

THE FRIENDLY GAZETTE

August 2020 | www.fhfg.org



03

EVENTS

09

REMEMBRANCES—
WHERE IS HOME
NOW?

14

TREASURES IN
THE OTS

15

CORONA VIRUS
JOURNAL



Table of Contents

- 03 EVENTS
- 04 LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT
- 05 FRIEND-LY NEWS
- 06 DEALING DRUGS IN FOREST GROVE- PART 2
Whether quack or cure, druggists have a long history in Forest Grove.
- 08 FUN TIMES AT THE OTS
- 09 REMEMBRANCES—WHERE IS HOME NOW?
- 12 FHFG BUSINESS
- 14 OTS TREASURES
- 15 CORONA VIRUS JOURNAL—
A living history project you are invited to join!
- 15 PARTING SHOT

Are you as intrigued by the history of our community as we are?
If you are not already a member, we would love for you to join us!
Find details at www.fhfg.org



ON THE COVER: Cherie Savoie Tintary and Kay Demlow celebrate the anniversary of suffrage. FHFG will participate with a Chalk the Vote event on August 26. Watch for details! Photo by Jay Demlow.

ABOVE: Eddie Glenn and the Marketing Committee set up the Kalapuyan sign exhibit which will remain outside the Old Train Station through August 23. Photo by Nader Khoury.

Events to mark on the calendar

AUG
23

HISTORY PUB: CENTENNIAL OF SUFFRAGE

Sunday, 6:30pm–McMenamin’s Grand Lodge, outdoors at Pat’s Corner. Historian, songster Cece Otto is booked for a live, socially-distanced, outdoor History Pub at McMenamin’s Grand Lodge presenting “Centennial of Suffrage: A Concert Commemorating the 19th Amendment.” Through a mix of story, song and humor, Cece Otto shines a new light on an important period of history, and commemorates some of our country’s most determined and bravest women.



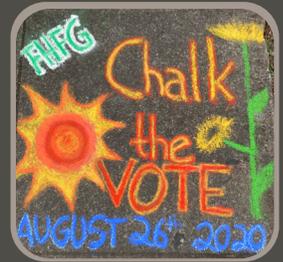
AUG
26

CHALK THE VOTE

Wednesday–FHFG joins the Oregon Women’s History Consortium and the Oregon

Historical Society to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the 19th Amendment, the 150th anniversary of the 15th Amendment, and several more key voting legislations.

Text from the amendments will be written in chalk around the Old Train Station. This event will also mark the opening for our new sign exhibit, *Winning the Vote in Forest Grove: Suffragettes and Voting Rights*.

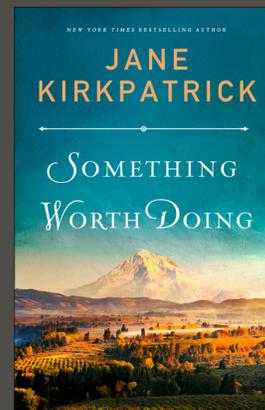


SEPT
15

JANE KIRKPATRICK

Tuesday, 7:00pm–VIRTUAL
Beloved award-winning

Oregon author Jane Kirkpatrick will present from her latest book about Abigail Scott Duniway, *Something Worth Doing*, in a virtual event hosted on the Forest



Grove City Library’s Facebook page and YouTube channel. Jane is internationally recognized for her lively presentations and well-researched stories that encourage and inspire.



BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Megan Havens, President
Martha Khoury, Vice President
Eddie Glenn, Treasurer
Eva Guggemos, Secretary
Tom Beck
Alanna Colwell
Gary Eddings
Melody Haveluck
Marcus Hazelett
Christine Kidd
Travis Powers

NEWSLETTER Writers & Photographers

Skip Buhler
Megan Havens
Eddie Glenn
Martha Khoury
Brenda Schaffer
Don Skinner
Jay Demlow
Walter Giersbach
Eva Guggemos
Nader Khoury
Cheryl Skinner

Newsletter Editor: Brenda Schaffer

Printed by Gann Bros. Printing, Forest Grove

With special thanks to Jill Verboort’s
State Farm Insurance

Letter from the President

by MEGAN HAVENS, FHFG PRESIDENT

Dear Friends,

Little did I know when I agreed to be nominated as the new President of Friends of Historic Forest Grove that I would take office in the midst of so much national turmoil. We are truly in a time of transition where each of us is confronted with changes in our lives that we could not have imagined a year ago.

One of the 2019 Board's last opportunities to meet as a face-to-face group was at our long-term planning retreat in March. One of the goals we set for ourselves at the retreat was to develop a strong Inclusion Statement this year. In our discussion, we agreed that our goal is to curate the past and present stories of Forest Grove for all those who were, are, or will be residents of Forest Grove. I am so grateful for the amazing team of people to work on achieving our goals for this year.

In addition to being the President, I will be chairing the Outreach Committee this year. Martha Khoury will chair the Marketing Committee and Eddie Glenn will chair the Finance Committee. Mary Jo Morelli has been appointed Chair of the AT Smith House and Property Committee and Don Skinner will continue as Chair of the FHFG Museum and Library. Many other amazing volunteers have stepped up to perform tasks ranging from caring for Abigail's Garden, to installing electrical outlets, to reviewing negatives from the Forest Grove News-Times. New sub-committees and ad hoc committees are forming around specific tasks and issues. I'm so pleased that our new committee structure continues to develop!

With respect to all,
Megan Havens, President

Did you know...

You can support FHFG in ways that won't cost you a dime!



- Specify FHFG as your charity of choice, Fred Meyer and Amazon donate a portion of what you spend.
- FHFG receives credit for your recyclables at local Oregon Bottle Drop. If you have refundable cans/bottles to pick up, or need blue bags, we can help. Email info@fhfg.org or call 503-992-1280.
- Give through your employer using the Benevity program.
- Set up a birthday/event fundraiser on Facebook and specify FHFG as the recipient. For details on how you can help, check out www.fhfg.org/giving.

Friend-ly News

While circumstances have prevented our public gatherings, Friends of Historic Forest Grove has nonetheless been very busy!

Board Transition- Online elections received record levels of membership participation! Departing the board are President Mary Jo Morelli, Don Skinner, Skip Buhler, and Terri Erskine. We are so appreciative for their valuable leadership, and of course, their continuing energy and assistance to FHFG!



Natalie Klaus, FHFG Scholarship Recipient

Scholarship Winner- This was our first year to offer a FHFG scholarship and we congratulated Natalie Klaus, the winner of the \$1000 FHFG Scholarship for Excellence in History. Natalie demonstrated leadership through student government, National Honor Society, and Dance Team; and excellence in history in advanced history classes with perfect grades. As

a Valedictorian, she credits proximity to Pacific University and its heritage as a strong influence toward pursuing further education. Thanks to Scholarship Committee Mary and Bill Drew, Nader and Martha Khoury, and generous member donors. www.fhfg.org/community/scholarships.



FHFG awarded \$25 to the following Honorees: Suleyma Jesus-Francisco, Elamny Hernandez-Guarema, Sarah Ornelas, and Ada Yavuz (no photo available).

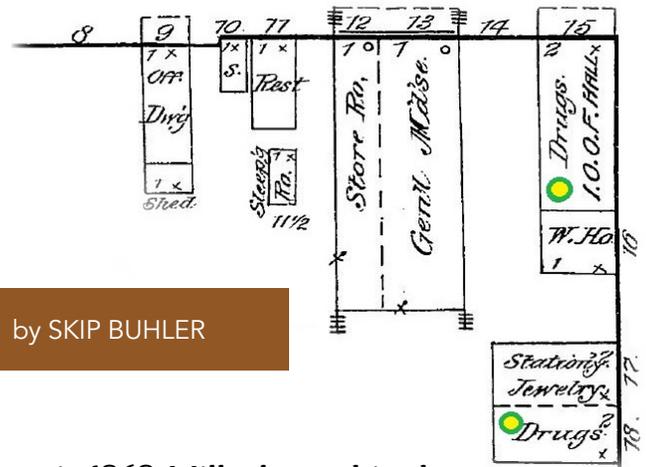
Coloring Contest-To honor National Historic Preservation Month in May, FHFG sponsored a coloring contest with pages from *Historic Homes of Forest Grove*. A few of the wonderful entries are pictured below. Winners received a coloring book with a gift card to a local small business. Additionally, the Bidwell clan won a Family Membership to FHFG—welcome! You can download your own coloring pages for free, purchase a coloring book, and view the entries at: www.fhfg.org/cc-winners.



Drug Dealing

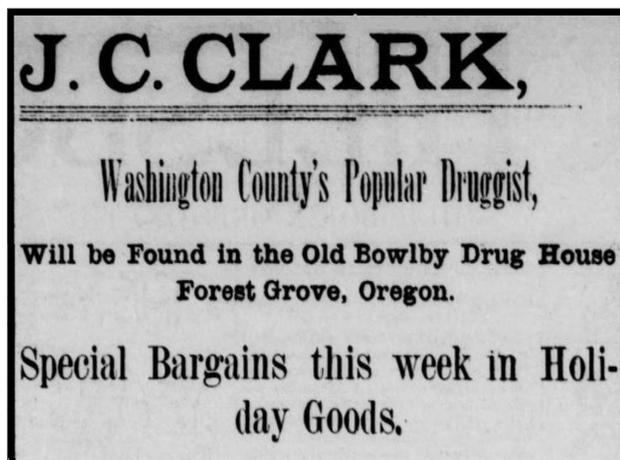
in Forest Grove

Medicine and its Early Practitioners Part 2



When Forest Grove's pioneer druggist **Wilson Bowlby** died in early 1895, a call must have gone out for reinforcements, because that year a number of professionally trained, licensed pharmacists quickly appeared to fill the town's orders. One of these was **James Clayton Clark** who, after 17 years practicing in Gervais, took the helm of the Pioneer Drug Store. In 1897, Clark married **Susan Robbins Danforth**, becoming the nephew-in-law of **Jane Marie Smith**, and all living in the Smith house on B Street; unbeknownst to him, this was an ideal union as it gave him sanction and credibility with the Congregationalists and Temperance folks amongst whom Mrs. Smith circulated. Known as "The Popular Druggist" shortly after arriving, Clark maintained the shop for few years, but spent more time as a real estate agent and as City Recorder.

Charles F. Miller also arrived in the Grove in 1895, and opened his first shop "at Dr. Via's old stand," (where Pizza Schmizza is today), right next to Hine's shop. Born in Lebanon,



JC Clark drug ad. Hillsboro Argus, 12-19-1895.

Oregon in 1868, Miller began his pharmacy work in 1884, at age 16, working in his brother Milton's drug store in Lebanon. In December 1897, **J. C. Clark** sold the Pioneer Drug to a man named **Hollister**, who in turn sold it to Miller. Miller moved into the old Bowlby building at Main and Pacific, the new proprietor of "Pioneer Drug."

A son of pioneers himself, Miller's name is well known because of the years of conflict between him and the various forces of Temperance in the city, succinctly summarized in Ken and Kris Bilderback's 2014 book on Forest Grove. Though these Temperance groups might look the other way for certain church-affiliated druggists, they had their sights set on Miller from the start, and wanted his version of "Pioneer Drug" shut down. By 1912, after a series of court cases and suspicious fires, Miller had had enough of the conflict, and found a new job, as narcotics agent for the Internal Revenue department. After serving terms as Linn County state senator, his brother Milton became Collector of Internal Revenue, which may have helped in Charles clinching the job, as did his past experience selling narcotics legally.

After Miller sold the store in April 1912, "Pioneer Drugs" went through a number of owners. Two of them, **Charles Van Koughnet** and his brother-in-law, **Ross Reder**, had moved to the Grove from South Dakota, and after five months running the store, they renamed it "Van Koughnet & Co.," and became affiliated with the Rexall Drug chain. Reder was soon enlisted in the Army as a medic in WWI, and Van Koughnet ran the Rexall store alone for decades, and later with a new partner

Earl Wagner, before handing over the reins to Wagner in the early Fifties.

Around that time, **Al Sylvester** was looking to run his own drug store, after having managed McClellands for a spell, and purchased the Rexall in 1955 from Wagner. Sylvester was a compassionate soul, and would frequently help out customers when they couldn't cover the cost of prescriptions.

Another target of the temperance folks' anger was **Dr. Charles E. Hines**. A native Grover, Hines graduated from Pacific University, and after post-grad work, he returned to open his shop on Main St. (around 1902) with his partner **John P. Wagner**, in what is now called the Wagner Building. Like Bowlby, he was a state representative for several years, and a member of the city's Board of Trade. Hines had his office over the pharmacy, and though trained in medicine, he usually staffed professional pharmacists in the store. Wagner may have been involved at the beginning, but soon left to have a career in the newspaper business.

As with Miller, Hines was the target of the temperance folks and the University, who wanted him closed. But Hines was also a politician, he knew everyone, and had connections. Hines took a break from his drug store in 1912, to serve as postmaster, and the store was managed during that time by local Grover **Frank Meresse**, but

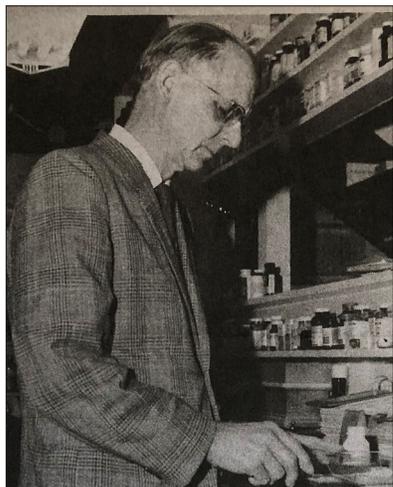
everyone still knew it as "Hines Drugs." In 1916, Hines returned to his pharmacy, and worked there until shortly before his death.

At roughly the same time, another Portland pharmacist wanted to open a drug store in the Grove: **Charles A. Littler**. Littler had been a clerk at Portland-based Woodard-Clarke Drug Co., but began planning in 1908 to open a smaller version of this monolithic store in Forest Grove. He opened in early 1909, in the J.N. Hoffman building on Pacific Ave, near Council Street. Five years later, he scored a space in the newly completed National Bank Building, in the north room's ground floor, and he renamed the business "Forest Grove Pharmacy," even though everyone knew it as "Littler's." Littler was a very religious man, and perhaps because of this, he was generally left alone by the Temperance army.

One striking aspect of the shop, at least to modern eyes, was Littler's use of the swastika as a motif in advertising, both in newspapers and on his storefront. The swastika, an ancient symbol and motif, for Buddhists and Native Americans alike, and ruined in the 1930s by Hitler and the Nazis, was extremely popular in the early century. The Pacific Coast Biscuit Co. of Portland used it in advertising baby crackers, and that may be where Littler picked up the symbol. Littler stayed in business for decades, selling everything

from phonographs to Kodak cameras, before handing the reins over to **W.N. "Neve" Bone** around 1945. Bone finally retired in 1962, which marked the official end of Littler's.

In the late Thirties, two younger pharmacists came on board at Hines Drugs: **Earl Wagner** and **Thomas McClelland**
Continued on page 11



Left to Right: 2. Al Sylvester at work in Rexall Drug, Forest Grove News-Times, 1-4-1973. Dr. Charles Hines. From the Forest Grove Board of Trade photo, 1904. WCHO. Hines Drugs, near Main and 21st. ca. 1915. From Images of America: Forest Grove, p.54.

At the Old Train Station

By Don Skinner,
Museum Manager

With all this COVID-19 stuff going around, the OTS has been closed with periodical appearances by yours truly to pick up or deposit boxes of News Times negatives we inherited last year. While entering the information accompanying the negatives, I've come across some interesting subjects. Some will be posted on our Facebook page.

This IS Kalapuyan Land

We have teamed up with Five Oaks Museum (formerly Washington County Museum) to celebrate the original people of the Willamette Valley. Yard signs, provided by Five Oaks are placed around the front of the OTS and in some of the windows. We encourage you to stop by and take a look.

In this land, years ago, there was a large shallow lake about three miles up Thatcher Road, roughly between Hillside and Kansas City. Lousignont Lake was its name. The lake was drained and is now farm land. The Lousignont area was originally the home of one of the bands of the Atfalati (also known as Tualatin) tribe, one of the Kalapuyan peoples of the Willamette Valley.

The Tualatin for the most part spent winters in camps around the regional lakes, such as Wapato Lake near Gaston, and the other bodies of water fed from rivers and creeks such as the Tualatin, Dairy and McKay. Like Wapato Lake, Lousignont was a shallow expanse of fresh water.

The collection of artifacts—including the mortars and pestles pictured at right—we have on display are from the Lousignont Lake area and is on loan to us from the Tom Meier “3 Mile Museum” collection.

These artifacts illustrate the rich history of the Atfalati in our neighborhood. The Kalapuyan people are now part of the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde.

Learn more at this website:
fiveoaksmuseum.org/exhibit/this-is-kalapuyan-land/

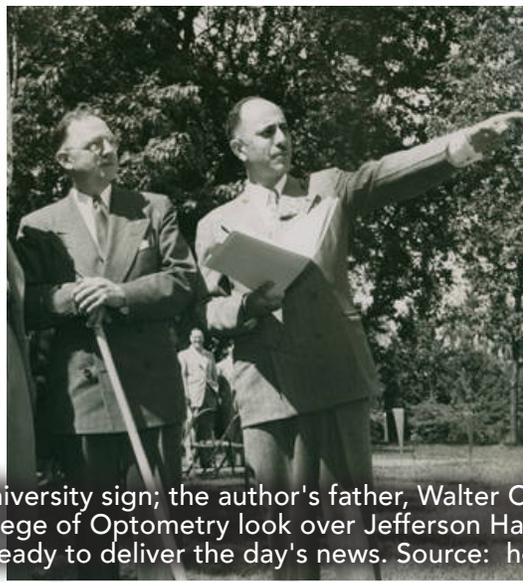
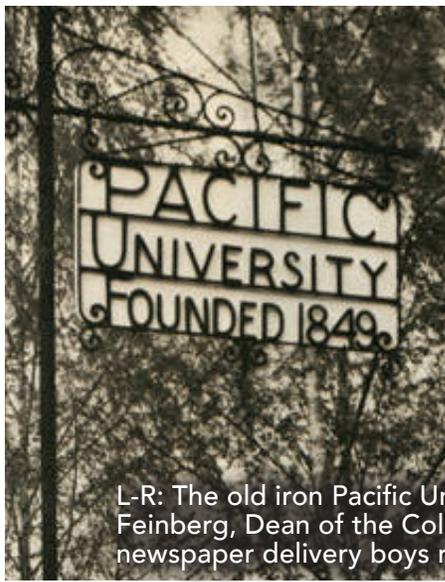


TOP: Costume of a Callapuya Indian, 1841, by Alfred T. Agate. Courtesy Oreg. Hist. Soc. Research Lib., OrHi 104921

ABOVE: Mortar and pestle along with other stone tools were buried at the campsite because, well, rocks are heavy to haul around.

BELOW: One of many posters of Kalapuyan art presently on display at the Old Train Station at 1936 19th Avenue through August 23.





L-R: The old iron Pacific University sign; the author's father, Walter C. Giersbach (left) and Dr. Richard Feinberg, Dean of the College of Optometry look over Jefferson Hall building site in 1951; Forest Grove newspaper delivery boys ready to deliver the day's news. Source: heritage.lib.pacificu.edu.

Remembrances...

Where is home now?

By Walter Giersbach with introduction by Eva Guggemos

We were happy to receive these memories of Forest Grove in the 1950s from Walter Giersbach of New Jersey. He is the son of Walter C. Giersbach, the President of Pacific University from 1941-1953. His mother, Marion, was an important figure in preserving early Forest Grove history: she founded Pacific's Museum in Old College Hall. The memories below illustrate how President Giersbach's departure from the university in 1953 affected his family. As Pacific's Archivist, I am struck by how an event that was dry and political in our records was so very different in the eyes of a child. - Eva Guggemos, FHFG Secretary and Pacific University Archivist,

My world had no endings when I was 13 in that small Oregon farming and logging town.

Only beginnings in 1953. Fields and groves were endlessly green. Gales Creek flowed forever and asphalt roads led to new sights. Life in Forest Grove was a page of Dylan Thomas poetry.

Mornings began at six o'clock when I pedaled my Schwinn bike to the Shell station on Pacific Ave. for my pile of newspapers. But first, I dropped two quarters into the machines to extract a Milky Way candy bar and a Coke. Now fortified, I gave each copy of the Portland Oregonian two practiced folds and dropped it into the canvas bag draped over the handlebars. For the next hour, I pedaled miles to stuff them into the newspaper boxes for my 50 customers. I

was getting rich at \$20 a month, in spite of having to hector customers who wouldn't answer their doors when I came to collect.

Life was good and eighth grade was a cinch with a really funny teacher who regaled us with stories about his drinking escapades in the Navy and a strange food called pizza.

But one April morning a headline caught my eye as I folded papers. My Dad's name leaped from the Oregonian's front page. It was a story about Pacific University that I couldn't understand—a complicated story about the faculty in rebellion. Accusations. Hatred exposed.

While he had saved the college from bankruptcy in his dozen years there, many were rankled that he had also been appointed a state senator.

Something had happened. The faculty had given my Dad, the college president, a vote of no confidence. He explained it to my two brothers and me over dinner as we sat in dumb silence. Mom was trying to hold back her tears. "I'm resigning," he told us. "We'll have to think about moving.

Moving? But I was at the point of telling Judy Bristow I loved her. Soon, I'd find the courage to kiss my 11-year-old girlfriend. Moving meant I'd never again see my pal, Frank Dunham, who double-dated at the Grove Theater with his girlfriend and had actually kissed her (he said).

Our house on College Way was emptied that summer as boxes and furniture went into the Allied Moving Van. Accumulations of papers and magazines were thrown from the attic window to the driveway. Dad's library and Mom's manuscript of Oregon history were carefully boxed. But my Red Ryder BB gun, Schwinn Black Phantom and Erector Set disappeared.

Too soon our family and the cat were piled into our used '48 Cadillac sedan and we headed south: Too soon to properly say goodbye to Judy and Frank or copy their addresses with promises to write.

Finding myself in South Pasadena was a shock. I was a year behind academically. There were curious classmates—Mexican-Americans—who wore pegged pants and called themselves Pachucos. And the girls in our church youth group were all blonde and unapproachably sophisticated.

My two new friends were geeks who read L. Ron Hubbard and J.R.R. Tolkien and wore clothes from J.C. Penney. My only achievement was writing my autobiography by hand, pasting in Kodaks, then binding the

single copy. I got an A from my 9th grade teacher.

My brothers and I, Mom and the cat, lived in our rented bungalow and took each day as it came. For some aberrant reason, I ate only lunchtime sandwiches of Wonder Bread and Kraft Sandwich Spread. But I didn't die. Dad immediately found work as a fundraiser with the Volunteers of America before landing a position with the headquarters of the Congregational Church in New York City.

I didn't write except for that handwritten autobiography. I read. Science fiction, Reader's Digest Condensed Books, the Hardy Boys and other mysteries. But two things became clear. One, I was Heinlein's Stranger in a Strange Land. Like Valentine Michael Smith, newly sent to Earth after being raised on Mars. Among different people for the first time, I struggled to understand the social practices and prejudices of human nature that often still seem alien.

Second, an internal universe of words appeared. Writing, absorbing new vocabulary and explaining things articulately were easy. Numbers came harder. This default writing ability made me an English-Journalism major at Grinnell College in Iowa. A career epiphany occurred the summer of my junior year. I was invited to be a staff reporter for a Chicago suburban weekly. I covered fires, the police blotter, sports, rewrites, even weddings, taking my own photos with a Speed Graphic. At last, it seemed there was an escape into the real world.

My first job after graduation was writing copy for new Mobil Travel Guides. Sure, it was a



“ For some aberrant reason, I ate only lunchtime sandwiches of Wonder Bread and Kraft Sandwich Spread. But I didn't die. ”

humdrum task—until I got an unsolicited letter from a woman who said she was home-bound. She read the Guides to escape into a world that was out of her reach. At last I had an audience, and every piece I wrote was directed to my secret spectator.

Three years of serving as an Army Security Agency analyst took me to Korea and Taiwan. Taiwan brought me a wife and some great source material I filed away for 30 years.

For the next three decades I soldiered on in corporate communications, writing and editing employee publications: writing press releases: managing exhibits: crafting senior management's speeches. I embraced it all. Each day in New York City was different. No one knew my job description, which allowed me to define my position and interact with everyone from the CEO to the clerk or bench worker. They were my audience that I worked to reach on some level of understanding.

Upon early retirement I ruminated on why I was drawn to publish two anthologies, short stories and articles. It was simple: Somewhere there was a person who would read my words and say, "Yes, I know exactly what you mean. I've felt the same way but wasn't able to put it into words." I could help that person leave his or her couch or bed and enter another world.

My wife and I returned to Forest Grove, once, to refresh my memories, reprise childhood experiences, and introduce her to my past. The educator Maria Montessori said a child is imprinted with his or her first home. And that's what Forest Grove is to me.

I managed to have Mom's manuscript, *A College Grows in Oregon: The Splendid Audacity of Pacific University*, published by Pacific (commons.pacificu.edu/beetree). In the process, I would discover meaning in the world that had turned me upside down.

That's why I write.

Drugs Continued...

(no relation to the one-time president of PU). Not long after their move to the newly completed Watrous Building in 1940, the store became known as "McClellands Pharmacy." **Jack Grant** was the well-known pharmacist at McClelland's in the 1960s, who many may remember.

Another major pharmacy of this era was Goff's. **Frank H. Goff** opened his pharmacy in the early 30s, next to the Grove Theater. In the mid-1940s, Goff moved across the alley from McClellands, at 1927 Pacific: Later, Goff opened a second store the corner of Pacific and Cedar.

At a "Blathering Gathering" at the Old Train Station, Frank's son **Rodney Goff**, his wife **Lois**, and colleague **Charles Hull** visited and spoke of their years working at the Goff store. Many of the readers will certainly remember these pharmacists and have their

own fond memories of them and their interactions. If that's you, please share your story with us at info@fhfg.org or record it on our voice mail at 503-992-1280. Sharing is one of the most effective medicines around, both therapeutic and cathartic!



Interior of Goff's Pharmacy, 1932. Photo courtesy of Rodney Goff.

Preparing for Our Next 30 Years

by EDDIE GLENN, FHFG TREASURER

Over the past several months, FHFG has been optimizing our organizational structure so that we can do more, be more efficient, and prepare ourselves for a major capital campaign. At our long-term planning session, the Board recognized that we often spend much of our meetings discussing day-to-day operations of the group instead of focusing on strategy, objectives, and long-term planning. In addition, we recognized that our attention is often focused on the

AT Smith Property which kept us from managing other aspects of FHFG.

With this in mind, we created several standing committees that are responsible for handling day-to-day operations of key aspects of our organization. These standing committees will implement the strategies and goals as set forth by the Board of Directors.

Here is a summary of responsibilities and organization.

FHFG Financial Summary YTD (through June 30, 2020)

FHFG Fiscal Year runs from May 1- April 30.
For a full financial statement, contact treasurer@fhfg.org

RECEIVED	YTD
Financial Donations	\$1,303
Memberships	\$650
FHFG Events	\$0
Merchandise Sold	\$75
Amazon Smile Program *	\$0
Benevity*	\$0
Bottle Drop Program*	\$200
Fred Meyer Rewards*	\$0
Misc Revenue	\$1
YTD Income	\$2,229

EXPENSES	YTD
OTS Operational Expenses	\$478
ATS Operational Expenses	\$289
Membership Events	\$0
Fundraising Event Expenses	\$10
General Expenses	\$979
FHFG Programs	\$25
YTD Expenses	\$1,771

OTHER GIVING	YTD
Scholarship Fund Donations	\$0
Gifts-in-Kind Received	\$20

* On page 4, learn how you can contribute through these programs at no cost to you.

GRANTS RECEIVED	AMOUNT RECEIVED	AMOUNT SPENT THIS FISCAL YEAR	AMOUNT REMAINING
2019 Kinsman ATS Pest Grant	\$20,000	\$0	\$17,025

FHFG is led by our Board of Directors. The responsibilities of the Board are defined in our bylaws, but to summarize, the Board is responsible for setting the vision, mission, and strategy for the organization. The Board determines our priorities, objectives, and goals and has a fiduciary responsibility to FHFG.

The Executive Team is composed of the organization's four officers. It is responsible for executing the Board's priorities and strategy, and handling day-to-day operations of the organization.

Our bylaws also define a Special Committee for handling day-to-day operations of the AT Smith House and Property. The chairperson of this Committee is

an ex-officio member of the Board of Directors and the Executive Team.

As you may know, FHFG has three main missions: educating the community about the importance of our history, preservation, and fostering a community for individuals who share these interests. As the diagram below shows, we have created Committees to support these objectives. The Committees are given an allocated budget and a set of goals/priorities from the Board. With this, they are given the responsibility to handle day-to-day decisions and operations.

We also have created a Marketing Committee and Finance Committee that are responsible for these aspects of the organization.

Standing FHFG Committees

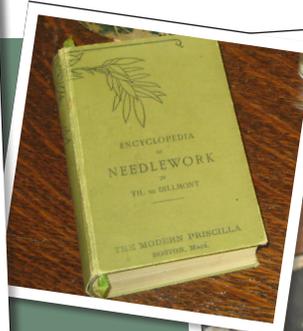


We Thrive on Volunteers!
 Get in touch to get involved in an area that interests you.



OTS Treasures

Curious Items from the Museum Collection



by CHERYL SKINNER

This edition of Treasures at the OTS is about the treadle sewing machine we have on display. Many of you have probably seen or even owned one.

This is a Montgomery Ward Sewing Machine, a "National VB 2" and was probably made between 1890 and 1910. It was donated to the museum by Helen Smithers.

National made these "badge" machines as generics that other companies branded as their own such as Sears, Montgomery Ward and even local hardware stores.

What makes this particular machine special to us is its history of being on display in the window of the Montgomery Ward store during Forest Grove's Gay Nineties celebrations. For those who don't know about our Gay Nineties, it was held every year in February or March. The whole town participated by dressing in period clothes, a parade was held, and most of the downtown stores decorated their display windows, as well as several other attractions/activities.

A treadle sewing machine is powered mechanically by the operator's foot pushing the pedal back and forth. Treadle sewing machines were still made into 1955.

Montgomery Ward (Monkey Wards) was a catalog store at 2012 Main Street, one door south of Bites which was the previous location of Al's Rexall Drug Store. (A personal tidbit is that my mother's cousin worked at the Ward's store for a time.) My husband Don remembers as a boy seeing the sewing machine in the window, even though he couldn't have cared less about sewing!

Montgomery Ward stores were begun in 1872 by Aaron Montgomery Ward in Chicago, IL. They went out of business in 2000.



Did U Know?

Monkey Wards: In 1938 Wards began offering pets supplies and pets including monkeys which was very unique and so they became known as the Monkey Store and then Monkey Wards.



Corona Virus Journal ~ A Living History Project

We invite you to participate!

Friends of Historic Forest Grove began the Corona Virus Journal program shortly after stay-home orders began. Using our website, we asked people to document their experiences. We didn't know then that the death of George Floyd would result in a resurgence of the Black Lives Matter movement. The following is a corona virus journal entry written by a FHFG Board Member whose family was impacted by those events:

In May, I went over to my nephew's house. My nephew and I talked out on the driveway because of social distancing. I waved at his two young children through the windows. I'm a white woman. My nephew is a black man. He told me that earlier that day, as part of his job, he was out inspecting a house in a part of the greater Portland area that I won't identify. After the inspection, he sat in his car, filling out paper work.

A man walked up to him and said, "I hope you aren't participating in any of these demonstrations, because you all aren't slaves any more."

My nephew said, "No, sir." And continued filling out his paper work.

The man went away. Shortly after that, another man rode past on a bicycle and yelled the N-word at him. My nephew decided to leave.

I heard his story and tried not to cry. That evening, I went to the Black Lives Matter demonstration at the flagpole in Forest Grove. I borrowed one of their signs. I stood on the side of the road with my facemask on, and cheered every time someone drove past and honked a horn.

The next day, I got to the flagpole early. There was a stack of signs leftover from the day before. I took pictures of each sign. Each sign was unique and I thought that behind each sign there was a story.

Meanwhile, my nephew told his supervisor what happened. His supervisor told his supervisor who called my nephew and heard what my nephew had to say. The company contacted all the people of color who work for them and asked, "Do any of you have stories to tell?" and they did. They put all of those people on a Zoom call together and asked, "What can we do to make things better?" And all the people on the Zoom call gave them suggestions. They took the suggestions and made them real.



Help us tell the story...

Join us—become a member!

Volunteer

Donate Historic Items—We'd really like someone to donate a Sears or Montgomery Ward Christmas catalog for our mid-century display at OTS.

Donate Products & Services.

Contribute Funds.

Remember us in your estate planning.

And **Thank You** because none of our work could continue without you!



Sometimes it feels like we've been here before:
A Seattle Street car conductor not allowing a passenger aboard without a mask. 1918.

Record held at:
National Archives
at College Park,
MD. Record #
165-WW-269B-11.



FRIENDS OF HISTORIC
FOREST GROVE
PO BOX 123
FOREST GROVE OR 97116

(503) 992-1280 (messages)
info@fhfg.org
www.fhfg.org

RETURN SERVICE
REQUESTED