Washington County Museum
Oral History Interview with Bob Clarke
At Washington County Museum Library
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Informant: Bob Clark
Interviewer: Beth Dehn
Attending: Theresa Ford
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C = Bob
D = Beth
F = Theresa

D: OK, so this is Beth Dehn at the Washington County Museum with Bob Clarke on Wednesday, December 21st, 2011. And Theresa Ford is with us today. Bob, can you just say your name for us?

C: My name is Robert A. Clarke, and Clarke is spelled with an E on the end and I have resided in Washington County for 80 years and presently I go down to Yuma, Arizona, every winter for six or seven months, mainly for my health, not for vacation. And I was born in Portland, Oregon, and grew up on a farm in Patton Valley near Cherry Grove and I went to high school in Gaston, Oregon, graduated in 1947, and I attended Pacific University at Forest Grove and graduated in 1951 with a Bachelor of Science degree in Accounting and Business Administration.

D: So what year were you born?

C: I was born December 10th, 1928

D: OK, so you just had a birthday?

C: Yep.

D: Great, so can you just tell us a little more about Cherry Grove and growing up in that area?

C: When I was born in Portland, Oregon, my folks were living in Happy Valley, east side of Portland, Oregon, and they had a rented house, well, rented small farm, strawberry farm. We grew strawberries. And the house burnt down when I was three and a half years old, which I can still remember, seeing it burn. And the people that were working out in the strawberry fields all rushed to the house and they just threw everything out of the house. And it was up on a knoll and had a big porch and I can remember seeing the piano and everything come off that porch hit the ground and then roll down the hill. And they saved most of the furniture. Then that was in about 1931 and the Depression was starting, so they didn't really have much money and they purchased a 120 acre farm one mile east of Cherry Grove for $1700. There were no buildings and no driveway on it, just stump land and the people that sold it to them – I don't know whether you need the name or not; I can give it to you – people by the last name of Schneider. And they were related to the Pattons, the wife was a sister to Pim Patton, and that's who Patton Valley was named after. And they sold it, I think, with the idea that they would get it back again, because it was the beginning of the Depression, and money wasn't available. So first year, we had to walk up a hill, and we put up a tent, and we lived in a tent for a year. And I can still

remember it raining at night, and the water running across the floor of the tent, and being cold and miserable. My sister and I, we'd have earaches and everything, but that's the way we lived for the first year until some of the people in Cherry Grove, one fellow – his name was Lee Carpenter – he was a guard for two closed saw mills and all the railroad and streetcar equipment that the town had which was all bankrupt at that time – he helped us get some rough lumber from the closed mills which was rotting anyhow and he helped us build a house to live in. And that was in 1932. And then they were about ready to lose the farm because they didn't have any income to speak of and that's when the Federal Land Bank was formed by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, president at that time. And they paid off the balance and bailed them out on it. And that loan stayed in existence until 1975 approximately. It was low interest. It was about 4 percent. Anyhow, as we stayed and lived there longer we finally put in a driveway up the hill where we could drive up and then I think they had a car and it froze up the first winter and cracked a block. And they couldn't pay for it anyhow so the people that sold it to them came and repossessed it. So then we didn't have a car, but my dad, he went to Cherry Grove and they had a railroad depot there at the time and everybody in town was unemployed so they all sat around a big wood stove and visited all day. So he went in this railroad depot. And my dad's name was Reginald Frederick Clarke. He's of English descent. And he told all of them if they wanted to come up and cut wood that he would try to sell it and trade it and so forth and get them something back and share with them. And so they did because they had nothing else to do. They all cut wood and I think I can remember one winter we had a hundred cords of wood stacked along the county road for trucks to pick up or whatever. And we were selling it for about a dollar a cord to a wood company in Portland, for fuel for a lot of homes at that time. Some of the wood – the money he got he shared with the people that cut it – and then also they were able to buy an old truck and he could haul some of the stuff because sometimes they took livestock in trade and farm equipment and all that in trade on wood. So there was a lot of bartering in those days. So we lived in this house and it was a lot more comfortable than a tent. But I can remember we had a wood stove in it and in the wintertime when it was real cold outside, they'd have such a hot fire, that stove would be completely red and you were in the living room, at the other end of the room, you'd be freezing, but up close to the stove was real hot. And I can remember seeing that red stove at night.

D: Glowing...

C: So then we got chickens and to live we had a garden – to survive we had a garden – and we lived off of that and also we had some chickens and some pigs and a cow for milk. And for meat, I know we had to shoot a deer once in a while. And that was our meat. Pigs escaped one winter and went up in the woods. We never saw them until spring. When they came back out of the woods they were just as fat and nice as could be and we finally determined they lived on acorns all winter and they really fattened up on them. <laughter> And then we started building a barn. By then I was probably about five or so. So what they did was cut trees down in the woods. They cut small ones down for rafters, and my job was to peel them. So I peeled small fir trees all day long for rafters and by nightfall I'd be covered in pitch from head to toe, so my mom gave me a bath in kerosene every night. <laughter>

D: Oh my gosh! What does that smell like?

C: It took the pitch off, that was one thing. You couldn't even touch me, I was so sticky! <laughter> So we built a barn, and some of the lumber came from the mills that were bankrupt in Cherry Grove. Then trying to haul that lumber with a horse, and by then we had a team of horses and a wagon, the roads were so bad that the wheels would go down to where axels were dragging in the mud. I remember my feet dragging in the mud when I sat on the back of

the wagon. We'd go in different directions to get things. The roads were so bad that the only way they could really haul supplies into Cherry Grove, they had a self-propelled caboose. And they'd run that to Gaston every morning, and then every afternoon bring it back and you would have the mail and the groceries and all that for the grocery store. And they kept the grocery store supplied with food and things like that, which people just shopped right there. The road was so bad it was hard to even drive out of town. If you did, it was just full of chuck-holes and practically ruined your car. Then the earlier history of Cherry Grove as I heard it was that the original town was settled by a large group of people from Sweden. And they built the whole town including hotel, jewelry stores, grocery stores, shops, and church, and a high school with a junior high on the second floor. And then in the late 1800's, if I recall right, the dam that was behind the town burst and it flooded the town, which destroyed all of it. And then they kind of rebuilt it and then several years later what was left of it caught fire, and most of it burned down. So the town was getting smaller and by 1920 they had a polio epidemic which killed a large percentage of the population in town and when we first moved there in 1931, everybody in church was on crutches. We were the only people who went to church who weren't crippled.

D: Oh, wow!

C: Even the organ player. I can remember her crutches leaning up against the end of the organ while she played.

D: So what was the population like then?

C: Well, there was 200 homes. And so many people, a lot of them had probably died from polio, and a lot moved away, so even though there was 200 or so homes in town, I'd say that only about half of them were occupied and you could buy any two-story house with a basement for about $200. And then by 1955 you could buy any house in town for about $5000. And then of course nowadays prices are up. But all during my lifetime, from the time we moved there until maybe 25 years ago, it was probably. The Swedish people built all the houses, they all looked alike, it was a Swedish style house, but they were burning down at an average rate of about one a year. And they finally realized what it was. It was chimney fires. But they realized why they were burning down was because they had used sand out of the Tualatin River which has too much dirt in it and they would crumble after a while and have chimney fires and burn the houses down. So they learned not to use the chimneys anymore and now what few are left are still of the original Swedish design. And let's see what else...I can remember the Tillamook Burn. We could see it from Cherry Grove and you could see the trees up on the top of the mountain burning and falling down at night. In the dark it would really show up. Then when World War II started, I remember they had scrap drives and they'd have beautiful cars that I would have liked to get my hands on, like old Dodge Roadsters and convertibles and things like that. And we'd have to drag 'em in and put 'em in the scrap iron drive in Cherry Grove for the war effort. We all volunteered and helped do that. I tried to talk my dad into let me take one on home, but he wouldn't let me do that. <laughter> So the town, the valley, originally had hardly any trees in it. It was all hopyards. Then by the time I was almost through grade school it was all pretty much ash trees and alder. Then we started clearing off the valley again and then it was all clear and it was pasture land. Most of it...clover or fields of grass and things like that. And then after 1980, a lot of the farms – there used to be a lot of dairy farms up the valley – they moved out of the valley, pretty much. And a lot of the farmland went back to trees again, so there's now – especially on the sides of the mountains on the east side of the valley – there's more Douglas Fir trees and lumber type producing trees than there ever was even a hundred years ago, so there's a lot more trees up there now. Right at the bridge on the South Road coming out of Cherry Grove to the east, probably a couple hundred years ago before the Civil

War there was a log block house there where the army was stationed to guard the valley against the Indians. The Indians that lived in that valley and also flew down to Gaston and Wapatu Lake and Skoggins Valley were an Indian that did not speak any languages that other Indians could understand throughout Oregon. And they lived in cedar plank houses. And my guess is that they might have been descendants from a wrecked Spanish galleon on the coast and they intermarried with Indians and came up with plank houses to live in and a language different than the rest of them. That's my guess. But they lived in the valley. They ate and used and stored a lot of Himalayan Blackberries. That's what they call them. They really grow rampant in the valley there. The man that I learned a lot of the ancient history from was Pim Patton who died when I was in grade school at the age of ... in the 90's. So he's the one who told me about the hopfields and all that and where the army block house was. And there's a big oak tree growing right there where it used to be right now. And it's on the Jim Person piece of land, is where it's located. In fact I think I told him where it was when he was still living, but he passed away a year ago. So there used to be ... when I used to hike on the sides of the hills around on the east side of the valley, I'd find old houses that had been built maybe a hundred years before that were decaying and almost gone. Some were in better shape than others. And then there was a row of houses over on Mount Richmond Road which went up over the hill from South Road to Pike. And I remember hiking up there and discovering this row of houses, and they had the old white porcelain doorknobs on the doors and things like that. And I remember I used to bring back trinkets from 'em like doorknobs and different things which I've since lost, but they'd be antique now if I still had 'em. During the Depression there was a road going from Cherry Grove up to Lee Falls. And the CCC, which was established by President Roosevelt at that time to put people to work, built bridges across that river, and what they'd do is fall three tall trees across the river, and then they'd plank it all the way across, and you'd drive across on that and it'd bounce up and down, but there was no railing or anything on it. It was just a plank bridge. And then the CCC built cabins along the road, all the way to Lee Falls, and also rock outdoor fireplaces, but those have all since decayed and disappeared. Then there was another road going from downtown Cherry Grove due south right by the grocery store, which when I was in grade school there was two grocery stores, two service stations, and a post office. And that was all. And the church and the school. And that's all that was left. The old jewelry store is still there but it's a private residence now. And I think that's the only old building that's still left besides the church. The school's been torn down, and a new school rebuilt, and it's since been closed. Anyhow, this road going south in Cherry Grove, there was a bridge across the Tualatin River, and then it went straight up the hill and straight over to Pike. That was the closest route to go to Pike. And there's no sign of that bridge on that road anymore except a concrete base for the bridge I think is still embedded in the bank there.

D: How old were you, then, when World War II started?

C: I was about 18. No, when it started I was probably about 16, I guess. Let's see...it started in '42...Anyhow I was eligible for the draft when I was a senior in high school. I remember that. And then I wanted to join the Air Force. And my folks wanted me to graduate, and so I graduated, and then the war ended and they wouldn't take me. So I never did get in the service. The graduating classes from Gaston High School from 1946 and '45 did not have a single male in the class, just a picture of some of them in uniform. And that's how they graduated.

D: So do you remember something we're kind of looking at now is the history of the Mexican migrant workers that came during World War II to work in fields in this area? Do you remember anything like that in Cherry Grove?

C: There was not. Gaston was 90% Japanese. We didn't have any [Mexican migrant workers] out there. It was all Japanese. And when the war started, they took all the Japanese and took 'em to Eastern Oregon. And a lot of people think that was horrible. But I can remember as a kid that we'd get into fights with some of the Japanese boys and at the end of the fight they'd say, "Just wait, we'll get even with you in the next year or two." And I remembered that, but I didn't know what they meant by it. I later found out. But they were cocky and threatening at that time – the kids – so a lot of them, thinking back, I wouldn't trust them. Some of 'em. A lot of 'em were real good. I dated one girl and she was a sweetheart, and her whole family was very good. And I knew some that went to college, and they were great, but there were some of them that were pretty cocky. And so I can understand why they couldn't trust hardly any of them, 'cuz they didn't know who, which one was which.

[background voices, cannot make out]

C: We had a hurricane, I guess you'd call it, when I was in grade school, and it was really blowing, and it was just blowing the town to pieces. And so I and four other boys went upstairs in the school and then up in the attic and then up in the belfry and we sat up in the belfry and we had a good view of the whole town. You know, watchin' the railroad depot, I remember the wind would pick the roof up and lift it way up in the air and then drop it. And then pick it up and drop it. And finally it just broke it in half. The whole roof on the railroad depot. And then I remember one guy, the roofing was blowing off his house, and he got up on top of his house and tried to hold the roofing down, and it blew off all around him and all that was left was where he was laying. <laughter>

D: Sounds like a tall tale!

C: And the electric lines were snapping around. And there'd be streaks of lightning when they shorted out, and [it] blew the silo down at my folks' farm, and there wasn't a standing fence left on our whole farm after that windstorm. It blew trees down everywhere. And people were running after stuff that was blowing across the ground. And we really had a good view. Golly, that was really great! And when the teacher found out and we were coming down out of the attic after the storm, she really lit into us! <laughter> Because she said that belfry could have blown right off the schoolhouse and there we were sitting there. Ha ha!

D: Did you think about that at the time or you just thought it was fun?

C: Nah! <laughter> So there's exciting times like that. And then one time when we had the liberty savings bond sales in Portland, they had brought blimps over from Tillamook blimp place, and then they would go back to Tillamook. Well, the closest direct route was up Patton Valley and over the hills. And this blimp come up the valley, and every time it'd raise up to go over the close range, there was such a strong wind – it wasn't a hurricane or anything – it'd blow it backwards down the valley with the motors going full blast. That thing just came down out the valley backwards, with the engines going full speed, full throttle. And we watched it for a while and it was real interesting. Finally it gave up and it veered off and went kind of southwest and went toward McMinnville and then cut across that way. That way wasn't quite so – such a strong wind. And then I can remember when the Japanese sent the balloons over, with incendiaries on them. And you'd see some of those float by once in a while, although I didn't actually see one, but I did see I think what was left of one after they fired on it with a fighter aircraft because it let all the gas out, and that ball of gas went floating by, and it was all the colors of the rainbow. I remember seeing that. I did see that. But I never actually saw one being shot down. The biggest number of airplanes I ever saw fly over in practice was 126 at

one time. And that was B-17's and P-51 Mustangs and P-38 Lightning Fighters. And they were flying all around the B-17's as they went back. And there must have been about 50 of each. So that was quite interesting. And then we had another forest fire after the Tillamook Burn, and it was real bad, and the war was over by the time of that fire, and so they brought the army in to help fight it. And they were camped in Scoggins Valley. I remember going over and visiting there, and they were up fighting fire every day. And...let's see...I remember one time a truck was up in the woods at our farm picking up a load of wood, and he hooked the gas line which went back to an auxiliary gas tank on a stump or something or a limb and it tore it loose and fell in the exhaust and set the whole truck on fire. And he and his wife were in the truck, and all they had to fight it was just scooping up dirt with their hands and throwing it on it. They finally got out. It burned the cab out, but didn't burn the whole truck or the load of wood.

D: That's amazing!

C: And then a lot of men from Portland used to come out and cut wood too, and that was after the war. Let's see, was it after? No, it might have been before the war, when they were paying 'em a little bit more to cut wood than during the Depression. And they would live in tents. And they'd have their wood stoves and everything. I used to go up and visit them. And they'd cut, probably each would cut a cord of wood a day by hand. And they'd have a real warm tent, a lot more comfortable than any tent I lived in the first year we lived out there. And some of them didn't have cars, and they just stayed out there and cut wood all the time. There was some wood company in Portland. I remember during the Tillamook Burn, it was so smoky, and there were so many ashes falling, that I went down the river and just stayed in the river all day. And the water would be just covered with ashes, ya' know, flowing by. There was so much ash in the air, and you had to be on the lookout all the time, because some of the ashes were still pretty hot, that they wouldn't start another fire. I remember we kept our eyes open for that all the time.

F: Was it the Tualatin River?

C: Yeah, the Tualatin River. Ooh! Another thing: when I was in high school I helped dig the basement for my folks' house, and about five feet down I dug up an Indian bowl with a pestle for grinding corn. And this is on a knoll, and it was still five feet deep, so that meant that, as far as I could tell, there wasn't too much dirt ever washed in there, because it was higher than the rest of the ground around it. So I expected to find a grave, but I never did find a skeleton in it. And then we plowed up another one in the field. And then Marilyn also, when she was fishing along the Tualatin, she found two of them in her lifetime. And then when we were swimming - there was a swimming hole here about 20 years ago - a girl found one. The bank kind of sloughed off, and out rolled this bowl, Indian bowl, on the bank of the swimming hole. And she got to keep that because she found it even though it was on our property or my property. But I didn't debate it or anything. So there was a lot of Indian activity in that valley. And that group of Indians that spoke the different language, most of them died out of small pox by 1900. I think by the beginning of 1900 there was only 48 of them still living. By World War II there was only one living and he passed away and took the language with him. So the language - there's no sign of it now.

D: Interesting.

C: And then when my folks bought this farm, we have an abstract here that tells the history of it. The original donation land claim was granted by President Ulysses S. Grant to I think it was Garish was one donation land claim. And the other one was to the Hines. And then according

to the Wilkes Abstract and Title Company - the abstract tells the whole history of what happened - the land was subdivided, and some of it was deeded over to the church in Cherry Grove and probably for the whole town and also the high school. It tells the whole history up to 1932 when my folks paid off ... when the farm was refinanced by the Federal Land Bank. So I've got the entire history of the whole area, telling what all they did and everything.

D: That's nice! So this is sort of shifting gears a little bit – what about celebrations and things in Cherry Grove?

C: Cherry Grove, because of the Swedish, had a smorgasbord celebration every year, and I remember going to it and I didn't eat a lot of it, because a lot of it was raw fish and fish eyes and everything else, so I didn't partake of all of that. But some of it was very tasty. <laughter> The desserts! When we moved to Cherry Grove, my sister was a blonde, so she fit right in with the Swedes. I didn't so I was an outcast because I had brown hair <laughter>.

D: 1874, wow. So there were Swedish celebrations for the most part.

C: So that was one of the celebrations. I'm trying to think of others. <pause> Other than school Christmas programs and church programs...well, that would be about it. The town pretty much met around school activities and church activities. One time at one of the school programs, I and about four other boys, we were radical, and we didn't like being in the play. So we refused, and so the teacher made up the play where we didn't have to say anything. And it was quite interesting. There were four of us and we'd be tires, like on a car, with a robe over us to look like wheels. And then one of us was a driver with a steering wheel. And then you're driving it and all, and then you have to pretend like you go flat, so he gets out with the tire pump to pump it up, and he pumps one tire up and they go up, and he comes to me and I thought, 'well, I'm going to fix him,' so I put my hand over the tire pump and he couldn't get the handle down! Ha! And so he got mad at me and he kicked me! And it just brought down the house! It was the funniest thing! <laughter> He started kicking me because I wouldn't take my thumb off the end of the hose of the tire pump. That was one of the funniest programs we ever had at the school. Oh, we had – what do you call it – cake socials, where you bid on a cake to raise money. And I remember – I never had much money – I was lucky if I had five cents to buy a whole bag of candy with a prize in it. That's what it cost in those days. Gasoline was eight cents a gallon in Cherry Grove at the service station, I remember that.

D: What year was that?

C: 1938? Or '35 to '38, right in there. Because I remember stopping there with the truck. And I was driving tractor and truck at the age of 12. And I got my drivers' license at the Hillsboro Courthouse. Right across from the courthouse was the DMV at that time. And all I had to drive was a truck. And we had no turn signals or anything, but you had to still signal. So I remember getting chewed out, because I took and opened the door as a signal to turn left. And he chewed me out for that. He says you put your arm out, not open the door. So I said, well, they can't see my arm, because, well, you know, with the bed on the truck, you couldn't see it. And he said, 'I don't care. You don't use the door to signal.' <laughter> But they passed me anyway. My first car that we bought - and during the war you couldn't get cars - but an aunt had a – her husband died, and she had a car in the garage and so they sold it to us for a hundred dollars. And it was a pile of junk. It was a 1935 automobile(?). And it was always with wheels coming off it when you're going down the highway. And the frame would break. The metal was so poor in it, that you would hit a bump and the frame would break, or whatever. And I drove that clear up till I was in college. Then I got a 1946 Chevrolet, which apparently had been wrecked, and they

overhauled and repainted it. But the paint all faded, and you could tell what they'd done to it within a year or two after I got it. So cars were hard to come by – decent ones – and tires were even worse. They'd take old tires that had been laying in the river for years, and they'd take 'em out and recap 'em and sell 'em as recaps. And they'd probably blow out within 50 miles because they were rotten. And then we were rationed on butter and meat and gasoline. I think you were allowed four gallons of gasoline a week. For pleasure.

D: Oh, but for farming or something you could have more?

C: Oh, for farming you could have whatever you needed. So I'd sneak it out of the tractor tank all the time if I needed some gas.

D: What did you study at Pacific?

C: I started out in engineering, but I couldn't finish in engineering, so I switched to accounting and business. And that's why I got a Bachelor of Science degree, because in the first two years I took elementary analysis, physics, chemistry, biology, and all of that stuff which was heavy. So I was probably the only one who graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in business.

D: What did you end up doing with that?

C: I was a banker for 20 years. I was Assistant Vice President of Great Western National Bank in Portland and I was manager of all the south half of the main floor of the head office. And under me was three credit unions, seven million dollars in automobile contracts, collections, repossessions, flooring, leasing, the drive-in window, and the switchboard.

D: Impressive! Did you stay in Cherry Grove for that, or were you in Portland?

C: No, I lived to begin with over on Cornell Road and commuted, and then to Tigard, and back to Beaverton. So, in 1971 the banks were starting to merge, and in order to cut their overhead, they asked for the resignation of six officers. And I was one of them. And so I was age 43 and I never went back to work again.

D: Nice!

C: I started buying fixer-upper houses and fixing them up, and I did far better than as an officer of the bank. Monetarily. But when I was working at the bank, I was also getting fixer-upper houses. I had started doing that. So when they asked for my resignation – Well, they asked for resignation of five other officers, and it really shook them up, because they had just bought big homes in Lake Oswego and everything, and that was cutting them out of their income. And so they were pretty shook up, and so when they come to me, and asked for my resignation, I just laughed at 'em. They said, 'doesn't it bother you?' And I said, 'no, I was going to quit anyhow.' <laughter> And they said, 'well, you've probably got some other income probably, haven't you?' And I said, 'well, yeah, some.' So having lived through the Depression, I was always working towards another one. So when this one hit, as far as I'm concerned, it's worse than the one in the '30s...

D: Really?

C: ...from the standpoint that half of us citizens are supporting the other half and paying them not to work. And you didn't do that in the first Depression. You either worked or you didn't eat.

And so that's why you were able to hire people to go up and cut wood and all that on shares or barter or fifty cents, a quarter, something like that. And as teenagers we worked in the strawberry fields, we worked in the bean fields, and all that. And they don't even allow that anymore. So that's why this is, as far as I'm concerned, is worse. Even though all we needed to live on in the first Depression was ten dollars a month. And you could buy all your food staples. And the rest of it you'd grow or figure out some way to, you know, get it. So that's a big difference. We're paying people not to work in this recession. So I learned after seeing my folks go through repossessions, and almost losing the farm and all that, that if I bought anything, in the first ten years after I left the bank, I would accelerate payments as fast as I could. And I bought up to fifteen houses. And I'd concentrate on one, get it paid off, then all the rent from that one would go on to a next one and it got so that I could pay them off within a year. And then toward the last I was paying cash for them. So that way I never had any debt when we got hit by a slight recession in the 1970's. And I think we had a slowdown after World War II also. But I learned to do things in a manner that I wasn't about to let myself get into a corner like my folks were and other people. And when I got laid off the bank, it bothered me so much to collect unemployment that I quit applying for it. I only did it for maybe a month or two. And then it was too embarrassing to me to have someone to be paying wages to me when I didn't do any work for it. So I quit. So I never did collect much unemployment. My dad was even more proud than me. Like I remember in school we hardly had anything to wear. I didn't even have a warm coat to wear in the winter time. I remember my mother taking her coat and cutting it up to make a coat for me, and then I got roused a lot because it was green and because it wasn't boys' colors or something. It was green plaid or something like that. And I can remember walking to school in the first, second, and third grade, where I was so short that the snow would – my hind end would drag in the snow – and it would be wet by the time I got to school. <laughter> It was that deep, wading a mile through the snow to school. Then when I got a bicycle, I can remember parking the bicycle in the school. And it got so warm one time that it blew one of the tires up on it from coming out of the cold and into the warm school <laughter>. And then I also remember – I was a tease also – a girl behind me...no, she was in front of me, I guess...yeah. She had fingernail polish remover, and I got my hands on it, and before she could tell the teacher, I passed it behind me. It went clear down the row of desks and clear across the room before she could get it reported. And so then the teacher finally found it and it made her so mad she threw it in the stove and it blew up! <laughter>

D: Oh, that's highly flammable! So you were the ideal student, I'm hearing. <laughter> The teacher's favorite...

C: Right! And then we had a man teacher one year, and he was mean. And so the boys, he was always grabbing them by the hair and yanking 'em around. And so I drew up a petition and got all the students to sign it to have him released and kicked out of teaching at that school. And then one of the members of the school board which is a descendant of Pim Patton - he was a friend of hers and so she told him who had the petition, because we submitted it to the school board. And who drew it up, so boy he really worked me over. Anyhow, he only lasted one year there. And then on Halloween night - they wanted me to join but I couldn't - I was always working so I couldn't get away to get into trouble very much but they took his car and completely dismantled it on Halloween night and just left it a pile of rubble. <laughter> And then another time – I was in on this, though – there was this one guy, that he was older than us, and he was kind of cocky. So he went into the store and so we grabbed his little Crowsley(?) car and we carried it through the door and into the post office and left it in the post office lobby. <laughter> So when he come out of the store, his car was gone, but it was in the post office right next to the store. And I don't know how he got it out. We were gone by then. <laughter> So, we weren't angels!

D: No!

C: But when you didn't have a toy or anything to do, we created things to do! <laughter> And I played football in high school. I was right end and I was one of the fastest. One of the only times we made a touchdown was I could run so fast behind the opposing team and we had a quarterback that was good at throwing long distance passes. And he could throw it clear to me, clear halfway to the end of the field and we could make touchdowns that way. And that's the only way we ever did. Because we were too small. I was the biggest one on the football team. And I weighed 185 then. I only weigh 170 now. But I was smaller. Four inches smaller around the waist and three inches bigger around the chest. <laughter> There's probably more history I might be missing about Cherry Grove, I can't remember.

Patton Valley
Cherry Grove
Gaston
Happy Valley
Pacific University
Pim Patton
Polio
Swedish
Tillamook Burn
Tualatin River