

Date: 12/10/03

Interviewer: Shirley Ewart, Tigard Area Historical and Preservation Association

Interviewee: Patricia Keerins

SE First of all, Pat, tell me about the first people in your family who came to Tigard. Who were they?

PK George Frewing, who was born in 1840 in Kent, England and died in 1922 in Portland, Oregon after moving there a few years earlier about 1920 and building a new house off of Hawthorne Boulevard himself, when he was an old man. His wife, Mary Sumpton Frewing, who was born in 1839 in Northampton, England and died in 1916 in Portland, Oregon.

SE And, they came to Tigard, then in what year?

PK 1879

SE And, apparently, they bought acreage in Tigard. Do you know how much, how many acres in Tigard they bought?

PK A hundred and fifteen acres from the Richardson family who had the Donation Land Claim at what is now Southwest Pacific Highway and between approximately Fanno Creek and what is now Garrett Avenue and bounded by Ash Street.

SE And then their children lived in that house?

PK They had a tiny little house on what is now Southwest Frewing Street, about a block off Highway 99 West, until he worked in Portland and got enough money to build a small house on the site of the present Orchard Park Apartments, which is about a block off the Southwest Pacific Highway at Frewing.

SE Which of their children are you descended from?

PK Ada Mary Frewing, who was born in England in 1869 and traveled with them – and I'm not sure about the entry point to the United States. She died in 1952 in Tigard and is buried in Crescent Grove Cemetery in Tigard, Oregon.

SE And who did she marry, then?

PK She married John Caldwell (CALDWELL) approximately 1890. He was a farmer with a large family acreage, half a donation land claim, at what is now Murray Road and Scholls Ferry. And the family had a little house which was already there, I believe, in an orchard at the back of the property, and when he was going to marry Ada, he built a large farm house. But being a canny Scot who didn't like to waste money and have ruffles and furbelows, even though it was a Victorian house, he didn't have any of the crafty siding, it was a spare and spartan design. A lovely design, like Cape Cod, because he thought it was just ridiculous and showing off that you could afford to do it and Grandpa was smart and I agree with him!

SE Is that house still on site?

PK No, it was taken down when Portland General Electric bought the north 180 acres for a site for their machinery and repair division, and then they also had a large amount of land which is now houses. Their property development group built houses there.

SE O.K. Now tell me about your father.

PK My father's name was George Anderson (ANDERSON) although properly it should have been spelled "S-E-N", but immigration didn't understand when my Danish grandfather, whom I never knew, he died when my father was small, when he said his name was "Andersen", they just wrote everything "S-O-N" whether they were Norwegian, Danes, Swedes, or whatever.

there also. My father laughed about, as a young man, coming out from the church service and finding that my great-grandfather George Frewing's horse had fallen down, and they would have to get some of the men to lift it up, because as the horses had been standing there in their buggies and drays and so forth, if they decided to have a nap, horses knees ordinarily lock so they won't fall down. But this was an old horse, and its locking didn't work very well, and so he'd just slump down, and then they'd raise him up and they'd stand ground and whistle a little and then he'd be alright until the next time. I should mention, also, that my aunt Elsie Caldwell, the oldest daughter of Ada Mary Frewing and John Caldwell told me that her grandfather George Frewing was very, very upset because, the Evangelical church preacher always spoke in German in the first days of that church. And there were not many Germans— this was a quote "German style church," a protestant church, and there weren't many German speaking people, and they got together and decided that they weren't having any more of the German speaking service, if they were going to continue to go to the church. Several of the families decided this, and so then it became an English speaking church, and I've no idea when this happened, but early on in the early days. I'm not sure what year St. Anthony's began out here, but I think St. Anthony's has had their seventy-fifth anniversary, or more, some time ago.

SE Did your mother and father meet in church?

PK No, they had known each other as little children, because, with my mother's Aunt Nell having been married to John Overholtzer, and then dying, and then Carrie Peterson, my Dad's mother, Carrie Peterson Anderson taking a job as housekeeper for John and his family, they exchanged family dinners, and so my mother and father knew each other as small children.

SE Tell me about where your mother grew up. Where was she born?

PK My mother was born at her parents' farm at what is now Scholls Ferry and Murray roads in Beaverton. His family had come, my mother's father and his father, mother and sister had come to that area in 1879 and purchased 320 acres, half of an original donation land claim.

SE Where did they come from?

PK They came from Illinois, but out of Toronto, or not really Toronto, but the area around Toronto, Canada, where John and his sister were both born. Fergus, Ontario, which I believe is not too far out of Toronto, but their father and mother had come from Scotland. I believe, from family stories, that John's father was a young man when he came from Glasgow. And his mother was a baby when she came with her parents, the Rennies, and unfortunately I know nothing about her parents or anything about their background other than that they were from the Northeast part of Scotland (Fergus).

SE Tell me, where did your mother go to school first?

PK My mother and her three sisters all went by pony cart down Scholls Ferry to what's now the Progress area to McKay School. There is a Grade School by that name now, but it was a one-room school and it was taught by Miss ---, I remember the last name as a maiden lady but she later married a man named McGowan, who was a farmer in the area, and from her picture she was a relatively tall, fairly "spinsterish" looking lady, with her hair piled on top of her head as the spirit of the times and extremely stern looking in her pictures.

SE And then, did your mother go on to High School?

PK No, my mother, I think, as a girl had a lot of stomach problems. It may have been partly nerves, but she was a skinny little thing and prone to stomach upsets and she would have had to ride her horse into Beaverton to High School. Now, my Aunt Elsie Caldwell did this, but she was the only one in those early years who went to Beaverton High School, and then later the younger sister Eleanor also went to High School, but the second sister Mildred and the third sister, Ruth, my mother, didn't.

when he was six months old he had what we believed was measles-encephalitis with considerable brain damage. And, so my mother was very busy with him because he didn't walk until he was about four and he didn't begin talking until he was about five, in sentences. So here I was, a little child with no one to play with in the neighborhood because all the people were grown up, or grown up and gone. There were no children at all within a one mile range, in fact there weren't very many families around, because it was sparsely settled. So I was delighted that I would have somebody to play with, but when we had recess I didn't know really what to do because, outside of spending time with my cousins, I didn't know how to play games. Some of the girls would bring their dolls, and that bored me to death, because I had one doll once, and I dressed her up, and she just sat there and didn't do anything, and I put her back in her box and she stayed there for the rest of her life, because there would always be a book around that I could read.

SE And, we've covered through eighth grade grade school?

PK Yes, I graduated from Tigard Grade School in 1939. When I started to Grade School I had been coveting this bus ride for years, and I would stand by the fence and watch the bus go by and want to get on it, but my mother kept telling me "No, your not old enough yet", but if it was like it is now, I would have had to wait another year, because my birthday's December 15. But because they didn't have that kind of regulation then, my mother talked to the first grade teacher, Virginia Parks, whom she knew, and Virginia said - mother said "This kid's driving me crazy, every time that bus comes by she wants to get on it", so Virginia came to dinner, unbeknownst to me, to observe me and told my mother : Yes, I'd better be in school. And, so it came time for the first day of school, I went out with my lunch pail and climbed on the bus and went to school. Some little kids had their mothers come to school, but I was a big girl, I didn't need my mother to start me out to school, I knew who I was and what my name was.

SE And then, where did you go to school when you left grade school?

PK Tigard High School. There was only one High School, it had about 350 students and it was located where the present McDonalds and Rite-Aid stores are on Main Street. There is one thing that I should mention there. I knew what my name was when I started Grade School, except that nobody ever called me anything but "Patty Anderson". My name actually was "Patricia Eleanor Anderson" but I didn't know that, it had never come up. So when I started Grade School, they asked me what my name was, I said it was Patty Anderson and I told them where I lived, and when I was born, because I'd been taught that, and finally, when I was in about the seventh grade, the principal, Britt Nedry, who had been a principal there for thirty-five years and had taught parents, and their kids, and almost their grandkids, it was a dynasty you might say, which was not altogether good, and he said: "Is your name Patricia?" And I said "Yes" and lo and behold the next report card I got said "Patricia Anderson" on it. So Patty Anderson died about the seventh grade, and this Patricia Anderson came on the scene. I told that to someone, and they said "Oh, you should go back and correct that", and I said "Well, you know, after seventy years it doesn't really matter, if I wasn't there, nobody would care!"

SE Well, in High School, you were talking about courses that you enjoyed and that were useful to you. Tell me about that.

PK When I was a sophomore, I was able to sign up for typing. We had a great teacher named "Nellie Elwert" who taught recalcitrant boys and girls with a very, very firm hand. She also, she taught typing and shorthand and was very, very good and brought up very many fine students. She would stand there and she - we had to learn to type in rhythm, and woe unto anybody that ever got out of rhythm. Now, I played the piano so typing in rhythm wasn't so hard for me. Some people would just almost thrown themselves on the floor in a fit, except you didn't do that if Nellie was there. And she would keep time by stomping her foot and hitting on the side of one of the typing tables with a ruler. And she would see some of the boys were - or some of the girls too, were goofing off and not keeping time, they would sometimes get a little rap. Or she would stop the whole class and say "You"! And, it made some pretty fair typists out of a lot of people. Some of us were good enough that we were on what they called "School Typing Teams", and we would go around and do typing skills matches with High Schools in Portland. Then, as the war came along, we didn't get to do that much any more, but when I was a Sophomore we were still doing that. I wanted to take shorthand my sophomore year too, but I didn't have enough hours in the day, and I couldn't get an

open period when shorthand was taught. So, I took that other thing. And we had what was then called "Study Hall", and you were supposed to have two study halls or study periods in a great big room, a day. About half of the time the teacher who was supposed to watch it was either out flirting with one of the other teachers, or at the back room, or sneaking a smoke somewhere. Teachers didn't smoke! Especially women teachers! So there was no order and it was a waste of time to be in study hall as far as getting anything accomplished. So I went to Tommy Fowler, the principal, and I said "Please, is there something I can do other than have Study Hall. This is wasting my time!" And, I was a good enough student then, that he said: "O.K. You can come and answer the phone in the office." And that was fine, because I knew how to answer the telephone, and I'd been doing it at home and taking down the proper information, and it was good training, actually.

SE And what were some of the fun things you remember from High School days?

PK Fun things, were being a cheer leader, being in the chorus and the glee club and then being in the drama class and doing plays and operettas.

SE And, what were some of the plays you did?

PK Well, they were real dopey things now, when you look back on them, because school didn't have much money to buy anything that cost much money to buy – the play rights. One operetta was called "Sunbonnet Sue" and it wasn't too horrible, and people in the area were not sophisticated like they are now with television, so they liked seeing their kids around, it was kind of a farm story thing. But it was alright. And we had two or three kids who had fine voices. I don't know that any – there was just one, who came from Metzger, her name was Helen Ensor, and she probably had operatic qualities. Her mother worked very hard with her and she had a lot of lessons, but Tigard was just considered a little way point and nobody much cared where it was, so unless you had a very important patron, you just didn't get in to opera, there wasn't anything in Portland, like there is the Portland Opera Association now where you could come up through the cast, and so she married later quit and became a patron of the Seattle Opera. Because Mr. Fowler liked Sports, they found enough gasoline to take the boys to play football and baseball, but girls weren't very important anyway. We had one P.E. teacher, who I know now was an excellent teacher, and she wanted the girls to be able to run, and be in some meets, and we played a little volleyball. She wanted us to be better at it. But I think, really, thinking back now, she didn't have any support really, and she didn't stay more than a couple of years. Her name was Vera Parrot.

SE What were some of the differences in the City of Tigard between today's parents and children ---- and in your day?

PK Well, there really wasn't any City of Tigard – just a couple of stores, a gas station, barbershop and post office.

SE O.K.

PK I think that when I was growing up in Grade School, there were many parents that were very supportive. My parents wanted me to have a good education. they knew I had a few brains scattered around, and then I had to measure up to those brains because you only have one time around. And, I – if I ever came home with less than an A on my report card, I was asked "why?" or "why it wasn't an A plus." And it wasn't anybody being mean to me, it was simply that I had the ability to do it, so I needed to be challenged. But I loved school. I didn't like summers. I'd go to school all year if I could, because at home, I helped my mother around the garden and the yard and in the house, and read, but there was nobody really to play with, there was no neighborhood system of girls. Like, for instance Vlasta Becvar Barber grew up in Garden Home and there was a group of girls who went to Grade School together and they lived within walking distance, so they spent their time together, and did, even in High School, because they had grown up together. Now, some of them broke somewhat away from those neighborhood alliances, but some never did, and some have really never have cut connections and branched out. Now Vlasta has a wide acquaintance all over the world, but then she's a superior brained lady so she knows how to do that. But there were many that just simply stayed in their own little orbit and there were some very repressive

families; fathers or mothers who the kids were really afraid of. Because, during the depression, although I didn't know it, because I didn't see it in my home, there was a problem with alcohol in some families, and children being abused. I know now that there were some little kids who came to school with bruises on them from being beaten by their fathers or their mothers. But such a thought never occurred to me. Because I got switched a lot, because I frequently wanted my own agenda, and I had to go pick my own switches. But nobody ever beat me, and nobody ever slapped me in the face. To me that's one of the supreme indignities of life, and my mother told me when I started to school, that if she ever heard of me slapping anybody, or snatching a boy's cap and running off with it, because this was something she hated to see when she was a little girl in school, that I would feel it for several days afterwards by being roundly switched. And I have that same feeling.

SE How's about things in the City of Tigard. When did Tigard turn from being just a few stores along the road and how did that happen. In other words, 99W was that the main road through Tigard? Or -

PK Yes

SE It was?

PK Yes. 99W was the main road. The overpass that is now, was not built until - I'd have to look it up because I really don't know when they built that. But, after the war, I think. And so everything went through Tigard. But there wasn't much traffic. People lived on farms or worked somewhat locally. It was very exotic when someone's father worked in the City of Portland, and most mothers didn't work. They worked hard at home, terribly hard, but they didn't work away from home, because there were not jobs for women. If they were a nurse, then they usually nursed their own family, or some did day nursing for people when a woman would have a baby or when someone was ill, but there were not the professions for women, and it didn't occur to anybody that there ought to be, really. My mother had a very good business head, and my father and mother saved and bought mortgages and property during the depression, because my father worked at the Red Rock Dairy, which was a cheese plant, cottage cheese and cheddar cheese plant that was located on the hill directly across from present day Fred Meyers in Tigard. So, during the depression years, he made \$125 a month. Now I was instructed never to tell any of the children at school this. I could say my father worked, but I was never to discuss his salary, or the fact that my parents owned their own home and owned their own car, because that was disrespectful to the children who didn't have those things and who couldn't help it that their fathers weren't working or they didn't have much money. Many little kids lived in houses with no running water, they didn't bathe very often. They sometimes would come to school in dirty clothes. Some of the kids were really mean and would say to them: "You stink!" but I think because my brother was a mentally retarded man and I understood he was different, I tried not to pick on these children who were different and frequently would get into slight scuffling matches with some of them when they would be bullying, cause I thought that was a bad thing to do.

SE Tell me, what happened when you left High School?

PK When I left High School, I went to work. I was a good typist and very quick in shorthand, so I began to work in the City of Portland. Now, you have to remember that this was during war time and although I did want to go to college, you had to go either to Eugene or to Corvallis to college, and nobody wanted you to come to Eugene or to Corvallis. They were giving very few scholarships. I really wasn't aware of the fact that my parents could have afforded to have sent me to college, because I never discussed it that much. But the emphasis was not on going on to college, the emphasis was "get out of high school and go to work, because the war effort needs you." Now, I didn't work in the shipyards, because my father and mother thought that might be a little bit rougher element than was good for a seventeen year old girl. You had to ride with either with some people who worked at the shipyards, and those were generally men, some pleasant and some not, or you had to do a lot of changing of busses. There were shipyard busses that picked you up, but it was a pretty rowdy crowd, I think. We didn't have the bus transportation you do now, and so it was difficult to get to work, and my parents wouldn't let me go to work while I was in High School. Some kids did. One girl would bring her leathers - she was a welder - and she would bring her leathers and change into them at High School and carry her school clothes with her in a bag and be ready to go to work, because she hated it here and she wanted to go and live somewhere else. She didn't like the

rains so she wanted to earn money to get out of here. But my parents said: "No, you can't do that, you need to finish school, and we'd rather you didn't go to work in the shipyards." And so I didn't, I worked in downtown Portland and the first real job – I had a couple of short jobs – the first real job I had was working as what they called a "Credit Assistant" at Miller Clothing Company which was a Jewish owned-clothing establishment on Third Avenue in downtown Portland. I didn't know anything about being a Credit Assistant, but really all I had to do was stand at the counter in the men's suit department upstairs and collect payments when people came in to buy clothing. My boss, the Credit Manager, worked out of the same drawer that I did and I was very careful about making change because my parents had taught me how to make change. Well, one day at the end of the day – I think I made \$75 a month - and one day at the end of the day, I was \$20 short. Or, the drawer was \$20 short. And, of course, my boss said it couldn't possibly be him, so I got \$20 taken because the store owner's mother Mrs. Miller – Harold Miller was the store owner - Mrs. Miller, grandma, would come down and she wouldn't hear of anything that it could possibly have been my fault – I mean the credit manager's fault – so I had to kick in \$20 from my salary to pay that. And that taught me that you don't have anybody else working out of your cash drawer. So that was a good lesson. But we had sailors coming in – almost non-English speaking sailors coming in from the Russian Lend Lease ships that docked in Portland and those salesman would go down to the basement and get these old suits that had been down there for twenty-five years, bailed up, and sell them to these kids that were coming in from Russia. And they would go off, happy as little chipmunks, with these clothes that were forty years out of date, and probably had moth holes. But they were happy, because they didn't have anything in Russia. And that taught me: "Buyer Beware"!

SE How did you meet your first husband?

PK He was in the Navy. He was from Indiana, and he was stationed at Swan Island. The war was over by that time, but he'd gone in on what they called a "skivvy cruise"

SE His name again?

PK Byron James Maudlin, and his family lived in Valparaiso, Indiana, about 50 miles out of Chicago in northern Indiana. And, he was stationed at Swan Island while he finished his skivvy cruise. He had been in the submarine service, and then, as the war was over – well he'd been a cook, what they called "Belly Robbers", but a very good cook. And, as the war was over and they still had these fellows to finish out their enlistments, they pushed them around various places, and he was at Swan Island which was kind of a pooling place for navy people when they were getting ready to be discharged. Some would be there six months, some longer, and some less time. But, when they were there at the barracks they had to be fed and that's what he did. And I met him – by that time I was working as a secretary in the Salvation Army business office at Southwest Sixth and Burnside, a building that is no longer there, but it was then, and I worked first for the Vice-Commander, and then the Commander of the District in the Portland area. And they had a U.S.O club in the basement and they also, in what had been their gymnasium, they had cots for the military men who wanted to sleep over in downtown Portland. And this U.S.O club was just a little room with a kitchen, it had a piano and magazines and cushions for the fellows to come in and sit down. And a couple of night a week the other girl that worked in the office, and I go in and play the piano and, if anybody wanted to sing, they could sing, and we'd fix sandwiches and things for them, and I met him there.

SE And when were you married?

PK We were married in 1947. He had been out of the military about a year by that time and worked in Portland. But he didn't want to go back to the mid-west to live. By that time, he didn't have any prospect of a job back there. He was the eldest of a family of seven, the other six were all girls. And he thought there really wasn't anything for him back there. So, we married here in Tigard at the Evangelical Church, which is no longer there.

SE And where did you live?

PK And the first, most of the first year we lived here with my parents, while we were having a little house built. And that little building is still on Frewing Street in Tigard. The shortage from war was still

existing, you couldn't buy anything really. So what we did was – you couldn't rent an apartment, you couldn't rent a house, there was just no place to live. Families were in trouble, housing-wise. We built – we had built this little building which was to be a double garage, and we put it on the side of the lot, so that there would be room for a house beside it. And, because you couldn't buy lumber, we had it built of pumice block, with the front roughed in for a garage door some day. That building is still there. It had an upstairs, which you used with a pull-down stairway for storage, because it seemed foolish to not have some upstairs space. The building was 22 feet square, and it had a small bedroom with a wardrobe closet, a bath with shower and a kitchen/family room/living room. And then, later we had a little room built off to the side that had the laundry trays and the water heater and so forth. And that was done before we moved in. Unfortunately, we didn't know at that time about properly sealing the pumice block, there really wasn't an adequate way. And we have heavy storms from the south in this part of the country. The south side of the building was the pumice block that was supposedly sealed. All of a sudden one day, I came home from work and here was water all over the bedroom floor because it had run in and seeped down in the holes in the middle of the pumice block. Whereupon, we had to get a loan from my father and mother and have three sides of that building sided. By then you could buy the siding, but when we had the house built originally, you couldn't even buy enough lumber to finish the inside of the house. And I was working for a plywood company at the time, so they loaded enough pieces of plywood on a truck from their mill at Lebanon when they were making a run to Portland, and delivered it, so that I – so we would be able to have walls in our house. The only problem was, the man who was building the house didn't measure right, and so they hung the plywood too high, and ended up with a foot vacant at the bottom. And he went out and bought thirteen inch baseboard which cost more than the plywood did. But he'd already done it and then installed it and told us: "Well, you'll just have to pay for it." He was a supposed friend. So, don't have your friends build anything."

SE Did you have a car in those days?

PK Well, when my husband, Byron was still at Swan Island, one of the fellows who was finishing his enlistment and going home owned a little '37 Chevrolet coupe with a rumble seat. And he told Byron he could buy it for \$125. So, I borrowed the \$125, and he bought the little car.

SE Could you drive?

PK Oh, yes! I learned to drive as soon as – well my father started teaching me when I was fourteen, on the lane at my Grandmother's beach house, because he said: "Every woman and every man in this Western country needs to drive."

Side 2 of the tape made on December 10, 2003

Interviewer: Shirley Ewart

Interviewee: Pat Keerins

SE OK, Pat

PK To resume this business of driving, my father, George Anderson said every man, every woman, every child of an age that was legal, should know how to drive in this Western country. Actually, everywhere, he said, because this was the motor age, and it was ridiculous not to know how to drive, and you'd never get anywhere if you couldn't drive a vehicle. So, I learned early, and was licensed as a learner as soon as it was legal at fifteen, and as a licensed driver at sixteen. And, for better or for worse, I've been doing it ever since.

SE Did you have any children?

PK No, I had no biological children. And my first husband and I had no children. We were married for ten years at which time, he was in college and then went to work for McKesson and Robbins, Pharmaceuticals and was assigned a territory at the coast. And, we moved from our little house in Tigard to Tillamook and he traveled the coast area from Astoria south to Florence. I wasn't working down there, you really couldn't find a job. Tillamook was a small town, very closed in. If you weren't Catholic or

Swiss you really didn't have much in the way of contacts. We rented a little apartment from some people there. All this time, I had a cousin there, and didn't know it. My husband traveled the coast, and we lived in Tillamook for about six months and, because in the wisdom of these people in Pittsburg (Pennsylvania) who couldn't understand why it was so far from one place to another in Oregon, we were then transferred to Newport, where he traveled from Florence to Astoria again. And again, they couldn't understand why the mileage was so high there. And I, at that time I worked for the Ford dealership in Newport, and that was about a year and a half. And then, in their wisdom, they transferred him to Astoria, and as we lived in Astoria, things became much more difficult and I think he was under a lot of stress, but decided one day that he really didn't want to be married any more, and I thought: "You know, I don't want to either." So, I moved back to Tigard and went back to shorthand school for about four months and then - and we were divorced then, and I went to work in downtown Portland.

SE And what year was that?

PK That was 1957.

SE By that time, changes were really happening in this city.

PK Yes, Tigard was not, of course, incorporated then, but more people were beginning to move out and build. Some of the farming areas were having houses built on them, although surprisingly not too many, because there was no local bus service except along Pacific Highway. So if people didn't have a car, they didn't get to work unless they rode a bicycle, or walked to the highway and went to Portland. And, there was - there were little in the way of jobs in the Tigard area. Along in World War II time, Safeway built their first store in Tigard and that was at what is now Hall Boulevard and Pacific Highway. Except that it wasn't on the corner where that little Safeway store is now, it was on the other corner that is now an interiors building. And we thought we were in "Hog Heaven" to have a big grocery store like that! And, the men had been doing the produce work, it was mostly male clerks in the store, of course. But they were called into the military, and my mother's neighbor who was the store manager came and asked her if she would go to work there handling the produce, because they had a fine garden and he knew that she knew how to handle fruits and vegetables. And, she said, well, she'd always really wanted to work away from home. She was a good business woman, handled the family affairs well, and they accumulated funds by not wasting money, and by being pretty much self-sufficient, and were at that time buying property and mortgages and so forth. And so she thought it would be nice to work away from home and my Dad said that would be fine. And she worked there until the men returned, and then became a cashier. Went to cashier school and became a cashier. But then when the fellows came back, after World War II was over, they got their jobs back, and so she didn't have a job. So, there really wasn't anything to do - that was fine, she just came back and kept house. And then, some years later, the principal of Tigard Grade School came and asked her if she'd be willing to come and work and be a cook at Tigard Grade School. They had a head cook, but would she come and be a helper and a baker, because she was renowned for her baking skills. And she did that for several years until she was afflicted with rheumatoid arthritis and could no longer do that. But there weren't many businesses in Tigard even by that time: Safeway Grocery Store; there Mrs. Eickmeyer's Dress Shop, which was located along about where the Health Club is in Tigard now, up from the train tracks, and her daughter Rose was a teacher at Tigard High School for many years. And then, Mrs. Eikmeyer got old and didn't have the dress shop any more. People had tried to have lending libraries, because there was no access to books at all, unless you were able to go in to the Portland library. And, because it was sparsely populated, people didn't come to Tigard for things much. If they were readers, they usually had some books at home and subscribed to a few magazines, if they could afford it, and otherwise they didn't care, they didn't even take the daily paper, which to me was sacrilege because I - my family subscribed to the Oregonian since they first came to Oregon in 1879, and they didn't have a day without it. A day without the Oregonian would be like a day without breathing! ut a lot of these families, of course, couldn't even have afforded a few cents a day for a newspaper, so why would they go to a lending library and pay to borrow a book? And then, in about 1969, or something like that, a group of us formed the Tigard Junior Women's Club of young women in the community, because once the girls graduated from High School, whether they went to St. Mary's Academy downtown, or St. Mary's of the Valley, or Tigard High School - they married, and then they were only in their own church group and we were, as Protestants, were only in our own groups. It was a shame, we were missing each other and we

were missing the strength of young women together in the community. And a prominent club woman, Mary Woodward who had a gift shop on the way into Portland, and had been in club work for many years said: "Let's form a Junior Women's Club", and so about twelve of us did. And one of the things we did was to occasionally have a sale. We helped going house to house on the incorporation of Tigard, it had been tried several times before and failed. And they came and asked us, some of the quote "village elders" if we would help out with that, and we did, we went house to house and talked to people. And, I think, partly because of our efforts, the incorporation did pass. And after that there was talk of wanting to have a library, but the city didn't have any money, and nobody wanted to give us their beloved books if they had a library of their own. And one of our members was a librarian by profession, and she got a phone call from a woman who was moving from Tigard, and she said: "I have a bunch of books, literary guild collections mostly, and I would sell them." Well, we didn't have much money, we had a little in the treasury, and she wanted \$250 for these books. I don't remember how many books, but at the time I knew it was a bargain. Many of them – as we got our hands on them – many of them had uncut pages. So we said: "We'll take them", and we put together some money, and we paid the lady, and we gave the books to the City of Tigard. And, Anne, who was the member that was a librarian by profession helped set up in the back room of what is presently the accountant's office, with the legend over the front of it "Bank of Tigard", but at that time was the Tigard City Hall, it had long since not been the Bank of Tigard, and we had shelves in the mouldy little back room that had mousies and rain dripping in, but we had a library. And we felt very proud of ourselves. That's how the Tigard Library started.

Feb 2, 2004

Interviewer: Shirley Ewart, Tigard Area Historical and Preservation Association

Interviewee: Pat Kerrins

SE Tell me, the 99W Overpass, what do you remember about that? 99W originally must have gone through Tigard, did it?

PK It did, it was just a little two-lane road all the way, all the way out, through Multnomah, Capitol Highway, it came round Terwilliger Boulevard out of Portland, and became Barbur Boulevard, and then became 99W when it came down the hill. And, it was a narrow road and it came down through the little town of Tigard. But as there began to be a lot more traffic, and I think about World War II time, they realized that they were going to have to more military people, they were going to have to move other people, and this little dinky road didn't suffice for what they needed it for. So they decided that they would widen Pacific Highway, which they still at that time, pretty much called 99 West. And, they widened it enough that it took off about ten feet of my grandmother's front yard, there at the house on Southwest Pacific Highway and Frewing Street. And people grumbled and fussed because we lived in the country and we didn't need that wide road. But of course now, when you drive on it, you say "Why didn't they make it nine lanes, and not let anybody build along it at all!"

SE What was the next big change to Tigard, that you remember?

PK When they began to realize that the city couldn't possibly function in the little building which had been the First Bank of Tigard. They began to – people began to want more city services. There was really a very, very small staff to the City of Tigard when it was still in that little building. And then there were some other parts of the staff farmed out here and there. We were beginning to have some road people. So, they decided that they would try and get people to vote enough funds to build a City Hall. And that was a terrible struggle, because again people said: "We're in the country, we don't need anything like that! We moved out!" That is, quote "Newies" said: "We moved to the country", and those of us who had been born here began to say: "Then, you should have gone out past McMinnville, if that's what you wanted!" Which some of them were quite noisy about saying: "What do you know?" And then you'd have to say: "Well, 'cause we've been here a long time."

So that was the third step. And, then the present library, which is about to be abandoned for a new library, the present library was the next step. Well, it was put in at the same time as the City Hall. Well, there was an interim building in between, I'm sorry, it was on Mount Vernon, and there's an office building there now. It was on the right hand side, about half way between little Old Town Street and the present City Hall

buildings. But there's a storage unit just past it. But, the Police Department had a little, like a house. There were maybe three policeman, I don't know. And then the City had it's building, there on the right hand side, and I'm sorry, I can't tell you what's in there now, because I don't pay that much attention when I go by. At one time it was a tea company, and some other companies in there. And then they outgrew that, and then went to the new city hall. But that caused a great commotion because they had to have bonding. They had to convince people that there was a reason to want to have a bigger building. And there again, we had the same people saying: "We live in the country. We don't need all these big buildings, but please fill up the pothole in the street outside my house." Or, "Why can't I get a book at the library? There's only two people in there -" Well, out of books? It wasn't quite like that, but sort of. So, finally, they were able to pin those people to vote, to say yes, they could have this new City Hall, and then the present library, in use, but about to go out of use, was built at the same time. They began to have a few quirks, but the problem was, they had no staff to keep the parks up. And, particularly like in the case of the Windmill Park, here next to us here on 121st, when they finally designated it a park, the neighbors watered it, our landscaper, who had done our work in our yard, put in the lawn, gratis, because we asked them if we could. And then, the neighbors watered it and their kids cut the grass, because there was one person employed by the city to cut grass and take care of city parks.

SE Tell me about the windmill. First of all, I should add, I suppose, that the windmill is at Pat Keerins house, or next to Pat Keerins house on 121st Street. What's the history of the windmill?

PK The windmill was built approximately 1885 to 1888 and was the water source for the big barn, the pig house and the chicken house for the Wood Christensen farm. And they're house was across the road from the windmill. The present house, that is there, is the bottom half of the old farm house that was built somewhere along the same time. It's been remodelled a number of times, and about forty years ago, my aunt and uncle decided that they didn't want this big, cold upstairs on it, so they had the top of the house torn off, and just put a roof on the bottom part and changed the house around. It's interesting to note that there is a well under the back porch of that house, and that's where the pump was to supply the water for the house. But, and it was one that you had to use the regular pump on the back porch. Now, it was all inside, it was enclosed so you didn't have to stand out in the weather, and there was a stairway that went down to a fruit room and, quote "storage room", and concrete half basement, and the well was under the porch that led down there. But the water from the windmill, which went to the barn, and the pig pen and the chicken house was gravity flow. It was a regular farm windmill with the big wheel that pumped the water when the wind blew. And if the wind didn't blow, you didn't get water pumped, because it wasn't electrified. But they had a holding tank.

SE We have a couple of windmills in Tigard. Were they both really water?

PK Yes

SE Neither of them were grain grinding?

PK No. Hannah Wood Christensen and her husband Chris, had a little feed mill, which was for their use, and with a little building built on the slope below the big barn. The big barn would have been approximately north of Katherine Street that leads down to Mary Woodward School, right directly off of 121st. And, the little feed mill, or grain house, was there until that property was sold by Helen Christensen, the daughter-in-law, the wife of Albert, the younger son, - the middle son, I'm sorry - in the 70s, and it's all houses there now. But at the time we were able to obtain the old grinding mill, which was a small unit. And a friend of mine, that I was a Deputy U.S. Marshal with, was friends of the man that owns "Bob's Red Mill" out East, and Bob has a museum, and so, my friend Bob Riley, took that mill out and Bob, I guess, put it in his museum. I've never been out to look, but he seemed quite delighted to have this because all the parts were there.

SE What are some of the other big changes that have occurred, either in your lifetime, or in the lifetimes of people what have been able to talk to you?

PK Well, my grandmother said that, as she recalls, there were only about – and she was twelve years old when they came - they lived temporarily in Portland, and when they came out to Tigard, I believe she was twelve years old, my grandmother Edith Frewing Caldwell, and she said there were about thirteen families living in the close in, Tigard area. And, they were not close to each other either. The roads were narrow, terribly muddy in the winter. There was a little, one-room school that Hannah Christensen, Hannah Wood Christensen went to as a little girl. She and her brother, they walked from the site which is by the 121st street windmill, up to the corner of what's now 121st and Walnut and then walked in a group. Big trees, heavy woods. And they walked to over to Tigard, and down along the road, and behind where the stores and the settlements are, but there was nothing much there, then. Maybe a livery stable, I think and that was about it, and went to this one-room school. And, I don't recall her saying how many children, but most of those schools were pretty small, probably weren't more than twenty-five or so, and I don't know whether the teacher was a man or a woman, because I didn't have sense enough to ask that. When my grandmother was alive, she didn't talk too much about that, because it was a long time ago, but her family was interested in education. And, although girls, at that time, didn't go on to school, there wasn't any place much for them to go to school, and boys didn't either. Families didn't have money. They grew up knowing how to do things. But Hannah Christensen said when, sometimes, she and the little brothers would be walking home, and the big boys would run off. And then, they'd jump out from behind the trees at them, snarling and pretending to be bears. And they'd be so frightened that they'd run all the way home, which might have been a good mile if they were running. Got home so exhausted that they'd just fall down on the porch. But they'd been threatened that, if they told their mother that it was the brothers that scared them, and she said that, it really was very frightening, because these huge trees made a canopy, and except on the brightest days, it was dark in there.

SE There are still some walnut trees, at the beginning of Walnut Street, if you will, where Walnut comes off Pacific Highway.

PK But those are much later, planted by somebody in their yard. Black walnuts. Those are not native, at all.

SE Were there walnut orchards there, is that why it is called Walnut?

PK No. People planted some trees. And who knows, in their wisdom, why they give streets those dumb names they do sometimes. They didn't know what else to call it. You know, Tigard was pretty unsophisticated. They didn't know what to call anything. So, if they saw walnut trees, they would say: "Oh, well, we'll call it Walnut Street!" 121st didn't have a number for – till recent years. It used to be Christensen Road (and that's CHRISTENSEN). Why was it changed? Because towns in their wisdom decide they will. Somebody decided we ought to be like Portland, and have numbered streets, I guess. That was, in addition to it being Christensen Road, if you wanted to find it, there was a rural route out of the post office.

SE Well, thank you very much. I think this will be vary useful to anyone who is studying the history of our town.