

The *Friend-ly* Gazette

November 2018

Editor: Lisa Casten

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A.T. Smith Property Update

By David Morelli, ATSHouse Property Manager

The Alvin T Smith house and property have started to lay in for winter after a busy summer.

About this time last year, the City of Forest Grove permitted FHFG to have a sentry on the property to watch for hazards, and we have just received an extension for the coming year. This is a great example of the support Friends has been receiving from the city.

During the preparation for the summer picnic at ATS it was observed there were some pest problems. The board approved a pest inspection and got bids for pest control. One consideration involves powder post beetles, which must be addressed with chemicals. FHFG is pursuing both appropriate providers to conduct the pest control and funding to pay for it. There is a wide variation in possible approaches and the board is working to choose the most appropriate one. The chemical application is temperature restricted and will need to wait for spring.

Oregon experienced a serious fire season this past summer. The ATS house was fortunate to have water on the property and the new lawn, Abigail's garden, and the field were watered to keep them green and fire resistant. Unfortunately, this involved a lot of water and the monthly water bills came as quite a surprise. If the grass in the field is mowed and kept short providing a sufficient clearance between the trees and ground, and plants are kept some distance from the house, there will be good fire resistance without needing to spend so much for water. To that end, the field has been kept mowed short and the brush and trees have been trimmed to provide at least five feet of clearance. The last tree to be trimmed was the fig tree as FHFG waited to see if anyone would pick the fruit on the low-lying branches.

The City of Forest Grove has provided a grant toward painting the house with an eye to prolonging the lifespan of the siding. The grant was not sufficient to cover the full cost of the intended project, so we have started to use volunteer labor to paint the house. The west wall was bare, and hasn't seen any paint for several decades, so painting was begun there. The wall was cleaned with bleach, rinsed with clean water, painted with primer, and painted with one layer of paint. The west wall will need one more layer at least. No one was available to paint during the last week of good weather, so it will need to wait for the next painting party. The other walls will begin with removal of the loose paint before cleaning and painting. Special handling will be necessary as the old paint certainly contains lead.

There are still some projects available for volunteer work over the winter. The shed needs to be completed and enclosed, and the water shields need repair and put in place around the house. If you are available for either of these projects, please send an email to Terri Erskine at volunteer@fhfg.org.

Jason Lopes at the ATS house. Photo courtesy of Terri Erskine.



Volunteer Ventures *By Terri Erskine, Vice President*

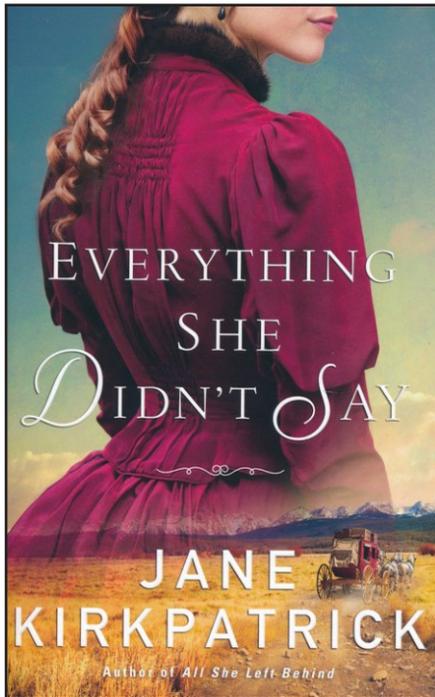
We've been keeping track of volunteer hours this year and are happy to say that from mid-September through mid-October dedicated volunteers donated 677 hours to Friends of Historic forest Grove! Nearly half of these hours involved putting on the Tour of Historic Homes and if it was your good fortune to go on the tour then you can understand why - it was beautifully done.

This brings our total hours for the year so far to 3,760; an astounding number!

Preparing to make his own impact on that figure is our latest new volunteer, Jason Lopes. Jason is an archeology and anthropology

(Continued on page 2...)

Recommended Reading



Editor's Rating: ★★ ★

In 1911, Carrie Strahorn wrote a memoir titled *Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage*, which shared some of the most exciting events of 25 years of travelling and shaping the American West with her husband, Robert Strahorn, a railroad promoter, investor, and writer. That is all fact. *Everything She Didn't Say* imagines Carrie nearly ten years later as she decides to write down what was really on her mind during those adventurous nomadic years.

Certain that her husband will not read it, and in fact that it will only be found after her death, Carrie is finally willing to explore the lessons she learned along the way, including the danger a woman faces of losing herself within a relationship with a strong-willed man and the courage it takes to accept her own God-given worth apart from him. Carrie discovers that wealth doesn't insulate a soul from pain and disappointment, family is essential, pioneering is a challenge, and western landscapes are both demanding and nourishing. Most of all, she discovers that home can be

Letter from the President

By Mary Jo Morelli, President

After several years of re-directing Amy life into the role of "Grandma Jo," I have jumped back into being an officer for FHFG. I didn't expect to do this again, but I was once again drawn to embrace my passion for Forest Grove's history and Friends of Historic Forest Grove.

There have been a lot of changes for Friends during the years I was a regular board member. The sale of property adjacent to the Smith house removed a tremendous financial pressure the organization was working under. The recognition of the Smith house as one of Oregon's most endangered pioneer-era homes brought about the opportunity for grants giving the board new insight of what needs to be done for a small "grass roots" organization like FHFG to move to a new level of commitment.

The current board is working to put policies and procedures in place that will enable Friends to seek larger grants and supporters moving forward. Many pieces have been put in place over recent years. FHFG is implementing electronic media in new ways as demonstrated by the success of the recent Tour of Historic Homes. Just because Friends loves history doesn't mean it has to be stuck in the past and doing things the same old way.

It was the recent Archive Crawl theme, *Changing Attitudes* that really got me thinking. We need to embrace change and work diligently to fulfill the FHFG mission in new and

found, even in a rootless life.

With a deft hand, *New York Times* bestselling author Jane Kirkpatrick draws out the emotions of living—the laughter and pain, the love and loss—to give readers a window not only into the past, but into their own conflicted hearts. Based on a true story.

creative ways. Who remembers cut-and-paste newsletters? Hand written meeting minutes? Asking folks to put candles in their windows during the holidays? FHFG even provided the electric candles! Document and artifact storage at member homes? Renting storage units and borrowing barn space? Now look where we are today: Proud owners of one of the most significant historical homes in the region; a research library to house a large collection of photos, documents and artifacts; a museum in a historic train station (OTS) with a dedicated station master and volunteer crew to support the effort; and digitized photo and audio collections because of collaboration within Washington County historical groups.

None of this has come easily, and the future will not be easy as FHFG grapples with the challenges of the 21st century. Friends needs you the members to realize dreams and complete commitments for the future. Thanks to all of the FHFG members for your support, volunteerism, and patience to keep Friends moving forward.

Volunteer Ventures

(...Continued from page 1)

student who has offered to do research for us until the end of the school year. Recently moved to the Grove to be near relatives, he will be researching ATS house artifacts. Jason will also be beginning a process that will hopefully lead to memorial recognition of Native American children from the Forest Grove Indian School whose resting place is Forest View Cemetery. Jason says, "It is my hope that in volunteering for Friends of Historic Forest Grove I may establish myself as a well-rounded college applicant, find a sense of community in my new home of Forest Grove, develop a connection to its history and make some friends along the way."

To Infinity - and Beyond!

By Terri Erskine, Vice President

What is the purpose/mission/vision of Friends of Historic Forest Grove? If you remember anything about the year 2011 then you know a lot has changed in the world in seven years. That's the last time the by-laws of FHFG were revised and the Board of Directors believes they could use an update to help us work more efficiently.

To that end, a By-Laws Review Committee has been formed comprised of myself, Terri Erskine (FHFG vice president), Eddie Glenn (FHFG secretary) and Skip Buhler (FHFG researcher) to look at each section point by point and suggest any changes to the board of directors. The second article of these by-laws states the FHFG 2011 purpose, as follows:

The Friends of Historic Forest Grove is formed for the purpose of: recognizing National and State Historic Landmarks and local cultural resources; enhancing and promoting the historic environment of Forest Grove; and educating its members, individuals or groups in areas of historic interest

With increased attention on the preservation of the A.T. Smith House, the by-laws committee has discussed if that should be included in our stated purpose. It's also been discussed if the purpose statement over-all should be modified. Our committee asked the board of directors for input on this and are now inviting the membership for your input as well.

If you believe the vision/purpose of FHFG should be changed, please send your thoughts to me, Terri, at vicepresident@fhfg.org. Additionally, if you would like to join the By-Laws Review Committee and help shape the direction of FHFG please let me know. The committee meets twice a month to comb through the FHFG founding document and it will produce proposed changes for the board to consider early in the coming year. The complete 2011 by-laws (just three pages!) can be found on our website at www.fhfg.org/about-us/our-mission. Thank you, Friends!

Abigail's Garden

Since the official dedication of Abigail's Garden at the annual picnic July 22, 2018, at the A.T. Smith house, the garden continues to evolve with rose bushes still covered with buds and blossoms. Perennials tripled in size and began blooming profusely along with the spring-blooming shrubs showing large buds in preparation for next spring's beauty.

The garden had one very special missing piece. On the day of the picnic a mannequin from the Old Train Station museum stood in the garden where a permanent statue was to be placed. Our most exciting news has been the arrival of the pioneer lady statue affectionately named Abigail. The statue was ordered in early March 2018 and sponsored by Jim and Carol Hilsenkopf. It arrived at Dundee Garden Arts in Dundee September 4th and was placed in the garden September 6, 2018.

The pioneer lady statue was cast in Springtown Texas way off track from the Oregon trail; however, from our original order date to time of arrival we compared the months as that of a journey on the Oregon trail, such as Abigail Raymond Smith had on

her journey to Oregon in 1840.

With the Abigail statue permanently placed, the garden is now complete, but true gardeners know a garden is never completed as there are always changes as time goes by.

Thanks to Skip Buhler's grant writing, a \$500.00 grant was received from the Hardy Plant Society for the purchase of garden tools which was greatly appreciated. Jim Hilsenkopf and I spent a day selecting and purchasing garden tools to be used in maintaining Abigail's garden and they will be stored on site. Those

working in the garden will no longer have to supply their own tools. Jim purchased a work bench which he sponsored and installed in the garden shed along with hangers to properly store the newly purchased tools.

A grateful thank you to all who sponsored benches, plants, and other items for Abigail's garden, and all those who volunteered their time when FHFG asked for help. There will still be a need for help and materials over time.

This beautiful and peaceful garden would never have materialized without Marci Degmans design and

By Joyce Sauber, Member-at-Large

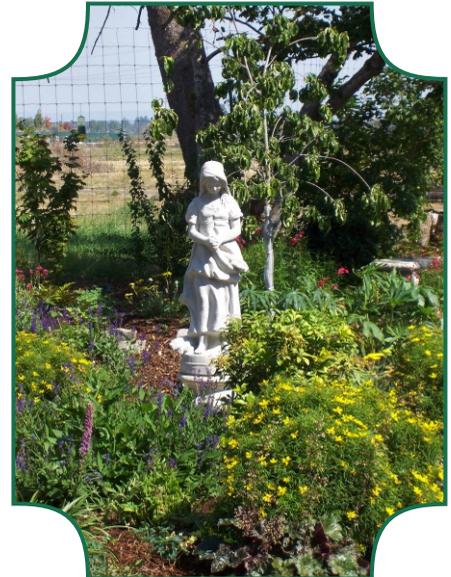


Photo courtesy of Jim Hilsenkopf.

the weeks of work and dedication from Jim Hilsenkopf with support from his wife Carol. I am forever grateful for all their work and support over a five-month period, but mostly their friendship and the bond we have developed while working on such a rewarding project.

May Abigail's garden continue to evolve and be a place where people can gather for special events in their lives or enjoy a peaceful moment and its beauty in the years to come.

Potatoes

By Gary Eddings, Member-at-Large

Many memories of childhood in sleepy old Forest Grove in the 1950-1960s seem to want to hide dormant, like the seeds of weeds, until some little thing gives them the nutrients and water they need to spring up and quickly take over my thoughts. The recent resurfacing of some old, shop-worn photos proved to be just such a shot of hydrated nutrients to revive the Eddings Potato Fiasco; a memory tucked away in a file marked "Never Do This!"

When my mom passed away in 1986 my wife, daughters, and I were living in Central Oregon, over near Sisters. My sister was charged with gathering up Mom's few possessions from the rental house she had been living in; there really wasn't a lot, as Mom had apparently not wanted to hang onto much of the past as she moved a couple of times after Dad passed away. A very few things were parceled out by her to her siblings. Time passed, decades in fact, during which my sister also passed away and all thoughts of old family mementos gradually drifted to dust. But a few years ago, after we had retired and moved back to Forest Grove, my sister's oldest son told me he had a couple of cardboard boxes of my Mom's stuff he had cleaned out of my sister's place; and did I want them? Of course I said yes, but something like two years passed before I actually got around to getting the boxes in March 2018. There's not much in those two small boxes to document my childhood; mostly hands full of poorly composed, unlabeled snapshots from an old Kodak. I can actually identify most of the folks in the photos, even though Mom seldom found it necessary to label them. But, two of those photos triggered distinctly weedy memories.

As I remember, the week was ungodly hot when my Dad took the family on one of our very infrequent trips away from Forest Grove, and I



believe the main reason was to visit my Uncle Larry (Dad's youngest brother, and a newly minted United Methodist Pastor) at his church posting in Wasco County, Oregon; and then on south to the area of Vale, Oregon, where my Aunt Edith (one of Dad's younger sisters) and her family were working the potato harvest. Up until then I had little idea that part of the family maintained as migrant field hands, a skill set acquired as they moved from Oklahoma to Oregon during the Great Depression. So, when I picked a couple of photos from Mom's tattered cardboard box I was instantly transported to the side of a long ago potato field. Though the photos are poor quality, I can see the dust surrounding a giant machine as it is captured unearthing the crop; the same dust swirls in stopped motion around the obviously weary field hands stooping to pick the potatoes and throw them into huge sacks which they drag along behind the machine. And I remember feeling miserable and too hot, Butch Wax melting from my flat-top crew cut (Dad's mandate as long as he paid for the haircut!) and worse yet, feeling some shame that my relatives were some of the ones dragging those sacks. Maybe some weeds of memory are best left un-watered and not germinated.

But then, memory transported me away from the misery that was Vale, and back to events which followed at home in Forest Grove.

It was probably the next summer after the "potato field epiphany" that Dad decided that his largest single garden planting of the year would be potatoes - Idaho Russets! We kids got detailed along with Mom to cut up "seed" spuds, preserving one "eye" on each piece of the potato we were butchering. Next we had the distinct pleasure(?) of stuffing those bits of potato into a furrow Dad made, one of us gouging them into the dirt, another following along pushing in the dirt from the furrow sides and covering the planting. Row after row we went as Dad ran the tiller he had borrowed from Uncle Cecil (of the infamous strawberry farm). We put hundreds of "eyes" into that clay soil, and as we spent the summer watering and weeding, each one quietly produced many, many large Idaho Russets! Dad had a bumper crop that year, and he carefully planned a place to store all those spuds while they seasoned into edible sustenance for his ever hungry family of seven.

The old family home at 23rd Avenue and D Street sat atop a hand dug "basement," more of a dirt floored pit

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Potatoes

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nearly seven feet deep, which likely dated from the home's construction about 1915. Access to this pit was by way of a trap door in the laundry room which was itself accessed from outside via the back porch. Two of the original basement walls were fired red clay block perhaps made at the old Forest Grove Brick Works on south B Street, and one wall and a partial-height fourth were cinder block added by my Dad when he extended the pit early on in our residency. A bit of Romex wire ending in a pull-chain socket holding a single 100 Watt light bulb hung from a floor joist out in the middle of the space, giving just enough light and shadow to scare children. The place had spiders, big long-legged house spiders, and usually held only terror for children's imaginations, except when it got a bit of water on the floor some wet winters. Then we'd quietly lift the heavy trap door, sneak down the stairs, sit on the last step above water, and until Mom caught us, float boats made from stray bits of lumber. Perhaps Dad should have paid more attention to the reason behind some of the rants Mom threw at him about her misbehaving brood. The basement is where Dad had decided to stow the potato bumper crop, "for to season them." It seemed to him to be the perfect dark, cool, and dry root cellar.

Well, 2x4 shelves were built along the two red clay block walls of the scary basement. On a couple of gruesomely hot late summer days now-ripe "spuds" were laboriously pried to the surface by a shovel stuffed into the ground beside the potato plant (accompanied by Mom's frequent admonitions to avoid the tubers below!) and the fruit of the harvest was gathered not in huge gunny sacks, but in boxes and buckets; each box and bucket was then hand-carried or pushed via wheelbarrow around to the back porch where they were lugged to eventual unloading onto Dad's new root cellar shelves.

The harvest was finished in a day or so. The trap door dropped shut, and Mom once again declared the basement off-limits; this time she got no pushback, as none of us wanted to see those spuds again! This entire experience was the first time that images of potato harvest in Vale were brought to the surface of memory, only to be forgotten again as events unfolded.

Summer days slipped away. The rest of the garden chores were grudgingly accomplished by reluctant children, school started, and the situation beneath our feet, in the scary basement/root cellar was entirely forgotten. Forgotten for a while, that is.



A funny thing about alluvial valleys like the Gales Creek/Tualatin River Valley is that even if you think you're on "high ground," you might have water actually moving through that ground a few feet below; it is simply a consequence of water from the higher reaches of the Coast Range moving along layers of gravel and sand deposited eons ago, and eventually covered over with clay soil silt, and more gravel, and even more soil in a continual geologic dance of deposit.

This layering explained the times Mom caught us floating boats in the basement dug down almost into the gravel/sand deposit closest to the top of the supposed hill we lived on. But the memory of punishing us for specific instances of not obeying Mom never made Dad consider his root cellar's geology: It really should have, considering we had a mighty

wet winter that year. I think it was Mom who first noticed something amiss via the pungent smell in her laundry room. Realizing the most likely source of the noxious vapor lay beneath our feet, one of us kids (probably oldest brother Cliff) hauled the trap door open and there was water about 18 inches below the top step of the stair; meaning that there had to be about an additional 5 feet below the surface. Rotting potatoes formed the fleet now sailing the waters of Lake Basement. Our parents were not happy farmers.

Dad got home from his graveyard Shift at Diamond Lumber Mill on Friday of that week, and rented or borrowed a large volume submersible pump and a couple of hoses. Into Lake Basement went the pump; out to the back garden went the hoses, and draining the Lake commenced. When the pump had done all it could the child labor crew was once again put into action. Slogging about in rubber boots we muttered childish curses (quietly, because Mom treated cursing as a Cardinal Sin) and scooped up spuds. One bucket at a time the stinking soggy potatoes were hauled back up into daylight, and unceremoniously dumped onto the very dirt from which they had previously been plucked. The potatoes we ate for supper came from Safeway.

Potatoes were never again the main attraction of Dad's gardening. The root cellar returned to the status of off-limits scary spider abode. That is not to say garden chores ever stopped being part of our childhood misery and education; we actually learned that to get something useful out of life, you've got to put a good deal of effort into it. Just perhaps we also learned a lesson about exploring a wee bit deeper before you commit your hard earned assets to what you think is safe keeping!



Windows to the Past: 2018 Tour of Historic Homes

By Melody Haveluck, Member-at-Large. Photos courtesy Melody Haveluck, and Jim and Diane Morris.

There is an African proverb that says, "It takes a village to raise a child." I've adapted that quote to be "it takes a small island to put on a home tour," and in my heart I believe it does. It starts with the makings of an incredible committee who worked together brainstorming, sharing ideas, and putting in countless volunteer hours. A big thank you to committee members Susie Johnson, Carol and Jim Hilsenkopf, Skip Buhler, Barbara Johnston, Eva Guggemos, Joyce Sauber, and Carol Taylor.

Next is the gracious homeowners whose love for their historic home creates a need for them to share it with the public. Then there are all the people who work on the sidelines to promote the event from the ticket outlets to the business card sponsors, and the Forest Grove News Times article. And let's not forget about all the volunteers who step up to the plate and lend a hand to make the



2018 homeowners, left to right: Selena & Peter Boone, Terri & Rick Engleman, Susan & Roger Nipp, and Valerie & Allen Warren.

event successful.

What made the 2018 tour unique was the diversity of the houses. Who doesn't recall the Castle School Day Care ran by Marty Warner? Current owners Valerie and Allen Warren purchased the home in 1997, increasing its value by updating all the electrical and plumbing, and remodeling the interior of the home, adding wonder of one the most amazing and largest historic homes in Forest Grove.

Residing on the same street just one block up from the Old Train Station is Susan and Roger Nipp's home and Selena and Peter Boone's house. The Nipps have lived in their home since the 1980s and just recently did a kitchen remodel. One of the highlights to the home is Roger's upstairs "man cave." On another note, Roger is an avid holiday decorator and one must not forget to drive by during the Christmas season to see his yard all lit up.

Much love and care went into the redecorating of the Boones home. Although the Thomas/Hoge house was on the FHFG historic home tour in 2014, the difference was quite remarkable. Taking the home back to its Victorian days just added to the antiques and family bible on display. It was a true joy to view Selena's and Pete's handy work.

Just a few blocks up Ash Street is the Engelman's home. Rick and Terri fell in love with the house the first time

they viewed it. Although the home is over 100 years old, it still boasts having the original fixtures and switches. Also located on the site are seven oak trees with one being on the list of historic trees.

Finishing out the diversity of the houses is the Southwestern-styled home most commonly known as the Bumps House located on 17th Avenue. Currently owned by Joan Ellen and Craig Jones, the house was built in 1928 in the "Spanish Eclectic" style and is the only one of its kind in Forest Grove. Craig shared with us the kitchen breakfast nook built from one of the fallen oaks in Rogers Park and that some of the trim and woodwork are recycled from the old bleachers of Neil Armstrong Middle School.

Then there is the legend of Vera's ghost who resides at Knight Hall located by Pacific University. The house was constructed in 1879 and it currently serves as the Admissions



Knight Hall, then and now.
Courtesy of Pacific University archives.



Jones residence.



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Windows to the Past

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Nipp residence.

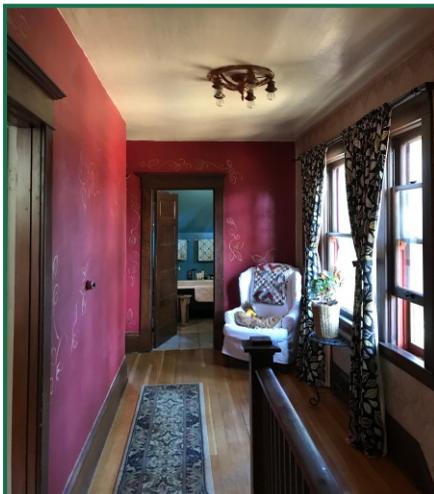


office for the University. I used the word sustainability in reference to this house as proof historic homes can be used in multiple ways and not become victims to wrecking balls.

Here are a few statistics for this year's home tour: 340 attendees, grossed over \$5600, seven amazing homes, including the A. T. Smith house, 35



Engleman residence.



business card sponsors, six advance ticket outlets, 27 volunteers, 12 homeowners and nine committee members. This all adds up to "one small island."

For those of you who were unable to attend this year's home tour, our Webmaster, Eddie Glenn will be creating a Virtual Homes Tour Video on the fhfg.org website. Be sure to visit the website for this and other important items.

Finally, as chair of any committee and writer of an article about a past event, you are always concerned that you haven't praised all those who helped make the event successful. To everyone who had a hand in this year's *Windows to the Past* homes tour a big THANK YOU!



Boone residence.



Annual Membership Dues		
Name:	_____	
Address:	_____	
City:	_____	
State/Zip:	_____	
Phone:	_____	
Email:	_____	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Check here if you wish to receive our newsletter by email.	
Membership Levels		
\$15	Individual	\$
\$25	Family	\$
\$50+	Friend	\$
\$100+	Supporter	\$
\$250+	Community Builder	\$
\$500+	Benefactor	\$
\$1000+	Lifetime Membership	\$
Membership Dues:		\$
Additional Donations		
General Fund		\$
AT Smith House Fund		\$
Old Train Station		\$
Total:		\$

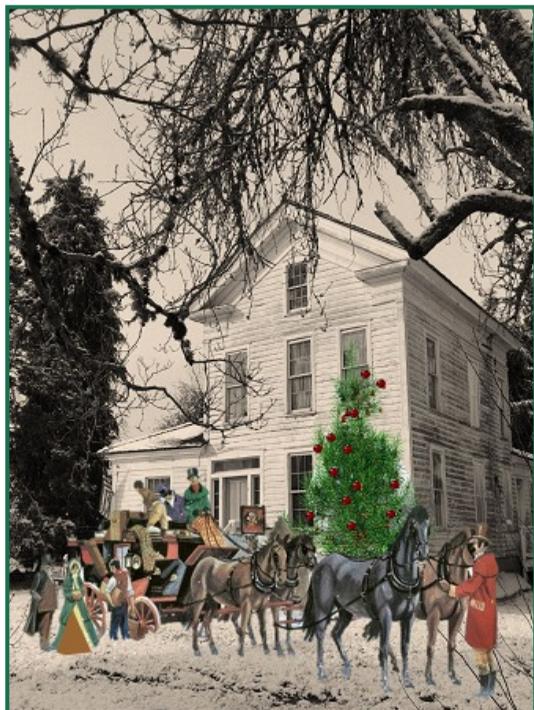
Mail this form and your check to PO Box 123, Forest Grove, OR 97116; or avoid a stamp and conveniently pay online by visiting fhfg.org/membership

FHFG 2018 Holiday Social

Old College Hall
2021 College Way
Forest Grove, OR 97116

December 2, 2018 | 4:00 - 6:00pm

The Friends of Historic Forest Grove invites you to join us for *A Festive Celebration of Christmas Past*, an evening of fellowship, story-sharing, reminiscing, food and drink in the beautiful setting of historic Old College Hall on the southwest corner of the Pacific University campus. \$10 donation suggested. Free street parking is available.



Composite courtesy of Kathy Juvet.



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Like Us On Facebook!

To all FHFG's wonderful members and those who enjoy reading its newsletter, there are other ways to communicate your thoughts to us! One is the use of Facebook. If you are a Facebook subscriber, FHFG has a page in which it tries to promote and inform people on current events as well as history items.

Although Like-ing us on Facebook is a way to get FHFG information out to your Facebook contacts, a better and more effective way is Share-ing us. Selecting Share instead of Like additionally gives you an avenue for adding your comments and thoughts. There are some great events coming up, and what an easy way to let all your family and "Friends" know about Friends! FHFG looks forward to hearing from you through Facebook!