

# THE FRIENDLY GAZETTE

November 2021 | [www.fhfg.org](http://www.fhfg.org)



**04**

FRIENDLY NEWS  
& EVENTS

**08**

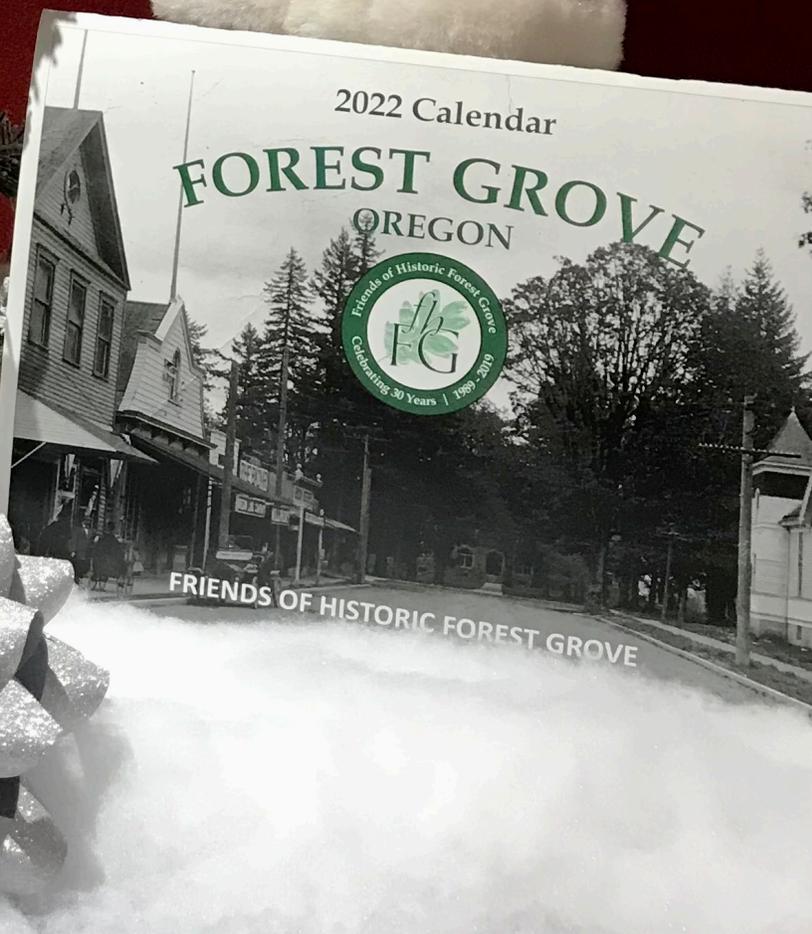
CHRISTMAS  
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A.T. SMITH HOUSE

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OREGON'S  
ELECTRIC RAILWAY





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Left: Forest Grove School Board Chair Kate Grandusky accepts a plaque for the 1921 Gales Creek schoolhouse, now called the Jennie Ranes building. Photo by Terri Erskine



**ON THE COVER:** The FHFG 2022 Calendar is a wonderful thing for several reasons. 1) Since we were not able to hold our usual fundraising events, we are counting on calendar sales and our Annual Giving campaign to fund our budget. 2) This is the year of the Forest Grove Sesquicentennial, so our attention will be turned to the history of our fair city. 3) What do you get that person on your gift list who has everything? **Buy yours today!**

Photo courtesy of Melody Haveluck.

# Letter from the President

by MEGAN HAVENS, FHFG PRESIDENT

Dear Friends,

In our house we have several copies of the book, *The Polar Express*, written and illustrated by Chris Van Allsburg. When our children were young, we read it out loud at least once every Christmas season.

It is a book about believing in magic. In the book there is a sleigh bell that you can only hear if you believe in the magic of Christmas. For children the magic of Christmas has to do with unopened presents and shining lights and hot chocolate and (maybe) snow. But, what is the magic of Christmas for adults? It is that sense of the possibility of things—of believing that anything can happen—if we have faith and work hard enough.

There have been times in the last year when things didn't happen—when they couldn't happen. It didn't matter how hard we worked. We needed to keep everyone safe and we had to cancel events and close doors.

Nevertheless, we are choosing to "Believe." We believe in the coming Holiday season. We believe the doors will be open and the events won't be cancelled and the sleigh bell will ring for all of us because we believed. The sleigh bell will ring because we've learned that by working together, we can make the magic happen even if the doors are closed and the events are cancelled.

Show your belief in magic by supporting Friends of Historic Forest Grove as part of this year's Annual Giving fund drive. We hope you will participate in the annual Holiday Social—the theme of which comes directly from *The Polar Express*. "Seeing is believing, but, sometimes, the most real things in the world are the things we can't see."

Join us in believing in the magic.

Happy Holidays.

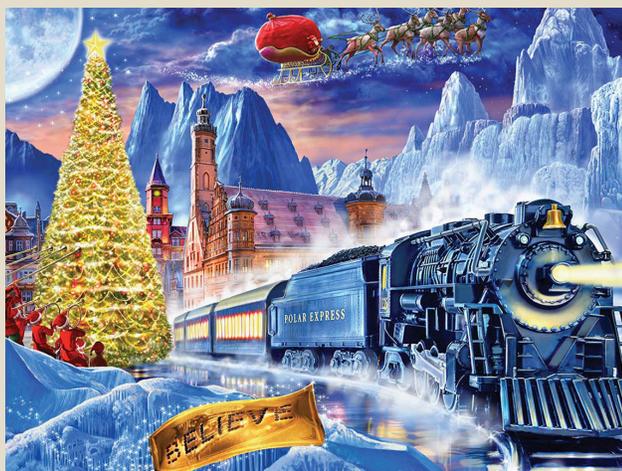
Megan Havens, president  
president@fhfg.org  
831.402.9819

# Friend-ly News & Events

## Save The Date!

DEC  
5

Plan to join us for the  
FHFG Holiday Social!



### Believe! 2021 Holiday Social

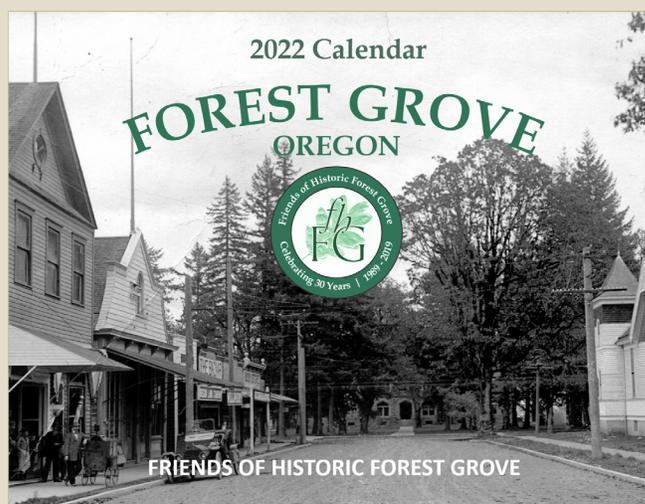
"Believe" is the theme for the 2021 Holiday Social from the popular children's book, *Polar Express*. With fingers crossed, we are planning an in-person event at the Old Train Station for Sunday, December 5, 5-7 pm. Back-up plans are also in the works should we need to go virtual again this year. Watch for your invitation in the mail and RSVP as soon as possible, please.

### The 2022 FHFG Calendar is here!

The 2022 FHFG Calendar is for sale featuring photos of Forest Grove of days past, as well as thumbnail photos of current locations. They can be purchased:

- online at [www.fhfg.org](http://www.fhfg.org)
- at locations around town including
  - Corner Antiques
  - Pacific Donuts and
  - Forest Grove/Cornelius Chamber of Commerce.
- directly from Melody Haveluck at [mhaveluck@fhfg.org](mailto:mhaveluck@fhfg.org)

**Calendars are \$15  
and they make a great gift!**



[www.fhfg.org](http://www.fhfg.org)

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LATINX YOUTH ACTIVISM IN THE WILLAMETTE VALLEY

## History in the Making: #StandUpFG Celebrates Latinx Youth Activism

Five years ago, students staged a walkout at Forest Grove High School in response to racially-charged incidents on campus. They used social media to organize and encourage others to participate. By lunch time, thousands of students from across Oregon had walked out in support of #StandUpFG, the hashtag used by Latinx youth activists to represent their movement.

Five Oaks Museum (formerly Washington County Museum) is hosting an exhibition to tell the story of #StandUpFG, its connection to the past, and how Latinx youth activism continues to shape our collective futures. The online exhibition of narrative, contemporary artworks, *testimonio*, and other forms of creative expression, is curated by Israel Pastrana, an educator/historian with Portland Community College's Ethnic Studies program.

Israel has designed a walking tour to go along the route students took. It is called a *museo ambulante* (walking museum) and will be fashioned similarly to the yard sign exhibitions we have seen at the Old Train Station. Israel and Five Oaks received a Forest Grove Community Enhancement Project grant to help fund creating this supplemental walking tour exhibition. Each yard sign will contain a QR code that links back to the online exhibition. Watch for it through town.

More information can be found at:  
<https://fiveoaksmuseum.org>



## Did you know...

You can support FHFG without spending an extra dime!

- Ask us for a blue Oregon Bottle Drop bag.
- Designate Friends of Historic Forest Grove with Amazon Smile and with Fred Meyer Rewards.
- Have a birthday/event fundraiser through Facebook.
- Have your Employer match donations with Benevity.

If you need help setting up any of these, email [info@fhfg.org](mailto:info@fhfg.org) or call 503-992-1280.



# Native American Heritage Month...

## Grand Ronde and Wapato Lake

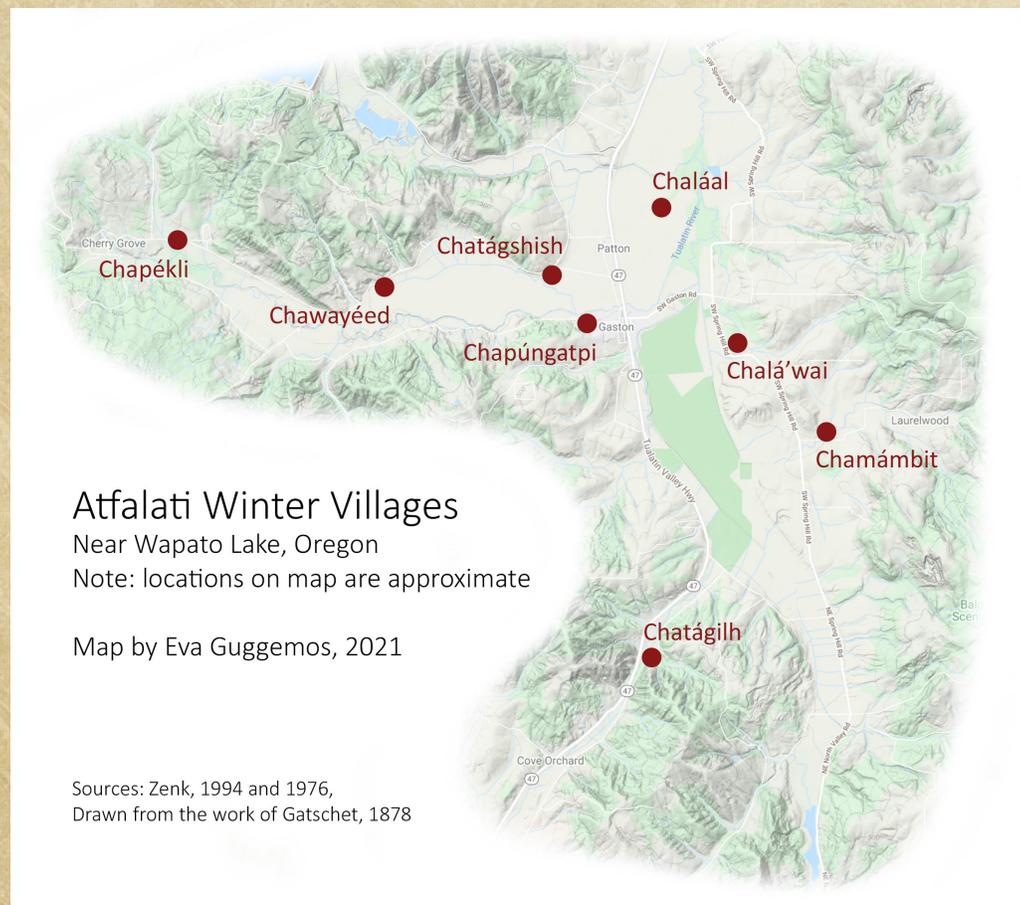
By Eva Guggemos, FHFG Secretary

If you look to your left while heading south from Forest Grove past Gaston, you will see wetlands that swell with the winter rains into a broad, shallow lake.

Known as Wapato Lake, this seasonally flooded area was drained to create onion fields in the early 1900s. This ideal habitat for waterfowl is now under the management of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which has begun restoring the lake and surrounding wetlands. A limited hunting season has been announced for this winter, while a walkway and viewing platform near Brown Park are already in place for visitors.

The historical significance of the lake is not easy to see from the highway. At one time, it was important not only for its wildlife, but also for its great abundance of wapato. These bulbs, which grow in wetlands from Oregon to British Columbia, were one of the most significant sources of food for Native peoples.

Many winter villages of the Atfalati, or Tualatin Kalapuya people, once lay within a few miles of the lake. Near the site of modern Gaston, there was a village named Chapúngatpi. On the east side of the lake, there were villages named Chalá'wai



and Chamámbit, or “creek place.” Southwest of the lake, possibly near the old Wapato School Road, was the village of Chatágilh, or “fir-bark place.” To the northwest in Patton Valley were Chatágshish, Chawayéed and Chapékli; and just to the north of the lake was Chaláal, or “thread-grass place.”

We know of these place names today through the words of one of the last inhabitants of Chapúngatpi, an Atfalati man named Kinai. He was also known as Peter Kenoyer. Kinai had lived in the village of Chapúngatpi before the U.S. government forced his tribe to relocate to the Grand Ronde Reservation in the 1850s. An ethnographer visited Kinai at Grand Ronde about twenty years later and wrote down his memories of the days before Europeans arrived. As the ethnographer stated:

The Tualati, or, as they call themselves, Atfalati tribe [...] derived a portion of their daily food from the “wild potatoes” (or wapatu in Chinook jargon) growing at the bottom of the neighboring Wapatu Lake. It is the root or bulb of the *Sagittaria sagittifolia* and was gathered by the women of the tribe, who caught it between the toes, or by pressing both feet together, and had to stand in water up to the waist all day during the ripening season.

Another nearby site was the meeting place for the annual wapato harvest. Chachiif, or “crawfish place,” was where the Atfalati would gather each fall. This was located at the north end of Wapato Lake near where it meets the Tualatin River. The same word was sometimes also used as the name for the lake itself. The tribe’s annual gathering fell roughly in the month of October, a time that was known as Atchálankuaik in the Atfalati language. Afterwards, the Atfalati would bring the bulbs back to their winter villages, where preserved wapato could feed their families over the rainy Oregon winter. They also traded wapato products



Near the site of Chachiif, at the north end of the former Wapato Lake

with neighboring tribes, gaining access to resources like dried salmon that were harder to get in the Atfalati homeland.

Grand Ronde tribal members are looking forward to the regeneration of Wapato Lake. While the pandemic has made it more difficult to organize events, their cultural department has been working on plans for a gathering there in the fall, possibly beginning next year. The event may include the gathering of traditional foods or crafting supplies that still grow in the area. This will primarily be an event for tribal members, but there may be room for participation by others.

Friends of Historic Forest Grove can help our local community begin to learn more about this important cultural history. The historic A.T. Smith House sits on the edge of the same wetlands complex where Wapato Lake lies. The Atfalati probably harvested wapato from other stands near the house, and they also passed near it on the trade routes that once ran from Wapato Lake up to Sauvie Island. Acknowledging the deep history of the land and how it connects to Native culture can be a part of how we interpret the Smith House and property moving forward.

## Christmas Memories



Jim Morris (bottom row, center) with B-57 maintenance crew, Phan Rang, Vietnam, 1969

**W**hen I think of Christmas memories, my mind is flooded with magic nights of anticipation and thrilling mornings of excitement, and I know that Christmas is supposed to be for children. But then there comes back to me the memory of the four earth-shaking Christmases I experienced, all in a row, at the end of the turbulent decade known as “The Sixties.”

I graduated from college in 1967, the heart of the protest era and of Vietnam. To serve my military commitment, I chose to join the Air Force. At the end of August I flew off to Texas for my officer training at Lackland AFB near San Antonio. I was one of many “Ninety Day Wonders” to receive my Second Lieutenant commission that summer. My first assignment was a six-month course in Illinois, at Chanute AFB, for aircraft maintenance training.

So there I was, just-arrived in Illinois for Christmas 1967, with no friends or acquaintances, and it was 7 degrees and windy, by far the coldest I had ever been. I remember visiting the Base Exchange before wandering back to my barracks to spend the day with memories of all my Christmases past. It wasn't

sad, just a bit lonely. Within a couple of days I received the tape recording my folks made at the big family gathering on Christmas Eve, and on it every family member said hello and sent their love. It was by far the best part of my first earth-shaking Christmas.

The year 1968 was equally unforgettable. Upon completing aircraft maintenance school in Illinois, I volunteered for a Southeast Asia tour of duty in Thailand, reasoning that I would satisfy the requirement without having to risk my neck in a combat zone like Vietnam. But, as they say, the best laid plans “oft go astray” and mine did. After just two weeks in Thailand, I received notice that I was being transferred to Vietnam. Why? Because I had the “longest retainability” in Southeast Asia and they needed a maintenance officer in Vietnam. So off I went to Phan Rang, an air base in central Vietnam.

As Christmas 1968 approached, a cease-fire was declared throughout Vietnam. It seemed like a nice peaceful thought for the holidays, but not for me. Our squadron of dive-bomber planes was selected to fly to Thailand on Christmas Eve, and from there to fly bombing missions from outside the cease-fire zone. So

on Christmas Eve, 1968, I was the maintenance officer on a runway in the middle of Thailand with our planes. After they were all sent off on the mission, I joined the other men inside the maintenance building for a cup of coffee. We were listening to the radio when Apollo 8 flew around the moon and its three passengers read from the Bible declaring hope for peace on Earth. It was by far the best part of my second earth-shaking Christmas.

In 1969 everything changed again. A month before my scheduled return to the US of A in August, I met a radiant and wonderful young lady, a volunteer for the Red Cross in Vietnam, named Diane. We fell head-over-heels in love, got ourselves engaged, flew back home, and were married on September 14th in North Carolina. Our honeymoon was the drive across country to my next duty assignment in northern California at Beale Air Force Base.

At Christmas that year, we flew back to North Carolina, where we introduced Diane to the Morris family holiday traditions and she actually got to know the family she had barely met before. I'll never forget how lovely she was in her new long Christmas skirt. It was a perfect visit. On Christmas night,

unbelievably, it snowed. It was by far the best part of my third earth-shaking Christmas.

With the beginning of the Seventies, things began to simmer down just a bit. We enjoyed our first full year in California, traveling and visiting Diane's family in Southern California. We played tennis at the local park in Marysville and had a wonderful time just being in love. I guess it was toward the end of April that Diane "had something to tell me." You can imagine my surprise and delight to learn that she was expecting our first child, due at Christmastime.

And so it was that Christopher arrived on December 19th. After only three days recovering in the hospital, Chris and Diane came home to our small apartment in Marysville, where, on Christmas Eve, we dressed him in a tiny Christmas outfit and celebrated his very first Christmas together. It was by far the best part of my fourth earth-shaking Christmas.

And so, in just four short Christmases, life changed forever. Its echoes are still with us more than half a century later. It has been a voyage I wouldn't trade for anything in the world.

"We fell head-over-heels in love, got ourselves engaged, flew back home and were married..."

Jim Morris



Diane (center) on a rare visit to An Hoa Marine Camp, Vietnam, Christmas Day, 1968. Baby Chris (right) in Diane's arms at Christmas 1970, less than a week after he was born.



# Letters from 1945

contributed by RICHARD LAURSEN—NEWTON, MA

**H**ere are more snippets of the Helen Laursen letters. The Laursen family moved to Forest Grove shortly after WWII for Allan to take a job at Pacific University. The previous newsletter offers additional background. (The letters in their entirety are being serialized on the FHFG Facebook page.)

**F**orest Grove, Oregon  
August 27, 1945

We think we are very fortunate in getting a house—six rooms all on one floor for \$45 a month—a wood-burning furnace. It is five blocks from the campus... The freight people think our stuff will be through in two or three weeks so we should be able to move in about September 1st.

Oh yes!! Auntie and Uncle Lou are planning to have Christmas with us. Won't that be nice!

Love to you both, Helen

...

... Allan got here Sunday morning. We drove in to meet him in Spokane on Saturday night but he had stayed over to let his baggage catch up with him. He looks pretty thin and was white until he started working outdoors ...

**F**orest Grove, Oregon  
November 25, 1945

November 25, 1945

Dear Mother:

We had a quiet but very happy Thanksgiving all by ourselves. There was much to be thankful for--Susie, our home in the West, the end of the war, the sewer connected and the kitchen painted, etc. etc. "And," said Richie, "we have two chickens."

(Jimmie the butcher couldn't get me a big hen so he sent two smaller ones and they were delicious.) I made pumpkin pie with what was left of Richie's Jack-o-lantern---this had been waiting all this time in our cool room.

Thanksgiving morning I went to the union service at the Methodist church (this church can be seen from our bedroom window now that the leaves are off the trees). When I came home from church I saw the boys looking at a large box covered with seasonal paper in front of our house. It was filled with canned goods—from Chapter D.\* They heard that I hadn't brought any canned goods with me so they gave me some of theirs. Wasn't that a fine thing to do?

Allan was rather stunned. There are—about 31 quarts of stuff—peaches, pears, cherries, berries, beans and even salmon—and jams and jellies.

**Continued on page 15**

\*Editor's note: Chapter D refers to the local P.E.O. women's organization.



The Laursen's house, then and now.



(L-R) David Morelli and James Duncan work on replacing the window. Kathy Mandis takes down summer tour signage. Mary Jo flashes a quick smile between winter house preparation tasks.

Fall...

# at the A.T. Smith House

By Tom Beck, FHFG Board Member & Co-chair Capital Campaign Committee

**W**hile the rains never came, activity at the A. T. Smith slid from summer to fall. Fletch is back on Li'l Red, as he calls the riding mower, and back to field mowing after we had the mower equipment repaired. Pruning of the fruit trees and grape vines was also finished. Mary Jo hosted a visit from the Chamber of Commerce, where we were able to show off the new photographs hung for summer visiting.

The cost estimates for the proposed amphitheater came in higher than we had hoped at \$94,381, which did not include landscaping. Given this development, the Capital Campaign Committee (CCC) recommended that the Board conduct a strategic planning exercise to bolster our ability to raise funds before moving forward with the amphitheater project. This activity will hopefully be completed before spring, and we can then proceed as directed based on the results of this work.

Mary Jo and David have been working with our contractor to complete the restoration of the south façade. The window frame was built

some time ago, and we now secured the funding to put it in place with the glass. This project is an important step forward in securing the house. The funding for this work came from a Community Enhancement Project (CEP) Grant from the City of Forest Grove and Metro Council.

The CEP grants come from the funds the City gets for housing the Transfer Station for trash and recycling on B Street that is run by Metro. Unfortunately, Metro is building an additional transfer station that will reduce the usage of the one in Forest Grove with the result that the funds the City receives will be sharply reduced in future years. Since we have been a frequent beneficiary of CEP grants, this will require us to seek funds elsewhere, which, of course, is the reason to begin our capital campaign.

In early October volunteers helped “put the house to bed” for the winter by rolling up the rugs, removing the various illustrations from the walls, and weeding Abigail’s Garden. Volunteers are need for nail pulling from the interior walls. We can always use volunteers: contact Mary Jo at [ATSMManager@fhfg.org](mailto:ATSMManager@fhfg.org) to get involved.

## At the Old Train Station

For the entire month of November, the OTS will be honoring our Veterans. We have a number of items we will display in the lobby and windows so those passing by can see what we have accumulated. With the OTS open by appointment only, this is a good way to see our displays so please stop by and take a look. We will be posting pictures and stories on Historic Forest Grove Facebook page so please visit the page and enjoy the postings along with all the other postings.

I encourage you to thank a Veteran but please, only if it is from the heart.

I was asked to tell a story for the newsletter so here goes:

### China Beach, June 1969

China Beach was not far from where we were located in Da Nang, Vietnam. After getting settled in, my first trip was a beach excursion within the confines for the China Beach R & R (Rest and Recuperation) Center.

First thing I learned was the sand was too hot to stand on. The procedure was to hold your towel with both hands, spread out, and let it hang down in front of you. Now, pick your spot on the beach and run to it, plop your towel down and stand on it. Now you can spread



it out. Shortly, I was getting too warm and decided to go in the water to cool off. Well, that didn't go too well because the water was about the same temperature as the air, just wet.

This being an In-country R & R Center there are lifeguard towers along the beach. These towers were manned by U.S. Navy personnel. While I was in the water the lifeguards got on their bullhorns and instructed everyone out of the pool (water). So we were all standing on the beach in the wet sand that was cooler than the dry sand I mentioned earlier. A U.S. Navy river patrol boat came into view from our right side and they began to throw hand grenades in the water. After the patrol boat went back to our right, the lifeguards said "everyone back in the pool." I was quite perplexed as to what this grenade throwing exhibition was all about so I asked one of the lifeguards about this exercise and he said they were scaring the sharks away. That was my first and only time being in the South China Sea.



Left: Don Skinner, 1969  
Above: China Beach

By Don Skinner,  
Museum Manager



# OTS Treasures

Curious Items from the Museum Collection



by CHERYL SKINNER

I chose the Studio Camera from the Grove Studio as the OTS Treasure for this edition. When Don and I first saw it and read that it was from the Grove Studio we identified with it because the studio took our school pictures. The Grove Studio and owner Hans Running were a fixture in Forest Grove for many years.

I learned much of the information I'm writing from "Hans Running's Memoirs," which Hans wrote in 2008.

Hans was born in South Dakota with his twin brother Don, in November 1925.

Later he came to Forest Grove to attend Pacific University, majoring in Journalism. After graduating he worked for a time at the News Times.

In 1950, The Grove Studio—a portrait studio—was for sale. Hans purchased the studio with a partner. A year-and-a-half later, the partnership ended. Hans and his

brother Don then renamed the studio "The Grove Studio and Camera Shop."

It was located at 1928 Pacific Avenue.

In 1955, the studio began taking Forest Grove school students' school pictures.

The camera is a Studio View camera made by Eastman Kodak Company circa 1904. This camera is an 8 x10 format, but with adapters can take other size film. The lens is an Ilexpo made by the Ilex Optical Company between 1912 and 1916.

The museum also has a Field Camera from the Hans Running Collection. It is an Eastman View No. 1, manufactured between 1904 and 1912. This camera is a 5 x 7 format. The Field Camera is portable because it has a handle, but is about 12"x12" so not very comparable to today's cameras.

Right: a field camera from the Hans Running Collection. Far right, the Studio View camera from The Grove Studio.

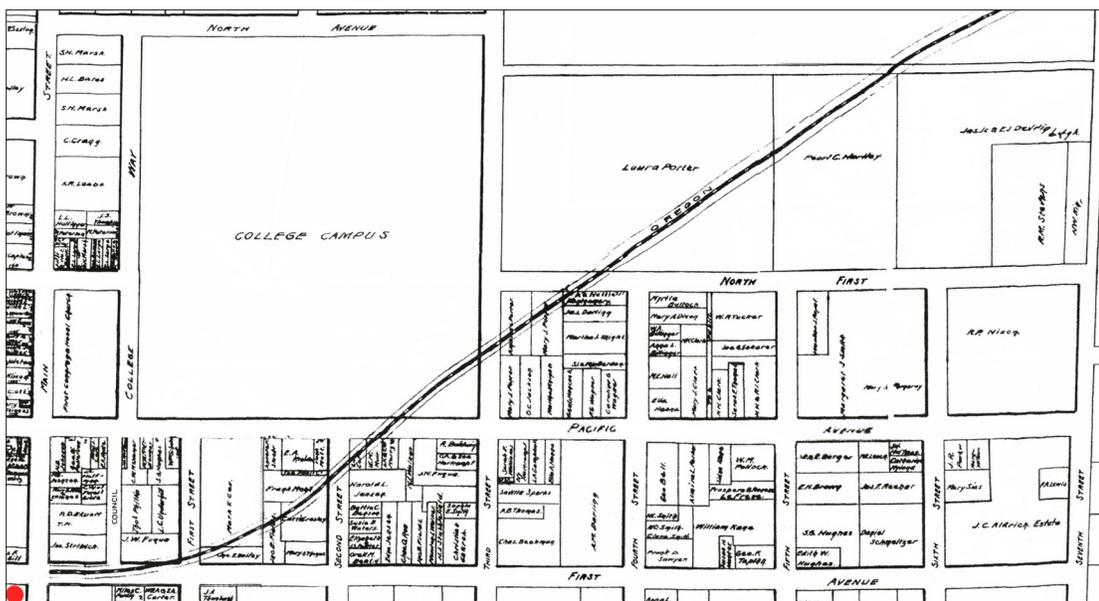


# Oregon's Electric Railway

by DON SKINNER

Oregon Electric Railway began service from Portland to Salem in January 1908. Service was extended to Eugene in 1912. What we are interested in is the interurban line from Portland to Forest Grove. This service started in 1908 and was a branch line

from Garden Home via Beaverton and Hillsboro. Regular passenger service in the Willamette Valley ended in May 1933 and operation as an electric railroad ended July 10, 1945. This line, on the north side of Forest Grove was run as a freight line by Burlington Northern into the 1990s.

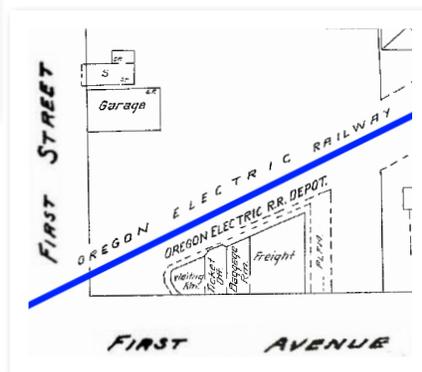


This 1909 map shows the Oregon Electric tracks into Forest Grove. The tracks cut through Pacific University and through the city blocks to terminate in the middle of 19th Ave at Main Street.

The red dot is where the OTS was built in 1912. Portion of Sanborn Map, FHFG Sanborn Map collection.



A reminder of the line cutting through the blocks is the Edward Jones building which sits at an angle facing the street corner because tracks ran right behind the building.



This close up of a 1912 map shows where the Oregon Electric Station was located—where the Fire Station is located today.

DID YOU  
KNOW

Part of this branch line, between Beaverton and Hillsboro, is now part of the MAX Blue Line!



The Forest Grove's Oregon Electric Railway station—Note the unusual roof design. Parked on the track closest to the station is a gandy dancer hand car. Image courtesy, Forest Grove Library, Eric Stewart collection.

## Letters from 1945, continued...

**F**orest Grove, Oregon  
December 31, 1945

Dear Mother and Daddy:

This in haste to let you know that we are all right now. Susie and Erik both broke out with chicken pox on Christmas Day. Erik had one restless night but otherwise hasn't complained. Poor Susie! She had a very bad case. She is peppered from one end of her to the other and was very

uncomfortable for several days. However, she had no complications but itches—that was something. Now she acts like herself but she surely looks awful.

Richard  
swinging with  
neighbor's  
house in the  
background.



We had lots of fun with the presents. Susie wears her new bathrobe every morning. The dress fits perfectly but is several inches too long. Allan thanks you for his socks.

Yesterday we took a walk out into the country--bright sun overhead. The creeks are very full but we've had no flooding. (By the way, in that storm which was very unusual--almost unheard of here--Portland was much worse off than Forest Grove. Part of the city had no electricity for days. So you see we're really very lucky out here.) We could hear a few frogs croaking. The jonquils I planted in September are coming up now and I think I saw a few violet leaves yesterday.

There's a lot I could write about but I must go now in order to finish my 1945 ironing this year.

Thanks for everything.

Love, Helen

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

# 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.

Donate Products & Services.  
Contribute Funds.

Remember us in your estate planning.

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



Main Street at Pacific Avenue looking north up Main Street. Christmas decorations adorn the lamp posts and snow is on the ground. On the right is the sign for the Badger Cafe followed by Paterson Furniture and Holbrook Lodge.

<https://washingtoncountyheritage.org/s/wcho/item/35529>



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