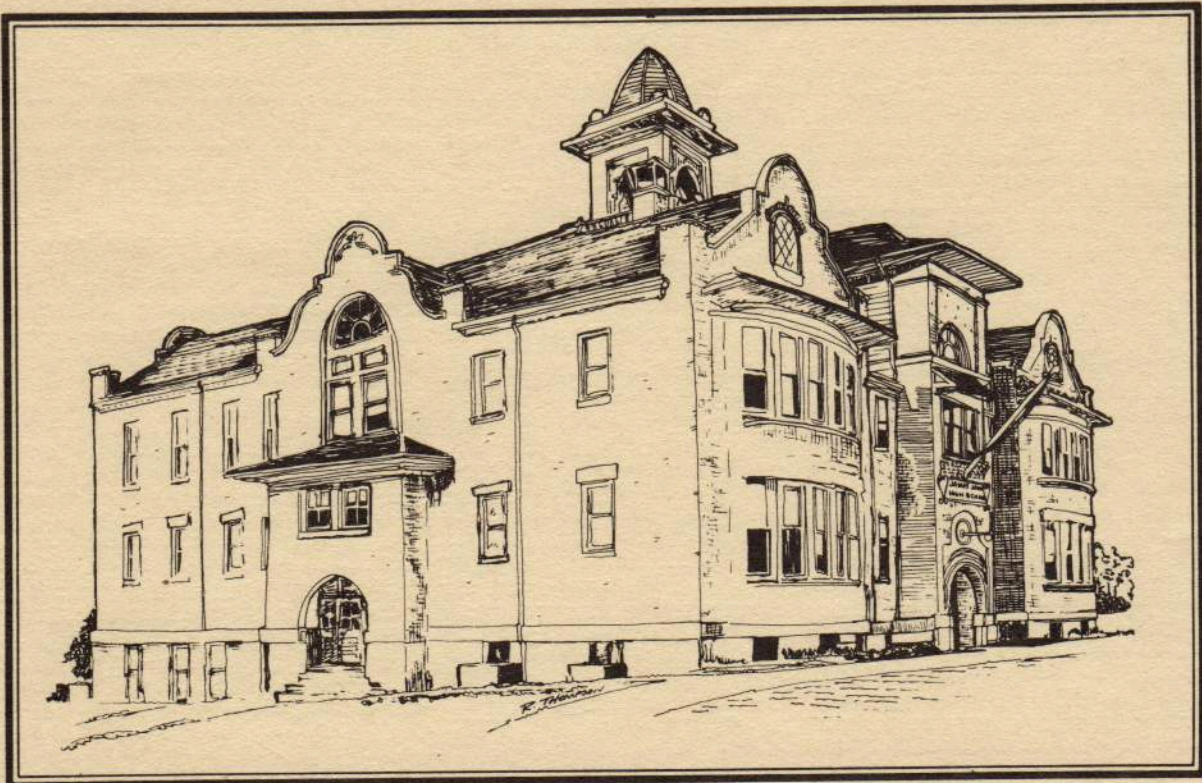


Old St. Johns Steam Train-1891

St. Johns Heritage Association

Fourth Edition
First Printing



James John High School

THE ST. JOHNS HERITAGE ASSOCIATION

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

We are interested in photographs and information of this area and artifacts for this museum.

St. Johns Heritage Association

- St. Johns incorporated as a city on February 19, 1903. (12)
- First meeting of the city council was held in Knights Hall. (14)
 - Mayor C.A. Cook; Councilmen W.H. Hamilton, C. Culp, E.D. Hurlburt, C.D. Hughes, T.J. Monahan and Guy Beebe; Recorder A.L. Minor; Treasurer J.F. Livermore; Marshall C.D. Organ were on the council. (14)

The town hall (City Hall) was finished in 1906 and occupied in 1907. (14)

The population in 1904 was approximately 2,000 residents. (19)

- At this time St. Johns had 4 churches, 18 stores and 5 schools. (19)

The first mill to locate in St. Johns was Portland Manufacturing Company, a veneer and basket factory with 60 employees. Other industries in St. Johns circa 1910 were:

- A.S. Douglas & Sons Sawmill - 60 employees.
- George W. Cone Lumber Co. - 80 employees.
- Peninsular Lumber Co. - 200 employees.
- Excelsior Mill - 15 employees.
- W.V. Jobs & Sons - flour mill.
- Port of Portland drydock - first drydock on the Pacific coast.
- Two shipbuilding yards.
- Portland Woolen Mills - 300 employees after moving from Sellwood.
- St. Johns Lumber Company
- Peninsula Iron Works.
- St. Johns Planing Mill.
- Gillen/Chambers Asbestos Factory. (2 and 19)

In 1907 some St. Johns officials were alleged to have embezzled public funds. This began a change in people's opinions concerning annexation into the City of Portland. This was reported in a newspaper account on Feb. 23, 1907; pg. 14, column 1 and 2. (-2)

Taxes in St. Johns were higher than those in Portland. St. Johns - 22 mils, Portland 17 mils. (-2)

A vote on annexation was taken in 1911 and passed. St. Johns officials claimed the election was unconstitutional on the grounds that "a city, in committing suicide, is violating the terms of its charter." (The Oregonian of 4/4/1915). The Oregon Supreme Court ruled in favor of the City of St. Johns officials. (-2)

In 1913 the Oregon State Legislature submitted a constitutional amendment to the people that would allow the legislature to set the rules concerning annexations. It passed. (-2)

D.C. Lewis led the fight in St. Johns for annexation. He became a State Senator in 1915, running on this one issue. He initiated legislation defining annexation procedures, it was passed and became a law on 1/25/1915. (-2)

An election was held in St. Johns on 4/5/1915 for annexation. The vote was 799 in favor and 499 against. The annexation occurred 7/8/1915. (2/12)

The most prosperous period in the history of St. Johns was after 1915.
 The Grant-Smith-Porter-Guthrie Co. established a ship building concern in St. Johns employing 2,500 people. (-2)

The population of St. Johns in 1915 was approximately 6,600. (-2)

The St. Johns Bridge was completed on June 13, 1931. (-1)

A longshoremen's strike occurred in 1934. Called "Bloody Tuesday", it occurred in Pier Park on July 4, 1934. (-2)

World War II was a prosperous time for the St. Johns area due to the ship-building activity. (-2)

Mayors of St. Johns included:

- C.A. Cook	1903-05	- J.K. Hendricks	1909-11
- W.H. King	1905-06	- K.C. Couch	1911-12
- F.W. Valentines	1906	- A.A. Muck	1912-13
- P.W. Hinman	1906-07	- C. Bredeson	1913-14
- K.C. Couch	1907-08	- A.W. Vincent	1914-15
- H.W. Brice	1908-09	- A.A. Muck	1915

(4)

Sources of Information:

- (-1) "City on the Willamette" by Percy Maddux, 1952.
- (-2) "The Geographic Expansion of Portland", Thesis by Herman Herst, 1931
- (-4) City Records of East Portland, Albina, St. Johns, Linnton and Sellwood; Portland Auditors Office, Portland, Oregon, Room 17.
- (-5) "The History of Early Portland Transportation", Thesis by Peretz D. Wittman, 1972.
- (-6) Multnomah County Records.
- (12) Annexation Map, Bureau of Planning, Portland, Oregon.
- (19) "St. Johns on the Willamette" by Bushong and Co. Publishing, 1904.
- (14) "St. Johns, His Vision, His Will and Testament", Report by David H. Overby, 1966.
- (20) Conversation with Mr. Clark of Clark Furniture in St. Johns.
- (21) Conversation with Dr. James Covert of the University of Portland.
- (22) The "River City Sun" Newspaper, October 1974, Page 1.

STREET NAMES
by Florence Evans

<u>NOW</u>	<u>THEN</u>
RICHMOND ST.	MAIN ST.
BURLINGTON	WASHINGTON
PHILADELPHIA	BROADWAY
BALTIMORE	TACOMA
JERSEY	MONTEITH
SYRACUSE	HAYES
LOMBARD	DAWSON
CHICAGO	PARK PLACE
PRINCETON	GRESHAM
WILLAMETTE BLVD.	FILLMORE
CENTRAL	LIVELY and then WILLIS BLVD.
SENECA	GILBERT
BRISTOL	THOMPSON
RENO	MAPLE
MOHAWK	BRUNSWICK
SMITH	PORTLAND BLVD.
HUDSON	HOLBROOK
BRADFORD	SECOND
IVANHOE	EIGHTH
DECATOR	FOURTH
LEONARD	TWELTH
TRUMBULL	CEDAR

LIST OF ST. JOHNS RESIDENTS IN 1870

Compiled By Mrs. Harry L. Hiday
 Researched By Helen Miles

This list is a reprint from the first issue of St. Johns history. This list has added the birthplaces of the citizens.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>AGE</u>	<u>VOCATION</u>	<u>BIRTHPLACE</u>
ABRAHAMS, D.R.	40	DAIRYMAN	NEW HAMPSHIRE
BARMAN, S.	34	FARMER	NEW YORK
BATTEN, WILLIAM	38	FARMER	OHIO
BEAL, GEORGE	30	LABORER	OHIO
BENNET, JOHN	32	LABORER	CANADA
BENN, JACOB	22	LABORER	BADEN
BENSON, J.W.	33	LABORER	IRELAND
BERRON, J.	46	COOPER	NOVA SCOTIA
BOONE, F.D.	27	BOATING	IOWA
BREEN, CHARLES	39	WOOD CHOPPER	ENGLAND
BRUSH, G.E.	29	FARMER	NEW YORK
BURLINGAME, A.	23	LABORER	MASSACHUSETTS
BUYERS, I.	38	FARMER	ILLINOIS
CAPELS, WILLIAM	64	FARMER	MARYLAND
CHISSON, R.J.	(See Taylor, D.B.)		-----
CLARK, W.M.	30	LABORER	TENNESSEE
CLEMENS, EDWARD	--	-----	-----
CLINTON, JAS.	58	SHIP CARPENTER	PENNSYLVANIA
COLBRIDGE, CHARLES	--	-----	PENNSYLVANIA
CONNEL, WILLIAM	58	FARMER	OHIO
CONNER, JAMES	--	BLACKSMITH	IRELAND
CORBY, GEORGE	--	LABORER	MISSOURI
CRIMMENS, T.	--	LABORER	IRELAND
CROSBY, GEORGE	27	LABORER	MAINE
DICKINSON, CHARLES	39	HOSPITAL KEEPER	SWEDEN
DOWNS, A.	20	LABORER	IRELAND
EVANS, JAMES	30	FARMER	SOUTH WALES
ENYARD, JAMES	39	LABORER	ILLINOIS
FISHER, I.	28	LABORER	OHIO
FOGELSKY, INO	12	-----	CALIFORNIA
FRANCES, WILLIAM	28	LABORER	CANADA
FURGERSON, JAS.	39	FOREMAN	VIRGINIA
GETAMKE, WILLIAM	34	FARMER	PRUSSIA
GILES, JESSE	28	LABORER	ILLINOIS
GLANDON, CHARLES	56	LABORER	NORTH CAROLINA
GREEN, HARRY	--	-----	-----
GUPSER, JOHN	--	-----	-----
HALE, LOUIS	46	FARMER	OHIO
HARTY, JAMES	48	FARMER	ILLINOIS
HEIBLE, SAMUEL	46	FARMER	OHIO
HOLBROOK, A.	17	LABORER	KENTUCKY
HOLE, JAMES	(See Lumas, James)		-----
HOYT, E.	55	LABORER	MISSOURI
HUTCHINSON, B.F.	62	PHYSICIAN	NEW YORK
HUTCHINSON	26	LABORER	OHIO

JOHN, JAMES	63	FARMER	INDIANA
JOSEPH, JOHN	32	LABORER	SWITZERLAND
KENNEDY, BARNARD	35	LABORER	IRELAND
KNOX, A.A.	32	DAIRYMAN	NEW HAMPSHIRE
KNOX, JEREMIAH	36	TEAMSTER	OHIO
LALLER, ALLEN AND ROBERT	17	FARMER	PENNSYLVANIA
LEARNET, ALBERT	--	-----	-----
LINDLEY, M.	19	LABORER	OHIO
LUMAS, JAMES	26	FARMER	MISSOURI
LUMAS, SARAH	55	KEEPS HOUSE	NEW YORK
MACK, HENRY	77	INVALID	GERMANY
MADISON, A.L.	37	FARMER	NEW YORK
MASON, MINTON	50	LABORER	MISSOURI
MELONE, THOMAS	46	COOPER	ST. DOMINGO
MERRIT, BENJAMIN	33	LABORER	NEW YORK
MITCHEL, WILLIAM	24	-----	GERMANY
MORRISON, JAS.	34	LABORER	IRELAND
MC LONE, JOHN	28	LABORER	IRELAND
NEIL, FELIX	33	CARPENTER	KENTUCKY
O'HARA, WILLIAM	38	COOK	IRELAND
OPELEY, JOHN	48	STONE MASON	DARMET
PAIN, C.P.	36	FARMER	OHIO
PAUL, G.W.	34	WOOD DEALER	PENNSYLVANIA
PIERCE, NATHAN	47	SCHOOL TEACHER	VIRGINIA
PROEBSTEL, W.	44	DAIRYMAN	PRUSSIA
RAMSEY, FRED H.	45	FARMER	PENNSYLVANIA
ROBERTS, E.	35	LABORER	NEW YORK
RODGERS, TH.	57	FARMER	PENNSYLVANIA
SCHAFFER, G.W.	37	FARMER	KENTUCKY
SCOTT, JAMES	46	FARMER	ILLINOIS
SEVERANCE, ED.	19	LABORER	MAINE
SHEPPARD, ELLEN	--	-----	-----
SIMSON, JOHN	38	WOOD DEALER	TEXAS
SMITH, JOSEPH	52	FARMER	VIRGINIA
SMITH, P.T.	35	FARMER	TENNESSEE
SMITH, SAMUEL	14	-----	OREGON
SEVERANCE, BENJAMIN	50	LUMBERMAN	MAINE
LEARNET, ALBERT	27	LABORER	MAINE
STANBURY, I.	36	LABORER	NEW YORK
SULLIVAN, CLARA	--	-----	-----
SWITZERL, MARY	42	HOUSEKEEPER	PENNSYLVANIA
TAYLOR, D.B.	38	CARPENTER	ILLINOIS
THOMPSON, JAS.	43	WOOD DEALER	VIRGINIA
TOOHILL, JOHN	42	FARMER	IRELAND
TUCKER, JAMES	45	WOOD CHOPPER	ENGLAND
WALLACE, JAMES	56	LABORER	SCOTLAND
WALLACE, JOSEPH	24	LABORER	VERMONT
WELSH, WILLIAM	58	FARMER	VIRGINIA
WILLIAMS, E.	23	LABORER	OHIO
WILSON, HENRY	39	FARMER	NORWAY
WINDLE, JOSEPH	26	LABORER	OHIO
WOLF, WILLIAM B.	66	LABORER	PENNSYLVANIA
ZIMMERMAN, ED.	27	DAIRYMAN	BADEN

FAMILIES OF ST. JOHNS

THE BELIEU FAMILY

By Elsie Norris

Benjamin Franklin Belieu was born in Gundy County, Missouri, July 26, 1851. He was left an orphan at an early age and was raised by a sister in Iowa. The family originally came from France where their name was spelled "Ballou". Many of the family still retains the original spelling.

Some of the Ballous were well known publishers. Many were ministers and professional people. His grandfather, father and three brothers were Baptist ministers. His grandfather's sister was the mother of President Garfield.

Mr. Belieu worked on the railroad as it came to Oregon. He was considered a pioneer to the Hood River Valley where he worked as a contractor and a carpenter. Many of the beautiful homes in the valley are one he built. He then moved to Southeast Portland where he also became a property owner. He held the deed to the property where Skidmore Fountain in downtown Portland now sits. In 1906 he and his wife Sarah came to St. Johns where they resided until their deaths.

Benjamin Belieu married Sarah Isabelle Cox on August 31, 1871 in Decatur County, Iowa. After moving to St. Johns they had six children. Their first son, named Sylvester, died in infancy. Their second child, a daughter named Sarah Katy died at age 19 months. They went on to have six more children that survived well beyond infancy.

The next child was another daughter named Nancy, born in May 1874. She and her husband had a building and plumbing contracting shop on the N.W. corner of Jersey and New York Sts. The shop was in business until Nancy's husband, Joe Fletcher, died in 1929. The shop was an attractive one with a fountain on the lawn and a pond with fish. Joe Fletcher opened the shop in 1906 after coming to St. Johns with Benjamin. They built a house on N. Mears St. where Benjamin and Sarah lived. Nancy died February 11, 1948 after three marriages and two sons.

After Nancy was born, Sarah Belieu gave birth to a son, Albert Martin, in January, 1876. He later moved to Seaside, Oregon where he served, until a 30 year retirement, as Seaside's Water Superintendent. He died in April, 1960. Next Perry Gordon Belieu was born in December, 1884. Perry served as a street car conductor until joining the police force, where he stayed until he retired. He resided in St. Johns until his death in August, 1960.

Last Sarah gave birth to another daughter, Eva Belle, in February 1887. She died at the age of 19 years after giving birth. Her baby died 3 weeks later.

Sarah Belieu died after a long illness in March 1920, thus breaking a marriage union that lasted nearly 50 years. Benjamin Belieu passed away in Los Angeles, California in November 1922.

Some of the things that the Belieu family and their children did in St. Johns is still with us today. The two homes they built on N. Mears St. still stand. Nancy Belieu-Fletcher gave a pump organ to the St. Johns Seventh-day Adventist Church. The family was also community oriented as Joe Fletcher was president of the St. Johns Business Men's Club and a member of the community band, for which he played the drums.

Nancy's son, Elwell NaSmythe, also married into a St. Johns family. He married Osta Fay Bellamy whose family had come from Nebraska by wagon train. At one point they lived on a farm near "Buffalo" Bill Cody. They also lived

a short time in Halsey, Oregon, arriving in St. Johns in 1909. They lived on N. Astor St. when Osta Fay married Elwell NaSmythe. The NaSmythes had two children, Perry and Elsie, the writer of this story. Elwell and Fay moved into the house on N. Mears St. about 1920. They lived there until they passed away, Mrs. NaSmythe in 1965 and Mr. NaSmythe in 1968. Their daughter Elsie Norris still resides in St. Johns.

HOMER F. CLARK

By Ruth (Clark) Bishop

Mr. Homer F. Clark was born in 1875 in St. Albans, Maine. He was one of seven children. In January of 1900, he married Grace Doane and lived, for a few years in Fairfield, Maine, where he was in the grocery business.

In 1905, Mr. Clark, who had heard of the advantages in the west, came with three other men that wanted to settle here. When they reached Salt Lake City, Mr. Clark left these friends and journeyed on to Portland alone. He had planned to go on to Seattle, but after being in Portland for awhile he decided to settle here. He bought a small grocery business in the Fulton Park district but soon after seeing St. Johns he began his adventure in the furniture business.

His first store was located on Jersey Street at the site of the old Venetian Theater. He later moved to his last location in 1911 at Charleston and Jersey Sts. His store was connected to Pippins Confectionery Store, which he later bought and incorporated it with his main store.

In the early days Mr. Clark delivered his goods by wheelbarrow. Any articles too heavy were delivered by horse and dray. Mr. Clark's brother Fairfield, came from Maine to work with Homer and stayed until his death.

After Mr. Clark had established his business, he went back to Maine and returned with his wife and children, Miriam and Paul. Five other children were born in St. Johns. They were: Ruth, Samuel, Daniel, David and Naomi. Paul went to work in his father's store in 1920 and stayed with the firm until his death in 1969. Daniel and Samuel started working in the store in the 1940's and later Paul's son, Jim, also joined them.

Mrs. Grace (Doane) Clark passed away in 1936. In 1942 Mr. Clark married Winnie Scollick.

Mr. Clark was a member of the Pioneer Methodist Church. The church named their hall after him when they remodeled. He was also a member of the Oddfellows Lodge in St. Johns for 59 years. Mr. Clark was active in his business until one week before his death in 1966.

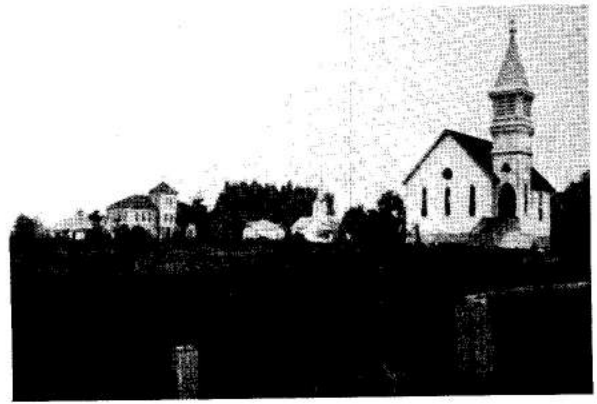
A.W. DAVIS

By His Daughter, Florence (Davis) Bain

The Davis family arrived at their new home in St. Johns in early October 1905. The three children, Ray, Hal and Florence, entered the old Central School immediately. Bill, the youngest, was born in St. Johns in 1908. A.W. had preceded his family by some weeks in order to get his bearings in Portland and to choose a place to live. He found St. Johns, then a separate corporation, a new small town with a future. It was situated on the banks of the beautiful



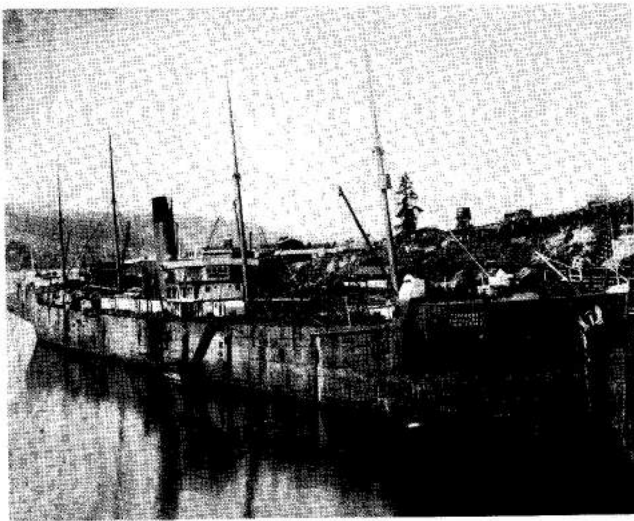
St. Johns Bridge dedication with the Rose Festival Parade crossing. The fire-boat was spraying water from their hoses. The Portland Woolen Mill was on the left side. Circa, 1931.
Source: Oregon Historical Society



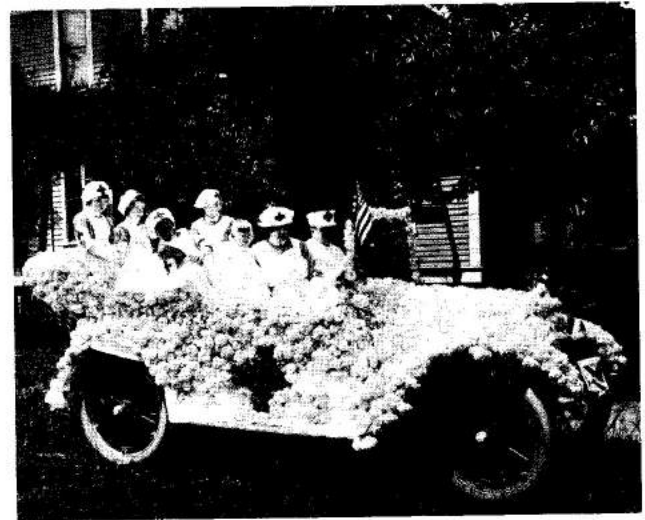
Central School (1894) in the background. Unknown Evangelical church (1888) and Pioneer Methodist Church (1889). Not one of these structures remain today.
Source: Gladys Dickson



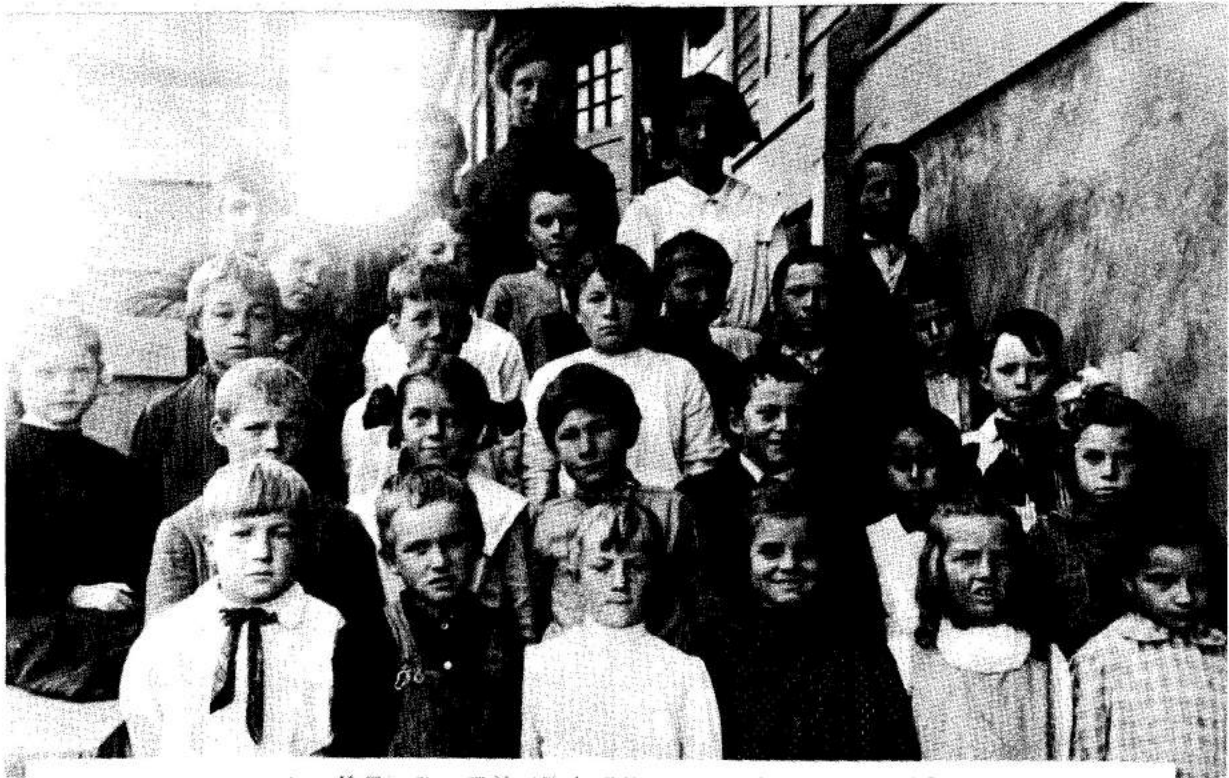
St. Johns water front show the Grant, Porter, Smith Shipyards, circa World War I. Mt. St. Helens is in the background. About 1918.
Source: June (Wymore) Sundeen



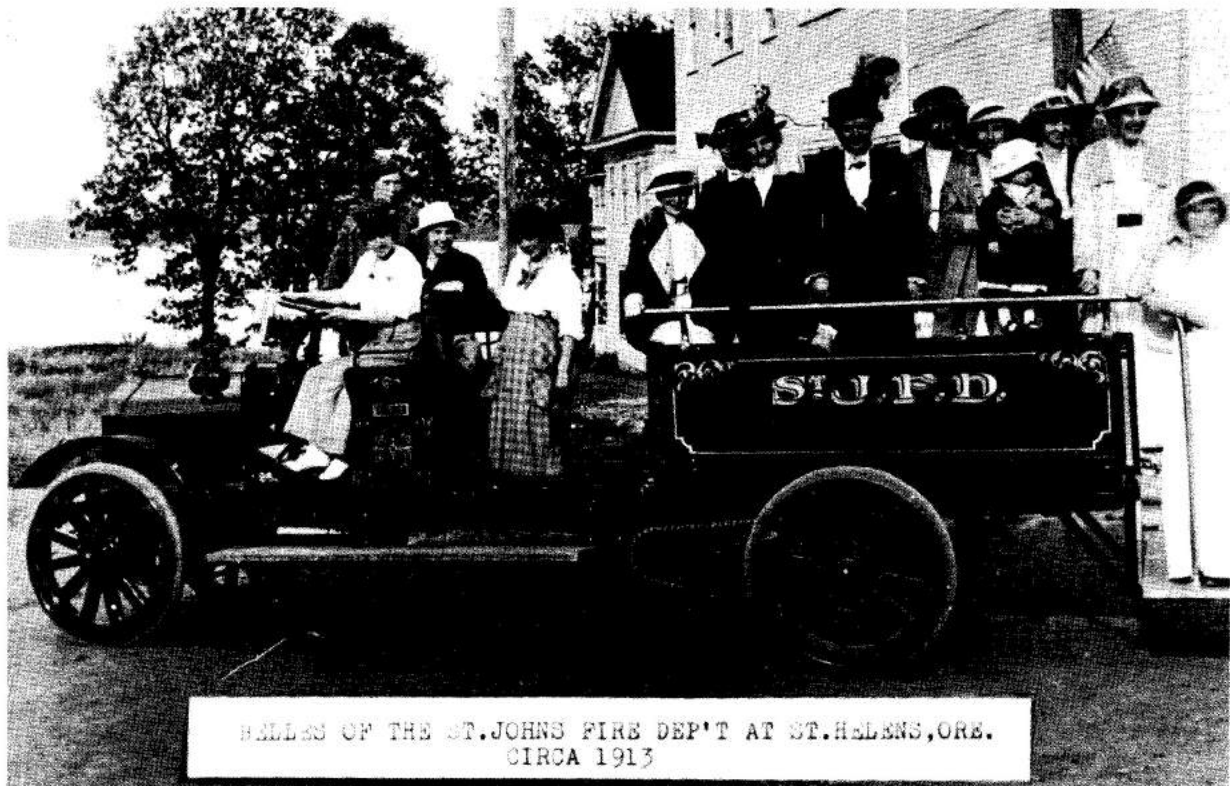
Dredge "Chinook" at the Port of Portland Drydock near the Railroad bridge. The Miner property is up on the hill, to the left.



Red Cross float decorated with white snow-balls and red roses in the 1917 Rose Festival. In the front seat are William and Winifred Evans (Hardware Store) The boy patient, Roy Killion. In the back seat: Ena, Mary, and Dorothea Pullin, Katherine Bonham, and Mary Harney in the far back.



North School, circa 1910. First boy on the left in the front row is the late Don Lind who was assistant manager of the Peninsula Branch of the U.S. National Bank.



Belles of the St. Johns Fire Department at St. Helens, Oregon – circa 1913. Do you recognize any of the ladies?
Source: Tommy Lind collection

Willamette River. It was lush with woods and gardens, reminiscent perhaps of his birthplace in Carthage, Illinois, and in verdant contrast to the aridity of Nevada where he had lived for several years. It was what he was looking for and there he bought a home. His family approved enthusiastically.

Mr. Davis was a railroader, and for the first several years he continued to be. He first commuted into Portland and later was an agent in St. Johns. Eventually his next door neighbor, John McKinney, persuaded him to become a partner in the real estate business. Their office was on Jersey Street in the business district where contact with other businessmen and customers widened his acquaintance with both the people and the politics of the town.

In due time, he was persuaded to run for the city council, was elected and served conscientiously and constructively. He eventually became a candidate for mayor. He was defeated by Mr. Monahan, but by this time he had become convinced that the proximity of St. Johns to Portland, and the continuing expansion of both, made consolidation both inevitable and desirable. He saw many advantages for St. Johns; better schools, better municipal services and eventually a bridge over the Willamette. He worked hard for the consolidation and was against considerable odds. At last the project was achieved in 1915. The bridge took longer but that was also soon a reality. To have had a part in building that beautiful structure was of life-long satisfaction to him.

He was thoroughly intergrated into the community as long as he lived. He was a Mason of long standing and secretary of Doric Lodge for many years. He helped to found the first businessmen's civic organization and always took a part in local and state politics as a sometimes advisor and consultant. He enjoyed it all, but most of all cherished the friends he had made, old and young, regardless of political or fraternal affiliations.

THE DOTY FAMILY IN ST. JOHNS

By George B. Doty

We came to St. Johns in late November of 1915 from Aberdeen, Washington. The Aberdeen branch of the Western Cooperage had closed down and my father had been transferred to the St. Johns branch of the plant. He and my two older brothers, Elisha and William, had preceded the family by a short time to rent a house and make it ready for occupancy.

Three days after we arrived my father died suddenly of pneumonia, leaving my mother, Lillie M. Doty, with eight children to care for. My married sister, Mattie M., remained in Aberdeen. I had two more brothers, Daniel and Robert, and three other sisters, Alice, Lucy M. and Melissa J.

We moved several times in the early years; from our first home on Scott Ave. (now Dickens Street), to a house on Allegheny St., then to W. Tyler St. About 1918 or '19, my oldest brothers bought a house on W. Johns St, between Ivanhoe and Syracuse, where the Thriftway store now stands. This is where I grew up.

I attended Central School (the name was later changed to Richard Williams). In the eighth grade I went to the James John Junior High School. I went to Benson High for a short time and later transferred to Roosevelt High School.

We moved from John St. in 1930 and lived for somewhat less than a year in a log cabin that stood in a grove of trees on the S.E. corner of Smith and Bristol Sts. We then lived in three more places all on Chicago St. Two of these houses were later torn down to make room for St. Johns Park. We later lived in a house on Burlington St. This house was razed when the present Safe-way store was erected.

President:
Helen Miles
285-8645

Treasurer:
Florence Evans
286-1184

Recording Secretary:
Magdelyn Stark

Corresponding Secretary:
Mary Wilbur

Museum Coordinator:
Nina McFadyen

I married Angeline Eryin of St. Johns in March 1932. We lived in an apartment for a few months then moved into one of the three houses that had been built by my wife's grandparents. It was on Mohawk St. and we lived there for 16 years. Our only child, Richard G. Doty, was born while we were living there in 1942. In 1948 we moved to our present home on N. Smith Street.

Before coming west to Aberdeen in 1911, we lived in Chillicothe, Missouri where I was born in 1909. My sister Melissa and brother Daniel were also born there. Before moving to Missouri in 1902, my parents lived near Harrison, Arkansas where they lived on a homestead they had filed on when they were married in 1890. My father was born in Darke County, Ohio, near Cincinnati, in 1851. He was the oldest of 5 children. My mother was born in Searce County, Arkansas, near where my parents later homesteaded. My brothers Elisha and William and my sisters Mattie, Alice and Lucy, were born on the homestead.

I have two brothers and two sisters still living but I am the only one of this Doty family still residing in St. Johns.

THE ERVIN FAMILY IN ST. JOHNS

By Angeline Ervin Doty

I was born in May, 1910 in one of the houses built by my grandfather on N. Mohawk St. in St. Johns. I attended the old East School for two years, then went to Central School. When Roosevelt High School was opened I attended the old James John High building which had been turned into a junior high for all St. Johns. I later went to Roosevelt.

Before my marriage to George B. Doty of St. Johns in 1932, I worked at Meier and Franks. George and I have one son, Richard G. Doty, born in 1942. He now resides in New York City where he is a Curator at the American Numismatic Society Museum.

My father, Frank Ervin of Portland, was born in Corvallis, Oregon in 1896. His parents, Matt and Melvina Ervin, were early residents of that city, having originally come from Canada.

My mother, Dagmar Petersen Ervin, was born in Copenhagen, Denmark in 1887. She was the daughter of Hans and Inga Petersen. She was brought to America by her mother as an infant to join her father near John Day, Oregon. He had preceded them by a few months. They later moved to The Dalles, where my uncle Samuel was born. He was an infant when they moved to a house on Mississippi Ave. in Portland, where my grandfather was transferred to the Albina Railroad Yards. While living there he constructed his first of three houses he built on Mohawk St. This one was on the S.E. corner of Brunswick (later Mohawk) and Portland Blvd. (later Smith). They moved into the house before my uncle Clifford was born in 1892.

Hans Petersen was born in Randers, Denmark in 1865. He was in the Danish Army prior to coming to America. Inga Charlotte Petersen, nee Bensen, was born in Gotteborg, Sweden in 1863. She was the oldest of four children. She went into service at the age of 15 in Copenhagen as the personal maid to a Duchess. There she met and married my grandfather in 1886.

My grandmother's parents were born in Gotteborg, Sweden. Her mother was a seamstress after being left a widow while her children were small.

I have lived in St. Johns all my life, on Mohawk Street and at our present home on Smith Street.

THIS IS WHAT IT WAS LIKE IN THE NEW COUNTRY FOR GUS

By Helen Miles

Constantine Theophanes Fanakis (Gus) was born in 1886 on the Greek Island of Marmara, in the town of Palatia (Palace), not far from the Dardenelles. He was the first of three children. His parents had a large olive orchard at the edge of the village. He attended a two story school. The girls were on the top floor and the boys on the main floor. His parents were very religious Greek Orthodox. Gus was born with a beautiful voice and since there had been Greek priests in his family background, he learned to sing ancient Greek chants.

Gus's father was on the village council and when he was busy with the village business, Gus would tend to the olive trees and the grape vines. At harvest time he helped gather the olives for oil and would scald the grapes for wine. Sometimes he would work at the big marble quarry up the mountain, behind the village. Many famous statues were carved from that marble. It was very dangerous work as one day a slab of marble fell on him, making a half moon cut on the back of his head. While recuperating, Gus made a decision. He would go to America. He had heard about the wonderful faraway place called Oregon. His parents helped with the passage money. It was about 1905 and he was almost 20 years old, full of adventure and sure he would make a fortune.

As he sailed away from his parents and girlfriend, Gus could see the marble boats at anchor being loaded for foreign parts. He had to go to Constantinople (Istanbul) to board the ship for America. Before entering the Atlantic Ocean, the ship stopped at a Spanish port. As much as Gus wanted to get off, he stayed on board. He had heard rumors of thieves and wild women on shore and he couldn't take the chance of not getting to America.

The ship was then caught in a hurricane. The passengers down in the steerage area were very seasick. Some of them vowed they would never sail again if they lived through it. Finally they arrived at Ellis Island.

Gus's impressions of New York City were not the best. Street children pelted the new immigrants with anything they could find handy to throw at them. He was glad to leave the awful place and be on his way west to the faraway place called Portland, Oregon.

The train ride took days to cross the vast continent. Occasionally the train would stop at a large city. Since he could speak no English, he would have the train conductor point to the time on his pocket watch so he could get off to find food and be back on time. At one point he almost missed the train. He had met a Greek man who showed him where to buy Feta cheese, black olives and other Greek foods. It had been a terrifying experience and from then on he didn't leave the station.

At last the long train ride ended and he was in a completely strange world, so different from his sunny island in Greece. He had never seen such huge trees and Portland was so green. He liked it very much, except for the rain, which never seemed to stop and at times was very bleak.

Gus was one of the first Greeks to settle in Portland. He met a few Greek men that worked for the railroad. He got his first job as a section-hand. He moved into a house in Albina with some of his countrymen to share expenses. Some of the bachelors had remembered how their mothers had cooked their favorite dishes and so they took turns cooking. There were no Greek women and they missed family life.

Some of the young men, including Gus, moved to St. Johns. There were openings in the saw mills. They rented a house in north St. Johns on the G.W. Simmons farm, near what is now Pier Park. They had enough space to grow Greek type vegetables such as okra, artichokes, horsebeans and herbs such as mint, dill and oregano for their cooking. In the spring they had lamb for their Greek Easter.

Mrs. Simmons had a grapevine and she let them have the grape leaves for stuffed dolmathes. Years later, some of these same young men had moved to downtown Portland and opened restaurants.

Gus had a job in the St. Johns Lumber Mill. He was working 10 and 12 hours a day, six days a week. There was no afternoon rest period after lunch, like in Greece. After a hard day of labor, he had to trudge up the steep Burlington Hill to north St. Johns and the farm. He decided to move to a house closer to his work. He found one on Crawford St. near Burlington Ave. It was a very old house and was built with pegs instead of nails. It stood where Skookum Lumber is now located. Behind a high fence was a machine factory. When the machines were operating the noise was deafening. When it rained his front and back yards were seas of mud. To get to the outhouse you had to walk across slippery, wooden planks. All this didn't matter too much to Gus because he worked long hours at the mill and when he got home in the evening most of the machines were turned off. He also liked the convenience of living around the corner from work.

Gus saved all the money he could for the day he would go back and marry his girl. He bought her the best gold teardrop earrings, necklace and bracelet and other luxuries that were all stored in his steamer trunk. From the small picture he carried of her in his purse, he had an oil painting made of her. It hung at the foot of his bed and she was in his thoughts a good deal of the time.

One day a tragedy happened. His right hand went into the planer saw and he lost all of his fingers. At the hospital he wouldn't take any anesthesia because he was afraid that the doctor wouldn't sew his thumb and forefinger back on. He lost all the other fingers. He was devastated. Here he was, a young man crippled for life, far from his family and very depressed. The lumber company only gave him \$500.00 and told him he could have a job as a janitor in the office for the rest of his life. There were no Greek churches in Portland he could go to for comfort either. After his hand healed he found he could hold a pencil with his crooked thumb and finger. Since he had the use of his other hand the company gave him a job handling horses and a wagon. The horses were good therapy for him and he began to feel better. His brother arrived from Greece and together they planned their future. Now that Gus had been injured he gave up all thoughts of returning to Greece and marrying his girlfriend. He decided to remain a bachelor.

Gus and the other young men were Christians and they felt the need to begin a church. He helped raise money to build the original Greek Orthodox Church in Portland. Since ancient Byzantine chants were something he remembered from his home, he became the first chantor of the original church. He had a wonderful deep baritone voice with a lot of volume. Each Sunday, before leaving for church, he would gargle with lemon juice and honey. He said that mixture kept his throat in good singing condition. From St. Johns it was a long ride on the streetcars. He had to transfer more than once to get to the new stone church at S.E. 17th and Taggart Sts. He did this year after year. When the women arrived from Greece, he sang at their weddings, went to their parties, baptisms and sang at their funerals. He still loved the girl in Greece, but by now she had married someone else.

Gus and his brother lived together at the house on Crawford St. Many people who had lived in the "old town" of St. Johns had now moved up the hill. New people from other states and countries arrived and they built new homes and businesses. Mr. Gee was a drayman and was busy moving houses and buildings up the hill, but some people remained. Gus's neighbors were the Varners, Pershas and the Osbornes. The Caples were on the south of him on Richmond St. "Mother" Gillespie had her boarding house near the ferry landing on Pittsburg St. The young men bought very few luxuries, until the "Oakland" automobile came out. They pooled their money and bought one with a friend. What a joy it was!

Some Sundays they would ride on Mr. Poff's St. Johns ferry and drive down through Linnton to Scappoose to see some Greek bachelors that had a dairy farm.

In 1915 Gus's brother was working for a man in north St. Johns. He soon married the man's daughter. Gus remained in the old town on Crawford St., around the corner from where James John had lived. In 1916 Gus's brother had a daughter and later a son. He was so loving to the children, it was as if they were his own. He would sing them Greek songs and he tried to teach them the Greek language.

In 1923 Gus had saved enough money to build a grocery store on Willamette Blvd. and Catlin Ave. His brother went into partnership with him. It was a grand day and they celebrated that night with special Greek food and wine. Everything was brand new, from the furniture in the living quarters at the back of the store to the creamer and sugar bowl from Czechoslovakia. The bathroom was on the back porch, no more outhouses for him! Gus's bedroom did not have a closet, so he had a huge wardrobe closet on one wall. On the swinging mirror dresser he kept a jar of Tiger Balm (he was almost bald) and other drugstore items. He had a double metal headboard bed and squeezed in his old steamer trunk.

In the living room he had a new phonograph with the records "In A Little Spanish Town" and "Hello Mr. Gallagher, Hello Mr. Sheen". On top of the phonograph he had two marble figurines of a boy and a girl, and a statue of three dancing maidens called the "Three Graces". For him they were reminiscent of his home, "a little bit of Greece". In the middle of the room stood a library table that smelled of cedar oil. The chairs were of leather and mannish looking. A large oil painting of his mother and father, who had both since died in the Turkish-Greek war, hung over the fold-out leather davenport. In one corner of the room stood a woodstove with a stove pipe chimney. Sometimes the tinny chimney would get red hot from the planer trimming kindling he used to start fires with. Under the library table was a small Persian rug that Gus had purchased from a Syrian rug dealer in Portland. It was a status symbol to own a Persian rug.

The store was well stocked with all different American and ethnic foods needed for the neighborhood customers, many of which had come from various countries. There were Norwegians, Germans, Russians, Polish, Scottish, Swedish, English, Irish, Italians, Canadians and many others. For a small store they carried a variety of stock. They had live chickens in a coop on the Catlin Ave. side of the store. Catlin Ave. was just a path so they had no problem if the chickens got loose and wandered around. When a customer picked out a chicken, it was taken out back to the woodshed and was put on the block. They raised huge sunflowers for seeds to feed the chickens. If a woman wanted coal oil for her lamps or stove, she would bring her own oil can to the store and it would be filled from a large drum in the shed. Usually a cut potato was put in the spout to keep it from spilling out on the way home. Inside the store, above the canned goods near the ceiling, hung aluminum pans, new oil cans, clothesline and brooms. Cans of malt were stacked pyramid-style in the front window. The malt was a good seller. It was during the prohibition and the customers said they were using it to make "homemade bread". Gus would greet many of his customers by inventing musical lyrics with phrases, such as "Billy, Billy is a good little boy".

At Christmas time they gave out calendars and small boxes of chocolates to their good customers. One year, during the depression, a robber came into the store just before Christmas. A woman customer came in and didn't notice the man with the gun. When she saw Gus with his hands over his head, she was so frightened she began to cry. She told the robber they were poor and her

husband was out of work. The robber went over to the candy case and picked out the largest box of chocolates and said "Merry Christmas", handed it to her and told her to leave. After she left, the man tried to hit Gus over the head but missed as Gus ducked, hitting his shoulder instead and injuring it. The robber was later killed at another holdup. The woman later wanted to return the chocolates, but Gus was so glad she hadn't been harmed, he was happy to give her the candy.

In those days, in some neighborhoods, there were grocery stores conveniently located every two to three blocks apart. There were no supermarkets and very few automobiles. It had to be convenient for the customers to walk to the stores. On Fridays a delivery wagon full of fresh fish would go through the neighborhood. Gus would order the week before, he would get oysters, clams and squid sometimes. He'd take the bucket full of fresh fish to the kitchen and dump them into the sink. If it was squid, he would remove the black ink from them. He delighted in teasing his niece and she would squemishly shudder when he did this. He also loved to cook. The fragrance of the unusual Greek spices he used drifted out into the store. Some of the customers who had never heard of or tasted the exotic Greek food would go back into the kitchen and taste his samples. He told many ladies how to cook it and gave them unusual vegetables and herbs from his garden such as fennel, oregano and Greek laurel leaves. He learned to like other ethnic foods, such as: Norwegian meatballs, American roast turkey with bread dressing and German sauerbraten. Some of the German ladies thought he looked German because he had blue eyes. He once had light hair but now was bald-headed. Gus would laugh heartily and say he was a descendent of the "ancient Golden Greeks".

In the summertime, on Sundays, several of his married friends with their children would drive out after church with their loaded picnic baskets. They would sit under the grape arbor (a bit of Greece) and in the lawn swing. Sometimes the priest would come along. There would be talk of long ago memories of Greece. Gus would furnish the car-poo-see (watermelon), soda pop and ice cream for the children. When it was time to leave, Gus and his brother would pick fresh vegetables from the large garden and delight the ladies with huge bouquets of dahlias and gladiolas. To this day some of those little children remember the happy times in that backyard.

Gus had simple pleasures. He liked Charlie Chaplin movies. Every evening he'd take time off work and listen to his small radio in his bedroom. He loved to listen to Kate Smith sing "When The Moon Comes Over The Mountain". He used to say that he liked fat ladies! He never married, but when he sang "When I Grow Too Old To Dream, I'll Have You To Remember", a person knew he was thinking of his long ago sweetheart in Greece.

Gus died one evening in 1948 after spending the day working in the store.

ESTHER'S GREAT-GRANDPARENTS

Compiled By Helen Miles

This was taken from Esther Glenn-Westbys' "memory" book. Esther was very interested in history, and no wonder, she was a descendent of a most interesting family.

Esther's great-grandparents were Water Carmon, who came to Oregon in 1852, and Lucretia (Gurney) Allyn, who crossed the plains in 1851. They had the first wedding in Oswego, Oregon Territory, September 12, 1853. They went to live in a log cabin on the Donation Land Claim on Upper Boones Ferry Road.

Henrietta (Etta) Carmon, Esther's grandmother, married Daniel Dean Magone, from Bolton, Clackamas County in 1881 at Springbrook Farm. She was 23 and he was 24 years old. His father was Major Joseph Magone, whose Donation Land Claim was in Marion County. They had eight children.

Esther's mother was Marion Magone Glenn. She had four children, Esther, Ronald, Stewart and Keith. She worked many years at the Portland Woolen Mills in St. Johns. Mrs. Glenn belonged to the Pioneer United Methodist Church and was active in the Gleaners Sunday School class. She was a busy woman. She loved to cook and at Christmas time she made 30 to 35 pounds of candy and lovely white fruit cakes to give to relatives and friends as gifts. Esther was proud of her mother!

Water and Lucretia Carmon's descendants are still living in St. Johns.

MY PARENTS

By Mary Harney Wilbur

Jared Newton Harney (J.N.), born in Illinois but reared in Nebraska, and Laura Withrow Harney, born in Salem, Iowa, came to St. Johns from Spokane, Wa., bringing their young daughter Mary, in 1911.

Mr. Harney's lifetime connection with railroads, ships and other transportation took him to the west coast and a lot of in between places during his railroad days. He went through the Idaho wilderness to Moscow, Idaho, Seattle and Portland, as a freight agent.

His young wife died at the age of 28.

From Moscow, Idaho, he was transferred to Kellogg-Wardner, Idaho. This was the site of the big mines such as: the Sunshine mine and the Bunker-Hill-Sullivan mine, one of the largest lead-silver mines in the world.

It was there that he and my mother met. She was Laura Withrow-Rogers, and her husband, who had been a dentist, had died in Salem, Iowa. As a young widow, she was very concerned about her life and that of her young son, Wayne Withrow Rogers, in the tiny town of Salem. She and Wayne went to the wild and wooley west to be with her sister and husband in Kellogg, Idaho, where a new Gyde family child was to be born.

A summer visiting in the west where Bull Durham signs were painted on barns all along the rail route, proved to her there must be some civilization there.

Her brother was an attorney for several of the mines and a fine man whom she felt would be a father figure for Wayne. She returned to Salem, Iowa and packed up all her household goods to move west to Kellogg-Wardner, Idaho (joint towns where the silver lodes came down to lower valley level).

Mother and Wayne arrived by train and were met by the Gyde family. She decided to buy a house and was quite happy in such a bustling town. There she met Jared Harney, a dapper dresser and best croquet shot in Kellogg, and romance flourished. Wayne was 15 and liked this Mr. Harney, so the plans to marry were solidified and arrangements were made for the wedding. Then J.N. Harney was transferred to Spokane.

Courtship by mail followed and he planned to return to Kellogg for the marriage. This was to have been a quiet wedding, but when my mother stuck dad's letter up her mutton leg sleeve while shopping in Kellogg, it dropped out. The newspaper boy found the letter, read it and blabbed the news all over town. My mother was so embarrassed that she and my dad decided to marry in Spokane, with the Gyde family going to the wedding on the train. They all stayed at the beautiful Davenport Hotel where dad had arranged a wedding dinner.

They later, including Wayne, lived in Spokane. After a year, Mary Harney arrived, the apple of her father's eye. Wayne had married and his wife, Pauline, had two children. Mary's niece, Laura Rogers, and nephew, Jack B. Rogers, were only a few notches younger than Mary.

On to Portland.

Dad Harney became a freight agent for O.W.R.N. (Oregon Washington Railway and Navigation Co.) at St. Johns, known as the loop line. Because the railway grade via Union Pacific was steep going east at Sullivan's for heavy freight, the flatter, more gradual route, was very practical around the Willamette River east basin and the Peninsula. It joined with Union Pacific near Bonneville to continue east. Just in time too, since emerging future needs for the Peninsula and St. Johns expansion of factories, manufacturing plants, ship building, flour mills, lumber mills, Terminal #4 and shipping cargo from incoming and outgoing had to be handled.

The days of World War I really strained resources of St. Johns with housing and consumer needs in the community. Dray horses hauled freight on huge wagons up Burlington Hill until motorized trucks could do it. Everyone was encouraged to take in a boarder during the war to house the incoming people of the ship building days of Grant-Smith-Porter Shipyards. Our boarder was a nice young man that worked in the shipyard office who later became the mayor of a town in Washington.

Laura Harney, my mother, was an activist outside our home life, which, of course, came first. She was interested in the schools in St. Johns, obtaining better streets, Red Cross war work, a new library, a women's organization such as a Women's Study Club, Y.W.C.A. and particularly Ina Shaw's needs for the Y. She and other Iowans became fast friends. People like Edmund and Alice Currier and Harry and Alice Bonham, merchants in St. Johns. Their children are still valued friends.

My father and mother were interested in the local affairs through the Community Club, walking as everyone did to the night meetings in old Central School or old James John High. I remember those hard seats for lectures, concerts and entertainment put on by Bill Burley and Harry Fassett and friends. Radio or television not in our lives yet, we were entertained by local talent or speakers following the Community Club meetings.

To get downtown for events was so difficult by the old St. Johns street cars, we didn't have time or energy to go. These were good reasons for local social groups, including church affairs, weaving parties, picnics and family gatherings. There were needs for social community groups such as the Bachelor's Club, Ye Merrie Tymers, girls and boys club, Scouting, Campfire Girls, ball teams and parades. St. Johns was quite isolated but it grew into a nice town that became part of Portland in 1915. My mother and dad helped form it. Mother was so pretty and did so much for others. She lived until 1933.

J.N., bless him, lived until 1941. Retired from his railroad, he was a lonely man while Mary was teaching in Boardman. Mary urged him to write some of his early day railroad stories, which he typed. Unfortunately, the through train in Boardman, where Mary taught, received mail in sacks. They were hung on a big hook on a pole which was then caught from slow moving trains. That sack of mail containing J.N.'s irreplaceable short stories of his early days in the Idaho wilderness, was badly chewed by wheels of a passing train when the sack missed the hook and scattered along the tracks. Finally it was returned in bad condition by the Boardman Postmaster who guessed it belonged to Mary. Some of the stories have been repaired and were placed on backing. Some stories, circa 1885, were of Dad Harney's true experiences in the wild west.

STORIES OF J.N. HARNEY

The following are a few of J.N. Harney's early day railroad stories that were written about by Mary Harney Wilbur in her story about her family.

JARED NEWTON HARNEY Railroad Construction Camp Pioneer Days Circa 1885

Somewhere west of Omaha, where no one asked last names, was a railroad construction camp. A young Nebraska boy of 18 or so, son of a minister and fresh off a farm, worked as an agent with numerous duties. He was J.N. Harney, telegrapher, photographer, bookkeeper, coordinator, at the progressing railroad site.

His job was to record on photographs (plates) the daily progress of the crew and to commute by hand car to the point of the work. As telegrapher he communicated with approaching trains sending on the information. His one room office was also his "home".

One evening he was dozing, feet up on his desk. He had alot of rope strung from a distant railroad switch, tied to a bucket of rocks on his desk and a string tied to his big toe to yank when a train came through. He then would telegraph the next station of the trains passing. One evening the alarm didn't work. The rocks didn't dump and the string didn't yank his toe.

Unexpectedly two auditors from Omaha had come on a work train that hadn't gone through but stopped a distance back.

J.N. said he was chagrined!

MYSTERY MAN

In the middle of nowhere the nearby saloon, hotel and boarding house were the only places for visitors at the railroad camp site to stay for any length of time (such as railroad officials or auditors).

Such a passenger from a train was an auditor from Omaha that had come to inspect dad's reports and records, his responsibilities. The man asked to get a hotel room since it was evening.

The two men went to the hotel desk for a room when a disturbance at the bar erupted. There was an argument between a well dressed, dark suited gambler type stranger that no one knew, and some of the men from camp. The dark stranger and the others apparently settled their dispute, which included firing shots near the heels of the stranger who had been forced to "dance" to avoid bullets. Trouble finally settled, the big dark stranger, with good humor, had drinks on the house set up.

He approached Dad Harney and his guest, who was still waiting for the room key. My dad, a small young man, said "But I don't drink". The stranger said, "well you will drink", and picked him up by his vest front and sat him on the bar. So dad drunk!

The tall stranger strode from the bar and out of the hotel with farewell. Almost immediately the door reopened and the non-jovial stranger, without warning, shot dead the man who had peppered his dancing feet. He then disappeared and wasn't seen again.

The frightened auditor said he wouldn't stay at the hotel, so dad took him back to the railroad office and offered him a slat hammock bunk. Dad's bed was the other hammock.

COUER D'ALENE DAYS

Much later, in the Couer D'Alene country, surrounded by the beauties of the Idaho panhandle, Lake Chatcolet country, my father's work and duties were the same. He was photographer-recorder of the days work completed by the work crews.

The railroad camp cookhouse had excitement the day the poor Chinese cook went violently berserk and had to be taken away.

The friendly Indian people were most curious and interested in watching the progress and advancement. They didn't think much of the telegraph wires or have much faith in telegraphy until one day when the chief's pony was stolen.

They told my dad that the thief had ridden off on the pony and told him the direction. Dad telegraphed the next station with a description and a "wait party" was there to greet the thief when he arrived.

Dad's Indian friends were true believers when there was an answer from the advance station and the pony was returned. But they wouldn't have their pictures taken!

J.N. IN ST. JOHNS

The Harney's neighborhood was on the Willamette River east bluff near Polk St. on Decatur. It overlooked many of the St. Johns industries, the Railroad bridge, the Cooperage Plant and Portland Manufacturing Plant. Some of the neighbors were Mortimer and Adele Stearns, the Fassetts, Amos Bensons (later Chaney), A.L. Miner (later Dr. Luzana Graves' home) and the Beebees. The surroundings were tree filled with wild flowers, spring orchards and pastures with cows. The river view was above the Port of Portland Dry Dock below.

Some Hindu men wearing turbans came up the hill from the railroad tracks below. They had come to work in the lumber mills.

Our neighborhood was a mecca for cats. Wild strays in the wooded area came around alot. Periodically their kittens appeared, always hungry. I'm sure my dad delivered a "mouser" or two to the docks where they caught a ship to faraway places. After a year of absence, our Manx reappeared. It was no longer a kitten but a big, wild, hungry cat who remembered us and his former home. He looked like a Bobcat, which dad handled with gloves, but it stayed only a day or two to eat and left when a lot of ladies came to visit and made too much commotion. Or was he shanghaied to a ship?

Mother Gillespie's boarding house for train men, was at the St. Johns ferry slip beside the O.W.R. and N. tracks. She had a noon dinner for the crew and there was always extra pie or cake. Apple cheeked Mrs. Gillespie was like a chubby Mrs. Santa. When she had a nice kitten needing a home, she would phone my father's railroad office and I would go to his office. He would take me to Mother Gillespie's where a darling kitten awaited.

This is now Cathedral Park near the old ferry slip to Linnton where the boat waited to make another 20 minute trip. Weekends, like the 4th of July, were a problem. To catch a ferry was a matter of timing after a picnic or trip. All the other cars were there too. When the "Webster" had it's full load, it took off for the other side after it's chain was lowered. Twenty minutes later it crossed the Willamette again for a new load of cars or passengers. It was a lark if unhurried, but crossing the river was fun and often exasperating. More and more pressure mounted for a bridge. Signs were erected on both sides of the river. "Why wait for a ferry? Vote for the bridge". The "where" was the question, much politicing went on.

Speaking of telephones, my dad's office phone was Columbia 123 spoken to the operator. The telephone office was on Jersey (Lombard) St., where the present exchange now is. The several operators managed a manual switchboard. The height of my ambition was to become a telephone operator, like my friends Myrtle or Mable.

They were willing to answer such questions as to "What time is it please?" or "Where is the fire?", when we would see a fire off in the distance or hear the fire engine or the bell. We were even visitors between her calls, but I was never allowed in the telephone office. I knew then from "peeks" inside.

We lived so far from anyone that a telephone was a necessity. Grocery stores were a long way off. My mother, Laura Harney, could call Harry Bonham or Currier's stores with an order and Mr. Goodhue would deliver it in a rustic truck. Town was far from us on the river bluff, near the railroad bridge. Milk was delivered to us in glass bottles by the dairy. My father's beautiful garden and the trusty chicken yard provided much food.



The first post office building in St. Johns. Mrs. Anna Clark was postmistress. Circa 1904.

Source: Mrs. May Hoyt; St. Johns Review

INTRODUCTION

Researching and writing for this book has been done entirely by amateurs interested in preservation of history of this area. Special credit should be given to many who spent countless hours in this 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 materials, choose pictures and make decisions.

Our deep appreciation goes to Mr. R. Thompson. He has provided outstanding art work depicting St. Johns History as seen on the front and back covers of this book.

Our thanks to Mr. Ron Linder of Printing Sales-Service who gave generously of his time and advised us on printing and pictures.

Harold Rose started the program going by contacting the printer, getting estimates and arranging for the typing with North Portland Citizens Committee.

North Portland Citizen Committee of which our organization is a sub-committee, provided us with the means to get our material typed for the printer. Our thanks go to them and Kelly Urrutia who did a splendid rush job, editing and typing the stories ready by the deadline.

Special thanks to Dick Crouchley for writing the personal vignette on Howard Galbraith which expresses an insight to his loving, tender character not visible to the world.

To Dale Wilkins for letting us use his material and picture.

To Florence Evans for her many hours of assistance and for writing the Dedication page and other works.

To the St. Johns Heritage Association Committee members who contributed a good deal of effort, and many hours of time as follows:

Mary Wilbur	Research and Writing Committee
Lynn Stark	Research and Writing Committee
Magdolyn Stark	Research and Writing Committee
Mandy Lind	Research and Writing
Thomas A. Lind	Research and Writing
Nina McFadyen	Research and Writing Committee
Florence Evans	Research and Writing Committee
Harold Rose	Research and Writing Committee
Lucille Rose	Research Committee
George Doty	Research and Writing
Angeline Doty	Research and Writing
Elsie Norris	Research and Writing
Dick Crouchley	Research and Writing
Sheri Ketrenos	Research and Writing

JAMES ARTHUR AND MARY LUELLA HARNEY HOES

By Nina McFadyne

James Arthur Hoes operated the only photographic studio in St. Johns from 1911 to April 1940. He came from Grand Island, Nebraska, with his wife, Mary Luella (Harney) Hoes and their 2 year old daughter, Nina Lucille. Mr. Hoes was born in Grand Island on April 5, 1882. Mrs. Hoes was born in Woodson, Illinois on June 22, 1874.

Mr. Hoes was attracted to St. Johns because his wife's brother, Jared Newton Harney, had established himself and his family here. In J.N. Harney's family were his wife, Laura, their daughter, Mary Elizabeth and Mrs. Hoes and Mr. Harney's mother, Mary Jane (Barr) Harney.

Mr. Hoes had three locations. The first was across from the Central School (now James John playground) on N. Lombard St. The second studio was in a building where the late B&C Department Store was. The third was in a house where the Cornet Store now is, toward the middle of the block, on N. Lombard.

Along with photography work, he did taxidermy, sign writing, sign painting and interior decorating. Due to illness he had to give up the studio, but he continued with the other trades.

Mary Luella Hoes operated the Venetian Sandwich Shop, located in the Venetian Theater building on N. Lombard St. in the 1930's. There were two spots of operation. One was a tiny, 7 stool nook which was taken over by the theater owner and used for the sale of popcorn and candy. The second spot was one door west, a larger space.

Mary Hoes died in Portland on January 31, 1958.

James Hoes had passed away in Portland on May 5, 1956.

REMEMBRANCES OF AN INTERESTING LADY Mrs. Narcissus Mc Intire Hutchinson

By Mary E. Wilbur

Mrs. Hutchinson, daughter of Robert Emmett McIntire, was born in Portland, Oregon in a house at S.W. 2nd and Market Streets, across from the present Civic Auditorium. The family later moved to St. Helens/Goble area. Her father, a tug and river boat captain, hauled cottonwood and alder logs from Woodland, Wa. to the Oregon City Paper Mill. Narcissus traveled to school on the boat, Irela, on Sauvie Island. The school had been established by Lawrence Reeder for his children. She returned home by boat in the afternoon. To go to Portland meant an 18 mile boatride.

Later the family moved to Sauvie Island on part of the government land donation claim take by her grandfather in 1850. It was on the Columbia River side of Sauvie Island. Her grandfather was Horace McIntire. His relatives also held land claims on the Island. They were the Reeders and the Bybees. The Bybees also had a farm in the Sellwood area.

Narcissus McIntire and Marion Hutchinson were married by Reverend Chester Gates in 1910. Their first home was on Edison St. in St. Johns. It was on the hill just above the Portland Woolen Mill. Mr. Hutchinson was a dairyman and worked on the John Mock farm in St. Johns. Mrs. Hutchinson remembers the hay field and big barn on the land from Lombard to Willamette, bounded by Chatauqua. Simon Benson (who built the Benson Hotel) sold the land to John Mock.

The Hutchinsons later were in the dairy business in Idaho and Washington.

They returned to Oregon to buy coastal motel property. When Mrs. Hutchinson was widowed in 1951 she managed the motel business for a time until her children urged her to return to Portland, which she did in 1953.

She is the mother of 13 living children. She boasts 34 grandchildren and 32 great-grandchildren. She is now getting an increasing number of great-great grandchildren. Among them is a great deal of musical ability and membership in the profession of the Ministry.

She says she feels blessed, but the family is also blessed with strong parents who set the patterns of their lives.

THE CANDY MAKER

By Barry Ketrenos

Johanas Anastassy Ketrenos was born on the island and city of Chios, Greece on April 19, 1885. From his village you could look across the Aegean sea and see the lights of the Turkish town of Chesma.

John's father was a stone mason and many of the buildings he built are still standing today. In the town was an elementary school where John received his first education. He later continued his secondary education in Egypt.

In 1910 he decided to go to America. From New York he went directly to Pennsylvania to work at a steel mill. From there he moved to McAllister, Oklahoma where he became an apprentice to a candy maker. After learning the trade he moved to Kalama, Washington. He bought an ice cream/confectionary store and was working there when he met Marguerite J. Kelly.

While traveling through town and waiting for a ferry, she went into the store to buy a soda and met John. He asked to write to her and soon they were married in South Bend, Washington on January 8, 1913. They lived in Kalama and then moved to Astoria where they had three sons.

John, later known as Jack, opened up a candy store in Astoria where he sold a complete line of retail and wholesale candies. After a fire destroyed part of Astoria, and the business was affected severly, the family moved to Portland. Jack opened up a soda fountain and candy store in St. Johns. This store was located in the Noce building on S. Jersey St. and N. John Ave. Jack was at this location from 1923 to 1933. The shop featured a complete line of handmade candies, fudge, divinities, taffy and chocolate creams. Some of the candies were made in large copper kettles, poured and rolled on a marble slab.

There are many St. Johns residents that still remember their trips as children to the candy store. A pound of chocolate creams sold for only .60¢. In 1927 their daughter Peggy was born and the candy store was renamed the Peggy Rae Candy Kitchen.

Following the repeal of prohibition, Jack left the candy business and opened a tavern on N. Lombard and Buchanan Sts. He called it Jack's Owl Perch. He later built a new tavern across the street that included a barber shop.

In 1933 Jack's second son Bob started to work as a partner alongside his father in the tavern. One of the highlights of the tavern was the gun collection that was displayed on the walls. Next to the tavern Jack's other two sons, John and Harry, opened a grocery store called "Pik and Pak". The three brothers and father worked on the same block until 1949. When Jack retired his son Bob continued running the tavern.

In 1952 television opened a whole new era and Bob started the Tele-Tronics television sales and service.

In 1959 in November, Jack Ketrenos died.

Tele-Tronics grew into a family business when Bob's son Bill joined him in 1964. In 1967 Bob's son-in-law Ray McInroy (married to Bonny Ketrenos), joined the company. After Bill's death in 1971, Barry, Bob's youngest son, came to work.

Bob retired in 1977 when his son and son-in-law bought the business, which continues to this day.

Three generations of Ketrenos' have been St. Johns merchants for a total of 61 years.

ETIENNE LUCIER'S FAMILY IN ST. JOHNS

By Helen Miles

The following are excerpts from a tape and from interviews that were made to preserve the history of Etienne Lucier's descendants in St. Johns.

I am Mary Lucier Erickson. I was born June 25, 1905 at Scotts Mill, Oregon. My parents were born down the Willamette Valley near Salem. They attended the Chemawa Indian High School in Salem. My father played the cornet in the school band. My parents were married at Chemawa on December 23, 1899 by Father Daly. From this marriage six children were born; they were: Alphonso, Beatrice, Joseph, Mary, Ellen and Clement.

They moved to St. Johns in 1906. There was a lot of development going on and since my father was a building contractor, it was where he wanted to live. He used to tell us of the many places he helped build. One place I especially remember was the St. Clements School and Church (now Assumption). Our family attended the church and all of us children went to the school. My sister and I were given piano lessons by the nuns. One of the teachers I had was Sister Josetta who came here from the east to the 60th reunion.

My mother was a very fine seamstress and she made clothes for many people in the St. Johns area. My mother and father both spoke French at home.

I am Ellen Lucier Foster. I was born in St. Johns near Oswego St. on Lombard Way, on May 31, 1909. Mary and I remember many of the ferry boat trips we took to hike up into the hills or to go down to Linnton Beach to swim. This was when the Willamette was clean and people did swim in it.

We often reminisce about the old skating rink. It had a canvas top (something in the order of a tent house) and was near Jowers store. We had many good times there. Mr. and Mrs. Jeffries ran it and later they built the Imperial Rink on Union and Hawthorne Aves. We'd wait patiently for summer so we could attend the Chatauqua for the entire season.

Many times we watched the boats from Grant-Smith-Porter Shipyards being launched. Then, years later, the boats from the Kaiser Shipyards. I guess the most outstanding day was the day the Armistice was signed and almost all the people from St. Johns marched over to Portland to celebrate.

Now I will let Mary give you some history of our great-grandfather.

When we were young, our father would proudly tell us stories about his grandfather, Etienne Lucier, and his long trek coming to this area. Our father liked to go down to Champoeg to the reunions. We were the city Luciers and we'd go down to see the country Luciers. We would go on the Willamette River Steamer "Madeline" to the big celebrations. My father loved to give speeches about the pioneers. We would meet other descendants at the gatherings.

Our great-grandfather, Etienne Lucier, was born in 1793 at St. Edouard in Montreal, Canada. He was a farmer. On January 23, 1839 he married Josephte Nouite, of the Noite Nation, at St. James Parish in Vancouver, Washington. The children of this marriage were: Felicity, Andene, Pelage, Lewison, Rachel and Joseph. My sister and I are daughters of G.J. Lucier. He was the son of Etienne's youngest son, Joseph.

Etienne Lucier came to the northwest in 1812 as a master fur company employee. He came with the Wilson-Hunt expedition. When the company broke up he went with the Northwest Fur Company, which later became the Hudson Bay Co. In 1829 he built three cabins for Dr. John McLoughlin in Oregon City. After that he moved to French Prairie in the St. Paul area and was given the credit of being the first established farmer in the Willamette Valley. He also cast the deciding vote in favor of the Provisional government in the famous Champoege divide in 1843.

Since this interview, Ellen Lucier Foster has passed away on January 17, 1982. Mary Lucier Erickson is the last living descendant in St. Johns.

FROM INDIA TO ST. JOHNS

By Her Granddaughter, Sheri (Miles) Ketrenos

Eleanore (Nellie) Wagner-Miles was born in the mountains above Glenwood Springs, Colorado, near Aspen, on September 15, 1887. She spent her early years in and around Glenwood Springs. Her father had worked in the mountains until the railroad came through. They moved when Nellie was a few months old.

When Nonnie (as her grandchildren call her) became a young woman in 1907, she received nurses training at Boulder Sanitarium in Boulder, Colorado at age 22. After graduation in December 1909 she traveled to New York and joined another nurse and together they began their journey to India.

To the two young women the sights that greeted them when they landed in Bombay were all strange and exotic. Though the main travel through India was by train, they also traveled by rickshaws and, in the mountains, they were carried by two coolies in a sling type chair called a Dandy.

Nonnie worked in the Himalayan Hill stations as a nurse and also in Calcutta and Bombay. She treated patients with many ailments using a type of therapy similar to today's physical therapist. Her patients included Australians, Indians and mostly Europeans from England.

India was under the rule of King George and Queen Mary and they traveled to India for an Indian Durbar. There were many celebrations at this time all throughout India. They also went on tiger hunts. Nonnie saw the King and Queen during their stay in Bombay. She saw them at the Bombay Cathedral, the Church of England. While in India she had been corresponding with a friend in Colorado, George F. Miles. In one of his letters he proposed and so she began her marriage preparations in India. She had a local Indian dressmaker sew a dress from a pattern copied from the Ladies Home Journal. It was made out of Indian silk and buttoned with small seed pearls.

In 1913 Nonnie left India and sailed for six weeks to dock in Vancouver, Canada. The day she landed they got married and lived in Canada for eleven months. In 1914 they moved to St. Johns. George began work in 1915 for Cochran and Sons Construction Co. They lived in St. Johns in different locations over the years, finally moving to the location where she now lives on N. Edison St. During the years with his teams (two teams of two horses and one team of mules),

he worked for the Port of Portland. Many of the streets in the West Hills, Mocks Crest and St. Johns area were graded with his teams. They also filled in and graded Guilds Lake and the docks and terminals of Terminal #4.

During these years they also had their ranch where they grew hay for their stock (cows and horses) and grew vegetables for their family and to sell at the Farmer's Market on N.E. Grand. They also raised chickens and eggs for sale at the market.

The most important concern for Nonnie over the years was the raising of her two sons and daughter. Nursing was set aside except for their neighbors when they were ill. This changed for a short time in 1917-18, when the influenza spread quickly through the St. Johns area and left many homes touched by death. All the schools, churches and theaters in St. Johns closed. People panicked as those around them died in a matter of hours after an onset of the disease. While Nonnie nursed the ill, Grandad carried many sick and dying from the Grant-Smith Shipyard to the hospitals.

Over the years Nonnie's stories about India and her experiences as a nurse and their life on the ranch has fascinated her many grandchildren and great-grandchildren. This year she celebrated her 97th birthday!

THE OESCHGERS

By W. Oeschger

William and Alameda Oeschger celebrated their 63rd Anniversary in September 1984. Their 50th was a crowded gala highlighted by the arrival of the Shrine Band parading to their home for a serenade!

Their rich life together began in St. Johns when they both worked at the Woolen Mill in 1919. They were married in 1921.

Bill's family settled in St. Johns from Chicago by way of California. Alameda's family came from Carlton and other Oregon locations. The Oeschgers operated a grocery store for 10 years at the corner of Leonard and Fessenden Sts. At the same time Bill superintended super cargo stowage on ocean going ships. He stayed with the ship until it was completely loaded and ready for ocean travel.

Bill Oeschger joined the Postal Service as a letter carrier and was stationed at Vanport. The terrible Sunday Memorial Day flood of 1948 inundated the Vanport office under 12 feet of water. Chaos reigned though fatalities were few because many people were not home being it was Sunday afternoon. He later went to Woodstock Post Office in 1950, then to St. Johns where he became superintendant. He retired from the Postal Service in 1965.

The Oeschgers common hobby was music. Alameda was an accomplished pianist, a student of George Rich at the time. She was most active in the Tuesday Musical Club and sang with Jeanette Bailey's Chorus. While the Shrine Band occupied her husband, Alameda organized and was 7 years the president of the North Portland Unit Sewing Group, which helped provide necessity items to the Shriners Children's Hospital.

Mr. Oeschger, a clarinetist, has served 50 years (since 1929) as secretary-treasurer of the Shrine Band of Portland. He played 25 years with the city parks band and currently with the Gresham Orchestra.

Community interests have always been a priority to the Oeschgers. In the days of pushing to get a bridge, various city and community people, like Ina Shaw, visited the Multnomah County and city civic groups to obtain votes. The sparkle of the St. Johns Band always helped create interest. Many people spoke

of the advantage of a Fessenden St. crossing, but the Philadelphia St. site was chosen because it was felt that it would divert traffic from the business district of St. Johns. After many years this decision has given rise to second thoughts.

In recalling earlier times, Mr. Oeschger thought the beginning of automation began with sound movies. At that time in the musicians life, orchestras were no longer needed. Pipe organs in the theaters were not a part of the performances and local musicians were not used, except as an occasional added treat.

Mrs. Oeschger's reminiscences of St. Johns brought back the sweetness of a good home town. It was a beautiful place to live. People didn't bother with locks and there was very little crime. The three policemen in St. Johns in 1915 were Officers Norene, Jones and Muck. Firemen were volunteers. When St. Johns voted to become a part of Portland, Fire Captain Marion Stark was appointed. A strong reason for the annexation vote was the Bull Run water. Though water wells in the Richmond St. area were adequate for the time, they were considered doubtful for the future growth of the community.

The fire department in St. Johns sponsored local and civic entertainment, especially during the summer months at Rose Festival time. There were balloon ascensions, flower shows, pony and dog shows, races, parades and band music. Festivities often took place in the Philadelphia St. space, now the bridge approach. Many were in the empty block on Ivanhoe st. bounded by Chicago and Baltimore Sts. Races were run down Dawson St. Both horses and people would race. A dock at Terminal 3 (no longer in existence) was a beautiful location in the Willamette where Cathedral Park now is. The annual sweetpea shows were on the dock with an evening of dancing, music and refreshments.

Every family had one or more members working in the thriving St. Johns industries. Newsboys could deliver one of four newspapers. One of Bill Oeschger's early jobs was helping Mr. Beach, who owned the big launch "Two Step". He ferried people to the other side when the last ferry at 10:20 P.M. had quit for the day. On special occasions visiting ships dropped anchor in the river. Mr. Beach ferried visitors to the ships for a .10¢ fare.

These are some of William and Alameda Oeschger's glimpses of early St. Johns.

THE QUAY FAMILY

By Florence Evans

The Quay family came of French Huguenot stock but fled to Germany to avoid religious persecution. The name was originally Le Quay (Le Quai), but like many others they dropped the prefix when they came to this country on a German boat with German immigrants. John Bernard Quay was born near Kimberton in Chester County, Pa. in 1842. He served in the Civil War and later rejoined the army. His assignment was Ft. Colville, Washington Territory. There he met Emma Catherine King who had emigrated from Hesse Darmstadt, Germany. They were married in February 1867 and their first child, a daughter, Emma Jane was born. Finishing his army enlistment, John moved his family to Portland where they resided for a short time. Then taking a homestead claim near the Bethany area, they farmed for many years. A large family of eight children, seven growing to maturity, helped on the farm. They lost one son, William, at age fourteen. John spent his latter days in St. Johns and passed away at the home of his youngest daughter, Emma Denton, in 1916.

As they grew older most of the children left the farm and moved to St. Johns. Their oldest daughter, Ella, obtained work on a dairy farm and married Tom Bowe, a co-worker. The Bowes farmed across the road from the Quay homestead. They had

seven children, most of whom moved to the St. Johns area also. The Bowe's oldest son Edward and youngest daughter, Peggy Hawley, still make their homes here. One son, Albert Bowe, who lived in St. Johns was a Multnomah County sheriff and was **gunned** down, losing his life, in the performance of his duty while patrolling Sandy Blvd.

Margaret Ann, second child of John and Catherine, worked in downtown Portland where she met a married Jack Saunders. "Maggie", unable to live in the Portland area due to allergies, and Jack, moved to California. Their son, Fred, was born there and died as an infant. A daughter, Pearl Hedge, taught school in Northern California until her retirement.

Elwood Quay, third child and oldest son, married Lucy Scott of the St. Johns pioneer family. For awhile they resided on a farm near the foot of Reno Street. Later they moved to the Gresham area where he ran a dairy farm. Albert, Bill and John Quay all worked at the veneer (Portland Manufacturing Co.). One daughter, Louise Fetzner, still lives in the area.

Louisa Quay married William Morgan, who was related to the Morgans of Sauvie Island. Louisa and Bill spent their **early** married years in the lumbering towns of Vader and Silver Lake, Washington. Finally they settled in St. Johns where they resided until their deaths. Their only child, Hazel Beavers, lived here for many years.

Another daughter, Katherine Quay, was a fine cook and cooked for Grimm's restaurant in Linnton. She later cooked in the cafeteria of the Portland Woolen Mill Club House where she became well known for her pies. Her mother, Emma Catherine, passed away in 1922 while residing with her.

Lee Denton was born in Virginia and later moved to Illinois. He came west to see the Lewis and Clark Expedition and liking the country, he obtained work and settled in St. Johns. He met and married Emma Quay when both worked at Portland Woolen Mill. They had two daughters, Florence Evans and Laura Sheffold, who are still St. Johns boosters and residents.

Albert Quay married Ada Loney and they lived near Gresham. He operated a blacksmith shop and later a grocery store. They had one daughter, Doris, who died as a small child.

George Quay, while boarding with his sister, Emma Denton, fell in love and married the girl next door, Nora Sizemore, who came here from Kentucky. They lived in the St. Johns district for many years before moving to the Lents area.

CHURCHILL AND ROSE FAMILY

By Harold Rose

Sometime in the early 1900's many of the Churchill family moved to Southern Oregon. In the summer of 1907, Flossie Churchill moved from the family farm near Pioneer, Michigan to Ashland, Oregon. Flossie's sister, Minnie, had married Harris Dean in 1887 and he was working for the City of Ashland in Lithia Park. He later became the supervisor for the Park Bureau and served in that capacity until his retirement about 1940, after his wife passed away.

Minnie's younger sister Flossie, had contracted typhoid fever in Michigan while she was in her third year of high school. As soon as she was able to travel she was brought to Oregon and lived with the Deans. She finished her last year of high school there in Ashland. Upon her graduation she received her certificate to teach school. She came to Portland in 1909 to live with her older sister, Myrtle Weeks. Myrtle was running a boarding house on the

corner of Mohawk and Willamette Blvd. Lorenzo Rose was one of her boarders. He had come to Portland in 1909 from Lake City, Michigan, which was not too far from the town of Pioneer, where the Churchill family had lived. He found employment in the grocery store of Couch and Currier. The grocery section occupied the rear of the dry goods section of Bonham and Currier, located on the corner of Burlington and Jersey Sts., now the Benjamin Franklin Savings and Loan.

In the fall of 1909, Flossie Churchill was hired to teach school at Currinsville, a small community near Estacada. There she lived with a family named Yount. Mr. Yount was chairman of the school board and also the general store proprietor. Flossie was only 19 years old, but taught all 8 grades. Some of the boys were almost as old and larger than she. On many weekends she commuted to Portland on the electric train which ran to Estacada and the Bull Run Water Works at Escadero. Romance soon blossomed between Flossie and Lorenzo and on weekends she could not come home, he often caught the first train out of Portland and the last train from Estacada. The result of this romance was a marriage on June 7, 1910. This marriage lasted for close to 51 years when Lorenzo passed away on April 13, 1961.

The couple purchased a house in what is now the 7600 block of N. Willamette Blvd., between Polk and Buchanan. Their son, Harold, was born in this house on August 9, 1911. A short time later they moved to a house on Allegheny St., then purchased a home on N. Kellogg St., between Mohawk and Tyler. Here two girls, Dorothy, Sept. 24, 1912 and Helen, May 28, 1917, were born. This became the family home until 1945. In 1948 Mr. and Mrs. Rose built a duplex for themselves and Myrtle (Weeks) Parkin, they all moved in early in 1949. At the present time Harold and his wife are living in the duplex on N. Willamette Blvd.

About the time of his marriage, Lorenzo transferred from the grocery to the men's dry goods section of Bonham & Currier. By 1920 he became the manager and buyer for the men's department. He stocked such well known clothes as Regal and Florsheim shoes, BVD and Cooper underwear, Arrow shirts and Middleshade suits, among others. The grocery section was moved to a new location about 1924. This is the building now occupied by Peninsula Mortgage Co.

Bonham & Currier was one of the first stores in the country to sell Jantzen swimwear. Mr. Zentbauer was the owner and salesman for these suits. Also about 1921-22, Mr. Ervin L. Gromachey quit his job at the Plylock Corp. and went to work for Bonham & Currier. In the course of events the two men purchased an old World War I life saving boat and installed a Ford motor. In the spring and fall they trolled for salmon and steelhead in the Willamette Slough and River with great success.

For several years Bonham & Currier employees spent one Sunday in July or August on a picnic at the mouth of the Willamette. There was a good beach just upriver from the confluence of the Willamette and Columbia Rivers and the lighthouse was still on the jetty and in operation. The Rose, Bowen, Gromachey, Bonham, Currier and Roberts families, Minnie Plaskett, Tilly Bower and sometimes the Couch family and several others were loaded up in the boat and enjoyed the day feasting, talking, swimming and fishing. Up to 30 people were involved. In subsequent years another boat was built and the Rose Family spent many summer evenings at the beach, often returning home after the Georgiana had steamed up the river at 9:30 P.M. from her daily run to Astoria and back. She threw up larger waves than any other ship and it was fun to swim in those waves. The beach was later destroyed by dredging, but is now somewhat rehabilitated and is part of Kelly Point Park.

Mr. Rose was well known in the community and took part in several activities, but his real interest was in his home, family and gardening. He loved

table games and spent evenings at home playing with the three children. As a result of his younger days in the North Michigan woods, Lorenzo enjoyed hunting and always reserved a week or 10 days during the deer season in the fall for hunting the elusive deer. Mr. Rebman of the St. Johns Cleaners and Fred Meyer of Meyer's Butcher Shop were often his companions. Fishing companions were Ervin Gromachey and Mr. McGill of the St. Johns Hardware.

Lorenzo Rose joined Doric Masonic Lodge and kept his membership, but was not very active. Flossie joined Minerva Chapter of Eastern Star and was very active until her death in August 1974. She was an officer on several occasions and was Worthy Matron in 1938. She was also an active member of Pioneer United Methodist Church. Many people remember her with respect as their high school teacher. She was a truly Christian woman; she loved people and they loved her.

Myrtle Weeks not only ran the boarding house, but became affiliated with her brother, William, in a laundry on N. Philadelphia St. The laundry was destroyed by fire about 1910 and William went to work for the State Laundry on the corner of N.E. Union and Broadway. He worked on a laundry truck in the North Portland area for many years. He later moved to the acreage between Willamette and Lombard, which is now Mocks Crest. There he ran a dairy farm and was able to raise hay and grain necessary for their support. The Yeon house (now replaced by University Park Baptist Church) and the Mock house, still standing on Willamette Blvd., were the only other homes on the property.

Myrtle soon began to teach school and until her retirement in 1956, she taught 7th and 8th grades at the old Williams School, the old James John School and, after Roosevelt was built, the new James John. Many St. Johns residents were in her classes during her long tenure. She was strict but well liked. She lived for many years at her home on 8005 N. Willamette Blvd., until she sold it and moved to the duplex in 1949. She also had a productive Christian life; was generous with her talents and loved by many.

A younger brother, Floyd Churchill, lived in St. Johns much of his life and raised two girls, Margery and Thelma. For some time Floyd ran a Standard Oil Service Station on what became the Fisher, and now Fred Bauer, Chevrolet Agency. He also ran other stations and did general auto repair work.

RICHARD SHEPARD

By Miriam Shepard Roberts

Richard Shepard was born in Edinburg, Indiana on Dec. 26, 1878. He was the son of Richard Pius Shepard and Nancy Ellen Miner. The family moved from Indiana to Iowa when Richard was a young boy. He joined the army during the Spanish-American war and he lost his right arm in Cuba during a battle in 1898. He then served as the County Recorder in Glenwood, Iowa, where he became engaged to Ethel Rae Mills, who was a teacher in Glenwood.

In 1902 he came to Warrenton, Oregon, traveling to St. Johns to go into the real estate business. His desk was in the bank and he often did jobs for them. He would travel to Portland by streetcar to pick up gold coins to meet the payroll at the mill, traveling back to St. Johns with the money bags sitting between his feet.

In 1904 he went to Grand Rapids, Michigan where he and my mother were married at the home of her parents, Lloyd Mills Sr. and Mary Jane McDowell Mills, who moved to Portland shortly after. There were no sidewalks or graded streets in St. Johns then, only cow paths for walking. After living for awhile in a rented house, he built a house on the Springville Road in Whitwood Court. Mr. Mills

and his son, Wayne, built houses a short distance farther up the hill.

Richard P. Shepard had sold his Iowa farm and moved to St. Johns. His two daughters, Lulu (later Mrs. Windle, then Mrs. Holbrook), and Ellen May, who died of T.B. in Tucson, Arizona in 1909, also came to live at the Shepard house. The father lived at the Shepard house until shortly before his death and spent much of his time in the real estate office in Whitwood Court.

Richard Shepard soon moved his activities to Portland, where he was in partnership with Hugh Gearin in the Board of Trade Building before going into the hotel business. He later followed that pursuit in Albany, Eugene and Lakeview until he retired just before World War II. He died in Portland on April 23, 1952. Mrs. Shepard died in March 1961.

There are no members of the Shepard family in St. Johns any longer.

I REMEMBER THE TETZLAFF FAMILY

By Helen Miles

The first time I met the Tetzlaff family was when I was seven years old in 1923. Mable, Lillian and Mildred (they all had lovely blonde hair), were sitting on their porch railing looking at the new neighbor girl that was slowly approaching them. I asked "can I play with you?". The answer was "yes" so we immediately became friends.

Mrs. Tetzlaff was a woman that was motherly and old-fashioned looking. She wore her hair in a bun. Her name was Amelia and she was born in Germany as was her husband, August. Before moving to St. Johns they had lived many places, including Canada. St. Johns had many people of German extraction, so they had decided to settle here also.

In 1920 they bought their house on the corner of Willamette Blvd. and Catlin St. It was a convenient location to the Portland Woolen Mills where Mr. Tetzlaff worked. Also, not very far away, was the German Baptist Church on Chicago Ave., which they attended. There were seven children in the family, they were: Helen, Harry, Leona, Alfred, Mable, Lillian and Mildred. They attended the Sitton and James John schools.

When Mable and I were not playing "Jacks" or skipping rope, we would often go across the street into an empty, dilapidated store on the other corner and play hide and go seek. We'd go up the rickety stairs to what had been the living quarters. It was musty smelling and the old torn wallpaper hung from the walls. We'd look out the back windows to get a different view of the Willamette River. The building had belonged to the Oihus family in the 1800's.

Across the street on the other corner lived Oscar and Merta (Gatton) Mason. They had one child, Alberta. We spent a lot of time playing in their yard. We were saddened when Alberta died. We had attended her birthday party and remembered how delightful she was with her birthday cake. It was filled with small trinkets her mother had baked into the batter. Occasionally, when I see the Tetzlaff family, we still think of her.

If it was a warm evening, we would play tag under the dimly lit ark-light with bats flying and swooping down over our heads. Alfred would build a big bonfire in the middle of Catlin Ave., which was unpaved, and we would sit around the fire on the damp ground. While we were waiting for our roasted potatoes to cook, we would tell made-up ghost stories and be half scared to look over our shoulders in the dark. We would be impatiently waiting for the potatoes to finish and usually we would end up eating them burnt black on the outside and raw inside. We still thought they tasted good!

This book is dedicated to the memory of Howard Galbraith - born December 17, 1911 - died May 6, 1981.

Always a mover and doer, he loved St. Johns and worked tirelessly for betterment of this community. Among the many organizations he belonged to were North Portland Citizens Committee and Cathedral Park Committee. He was also the chairman of the St. Johns Riverfront Development Citizens Advisory Committee. Howard was the first president of the Oregon Archaeological Society, organized in 1951. He watched it grow to a membership of over 800 people. Astronomy, another of his many interests, led him to found the Portland Public Astronomy Center in the city's old garbage incinerator in the St. Johns area.

As a history buff, when Portland neighborhoods began to compile materials for the celebration of our country's bicentennial, he worked to organize the St. Johns' History Group in 1975. This group is now known as the St. Johns Heritage Association. In 1976 we published our first small book called "St. Johns History - Bicentennial First Issue" which sold out immediately. Later an enlarged and corrected issue was printed, sold out and reprinted several times. Howard's goal was to keep this group going, to research and to preserve all the area history possible. Howard was instrumental in the installation of the St. Johns History Wall in Cathedral Park. A bronze plaque honoring him has been placed there.



Howard on top of old city hall with the bell he wanted to ring each day at noon. He devised an electronic timer and clapper for the bell, and he painted it red.

Source: Roger Galbraith

We did a lot of walking usually down Catlin St. path to the river. On the way down we would pass the "Ole' Lind" house (Scoot Lind's mother and fathers). Mrs. Lind was a friendly Norwegian woman who would call out or wave to us as we went by. The last house down the path was where Eileen (she later married Art Morey of KWJJ fame) and her little brother, Herbie Davidson, lived. We'd make a path through the tangled, scratchy blackberry bushes, where the garter snakes lived, then crossed the railroad tracks to our favorite pond to watch the tadpoles and frogs. That pond was where the import cars are by the river now. From there we walked over the warm sand barefooted carrying our shoes to the river bank. We would sit under the large, cool cottonwood trees and watch the tug boats pulling huge log rafts down the river. Sometimes we went wading and our feet would get covered with black oil from the passing ships.

On the way home we'd take a short-cut through the remnants of an old orchard that had prunes and wormy apple trees. It also had old fashioned climbing rose bushes. The pioneer Byar family had lived there. We'd cross the tracks once again near the old Weyerhauser barn and head up the bank to the old Loomis' fenced grave yard under the large fir trees. If the graves needed sweeping, we'd go home and get a broom, then go back and sweep the fir needles off of them. There were baby's graves outside of the fenced area. We would pick wild flowers, scotch broom, violets and roses to decorate the graves. Beautiful China Pheasants would fly from their nests as we crossed the fields on the way home.

Usually in the fall, we would walk down a path to the Portland Woolen Mill. We would gather hazel nuts along the way. Further down the path, we would walk under the Oak trees just to pop the balls on the ground with our feet. The path had been worn by countless Woolen Mill workers taking a short-cut. Many of the workers carried black lunch pails.

I loved to be invited to the Tetzlaff house for Sunday dinner. Mrs. Tetzlaff was such a good German style cook. I especially remember her cucumbers with sour cream. I had never tasted them before. After we had dinner, Mable would play the piano in the living room. We would sing old Civil War songs like "Camping Tonight on the Old Campground". We also would sing old German songs.

Once in a while I would go with them way out to Tualitan Valley to their sister Helen's farm near West Union for fresh duck dinners. Their uncle would show us how to milk cows. What a treat! After we left the farm, it seemed like a long journey driving on graveled Germantown Road, up to Skyline, then down the narrow road to the ferry and back home.

One member of the Tetzlaff family still lives in St. Johns. She is Leona Tetzlaff Bender.

ST. JOHNS RELIVED

By William D. Wilkins

Baltimore, Maryland to Vancouver, Washington to St. Johns - this was my family's trek between 1920 - 1926. At the age of 6, I have some memories of Vancouver, but my most vivid ones begin with the advent of the move to St. Johns. I was 6 and 1/2 years old and my dad was to begin work at the Portland Gas and Coke Co. in Linnton. The year was 1926. My family, besides my mother and dad (named Eva and Eddie), included Bob and Charles. The fourth son, Edward, was born in 1932 in St. Johns. Shackelford's Nursing Home on N. Central St. was his birthplace. I am sure many St. Johns citizens were greeted into this world by Mrs. Shackelford and her small staff.

I have not been present in St. Johns to see the changes made over the past 20 years but I prefer and like the St. Johns which is in my "mind's eye". This is the St. Johns that began and ended with my folks, between 1926 and 1954, when my parents passed away.

Dad began his job with the Gas and Coke Co. and Mom enrolled us children in Assumption Catholic School on Smith St. We attended the two-story block-house structure and played where the new school now stands. I remember getting cookies from the good Sisters of St. Francis for a job well done, learning to be an altar boy, selling chances on just about everything for the church bazaar, crowding around the oil stove in the winter for warmth and walking through the cloak rooms, smelling all the goodies in the brown bag lunches. It is really something how smells bring back specific times in our lives, I think peanut butter is one of my most vivid! Those were the times when God and country were acknowledged everyday, i.e.: prayers every morning followed by the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag. We had many hometown idols then too. People like Mel Embree, Nig Mebebius, Terry Schrunk, Eddie Adams, Gene Adams, Ev Phillips, George Sabah, Chuck Ware, Ray McNeice, Goose Goslin, Len Younce, Chet Lyski, Lefty Lavene, Wayne Cutler, Clem Pilip, Stan Anderson, Warren Magnusen and many others.

The first playmates I remember were Richard Kluge and Harvey Baxter who lived on Fessenden Street. On the corner of Fessenden and Oswego Sts. was McClaren's Market. The owners name was Mack and all the kids loved him, he was a very jovial man. The store later was owned and operated by John and Mary Holmes. On the S.W. corner was Pundt's Grocery. It was a typical small neighborhood grocery store. Close by was a Steinfeld's Pickle plant. It was then just a small shed adjacent to the Steinfeld's home. The Steinfeld's had three sons, Bill, Vic and Ray. They all were ball players and you still see the Steinfeld name supporting and sponsoring teams in the city. I later went to work for Steinfelds. I picked cucumbers and sprayed cabbage for \$1.00 a day. A dollar was big in those days. I will never forget Mr. Henry Steinfeld saying "Dollar a day - hundred days, a hundred dollars.". Oh the fortune to be made!

Fessenden and Oswego Sts. was a great corner. It was a street car stop and a natural for pulling a trolley on a stopped car. I am sure the motormen approached that corner as a soldier would approach "no-man's land". The street car had two trollies on top - one rode the overhead line for power and the other was hooked down until the car changed directions and the front and back would be switched. No trolley, no power, and it had to be replaced. If a motorman got too excited he might forget and leave his motor handle in the car when he alighted to fix the trolley. This meant double trouble and he only did it once. I often wonder why Portland General Electric didn't have men riding "shot gun" on the St. Johns run!

Young people haven't lived until they have taken a date out with a street-car as a means of transportation. Everyone sat on long wicker seats across from each other. Boy, do I remember those dirty looks every time I dared to hold the girl's hand! To think I would do such a thing in front of everybody like that. It was an ordeal and not many of us were that brazen!

I remember being on Richmond St. and seeing all those piles of cord wood in front of most houses. We hated to see that sawyer's truck with the big slashing saw on the rear pull up in front of the house. It meant a pile of 12" to 16" chunks that had to be carried in and put in the basement for winter fuel. The sound of that whirring saw biting into those slabs of fir is one to be remembered always. We would have fir pitch on our hands for days, to say nothing of the splinters. We were so happy when dad converted to briquets. The men dumped those right in our basement and we just watched them. The men always looked tired and dirty - which they were.

It was while we were in the Rogan house on Richmond St. that we all came down with the measles and chicken-pox (at different times, of course!). I will always remember the big red sign on the front door that read "QUARANTINE!". No one was allowed to enter or leave the house. It was like having your own leper colony. During one of the sieges, dad slept and lived in the garage so he could continue working and sustain us. He ended up with pneumonia, so it went with the City Health Department. At least we caught diseases in those days that could be cured.

Sports was big entertainment for us in those days. Before the Bachelor Club stadium was erected and people could pay at the gate, the method of raising money for the ball clubs was passing the hat around the crowd at the park. It was simply an honor system and one gave what one could afford. Money was scarce in those days (the Depression), but it really didn't take too long to fill several ball caps with coins. One rarely saw any paper currency in those caps. Two backers of baseball in those days were Tom Glover, who owned the pool hall and George Fischer, who owned the chevrolet dealership. Football season was another great time for us. On the college level it meant Gene Murphy and his old Columbia University (now Univ. of Portland) squad. They would play the old teams from St. Marys, Santa Clara and Gonzaga on the Multnomah stadium turf. The greatest I remember of those early days is Merle Nehl. He was one of the first triple-threat backs in the Northwest. I don't remember his years Columbia Univ. but it would have had to be sometime in the late 20's. I recently wrote to one of his sons who informed me that his father had passed away some years ago. He is remembered fondly and with admiration.

I often try to remember the St. Johns business district as it was when I was a boy. Jersey St. (now Lombard) was the main business street. At the west end Roy Turner's tavern stood at the right corner of St. Louis and Jersey where there was a streetcar turn was to make their runs through the business district. Roy was one of the better trap-shooters in the Portland area. Up the street was a cut-rate cleaners that competed with Redmond's Cleaners across from the St. Johns Garage. Jower's clothing store was next. It is still in business and being maintained by the Jower family. Many remember the classy light-weight boxer, Ah Wing Lee. Ah Wing was part of the Jower family. Many pairs of my shoes were purchased in that store. We would always hope to catch a glimpse of the great Ah Wing Lee.

Up on Jersey St. were the theaters. One was the old Columbia which closed before my movie going days. I first remember it as a bowling alley that a man named O'Connor owned. The last time that I rolled "duck" pins was in that establishment. The old Venetian was across the street - this was where I spent most of my Saturday afternoons. What a treat it was in those days to get a whole dime and take in the matinee. Walter McCreddie was the owner then,

he later sold it to Jesse Jones who put in those O-So-Easy seats and changed the name to the St. Johns Theater. It never was quite the same for us after that because it was at the Venetian that we met our early heroes of the silver screen. Who can forget the likes of Tom Mix, Ken Maynard, Hoot Gibson and the unforgettable Lon Chaney? There also was the popular serial on Friday and Saturdays that kept us hanging on week after week with each episode ending just as the hero was in great danger. Little did I know that the manager of the Venetian at the time would crop up in my life some 40 years later. He was no longer a theater manager but an author. I am speaking of Walt Morey, author of "Gentle Ben" and others. His wife was the cashier at the theater also. In talking to Mr. Morey a few years back I also learned he was a boxer at the Bachelor Club arena in St. Johns.

Not far away from the theater was the ever popular St. Johns Review office and printing shop. A man named Irish was the editor and publisher then. No one missed reading the weekly copy of the paper. Across from the theater was the kids' hangout - The Bluebird Cafe. Ruth, Grace and Paul Lowery are the names I remember from the Bluebird. This was one of the stopping places after a matinee or night performance at the show. The St. Johns Hardware was on another corner where Mr. McGill was the owner. Over the hardware store was a large meeting hall. This is where the Peninsula Post #1453 of the V.F.W. and its auxiliary met each week. Mom and Dad belonged to the V.F.W. and I know many of their friends of this group.

Across from St. Johns Hardware was a delightful bakery and next to that was Surbur's Bar and Grill. Next to Surbur's was Roberti's Fruit and Vegetable Market that had an open front which made watermelons very accessible in the season. Mr. Roberti always had homemade wine too that was very popular in those days.

One cannot leave out the St. Johns ferry which performed a herculean task before the great bridge was even thought of. As kids, we always looked forward to the excitement of boarding, riding and leaving the ferry. It was a chance to get "sea duty". Later we were to ride the "Georgiana", a stern-wheeler, to Astoria and back. She was a real excursion steamer and kids today sure miss alot by not being able to sail down the river on the likes of "Georgiana". In my high school days in the late 1930's, we experienced sailing and dancing on the "Swan". This was a large double-deck barge like craft which was pushed by one of the large Portland stern-wheelers. It could be reserved for dances and our Hi-Y club at school would hold its annual "Swan" dance. The girls always looked forward to it and so it wasn't hard to line up a date for the evening. We danced to Woody Hite's Band or Van Hoomisen's group. I wish the kids of today could have that kind of fun on the river.

Back to my trek through St. Johns and its business district.

The U.S. National Bank was on the main corner of Philadelphia and Jersey Sts. This was the center of town. The only time I remember the bank being closed was when President Franklin D. Roosevelt declared the now famous "Bank Holiday". Just down from the bank was Ed Loeffler's ice cream parlor. That was another favorite spot after the movies if the Bluebird was crowded. On down Philadelphia one could see the famous landmark - the old fire and police building. I will never forget the beautiful fish pond that the firemen built on a spot north of the building. We would always delight in visiting it and watching the fish and the electric train that circled around the pond. It was lit at night and very pretty.

Across from the bank on Jersey was E.F. Doyle's Peninsula Mortgage Co. Mr. Doyle was one who pushed the St. Johns bridge and he was especially proud of it. Upstairs, over the Peninsula Mortgage Co., was the office of Doc McClintock. It cost \$1.00 to have a tooth pulled. I will never forget the day

Doc pulled one of mine and I forgot to pay him. He didn't say a word but I did return later to pay him. If I hadn't I'm sure he would have forgotten it. He was like that. On weekends Doc would carry candy in one pocket for the kids and dog biscuits in the other pocket for the dogs. He always had a crowd around him, every kid and dog for blocks around knew he was a soft touch and good for a handout!

On up Jersey St. was Lee Witty Drugs, with Currins Drugs kitty-corner from it. Kasmeyer's 5 & 10 was on the other corner. This was a fun place to shop. Kas had everything a kid could want from kites to yo-yo's. Also on the block was Harmon's Furniture and the ever busy B&C Department Store.

Over the bank building was Dr. Swarts' office. A big Safeway store was next, which was competition for Anderson's Market on Jersey. Across from that was the Siberian Ice Cream Parlor. This was one of the first to offer soft ice cream and we delighted in sitting down to a silver bowl of it. John Noce's tailor shop was next to Jack Ketrenos' candy shop. Jack made the best homemade candy ever! Across from Jack's was the old Williams school which was burned down later. Across from the school was H.F. Clark's Furniture store. Sam Clark loved baseball - especially the old Portland Beavers. He could give all the stats on any of the ball players at any given time. I think Eddie Basinski was Sam's favorite - or it might have been the big home run hitter, Moose Clabaugh who won so many games for the Bevos with his big bat. Yes, Sam knew his baseball!

Down several blocks on Jersey between Mohawk and Tyler, was the old ice house. It has been long gone but it brings back memories. I remember as a daily chore having to empty the runoff tray of water. My mother would put a sign in the window that read, 25 - 50 - 75 or 100Lbs. The figure would be the size block she wanted for our chest type box. Usually the ice man would have to chip the size chunk ordered and we kids would grab the chipped pieces once he had left.

Before I leave off with the mention of locations and streets, I want to bring up the famous names of Burlington, Richmond and Copperage Hill. All three were busy spots during the winter when the snow made it possible to sled on them. The throngs of kids, the night fires and the whizzing sleds are all too vivid in my memories. We couldn't just take off to Mt. Hood in those days and ski. We had our thrills right in St. Johns!

I must tell you about a very wonderful man, Matt Ihringer. Matt was an ardent fisherman and his watch repair work allowed him to hit the river whenever the wily salmon were running. I don't remember outboard motors in those days. Matt had a small boat with an inboard motor that I'm sure he took out of a car. My brother Bob was about 14 years old when Matt took him out for a try at fishing. Bob hooked two big ones on that first trip and has been hooked on fishing ever since. I'm sure Matt still talks about that trip and the big thrill his little fisherman friend had.

We all had a great time when the sewer was laid down the middle of Oswego St. That long dirt pile and trench, although off-limits, was an attraction we could not resist. Following the sewer line came the paving of the street. This made Oswego St. the main line between Lombard and Smith Sts. It was the only paved street in the area and a through street for increasing traffic.

I remember many people in St. Johns - so many friends. I will write about some in particular.

Hal and Mary Davis and their son Albert lived next door to us. I think Albert was the first "Dennis the Menace" I ever saw. He was a precocious little boy and continually caused excitement. I used to babysit Albert for .25¢ a night. I should have received hazardous duty pay! Next to the Davis family lived Dr. Palmer and his family - Barr, Patsy and Junior. Across from them

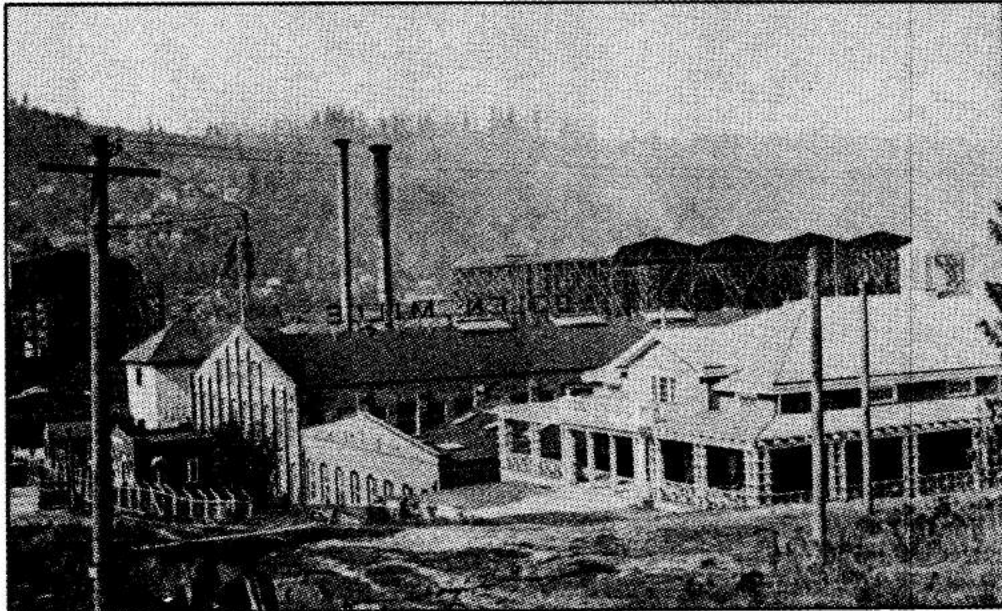
lived Cleo Beth Henderson. Jane Doyle, Patsy Palmer and Cleo Beth were all my age. I had plenty of love interests and it fluctuated around the block. Next to the Hendersons lived Kelly Robinson. He was a Portland city policeman who worked the St. Johns area - he was a great guy. The Pullen boys, Don and Harvey, lived in the block east. Westward were the Waltons. Mr. Walton gave me many free haircuts. Mrs. Hoskins and Richard lived on one corner and it was here I got my first experience with lawn and ground work. Mrs. Hoskins was a flower lover and had a beautiful garden. She was very particular how the grounds looked so I helped and each Saturday I would receive my dollar for the days work.

Those are just a few of the people in my many fond memories of St. Johns.

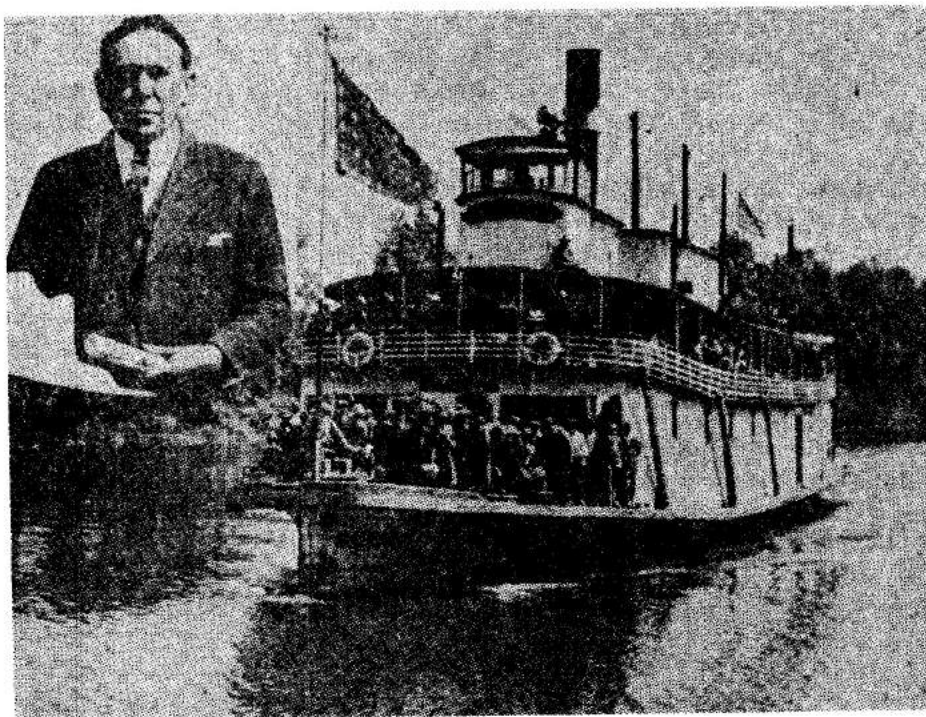
Gradually the old gangs break up and in my case, one by one we were all called into the service. I left for the Navy in San Diego on January 14, 1942. It would be four years until I would return to St. Johns as a civilian. Upon my return I could hardly believe the change in St. Johns. So many narrow streets had become wide main throughfares. So many new housing developments had been built. I hardly recognized the area. Many of the people who had come to work in the war plants were staying. It would never be the St. Johns I knew as a boy. I still like to remember those early years though, when it was my "kingdom", so to speak. I like to think of growing up there and loving every minute of it was my life. I knew the old St. Johns like an author knows his book. It is a part of him.

(The writer of this article, William Dale Wilkins, lived most of his life in St. Johns. He now resides in Vale, Oregon and is a teacher of English and Speech at the Vale High School. Any reader wishing to write, may reach him at the following:)

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Portland Woolen Mills, with Grant, Porter, Smith Shipyard in the background.



Newspaper photo with steamer:

G. J. Lucier of St. Johns, grandson of Etienne Lucier. In 1926, he travelled to Champog on the steamer, Madeline to give a speech on valor, hardihood, and vision of the pioneers.

Source: Oregon Journal



House built by Benjamin Belieu on the corner of Mears and Macrus Streets in 1909. Notice the car parked in the yard.

Source: Elsie Norris

STORIES OF INDUSTRY IN ST. JOHNS

THE ST. JOHNS BRICK CO.

By Florence Evans

The pink dogwoods were in bloom and the flowering trees, rhododendrons and azaleas were beautiful as we walked along Bristol Street. The birds were singing and small children rode tricycles and pedal cars. It was hard to imagine that seventy-two years ago this was a bustling manufacturing site. Located northwest of Cedar Park, "down in timber", one of St. Johns' early businesses, St. Johns Brick Co., began operation in early 1905.

In November 1904 a small note appeared in the St. Johns Review stating that some splendid clay was found in the vicinity. It was felt there would be sufficient supply to take care of a good sized brick yard. The remark was that it was a shame some enterprising citizen did not take advantage of this opportunity.

Someone soon did. In February 1905 a notice appeared in the St. Johns Review that brick would be manufactured in a few weeks, as soon as the necessary machinery arrived from the East. Mr. Lougheed was in charge and it was expected that twenty thousand brick a day would be manufactured. This, no doubt, would stimulate the erection of fine brick buildings in St. Johns.

This new industry was built on Thompson (Bristol) and Myers (Pier Park Way) streets. The yard faced what is now Bristol and half-way between Gilbert (Seneca) and Myers (Pier Park Way). The back of the yard adjoined what is now Pier Park. One fairly large building, roofed but with open sides, housed a brick press machine. A small office building contained a sleeping room in back. The brick works were connected by a spur track to the St. Johns Interurban line. There was mention of two large sand pits, first on Seneca and later almost in Pier Park Way, and a clay pit. Two men shoveled sand and it was hauled to the surface by a power operated conveyor. The brick press and the canvas belt, which took the brick to the press, were power operated.

The first kiln was fired Sunday, June 11, 1905. A small kiln had been made for experimental purposes. High quality brick were to be sold for \$7 to \$8.00 per thousand. The prices would vary as the hauling distances changed. They would be sold for less at the yard.

The first brick had a clear ring and were nicely burned but the shape was not clean and square as desired. New machinery was ordered from Ohio and set up, the power being electric and not steam as first used. In August nearly twenty people were employed at the yards. The company received a good sized order to go to Clatskanie.

In October the St. Johns Brick and Tile Co. made a change of owners. C.H. Moxon purchased the interest held by W.H. King. M.F. Loy retained the interest he held in the firm.

The company was working up a good local trade as well as along the river up to Astoria. Reported running at full capacity in December, the yard had orders for two months ahead. In January 1906 a new machine was installed for making cement bricks and blocks. Permission was granted Mr. Loy, in March 1906, to lay a spur track from the street railway to the brickyard, provided no objections were filed. In June the franchise was granted. Delivery of brick was made by the Portland and Suburban

Express Co. on Killingsworth. It was used for building the car barns.

The first brick house, using the local product, was built by the Loy family in July 1906. Located in the Oak Park Addition, it was thirty-six by thirty-three feet and two stories high. The house, though remodeled, stands today with solid brick walls fourteen inches thick. It is located on the corner of Swenson and Iris Way.

The brickyard operated for several years until the clay ran out and there was nothing left but sand. The site then became a popular playground for the neighborhood children, who amused themselves on the old spur tracks and in the sand pits. Whenever a child was missing, the sand pits were the first place anyone looked for them. Finally, due to shifting sand and slides, the area became dangerous and the pits were fenced.

Around 1920 the city tore out the old sheds and began to fill the holes. During the second World War, a city owned housing site was built there. It later was torn down and now homes and a large court apartment unit occupy the site.

The St. Johns City Hall was recently restored as an historical landmark. The original bricks were bared in the upstairs room and some were found to be stamped "St. Johns Brick Co.". So, in our community meeting room, with its original brick walls and beamed ceiling, an old and forgotten St. Johns industry lives on in history.

PORTLAND WOOLEN MILL

By Thomas Lind

The mill had a new President. At the annual meeting of the board of directors, on March 20, 1946, Charles Carter, Sr. resigned the title he had held for eleven years. He now had the pleasure of seeing his son, Charles Carter, Jr., elected to the office of President and General Manager of the Portland Woolen Mills. R.B. Ambrose was re-elected Vice-President and S.D.H. Chiswell, Secretary/Treasurer. It was with great pride that Mr. Carter handed the reins to his son, who was only the third president in the history of the mill. Mr. Carter, Sr. had been active in the mills management since the beginning in Sellwood in 1901. He was the superintendent there and continued when the mill was moved to St. Johns. He held several positions throughout his career, including: designer, sales manager, Vice President and general manager. In 1935, upon the death of the first president Mr. W.P. Olds (part owner of Olds, Wortman and King department stores), Mr. Carter became President. He was the life blood of the mill. He had all the responsibility for active management from the beginning. During the 1930 depression he kept the mill operating by making Mackinaw cloth for a dollar a yard. Sears and Roebuck bought all they could get for that price. It was made of re-used wool, by making shoddy of old garments bought by the car lots.

In 1946 the mill manufactured new, two-tone jacquard blankets called Baroque. They were made of virgin wool and were 72" by 90" in size, weighing approximately four and three quarter pounds. They came in rose, dusty rose, apricot, gold, green and blue colors. They were an instant hit.

The mill eventually occupied eleven acres of land. The buildings covered 329,000 square feet of floor space and about 80% of the construction was of brick or cement. In the early days the mill operated entirely on steam power. Electricity was generated by a Carlis engine turning a huge

dynamo, mostly for lighting purposes. There were two steam boilers serving the plant. One was installed in 1946. It had 600 H.P. capacity and three drums operating on natural gas. The other boiler, also 600 H.P., operated on oil. This one was used as an auxiliary boiler. These boilers furnished 165 pounds of steam pressure each. In the early days these boilers were fired by sawdust or hog fuel.

During the years after 1950 the mill kept growing. The company installed new spinning frames and more rewinding machines, but the competition of other textile mills in the South, East and foreign countries, underbid their prices. Management decided to close the mill in 1960. Since then the buildings have been used to manufacture jacket material and toys.

THE PURDY BRUSH COMPANY

By Florence Evans

Enroute to San Francisco in 1924, to start his west coast brush factory, S.D. Purdy stopped off in Portland. The Chamber of Commerce so strongly recommended this area that he decided to stay and put his thirty years of experience and small capital to work here.

In a double garage on Mohawk Street, just off Willamette Blvd., the Purdy Brush Company was born in the spring of 1925. Prospects did not seem particularly bright as Mr. Purdy had no trade connections or knowledge of the territory. The trade-make, "Purdy's Good Brushes", and the belief that good material and high standards of workmanship would make their product the best, was adhered to. The business grew steadily and Purdy Brushes met instant recognition. In the beginning Mr. Purdy made all the brushes and did all the selling himself. In less than two years a barn at the foot of Richmond St. was converted to a plant with ten times the original floor space and growth continued. Long and careful training developed brush makers that kept Purdy standards high.

The St. Johns Review in 1929 reported that the Purdy Brush Company had started its fifth year in St. Johns and now had twenty-four employees. The article closed saying "Its success is a source of pride in St. Johns and tells the story of a superior product and superior skill and business management."

Mrs. Nellie B. Purdy started as a stenographer in a Canadian firm in New Brunswick and emerged the purchasing agent due to her experience. In the early days of their St. Johns business she ran the office while Mr. Purdy ran the manufacturing and selling end.

When the depression came, the company had not been in business long enough to build a financial surplus to carry it through a depression period. Although a ten percent wage cut was given, no one was laid off. As soon as the orders picked up the wages were restored. Some of the employees that started out with Purdys have spent their entire working years with the company.

At the beginning of the Second World War there were few bristles in the warehouse of importers and less coming from China, their regular source of supply. Government orders were issued requiring forty-five percent horsehair in all brushes manufactured. Using its stockpile, Purdys turned out thousands of brushes for Kaiser shipyards and then turned to horsehair and synthetics. Its far eastern supply later was resumed, but was soon cut off again by the Korean conflict. Then nylon entered the picture.

Business changes and new machinery called for a larger plant. The

" HOWARD GALBRAITH HERITAGE "

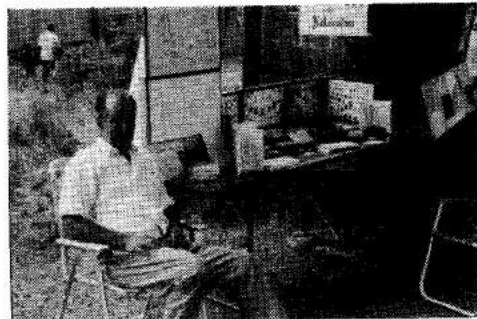
As I Saw The Man - By Dick Crouchley

On the outside people saw Howard as a gruff, sometimes loud, almost shouting type of individual, in his way of trying to make a point or to put a point across. Really he was a very quiet, inventive, warm and active person. His understanding of the environment, the land, animals and people were very deep inside of him.

At one point in time, back quite a few years ago, we had gone together to Eastern Oregon in the Silver Lake area at Fort Rock. It was early in the morning, before sun up and after having a biscuit and hot coffee, Howard asked me to follow him to a high outcropping of rocks near the top edge of one of the many rock formations that formed Fort Rock itself. Pointing upwards he said that it would be a good advantage to see the area in which we would be out for the rest of the day. In a very short time I was to find out that that was not the real reason for going there.

Winding our way up a very steep rock path, if you could call it that, we reached the top. All was quiet except for a gentle gusting breeze, which is quite common out there. It would make my ears ring. The skies were mostly clear except for some wispy white cloud formations across the Eastern sector. Howard pointed in the direction we would be going in search of some Indian artifacts that may have been exposed to the surface of the desert floor by the devil winds of winter. Howard then pointed in the direction of the early morning sun as it showered its first glimmering light, like a magnificent huge diamond glistening. The light rays dancing, showering the countryside below with its dazzling array of colors, bouncing off the table top mountains around us. It was the most spectacular sight I had seen in a long while. The silence was broken only once in the many minutes we stood there. I was frozen with awe and amazement at the amount of different pictures being painted before us, when Howard said, "God man, ain't it beautiful?". I could not say a word to answer him. I noticed a tear running down his cheek. There was a lump in my throat the size of a watermelon. Words could not have explained the beauty we had witnessed. I knew then how much compassion Howard felt for things we take for granted. From that point on I felt I knew Howard better and could be a better friend.

I understood that many things he believed in, and fought so desperately for, was not for himself but for all of us. Yes, Howard Galbraith was quite a man. I know I for one will never, ever forget him.



Howard Galbraith and his beautifully mounted arrow head and artifact collection, August 12, 1972.

new site, with space of over 25,000 square feet, was located at the corner of N. Lombard and Macrum Sts. It was built in 1948 and employed approximately 200 people.

The company was actively managed by S.D. Purdy until his death in 1959 at the age of 87. When Mrs. Purdy became president in 1961 she began signing company papers and checks Nellie B. Purdy. From 1926 until then, she had signed N.B. Purdy in deference to a company banker who thought it better that a woman's name not appear on important company business.

When Mrs. Purdy resigned December 1, 1965, Mr. David Howard became the president and major stockholder. The company is now in its fifty-ninth year and serves all fifty states. Unable to expand any further in its present location, a new plant was built in the Rivergate area. This new plant was occupied on November 1, 1980 and continues to serve its customers with quality brushes for all types of painting jobs.

THEATERS IN ST. JOHNS

By Florence Evans

Early in the burgeoning little city of St. Johns, the films began to make their appearance. Pictures to be shown between skating sessions at the St. Johns Rink were advertised in an August 1908 Review. A fee of .10¢ was charged to see the film and a fee of .15¢ to skate and see the film. The rink was located at the south corner of Ivanhoe and John Sts.

St. Johns had a population of over 5,000 people in 1909. Apparently some of the theaters couldn't make enough money, as in the next two years openings and closings, and sometimes re-openings, were in the news. In February 1909 a new amusement hall, The Arcade, opened on Tacoma St. (now Baltimore) and Jersey. It had recently been occupied by the Novelty Theater. Vaudeville was to be run in connection with the films. The announcement read: "A splendid program has been arranged for the opening. In the days of old Va. showing General Lee's surrender and President Lincoln. Also five other fine pictures and two illustrated songs. Veterans can secure complimentary tickets." Sad to say The Arcade closed its doors in April 1909, two months after opening.

The Electric Theater pictures were written up in May 1910 and in August that theater was sold. The new owners started some innovations. In December 1910 "a handsome \$10.00 picture was given to the most popular lady in St. Johns and a 42 piece dinner set was awarded to the first one discovering a hidden sentence in the program. A Chicago lecturer was on hand to tell a story of a picture at each performance. Peterson's Juvenile Orchestra furnished the music. Special pictures were procured and given three nights a week - Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The advice was to go early and avoid the rush." "A Tale of Two Cities", 3,000 feet of film, was shown in March 1911. In June the Review gave the following information: "The Electric Theater has been doing a noble work in supplying appliances for keeping down the fly pest. At every matinee last week fly swatters were presented to the patrons with the suggestion they use the fly killers early and often. So if the flies are not killed this summer it won't be the fault of the Electric Theater." An announcement appeared in July that a new Electric Theater is slowly nearing completion as the present quarters have been outgrown. After this I found no more mention of the theater.

Another theater mentioned about this time was the Idle Hour which operated

on a Saturday and Sunday schedule in May 1911. Later in the month the Princess Theater (lately the Idle Hour) announced the following special program for Saturday: "Reel 1 - "The Dynamiters" (comedy), U.S. Army maneuvers; Reel 2 - "The Fate of John Dorr" (drama), a real western thriller; Reel 3 - "A Costly Pledge" (comedy), how a young wife cured her husband from drink. A laugh from start to finish - 3,000 feet of first class pictures - a dandy show - don't miss it.". The Princess was located at 109 S. Jersey. Burlington Street divided the north and south street numbers. The Princess Theater abandoned operations in December 1911.

Along about this time the Multnomah Theater, located at 910 N. Jersey, was mentioned. They were "putting on the dog" with a doorman, a new hot air furnace and a songster to furnish music. This theater was here to stay for sometime. In April 1920 it was painted and in September of the same year a new pipe organ was installed. A theater ad the following spring read "Pearl White in the Tiger Cub - a corking north woods story.". This was the era of serials which were continued week after week. Mr. McCredie, in December of the same year, said he would begin construction of a new modern showplace at the site of the Grabateria (Couch and Currier's grocery store) when they had access to their new building. This new grocery store was south of Peninsula Security.

In July 1924 construction began on a new theater to be built by the Multnomah Theater Corp. It would house the show and have room for stores on the ground floor and offices upstairs. \$85,000.00 was to be invested, and if the theater would not be as large as downtowns, it would be just as classy. Opening was predicted for January 1, 1925. In February many people viewed the new Wurlitzer organ on display in the window of Currins for Drugs. In March the total cost was declared to be \$125,000.00. In the Italian style pleasure palace, there was seating for 750 people; 550 in the auditorium and 200 in the balcony. The March opening was attended by record crowds. A band played at noon and in a few minutes after the 2:00 pm opening, The Venetian Theater was packed and customers were standing in the aisles. Sometime later a special showing of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was played at a slightly increased admission price - .35¢ for adults and .15¢ for children.

In May 1929, Hugh McCredie purchased and took entire control of the Venetian. He ordered one of the best sound installations and "talkies" were on the way. A through cleaning and touching up took place and sound motion pictures were set to begin September 1, 1929. In 1932 big gift shows were started. They were to be a regular Thursday night event and large quantities of merchandise were given away at drawings. The St. Johns Review ran a ticket and other tickets were available from merchants advertising in the paper. Dishes were given away during this period and most of us had one or more sets before this phase was over.

The Venetian was purchased in 1936 by Jesse Jones. It was completely remodeled and the name changed to the St. Johns Theater. On April 2, 1936 it was opened to capacity crowds, showing exclusive pictures of the Lewis-Schmeling fight. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "Follow the Fleet" was a popular 1936 picture. A new R.C.A. Victor Hi-Fi sound system was introduced in 1937. The theater ran under Mr. Jones' capable management for many years.

Later, under new management, it operated as the Northgate Theater. In 1983 it was again refurbished to its original state as the Venetian and re-named the St. Johns Theater. A second screen was added with recent and first run films being shown downstairs and classics upstairs. On June 1, 1984, there was another change and the theater is now being run as a family affair by the Robertson family.

HISTORY OF CHURCHES IN ST. JOHNS

THE ST. JOHNS ASSEMBLY OF GOD CHURCH

Compiled and Written by Harriet A. Selland

The St. Johns Assembly of God Church had its beginning in 1934, under the ministry of Rev. and Mrs. George W. Dunlap. Services were held in a building at 7238 N. Burlington at the corner with Ivanhoe St. This building provided a worship area, as well as living quarters for the Dunlaps.

In 1937 the Rev. Earl Kraemer took over the responsibility of pastoring the small group. New quarters were found in 1939 and the property on the corner of Mohawk and Hudson Sts. were purchased. Here the group continued to grow and Pastor Kraemer remained with the group until 1941. When Pastor Kraemer resigned, Rev. Floyd Huntley became Pastor until he resigned in 1942. The next Pastor was Rev. Orin Channer who had just resigned the church in Astoria. His first service was October 4, 1942.

Under Pastor Channer's ministry the church grew rapidly and a new building was a definite need. Pastor Channer found an old church building on the corner of Richmond and Central Sts. for sale that would meet the need. The property was purchased, renovated and dedicated to the Lord. The congregation then moved to its new quarters, to remain throughout the war years.

In May of 1945 Pastor Channer found that the Evangelical Church on the corner of Ivanhoe and John Sts. was to be sold. The church and the parsonage needed renovation and decoration so Pastor and Mrs. Channer, and all who could help, worked very hard getting it ready. Soon there would be a new Pastor as Rev. Channer had resigned.

Rev. Kelsey Prinzing became the new Pastor and the first service in the new church was August 20, 1945. Pastor Prinzing stayed with the church until March 1948. Lester Sheets then became Pastor. The Evangelistic field was the calling for Rev. Sheets though, in less than a year he resigned to return to that field of the ministry.

Rev. John S. Curtis became the seventh Pastor and stayed for six years. When his health failed he had to resign.

Rev. Cecil Slaughter succeeded Pastor Curtis in 1955. Under his leadership a major remodeling job was accomplished. He resigned the Pastorate in 1961 but remained until January 1962.

Rev. Russell R. Emerson then became Pastor and the church had a remarkable growth during his ministry. A major remodeling job was done and a new addition was built. Pastor Emerson resigned to take a missionary appointment in Korea after serving the congregation for over 9 years.

Rev. Andrew Slack was the tenth Pastor, coming in October 1971 and staying for two years.

Rev. Garland Rogers succeeded Pastor Slack in 1974 and served for three and a half years. He resigned in July of 1977 to take a Pastorate in Lebanon, Oregon.

Rev. Duane Geyer came in October 1977 and left in June of 1980.

Our present Pastor, the thirteenth, came in August 1980 and has been here for four years. He is Rev. Eugene Slape.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF ASSUMPTION PARISH AND SCHOOL

By Sister Mary Ryan

During the 1900's, St. Johns, Oregon was an independant, but growing, little city with several industries along it's waterfront. This attracted many people looking for a place to work and live. Catholic people gathered for Sunday Mass in the storeroom of a building complex, named the "French Block", on the corner of Lombard and Sweden Ave., until the first Catholic parish was formed.

Archbishop Alexander A. Christie had the Archdiocese purchase property enclosed by Smith Ave. and Newton St. (now Hudson), a wooded area surrounded by dirt roads. Some of the property was cleared of fir trees and the rectory was built for a priest to live. In 1909 Father Ferdinand J. Kettenhoffen was assigned to be the first Pastor of St. Clements Parish.

The following year a two story building was erected with a lovely chapel in the basement and three classrooms. There was also a social room upstairs. The building was blessed on July 4, 1910. The convent was started, but not completed, before the first Sisters arrived. With the help of parishoners, the five Franciscans from Milwaukie, Wisconsin, settled into their new home and opened school on September 12, 1910.

Life was vigorous and exciting at St. Clements. There were fifty students in the first three grades, but there were no desks for them at first so people brought card tables, chairs and boxes to use. There were only wood furnaces so the Pastor started his day by making fires. In winter the pipes froze and the plumbing did not always work so school had to be let out for the rest of the day. The Sisters raised chickens, grew a backyard garden, canned their own produce and were kept very busy. Everybody got plenty of exercise because they walked everywhere.

In 1916, the Archdiocese made some changes and placed St. Clements in the care of the Redemptorist Order of priests. At that time Father Thomas J. Nelson, C.Ss.R, became the Pastor.

In 1917 another change came and the Servites were appointed to take over the parish. The Servite Order pays special honor to the name of Mary, so when Father Ambrose M. Mayer was named Pastor he changed the name to "The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary", and built a new church. Although the cornerstone was not laid until June 5, 1921, Archbishop Christie celebrated Mass at the Assumption in the unfinished building with the interior showing the bare rafters. One of the unique features of the church was the beautiful stained glass windows depicting the Seven Sorrows of Mary. On October 2, 1927, Archbishop Howard dedicated the church, which had been completed while Father J. Miller, O.S.M. was Pastor.

In 1943 the Franciscan Sisters returned to their Motherhouse in Milwaukie. The same year the Holy Name Sisters came to Assumption to care for the school. Sister Mary Lois was named the principal. The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary still serve in the parish.

In 1948 Archbishop Howard asked the Servite Order to take on St. Rita's parish near the Sanctuary of the Sorrowful Mother (the Grotto), where their monastery is located. He then said that Assumption parish, in the future, would be staffed by the priests of the Archdiocese. Father J.P. O'Flynn was named the new Pastor.

In August 1950 the parish celebrated its 50th anniversary and broke ground for a new six room school building. Later more rooms were added.

The organ was restored and completed for its 70th birthday on June 6, 1976. The organ is a Kimball Tubular Pneumatic Organ and was given to the Assumption church in 1926 from the Pro-Cathedral.

At the present time Father Pio Ridf is the Pastor and has been so since August 1970.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF ST. JOHNS

On Sunday, July 23, 1905 an open air meeting was held in Pier Park for the purpose of organizing a Baptist Church in St. Johns. From this humble start the Lord has raised up our present church. The minutes of that first meeting reveal that 23 charter members joined together in a covenant that the name of the Lord would be proclaimed in this area.

In the early years of the church we find that there are several Pastors from the local area who had assisted these people with getting started and they called E.A. Leonard to become the first Pastor. Leonard St. is named for the Pastor. The church constructed a small building to meet in which was titled "The St. Johns Wigwam" because of its construction. They met there until August 18, 1907. At that time the main building was completed and still stands today adjacent to our educational annex. That building was constructed at a cost of \$3,500.00. It was dedicated to the Lord on October 4, 1907. The church continued to be a lighthouse in St. Johns and there were at least six Pastors from 1905 up to the first World War to March 1920 when the church merged with University Park Baptist Church.

Their purpose to become a great body in which to serve began under the ministry of A.L. Black. The churches continued to meet in their own buildings however, until June 14, 1923. At that time the two churches began to hold a unified service in a building on N. Fiske Ave. The church was then known as the Peninsula Bible Church. Shortly after the merger, in 1920, Rev. Black resigned and the church struggled without a Pastor, relying solely upon supply preaching. The church was also looking for a new location where they could build a unit to meet the needs of the people in the area.

In 1923 the church secured Rev. W.A. Coates to serve as Pastor. In 1925 he was followed by Rev. Farris. On August 3, 1925 action was taken by the University Park congregation to withdraw from the merger due to the many problems of unification. It was decided that the folks from St. Johns would continue to keep the name of Peninsula Bible Church and get a meeting site on their own. Soon 19 members began to meet in the Teddy-R store on the corner of Lombard and Ida Sts. while they built a new place of worship. A lot was obtained on the corner of Ida and Central Sts. and a brick building was started. It still stands today as an apartment house.

Gillis Annex was built in 1952 for use by the growing Sunday school. In 1968 a new edifice was erected across Leonard St. from the old church to supply the needs of the growing congregation. After 70 years the first church was torn down.

The church has been a missionary church and has sent ten persons to South Africa, Japan, Iran, Micronesia and to the Navajo Indians.

Some early characteristics of the fellowship include: a church letter that was only good for six months, the church covenant was always read before each meeting (all the church meetings were called covenants), the church organist was credited with a \$1.00 gift per week and a member was paid \$1.50 a month for starting the fires on cold mornings.

The church has been served by ten pastors since 1905 including our present one, Rev. Raoul E. Robies.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE ST. JOHNS CHRISTIAN CHURCH

By Mrs. Gilbert W. Overstreet

Sometime prior to 1905, Mr. J. Perry Condor, who was then laboring as a Sunday School worker for our people in the state of Oregon, came into the St. Johns district and under the Oregon State Board he held a meeting. Out of this meeting came the organization of a group of people who, in 1905, incorporated under the laws of Oregon as a Christian Church of the Church of Christ.

This church was ministered to by the brethren coming out from Portland for some time. Brother J.R. Johnson was then secured as the Pastor of the congregation. During Brother Johnson's ministry the church made wonderful growth and progress. The tabernacle was enlarged and the Bible school had grown to such an extent that additional room was necessary. To meet this need another building was erected for the Bible school. Brother Johnson and his wonderful family did splendid work and contributed much to the success of this growing congregation. He closed his ministry here in 1914 after having served for nearly eight years.

Dr. Herbert F. Jones began his ministry as Pastor the first Lord's Day in May 1915. During this ministry the building we have just outgrown was dedicated formally on June 20, 1920. Dr. Jones served this congregation for nearly nine years.

Called to serve us next were Mr. and Mrs. G.E. Williams, who were with us two years and were loved much by all who had the pleasure and privilege of working with them.

Following Mr. Williams, the Van Slykes led us from 1926 through the summer of 1928. Brother Van Slyke did most of the work on the addition to the church building that at this time is being used for Beginners and Cradle Roll departments of our church school, the minister's study and the secretary's office. Outstanding leadership and deep spiritual guidance endeared them to all. It was during this pastorate we were fortunate to have Mr. and Mrs. L.R. Perrine as our choir leader and pianist, respectively.

Brother Clive Taylor and his good wife Mabel began their pastorate in October 1928 serving us so efficiently for eight years. They left in May 1936. Sister Mabel and their daughter, Kathleen Saunders, were active in the work of the church at this time.

The Tongersons, Wilbur and Laura, followed the Taylors as our Pastor from the summer of 1936 until the summer of 1943. The patient, quiet work of Brother Wilbur was a challenge to us all that had the privilege of working with him.

September 1943 brought us Howard and Ruth Cole and their baby, Eddie. They were our leaders for nearly eight years, leaving in the spring of 1951. During their pastorate the present parsonage was purchased. The church grew and prospered under their leadership. They left to serve in the church in Vancouver, Washington, taking a beautiful family; Eddie, Dennie and twins Byron and Bess.

Fortune smiled on us in July 1951 when the Jess Johnson family, consisting of Mary, Rosemary and Cecil, came to live in the parsonage. In April 1962, dear little Susan was born. We can only touch the "hem of the garment" when we say that the leadership of Brother Jess cannot be surpassed. His progressiveness, consecration and spiritual sermons all add together in making a yardstick for us to try to measure up to.

The cornerstone for the new building, at Richmond and Central Sts., were laid on August 7, 1955. The building was completed and dedicated on

Rev. Johnson completed his ministry about 1966 and was followed by Rev. Bud Grogan. He had a long and very successful ministry of 12 years and is remembered by many St. Johns friends.

This has brought us to the present with our minister who serves us now, Rev. Marvin Scherpf.

ST. JOHNS CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

The St. Johns Congregational Church had been formed sometime before the 1920's and was meeting in the old Lewis and Clark Fair building on the corner of Ivanhoe and Richmond Sts. An addition was constructed on the back of the church building and was used for Sunday School and for fellowship. Mrs. Ina Shaw, who was for years the director of the St. Johns Y.W.C.A., was an active member. The members of the church were friendly and so a number of people joined the fellowship.

In 1924 the church was on a missionary status. The minister's salary was being paid by the Congregational conference. Mr. House served as Pastor from 1924 to 1925, when he was called to a larger church. Dr. Borden, a St. Johns dentist and preacher, became Pastor after Mr. House. He hoped to build the finances and membership to a workable level but through hard work and time the conditions did not improve.

Mrs. Ina Shaw rented a small room at the back of the church and the large hall for the Y.W.C.A. but the rent was not enough to pay the bills. Dr. Borden became discouraged and resigned. The Rev. Burton Jones became the next Pastor.

Attendance at the church and Sunday School grew somewhat but no one had any money to contribute and the church began to get further behind financially. Rev. Jones soon left and Mr. Pollard was sent from the church headquarters to find out why the church was not progressing. After a few months Mr. Pollard met with the members and advised them to close the St. Johns church and form the University Park church. The advice was followed and members scattered to different churches in the area. The church officially closed in 1931.

HAVEN BIBLE CHURCH

This was taken from the 75th Anniversary book written by Mrs. Elizabeth Meaney and a story from Mary Wilbur

Several requests having been made from time to time by Congregationalists and others at University Park that they might have Congregational services, it was arranged early in December 1904 that the ministers should alternate in holding meetings on Sunday afternoons. Ministers thus alternating were Gray, House, Staub, Rockwood, Chase and Smythe. For a few weeks the services were held in the Auditorium, when a change was made to the Baptist Church. On January 1, 1905, Rev. D.B. Gray effected a preliminary organization with about 14 members. It was voted that the name of the church would be The University Park Congregational Church of Portland, Oregon and Rev. D.B. Gray would be acting Pastor. On April 23 meetings were begun in the Artisan Temple. On April 30th the Sunday School was organized and by

this time there were 35 members. The Pastor was to receive a salary of \$350. per annum and one month of vacation per year. In 1907 the church building was erected on the spot that it still stands today. It is located at the corner of Haven and Bowdoin Sts.

The church has undergone many changes throughout its years. It has had 22 Pastors serve from the first, David B. Gray, to the present, Gary Gardell. In the 1940's to '50's the Rev. James Sykes did much to improve attendance and gain new members for the church. It went from 32 in 1940 to 111 in 1947. In 1943 the church began to support itself, no longer getting financial help from the Board of Home Missions. In 1946 many physical improvements were made to the church both inside and out, adding to the usefulness of the building. In 1952, two stained glass windows were installed in memory of a longtime member. These were windows that had been in the St. Johns Congregational Church closed in 1931.

In 1955 the University Park Congregational Church aligned with the North Willamette Association of Congregational Churches. In 1960 it became a member of the Conservative Congregational Conference. This brought the church back to fellowship with it's conservative roots.

In November 1974 the church changed its name from University Park Congregational to Haven Bible Church. A fitting name as we believe the church to be a haven of enrichment and personal growth and a reflection of the theological stance.

Many of the programs of Haven Bible Church include: student Pastors from various Bible schools, Sunday School, junior and high school choirs, adult (or senior) choir, women's fellowship and one of the most important, missionary support.

The Haven Bible Church will keep going strong with the help of the backbone of devoted families who worship with us.

ST. JOHN LUTHERAN CHURCH - MISSOURI SYNOD

By Mandy Lind

Pastor W.F. George, a field service man for the Northwest District of the Luthern Church - Missouri Synod, along with six people, started the St. John Lutheran Church on March 22, 1931. The first meeting place was in the Seventh Day Adventist Church on Central Avenue.

By the next Sunday, Rev. A.T. Kolke, his wife Rose and children had arrived. On that day he embarked on a six year trip of struggle and strife! It wasn't easy to establish a church without any money or experienced men. There were eight to draft the first constitution. By 1933 we moved from the Adventist Church and had become a member of the Missouri Synod. We moved to the Congregational Church building on Richmond and Ivanhoe Sts. for \$15.00 a month rent. After two years the owners wanted to sell so, with a \$2,000.00 down payment and a loan of \$1,800.00 from the Northwest Mission Board, the last relic of the Lewis and Clark Exposition became the St. John Lutheran Church. The building, now an historical landmark, still stands.

The congregation was small and the building needed repairs. With the help of dedicated men and women the congregation survived. The struggle had caused internal problems and Pastor Kolke resigned.

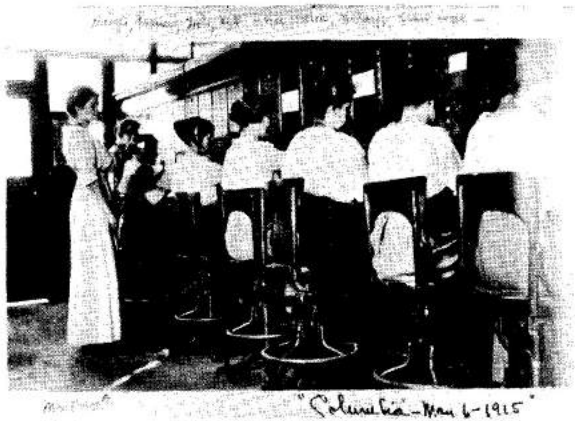
A new Pastor was needed quickly and after several attempts, Rev. Felix Janssen accepted our call. He would come in July 1937 and was allowed \$75. traveling money and if any were left over it would go into the building fund.



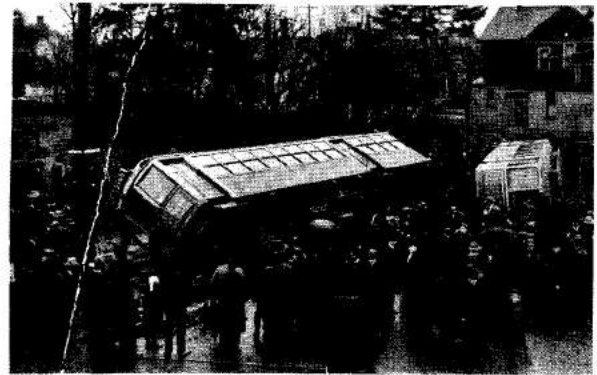
Old Multnomah Theatre on Jersey Street where Goodwill has been located. Girl on left is Florence Evans. Circa 1924.
Source: Florence Denton Evans



Sledding down steep Burlington Hill. 1. ?; 2. Dean Elliot; 3. Nina Hoes; 4. ?; 5. M. Luella Hoes; 6. Gladys Elliott; 7. Mary Elliott; 8. ?.
Source: Nina Hoes McFayden Collection.



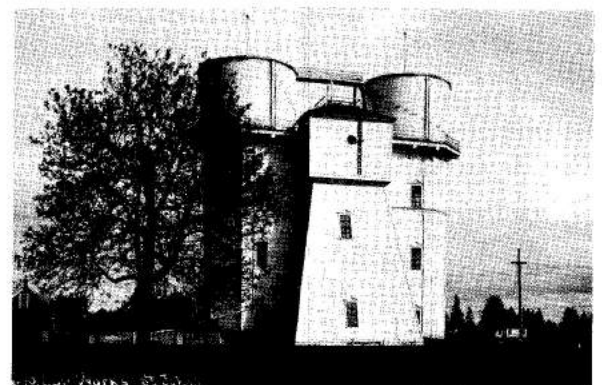
Old telephone "Columbia" exchange on Jersey Street, near Charleston, May 6, 1915.
Source: Gladys Dickson



Over-turned old St. Johns street-cars, about 1918. Where are all the women?
Source: Florence Denton Evans



How it looked in 1918 (across from James John playground) between N. Charleston and N. John. Pictured are Deerings Ice Cream Parlor, Beam's Restaurant, Hoes Studio and Alsberg Tailoring (later Noce's Tailoring.)
Source: Nina Hoes McFayden



St. Johns Water Works. 200 Feet high. 1909.
Source: Harold Rose



ST. JOHNS' PIONEER RESIDENTS HOLD REUNION

Bottom Row, Left to Right: Mrs. Nancy Caples, Mrs. T. J. Monahan, Mrs. P. T. Smith, Mrs. P. T. Hanson, Mrs. J. C. Scott.
Middle Row, Left to Right: Mrs. A. M. Roberts, Mrs. Anna Downs, Mrs. L. B. Chipman, Mrs. E. D. Hurlburt, Mrs. A. L. Miner,
Mrs. M. A. Massey, Mrs. H. A. Severance, R. S. T. Gatton.
Top Row, Left to Right: P. T. Hanson, Mrs. A. K. Graves, T. J. Monahan, A. L. Miner, L. B. Chipman and E. D. Hurlburt.



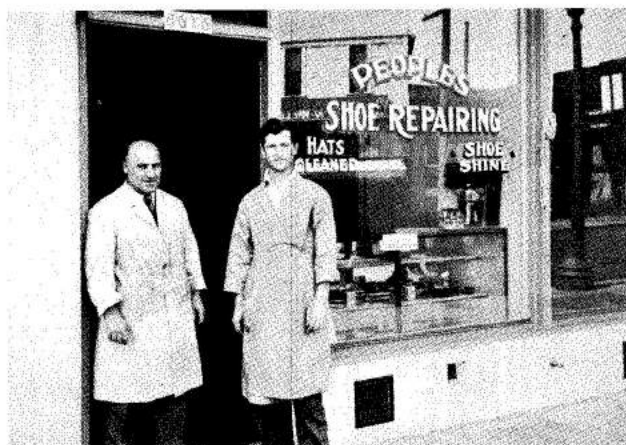
Shaw Grocery located corner of Ivanhoe and Catlin Streets (Mrs. Ina Shaw of YWCA) and her husband's store.

Source: Arlene Shaw Seidl



"In the snow" city hall on the left, fire and police department, too. Ivy covered bandstand, with restrooms underneath. Water fountain in the street. The St. Johns Bridge was being constructed. Circa, 1929.

Source: Oregon Historical Society



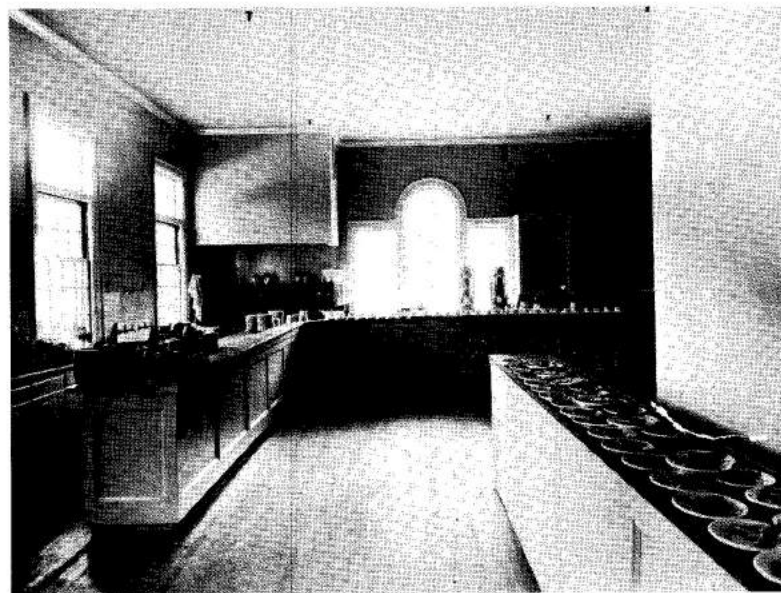
Peoples Shoe Repairing Shop was on Jersey Street across from St. Johns Hardware. Circa, 1929. George J. Tsorella and John N. Alertos.

Credit: Mrs. Ruth Alexander



Loomis Graveyard as it appeared in 1938. It was located below Edison Street, between Reno and Weyerhauser Streets.

Source: Oregon Historical Society



Portland Woolen Mills Cafeteria located in the clubhouse. Mrs. Kate Quay was the cook and baker of the pastries.

Source: Laura Denton Sheffold



Grave of Sarah Loomis, wife of James Loomis, who owned one of the original land claims. In 1949, the graves were interred in a common grave in Riverview Cemetery.

Source: Oregon Historical Society

His salary was \$85.00 a month. His assignment at St. John Lutheran also included starting missions at St. Helens and Scapoose.

By Reformation Day, 1941, we became a self-supporting congregation and it was marked with a festival service. A free will offering of \$735.00 paid off our debt. There was great joy and thanksgiving.

In September 1945, Rev. Janssen and Miss Frances Myers were married. Since the church had no parsonage, one was obtained in 1947 on North Clarendon St., after the Janssens had moved four times. Three sons were born into the family.

The church was growing from 38 to 75 members and the area served was also growing. The American Legion bought the church building and the church purchased a pie shaped lot between Lombard and Columbia Park. Plans were finally accepted, after many delays, and a building to cost \$45,000.00 was started. The Legion wished immediate possession so the church rented the Y.W.C.A. for Sunday services for two years starting New Years Day, 1951.

On Easter Sunday, 1952, the ground breaking service took place. On Aug. 10th the cornerstone was laid. By November 1952 the building was ready for possession. A week of celebration followed. The church would hold 200 people comfortably and there were rooms for meetings, Sunday School and a new kitchen. Columbia Park was close and Easter morning services were held there as well as Vacation Bible School.

After twenty-six years of faithful service as Pastor of St. John, the Rev. Felix Janssen accepted a call to serve St. Paul Lutheran Church in Grants Pass. In his farewell address he summed it all up: our debts were paid and during his pastorate he had performed 212 weddings, 100 funerals, 860 baptisms and 450 confirmations. The congregation had grown from 75 in 1937 to 1000.

In February 1964 Pastor Theodore Gieschen accepted a call to the church. Plans, which had been simmering for years for a new church building, were finalized in November, 1964. Ground was broken in May 1965, the cornerstone laid in October and we entered the new building in March 1966. Our 35th anniversary was held on May 1, 1966, less than two years after plans were made.

Everything moved forward quickly through the following years. Our church name was changed to St. John without the "s" for St. Johns. There was emphasis involving all members in spreading the gospel. In 1969 women were granted the right to vote and hold office. Girls were allowed to be acolytes. The early communion was granted for children and the congregation continued to grow in numbers and service to the community.

In November 1976, Pastor Gieschen accepted another pastorate and Rev. Tyrun Miles came to serve in May 1977.

The congregation has continued to grow and flourish under the new leadership. The Parish Hall was renamed the Fellowship Hall and a kitchen was added. The activities the hall provides for are: Mother-Daughter; Father-Son; Over 40 Club; Retired Mens Fellowship and banquets and other groups. The congregation is also involved in Hunger Outreach and community worships with other churches.

The St. John Lutheran Church continues to serve God through service to the community and to its loyal members.

TRINITY LUTHERN

It was on May 13, 1908 that eight immigrant families from Norway organized the Portsmouth Trinity Lutheran Church. It began under the leadership of Pastor H. Rogers of Canby. After Pastor Rogers the next shepherd to serve was the Rev. A.J. Towe.

In 1956 the Rev. Arnold Anderson began his long pastorate of 13 years. During this period there was growth in the physical plant and in the services available to the members.

In 1959, on Palm Sunday, a new liturgy was presented in the service book.

In 1960 the debt on the church property was retired and additional money was borrowed for the purchase of property adjacent to the church. The property consisted of seven lots and two houses. This debt was retired in 1963. A new constitution was written in 1961 to conform to the American Lutheran Church Synod.

In 1965 David R. Garnecher was called as a pastorate assistant to Rev. Anderson. In 1966 the Portsmouth American Lutheran Church Women were hostesses for the summer convention attended by over 200 women.

In 1970, Rev. Walter Kienberger became Pastor. The following year the council recommended that the church build a new sanctuary. A committee was formed, an architect selected and the plans drawn. The stewardship committee studied the feasibility of a church bus and a fund was started. The Lutheran men began visitations to the Veterans Hospital to distribute church bulletins and assist patients to the chapel. A family from Indonesia was sponsored in 1975. They were housed in the apartment in the church that had been furnished by the members of the congregation.

The next five years brought a variety of activities and accomplishments. In August 1978 Pastor Kienberger left for service in Braunsweuch, Germany and Pastor Arthur Ellikson served as interim Pastor until 1980. The present Pastor, Paul Jordan, began his ministry in 1980 and under his leadership the church continues to be active in service to its members and the community.

PIONEER UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

By Harold Rose

The Milwaukie Circuit was formed about 1847 or 1848 to care for the spiritual needs of the people along the rivers. Occasionally the services were held at different places along the Columbia and Willamette, including in St. Johns.

In the spring of 1853, Rev. James Garish, a local preacher, was appointed to the Milwaukie Circuit which embraced all of the county east and north of the Willamette River, and a south part including Clackamas County. St. Johns was a part of this vast territory. A religious service was held in the private residence of Dr. William Caples in the summer of 1853, James Garish officiating, and thus began a monthly or six weeks' appointment. Mrs. Garish kept up her part of the work on a donation claim on North Yamhill.

In 1855 Rev. G.C. Roe, a young man, was appointed to the Milwaukie Circuit. He traveled mostly on foot, visited the people in their homes and preached in the private houses. He followed up and enlarged upon the work already begun by Elder Garish. During his ministry the first church building was erected at the cost of \$300.00. It was a primitive structure used for both

school and church purposes, Part of the lumber used was taken from the bottom of an abandoned boat. The building was located at the west end of Richmond St. next to the river on two lots donated by James John. The record of deed to these lots is dated A.D. 1856.

In 1888 a new church was constructed after the model of one of the church extension plans, at a cost of \$2,000.00, including organ and furniture. In 1904-05, with a shift of population in St. Johns from the riverfront to higher ground, the church building was moved to the corner of Syracuse and Leavitt Sts. The first parsonage to house a resident Pastor was built next to the church in 1905. In previous years the Pastors had generally served the church as part of several point circuits.

In 1921-22 the present church was constructed at the cost of \$35,000.00. It is located at North Charleston St. and Leonard. Under the pastorate of The Rev. W.E. Kloster, it was opened for worship December 10, 1922. A parsonage was built behind the church on North Richmond Ave. in 1926 during the pastorate of Rev. John Warrell.

The mortgage on the 1922 church building was burned January 7, 1940 on the occasion of the 92nd anniversary celebration during the pastorate of Rev. Gilbert Newland. The following year a new M.P. Moller pipe organ was installed in the church and dedicated on June 6, 1941. In 1947, to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the first church service held in St. Johns, Pioneer Church held a series of programs. They included a service on January 12th with Bishop Bruce R. Baxter preaching and the Centennial Birthday Banquet on April 16th with Dr. R. Franklin Thompson, President of the University of Puget Sound, as guest speaker. This was during the pastorate of The Rev. J. Ross Knotts.

Many physical improvements have been made to the church, the greatest of which was the construction of the new educational wing in 1956-57. The campaign for the building fund successfully raised \$40,000.00 for this. Bishop A. Raymond Grant consecrated the new structure in September 1957. During the construction members and friends of the church gave many hours of volunteer labor to finish the building. This addition provided large, well lit classrooms for the pre-school and elementary grades, as well as the Pastor's study and secretary's office.

Several years later the social hall was remodeled and renamed Clark Hall in memory of H.F. Clark, longtime member of the church.

A notable part of the history of Pioneer was the merger on August 30, 1959 with the Linnton church, located about two miles away on the west side of the Willamette. The Linnton congregation was founded in 1895 as part of the Linnton-Sauvie Island circuit. In 1926 Linnton erected a combination church and community building which served for many years as a community center under the ministry of Rev. John Place.

In its long existence, four persons associated with the church have entered the ordained ministry. Through hard work and dedication of a group of young women of the church the St. Johns Day Care Center was opened in the church September 8, 1970. This center served 40 children of working parents five days a week. In 1978 they purchased their own building and moved in. Those are just two things the church is proud of!

The Methodist Church has always been a strong advocate of social service, as well as worship and spiritual development. Pioneer U.M. Church has supported a number of social programs. Church members responded in the war years to help the U.S.O. and Linnton Center for merchant seamen. More recently members have been involved with the Loaves and Fishes programs at University Park and Shrunk Towers. The church has also helped with regular contributions of food, clothing and money to FISH, Heifer Projects and others.

ST. JOHNS CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE

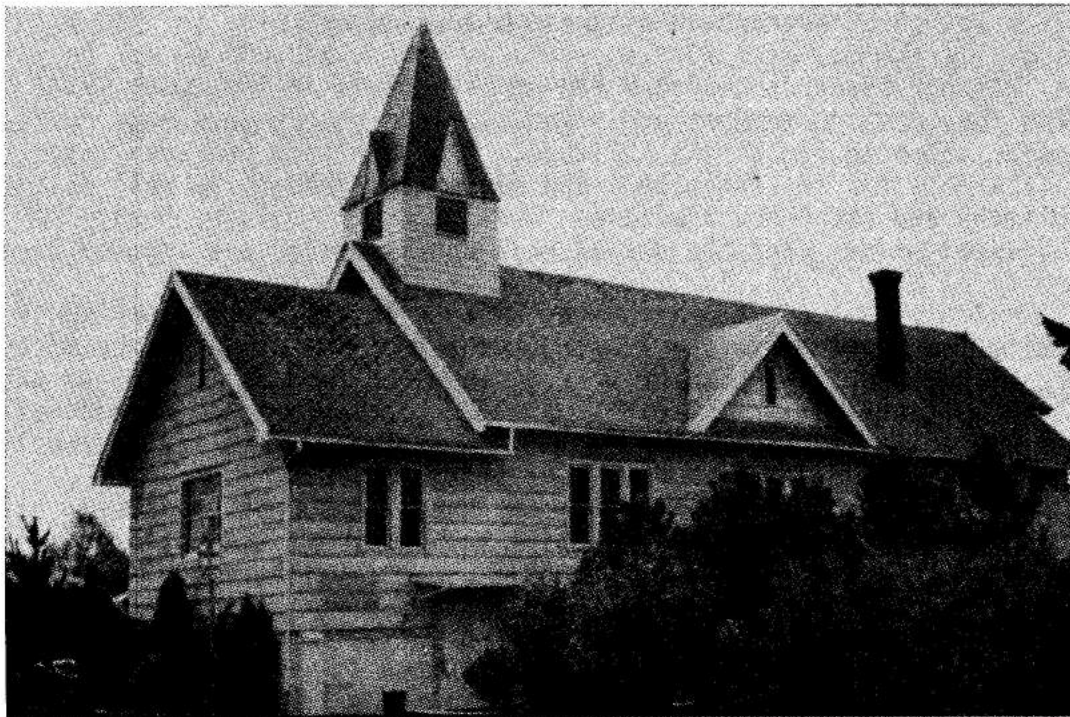
By Lynn Stark

The St. Johns Church of the Nazarene, as I remember in my youth, played a very important part in my life and that of our family. Not only from a religious point of view, but for social activities. Our parents were charter members of the First Church of the Nazarene in downtown Portland. As the St. Johns area grew in population, the mission was opened in a store-front window of the French block. It was under the pastorate of Miss Mae Bonnet. Miss. Bonnet was a Deacon in the church.

We moved many times in St. Johns to various places. The congregation was small, but was made up of strong, old time St. Johns people. I will name a few: Olaf Lind, Carl Juhnke, Matie Steiber, Floyd and Bessie Stark, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Mayfield, the Mayfield's son and daughter-in-law, Joe and Dorothy Mayfield, John and Ethyl Fayles, Genevieve Nickelson, Coral and Mag Steibers and Lynn, Janet and Howard Stark. There was also another Pastor, Rev. and Mrs. Edward Wooten. The mission was chartered and out of this was formed the North Portland Church of the Nazarene.

The church was built out of timbers from the old St. Johns Skating Rink and the ice house, under the direction of Olaf Lind, Carl Juhnke, Floyd Stark, Mr. Lester Mayfield and many others.

The church is located at 7720 N. Lombard. The Pastor there now is Rev. J. Eugene Turner.



Haven Bible Church
Source: Mary Wilbur

Since 1980 the church has hosted a school for Southeast Asians who are learning a second language, English. These classes are sponsored by Portland Community College. As many as 150 participants have used the church building for four nights a week and members of the church have been volunteer tutors in these classes.

The history of Pioneer is not ended. The members expect to continue to worship and extend their service outside the walls of the church building.

ST. JOHNS - UNIVERSITY PARK SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH

By Mrs. Vonnie Kelly, Church Historian

In the year 1886, Mr. James John, founder of St. Johns Village, gave land on the corner of Edison and Salem Sts. for a church building. The church was built at once, and the first service was held June 5, 1886.

In 1888 the church was dedicated with a membership of 17. We were in this building until 1912. During those years 12 were sent out as missionaries, 8 as ministers of the Gospel, 6 as physicians and 17 as registered nurses. One charter member, Samuel Fulton, was one of the early Presidents of the Oregon Seventh Day Conference. Elder E.D. Hurlbert was the first local elder. He held that office until 1914. J.C. Scott was the first treasurer and he also held that office until his death in 1906.

Dr. Luzana Graves recalls the story of another early member. A sailor was ill when his ship docked and Mr. E.D. Hurlbert took him into his home, ministered to his needs and cared for him until he recovered his health. He was later baptized a member of the church and was one of the sailors on the first ship our people sent to Pitcairn.

In 1912 Mrs. J.C. Scott and her daughter Kathryn, gave a lot on Central and Charleston Sts. for a larger building. Mr. Antone Folkenberg was the builder. This was a two story structure and for some years the lower floor was used for a church school. The building was finished and dedicated on December 3, 1914.

By 1959 there was a need for a still larger building. Pastor Eldon Stratton led the fund raising campaign. The goal was set at \$32,000.00 to be raised in 150 weeks. That goal was reached. We had our victory dinner September 22, 1962. Then we began searching for a site on which to build. Pastor Stratton was transferred at this time to Junction City. He was replaced by Pastor Gordon Greer who went ahead with the building program. Land was purchased on N. Alaska St. and on June 7, 1965 ground was broken and work began with the builder, Mr. Merritt Crawford, and volunteer labor from the membership working together.

In September 1966 Pastor Greer was transferred to Astoria and Pastor Larry Boyd took up the work. With the builder and members putting forth a great effort the building was finished and on December 24, 1966 we had our first service in the new church. On November 6, 1967, at a church business meeting, by majority vote, the name St. Johns Seventh-day Adventist Church was changed to University Park Seventh-day Adventist Church.

On October 24, 1972 disaster struck as an early morning fire destroyed the upper story and furnishings. The loss was great but fully insured. Pastor Steve Bukojemsky, who was then Pastor, led the rebuilding. Mr. Charles Schmiedskamp was secured as the builder. Several local churches offered us the use of their churches until we could be in our own again. We were grateful for the fine spirit shown us. We were in the University Park Methodist

Church until July 31, 1973, when we were able again to occupy our own building. It had been rebuilt and restored to its former beauty. Pastor Bukojemsky was then transferred to Klamath Falls.

With Pastor Sunny Lou as leader the last two years we have at last happily cleared all indebtedness, and on the 27th day of September, 1975, we dedicated to God, our house, free of debt, that God may dwell among us. The present day members of the University Park Seventh-day Adventist are still anxious to serve the St. Johns Community.

THE ST. JOHNS WESLEYAN CHURCH

The St. Johns Wesleyan Church was started in June 1925. The first meetings were held in a pitched tent on the corner of St. Louis Ave. and Jersey St. The services in the tent were evangelistic and continued through the summer months. When the weather turned cold and rainy, the tent service was closed down. The church services were then moved to a vacant building on the corner of North Jersey and New York Avenue. Attendance and interest did not hold up at this location, so well as in the tent, so another location was sought. The old theater building was obtained and the church continued in this location through the winter of 1925 and the spring of 1926. This building was in the heart of St. Johns, approximately where Slim's Card Room and Tavern is now.

This young church was having difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory place to meet. They found it necessary to relocate again in the summer of 1926. A friend of the church located and rented a dwelling on North Jersey, near St. Louis Sts. They were again close to their starting point of a year before. However interest lagged in this location so property was purchased at Chicago Ave. and Leonard Street. On Thanksgiving Day, 1926, the congregation broke ground and started the construction of a basement for a new church building. The infant congregation was making the transition from being nomads to becoming community residents. The church grew in numbers and it was necessary in a short time to build the superstructure. The basement had been outgrown.

The church grew and continued in this location for over 30 years. On November 13, 1957 the trustees recommended the purchase of the Thomas tract on St. Louis Ave. for a new building. The members agreed to the purchase of this property and the church became the owners in April 1957. Five years passed before the church was completed on this property. It was dedicated on October 20, 1963 and has served the congregation since that time.

THE BACHELOR CLUB

By Thomas "Scoot" Lind

On May 14, 1909, six young men got together in Gilmour's Barber Shop on Philadelphia St., on the ground floor of the Central Hotel Building, where Dad's Restaurant is now located. The first business was to elect officers. Walter Coon was elected president, Chipman vice pres., A. Kamelin secretary/treasurer and W.L. Davis, Oliver Bakke and Ward Lee to the board of managers. This group were the charter members. At this time, Oliver Bakke is the only remaining charter member. This article will indicate a few highlights of the club's history.

The St. Johns Bachelor Club was organized as a social club. They put on dances at Bickners Hall and decorated the skating rink with orange and green crepe paper, the club's colors. The proceeds from these functions went to helping needy families in the community as charity work was the main objective of the club. The club enjoyed picnics, river trips on the motor boats "Eva" and "Argosy" to Knut Haven, Point Comfort, Swan Island and Lady's Island. What places for Bachelors!

The U.S. entry into World War I on April 1917, cast a spell over the Bachelor Club and caused a drain on the membership. The efforts of the active members and honorary members saved the day. The Club had to suspend meetings for six weeks due to the Spanish Flu. Nearly everyone had to wear a mask in public. Active members were in the low twenties age group, which made them perfect candidates for the draft. Out of 29 members, 23 of them saw service. 12 of the 23 wore "Gob" uniforms, while 11 took on the olive drab. The club suffered one casualty in the war. Brother "Duke" Collamore, who had joined the club in 1911, took a German sniper bullet just one hour before the armistice. Brother Murph had the longest stretch over there. Part of this was the penalty for taking possession of a wine cellar and its contents. In his reminiscing he said, "and we had to pay for all that stuff too!"

Here at home in 1918 the club lost their first brother, "Snooks" Osley. This writer had talked to "Snooks" on Saturday and on Sunday morning he died of the flu. The flu was dreadful, people were dying all around. The civic auditorium was used as a morgue.

In two years after the war, Cupid worked overtime and another change was introduced. Members, although married, could retain active membership by paying dues.

In the twenties, the Bachelor Club entered a new era. The emphasis shifted to a sports program which lasted over 20 years. Wrestling, boxing, baseball, basketball, soccer and football were all a part of the program. In 1920 and '21 several new members joined the club. All were sports minded. On July 2, 1921, Jack Dempsey knocked out Carpentier, the French Champion, in the 4th round. This was the first radio broadcast of a prize fight and almost all of the brothers had their ears glued to their self-assembled crystal sets. In 1921 the club sponsored their first football team. In their championship game at Franklin Bowl, they defeated Arleta 12 to 6. The late brother "Slicks" made two drop kicks to highlight the game. Brother "Fluff" scooped up a fumble and ran 50 yards to score! The Spaulding Trophy, passed during club meetings, is a memento to these courageous 11 "iron men" who played.

In 1921 the baseball team won 5 of the 6 games played. "Skee" Larsen, the star pitcher, averaged 15 strikeouts per game.

The credit for the wonderful showing of the football teams the following three years belongs to the genial, soft-spoken man, Gene "Moo" Murphy. He instilled a winning spirit, besides getting 100% cooperation of the players. After three straight championships, the 1924 team still stands out as the best. They won 9 games with no losses, scoring 88 points to 0 for the opponents. The club also sponsored many amateur smokers. One of the best was the event in which brother "Bat" scored a TKO over Tommy O'Brian in the 4th round at the Odd Fellows Hall. In 1928 the club chartered the river boat, Georgianna, for a football excursion to Astoria. Over 600 fans made the trip. It was a grand success as the team won 14-0.

In 1922 the club constructed a float that they entered in the Rose Festival Parade. The float, a replica of the Battle Ship Oregon, was 40 feet long. It was decorated with pink roses covering the hull, white roses covering the super-structure and red carnations forming the anchors. Brother "Grit" was the architect and all the details of his plan were carried out. The brothers, their wives and town people helped with the decoration, working around the clock. It won the blue ribbon. Sunset Magazine published an article saying it was the best ever. Later the club entered two more floats. One was a trophy, about 10 feet high, representing the Olympic games. All the children of the club members rode the float. Another float pictured Multnomah Falls with water spilling over the falls continuously.

The most hectic years of the clubs history were the depression years starting in 1929. Brother "Pad", the secretary/treasurer, accepted a job in Brazil for ten years. Brother "Skee" took over the secretary/treasurer job. Times were tough and many members had no jobs and consequently no money. Some had to drop out for inability to pay dues. The club sponsored several golf tournaments, dances, stags and fights to raise cash. Brother "Speed" was chairman of the stags, which were held every two weeks. He also found time to manage a soccer team that won the league trophy. The stags were held on Sauvie Island at Duck Cabins, owned by Autzen, and below Vancouver Lake. These were the days of Tom-Thumb, or miniature, golf courses. They were springing up all over town. The club considered building one but, due to lack of funds, gave it up. The courses had green carpets for fairways and things like wash tubs, wagon wheels and so forth, for hazards.

The clubs largest undertaking in these days was in 1931 when a five year option was taken on 12 acres and a house located at Burgard and Roberts Sts. It was purchased for \$3,600.00. In 1932 the club moved to this location and remodeled the house for club meetings, adding shower stalls in the basement.

A stadium was planned and financed by selling stocks, bonds and plaques. Brother "Grit" was the head architect. He drew up all the plans and Andy Kerr was hired as head carpenter. Brothers "Scoot", "Speed" and "Tarp" became his assistants. This group supervised and constructed the grandstand, fence, field and toilet facilities. A 10 foot high fence was constructed with dry lumber and cedar posts. The lumber was purchased for only \$10.00 per thousand. To help pay for the fence the club sold advertising signs. During weekends the field was leveled with equipment borrowed from the county. Brother "Spokes" planted grass and within two weeks it was a foot high. In those days power mowers were unheard of so we cut the grass the hard way! All the brothers would show up on Sundays to get the field in shape for baseball and football.

It was about this time that the constitution was amended to take in married members. The members congregated on the field nightly during its construction. Transportation was on foot or by trolley, if a nickle could be

"Peggy Rae Candy Store"

Peggy in the window – she looks as if she were a doll. The store was located in the Noce Building between 1923 and 1933. Many delicious candies were made in copper kettles by John Ketrenos, the owner.
Source: Barry Ketrenos



G. Fanakis Grocery – 1923

Gus, in the light suit and straw hat, and his brother, Mike, next to him. On the far right is a German minister, name unknown. Catlin Street was unpaved. A huge old Elderberry tree was back of the store.

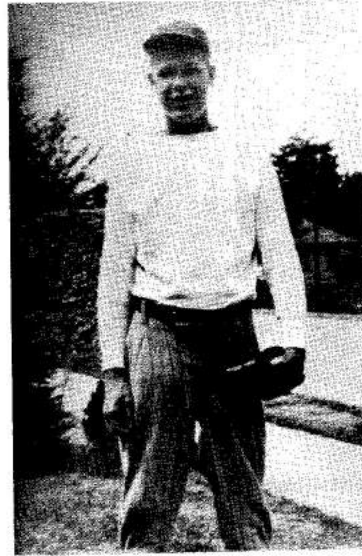
Inside the store, Gus on the right. The clerk was Ellen Catto. Mike, Gus' brother is on the left. Windows and ceiling were decorated with various colored twisted crepe paper strips. Behind Gus was a coffee-grinder. Paper bags were on a swing over the scales. A spool of string was on top of that. Behind Gus on the shelf were cans of choice red canned salmon for 25 cents. In the summer, bouquets of fresh flowers were on the counters.

Source: Helen Miles collection.





Nellie Miles with 3 month son George W. Miles in 1915. This picture was taken in "old town" St. Johns on Salem near Decator Streets.
Source: Sheri Ketrenos



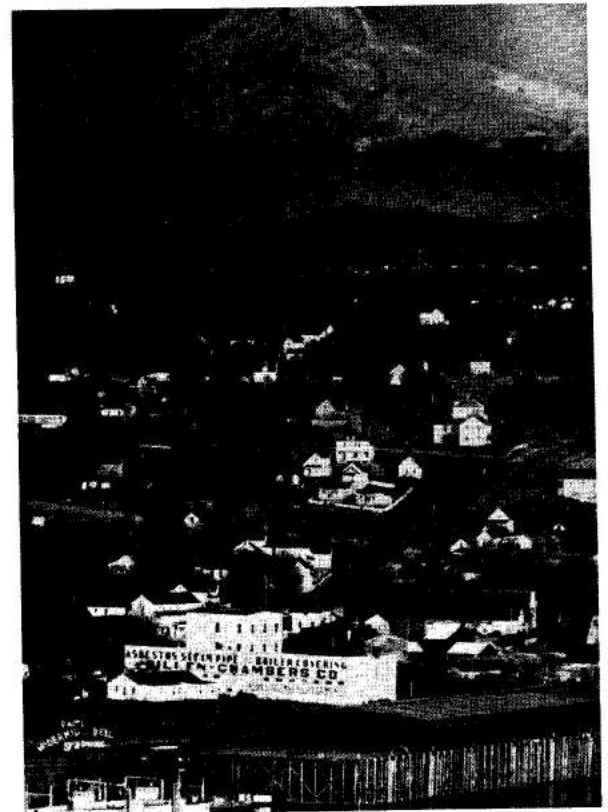
Dale Wilkins in St. Johns. Note wood pile stacked in background. Mr. Wilkins is the Vale, Oregon High School principal.
Source: Dale Wilkins



People and animal drinking fountain. Jersey near Richmond Streets. Who is the young woman?
Source: Gladys Dickson



United Evangelical Church, Rev. A. Clayton, Pastor.
Source: Gladys Dickson



Old town St. Johns in 1909. Note ferry on left-hand side corner.
Source: Our collection.



Old Central School Graduation
Class – 1913

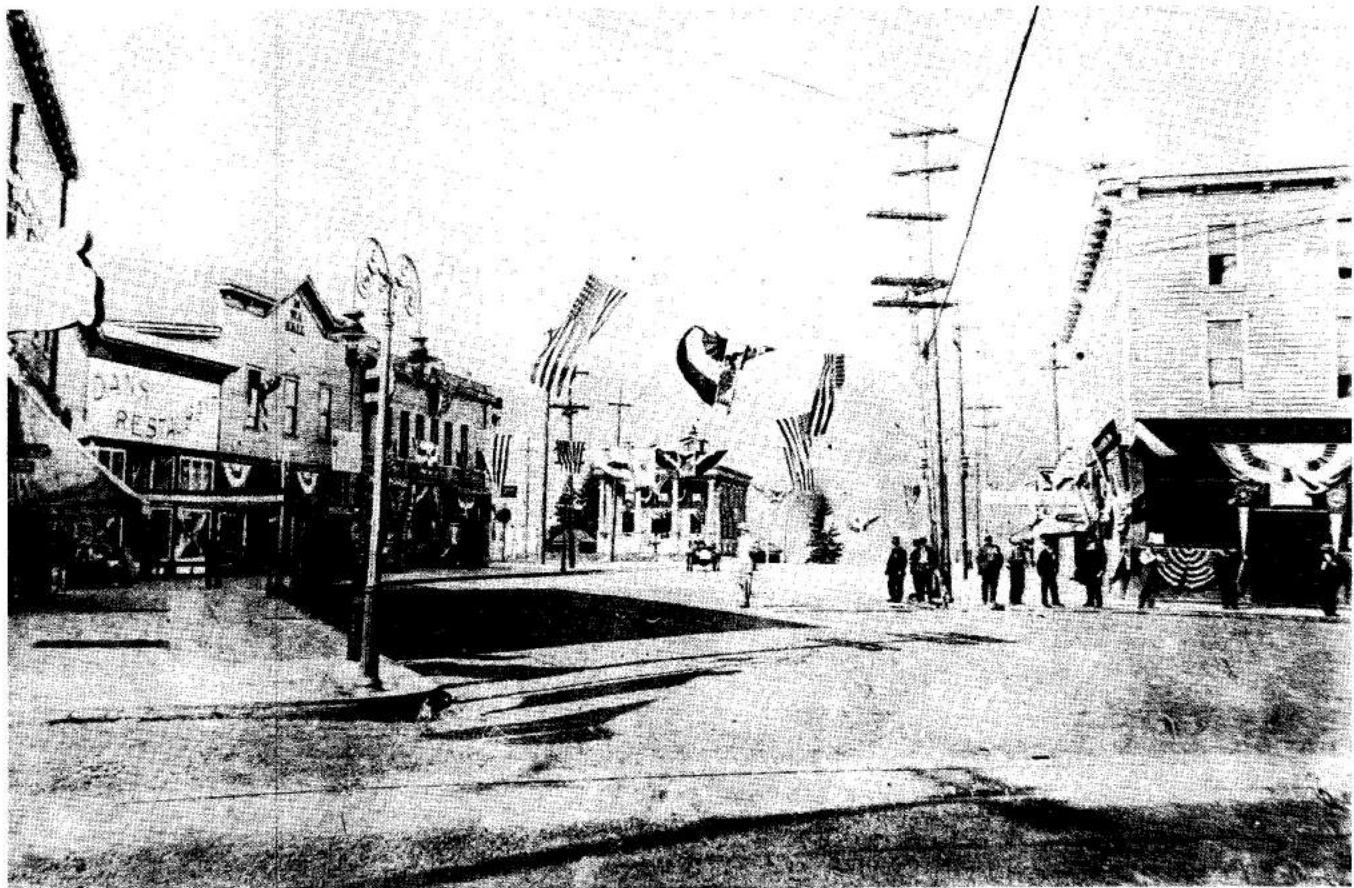
Back Row: Harvey Crouch; 2.
Donald Ross; 4. Perry Smith

Second From Top: 1. Verda
McNiven; 3. Mrs. Burghduff;
5. Guy Hartel; 7. Jerry Smith;
8. Lillian Wiese (Letson).

Next To Bottom: 2. Fay Smith;
3. ? Whitmore; 9. Ruth Edmandson;
10. Lisilla Beden. Also shown:
Hugh Whister and Mattie Kehler.

Bottom Row: 2. Bob Orr; 4. Joe
Jower; 6. Halvar Lind (Grit).

Raymond Berdine?
Source: Mandy Lind



Fourth of July celebration in 1913. Center of St. Johns: Jersey and Philadelphia Streets. The old city hall in the background with "Howard's bell" on the roof, and a Model T in front. Note the street car tracks in the foreground. The intersection had not yet been paved.

Source: Ruth Alexander.

found. Later the trolley was discontinued and that hurt the members badly. Also at this time, Brother "Tug" Magone built a telescope 12' long and 14" in diameter. Many of the brothers helped him form and polish the lenses. Nail polish, rouge and lipstick were the principal tools in making and polishing the lenses. With the telescope you could get a good look at the moon for a dime from either of two locations; St. Louis and Lombard or Killingsworth and Union Avenue.

In May 1938 the club sponsored a carnival on a vacant lot by the post office. The carnival wrestler offered \$10.00 to anyone staying in ten minutes with him. "Scoot" was called to referee but wouldn't allow hair pulling, thumb in the eyes or strangle holds so he soon was not allowed to referee any longer.

In 1938 the club leased the Evans Garage, now occupied by brother "Drill's" dental clinic. It was converted into a boxing and wrestling arena. It took a lot of hard work to clean up the oil and grease from the floor to set up a ring, bleachers and chairs. A shower stall and ticket booth were also installed. Boxing was on Tuesday nights and wrestling on Fridays. The club's meeting nights were changed to Mondays so the members could be at the arena to help with the duties. After 10 months the club quit this venture. After the arena activities were over, brother "Hap" put on several parties for the wives and girls to show appreciation for their patience while the men were away holding the club's activities.

After the club moved from the stadium site, they leased a building at Polk and Lombard Sts. They stayed there about seven years. During these years in the '40's, the club had golf tournaments, turkey shoots and several minstrel shows coached by "Troupier" Burley and "Ditty" Fassett. During the war years, shows were put on at Barnes Hospital, Al Kadar Temple and Roosevelt High School. Brother "Grit", who has served as the president of the club five times, joined the Sea-Bees in November 1943. When he returned in 1944 the club sold their lease on the building at Polk and Lombard for \$2,000.00 and moved to "Scoot's" basement for 5 or 6 months. In October 1945 they bought the present site for \$3,650.00, selling stock and plaques to help finance it. The brothers all pitched in to put in the plumbing, bar, furnace, firewall, gas stove and fire escape door from the basement. They painted and decorated the building inside and out. In only three years the club burned the mortgage. Besides all this work, the club sponsored bowling leagues, basketball, softball and touch football teams and square dances.

In 1950, brother "Trapp" sold the club 1 and 1/2 acres for \$1,000.00. That was the start of the Wilson River Project. The club rebuilt an old loggers cabin, making it comfortable with a cook stove and running water. Stag parties were held there. Brother "Speed" built the bunks and sealed the walls but soon the pack rats and mice took over. The club then decided to start a new building. Brother "Rig" was president then. On August 25, 1962 about 20 brothers showed up to work on the new building. Every weekend some brother was there doing his bit. The club also planted about 1000 trees. By the end of 1963 the building was livable. In Aug. 1964 the club held their grand opening.

In 1967 and '68 the club won softball team championships. Brothers "Gear", "Nik", "Plug", "Yogi" and "Mix" were the mainstays in the season. In 1968 and '69 the addition to the club was started. Brother "Bid", a builder and contractor, did a very good job considering the heavy snowfall around New Years. The addition was finished that spring. Brother "Lure", chairman of the project, did a wonderful job raising the money to finance it.

I quote from the late President Kennedy, " Its not what the Club can do for you, but what you can do for the club."

CHAUTAUQUA

By Mary Harney Wilbur

What was it? The dictionary defines it as an assembly for educational purposes from a combination of lectures, entertainment and outdoor life modeled after a summer school established in Chautauqua, New York. To St. Johns kids, about 1914, it was the highlight of a summer week after school was out. Action, fun and excitement, from 9 A.M. to noon, for various age groups under a big tent. It was not a circus with animals, but with charming, interesting directors who organized activities for all age groups. They helped us put on plays with fantastic costumes and we wound up with a great performance when the week was up.

Where was the Chautauqua ground? It was behind the present James John Elementary School between N. Charleston and N. John Sts. This was then the Central Schools playground. After that building's fire, James John School was moved to its present location, but in those days the old playground was shaded by a huge maple and oak trees where the big tents were erected.

The Chautauqua crew miraculously covered the dusty playground with the immense tents and pronto, there was the theater filled with hundreds of wooden benches for the town of St. Johns to enjoy the Western circuit of Chautauqua productions with its programs for all ages! There were races and dramatics that even the shyest child found himself participating in, action until time to rest on benches and listen to wonderful stories of heroes and villains. Each day was different, challenging and beautiful, until the end when the grand finale was put together.

Afternoons and evenings were for the older folks who came to hear and see accomplished people give concerts, travelogues, magic shows and lectures. That's where I learned about Bolivia from a Bolivian cowboy with spellbinding tales. It was a wonderfully entertaining and educational week for all people.

That's how people entertained themselves before the advent of radio or television. Other ways were reading books from the Carnegie library across the street, playing active family games, home board games and finding a grandpa to tell stories. Musicians played and sang songs, like: the Harry Fassett family, Randolph Howard with his wonderful piano and Elmer Sneed and his beautiful violin solos. People played croquet matches and friends dropped in to visit with cake and lemonade made from lemons squeezed in sugar and ice water.

That is some of childhood in early St. Johns.

AN "OLD FASHIONED FOURTH"

By Florence Evans

On July 8, 1776 our first independence day was celebrated with bands playing, bells ringing and people rejoicing. The Declaration of Independence had been adopted on July 4th and read to people on that day. John Adams said, "I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as a great anniversary festival. It ought to be solemnized

with pomp and parade, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other forward forever.

Early Independence Days were for just such celebrating. St. Johns held one of the last patriotic community Fourth's in 1921. As I was rather young at the time my memory is somewhat hazy on the details. However, the horse races and the greased pig event have stuck in my mind all these years.

The day started at 10:00 a.m., forming at Jersey and Fessenden Sts. After the parade a program was held at the bandstand near the City Hall. The audience sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and "America". Patriotic orations were given and the "Declaration of Independence" was read. A band concert followed. In the afternoon the sports events took place including all kinds of races. There were three-legged races, sack races, potato races and races according to age. Also, of course, there were fat lady races, fat men races, bicycle races and others. Hurdles, broad jumping and high jumping were also part of the program.

I remember sitting on a bank across the street from the old James John School to watch the horse races. Pony races (one half mile) and old horse races (one eighth of a mile) were held on Syracuse St. Some of the races were on Ivanhoe St. between Burlington and Chicago Sts.

Later in the day the greased pig was turned loose. It was a squeling, hilarious happening as many chased the pig trying to get a firm hold on it. A water fight, a tug of war and a boxing contest were held after 3 p.m. The rink, located on John and Ivanhoe Sts., was the scene of dancing in the afternoon and evening to finish off a glorious Fourth.

THE PASSING OF THE STEAM WHISTLE

By George B. Doty

Its a wonderful world today. We can hop a plane and cross the continent or fly to Europe in a matter of hours. Ocean liners are big, fast and luxurious. Trains are streamlined and ash and cinder free. Deluxe buses, complete with snack bars and powder room, whisk one rapidly to one's destination.

We have paid for all of this progress by trading the melodious steam whistle for the raucous electric diesel horn. It disturbs our slumbers by waking us out of a sound sleep, scares us at grade crossings and makes a foggy night on the waterfront sound like a convention of Donald Ducks. There is no cozier feeling, I wager, than to lie in a warm bed on a cold night and hear the clickty-clack of a distant train; the sound being carried off with unbelievable fidelity on the still, crisp air. Suddenly the mournful wail of a whistle is heard and one feels sudden kinship with the occupants of the sleeping cars.

When I was a tad, the sternwheel steamboat was still in its heyday. On fishing excursions we would try to identify each approaching speck of a steamboat as to whether it was the Bailey Gatzert or the Henderson or maybe the Hassalo. A puff of white steam would billow out around the base of the smokestack and after an appreciable pause the deep throated whistle would end all argument. We might argue about the identity of a boat we saw a mile away but we recognized the sound of their whistles as far as we could hear them.

Sound traveled easier in those days, it seemed. I have heard the siren wail of the Woolen Mill whistle clear over on Dairy Creek, twenty miles as the crow flies. Of course the wind had to be in the right place for this. The direction of the wind could be told by the loudness and tone of the different

whistles up and down the river. After a long spell of ice and snow, to hear the Cooperage whistle booming up the hill as though it were in your back yard meant that the south-east Chinook wind had arrived and the streets would be ankle deep in slush by morning.

It seemed to me that the different mills had different personalities, as expressed by their whistles. Some had a crisp business-like toot, some had a more melodious tone, like an enormous bass viola, while some had a siren wail, starting with a low rumble, gradually ascending to a shriek, then dying away to a low moan.

Different boiler men blew their respective whistles in their own manners. One didn't have to be too expert a critic to tell if Old Bill or Charlie had a hangover or was feeling his oats by the way he pulled the whistle-handle and the resultant toot. Some mills blew three blasts at 6:30 a.m. to get the workers out of bed, two more came at 7:00 to get the men on their way to work and one long, earth shaking blast at 7:30, and brother you jolly well better have your machine running.

The most dreaded sound of all came, usually, in the dead of night. A never-ending series of short, sharp, whistle toots shouted out the news that the mill was on fire and every available fireman, engine and fireboat had better get there fast. Whoever was tending boiler would hang onto that handle and toot every few seconds until either the fire was out or the mill burned down around him.

This happened in the early 1920's when the Peninsula sawmill in St. Johns burned to the ground. We lived about eight blocks from the mill. Fire trucks screamed by our house and fire boats raced up and down the river. Our street was jammed with parked cars and everybody in St. Johns went to the fire. Everybody but me, that is. I think I was the only one in town that slept through the whole thing!

If one had any experience in the various mills that existed during my boyhood, both long gone now, one could follow the operation of the plant by the shrill piping of the deck whistle. Tweeting out various orders in sort of a code, it was understood by most of the men and boys in town. A series of tweets, the chugging of the donkey engine dragging a log from the river, the thump of the log rolling into the saw carriage, the shrill whine of the saw taking its first bite, all could be heard and mostly imagined.

Ah well, I suppose that our grandchildren will long for the nostalgic thunder of a jet plane, and their grandchildren, who knows?!

ST. JOHNS POSTAL SERVICES

By William Oeschger

Benjamin Otis Severance gathered the first mail to St. Johns at his barrel factory. He manufactured barrels for the Spreckles Sugar Co. in Hawaii, it was St. Johns first industry.

Soon no one wanted to be responsible for the mail, so the job went begging. Then Mrs. Anna Clark volunteered to do it for .8¢ an hour! As the town moved to the top of the bluff, a small building was available at Philadelphia and Ivanhoe Sts. That became the first, unofficial, post office. For six years Anna did the mail until the Federal Postal Service granted a third class station rating and a \$1,100.00 a year salary. Immediately many people thought Anna would become the postmaster. Community disputes erupted when several men voiced an interest in the job. Mayor Valentine was summoned

to a federal office in downtown Portland and received the ability to appoint a postmaster, thereby ending the dispute that threatened the loss of the post office to the area. Soon it was named the St. Johns, Oregon post office and a postmaster was appointed, but it wasn't a woman.

The next office was a larger, single building on Lombard St. at Chicago Avenue. From there the office moved to the McChesney Hotel building and later to the single building on Ivanhoe St. between Alta and Baltimore.

In August 1984 it was vacated for the recent move to the beautiful new St. Johns Post Office on Ivanhoe. Mr. Louis Gomez is now the postmaster of the new station.

The small, old post office is vacant. It still houses the historic murals done by the three W.P.A. artists, John Ballator, Louis Bunce and another artist whose name is unknown to me. The figures and scenes depict industries and products of this area. Some of the historic and active present day developers of St. Johns in the 1920's are in the murals. Their faces are recognizable as are the industries. These people were honored for their perseverance and foresight in the development of the St. Johns area; the area where we grew up.

ST. JOHNS MEMORIES

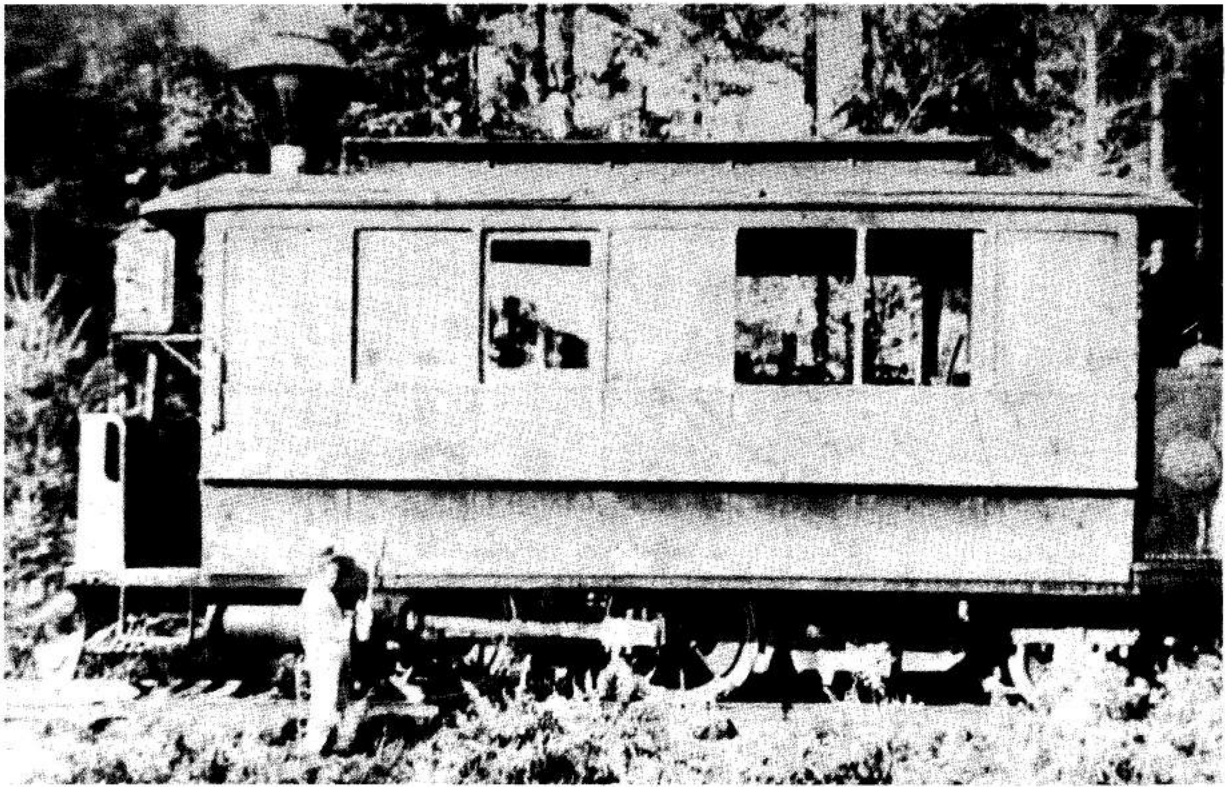
By Lou Becker

In 1922 I was driving for a wholesale cleaning company located in Vancouver. We picked up cleaning from Noce Tailor Shop, Smiths Tailor Shop in Kenton, Midway Cleaners located where Weirs Cycle Shop is now, Portsmouth Cleaners located where a tavern now stands, Manning Cleaning Shop located west of the theater and I'd cross the ferry into Linnton to Babcock's Cleaning Shop.

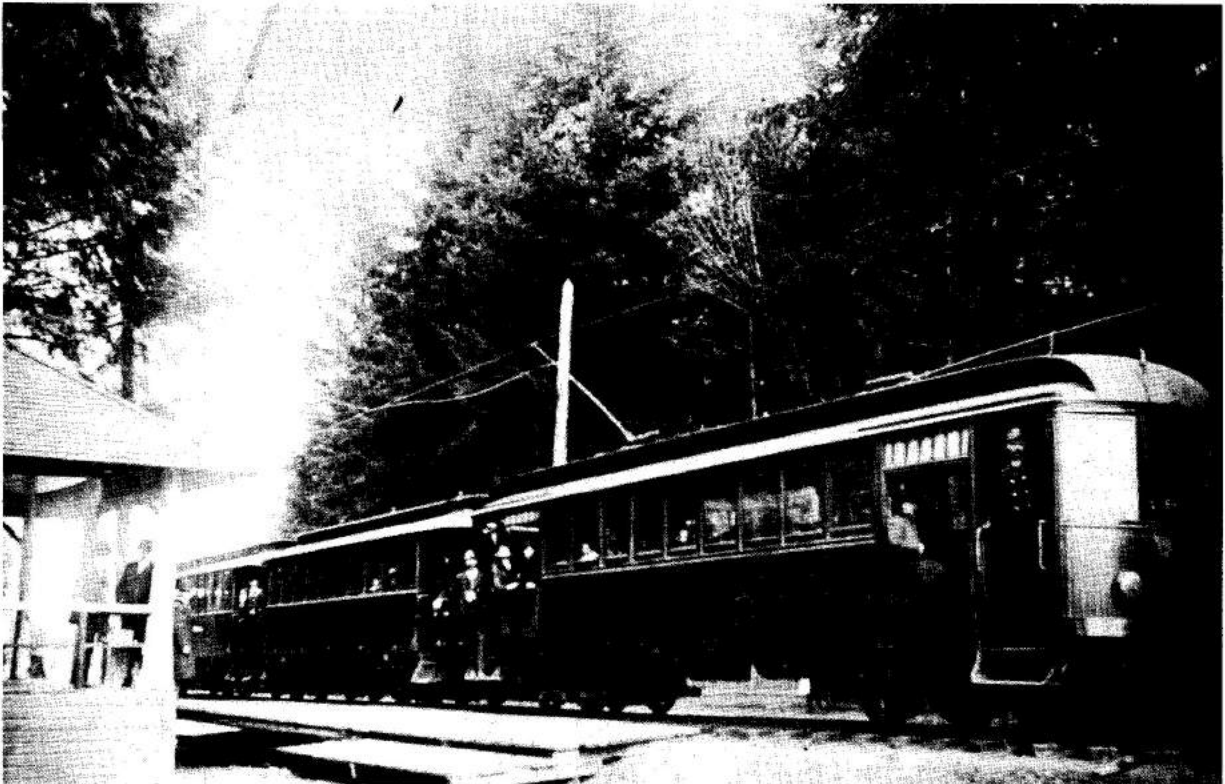
I will never forget my experiences with the ferry to Linnton. I was always running late and had to hurry to catch the 10:20 A.M. ferry. One morning I was 10 minutes late and could hear the captain blowing his horn from around the corner. He expected me as I made the trip everyday and was trying to warn me that the ferry had already left the dock. When I got close I could see the ferry was about 20 feet away from the slip. I jammed on my brakes and one of the cables pulled out leaving me with no brakes! The truck only had 2 wheel brakes and I could see myself heading for the river. Luckily there was a pile of lumber on the side of the road so I turned my wheels to the right, hitting the pile on a glance. This turned me around on the dock without tipping me over! As I sat in the truck thanking the Lord, I remembered a team of horses had run away and went into the river in the same place only a short time before.

From the 1930's to the 1960's I drove the Willamette Blvd., Killingsworth, St. Johns and later the Fessenden busses.

I have alot of St. Johns memories, I have been around here for over 60 years.



Little Fred Evans in the picture holding an oil-can. He was born in 1896 near where Bonham and Currier was located. The C. & S. St. Johns Motor Line in 1903 was absorbed by the Portland Railway Co. in 1905.
Source: Paul Bishop, grandson of engineer. Oregon Historical Society.



The end of the Steam Train between St. Johns and Albina occurred in 1903 when C. S. Swigert, manager of C. & S. Rail Company brought motor car No. 199 to St. Johns and turned it over to W.B. Evans, and conductor Thomas J. Monahan. Car No. 198 was also put in operation at that time.

HISTORY OF ST. JOHNS

Outline by D.B. MacGillivray

Lewis and Clark explored the peninsula area and are believed to have camped in the vicinity of the University of Portland. (21)

In the 1830's Paul Kelly, from Boston, promoted the peninsula area back east. He coined the phrase "the Manhattan of the West". (21)

James John settled in the area of the St. Johns bridge in 1846, after being in Linnton for 2 years. (14)

- He was born in 1809 in the midwest. (14)
- He opened a store soon after 1846. (1 p. 170)
- He filed a donation land claim on 5/1/1850 for 320 acres. (14)
- He began the operation of a ferry across the Willamette in 1852. (14)
- He filed the original plat of St. Johns in Oregon City. It was recorded in Multnomah County in 1865 and the town was dedicated on November 28, 1868. (Clackamas County Book 1, Pg. 3 and #6 and MCL-) (14)
- He was said to be a man of great vision and he saw the commercial potential of the area. (14)
- James John died on May 28, 1886. (14)

Soon after 1850, twelve families settled in the area. This included: Dr. William Caples, James Loomis, Cuthberth Stump, D.S. Southmayde, John Ward, William Gatton, Henry Muck, F.H. Ramsey and James Bybee (14)

A major industry was started in 1867 by Benjamin O. Severance making barrels for the Spreckles Sugar Co. in Hawaii. (22)

Steam powered street cars began providing transportation to Portland in Nov. 1889, making two trips per day. By February 1890 the number of trips had increased to 10 per day. (-5)

On February 20, 1891, Albina annexed all of the peninsula into the city of Albina; this included St. Johns. (12)

On July 6, 1891, Albina was annexed into the city of Portland; this again included St. Johns. (12)

The population of St. Johns in 1891 was not over 500. (-2)

Dissatisfaction developed immediately over Portland city taxes. (-2)

On October 17, 1898, St. Johns was separated from the City of Portland by an act of the Oregon legislature. (12)

Prior to 1902 St. Johns had but a few scattered houses one major industry. (19)

In the winter of 1902 the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company extended its railroad line from Portland to St. Johns. This opened the area to industrial growth. (19)