans

Jower's Shoe Store opened in St. Johns in 1906. The town was booming after the Lewis and Clark Exposition of 1905. Many people came, liked what they saw and decided to stay in the area.

Coming to the United States in 1875, Wan Jower considered this the land of opportunity. He arrived penniless but soon found work as a cook. In 1892 he returned to China to marry Violet and bring her back to the states with him. Educated in a Baptist mission in the old country, she taught school in Chinese here.

The shoe store was first started in a rented building at Third and Ankeny Sts. in downtown Portland. Deciding he wanted his own place, Mr. Jower built one of the first brick buildings in St. Johns. The brick was manufactured by the old St. Johns Brick Co. that was located between Seneca and Pier Park Way on Bristol St. The town's streets were dusty in the summer and very muddy in the winter. Jower's laid a fifty foot boardwalk in front of their store for their customers convenience.

The back of their new store was home to the family. There were five boys to educate. Henry went to Central School and then graduated from James John High School. All the boys but the youngest went to college and Henry graduated from Oregon State with a degree in mechanical engineering.

In 1925 while Henry was at a R.O.T.C. in Virginia General Pershing addressed the group. Henry received recognition there for marksmanship.

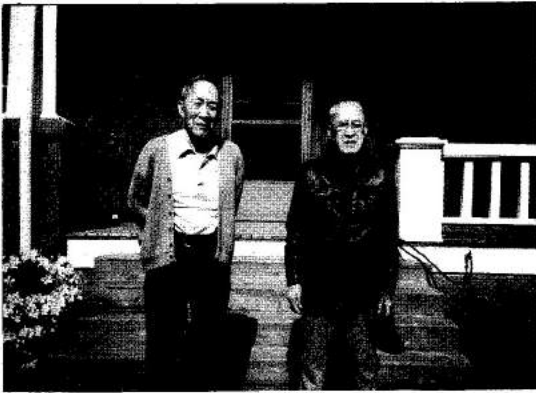
Each of the boys took their turn working while the others went to college. They were a close family always helping each other out. Henry stayed with the store and the other four boys moved to California.

Jower's has prospered through the years although it has had its ups and downs. The depression of 1929 was very hard and almost finished the store but they pulled through. Many people were in great financial difficulty but Jower's helped out with a pair of shoes and some clothing whenever possible.

Originally the shoe store stocked women's and children's shoes but finally went to men's furnishings exclusively. Many people living here remember going to the store for their first pair of shoes. In some families the fourth generation is now shopping there. Many of their customers are from out of town and come back for good quality, fair priced merchandise.

In 1975 Henry's daughter and her husband bought the store when he retired. In spite of his retirement at the age of ninety two years he can still be found waiting on customers and recommending the best buys. He is truly a "friend to man".

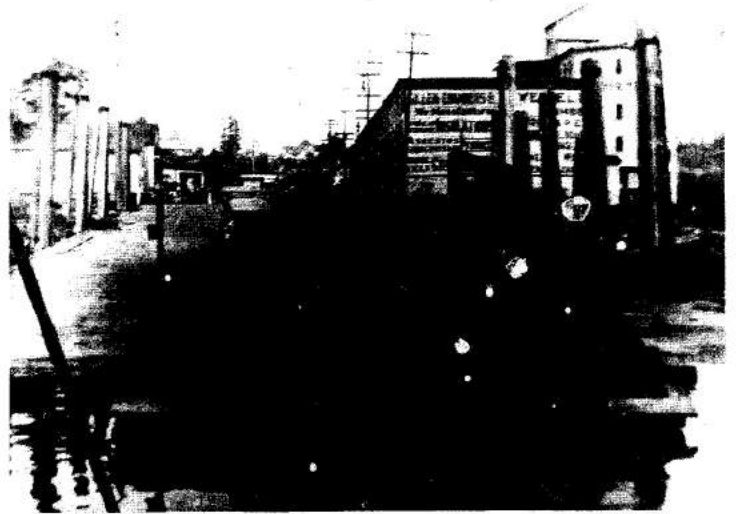
\*\*\*\*\*



Henry Jower (on right) St. Johns merchant and his brother (Ah Wing Lee) St. Johns boxer.  
*Source: Marilyn Korenaga*



Sarah Belieu, Nancy (NaSmyth) Fletcher, Elwell NaSmyth, Elsie NaSmyth (Norris).



St. Johns ferry landing at foot of Pittsburg. Picture taken from ferry. At left is present day Cathedral Park, on right is old Asbestos factory. Notice: The lead automobile has 2 milk cans on its front fender.  
*Source: H. H. Heine*

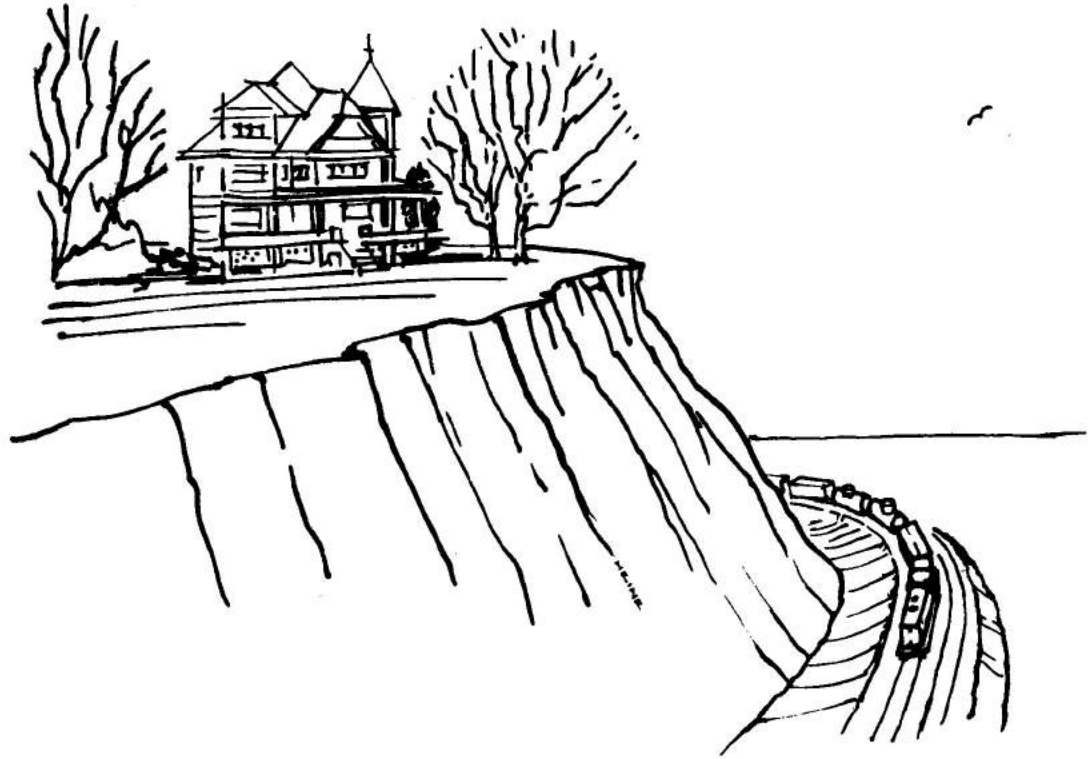


Cochran Block - Note horse and wagon at side - (Present day Dad's Restaurant).

*Courtesy: Oregon Historical Society*



A. A. Muck residence in North St. Johns on the Willamette River. The Muck family were early-day pioneers.  
*Source: Oregon Historical Society*



## CHANNEY HOUSE

THE CHANEY HOUSE STANDS ON THE EDGE OF A BLUFF  
ABOVE WHERE A SLOW TRAIN BLOWS  
ON THE NORTH MOST ALL OF ST. JOHNS LIES  
AND ON THE SOUTH THE WILLAMETTE FLOWS

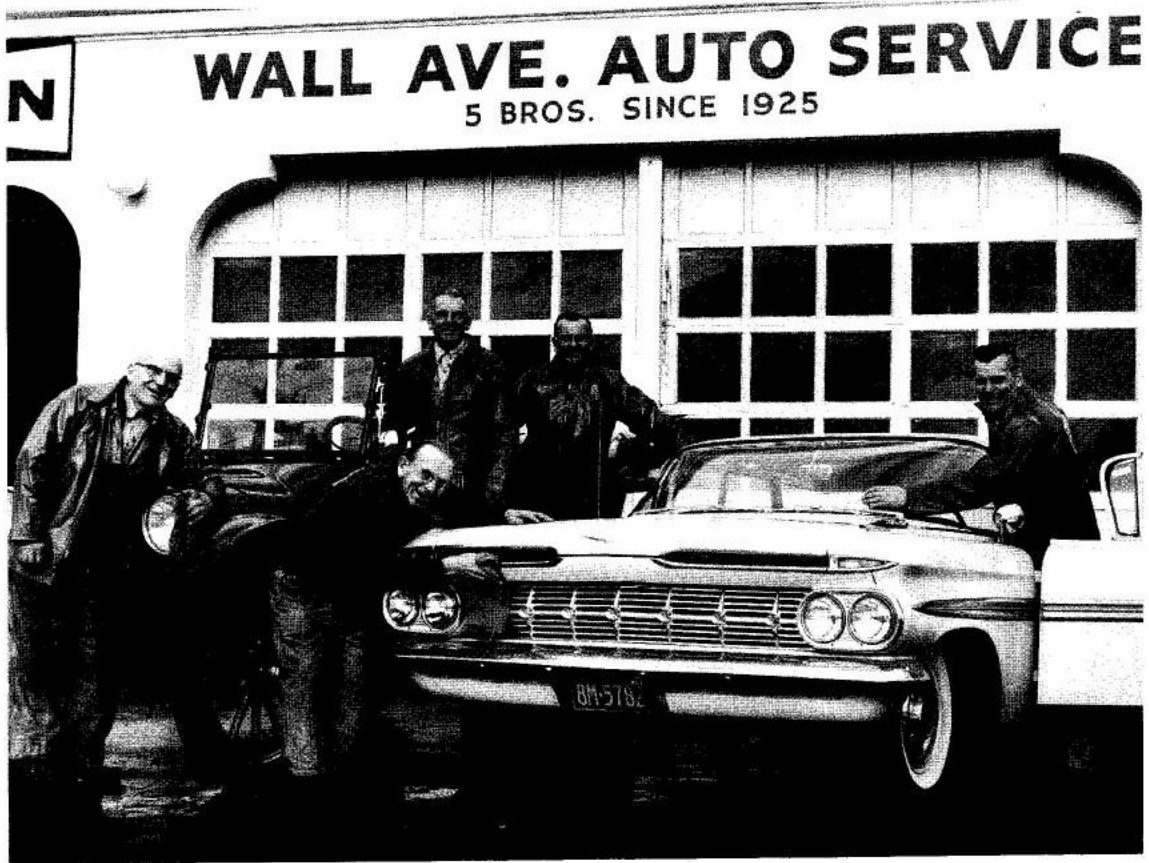
I JOINED THE FAMILY IN THE LIVING ROOM  
WHEN I WAS ONLY TEN  
MOST ALL THE KIDS WERE THERE BUT ONE  
THE ONE I HAD MOST INTEREST IN

WE HEARD MR. CHANEY TALK ABOUT  
MY NATIONALITY  
BUT THE ONE I HAD THE INTEREST IN  
HAD LITTLE INTEREST IN ME

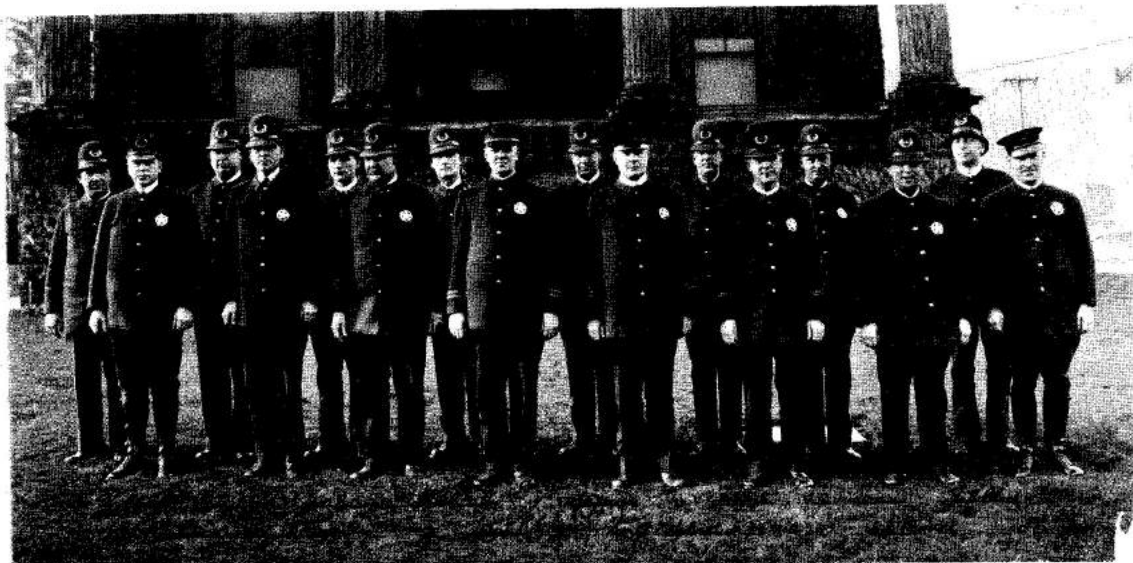
A LIFETIME HAS PASSED SINCE I WAS THERE  
YET MY MEMORIES ARE CLEAR  
REPLIES TO MY CALLS FROM WITHIN THOSE WALLS  
CONTINUE TO RING IN MY EAR

THE CHANEY HOUSE STANDS ON THE EDGE OF A BLUFF  
WITH ALL ITS ELEGANCY  
THAT HOUSE IS LIKE A SACRED PLACE  
WHERE MAGICAL CHARMS COME OVER ME

*HEBER C. HEINE 1990*



Wall Street Auto Service, operated by Kowalski brothers. Left ot right - Alex, Tony, Ed, Albert and John.  
*Source: Elsie Norris*



St. Johns Police force, Ca 1915, in front of old St. Johns City Hall.



## I REMEMBER KIDS

By: Harold Rose

I lived on Kellogg St. between Mohawk and Tyler Sts. and it was a neighborhood full of children of all ages.

Next door lived the Whitney Roses (grandpa and grandma), but no relation. They had a son Donald and a daughter Grace. Both were older than our family by several years so they were out of our "growing up" family. Of course, my sister Dorothy was only 13 months younger than I so we had a lot in common, "like fights". Now we get along well and were in many classes in school together. Helen was 5½ years younger than I, and the baby of the family. It was fashionable in those days, with no TV, to play games and my father and mother and the three of us would play such games as: dominoes, flinch, parchesi, checkers, etc. We played around the dining room table in the evening. Most were 4 people games so mother would sew or daddy would work on the car or in the basement.

After the Roses moved away the home was occupied by Mr. & Mrs. Harris who had no children but ran the ice plant on Lombard St. The ice was frozen into rectangles about 4 ft. by 1½ ft by 10" thick. In the summer trucks would come to the plant and get crushed ice from a crusher on the front dock. This was a revolving drum with sharp points inside a metal box which was run by a motor with a big black belt. It was fun to get some of the crushed ice that was left.

Across the street a boy, perhaps a year older, was living, by the name of William Oliver. He was not as social as some of the other kids but would play ball in the empty lot next door to his house. His parents were English, I think, but were not a social couple and this rubbed off on Bill. I am not sure whether he ever became a Boy Scout, if not, one of the few boys who did not join.

On the corner of Tyler (south east) were two boys Roy and Ray McMillan. In contrast to William (Bill) they were quite prim but quite social. They were not twins but very close together in age. As I recall they were not particularly athletic but liked to read. One block up the street on the southwest corner lived Dorothy Berry who had reddish hair and a few freckles. She was a taller person than some of us and rather stately in her appearance and walk. She and Dorothy played together some and "hit is off" quite well.

I should say that the neighborhood was primarily a lower middle class area. We had clerks-mill workers-saw filers-factory people. St. Johns was, of course, an industrial area with the Cooperage, St. Johns Lumber, Autzen plywood, Portland Woolen Mills and the dry dock as some of the main employers. The women stayed home and took care of the house and family.

Across the street from the McMillans lived Marie Prudome. She was a relative of the Marcy family who lived up the street. Marie was a pretty girl, not petite, but small who was talented in music and played the piano. She had lead parts in school operettas as I remember. She and Dorothy played together and walked to school no, buses!!

Across from Marie on the other corner lived Ruth Stotelmeyer. She was younger and and was about sister Helen's age. As I recall she was a bit reserved and shy. The yard was kept in excellent condition and some of our yards were not comparable. I recall that she and

Helen played dolls together.

Across the street in a rather large home lived two older people, the Fletchers. Any children were grown and gone but they were a friendly couple to us children. I can remember going to the back door on Tyler St. and receiving candy or fruit. Most of the families had fruit or nut trees in their yards and many also had gardens. Our family gardened a lot behind the house and about 100 x75 in a lot next door. We also had a grape arbor and for a time a chicken house and White Leghorn chickens which were good egg producers.

If we travel up the block between Tyler and Polk on the south side we come to the Marcy family. There were 4 children; Ben, Roberta, Robert and Don. Ben was my age and participated in all our games. While his father was short his mother was tall and Ben took after his mother and was taller than most of us. He was a good looking boy and was willing to work and take care of himself. He graduated from OSU. Roberta also inherited more of her mother's genes than her fathers although was not large—a good looking girl. She was also musical like her cousin Marie and was active in the glee club and musical programs. Robert and Don were smaller like their father and so far as I know never grew very large or tall. They were a bit younger than I but managed to play with us in many ways—especially in "hide and seek" and "pump-pump-pull away", "kick the can" etc. This was a close knit family who attended the Evangelical Church. Eventually the boys all became Boy Scouts.

Here I should mention that most of the boys in the community joined Troop 51 (old as you can see). The scoutmaster was Mr. Hendricks who was a pharmacist for Currin's Drug Store. His home was on Jersey about where Syd Dorn's Chevrolet garage is located. Later Mr. Deemer was scoutmaster. His home was on Willamette Blvd. just one block east of St. Louis. It is still there with some remodeling. Mr. Hendricks was a man of medium build and stature with medium colored hair, but Mr. Deemer was a small man with dark hair. Mr. Deemer had a daughter, Doris, who was younger and too far away to associate with us except in school and church.

Well let's get back to my neighborhood. In back of us on Jersey St. were some interesting people but no kids. On the corner of Tyler lived Dr. Gambee and that's about all I can say. Next door to him lived Mrs. Hankins and her old maid (relative?) Celia. The interesting fact, however that Celia was a Latin teacher at Roosevelt High School and many students were subjected to that foreign language. I and Dorothy were two of those people but the study has been a help in many ways as we read and write and look at other languages. She organized a "Latin Club" to which many of us belonged. It was an enjoyable experience as all the officers were named after Roman Gods and Goddesses and also costumed in Roman garb. We needed to be good as she lived right behind us. On the corner was Rolph the florist. He grew flowers in a vacant lot and had a small greenhouse off of Mohawk.

On the south side of Jersey St. lived two girls who were older than any of us. They were Mary Harney and Elizabeth Goodlove. They were separated by 2 homes but there was some kind of a relationship. Both were small girls taking after their mothers. Mary was a dark girl and Elizabeth was much lighter complexioned. She actually lived with her grandmother, I believe. Both homes are still there. Mr. Harney had some type of professional or semi-professional job.

If we turn right on Mohawk on the left had side was the home of

Gilbert Kaer. This was, and still is, an unpretentious but solid home with a generous front porch. Gilbert just did not have rapport with the kids in the neighborhood and we saw very little of him. Next door was, again, an unpretentious home sitting on a small hill in which Artis Russel resided. She and Dorothy were special friends for a long time especially in their younger years. I am not sure what the chemistry was. She was certainly a happy person a little on the roly poly side as I remember. She had a sparkle in her eye and a smile on her face.

Let's turn back now and go to the north side of Jersey St. between Tyler and Polk. In the center of the block is still a stately 2 story home with a porch all across the front. There was an excellent flat lawn next door in the 100 by 100 ft. lot and a small garden in back. Here lived one of my best friends, George Schwartz. He was a blond good looking young fellow and had a mild temperment. He was my age, my size and in my high school class. He also played the violin and played with me in the high school orchestra. We joined scouts together and enjoyed the scouting program and hikes across the river in the Linnton Hills. Of course there was no bridge and we crossed on the Lionel R. Webster ferry which docked about at a point under the bridge. I have no present knowledge of George nor of many of these kids with whom I played and studied.

If we go up the street about half way in the next block we find the Hendershott home. There were 4 children in this family. Elizabeth was older than we by several years. She was a tall well proportioned girl like her mother. All this family were either medium or blonde complexion and hair color the boy was about 2 years younger and lived too far away to become a playmate. There were twin girls Margaret and Mildred who were several years younger. We kept in touch through the church.

At the end of Jersey St. at Buchanan is a neat home and yard where Jack Lingas lived. He again was a year or so younger but enjoyed scouting with many of us. I remember Jack as a boy of ordinary medium size with dark well parted hair and neat clothes.

Two other boys should be mentioned who lived several blocks away on the corner of Burr and Princeton in a medium older age home on a small hill. Edred and Wilbur Cynis were also scout troop members and participated in our hikes and activities. They were about average, Wilbur was one year older than Edred. My recollection is that Wilbur possessed a calmer nature while Eldred was less so.

Now let's hike down Willamette Blvd, and we come to Polk and turn left several blocks to the Benson home—a large two story, spacious building at the end of the street and setting on the edge of the bluff. Margaret Benson lived here. She was known to come from a more pretentious background but never put on any "airs". She was a small dark haired girl who was well liked.

Before we go to the Cyrus home we should drop down Buchanan to Kellogg St. to the McGill residence. Mr. McGill owned the St. Johns Hardware on the corner of Burlington and Jersey. The building at that time was 2 stories. Don, like his father was small, as was his sister whose name I can't remember. Don was probably 10 when I was 12 but also became a scouter. We all know he and the hardware are still going strong - perhaps one of the oldest businesses in St. Johns.

I had a close friend in Upton Buckford (Ocky) who lived on Burlington and Leonard in a large yellow home on 100 by 100 surrounded by a wire fence. The property is now Safeway. We had a number of activities together in scouts and school. He played trumpet in the

school band and orchestra. We both had bicycles and rode around together. Probably some times when I was delivering the old Portland News afternoon paper. His father was a contractor and Upton had some mechanical skills. He was also a bit stubborn.

Not far away on Chicago St. lived the Currier family with sons John and Robert. Robert was several years older than I, but John was perhaps a year younger. Their father was part owner of Bonham & Currier where my father worked for 25 years, He was also part owner of the grocery of Couch & Currier. I saw them at the store picnics and at other occasions. Robert and wife Helen are still living in the family home on Chicago.

And don't forget George Doty who lived in the middle of the Thriftway Store. He has a looong memory and probably remembers more people than I. Se Finis.

\*\*\*\*\*



James John School June, 1926

James John Grammar School graduation — June 1926

## THE LARSEN FAMILY

By: Tom "Scoot" Lind

Mr. and Mrs. Axel Larsen, both born in Sweden in 1858, arrived in Portland in 1892. They then moved to St. Johns in 1900. They bought a house and a block of land; situated between Philadelphia and Tacoma Street, now called Alta, on Edison Street.

At that time they had 3 children. Mr. Larsen a Columbia River commercial gillnet fisherman for 40 years, started fishing in 1892. He retired in 1932.

In 1901, he moored his sailboat at the foot of John Street during the winter months. He then would repair his nets and gear to be ready for opening fishing season, April 15th. into the month of May. Several drifts each night would be made over the course between the Railroad bridge and Sauvies Island on the lower Willamette River. Steam boats making their daily run to Astoria, when waved down, would stop and pick up the fish and deliver them to the canneries near there.

In 1905 the Larsen family moved. They bought an old house and 2 acres of land on Reno Street below Edison St. from the Loomis family. It had a large orchard of fruit trees on it. They also had milk cows and lots of chickens. They sold some of their products also, and had enough for their own use.

Mr Larsen fished the lower Columbia river every season for the last 40 years. He resided at Pillar Rock, Washington where there was a large cannery. Mr. Larsen and his wife passed away in 1947. The Reno Place was sold in 1953.

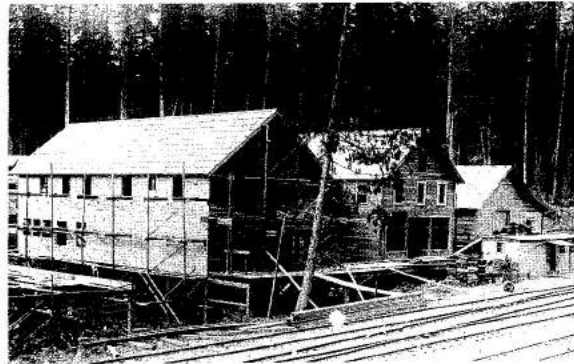
No surviving children are left. Valkyria Lund died in 1983 and her husband Axle Lund in 1984. Viking "Skee" Larsen, passed away December 1989, and his wife Clara died 2 weeks later. Their son Drott Larsen passed away in the late 1930's. Their daughter Sylvia, passed away later; do not remember the date, but it was on Easter day 1965.

This article was written by Tom "Scoot" Lind who knew that family for over 80 years.

\*\*\*\*\*



Howard Helms - early day family in front of home at Edison and Catlin Sts. This is the way paper-boys delivered the news.  
*Florence Evans Collection*



Above Westside, St. Johns Ferry landing, Whitwood Court.

*Source: Elsie Norris*



"Quarter Notes" — Singing group of the 1960s. P.T.A. members, all from St. Johns.

LIFE IN St. Johns  
1920 - 1936

By: Gladys (Freeman) Amato

On September 1926 my mother came out to Oregon with three of her five children from Kansas City, Kansas. My dad had just passed away and her sister wanted her out here, so that she could help her. My oldest brother Getzel came out later with his bride, Mildred, and my brother Glenn later from the Navy.

Willard, Raymond and Gladys started school at the old Portsmouth School which was located on Hereford just off Lombard and there is a fire station located there now. The new school is located on Willis and Haven. The children were transferred to the new school in 1928. There were papers put into the corner stone in the new school which had a list of all the children's names, the class they were in and the teacher's name. The corner stone was opened fifty years later in 1978 and I was there at the program and was so thrilled to meet with all those people that were there.

In 1930 we moved farther down into St. Johns to Burr St. The George School was next door and was located between Burr and Buchanan and Fessenden and Seneca and was a large building with a high cement base and wooden top. It was set in between a lot of large fir trees. I remember my fifth grade teacher was miss Nefsker, she taught a little German song to us. She drilled and drilled us until we got that song right. We had to pronounce those words just right.

Ich Hob Mich Gaben  
Mitt Hertz und Mitt Hand  
Er Land Fo Lepe Und Laben  
Mine Tores Fotter Land

She was a cousin to one of the the older families in St. Johns, Mrs. Toole, and Althea Toole.

At this time a Young lady whose name was June McLain lived across the street from me and she married Bill Steinfield. Later on when they started their family June asked me to be her baby sitter. We didn't have a radio or TV to listen to so I washed their dishes and swept their floor and rocked the baby and sang to him, that kept me busy. After school I would pull weeds out of the Steinfield's gardens for 25¢ an hour. Raymond Steinfield was in my class at James John School.

My family were Baptists, and at that time the Baptist Church was in a long 2 story building on Ida and Central and later moved down to Chicago and Leonard St. The building they moved out of became a W.P.A. hall (Works Progress Administration). The Ladies Aid met every Tuesday and sewed quilts. Once they made doughnuts and the children went from house to house selling them. Mr. Ludwick was our minister and when he left, Mr. Hunderup came in and we had a lot of evangelist meetings that added pep to our church. When Mr. Hunderup left, Mr. Thomas came in.

Bonham and Currier, Kasmire dime store, Vanek shoe store, Wieners clothing store, Amizich Realty, Red and White Front grocery, Goodwill, Peninsula Bank, were all the businesses I can remember now. Every Thursday the Firemen would give out bread and milk to those less fortunate. There was a policeman that walked his beat in St. Johns.

His name was Elmer Levens. He was so good to the children. They loved him. Elmer was a tall big man and he would take the time to listen to the children and always answer their questions no matter how silly some of them were.

There was a lake down below Swift Blvd. and it was known as Smith Lake. We used to swim there and had bonfires on the beach. At this time no man could take a single girl over the Interstate Bridge. It was the same thing as kidnapping. It was very illegal. The street cars used to go across the bridge into Vancouver.

When the St. Johns bridge opened there was a big parade and a big elephant led the parade and had big chains around his legs. We walked across the bridge and rode the ferry back. On the other side of the bridge was the Gas Company. There was a big pipe stack and every so often fire would belch out of it. In the winter the young people would take our bob-sleds and slide down German Town Road. On Sundays our Sunday School teacher would take us up into the hills and we would walk the trails and eat a picnic lunch. Her name was Althea Toole.

There was a cafe across from the bank that had a big display window and they had a couple of young men playing their guitars and singing and the girls would flirt with them.

There was a Spiritulist Church on Smith St. and the minister of that church was Mr. LaValley.

The James John School did not have the portables that I see there now. The principals that were there in my time were Mr. Perry, Mr. Hopkins, and Mr. Ferguson. The teachers were - Mrs. Simmons in Auditorium, Miss Acorn in music, Miss Hodapt in civics, Miss Clifford in History, Miss Kerr home room, Miss Nelson in nature study, Mrs. Overstreet in Library, Mrs. Barnwell in home room, Mrs. Hendershot in cafeteria, and Mr. Burke in Gym. Mr. Cohen, who was head of all the schools in health education would visit our school ever so often. Miss Acorn and Mrs. Simmons put on a play called the "Tea House of Sing Lo" and we took it to the Auditorium over town and played on stage.

A lot of the men in St. Johns worked at the Cooperage, and the Woolen Mill. The Cooperage near the railroad bridge, and the Woolen Mill was just north of the St. Johns bridge, both down by the river.

Mrs. Lulu Freeman, and Mrs. Franske and Mrs. Rose Green worked at Henry Thiele's big restaruant at the the stock yard. The Irvins had a little store on Lombard snd St.Johns Ave. Another little store was on Smith and Buchanan. The Cadillac family owned that store and lived in back of it. Mr. Lash had a store on Lombard and Buchanan across from Ketrenos' tavern. Farther up Lombard, close to Wall St. was a great big stucco house that was the Marcell's and they had a big cage out in their yard that had monkeys in it.

My mother worked at Libby McNeal Cannerey which is no more and during the great depression days she worked at Roosevelt High School in the cafeteria and would bring home left overs for our dinner at night. I believe Mr. Fry was the principal. This was a very hard time. The work was very scarce and every one raised gardens and canned every thing they could. That was what helped us through the year. The Welfare Dept. was very cruel for people coming in for help.

At 72 years old it is quite far back to remember everything.

\*\*\*\*\*



## A LIFETIME OF FRIENDSHIP

By: Tommy "Scoot" Lind

I'll dedicate this article to my life long friend, "Skee" Larsen who I have known for over 80 years.

In early October in 1907 the Lind's had been invited to their first dinner in the U.S. at Martin Nelsen's place on Edison St. They had 3 children, Clara, Norman, and Minnie. After dinner, Norman took me for a walk. We saw Skee staking out some cows. Norman introduced me to him. I couldn't speak any English, he took us to his home and I met all his folks. They conversed with me in the Swedish language, which I could understand. That was the starting point of a long friendship.

I was 5 days older than Skee, my birthday June 2nd., his June 7th. 1896. During fishing season Skee would join his dad in the summer months to pull the oars. No motor those days. As a result of this hard work, he developed strong arms, which helped him later, to be one of the best semi-pro pitchers in the state.

He graduated from the old Central school in St. Johns in 1910. He went to a business College for 2 years. After he graduated from there he went of work for Oregon Transfer Company on Glisan St. for a couple of years.

When the first World War started in 1917, I had been working at the Albina Steel Shipyard, "former" Cornfoot since 1916 and was promoted to foreman. So I hired "Skee" including many friends from the St. Johns district. My crew of 30, kept going down as the war progressed. I lost most of them who were inducted into the Armed Forces, including Skee, who left for Camp Lewis in 1918.

After the war years, Skee and I went to work for the Oregon Highway Dept. survey crew. Our first location was Lake County. Mr. Crowley was our chief engineer. Joe Toole, St. Johns native, operated the transit.

Our survey crew ran the location line from Fort Rock 20 miles to the town of Silver Lake, then on to the shore line of Summer Lake, another 20 miles or more. Through the gap of Winter Ridge we saw the picture rock. We admired the carvings by the Indians of hundreds of figures carved by them several hundred years ago. Our headquarters was at Silver Lake in the Christman Bldg., which burned down later destroying several artifacts.

While stationed at Silver Lake we organized a town baseball team. We won all our games, you know why? We had "Skee" Larsen the best pitcher in the state, hurling for us. His fast ball was unhitatable at that altitude of 4,200 ft. The last game we played with the Paisley team, was played at Lakeview against an all star team gathered together by their town. It was played at the county fair grounds, Over 2,000 fans were there.

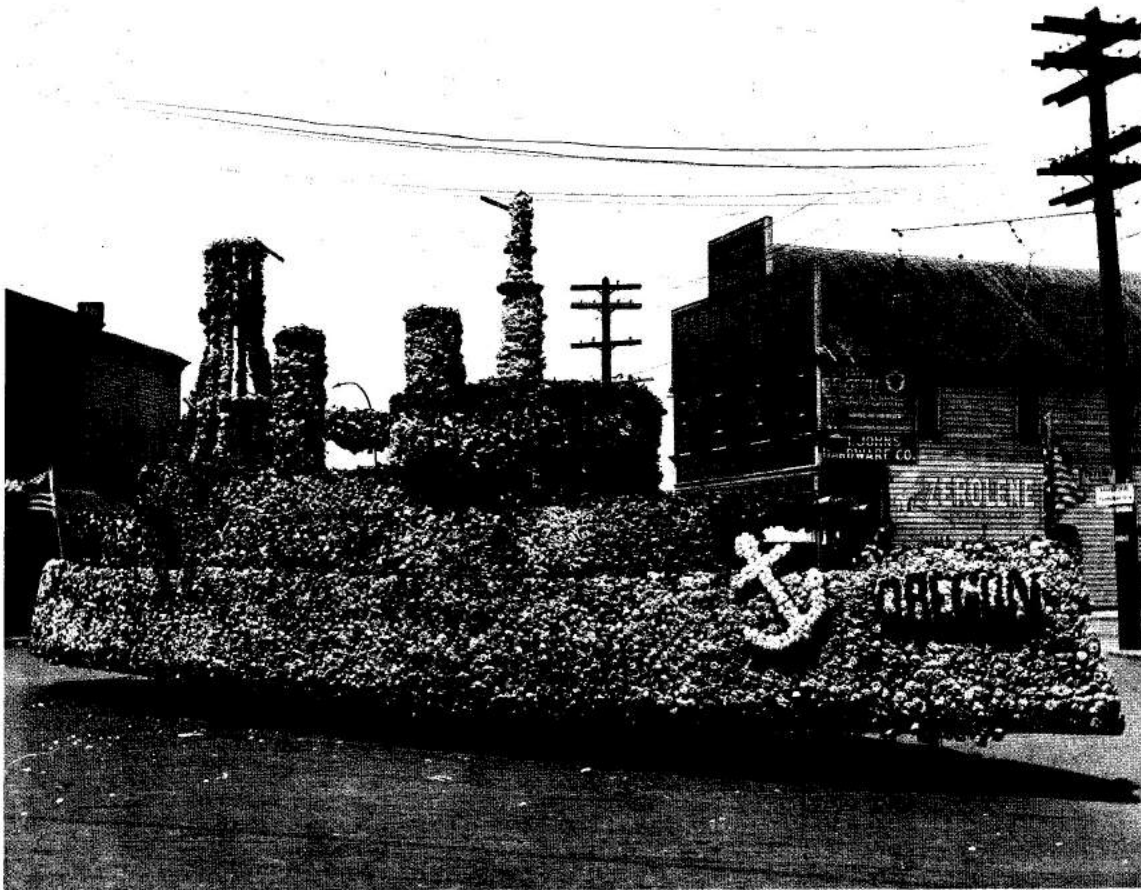
We beat them 23 to 3 so Paisley raked in their bets of winnings. Skee struck out 14. Skee received \$15.00 and I received \$10.00. We decided to go back to good old St, Johns.

Skee was employed by the U.S. Bank for 6 years, where he met Clara Cole, his wife for 66 years. I worked at Stewart Bros. Machine Shop. I got married to the greatest girl in the world Flossie in 1922. Our union lasted 65 years, when she passed away August the 30th. 1987.

Skee went to work for the Plylock Corporation, until his brother-in-law Axel Lund started a plywood plant in 1930 at Crescent City, California. The whole family moved there and resided there 59 years until his death, mid December 1989. His wife Clara passed away 2 weeks later.

It is very sad, to write about his life. We played baseball together, we worked together, we joined the Bachelor Club together. We got married very close together. We partied together, we corresponded every week by phone or letter. They stayed at our home on their visits to Portland, and we stayed at their home in Crescent City on our trips down there. Yes, they were the best pals and friends a man can ever have.

\*\*\*\*\*



Portland Rose Festival Sweepstakes Winner 1922. Built and decorated by St. Johns Bachelor Club. Red Roses from woolen mill fence. Anchor made from white carnations. Grit Lind was architect - flat bottom truck. Shown at Jersey and Philadelphia Street.

*From Tommy "Scoot" Lind Collection*



A LETTER FORM OREGON IN 1856

By: J.Loomis

Sunday, Dec. 28th 1856

Dear Brother David. The lines are from James Loomis your brother, I have never rect a line from you sence living in Oregan and now I write to you hoping that you will write me a letter as soon as you get this and tell me now all about your self and famly and all my connections, those lines are by my own hand.

I have been sick for two years, first with the liver complaint.

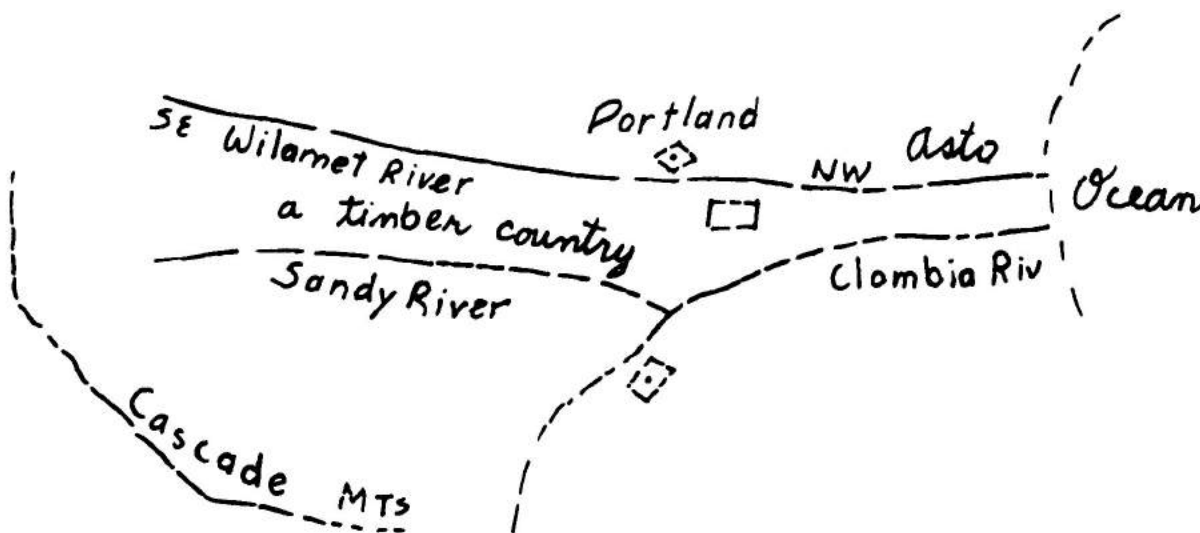
Tell Aaron Oldfield to write me another letter for I have worn out the one that he sent me as reading it over so much. I pray you encurge all of connections to write to me for I want to hear from all.

I live on my farm 8 miles below Portland on the willamete river. I have quit merchantdising two years ago, but expect to go in to it in the spring if my health will last and I have the capital. If father and mother is alive, tell them that I want to see as much as any child could also all my brothers and sisters.

I will tell you my belief in regards to the future state that as a tree fall so it lies, and in other words that if a man dies in his sins where God and Christ is he can never come and I also believe that there is a door of misery opened that no man can shut, while life lasts and then I think how nessary it is to have oil in vessels and our lamps trimmed and burning. may God help me try to make heaven my home. It is snowing to day and the snow is one foot deep now. The Indian war is over here and times is good again the marcket in Oregon,

flour per hundred \$3.25 corn meal per hundred \$6.00 buckwheat flour  
 \$8.00 pork per hundred \$6.00 beef per hundred \$8.00 samon per bbl  
 \$18.00 butter per lb. @ .45 potatoes per budhell@\$1.00 work oxen  
 \$125. cows \$45. work horsesamerican a pr \$600 a good wagon \$150.  
 carpenters per day \$7. Common laborers per day \$3. school teachers  
 per month \$50 apples per bushel \$10. an whitch i have one thousand  
 bearing trees just commenced bearing perhaps one peck each on an  
 average it is night if i live i will finish it tomorrow.

I will give you a discription of the country in which i live.  
 here is the map of the river Columbia and Willamett Portland is 125  
 mi. from the mouth of the Columbia Riv. and 12 mi. above the mouth  
 of the Willamett riv. and i am on the east bank in the forks of the  
 two rivers Vancouver 1,000 there are various other towns above me on  
 the river extending 200 mi. up the river. This country is considered  
 very healthy write to me as soon as you get this and let me no if  
 there is any of my nephews coming to this country or talk of it. dont  
 delay, write the sircumstnces of each one of my connections,  
 Johnsons, Walkers, Jenslows.



adieu my brother J. Loomis

Submitted by Mr. Herald A Loomis

\*\*\*\*\*

Note: From the files of;

THE BAY COUNTY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY  
 P.O. Box 27, Essexville, Michigan 48732

Volume 4

Number 2

Provided to: The Portland Genealogical Forum, and obtained from  
 the Forum by Florence Evans.

## A MERGER OF FAMILIES

By: Elsie Norris

It was in 1880 when my great grandparents, Sarah and Benjamin Belieu came to Oregon as the railroad did, from Iowa. He was a contractor. They were considered pioneer settlers of the Hood River valley, before coming to S.E. Portland, and then to St. Johns. My father was born to their daughter Nancy, a nurse, who was married to John Nasmith. When dad was born she divorced Nasmith and changed the spelling of the French-Canadian-Scotch name to NaSmythe, and went home to her parents. When she married Joseph Fletcher my father stayed with his grandparents and his older brother, Ralph, went with the Fletchers. When they all came to St. Johns in 1906, Benjamin and sons Perry and Albert built houses, and Fletcher and stepsons plumbed them. When I was born, Fletchers had a home and plumbing shop on the S.W. corner of New York and Jersey, the main street of St. Johns. I stayed with them when I had the flu during the epidemic of 1918.

As I grew up I liked to stay overnight and listen to the Salvation Army sing and play near the card room and pool hall on Jersey Street. St. Johns businessmen had a band, too. I liked to watch the fish in the pond which was built and maintained by the men in the fire department. There was an elaborate little train system with tracks and a bridge. Then there was the raised platform, with rest rooms underneath - all in the yard of the police-fire station. Grandma always dropped her pennies into a sewing machine drawer so my brother and I could use them at the ice cream parlor situated between her house and St. Louis Avenue. They had white iron tables and chairs and ice cream was only a nickel!

In 1922 Benjamin Belieu was in Los Angles on business. He blew out the lamp and retired for the night. It was a gas lamp! Joe Fletcher kept the plumbing shop until his death in 1929.

After the Belieu-Fletcher families came to St. Johns, Elwell NaSmythe met and married Osta-Fay Bellamy. She lived in the second house from the N.W. corner of Oregonian Avenue, on Astor Street. Bretthauers lived in the corner house. Bellamys had come from Nebraska, having crossed the plains in a covered wagon. On this trek there was a Chinese cook whose bread baking ability was the envy of all the cooks. My mother, Osta-Fay persuaded him to divulge his secret, and learned that he swished the milk around in his mouth to get it properly warmed before adding it to the flour!! Another recipe of the plains was Pap Soup, made with milk, flour and seasonings. Daniel and sons installed lath & plaster walls. Both my grandfathers had signed the petition prior to the merger of St. Johns with Portland. Alvira's mother Angeline Ackley had come to Oregon, too, from Nebraska in 1910. Her husband had died of consumption and her son's wife had died there, leaving a baby that Angeline raised. Angeline, her son and grandson (William Ackley) lived on Central Street. Angeline's daughter Celia lived across the street. She and her husband Oscar Stephenson arrived in St. Johns from Nebraska in 1922, with their son Leo and two daughters - Ruby (Bowe) and Phoebe (Milsted). The Ackley and Stephenson houses are still standing, on Central Street. Their homes always had a delightful aroma of freshly baked bread. My mother often pulled my brother and me in our little red wagon when we visited them. Angeline died in 1940 at age 94.

Lyman Bellamy, son of Alvira and Daniel Bellamy played football with the St. Johns Bachelor Club. He lived to be over 90.

In 1916, Cecil Lee Norris and wife Elsie Webster Norris came from California and bought a house on Mears Street, across from Perry and Ila Belieu. He was working in the shipyard in 1918. He also had worked at the Willbridge Gas & Coke Co. In 1928 both his legs were broken in a logging train accident in Deer Island. After he recovered he found work in California, where he lost his life in a mining accident. His wife and their son Cecil A. Norris moved back to their house on Mears Street in 1932. That was the same year that the NaSmythe family moved back to their house on Mears Street, after spending three years in Washougal, Wa.

While we lived in Washougal my cousin Kenneth showed me how to shoot eggs, tossed into the air, with a 22. Eggs were 10¢ a dozen, but we couldn't sell them because no one had any money. While I lived there I met Mrs. Marcell (of the Lombard Street carnival) and her son Victor. They lived near the river where we went swimming.

Kenneth and his family had changed the spelling of their last name, to the French method, BeLieu. It originally was Ballou. He and Cecil A. Norris were childhood buddies. In 1933 they climbed up a cable of the St. Johns Bridge, to the light at the top, then inside and down to the pier below. So, in 1934 I, too, saw what St. Johns looked like from the top and from the beams underneath.

Cecil and I were married in 1935 and created a dilemma for the postman. At 6656 mail was still being addressed to Cecil Norris or to Elsie Norris, and next door, at 6676 mail was addressed to Cecil Norris and Elsie Norris, also. Dr. Graves and Aunt Ila gave us a wedding shower. The Seventh Day Adventist Church on Central Street presented us with a Bible. Kenneth, Cecil and I all attended different schools. Kenneth attended Seventh Day Adventist Schools & Doremus Union (as did my father) before attending Roosevelt and U. of O. Cecil attended Assumption, Columbia Prep and Columbia U.

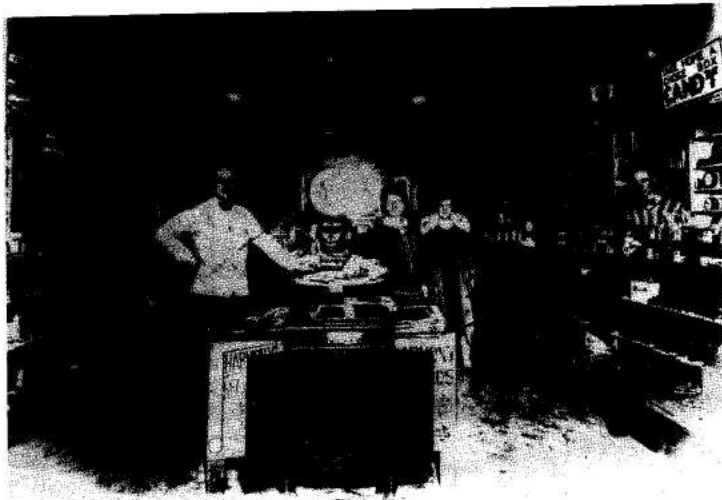
Mrs. Cecil Lee Norris (Elsie) married Antone Kowalski. He retired from Wall Avenue garage and died in 1970. Mr brother retired and they have moved to Lincoln City. They had two girls and a boy, and are grandparents to two boys and a girl. Kenneth is a great grandfather and lives in Alexandria, Virginia. Of Nancy's brothers - Perry retired from Portland Police Department and died in Parkdale. Albert lived in Seaside, but moved back to Portland before he died. His two daughters live in Riverview Manor. Cecil A. and I had two boys who are in St. Johns and one in Springfield. Our daughter lives in Fairbanks, Alaska. We have 12 grandchildren, and I am a great-grandmother to two little girls.

Old George School lives only in memory and there is no water where we used to swim.

\*\*\*\*\*



Also pictured, St. Johns Drug, Nov. 11, 1918, showing Mr. Everhart and Mrs. Thompson.  
*Source: Mandy Lind*



St. Johns Rexall (present name). Over the years, there were many owners — Mr. Grice, on or before 1928, then Lee Witty, Everhart, Glenn Davis at 111 N. Jersey - Mr. Davis moved to the present location. In 1976, he sold to Ken Terhaar, In 1981 to new owner, Jerry Rood.



Skookum Co., foot of Burlington at Crawford St. Slim Leverenz and D. Koeneke have been identified.  
*Source: Mr. & Mrs. Ronald D. Martin*

OLD TIMERS OF ST. JOHNS

By: P. F. Freeman

Few of those who in memory  
can  
Remember James John, Smith,  
and Monahan  
Bonham, Hendricks, Southmayd,  
Halls and Gees.  
"Doc" Gilstrap and Curriers,  
if you please.  
Though in St. Johns, they are  
seldom seen,  
Out in Brush Prairie dwell  
Baxter and Norene.  
While H.F. Clark, Sam, Dan  
and Paul  
Still handle furniture with  
bargains for all.

Couch, Chipman, Hollenbecks,  
Linguist and Glover  
Whose exploits still in minds  
will hover,  
Kerr, Gatton, Crouchley, Cook  
and Knowles,  
Passing on as time has taken  
its toll.  
When thinking of friends, a  
mind never fails,  
To remember Poff, Brederson  
and "Sandy" Scales  
Sybil Kasper, Mary Davis,  
Ann Rottle, too,  
Who in civic duty have been  
loyal and true.

Old timers came forth with  
parts to play,  
To obtain a bridge and the  
Y. W. C. A.  
There were A.W. Davis, Lizzie  
Ashby, the Doyles,  
Who for St. Johns have work'd  
and toil'd.  
The Linds, Oeschgars, Jowers  
and Charlie McGill.  
Larsens, Fassetts, Magone, and  
Fred Marlett,  
Those "old time" boosters we  
can't forget.

Good intentions we know mean  
everything.  
All cannot be a queen or king,  
But Ina Shaw was "Queen of  
them All".  
Among community workers as  
we recall.  
The St. Johns Review enough  
space would lack,  
To mention old timers from  
front to back.  
But it's never too late-it's  
never too early,  
To pay tribute to trooper  
"Bill" Burley.

\*\*\*\*\*



## THE PRESIDENTS' HOUSE

By: Sheri (Miles) Ketrenos

It was an old victorian house built in the 1890's. It had two stories, a full attic and full basement. The basement had a large room, one that was used as a pantry. The floor in the basement was mostly packed dirt. The foundation was made of bricks.

On the first floor there was a large living room with a leaded glass window that faced N. Harvard Street, it had a large fireplace. The living room and dining room were divided by two large sliding doors. All the doors and moldings in all the rooms had carved moldings. The hinges were decorated and so were the door knob plates on the doors to the rooms. Some of the knobs were made of brass and some were made of some type of crystal or cut glass. On the other side of the entry was a staircase that curved up to the second floor. Down the hall from the stairs were other rooms, a kitchen and a bathroom. These rooms in the back and upstairs were remodeled during

the 1940's and changed so that there were five separate apartments.

I was told by a neighbor that the first President of the College, (Columbia Academy?) built this as his home. One of the neighbors has lived in this area since she was a young girl and she gave me a picture of the home as it looked in June 1929. There was one family that lived in this home after the president move out. They lived there for two generations. They were also the people that remodeled the home. After they moved out several people have owned it.

Well, before we bought it, it was burned in a terrible fire. I remember the date because it was my son George's birthday, December 27, 1972. The house was severely damaged on the inside by fire and water damage. The fire was caused by faulty wiring in the basement. After the house burned it sat until June 1973. We bought the house then. We had hoped it might be restorable, but the damage was too extensive to do that.

Before we had the house torn down, we took some pictures. Then we removed all the stained glass windows, two cast iron tubs, some of the old bathroom plumbing and all of the doors that hadn't been destroyed. Two of these doors had stained glass in them. We also saved the railings and some of the gingerbread and pillars from the front porch.

A woman that was restoring a victorian house on Portsmouth Ave., (near the Trinity Lutheran Church) took some of the moulding. Her house was built during the same time as this house, and had many of the same features, the moldings were identical.

There had been a marble fireplace that originally was in the home, but one of the renters stole it and it was never returned.

We later on sold the lot and there is a nice home there now. We still own the home next door on the corner although we don't live there now.

\*\*\*\*\*



Rose Festival girls, 1917. Taken by Hoes Studio.

*Source: Nina Hoes McFadyen*



St. Johns branch of post-office in McChesney Block. Mr. Valentine, postmaster, on right.

*Source: Tommy Lind*

## REFUELING STERNWHEELERS

By: "Skee" Larsen

The coming of cordwood burning sternwheelers heralded the arrival of what could be considered the first sizeable industry to locate in the St. Johns area. When the first settlers arrived they noted virgin forest of douglas firs covering the landscape to the water edge. This was the resource that drew the sternwheelers here and this type of fuel held for around 40 years.

Approximate time for the start of this industry could be found in the notes left with the writer by Mrs. Elizabeth Ashby who was born here in 1871. We were good friends and I visited her often in Dundee, Oregon, where she passed away in 1963 at the age of 92. She wrote, "Even before my folks built their home in 1861 there were two log cabins on her folks place housing wood-cutting Chinese coolies".

Mrs. Ashby said her parents had been driven out of southwestern Washington territory along about 1855 by Indian uprisings, came to the local area and were befriended by James John, the town founder. Her eyes would glow with affection when relating how her parents lived for quite some time in what she described as "James John's Longhouse".

Records show that as early as 1856 James John deeded 108.8 acres to Irijah Byars, Mrs. Ashby's father. The Byars moved to their new home about a half mile north from James John's place in 1861 and about two blocks from one of the Chinese log cabins.

Before 1900 one of the cabins had disappeared and I have no information on it. However one continued to remain until around World War II. It was located near the lower end of what is now St. Louis. I saw it first in 1904 when it presented a decrepit picture, being practically smothered with an assortment of aged looking vines. It was occupied then and afterwards for a number of years, but not by Chinese.

The two cabins held about 10 coolies each, all of whom were under contract at substandard wages in comparison to what the whiteman would be offered. The laborers subsisted in vigor with a few bowls of rice per day - their staple food. Work shifts approximated a 12 hour day with Sunday off. Most of the Chinese were working in the woods, falling, bucking, and splitting, while a few were found at dockside unloading the flatbed wagons, stacking and helping get the wood on the boats.

I have suspicions that even in the better days around the 1880's and 1890's the pay for those coolies was not in excess of \$5.00 per month and keep.

Transporting the cordwood to landing offered a steady job for quite a few men, including a number of farmers who put their wagons to fairly steady work.

The first dock was located near the foot of what is now Burlington, however a much larger and sturdier one replaced the original, which was located at the foot of Salem, and probably started as early as 1880. Mrs. Ashby showed me a picture of this wharf which was taken a few feet above the upper end of Salem street, and showed

the entire town as it lay sloping towards the river below. We were living just a block away from this street as early as 1900.

Among the river boats to stop for fuel was the sternwheeler Oklahama, who made her appearance in 1875. She was the most powerful on the river, and set the record of consuming 40 cords of four-foot wood on a round trip to Astoria. On the downward trip she probably would have a schooner or two, but on her record making trip she, with her remarkable power, brought 3 schooners to Portland. Wheat in the earlier days was the principal cargo.

In 1895 near the end of the cordwood business on the river, the boat, worn out, was rebuilt and returned to the river in 1897 as an oil burner. She was abandoned in 1930 when the towing business declined and with her passing went the saga associated with her feats along the river.

Linnton shared in the cordwood business, but on a much smaller scale.

Sternwheelers plying the upper river to Salem and beyond were able to find cordwood at Canemah, which lies about a mile upstream from Oregon City. Boats like the Pamona and Oregona, late in the day, on their return trips to Portland would stop at Canemah and take on their supply of wood for the next day's trip.

Two trips by the writer - one in 1905 on the Pamona and one in 1906 on the Oregona found the boats fueling with wood. I have no record as to how long this continued on the upper river, however boats plying the lower Willamette and Columbia all converted to oil shortly before the turn of the century.

Now, gone are the majestic firs, the Chinese wood-cutting coolies and the melodious whistle echo of the numerous sternwheelers, but the river continues on it's ocean way.

Special thanks to "Grit" Lind for offering much of the information on the Oklahama. "Grit", a man who has loved the river for nearly 70 years, continues his favorite hobby building replicas of famous river boats of earlier days. Included in his collection are 20 inch structures of the luxurious sidewheeler, T. J. Potter, prop driven Georgianna, and the old speedster, sternwheeler Telephone, which is reported to hold the speed record on the run to Astoria in the 1880s.

Note: Skee Larsen passed away shortly after he sent this story, and one of the oldest pictures of St. Johns, to the St. Johns Heritage Association. Helen Miles, Pres.

\*\*\*\*\*



Probably the earliest picture of St. Johns taken, Ca 1875. Notice: wood cutter dock, wood for stern-wheelers.

*Skee Larsen Collection*

## MRS. SHAW--A St. JOHNS LEGEND

By Florence Evans

Mrs. Shaw was born Ina Hutchins in Doon, Iowa where she lived until she was four years old. At that time her family moved to Lakeland, Minnesota. She went to school there and prepared to become a teacher. However she married John Mitchell Shaw instead.

Seven years after her marriage they moved west and settled in Newberg in 1901. They lived in that community for five years before moving to St. Johns. The St. Johns Review reported in a February 1907 issue that J.M. Shaw had opened a second hand store in the French Block. This two story building erected in 1904 was the first brick business block in St. Johns. It stood approximately where Lombard St. curves into Jersey St. (now a part of Lombard). When Central (Williams) School became overcrowded rooms were rented by the school board and pupils received instruction there. Also a shirt manufacturing business among other businesses occupied space in the building. Later the Shaws operated a neighborhood grocery store at Ivanhoe and Catlin Streets for many years.

Mrs. Shaw helped organize and was president of the first Parent Teacher Association at Sitton (then North) School. She also presided over the United Parent Teacher Association of St. Johns which combined George, Sitton, and Williams (later James John) Schools.

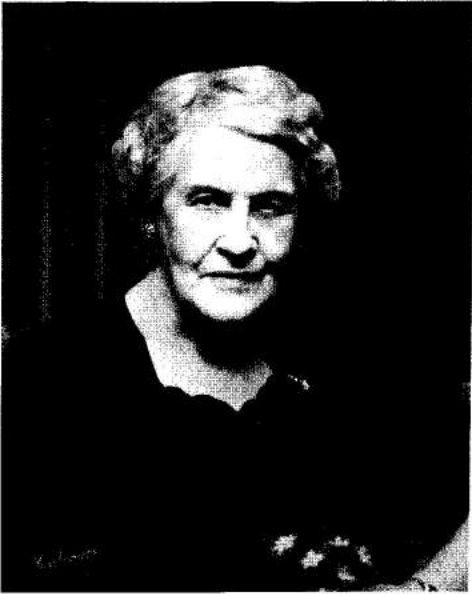
During the First World War, under her direction, volunteers met in the Council Chambers of the St. Johns City Hall to knit for the soldiers. Her activities included working for Red Cross and Community Chest Drives.

The St. Johns branch of the Y.W.C.A. was organized January 29, 1918 and occupied quarters in the St. Johns City Hall. Then Mrs. Shaw became the head of the St. Johns organization and began her many years of building up the "Y". Meetings were held in the historic National Cash Register Building owned at that time by the Congregational Church. It was later owned by the Lutheran Church and then the American Legion. As time went on an old house on Kellogg St. near Chicago was utilized for meetings. A campaign to raise money for a new building was started by Mrs. Shaw and the St. Johns Community Club joined forces with the "Y" in the effort. Finally the dream was realized when the new Charleston St. building was ready for use.

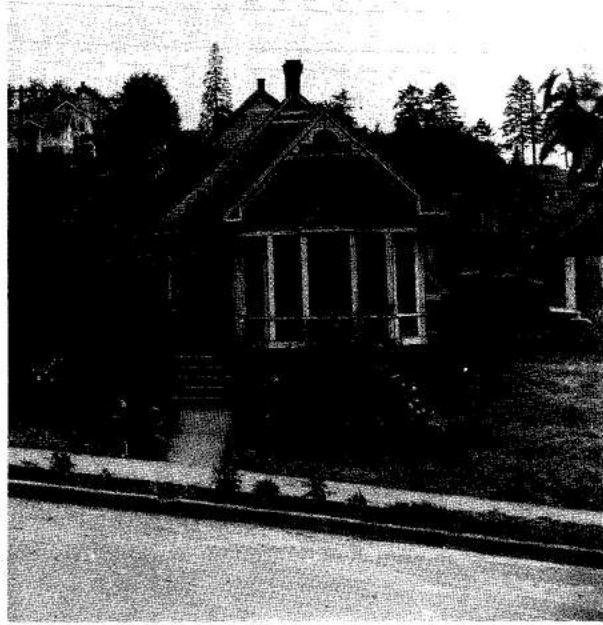
Beside her work with the Y.W.C.A. Mrs. Shaw was involved in many other organizations. A charter member of the St. Johns Study Club, a member of the P.O.E and the Friendship Club, she held offices in each organization.

Her work with St. Johns young people was outstanding and she gave love, help and guidance to many. Greatly missed when she retired, she still took an interest in her "Y" family. Health problems confined her to a retirement home and she passed away January 8, 1973.

\*\*\*\*\*



Ina L. Shaw - Picture presented to St. Johns Y.W.C.A. by the Pro-To Club.



A view looking easterly from the south-westerly corner of Richmond Avenue and Crawford Street (unimproved), probably taken in 1926. Many of the houses are still standing, but some are not visible from this corner. The house directly across Richmond Ave. might have been one of the Caples family's house.



St. Johns Transfer and Storage truck in front of Asbestos plant in old-town St. Johns.

*Source: Arlene Seidel*

St. JOHNS AS I SAW IT  
1920-1930's

By: Obert Norgard

My earliest memories of St. Johns began when I lived at Hudson and Fessenden Sts. At that time, my biggest thrill was reading the comics in the Sunday Oregonian and the Sunday Journal. I learned more about reading from the papers than from the first grade. Coming from a farm in North Dakota, it was a thrill when Officer Perry Belieu walked by each day and stopped to talk to my younger sister and me. Another big thrill was going 2 blocks to Oeschger's store to buy ice cream cone with the pennies we had saved.

There was an ice cream store on the corner of Jersey and Fessenden St. I sold papers there for my older brother. Further south was La Bonte's Photographic Studio and Ed Rock's Meat Market. Tom Buckle's Garage was on the corner of Fessenden and Ivanhoe St.

One of my first wanderings was westward on Fessenden and down the hill to the Grant-Smith-Porter shipyards, a relic of world War I. At the entrance of the yard was a replica of the statue of Liberty where liberty bonds were sold in the 1920's some of the old buildings were used for a cannery and Shaver transportation Co. used some of the nearby docks anchorage for its stern-wheelers.

East of the shipyards dock and separated by a sand dune, was a body of water called the Pig or Frog Pond, which was connected to the river by a culvert. During low water the pond became very stagnant and full of algae. For quite a few years people used it as a swimming hole, as they did the beaches below Terminal 4 and the Columbia Slough. Considering the fact that Portland and all the cities on the Willamette and Columbia Rivers emptied raw sewage into the streams, it is very amazing that we did not see ten times as many deaths. (This thought struck me as I stood on the banks of the polluted Ganges River in India during World War II.) The Portland Woolen Mills emptied their effluents into the river. Similarly Terminal Flour Mills dumped their wheat waste there, and all the ocean going ships flushed their bilges and tanks while in our "ole swimming hole".

I sold papers, with other youths, on ships in the harbor: at the Dry Dock, Terminal No. 4 and the Government Moorage across the river. Not only did we get twice as much for a paper on the ships, but also a free meal. American And German ships fed the best. A real treat was eating on Coast Guard ships or the state or federal dredges.

For several years, we lived on Minerva Street near Mr Harringtons Six-Point service station. My sister, friends and I would walk to the Fessenden viaduct over the viaduct over the railroad cut where the trains traveled to an from Portland and Vancouver. There seemed to be a continual stream of passenger trains speeding beneath the over pass. There are still strong memories of standing on the viaduct, smelling the coal smoke and listening to the clackety-clackety, cud-ut cud-ut as the wheels of the speedy passenger trains crossed the rail joints at fifty miles and hour.

The East St. Johns railroad depot was a short distance away. In the Fall, we would join others and walk the railroad right of way to the Pacific International Livestock Esposition on Marine Drive. Admission to school children was "Free" and we got a lot of free samples of merchandise. Usually, the Army Field Artillery displayed a

number of its caissons and horses in a show in the arena. On the way home, we toured Swift & Co. packing plant and sometimes got sample sausages and weiners.

I saw my first movies at the old Multnomah theater. I recall seeing Jackie Coogan in "A Boy of Flanders", and another movie where he portrayed a bugle boy on an Army Post during the Indian Wars. During World War II we spent an afternoon together in a restaurant in China and reminisced about his films.

A Dr. Marcel had a tent show on a vacant lot on Jersey St. There was a free show, where a woman did dances with a rattle-snake around her body as well as other acts. The purpose of this attraction was to sell "Rattlesnake Oil" good for toothaches, backaches, rashes, coughes, neuritis, and diseases too numerous to mention. This brought a howling protest from the local doctors and the city fathers passed and ordinance prohibiting this type of selling.

Browning Bros. Carnival was an annual attraction in St. Johns. Besides the rides and tent shows there was wrestling with such stars as "Wild Cat" McCann, Swede Jensen, Robin Reed, Ted Thye, Strangler Ed Lewis and others.

Bachelor Club "Smokers" promoting amateur boxing took place periodically, Jimmy Jower whose family owned the shoe store fought in professional bouts in downtown Portland. I never missed listening to any of his fights when they were broadcast.

Terminal No. 4 was served by a street car trolley that started a Jersey and Fessenden st. One of the projects of youths in the North End was to grease the tracks and pull the trolley off the wire on Halloween. Sometimes, streetcar waiting rooms were moved by the "ghosts" along with out-houses and pigeon or chicken coops and benches.

As most families had three to six children and there were numerous vacant lots, one could always find a baseball game in our neighborhood. There could be five to an unlimited number of players on each team. It all depended on what time each family ate supper and time duck arrived. When it got too late to play they turned to "run-sheep-run", "kick-the-can" or other games played under the arc lights.

As a fore-runner to skate boards, we would take one roller skate, one apple box, one 2"x4"x32", one 1"x 2"x18" boards and make a "Go Devil". These were hazardous to people on the sidewalks and being propelled made it hard for some of us to explain to our parents the extreme wear of one sole of our shoes. With some lumber, wagon wheels, lath and rope cars would be created to sit in and race down hills like Catlin Ave. Model cars would be whittled out of wood using the 1' metal wheels discarded from machines at the Portland Woolen Mills.

The old St. Johns abounded in fruit trees and Mr. Gasser would contract the picking and sale of the fruit and sell it to the canneries. A family living on the bluffs overlooking Terminal 4 had a lot of gooseberries, currants, and raspberries that they hired pickers for. Mr. Evenson who owned a dairy on Burgard hired us to weed his vegetables. I still wonder whether it was true economics or a project of charity as this work enabled us to splurge on 4th of July fireworks. He and his wife were wonderful people.

How can we ever convince this generation it was fun to walk to the Livestock Exposition or walk to downtown Portland and back when we had money for a show ticket and no car fare? Harder yet we will never sell the idea that we skated on Smith Lake and slid down Burlington



and Richmond hills practically every year.

The Bachelor Club stadium on Wall St.. was where I saw my first football and "Auto Polo" games. My brother and I sold Sunday papers there. When it rained we could sell an old paper for a nickel for people to sit on. My brother also sold food and drinks to the crowd.

My first recollection of Bachelor Club members was in 1923 when they were distributing food baskets and toys to the needy. They were far ahead of the Sunshine Division in this field. About the same time they chivareed Alec Orr and his new bride over on Smith Av.

On the river the ferry slip was next to the veneer plant (Plylock) and the fire boat Karl Gunster was docked at a pier on the other side of the slip. The ferry was a place to sell papers as well as Liberty, Collier's and the Saturday Evening Post magazines. Business was especially good on Friday and Saturday when Model T's, Reo, Maxwell, Star, Buick, Hupmobile, and other 1920's cars set out for the beaches via the Lower Columbia River highway. Their racks and running boards were usually crowded with camping gear, tools, and 2 or 3 spare tires, and maybe a can for water and gas.

Selling papers in those days usually brought us only a penny or so on each paper, but the economy was different. Movies were 5 or 10 cents, ice cream, candy, gum and car fare were 5 cents. After 5:30 or 6:00 we could go into the bakery and get 2 cream puffs or custard rolls for 5 cents and go up to Cloverdale Creamery and buy a 5 cent quart of milk. At times we would get a banana cream pie for 15 or 20 cents and share it. This would keep down our hunger until we got home and raided the ice-box.

An ice-box in those days was really an ice-box. In the summer time, we would beg slivers of ice from the ice truck or the ice house on Lombard and suck on the ice to cool our thirst.

Believe it or not, there was always competition for the job of putting peoples wood in the basement. If a wood delivery truck stopped at a house, somebody was sure to knock on the door and ask for the job of putting the wood in the basement. Stacks of 4 foot long old growth and slab wood were piles 8 feet high in front of residences in the summer to dry and cure. In the fall the sawing was done by a 20 inch circular saw mounted on a Model T Ford chassis and powered from the rear wheel which was jacked up. Price varied from 40 cents to a dollar depending on the type of wood, how far it had to be hauled and whether it had to be stacked or not. Henry Persha, who later owned McCracken Machine Works, got his start earning money this way.

We wonder to-day, if the elderly were forced to burn wood where would they and the childless get help to put their wood in?

Lets' not forget the Lionell Webster, the ferry on the Willamette. Many a parson has sought refuge from the summer heat, by riding back and forth across the river.

The community spirit of St. Johns showed itself when a carnival and get-together was held in Mitchells garage on Burlington St. to promote the campaign for the St, Johns Bridge. With the advent of the bridge and World War II and the shipyards, St. Johns ceased to be a neat quiet little town.

Growing from a boy of 6 years into my teens there are vivid memories that I return to 60 years later. The scenes, sound, and smells may have changed but they re-appear in my mind.

Many of us can still vision "Mac" McCredie standing at the door of the Venetion Theater taking tickests while Walt and Art Morey carried on the the show business indoors. More times than I can count he let myself and others in free, when he knew we could not pay and would miss the next chapter of Tarzan or Fu Manchu. Amateur

nights and country store nights are remembered by many old-timers.

The old double-car trolley trains literally galloped and swayed as they traveled around the loop from Lombard and Wall and up Fessenden to Jersey St. There was a 5 minute stop in front of Currins for Drugs, the Bakery and Surber's Card Room. It was here that the Portland News, the Telegram, Oregonian and Oregon Journal papers were unloaded for the eager carriers and sellers. After rolling their papers, the wrappers and twine were tossed into the excavation where the St. Johns theater now stands. Periodically, the fire department Engine 32 would come by and the firemen would burn the debris before it became a hazard.

St. Johns lived and thrived with the sound of the whistles of the Portland Woolen Mills, Western Cooperage Co. St. Johns and Portland Lumber Co's, Clark & Wilson Lumber (at Linnton) and the siren at Terminal 4. At 5 PM one could see "the Woolen Mills girls" trudging up Baltimore and other hills from the 'Rag Foundry' as the woolen mill was affectionately called. (As we refer to Meier & Frank Co. as Murphy and Finnegan and Fred Meyer and Uncle Freddie's).

Several times in the 1920's I recall being awakened in the night hearing the mill whistles and numerous sirens, denoting a Fire on the Water-Front. Usually the mill was a disaster or total loss as they didn't have sprinkler systems. The main purpose was to keep the fire from spreading to other property. I can recall local men and boys helping the firemen string hose for blocks along the railroad tracks.

On the subject of fires there were several forest fires in the west hills near Montgomery Wards. The area is now residential or part of Forest Park.

It was not rare in those days to see deer on Germantown and St. Helens Road. Occasionally a deer would cross over the railroad bridge to St. Johns. Once a cougar was spotted in the rail-road cut near Willamette Blvd.

In the spring, children would cross the river to pick trilliums and other flowers. These trips would be repeated in December when we would go seeking Christmas trees.

We lived on Fessenden St. when I started school at Sitton in 1923, walking down Smith Ave. we reached a muddy lakes at St. Johns Ave, where a small store was located. Here we could buy candy and school supplies. I recall frantically running and spattering mud past this corner as the last bell for school was pealing a call to classes.

On the West or front side of the school, where Hudson St. was supposed to be, there was a mud bank, about 5 feet high where we in the lower grades played "king of the hill". (Boys only! We didn't play with girls or dolls). How our mothers ever extracted the mud from our clothes on a washboard we will never know! The rear of the school slanted to Smith Ave and made excellent sledding in the winter a possibility.

Pier Park was just a block or two away and a pot-luck picnic was eagerly enjoyed by our classes. As we grew older, we took a street car trip downtown to the Portland Art Musuem.

Sitton School had 2 portables and we would march to the main building for assemblies. In the main building, we marched to the tune of "The March of the Wooden Soldiers" played on the piano by Laura Denton.

We had another thing at Sitton, a distraction from our studies, as well as an attraction, this was Joe the Crow. He would steal anything shiny, from the school or elsewhere in the neighborhood. He would perch on a 4" galvanized pipe that was 12 feet high and the base

was buried in the school grounds. i wonder how many shiny trinkets he dropped down the maw of this pipe in the few years he was with us.

To mention Sitton School and not mention its principal Miss Stevens would be sacriligious. No matter what your problems, she had the time to listen. She would go to homes where the family might have economic problems and somehow find help for them. If a student had problems with his studies or deportment she would visit the home and always be welcomed.

Our school janitor "Blackie" Larking was liked by all students. Besides being janitor he was recruited to apply a plywood paddle to the posterior of older boys who "smart-alecked" in class. (When the delinquent got home, accompanied by a note, he usually finished a double-header with his father in the woodshed or basement). All girls were angels in those days and not subject to child abuse, (at least not at school).

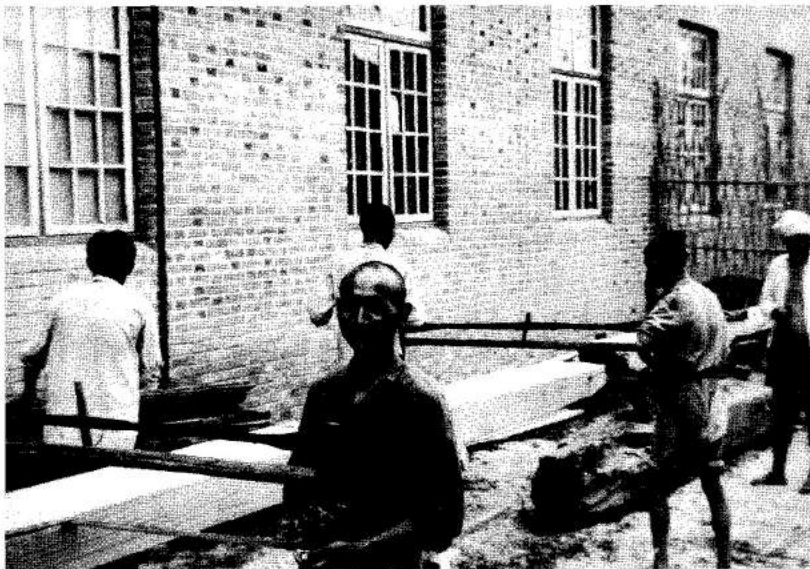
My recollection of Terry Schrunk at Sitton School was that he was one of the older boys, 4 years older, that we played "free for all" soccer with. Everytime I got bowled over, it seems he was the one who picked me up. I returned the favor years later when he ran for public office.

These pages are written from memory as I recall St. Johns. Putting things down on paper brings out the fact that I an definitely not as flowery or glowing as Thomas Wolfe. Beautiful as his writings are he went to his grave truly regretting he was not a poet.

I hope you enjoy the highlights of my recollections, a part of St. Johns History

\*\*\*\*\*

Note: Appended to the hand written story sent to Helen Miles by Obert was a note which read; "Helen, Thanks for your urging me to write. Obert "Bud" Norgard". Shortly afterwards Mr. Norgard Passed away.



Chinese workers in Shanghai. Timber was shipped by Portland Lumber Co. One piece has St. Johns Lumber Co. stamped on it.

Source: Obert Norgard



Princess Natella, daughter of Marcel-Marcel operated a carnival and medicine show in St. Johns. Built residence at Lombard and McKenna.





Historic second panel on wall in old St. Johns post office. Arrow points to former postmaster, Dan S. Duff, father of Mrs. H. F. Keever. Building is located on Ivanhoe near Baltimore St.

#### ST. JOHNS HISTORIC POST OFFICE

#### SECOND PANEL: CONTEMPORARY

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT OF ST. JOHNS: GROUP SHOWN IN THE CORNERSTONE CEREMONY FOR THE NEW POST OFFICE. GROUP CONSISTS OF POST OFFICE OFFICIALS: J. M. JONES, EDWARD J. BALL AND DAN S. DUFF, SUPERINTENDENT OF ST. JOHNS' POSTAL STATION. THE LATE MR. CURRAN, PRESIDENT OF THE BUSINESS MENS CLUB IS ALSO SHOWN HERE.

UPPER RIGHT AREA: SCENE IN THE PORTLAND LUMBER MILL SHOWS WORKERS.

LOWER RIGHT: SOME OF THE ACTIVITY SCENE: MR. SEVERANCE, FIRST POSTMASTER AND MANUFACTURER OF ST. JOHNS IS SHOWN WITH THE BEARD.

MIDDLE DISTANCE: BUILDINGS AND ACTIVITIES TYPICAL OF THE AREA - WAREHOUSES, MILLS WITH WORKERS, SHIPPING, AND BRIDGE AND LANDSCAPE OF THIS AREA.

THE ARTIST IS JOHN BALLATOR, PORTLAND, OR.  
(JUNE 1, 1936)

NOTE: COPY PROVIDED BY MRS. HOWARD F. KEEVER, DAUGHTER OF DAN S. DUFF, FIRST POSTMASTER IN THE NEW ST. JOHNS POSTAL STATION ....1933)

\*\*\*\*\*



(1)  
THE ST. JOHNS REVIEW  
1904 - 1928

By: Donald L. Ball

The purpose of this survey is to tell a story. It is up to you to take the information, use your imagination, and like a puzzle put the pieces together.

Editors, Publishers, Associates

The "St. Johns Review of November, 1904 credits J. C. Crome as the editor. May 5, 1905 lists R. W. McKeon - May 12, 1905 names R. W. McKeon, editor. May 19, 1905 lists R. W. McKeon and Thorndyke as co-editors. April 13, names McKeon as editor. June 8th. of the same year prints R. W. McKeon and Albert W. Markle as editors.

An article of the above date states that Mr. Markle acquired a half interest in the "St. Johns Review." July 5, 1907, A.W. Markle and Byerlee are credited as editors. The named editor of July 9, 1909 is A. W. Markle.

A St. Johns Heritage Association captioned picture of three men, Dated 1914 states that the editor is A. W. Markle, the publisher is David Dickson, and the third man is Irvin Gromachy.

January 25, 1918 names A. W. Markle as editor. November 10, 1922 prints H. L. Ray and Carson are editors. The same copy names John D. Rice as Associate Editor.

September 16, 1925 deletes Carson. The 1927 and 1928 Publishers are H. L. Ray plus Irish. John D. Rice, Editor.

Office Locations, Improvements

The "St. Johns Review" of November 1904 informs the public that the office is located on South Jersey Street. During 1905 the front office is remodeled to include a barber shop and candy store. A new press is installed and the page size changed. In 1907 the page size is again revised to seventeen and one half by eleven and one half inches.

The July 9th. 1909 edition gives 117 West Burlington as the current address. The August 24th. copy states that the paper is now published at 117 Philadelphia Street. On August 20, 1920 the address is 404 North Jersey Street. The first phone number is listed as Col. 321. November 10, 1922 the phone number is printed as Empire 0321. November 16, 1923 the subscription price is \$1.50 a year. Formerly subscribers paid \$1.00 a year for each Friday publication.

(1) The information is from the Oregon Historical Society's microfilm of, "The St.. Johns Review."

## Masthead Highlights

The masthead of November 11, 1904 consists of five lines and four spaces. The first space and the top of the page is the largest. This contains the title, "St. Johns Review," in block style print. The second and third spaces are each about one fourth the size of the title space. The print within the second space states that the newspaper is, Devoted to the Interests of the Peninsula, the Manufacturing Centre of the Northwest." The third space print contains the volume number, geographical/political location, day of the week, month, date and the number of the paper within the volume. The fourth space is on eighth of an inch. This separates the masthead from four columns of print.

The total page size is in tabloid form. The measurements of the 1904 edition are ten inches by thirteen and one half inches. There are a total of twelve pages. The average number of pages are eight. There are approximately sixteen major masthead changes during the time surveyed. All mastheads remain constant until the next reported change.

June 8, 1910 edition replaces squares with rectangles. The left block reads, "Its Now Up To You To Subscribe For This Paper. All the news while it is news is our motto." The right block reads, "Get In The Habit of advertising in This Paper and you'll never regret it. Begin at once and keep right at it."

The format of the December 13, 1912 masthead adds sixteen features of St. Johns to the left side. The right side contains an additional sixteen. Above each list is the title, "St Johns". The features title changes February 21, 1913 and reads, "St. Johns Is Calling You".

The newspaper of March 14, 1913 has two parts. Part One is standard. Part Two consists of Four Pages. The title, "St Johns Review", is contained inside a scroll. On either side of the scroll is a lamp plus a quill pen in an ink bottle. In block script above the masthead the title is, "Current Features".

The November 13, 1914 masthead consists of four spaces. The paper is a Special Edition by the Juniors of James John High School. The left hand corner block print names of the Junior Editorial Staff. Arlene Shaw is the Editor in Chief. The Associate Editors are: Literary; Pearl Evans, Social; Ethel Hufford, Wit and Humor; Curtis Phillips, Class Reproter; Olive McGregor. The Business Manager is Homer Plasket. Assistant Managers are Henry Jower and George Hufford.

The right block is captioned James John High and lists eleven features of the school. Examples are; Is one step toward higher education, and Is Active in Athletics.

June 11, 1915 the masthead lists the following sixteen features of St. Johns. Has nearly 6,000 population, Taxable property is \$4,500,000, Has seven churches, Has a most promising future, Distinctively a manufacturing city, Adjoins the city of Portland, Has a publis library, Has dry docks, saw mills, woolen mills, iron works, stove works, asbestos factory, Ship building plant, veneer and excelsior plant, Flour Mill, planing mill, Box factory and others More industries coming, St. Johns is the place for you.

July 2, 1915 the third space geographical/political line reads St. Johns, Oregon. July 9, 1915 the line read, St. Johns, Portland, Oregon.



The "St. Johns Review", of July 30, 1915 is standard except for the change noted July 9, 1915. Unfortunately the subsequent ninety five issues were not in the microfilm set.

The July 27, 1917 edition prints the title in manuscript form as, "The Peninsula Review". The volume number is thirteen, the paper number thirty seven. The prior copy is volume two, number thirty eight. A statement says that that this edition is the Successor to the "St. Johns Review".

However, on August 24, 1917 the masthead reveals that the successor to the "Peninsula Review" is now the St. Johns Review", volume thirteen, number forty one.

August 20, 1920 the volume number changes to fourteen, number forty two. February 25, 1921 the block print states: St. Johns Best Place for the 1925 Fair. In June of the same year the left block print reads: City's Oldest Community Newspaper. The right block print reads: St. Johns the Home for Industries.

In the September 19th. 1924 issue the second space print is: A Progressive Newspaper Devoted to the Interests of St. Johns and University Park.

The masthead of January 25, 1928 contains a left block that reads: Be Sure To Register Now. The right block: Vote for the Bridge. The May 25th. issue has thirty six stars above and below the title. To the left and right of the border are Roman columns. At the top of each column is a Star of Bethlehem. The second space reads: Primaries.

The final issue surveyed is December 25, 1928. In embossed manuscript style the print above the masthead contains the message; Our 1929 Greetings a Prosperous New Year To All.

\*\*\*\*\*



ST. JOHNS RICH IN HISTORY  
(1)

By: Esther Glenn Westby

Rich in history St. Johns, one of the oldest districts in the city of Portland, was named for the pioneer; James John, who crossed the plains to California in 1841 with General John Bidwell and came to Oregon in 1843. He settled first in Linnton, later taking a Donation Land Claim across the Willamette, which was to become the site of the town which bore his name. He operated a ferry there in 1852; a sawmill also was located here. Some historians say he was born in Kentucky or Tennessee, but his donation land claim states he was born in Ohio. Others taking donation land claims on the peninsula at about that time were William Gatton, James Loomis, G. H. Ramsey, Dr. Wm. Caples and Henry Muck.

James John died May 18, 1880, and was buried in Love Cemetery, now known as Columbia Cemetery. Each year in the later part of May children from the James John School place flowers on his grave.

\*\*\*\*\*

1. (1) Westby, Esther Glenn, "St. Johns Rich in History",  
Genealogical Forum Of Portland Monthly Bulletin, 1964 p.88.
2. Read by Tommy Lind to the St. Johns Heritage Association  
Membership in the Museum Room of the North Portland Police  
Precinct, (St. Joohns City Hall Bldg.) January 24 1990.

Prepared By: Donald L Ball



ST. JOHNS STUDY CLUB  
1921-1983

By: Elsie Norris

In September of 1921 the St. Johns Study Club was organized by a group of civic minded ladies. The purpose was to promote the physical, mental, moral and social welfare of its members and bring about higher education for its members through a systematic course of study. The following year, the club was affiliated with the Portland Federation of Women's Clubs, and retained that membership until the Study Club disbanded in May of 1983.

The St. Johns Study Club was a prominent, popular and very successful club, with a membership list that had a limit of 60 members and had a waiting list. Special programs were held to celebrate the 25th, 50th, and 60th, years.

But, as the years sped by, the membership list was diminished by illness and Father Time. By the 70's, more women were working outside the home, and television and radio and other commitments seemed to be replacing the desire for a Study Club. Gradually, the in-active members outnumbered the active members. In May of 1983, it was voted to terminate the club. President Marie Sherman was given the honor of keeping the club's gavel and bell.

During its 62 years the club had 55 presidents. The following list contains their names and years of office:

1921-23	Mrs. R. G. Brand	1923-25	Mrs. A. E. Jones
1925-26	Mrs. J. G. Bailey	1926-27	Mrs. T. C. Waite
1927-28	Mrs. Louis Sestak	1928-29	Mrs. Melvin Lane
1929-30	Mrs. A. A. Emery	1930-31	Mrs. Blackler
1931-32	Mrs. G. R. Thygeson	1932-33	Mrs. J. E. Kalmbach
1933-34	Mrs. W. K. Kull	1934-35	Mrs. C. D. Johns
1935-36	Mrs. J. A. Hampson	1936-37	Mrs. J. L. Douglas
1937-38	Mrs. D. J. Zack	1938-39	Mrs. E. A. Blew
1939-40	Miss B. Rundall	1940-41	Mrs. L. Dunsmore
1941-42	Mrs. Charles Wait	1942-43	Mrs. W. H. Mattes
1943-44	Mrs. R. Schiffbauer	1944-45	No Meetings.
1945-46	Mrs. J. B. Davis	1946-47	Mrs. C. Hendrickson
1947-48	Mrs. R. H. Ellicott	1948-49	Mrs. A. Arronson
1949-50	Mrs. A. M. Esson	1950-51	Mrs. Ina Shaw
1951-52	Mrs. C. W. Meyers	1952-53	Mrs. A. M. Masat
1953-54	Mrs. F. E. Dixon	1954-55	Mrs. W. L. Parks
1955-56	Mrs. M. F. Thurman	1956-57	Mrs. A. C. Galbraith
1957-58	Mrs. E. J. Swanson	1958-59	Mrs. Gladys Pieper
1959-60	Mrs. Charles Hawkins	1960-61	Mrs. J. B. Davis
1961-62	Mrs. Glen Fravel	1962-63	Mrs. Ray Fields
1963-64	Mrs. Charles Wait	1964-65	Mrs. S. W. McClintock
1965-66	Mrs. R. Schiffbauer	1966-67	Mrs. C. C. Carpenter
1967-68	Mrs. A. Arronson	1968-69	Mrs. C. S. Sherman
1969-70	Mrs. Howard Goff	1970-71	Mrs. Ralph Fenton
1971-72	Mrs. Melvin Lane	1972-74	Mrs. Frank Buehler
1974-76	Mrs. S.B. McClintock	1976-78	Mrs. A. Arronson
1978-79	Mrs. C. S. Sherman	1979-82	Mrs. C. A. Norris and,
1982-83	Mrs. C. S. Sherman		

Four of 1983's active members are living in St. Johns; Ivy Goff

joined the club in 1964, Elsie Fenton in 1966, Greta Korb in 1970 and Elsie Norris in 1975.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### A STUTTERED VALENTINE

By: Reverend Claude W. Groth  
age 92 years

When Valentine's Day comes around  
My heart is in lively flutter  
Fer I kin say just what I please  
And never have to stop 'n stutter .

That seems a litle funny now  
But you'll know why when I  
start talkin'.  
You see I stutter sometimes fierce  
And fokks they always will be mockin'.

But when I write to you, sweetheart  
Yu know them words fit in so nicely.  
En Cupid's dart connects us both  
An I kin tell my love percisely.

Read at the February 1989 meeting of the St. Johns Heritage Association by the author and presented to the Association at that time for their archives.

\*\*\*\*\*

## EARLY MEMORIES OF TERRY SHRUNK

As told by Bob Ketrenos to Sheri Ketrenos

Terry was raised in St. Johns. He was a couple of years older than I was. My first memories of him are when I was about nine. I lived on Jersey St. and he lived on Ivanhoe St. We both went to Sitton School, then to James John and Roosevelt.

Terry, other boys of St. Johns, and I used to play together as kids. There was a lot to do in those days, you know. We went hiking, camping, and rode our bikes around. Kid's stuff. There was always a lot to do. In St. Johns at the time were a lot of woods and there were many places in and around St. Johns where you could camp, down by where Bill Miles lived and near Terminal 4. We used to go to the terminal and catch pigeons and squab and have a "squab feast" and camp by the river.

Sometimes we'd catch the ferry and hike up into the Linnton Hills. We'd take sandwiches along or a potato to roast over the campfire. We didn't have tents. We just slept under the stars.

Sometimes we rode our bikes and took them on the ferry to the other side and rode around Linnton or Burlington. At Burlington you could take another ferry over to Sauvies Island.

Near where the St. Johns Bridge is now, there used to be some docks. There were a lot of sternwheelers tied up there. The watchman looked after 6-7 boats. We used to play along the docks. When the watchman was on one end, we'd go on the sternwheeler at the other end and look around. They were docked so close together you could almost hop from one to another.

There were days when we'd go down to the arrowhead beds. We'd spend a lot of time hunting for arrowheads there. We found a lot of them too. The Indians used to sit there and make arrowheads.

During high school at Roosevelt I joined the National Guard. I was only 14 at the time. You were supposed to be 17 to join. But I was in for 3 years and out before I was even old enough to join. This was during the depression years and the National Guard paid well for those days.

Terry, my brother John, and I were in the National Guard together from St. Johns. There might have been more from our area there also.

During the summer the National Guard had a training camp down near Gearhart. It used to be called Camp Clatsop and it was renamed later to Camp Rilea. We'd go there for two weeks. We were in the same company together. Terry was a corporal. He had a squad under him. There were 65 boys in our company. We lived together for two weeks in tents. Each company ate in their own mess hall. Every night if we didn't have duty we'd get a pass to leave camp and we'd hitch-hike into Seaside, or Astoria. We got paid \$1 a day - \$14 for two weeks. During the rest of the year we would have drill nights once a week. We earned \$1 each drill night and we got paid every three months \$12. Terry, John, and I used to go over to the armory, downtown, on the streetcar. We'd get off at the old post office and walk up to the Armory together. (Where Blitz Weinhard is today). We would march on the street in good weather and when it rained we'd march in the Armory. I was in a section called the intelligence section. We'd draw maps and find the location of the "Enemy" then

would pass the information to the artillery and they would shell the enemy. Terry was in a different unit. That unit was with communications.

I graduated from high school in 1933 and Shrunck in 1932.

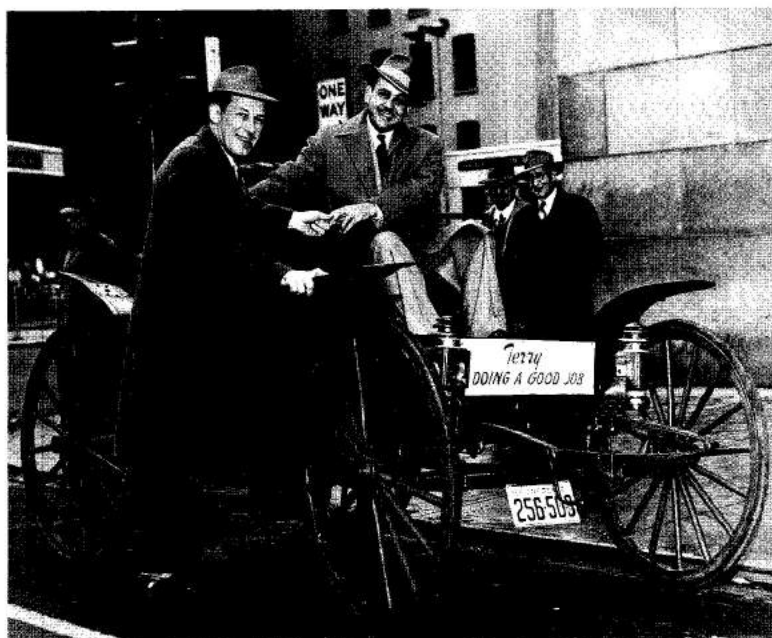
After college Terry joined the fire department. Then came World War II. Terry went into the Navy. After the war he came back to St. Johns and was in the fire department again.

We had a sheriff at the time that was elected for Multnomah County. There was a lot of dishonesty in the campaign so they recalled him. Shrunck was a lieutenant in the fire department at the time and he was well liked and well known and a strong democrat. So he was appointed to be Sheriff. He liked the taste of politics so when the next election came up he ran for the position. Friends of Terry and I collected contributions for the campaign. We went out and put up signs for Terry all over town. We sold pins that said "Shrunck for Sheriff" for \$1. That's how we raised most of the money. We used a lot of gimmicks for publicity. That's when we got the idea to use the old car of mine. I took it over town and parked it by the fire house for a while. Then I drove it to the courthouse where I picked up Shrunck. Then we drove it down to the Benson Hotel and had dinner. Afterwards I drove him back to the court house again. It was good publicity.

Terry won the election and the rest is history. From sheriff he went on to become Mayor of Portland. We campaigned in those days too.

Shrunck was a very good mayor, well liked and respected by those in the city and especially by those in St. Johns. He always stood up for us here in the North end. We got a lot of recognition downtown. When he was Mayor there were people that tried to get him to move to different sections of Portland. But he said, "No, St. Johns is my home." He wanted to stay here and he did. He was raised in St. Johns and he lived and died in St. Johns. And St. Johns and the City of Portland were both a better place to live, because of him.

\*\*\*\*\*



Sheriff Terry Shrunck (before he became Mayor) and Robert Ketrenos in his old Sears Automobile.

*Robert Ketrenos Collection*



VEHICLES IN THE St. JOHNS AREA(1)  
1906-1911

By: John Ball

Ore. Lic	Date Reg.	Owner & Address	Make/Model
1. 265	April 28, 1906	O.M. Clark % Clark Wilson Linnton, Ore.	Olds 2 seated wheel steered
2. 300	July 2 1906	W.C. Barker St. Johns, Ore.	Stearns, 2 seated wheel steered, black
3. 809	May 1, 1908	Wm. H. Jobes Jobes Mill P.O. Box 20 St. Johns, Ore	Buick, 3 seated 4 cyl. 18 h.p.
Trnsfd.	April 11, 1911	to: Allen R. Jobes	
4. 1181	Aug. 21, 1908	N.E. Ayers St. Johns Lumber Co.	Buick Model 10
5. 1261	Oct. 15, 1908	Fred Florina 525 Tioga St. St. Johns, Ore.	American Motorcycle
6. 1570	April 19, 1909	Leroy H. Smith 507 S. Leonard St. Johns, Ore.	1907 air cooled Franklin
7. 1944	June 15, 1909	A.S. Benson St. Johns, Ore.	Dayton Motorcycle
8. 2257	Aug. 25, 1909	J.J. Hurlbert St. Johns, Ore.	Buick
9. 2363	Oct. 1, 1909	Wrennia E. Gaines 505 Jersey St. Johns, Ore.	1907 Franklin (549160)
10. 2421	Oct. 21, 1909	J.J. Hurlburt 727 Ivanhoe St. Johns, Ore.	Hup Motor Car (403)
Trnsfd.	Nov. 6, 1909	Dr. J. Allen Gilgert	
11. 2557	Dec. 23, 1909	A.S. Benson St. Johns, Ore.	White Motor Car (gasoline)

12. 2627	Feb. 5, 1910	G.K. Wantworth Jr. Portland Lumber Co. St. Johns, Ore.	
13. 2731	March 1, 1910	W.S. Basey St. Johns, Ore	Model T. Ford (13819)
14. 3122	April 11, 1910	E.L. Strickland St. Johns, Ore.	1910 Hendee motorcycle
15. 3234	April, 19, 1910	J.J. Hurlburt 727 Ivanhoe	Jackson Auto
16. 3563	May 12, 1910	A.S. Benson Polk & Crawford	Pierce Arrow (7723)
17. 4716	Sept. 19, 1910	J.A. Hyde St. Johns, Ore.	Brush Runabout
18. 5148	Jan. 27, 191	W.W. Clark Linnton, Ore.	Cadillac

(1) Facts acquired from Louis Stone.

\*\*\*\*\*

CARL JUHNKE

By: Magdalene Emma (Steiber) Stark  
& Coral Lois (Steiber) Smith

Carl Juhnke was born in Prussia, in 1863, and emigrated with his parents to the United States at the age of seven. After clearing through Ellis Island the family settled in Minnessota.

Carl helped his father on the homestead farm until he was married to Emma Dreblow. In time, they had four children; Matie, Orville, Anna and Frank.

After the children were grown and married, Carl and Emma moved to St. Johns, purchasing a home on N. Leonard Street. By this time Carl had learned the skill of violin making as well as shoemaker. He had a shoe shop on N. Jersey St. where he also worked on his violins.

Two children, Matie and Orville also lived in the St. Johns area, with their families. Matie married Louis Steiber, who worked as a house painter. They lived at 326 N. Buchanan and they had two children Magdalene and Coral. After the un-timely death of Louis, Matie went to work for the Purity Bakery and Delicatesson owned by the Biese family where she worked for many years.

Magdalene and Coral can recall staying with their grandfather Carl at his shoe shop after school until their mother picked them up after work. Magdalene remembers watching her grandfather shaping a piece of birdseye maple into a beautiful violin-a real work of art.

Another memory was during the construction of the St. Johns Bridge. After school the girls were sometimes allowed to watch the men at work. They remember their mother giving them a large dill pickle from the pickle barrel at the Purity Bakery and Deli. Also to pass the time waiting for their mother to get off work, they walked to the river to visit Grandpa Olaf Lind (a friend of the family) who would accompany them on a ferry ride across the Willamette River to Linnton and back.

Carl Juhnke died in 1935 in St. Johns as the result of a serious auto accident.

\*\*\*\*\*



Carl Junke, grandfather of  
Magdolene Stark.  
*Stark Collection*

MANY STORIES ARE NOT YET TOLD

After my pioneer relatives, the Crowley's, Leonard's and the Gagen's arrived in Oregon. The Gagens by wagon-train from Baltimore and Arkansas, and the others sailed around the Horn to Portland and Oregon City. They started spreading out in the middle 1800's and early 1900's from Elyville, and Goose Hollow (14th and Jefferson Sts.) to Albina, Kenton, Arbor Lodge, Portsmouth, St. Johns, Linnton and Sauvie Island. Many of my memories are from these areas, as I have lived in all of them except Linnton and Sauvie Is. A future book will have some of these stories.

This is an example of stories un-told. I'm sure many of you have stories that are un-told also. Don't wait until your memory fades. Please sit down NOW and gather your thoughts and write your stories for our next book. We need them for our young people and for future generations.

Please give us copies for our files.

Thank you,

Helen Miles