

The *Friend-ly* Gazette

February 2015

Editor: Lisa Amato

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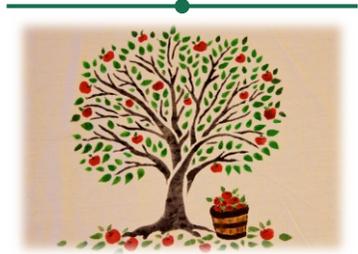
By Diane Morris, President

Do you remember how you felt on the first day of school every year? The anticipation of getting new notebooks with crisp, clean paper and newly sharpened pencils...knowing everything was fresh and new and filled with promise? Anything and everything was possible. Of course, I always had a few butterflies as well, because the unknown is always a little bit daunting.

That's how I feel right now about FHFG. The board is ready to begin planning a new year for FHFG, and everything is possible. FHFG is starting new, with fresh ideas and a clean slate. As a matter of fact, since the sale of the East Lawn property was finalized in December, FHFG truly has an entirely new agenda. The organization has no debt, which means it can concentrate on preserving the A.T. Smith house, organizing and enriching the Old Train Station, and the educational programs FHFG has envisioned for some time. At the same time, it's a bit overwhelming, precisely because the possibilities are endless. FHFG needs to refine what it wants to accomplish this year.

At the end of January, the FHFG board of directors will have met to brainstorm and plan for the year. Because there is so much to consider, the planning session will continue during the February board meeting. FHFG encourages each of you to take advantage of your opportunity to be heard. If you have an idea for a program, if you would like to volunteer for a committee, if you have suggestions for improving the projects and work of FHFG, do not keep them to yourselves! FHFG welcomes your input, and promises if you have feedback or proposals for us, someone will contact you to talk further about your ideas. The way FHFG gets stronger and better is by having better and more communication with all of its members. If you wish, you can email me directly at gardenmo@gmail.com, or you can call the OTS (503-992-1280) to leave a message.

Last year I felt the growing excitement and enthusiasm of the FHFG's membership. FHFG has many new members with amazing talents to share. There are some extremely dynamic board members who have led us through new projects and events. I learned to never say, "It can't be done." When David Morelli told me his plans for grading the East Lawn - without road-grading equipment - I thought, "It can't be done. It'll take forever, and this man has a full-time job." He proved me wrong.



Volunteer Opportunities!
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Gingerbread replica of the Old Train Station, current home of FHFG. OTS created by Diane Morris; photo courtesy Jim & Diane Morris. FHFG 2014 holiday party details on page 10



When Cristy Santangelo-Verant told me FHFG was going to serve a full catered lunch in the basement of the A.T. Smith house, I thought, "It can't be done. There's 160 years of dirt in there, no furniture, and only one extension cord." She made a fairyland in that basement, provided an incredible lunch, and proved me wrong.

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Letter from the President

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When Melody Haveluck served as chair for the Tour of Historic Homes, I thought, "She has given too much already this year: heading the garden tour, taking command of the summer picnic, in charge of preparing the A.T. Smith house for the Chamber of Commerce luncheon, meanwhile being Vice-President and head cheerleader of FHFG; she'll burn out." She and her committee put together one of the most memorable tours ever, and once again, she proved me wrong. If you don't already get the gist of what I'm saying, it's this: FHFG volunteers can accomplish anything they put their minds and hearts to.

I'm urging you to get involved. Come down to the OTS Wednesday mornings, and see what is happening. Better yet, contact any one of FHFG's board members, and talk to them about what you'd like to do to help. The board of directors used to take charge of all of the committees and did much of FHFG's workload, but FHFG is delighted to say it's getting too big for that. FHFG absolutely needs people from the membership to help with some of the exciting projects the organization has envisioned.

Daily Astoria,
January 28, 1888

"Alvin T. Smith died at his residence in Forest Grove, Sunday, January 22. As he was probably the first white American to settle in Oregon, a brief biography would be of public interest. He was born on November 17, 1802, at East Haven, Conn. Sometime in the 30s he removed to Mender, Ills. In 1840, with his newly married wife, he crossed the Rocky mountains in the same party with Rev. Harvey Clark and Mr. Littlejohn as independent missionaries. They spent the first winter at Lapwai, then came to the Willamette valley, settling on his donation land claim, near Forest Grove, in the fall of 1841, which claim he held until the day of his death. He leaves a wife and adopted daughter, Mrs. Goodell of this city. His funeral took place last Wednesday."

One newcomer to Forest Grove, Cherie Savoie-Tintary, has been here for only a few months, not years. She has already proposed a new event FHFG will debut this fall. Cherie will head a committee to produce a cemetery tour in October, and needs volunteers to help with this project. She has participated in a cemetery tour in California, and has already begun the research for the FHFG tour. It will be a respectful tour, with costumed re-enactors paying homage to some of the folks buried in Mountain View Memorial Gardens. This cemetery is a beautiful location, and the place where Alvin Smith and Harvey Clark are buried. If you have any suggestions, or would like to work on this committee, contact Cherie at cheriesavoie@gmail.com. Also, if you are related to or know anyone who is buried at Mountain View cemetery, please share the information with FHFG - we're eager to learn!

We have spoken before about children's educational programs. Last year a fund-raising expert told me the way for museums to survive in the future is not through static displays, but by incorporating living history into their programs. Imagine how wonderful it would be to have schoolchildren come to the A.T. Smith house for a pioneer experience!

Yes, FHFG needs to restore the house, but while it's doing that it can still be fulfilling its mission. It can educate the community with programs on the property, not just inside the house. FHFG also wants FUN to be a large part of our efforts this year; and accomplishing great things can happen while everyone is having a good time.

FHFG's possibilities are unlimited. Today is just like that first day of school.....now let's get started!

Have You Ever Wondered...?

Have you ever wondered what it takes to put on a garden tour? Here is an opportunity to not only get your questions answered, but also join in with a group of fun and energetic people. FHFG's first 21st Annual Garden Tour committee meeting will be held Monday, February 2 at 10:30 a.m. at the Old Train Station located at the corner of 19th Avenue and Main Street in Forest Grove. The committee will meet once a month until May, and the length of the meeting is about an hour. Contact Melody Haveluck by emailing her at amberdoo@earthlink.net, or calling (503) 359-5131 if you have any questions.



Tabitha Moffett Brown: A Pilgrim in the Wide World

By Mary Jo Morelli, Treasurer | Printed in the Washington County Museum The Historian, 2006.

Despite her children's protests, in 1846, 66-year-old Tabitha Moffatt Brown joined a wagon train from Missouri to Oregon. Tabitha had made up her mind: She would travel with most of her family to a land that so intrigued her son.

The journey took far longer than the family anticipated, and left them near starvation. Deep into the trip, they were abandoned by a man they hired to lead them on what he billed as the Applegate Trail short cut. They lost almost everything, but eventually made it to Salem, arriving on Christmas day.

With her last six cents, the ever-resourceful Tabitha bought three needles, and traded some clothes for buckskin. Thus began her first business of fashioning gloves for the men and women of her adopted state.

Tabitha Brown, who taught school in the Midwest to support her family after her husband died, joined with Rev. Harvey Clark to build a home and school for orphans. She also helped start the Tualatin Academy in Forest Grove to educate young children. The academy's charter later expanded to launch Pacific University.

Many came to know the small frail woman with a big heart as "The Mother of Oregon."

Tabitha Brown's eloquent writings provide insight into the remarkable woman who moved through life's "vicissitudes and dangers" with dignity, grace and no small amount of determination and fortitude.

Tabitha's depiction of Forest Grove is one that is still accurate today. Read this excerpt and then take a drive. Approach Forest Grove from the north or south, and think about her words: "... Now I must give you a short description of the beautiful scenery of this delightful and healthful country. The whole of Oregon is delightful, especially the plains, of which there are many, but this West Tualatin is the most beautiful

of all others. The outskirts of the plain are circled around with hills, a few miles distant, covering their summits with fine bunch grass, fir and oak timber. Near to the edge, the plain is circled clear around with beautiful fir trees, green all the year, standing three hundred feet high. In front of them, in contrast with the green, there are large spreading oaks casting their shade over the farmers' white houses, as there are many in full view. Grass is green here all winter, and cattle get their living without being fed. Snow seldom lies on the ground longer than a few days..."

The 300-foot Douglas fir may be gone but many other features remain. The purpose here is to experience the world as Tabitha Brown saw it. She loved Oregon! She was happy on the West Tualatin Plains and with her decision to emigrate. In another letter she describes spring in Oregon to her niece in Ohio: "... the earth has been carpeted all winter with green, and beautiful flowers of every hue and colour rise above, dancing in the breeze and glittering in the sunbeams..."

Tabitha Brown did regret the great distance between herself and family who did not make the trip. Her son Manthano and his family remained in Missouri, and she maintained correspondence with her brother and his family in Ohio. In May 1854, Tabitha wrote her granddaughter Mary Brown in Missouri.

"I occasionally have an opportunity of seeing letters sent from Missouri to the friends in Oregon. I pity their blindness - they have no knowledge of any other place in this world and believe that that miserable, sickly, frozen place is paradise. They have no conception or idea of the advantages, growth, and beauty of Oregon."

There is a transcendent quality to her writing as displayed by this letter to her niece Mary Moffat: "Not withstanding that we are absent in the flesh, not a day has passed since I received your last letter that I have not been with you, though not seen, ... Oh, that it were



Tabitha Moffett Brown, 1780 - 1858.
Courtesy of Pacific University Archives.

possible for me to fly, like Peter Parley, in his dreams, across the Rocky Mountains!" (Peter Parley was a character in a series of books by Samuel G. Goodrich (1793 - 1860.)

Tabitha Brown corresponded with many, including S. H. Marsh, first president of Pacific University. He credits her with keeping him from becoming dispirited in the consuming task of leading the new school in its early years. Marsh even encouraged her to travel east at the age of 74 to raise funds on behalf of Pacific University. She wrote many letters, some of which were published in eastern newspapers; however, she never made the trip to see family and friends she remembered so fondly.

In 1856, Tabitha wrote the following to her niece: "How delighted I should be, dear niece, if you and I were so near that we might enjoy each other's society. There is great disparity of age between us, yet, notwithstanding my advanced age, I still retain the lively habits of youth. I am thankful that I was blessed with a cheerful disposition, for I heartily believe that this is a tendency to prolong life; whereas, a gloomy, desponding being will cut short the thread of life many years."

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Atfalati Indians of the Tualatin Valley

By Greg Johnson

Much has been written about the Kalapuya Indians, but not much is known about them compared to other tribes. Very few of them were alive when the white settlers came to the valley, maybe a couple hundred or so. Historically, perhaps 8,000 Kalapuyas were living in the Willamette Valley, but the small pox epidemic of 1780-1782 killed as many as 2,000 of them. The 'fever' of 1830-1832 killed most of the rest, so when Alvin T. Smith arrived, only a few scattered bands were left in the Willamette Valley.

Alvin T. Smith had every intention of converting the Indians to Christianity, but their religious customs were so well ingrained, he had only limited success. They were hunters and gatherers, which also made it hard to teach them modern agricultural methods. It was hard to use them as farm labor because they were on the move in the summer. The Grand Rhonde Indian reservation was established in 1856, and only 65 Kalapuyas were represented. Only 26 remained in 1902, and none in 1932. Kalapuyans of today are somewhat removed from the original gene pool.

The Atfalati Indians (Tualatin Kalapuyas) were very much influenced by the Chinook cultures of the bordering area. In future articles I will cover lifestyle, housing, and trade practices, comparing artifacts found locally to those of the lower Willamette Valley as well as Sauvies Island and Multnomah Falls.



Figure #1: Pestles found in Fernhill Area



Figure #2: Net-banded weights found at Cash Dollar Site, Sauvie Island.



Figure #3: Bolo stones from Amity farm. Photos courtesy of Jim & Diane Morris

Tabitha Moffett Brown

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In a 1854 letter Tabitha wrote, labeled 'the Brimfield Letter,' she describes her own and fellow travelers' sufferings on the South Road (aka, the Applegate Trail or the Scott-Applegate Trail); her arrival in Salem; finding her only remaining money, a coin that she had thought to be a button in the finger of her glove; and her reminiscence of a conversation with Rev. Harvey Clark that resulted in a school. The adventures, phrasing, and spirit of the Brimfield Letter and all of her correspondence -- much of which was published in *the Brown Family History II* (Judith Young & Celistia Platz, 1992) -- tell us a great deal about this "pilgrim in the wide world" as she called herself.



Friend Focus: Lisa Amato, FHFG Newsletter Editor

By Diane Morris, President

We take it for granted. Once a quarter it arrives, either by email or the old-fashioned way by postal delivery. The familiar masthead and layout, filled with stories of the past, the present, and even the future of Forest Grove. *The Friend-ly Gazette*, the organization's newsletter, is a way for FHFG to share both activities of the organization and local history. Of course it is wonderful reading, and we savor its contents, learning as we read the features and reports. Did you ever stop to wonder who puts all this information together, issue after issue, year after year?

The newsletter editor is Lisa Amato, an extraordinary force of a woman who is as familiar with prepositions and conjunctions as she is with recipes for mouth-watering jams and jellies. You mention it, she has probably done it. And during our interview, I had to repeatedly ask her to slow down and repeat herself, because her mind travels much faster than the speed of my pen. She was always three steps ahead of me, and I wanted to catch up, because Lisa's story is not only unusual, but fascinating.

Lisa was born Lisa Oborn in Hawthorne, California, of Scottish descent, as you might suspect by looking at her auburn-colored hair. Her father, served in the Army with Elvis Presley in Germany (*Hell on Wheels* platoon,) and was even an extra in *GI Blues*. One of Lisa's regrets is that along her travels she misplaced the 1958 postcard signed by the King, reading "To Tiger, Love, Elvis Presley." (Tiger was Lisa's father's nickname for her mother.)

Our conversation was peppered with stories of famous people. Lisa lived in Southern California for the first eighteen years of her life, and during her teenage years she met many celebrities. When she was 14, she was roller skating at a roller rink in Reseda, and Michael Jackson asked her to be his partner for a couple's skate. Lisa remembers he was painfully shy, and all the skaters were excited he and some of his siblings were there.

Lisa became the assistant manager of a small amusement park in Woodland Hills, and during her tenure learned to be both flexible and fearless. She recalled having to climb to the top of the Ferris wheel to lay the cable, and scaling a ladder to bring stranded children down piggy-back from the broken kiddie roller coaster. While at the park, she had encounters with Cloris Leachman, Paul Williams, Richard Benjamin, Meg Foster, and Melissa Gilbert (remember "Little House on the Prairie"?) She even babysat Bobby Sherman's children on occasion.

When Lisa came to Oregon in 1980, she arrived with only a suitcase and a box of clothes. But things didn't stay that way for long: soon she began a long career in electronic manufacturing at Litton Guidance & Control Systems in Grants Pass, Oregon. Lisa started in electronic assembly by installing parts in circuit boards and soldering. From there she moved up to creating work instructions for the production floor, which eventually led to becoming a technical writer. She returned to school at age 38 to get her professional/technical writing certificate, all the while working full-time and raising a family.

I began to sense Lisa has a never-resting curiosity, and a passion to learn and to create. I mentioned at the beginning of this article Lisa has many skills. One of them, her grandmother, Ethel Oborn, taught her very early. "When I was four years old, my grandmother stood me up to the stove on a stool, tied her apron under my armpits, and told me I was going to make breakfast for Grandpa. He ate it all, bless him, eggshells and all."



Lisa Amato. Courtesy of Jim & Diane Morris

Without question, one of Lisa's greatest joys is books, both reading and writing. Taking additional classes in fictional creative writing honed her writing skills, and fine-tuned her literary dreams. She studied under Northwest authors like Craig Lesley, Robert Stubblefield, and Sherman Alexie. Lisa won an award for a short story when she was in junior high school, and these classes renewed her determination to write. Lisa's philosophy about the written word is: "You can go anywhere, do anything, be anybody, in a book. A book is forever."

It was actually this love of books, and her desire to write that led Lisa to FHFG. In May 2000, after buying a home on Birch Street, Lisa heard the annual meeting of FHFG was to be held shortly. She smiled as she recalled going to that first meeting. She said, "I walked in to learn about the organization, and walked out a board member. How the heck did that happen?"

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The Reeher Homestead

By Skip Buhler, Secretary, & Joyce Sauber, Member-at-Large

Last October, Joyce and I took a short road trip up the Wilson River Highway to meet a man with an amazing family history tied to this region, and with an equally amazing determination to see that history preserved for future generations.

Born in 1931, Jim Reeher has lived in and around Forest Grove for much of his upbringing, and today lives with his wife Ann on the original Reeher homestead located on the North fork of the Wilson River, just down the highway from the Tillamook Forestry Center. The fourth generation to live on the Reeher homestead, Jim volunteers his time at the Center speaking to visitors on the history of the Forest and the Tillamook Burn. The Reehers were deeply affected by the frequent fires that would sweep through the region, and Jim knows the stories well, handed down through the generations.

As Jim explains, the Reeher family first immigrated to Oregon from Pennsylvania, first settling in Kansas, though pushed further westward by a severe drought. After staying shortly in Yamhill and Tillamook, they arrived in the mostly drought-resistant Wilson River District (Tillamook Co.) in 1889, and built a two-room cabin, not far from Jim and Ann's current house (a former logging camp house.) Soon after, Jim's grandfather James F. Reeher built a temporary home, and a larger home on the Stage Road. They lived there for a few years before it burned down in 1904. "After it burned, my grandmother had \$500 insurance on the house, and they borrowed another \$2,000, and with the money they built a 20-room house, built on the old stage road...They wanted to be on the stage road to take in people, to have travelers stay with them." It was known as the "White House," since it was the only painted structure on the stage road, and it became a sanctuary for weary travelers, and was a well-known stop for summer visitors, known for the hearty meals, cozy lodging and hospitality. During summers, 50 guests per day was not rare.

As illustrated in Mildred Scobee Reeher's small book, *A Home in the Wilderness*, which Jim and Ann have made addendums to, the Reeher family's lives were fundamentally changed by this forest experience, altering their views in a profound way. They were escaping drought, illness, and unemployment in the Midwest, but this new world in the dense Tillamook forest made them appreciate the meaning of family and what things were truly important for survival. The children, 10 in all, learned life lessons unique to the environment. The Reeher family has reprinted Mildred's book in

"Our return trip was relieved of much of its monotony by an overnight stay at the country hostelry kept by Mrs. J. F. Reeher, the happy and busy mother of ten children, whose husband runs the stage over the tollroad, while she runs the hotel, educates the children and makes and receives her own money, in striking contrast to the days of '71, when Miss Anthony and I went pioneering and stopped at wayside inns where the wife did the work and the husband stood at the receipt of customs. The world is marching on."

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY

The Oregonian, August 29, 1906.

small numbers for family and friends, and Jim gave me & Joyce a copy for FHFG. In addition, Jim and Ann have been organizing his Aunt Helen Reeher Luebke's years of research, which is a monumental, ongoing effort. Helen kept files and folders on everything Reeher, many of which were lost over time, and there's much still to do to recover the data.

The Reeher family was relatively isolated on the Wilson River, but new forms of communication were put into practice there, making life a bit easier. When the telegraph line was put in from Forest Grove to Tillamook, Grandma Jennie learned telegraphy script, mastered the equipment, and translated messages at the house. She was also put in charge of the weather station at the idyllically-named Glenora station (which was actually at the house.) She also served as the post mistress for the Wilson post office, also at the house. Jennie was celebrated in the *Oregonian* for her heroic struggle as full-time mother and hotel matron in the "wettest place in the continental U.S."

In 1915, Grandma Reeher and her children moved to the Forest Grove area for high school, and Grandpa kept the White House in operation until September 1918: "That month, their neighbor Bill Smith was burning slash, and an east wind came up and the fire got away. It burned the White House and 30,000 acres, going up as far west as the Cedar Butte area.... That basically put an end to the business and the homestead.



Jim Reeher standing next to 120-year-old Western Red Cedar.
Photo courtesy of Joyce Sauber.

The Reeher Homestead

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Grandpa sold the land to his brother Gerald," said Jim. Not long after the Tillamook Burn, Jim's uncles Howard, Max, and Benjamin started buying back the homestead land, which was a scarred, scorched moonscape. But as Jim sees it, "the family's fond memories of the White House and their lives in the forest" brought them back.

Jim's Aunt Helen kept meticulous notes of the family's history, and further solidified the family's connection to the Wilson River landscape. Helen had worked for the Forest Grove *News-Times*, and saved all of her work from that time, such as the gallery proofs. Though most of her files were thrown away unknowingly by her descendents, Jim and Ann are today trying to build up the archive from other sources, such as Mildred's book, newspaper clippings, diary entries, and photos. There is a map circulating widely, featured in Mildred's book, showing the dwellers who lived along the Old Wilson River stage road. Aunt Helen's husband George, a logging engineer, put the map together while Helen was working on the Reeher history. If you have a copy of this map, you have Aunt Helen and Uncle George to thank, and Jim and Ann as well, because they are making them available, and are continuing the research project.

Jim grew up in the Carpenter Creek area, three and a half miles from "the Grove," went to school there and also at Watts. He recalls fishing in Carpenter Creek during recess, and the mile-and-a-half walks home with his sister Edith Grace (Lippert), passing by abandoned homesteads and eating apples from the trees. He remembers roller skating in the Watts school basement for recess, trying to avoid the crack near the furnace caused by wood splitting. He went to Central School for a little while, and later attended Forest Grove High School. His best friend in high school was Larry Bosshardt, and they joined the service together. They still keep in touch. (Larry's wife is the artist who painted the homestead house shown on the cover of Mildred's book). After graduation, Jim worked at Miller's Hardware in the 1950s, and fondly remembers the saw mill and logging people coming in for supplies such as dynamite, which was kept in the basement. He was a tree planter for the State Forestry, and then joined the service. He met Ann while they were students at Oregon State. Jim earned a degree in wildlife management, and Ann was a civil engineer planner and forest lookout in Douglas County. They moved around the state, the last position being at Jewel Elk Refuge.

Joyce & I asked Jim about the state of his family's history, and if he had a way of preserving it for the future. Did he ever! The family did not want to lose the land again, so they incorporated in 1946; the property today is a family business, and they lease out the dwellings on the property. But most incredible of all, they built a structure, modeled after the second homestead house, to hold the family's artifacts and documents, which Jim called the "Reeher Family Heritage Center." It was breathtaking! Everyone wishes their family heirlooms, pictures, stories and such will be cared for, and this is exactly what the Reeher's have done. It's such a great way to keep memories and keepsakes alive. Simply put, Joyce and I were blown away! Upstairs was a treasure trove of odd artifacts, tools, and toys arranged with labels, presenting clues of its purpose to the viewer: "When you lived this far out, you repaired tools with whatever you had on hand." Bailing wire was used like duct tape today "to keep things in working order."

This visit was especially enjoyable for Joyce. Growing up in Gales Creek, she knew many of the characters and sites Jim spoke of. Jim even had information about some of Joyce's ancestors, such as Lena Shorb, one of the first school teachers at Wilson River District when it opened in 1905. Joyce and Jim laughed about high school days, and their memory of Mrs. Graham, a teacher who "was just ancient." She had been teaching since Jim's father was in school. Also "Saturday night baths," after a week of trying to keep clothes and self clean to little avail. The visit with Jim brought back many special memories for Joyce, and we both left in amazement, discussing when we could return.

We observed constant reminders of the family's lives while walking around the homestead property: the Western red cedar that survived all the fires, and marks where the second homestead house stood; giant Gravenstein, King, and Northern Spy apple trees planted in 1889 still bearing fruit; and buildings remaining from the Atlas logging camp converted into cabins and a dining hall for family gatherings. Most of the homes and cabins along Reeher Road are today leased and lived in seasonally by Jim's children and other cousins. Jim and Ann spend the rainy months working on the family history, digitizing pictures and documents. From our too-short visit, it was obvious Jim inherited a love for learning from his environment from his family, and a desire to see the beauty in his surroundings. He also inherited the drive to record and preserve the family history, and to teach the next generation. He is a role model for historians of every ilk.

*Upstairs at the Reeher Family Heritage Center.
Photo courtesy of Joyce Sauber.*



Friend Focus: Herb & Carol Drew, FHFG Members

By Diane Morris, President

Even as I typed the title words for this article, I knew I was getting it wrong. These “Focus on a Friend” stories are intended to tell you more about some of the FHFG members, people who happen to have done extraordinary things. After an interview, one of our subjects said, “You make me sound like a super hero or something,” while another commented, “I don't feel I deserve all those kind words.” That's because the subjects have varying strengths and talents, but they all have one characteristic in common. They are all very modest people, matter-of-fact about their contributions and achievements.

So why did I begin this story with a negative, which is the ultimate no-no in journalism? The answer is Carol Drew is perhaps the most modest of all whom I have interviewed. When I complimented her at one point, she waved her hand dismissively, smiled, and said, “Oh, that's nothing.”

And she meant it. Originally I wanted to interview both Herb and Carol for this feature, but Herb was suffering from one of those nasty viruses going around Forest Grove.

Herb wanted me to concentrate only on Carol's accomplishments, because she has been more directly involved with FHFG. I explained the purpose of this column is to talk about people who have given back to our community, and who happen to be members of FHFG. Many of you already know of



Carol & Herb Drew. Courtesy of Jim & Diane Morris

Carol's contributions to FHFG, but don't know her personally. So, as in our title, the focus will be on Carol, but the story would be incomplete if I didn't include Herb as well. They are a team, and have been since junior high school.

Carol was born in Lebanon, Oregon, but moved to Southern California when she was a baby. Her father was a set builder at some major Hollywood studios, and Carol clearly remembers waiting at the Paramount gate for her Dad to get off work. They moved to Sweet Home, Oregon, when Carol was in the fourth grade. They lived on a 160-acre farm about five miles from town, raising cows, chickens, and 300 head of sheep. Occasionally while on their way to school, Carol and her mother would have to stop in the field, and help a birthing sheep before continuing on their way.

Carol attended a small two-room country school in Sweet Home. She smiled as she reminisced. “I loved it,” she said. “Some of my fondest memories were at that school.” It was a great shock when she moved up to the junior high school in town. Carol remembers having been taught by her “spinster schoolmarm” to come into the schoolroom, and sit quietly at her desk, hands folded with her knees and ankles touching. When she first entered the “town school,” it was utter mayhem...notes and papers flying by, people moving all about the room, children laughing and being generally disruptive. She laughed again. “It didn't take us long to pick that up,” she said.

Carol met Herb on the first day of seventh grade, and they slowly became friends. There were square dances at the school, and by the eighth grade they “had our eyes on each other.” They never looked back.

By high school, Herb had decided he wanted to go into journalism. He worked on the school newspaper, and also wrote for the *Albany Democrat Herald*. Carol had always been interested in music, and thought she might pursue that course. When they arrived at Pacific University, however, Carol began to realize her future might be in another direction.

Clifford Rowe was head of the journalism department at PU and mayor of Forest Grove. He encouraged his students to become involved in community affairs by asking them to report on community committees. Carol got involved. Meanwhile, Herb was also busy working for a photography studio here in town. They were married in the summer between their sophomore and junior years. Carol was studying journalism, but she also took education classes.

Friend Focus: Herb & Carol Drew

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Carol was offered the opportunity to teach in Forest Grove after graduation, but fate stepped in. She and Herb welcomed their first child, Jollene, that next year. Since she wanted to stay home to raise her family, Carol decided to provide child care service for other teachers. In the next few years, their family grew as Irene, Bill and Bethany was born.

During those years, besides caring for her children and others, Carol was active in the Methodist Church and PEO (Philanthropic Educational Organization.) Their family hosted exchange students, and welcomed a foster daughter into their home. The Drew household has always been a magnet for young people. "It was kind of a revolving door," Carol admitted. Many of the now grown members of their church youth group have become vital members of this community, and they still keep in touch.

Most of you don't know Carol Drew chaired the charter meeting when Friends of Historic Forest Grove decided to become an official organization. Many of the original members of that group - Carol, Mary Jo Morelli, Marie Mather, and Eric Stewart - lived near each other, and the group was small enough they could even walk to progressive dinners in their neighborhood. One of the earliest functions of FHFG was to document and place plaques on the historic houses of Forest Grove.

Carol participated in many or most of FHFG's early activities, but her special love was the garden tours. She also chaired two quilt shows. Herb was busy in the business sector. His mentor, Jim Sehorn, taught him about the insurance business, and led Herb on a new financial path. Carol remembers Jim as one of the finest people she ever knew, "just a godly example of what a human being should be."

Over 30 years ago, Herb, his good friend Bill Young, and Herb's secretary, who loved to sing, decided Forest Grove needed a theater company. Through their efforts, Theatre in the Grove was born. Their first production was "South Pacific," performed in the old gym at Central School. The two friends moved on to another collaboration: they founded a corporation named "Swim All Year," and raised the funds to build a covered swimming pool for Forest Grove. Along the way, Herb became president of the Kiwanis, the Rotary, and the Chamber of Commerce. He also served on the Forest Grove Town Council and on church, school, and library boards. In short, Herb and Carol served their community wherever and whenever they saw a need.

Now that their workload has eased, they have time to enjoy their family, travel, and life in general. Herb and Carol have 10 grandchildren. Carol still remains active with FHFG; she was one of the most knowledgeable members of the Tour of Historic Homes committee last year. She knows everybody in town, and they all love Carol. Who could say no when she smiled and asked if they wanted to be a part of the historic homes tour?

Which goes to my most important point about Carol Drew. I was looking for one word that describes her accurately. I thought about competent, talented, and perceptive, which are all true and good adjectives. But the word I finally settled on was gracious. Carol is a lady who accomplishes a lot, but does it in a way making you feel at ease, as if everyone could accomplish what she does. When she makes a delicious batch of cupcakes, it isn't enough they taste good. She puts flowers on top so they will be beautiful, as well. Those of you who came to the historic home tour last fall saw the decorator's touch in every room of her home. She even did "Grandma School" for the grandchildren in the summer, with educational activity books to work on in the morning, followed by fun craft activities as rewards.

One of Carol's most important contributions to FHFG is she used her skills to photograph our historic homes, then organized them into albums. Many of those images became the foundation for the scanning project that took place recently at FHFG.

So you see, they may be modest, and matter-of-fact, and look uncomfortable when we try to thank them for their service to this community, but there isn't a method to count the ways that Carol and Herb matter to us. "Thank you" doesn't seem like enough, but it will have to do.

Photo courtesy of Jim & Diane Morris.



Calling On All Busy Bees!

There are only a few muslin squares left to be stenciled for the A.T. Smith house quilt project. Wouldn't it be wonderful for you, your child, or your grandchild to have a hand (literally and figuratively) in creating this work of art? FHFG will work around your schedules - day, evening or weekend, and teach you all you need to know to make a square like the ones shown. There will ultimately be five large squares, like the apple tree, and 37 small squares, like the oak leaf, pumpkin and others, but very few remain. Sign up for yours while you can! Email Diane Morris at gardenmo@gmail.com if you are interested in participating.

2014 FHFG Holiday Party

By Jim Morris, Member-at-Large



Amy Weston & the Rose City Hot Club. Courtesy of Jim & Diane Morris.

Close your eyes and imagine an evening in December, 1914, a century ago. You're riding the gleaming new Southern Pacific Red Electric train from Portland to Forest Grove at the invitation of friends. As the train whispers into the Forest Grove station, you realize at once that something is different. Through the late afternoon twilight you see lights strung up around the station. The covered platform at the station's east end is filled with ladies and gentlemen dressed in holiday clothes, and dancing to the Christmas melodies being played by a small, but enthusiastic band. Throughout the station friends are greeting one another, exchanging seasonal stories and memories, and enjoying an evening together.

What an image, so beautiful it's almost like magic. How wonderful it would have been to share that evening with your own friends. In fact, it would have been priceless.

Those of you who joined us Sunday evening, December 7, 2014, have a very good idea about how that priceless evening would have felt. The station was decorated from end to end. The kitchen was magically transformed into the Red Electric train car in which our guests arrived.

They were greeted by a bevy of conductors, station managers, hosts and hostesses, directed toward the west end museum and social room for beverages and appetizers, and invited to enjoy "getting to know" the marvelous Old Train Station and its contents.

Outside behind the station, where the Red Electric tracks ran a century ago, there was a tented viewing area where visitors could enjoy historic videos about our city, compiled from the Friends' archives.

At the east end of the station, in almost the exact area of the original platform, the FHFG's new meeting room welcomed guests with soft Christmas and period lighting, comfortable seating and standing room, and photographs spanning the century of life in Forest Grove since the station was built. All that was needed to complete the "platform's" transformation back to the last century was some music!

And what music it was, provided by the amazing Amy Weston, along with the Rose City Hot Club. Amy, daughter of music legends Jo Stafford and Paul Weston, moved to Forest Grove in 2014, and immediately jumped smack dab into the middle of "Friends of Historic Forest Grove."

An experienced professional singer, blessed with her parents' musical genes, Amy and her combo performed several sets of swing and holiday music, transporting the audience to a kinder, gentler time in "The Grove."

Our guests that evening came from all parts of the city and from every age group. Children, dressed up for the party, danced with grandparents and friends. Others shared stories of favorite Christmases past, as well as hope for what was yet to come. On this remarkable evening, the perfect exclamation point upon a remarkable year for FHFG, it really did seem as though anything IS possible! If FHFG can do this, surely it can do anything it sets out to do.

The Christmas party was a great combined effort by the membership of FHFG. Everyone on the party committee (Cristy, David, Mary Jo, Amy, Randi, Cherie, Cheryl, Don, Joyce, Melody, Diane and Jim) was instrumental in the transformation of the OTS and grounds into Party Central.



Cristy Santangelo-Verant & husband Rob.
Photo courtesy of Jim & Diane Morris.

Special thanks go out to Cristy Santangelo-Verant, who followed up her dynamic performance at the Chamber of Commerce luncheon by agreeing to chair this committee as well. From the very first preliminary meeting, Cristy brought so much energy and excitement to her presentation we were left shaking our heads in disbelief as they exploded (*metaphorically*) with ideas and imaginings. There is no limit to what Cristy can see and do while planning an event. One of her best

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Alvin T. Smith & Abigail Raymond: Not the Perfect Love Story

By Melody Haveluck,
Vice President



A. T. Smith, 1802 - 1888.

Courtesy of Pacific University Archives.

With Valentine's Day around the corner, our minds turn to those we love. For some of us it's planning a dinner out with one we love, or just getting a card to express how we feel. This year, I'd like to share an unusual partnership that occurred in 1840 between Alvin T. Smith and Abigail Raymond.

Alvin Smith was one of the first pioneers to settle in Forest Grove. Before his immigration in 1841, Alvin was exposed to the fiery teachings of Charles Finney, which expressed the need of saving the souls of the Indians in the West. Alvin was a very religious young man, and the desire to go west, and convert the Indians was strong within him. Yet he had one obstacle to overcome: the need for a wife. According to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (ABCFM), under whose authority the mission would be made, missionaries had to be married.

This left Alvin in a pickle and he needed to find someone in short time to become his bride. This is where Abigail Raymond enters the story. Abigail was born in Sherburne, New York, April 21, 1793, and was the fifth child of 14. Although nine and a half years older than Alvin, Abigail would meet the requirement he was now faced with. It was quite the whirlwind courting, and I'd like to

share Alvin's diary entries:

March 9th: Staid in Quincy and had an interview with Miss Abigail Raymond concerning going with me.

March 13th: Went back to Quincy.

March 14th: Made some preparation for the journey and got a license to get married to Miss Abigail Raymond and came home.

March 16th: Collected some of my Clothes

March 18th: Went to see my things in Quincy and back.

March 19th: Tended to packing some of my things in Fairfield and was married in the evening at Mr. Kirby's and staid all night.

March 23rd: Took leave of friends and started for Quincy about 2 o'clock and traveled 11 miles.

Although this seems a little harsh, it was quite common in Abigail's day. The ABCFM viewed women as being vital members of the Oregon missions. The men's fiancées' credentials were carefully examined by the board prior to them being commissioned. The wives were referred to as "assistant missionaries" in the ABCFM board reports.

Although there were sparse writings of Abigail in Alvin's diaries, being the romantic that I am, I believe that with their traveling and settling of this area, building three homes, taking in other travelers as well as the orphans of those who perished on the way, their love must have grown. Alvin outlived Abigail, but in her last days, I'd like to share again from Alvin's diary the loss of his beloved wife:

April 16th: Did chores this morning and came in to sit down to the table and nearly finished my breakfast and Mrs. Smith told me then complained that her eyes hurt and she felt bad and her leg felt numb and said she felt very strange and thought she was going to die. Worked over her all day and all night: she was unconscious.

April 17th: Still worked over dearly beloved wife as she breathed shorter until 17 minutes past six in the evening when her spirit took its flight to the one who gave it.

April 18th: A sad and sorrowful day to me. About 5 in the evening followed my beloved wife to her grave.

April 19th: Did chores about home, very lonely, may the Lord help me.

Then one of the last mentions of Abigail is June 20, 1859:

June 20th: Made a fence around the grave of my departed companion.

Although a stern and deeply religious man...thus the nickname of "God Almighty" Smith, Alvin missed his wife dearly, and although he did remarry in 1869, there was a space of time he grieved for Abigail. Not the most romantic story, yet the story of a couple who were at the center of it all by becoming the cornerstone of the development of the town we live in.



2014 FHFG Holiday Party

...Continued from page 10

decisions was to lend us her husband Rob to serve as bartender, genial host, and general purveyor of good spirits.

The "ballroom" was, only a year ago, filled with the messy remains of many years gone by. It was cleaned, re-carpeted, painted, re-wired, and decorated, mostly by Don and Cheryl Skinner, and Cheryl's sister Peggy. The "kitchen train car" was conceived and executed by David and Mary Jo Morelli, another "are you kidding me???" moment.



"View from the train" in the OTS kitchen.
Photo courtesy of Jim & Diane Morris.

Decorations were supplied by most everyone, but it was the dynamic Cherie Savoie-Tintary who made many of the unique tree ornaments, and contributed on every possible level. Amy, in addition to being the musical star of the evening, was involved with the committee in all planning and decorating. She kept us all in stitches with stories of her childhood Christmases in Los Angeles, and she admitted this was her first ever change-of-seasons experience.

There were so many other contributions by stupendous FHFG members, including bags of cookies for everyone, raffle prize baskets, games, refreshments, extra lights everywhere, vintage photos on most every wall with historic time period images, and all the little things it took to magically transform good into great.

Can this holiday party ever be topped? It won't be easy. It could take a miracle. But then, with FHFG, miracles DO happen, don't they?

A Day with Jane Kirkpatrick

By Lisa Amato, Editor

In the last newsletter, I told readers about contacting award-winning Northwest author, Jane Kirkpatrick, at Lilac Days in May 2014 to ask...no, beg her to write a future book about Tabitha Moffatt Brown. FHFG treasurer and OCH docent Mary Jo Morelli and I had the wonderful privilege of spending January 14 with Jane to help her collect research about Tabitha for her upcoming book, scheduled for release September 2016.

Our day with Jane began at Old College Hall around 9:30 a.m. with introductions and a tour of the museum. Jane followed me, Mary Jo, and George and Leverne Williams, also docents of OCH, through the historical building, asking questions while using her cell phone to record every word and occasionally take a picture. Jane had been reading several books about the town, and arrived prepared for the interview with knowledge of Tabitha's and Forest Grove's history, and asked Mary Jo and I to autograph a copy of our book, *Forest Grove*, she had brought with her. The moment was especially personal for me. Imagine - one of my favorite authors asking me for my autograph!

Jane was in awe of the amount of research material Mary Jo had gathered for her to use in the writing her book. Jane was especially surprised and touched when George Williams offered her a four-inch thick notebook stuffed near to overflowing of all his historical research material about Tabitha, telling Jane she should take it with her and just return it when finished. Eva Guggemos from the Pacific University archives joined us later in the morning, and spoke with Jane about Tabitha and other people significant in Forest Grove history.

Around noon, Jane treated me, Mary Jo, and Eva to

lunch at 1910 Main before we gave her a tour of the Old Train Station. After stocking Jane up with brochures and literature about FHFG, the newsletter, etc. from the OTS lobby, we headed for the A.T. Smithhouse.

Jane was impressed with the house and FHFG's vision of restoration to eventually turn it into a museum for Forest Grove. We showed her the entire house from basement to attic, pointing out architectural features and the alcove in the second floor hall where Alvin would write in his diary while gazing at Mt. Hood in the distance.

Before we knew it, it was almost 3:00 p.m., and Jane said her brain had absorbed its limit for the day. She will be returning to Forest Grove over the next several weeks to visit with Eva at the Pacific University archives; meet Bob and Ruth Holznagel, actors/role players of Harvey Clark and Tabitha; and interview some of Tabitha's descendants.

While we were seated around the table at Old College Hall, Jane asked all of us to reflect on the following question: "After you read my book about Tabitha, what would make you say 'Jane just didn't get it! She left out the most important part about Tabitha Brown!'"

What do *you* feel would be the most important fact for people to know about Tabitha Brown? Send me your reply at amatolisa@rocketmail.com, and I'll forward it to Jane!

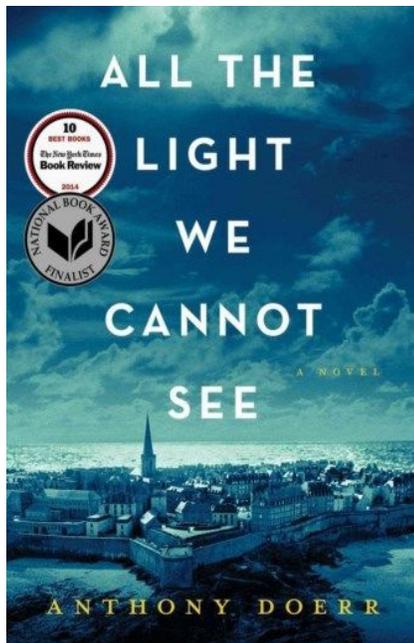


Mary Jo Morelli & Jane Kirkpatrick.
Photo courtesy of Lisa Amato.

~ Recommended Reading ~

Friend Focus: Lisa Amato

...Continued from page 5



Editor's Rating: ★★★★★

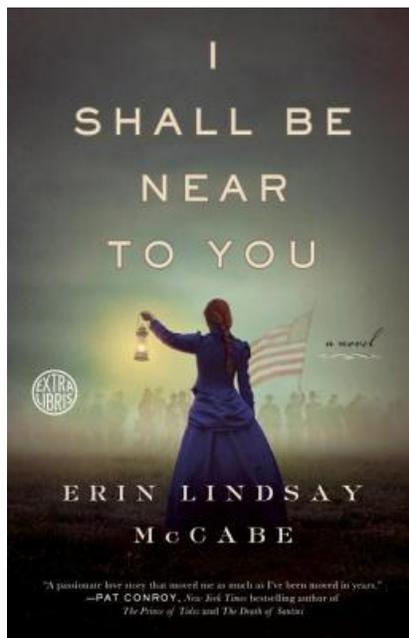
From the highly acclaimed, multiple award-winning Anthony Doerr, the beautiful, stunningly ambitious instant *New York Times* bestseller about a blind French girl and a German boy whose paths collide in occupied France as both try to survive the devastation of World War II.

Marie-Laure lives with her father in Paris near the Museum of Natural History, where he works as the master of its thousands of locks. When she is six, Marie-Laure goes blind and her father builds a perfect miniature of their neighborhood so she can memorize it by touch and navigate her way home. When she is twelve, the Nazis occupy Paris and father and daughter flee to the walled citadel of Saint-Malo, where Marie-Laure's reclusive great-uncle lives in a tall house by the sea. With them they carry what might be the museum's most valuable and dangerous jewel.

In a mining town in Germany, the orphan Werner grows up with his younger sister, enchanted by a crude radio they find. Werner becomes an expert at building and fixing these crucial new instruments, a talent that wins him a place at a brutal academy for Hitler Youth, then a special

assignment to track the resistance. More and more aware of the human cost of his intelligence, Werner travels through the heart of the war and, finally, into Saint-Malo, where his story and Marie-Laure's converge.

Ten years in the writing, *All the Light We Cannot See* is a magnificent, deeply moving novel from a writer "whose sentences never fail to thrill" (*Los Angeles Times*.)



Editor's Rating: ★★★★★

An extraordinary novel about a strong-willed woman who disguises herself as a man in order to fight beside her husband in the Civil War.

Rosetta doesn't want her new husband, Jeremiah, to enlist, but he joins up, hoping to make enough money so they'll be able to afford their own farm someday. When Jeremiah leaves, Rosetta decides her true place is by his side, no matter what that means, and follows him into war.

Rich with historical details and inspired by the many women who fought in the Civil War while disguised as men, *I Shall Be Near To You* is a courageous adventure, a woman's search for meaning and individuality, and a poignant story of enduring love.

Lisa and Mary Jo Morelli discussed collaborating on a book about Forest Grove with Arcadia Publishing. In 2009, they signed a contract, and finished the book well before deadline. It was a joint effort; nothing went to the publisher unless they both agreed. The book was released in fall of 2010 with many businesses in Forest Grove selling the book. Both Lisa and Mary Jo did book signings and slide shows in the area to promote the book; they even did a story about the book release on KPTV channel 12 news filmed at the A. T. Smith house. All of this publicity and fund-raising helped focus a spotlight on Forest Grove and the history of this region.

Now Lisa has her sights set on historical fiction. She has already written a young adult Christian book about three young people from 2008 who travel back to 1848 Forest Grove. She wants to do a series about the three friends, and already has a sequel in her head.

Lisa has two children, James and Andrew, and she has three grandchildren, Cloud, Luna, and Gwen. She and her partner, Scot, have been together for almost 20 years. Scot, who works for Nvidia, has a pilot's license, which allows them to travel throughout the Northwest. On a recent trip, Lisa discovered a place she and Scot might easily retire: Orcas Island.

Lisa has always dreamed of owning a historical-themed gourmet jam and jelly store. She has perfected recipes for over 40 flavors, and has over 100 scents for the candles she also plans to sell. Didn't I say this was one accomplished lady? She makes jams and jellies, scented candles, soaps, and bath salts; she bakes; she does needlepoint and crochet; and when she can, she also loves whitewater rafting. And in the midst of this whirlwind of activity, she edits our newsletter. I'll leave you with a quote from Lisa: "The joy is in making it all come together."

Blathering for Fun & History

By Jim Morris, Member-at-Large

If you have not yet made your way down to the Old Train Station on either a first or third Thursday morning, you just don't know what you're missing!

Since the last newsletter, we've had Thanksgiving Blathering, Christmas Blathering, and New Year's Blathering, monumental events one and all. Sitting around our large meeting room table with friends new and old, all of us blatherers are learning and growing as residents of Forest Grove.

Each gathering has seen new faces, curious and not the least bit intimidated, ready and eager to share stories and recollections. We've talked of Lionel trains, "flocked" Christmas trees, prune orchards (is there really such a thing?), floods, famines, drive-ins, drag races, teen age "rumbles," and gentle policemen. We've learned about the history of the Gay '90s celebration and parade. We've discovered "little green men from the moon" who could sing like angels, and cowboy singers who brought their own very distinctive "cow" smell. We've learned about the lumber baron who collected REAL trains, not Lionels. Mostly we've just learned how much fun it is to blather!

If none of this interests you, then we feel right bad for you.

If, on the other hand, this tickles your funny bone or piques your curiosity, why not slip on down to the Old Train Station one upcoming Thursday morning and join us. Here are our blathering dates for the next quarter: February 5 & 19, March 5 & 19, April 2 & 16, May 7 & 21. Hope to see you!

Gossip Girls at Tea. Forest Grove was well known for its Gay Nineties Festival that brought out citizens in reproduced costumes and vintage clothing for the event. It began in 1947 as a one-time barbershop singing competition, but by 1955, it had expanded to a citywide festival. Activities included a parade, mock shoot-outs on Main Street, window decorating, and costume contests. Photo courtesy of FHFG.



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