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A HISTORY OF CEDAR MILL

by

Gertrude E. Walters Pearson

November 24, 1974

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PREFACE

I have attempted in these pages to give a picture of the development of the community of Cedar Mill from 1847 to 1974 - a span of 127 years.

I think of the Cedar Mill area primarily as that section contained in School Dist. 62 Jt. before it was unified into the Beaverton District. This encompasses an area from Miller Road and Cornell Road on the east to slightly beyond Barnes Road and Cornell Road on the west. McDaniel Rd. forms the north line and the south boundaries of Murlea and Orchard Hills with a jog to Marika's Restaurant along Barnes Road on the western portion forms the southern border. It is hard to draw a hard and fast line at these points as community life was intermingled.

Information included is as factual as I have been able to gather according to people's memories. If there are discrepancies, they are unintentional.

It is my hope that the contents of the story I have included will be of general interest though I have centered it around my family. Much could be included concerning other early families. They all contributed to the community life and its development and it isn't my intent to minimize their importance. I have many fond memories of these people and the part they played.

Gertrude E. (Walters) Pearson

dated - November 24, 1974

PART I EARLY CEDAR MILL HISTORY

Samuel Walters, my grandfather, was a farmer at heart and because of this was the first settler in the Cedar Mill area. He stated that his nearest neighbors when he arrived here in 1847 were the Walkers on Walker Rd.

He was born in 1820 in Holmes County, Iowa of Pennsylvania Dutch descent. He came here from Pennsylvania by wagon train.

Upon his arrival in Portland, he was urged by Portland pioneers, including Mr. H. King of King's Heights and Mr. Lovejoy, to settle near the Willamette River as they were sure that was where the activity would center. Instead he replied that he wished to cross the mountains to the valley to farm.

Grandfather no doubt established squatters rights on the property later granted him through a donation land claim. Note: squatters rights were not recorded.

He built a small log cabin beside a spring and creek along Leahy Rd. about 500 ft. east of 107th. Building at this time took many arduous hours of work. A method of burning and boring was used to fell trees. This involved boring into the tree trunk, inserting chips, and lighting it to burn across the trunk. The process of erecting buildings was still to involve much hard labor. The area was heavily wooded with fir predominately. Cedar was plentiful along streams. Besides clearing trees for building, land had to be cleared for farming. Immediately after clearing, timothy was planted in the fertile soil and also food crops were planted.

Reapers were used to harvest grain followed by threshing using a gangway. My uncle (Samuel Walters) had grandfather's cradle for grain for years until it disappeared. Grandfather cradled grain for neighbors, including the Smiths and Millers, for $1.25 per day.

It was probably in 1849 that grandfather left for California with a wheelbarrow and light provisions, joining other travelers to the gold rush. In 1851, without success in finding gold, he returned to Oregon bringing with him three waxen apple trees which he planted near 107th and Leahy Rd. One of these trees can be seen still standing in front of a home along Leahy Rd., blooming in the spring and with a crop of apples in the fall. The other trees stood on a hillside in what is now Orchard Hills, bearing fruit for many years. They have been gone now for some time but I can remember playing under them as a child and eating their fruit.

In the low lands beavers were prevalent along the creeks, creating fertile beaver dam land extending to Beaverton and beyond. This land grew fertile garden crops and was farmed extensively. In later years, onions, celery, lettuce and horseradish were some major crops on its acreage.

Wildlife was in abundance and trapping and hunting were popular. Jake Sammons of Cedar Mill had the first hunting license in Washington County, dated 1848-1852. Bert Reeves had a beaver hat made from a beaver killed by his father. Uncle Sam told about playing with a stuffed cougar shot near the creek on Leahy Rd. Deer, bear, and wild cats were among other animals and birdlife was prevalent.

Samuel Walters applied for his donation land claim at Oregon City Nov. 1, 1852, according to Geneological Society Donation Land Claim Records Volume II. On Dec. 14, 1866 Andrew Jackson, president, signed and officially granted the land claim of 160a in Sections 34 & 35.

Note: Donation Land Clain Act was in effect from Sept. 1850 to Dec. 1855.

As travelers continued to come west by wagon train, weary and many times destitute, grandfather helped them to get a start. One of these families was Mr. and Mrs. Eliel Oliver, arriving in Sept. 1864 with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Oliver and a brother's family, the Joseph E. Olivers from Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Oliver, my great grandparents, settled in Summerville in the Grand Ronde Valley to spend their remaining years. Their graves are to be found in the cemetery there. Joseph E. and his family purchased a portion of Sec. 32 and Sec. 33 adjacent to grandfather's property and resided there before selling a few years later.

Eliel Oliver was given permission to cut trees from grandfather's property to sell in Portland to enable him to provide for his family. Mr. & Mrs. Eliel Oliver built and established a house, too, where the family lived for a time before going to the Grand Ronde Valley and later Pomeroy, washington to live the rest of their lives as prominent citizens. Eliel Oliver was a Methodist minister, farmer and statesman.

On Sept. 16, 1866 one of their daughters Naomi C., age 13, married Samuel Walters, age 45, in the house of her parents with Rev. William Smith officiating.

My grandmother and grandfather first lived in the small cabin he had built on his arrival. Later as the family increased in size, they built a brick house near the present cul-de-sac on Walters Lane. Still later, in 1885, a large frame house was built on this site.

Eleven children were born to them, named as follows: Amos, Eliel, a baby girl (un-named who lived only a few hours), Nancy May, Elizabeth Elen, John, Martha, Samuel Turner, Norman, James, and Ervin E. The baby girl and John were Twins born May 13 & May 31, 1875

Tragedies, besides losing their infant daughter, hit the family when they lost Eliel at the age of 8 yrs. with diptheria and Amos at the age of 15 when he drowned in the Cedar Mill Pond. Though an excellent swimmer, he was pinned under logs when he slipped while returning from Sunday School.

Grandma told of Indians coming through the area picking huckleberries and blackberries. Occasionally they would go to the door to ask for food. None lived in the area but many were congregated at Gales Creek. Some had previously either lived or hunted in the area as arrowheads were found by farmers in later years.

These early times took much endurance and resourcefulness. Think of my grandmother for instance, at age 13, having children and maintaining a home. There were none of our present day modern conveniences. Food was produced on the farm and cooked on wood stoves. Clothes were home-made with much of the sewing being done by hand. The laundry was done with tubs and washboards and wrung by hand through the wash and rinse waters. Ironing was another harder process with no permanent press fabrics and irons heated on the wood stove rather than by electricity. Without modern equipment raising crops was done with much hard labor.

There was a food cellar to help keep foods cool. It was insulated with cedar shavings. Many root vegetables were stored here for the winter. Fruits were dried as well as some vegetables. Meats were smoked and salted down rather than being preserved by other methods.

Far removed from the automobile and airplane age was the transportation of our forefathers in the Cedar Mill area. As my grandfather had come to Cedar Mill to settle after hardships of crossing the plains by wagon train, so came other settlers to the area. As the courageous and weary travelers came, they eked out wagon trails to suffice for necessary travel for many years to come. Roads such as Leahy and McDaniel were only wagon lanes with numerous gates dividing the lands of pioneers.

Sam Walters related witnessing as a small child a runaway team of oxen (oxen used at the Cedar Mill for logging and hauling lumber) breaking down his father's gate before they were stopped. His father ordered him to stay at a safe distance while he attempted to shock the animals into stopping by hitting them full force across the faces with a long pole as they neared the gate. He succeeded in stopping them by this forceful act and quick thinking.

Families from as far as Vernonia and Banks would travel to Portland over these trails habitually stopping at the home of my grandparents or neighbors. Their horses and wagons would be put up for the night and the families would be given food and shelter. The following morning their trip would continue to Portland for provisions. By evening they would return for a second night at their haven of the previous night prior to continuing their homeward journey.

The community of Cedar Mill gained its name from a forner mill located on the mill pond at Cornell Road and McDaniel Road (now 119th). Previous to the large mill located by the mill pond, a smaller more simple mill was operated across Cornell Rd. near the waterfall. It was operated by a waterwheel. I am grateful to Mrs. Hazel Young for the following information describing activities of the mill taken from records of the Young family.

In 1859, the year Oregon was admitted to the Union, a man by the name of Justus Jones, along with his son, owned and operated a small saw mill about 8 miles west of Portland in the midst of a fine stand of timber, a great deal of which was cedar, on a creek called Cedar Creek. (This first, or original mill, was the "Grandad" of the Jones Lumber Co., located on the Willamette River in Portland.) Power to operate the saw was provided by a large "overshot" wheel (commonly called waterwheel) for lifting of water. After operating many years, the mill was dismantled and a new mill built in 1892.

A dam was then built across the creek, causing the water to back up into the lowlands and forming a goodsized mill pond near a natural rock waterfall - with a 32 foot drop - thus as the pond filled and overflowed, water power was supplied for the operation of the saws. Much lumber was cut from cedar, oak and fir. Shingles were made from rounds of cedar logs, then cut with a froe, which is a cleaving tool with a wedge-shaped blade. (Much the same as you would cut kindling from a piece of stove wood!)

Much of the oak grown near Bethany went to build a wharf on Lake Michigan, and some also was used in building steamboats. Fir sold for 25¢ per thousand board feet - men made $1.25 per day in the woods, and it was no uncommon sight to see 3-yoke of oxen hitched to a drag of logs slowly plodding towards the mill. The second mill was operated for several years by the Everson and Young families. It was dismantled later when lumber supplies were depleted.

The mill is gone, the pond is too, but the creek ripples on after tumbling over the old rocky falls. If you have never paused to look at these falls, in the early spring when the earth is awakenin' and the snow is a-meltin', then you have missed a pleasant little bit of fairy-land. The site is now marked following dedication ceremonies June 13, 1974 by the Tualatin Valley Heritage Society.

The first school in the area was a private one at the Joshua Hall House on the Owens place south of Cedar Mill. Twenty children attended school here prior to 1864.

In 1864 the Union School was built north of Miller's Corner on property near Union Cemetery. Since this was the 6th school to be built in Washington County, it was designated as School District #6. This school served the whole end of Washington County, encompassing Barnes, Tualatin View, Cedar Mill, Bonny Slope, Abbey near Brooks, Union, Cedar Dale, Bethany, and McKinley.

It wasn't until 1884 that Cedar Mill School was built to supply educational facilities for children in this area. Property was donated

by my grandfather, Samuel Walters, across Cornell Rd. from the present school site. A one room frame building was erected with the combined monies and labor of local residents.

The one room frame building served 8 grades with Capitola Seaman as the first teacher. Double desks were shared by two students. There was little other furniture besides a teacher's desk, kerosene lamps for light, and a large wood stove to provide heat. An ante-room on the front served as a cloakroom and in one corner was the school water supply with one tin cup to be used by all. A shed on the back held the wood supply. Two outside toilets marked "boys" and "girls" stood on the school grounds.

Note: I have a picture of this original school in my possession.

After a few years the school was moved across Cornell Rd. to the present site of Cedar Mill School on an acre of property again donated by my grandfather.

Cedar Mill School encompassed a part of Multnomah County as well as Washington County, so it was listed as School District #62. It being the 62nd school to be built in Washington County. At this time, in 1884, the district was cut off from Union District.

In 1926 this building was replaced by a new two room structure. The one room school was purchased by a local bachelor, Adam Clark, and moved to his property west of 107th and Leahy Rd. It served as his home until several years later when it was raised by the Henson family who had purchased the Clark property.

Many pioneer family members received their formal grade 1 through grade 8 education here, including my aunts and uncles and my father. Several of my cousins as well as ~~I and my sisters~~ My Sisters and I attended here. I completed grade school here in 1925.

Barnes Road was in existance prior to Cornell Rd. It was over this that lumber from the Cedar Mill was hauled to markets. Again referring to Uncle Sam, he told of walking, as a young boy, to Mt. Calvary Cemetery to catch a streetcar to downtown Portland and many times walking the entire distance to and from Portland. He would then catch a trolley car to Council Crest which was for many years a favorite amusement park and picnic area.

Note: I can remember when the trolley car was still in use and Council Crest was popular.

The first survey for Cornell Rd. was made Feb. 18, 1868 to provide a road through Cornell Gap. The survey started at Balch Creek near the Multnomah County line and proceeded west by a circuitous route to the present junction of Cornell and McDaniel Roads.

A second survey in 1892 was instigated by Young's mill to bring more timber to the mill and to provide better access for lumber products to Portland Markets. Final survey, prior to building the road, was made in 1901 to avoid so much damage to property owners.

Cornell Rd. first became a corduroy road. It was common as wagons traveled to cut trees to fill ruts. Later a concentrated effort was made by homeowners to haul rails to build a corduroy road.

Around 1890 the first rock was hauled in a joint effort by neighbors to an area of 200 ft. in front of the Cedar Mill School. Following this a 10 mill tax was levied each year to build the road. Thus the development of Cornell Rd. began.

Cedar Mill had its own post office established in 1874 with John Quincy Adams Young as postmaster. The building built in 1863 which first housed the post office still stands near the intersection of Cornell Rd. and McDaniel (west). Hand-hewn 12 x 12' shas helped the building to remain standing over 100 years.

In 1882 the post office was moved to a general store in Cedar Mill built and operated by G. H. Reeves who was commissioned postmaster. The service was discontinued around 1906 when rural mail delivery went into effect.

Mrs. Frank R. Young and the B. B. Reeves family still have in their possession hand letter stamps which were issued and used during the life of the post office. The Reeves family also has a bank of letter boxes.

Uncle Sam tells a story of the early rural delivery. His family invited the rural carrier to stop in so he could thaw out on a wintry day. The wagon was caked with ice and so was the poor mail carrier -- whiskers and all. They put the team in the Walters' barn and put the carrier by the stove to thaw so they could continue on their route. The Walters farm was on the mail route from West Union to Portland.

Cedar Mill around this time had a general store and post office (located across from the Cedar Mill Lumber Yard). There were also two

blacksmith shops for horse-shoeing and plow work, a prune drier, the church and a few homes, including the Reeves and Sammons houses. A prune orchard was productive on the property surrounding the present Cedar Mill Lumber Co.

Cooperation was practiced as a part of every day living among our early community residents. When one was in need of help a neighbor was ready to give a helping hand whether it be in labor, health or to meet necessities of every day living.

As families arrived to take up land grants or to purchase property (Walters, Baumanns, Millers, Sammons, Leahys, Youngs, Smiths, Eversons, Reeves, Jones, and many others) their immediate need of homes was met by the combined efforts of their neighbors. Before the mill was here to supply lumber the task of building was more arduous, necessitating the felling of trees and splitting of building materials by hand.

Barn raisings were common. Along with this work went the fun of parties and barn dances which gave a balance to life. Since families were scattered with neighbors being great distances apart, travelers would sometimes not reach home from these occasions until early dawn. Other times they would stay the night and travel the next day.

The Methodist Church, known as Wesley Chapel, located at Cedar Mill was built in 1892 by volunteer labor and money to serve as the spiritual center of the community. (A bell was purchased by donated funds to hang in the belfry, however, it was later sold.) A church previous to this was located across from Sunset High School.

Cooperation was again shown in times of illness. Women gave nursing care to neighbors when epidemics took their toll. Early day burials were at Union Cemetery north of Millers Corner, (one-half mile ~~west~~ of Sunset High School). Funerals consisted of a full hour of preaching by a preacher selected by the family involved. Since no hymn books were available, the preacher read a line at a time and it was repeated by the congregation. A small building on the cemetery property was used as the funeral chapel. The building was used for other types of meetings. This little local cemetery is still used today by some of the older families. It is interesting to wander through and read the names and dates of the early pioneers who lived so long ago.

Grandpa died Jan. 4, 1894 and was buried at Union Cemetery, Cedar Mill. His death left grandma a widow at the young age of 41 years. She lived on the family property until she moved to a home at 760 N. Minnesota Ave. in Portland. A deed shows that she purchased a house at the above address Sept. 13, 1907.

June 1, 1911, her son James (my father) leased the remaining 94.24 acres from her for a period of 5 years for a sum of $1750 to be paid at a rate of $350 per year. He married Frances R. Mead of Hillsboro at Sheridan, Oregon on June 7, 1911. After spending some time that summer at Lake Lytle near Rockaway they moved into the large frame home of my grandparents on Cornell Rd. and set up housekeeping. Father farmed the property.

June 26, 1911 Grandma deeded the same 94.24 acres more or less to her six remaining sons and daughter named in the deed as follows; John

Walters, Martha Churchley, Samuel Walters, James Walters, Norman Walters, and Ervin Walters. It wasn't until 1914 that a later deed described specifically which 15.75 acres each was to receive. In turn each of these children were to contribute $5 per year to her support.

May and Elizabeth, elder daughters had been given acreages from my grandparents' 160a. when they were married. They married brothers, Henry and Will Thomas. May's property was the eastern part of the section from Leahy Rd. south and Elizabeth's was the easterly part from Cornell to Leahy Rd.

PART II CEDAR MILL -

CENTERING AROUND MY FAMILY LIFE

Frances Ruth Mead, my mother was the daughter of Marshall M. and Johanna Beard Mead, who had married and lived at Banks, Oregon. They later moved to the Hillsboro area. Mother was the fourth of eleven children born to them. When Philip, the youngest, was only a few months old, grandma passed away. After this, the elder sisters and brothers helped care for the younger children. Mother had her part in this.

At the time she married my father, James Walters, June 17, 1911, she was residing with her family at Hillsboro. They were married at Sheridan, Oregon from where they went by horse and wagon to Lake Lytle to spend some of the summer months. Grandpa Mead was working on a road in the area as a surveyor at this time.

Upon their return from Lake Lytle they made their home in the large frame home of my grandparents in the Cedar Mill area. The house had been built in 1885. Father farmed the property he had leased from grandma.

I was the first child born to them. Dr. Linklater of Beaverton was the nearest doctor. To be on hand for my birth, he came to stay with my parents for three days before the event. I was born on a stormy June night and was named after Gertrude Cecil, a sister of Uncle Jesse Churchley. Uncle Jesse was the husband of my aunt Martha.

When I was two years old, the family of Samuel Walters, my uncle, including his wife, Lottie, and three children (Della, Jessie, and Charles) moved into the large house with us. Uncle Sam had been working in a mill at Cathlamet, Washington and the family had been residing there.

Soon after this the house was divided into two sections. My parents moved their half to a location near Cornell and Leahy Roads (now 107th) where it still stands. It contained two small bedrooms, a living room, a parlor, which was made into a kitchen with adjoining pantry, and a hallway with a staircase leading to the upstairs, which contained three bedrooms. Porchs ran across both the front and the rear of the house and a doorway with steps to the outside led from the hallway on the west end. Outside buildings included a woodshed, barn, chicken house, a large root cellar for keeping quantities of potatoes and root crops, and an outside outhouse. A smaller root cellar located near the back of the house was used for general food storage. Water had to be hauled from the well at the site of the former location of the house some 500 ft. away. At that time it was drawn from the well in pails with the help of a pulley.

The second half of the house belonging to Uncle Sam's family was located and is still standing at 107th and Leahy Roads. It was comprised of a large kitchen with a long walk-in pantry, a dining room (serving for awhile as a living room) with a porch across the front and upstairs bedrooms. Two bedrooms and a woodshed were built onto it at the time it was moved. A chicken house and an outhouse were built near the house and a barn was built across Leahy Road.

At the time my grandmother divided her property and moved to Portland her six remaining children who hadn't previously been granted a portion of the family property each received around 15.75 acres. It was on their portions of this that my parents and Uncle Sam's family located. Soon after this other members of the family moved to their acreages, too.

My father's acreage included a 5 acre piece across Cornell Rd. with 107th as the west boundary and the school property as the east boundary. It continued south across Cornell Rd. to join Uncle Sam's property. On the east it bordered on Aunt Martha's section. Leahy Road, now 107th, was the west boundary.

Sam Walters' property also joined Martha's property on the east and continued south to a property line of the donation land claim. A portion of it joined John's property on the west and Ervin's acreage on the east.

John did not reside on his property which was located west of Uncle Sam's, but instead sold it at a later date.

Norman owned 15 acres adjoining John's on the north. Other boundaries were 110th, Cornell Road and 107th. He also sold his portion rather than to live on it.

Ervin built a home on his part with a barn and garage located on Leahy Road adjoining Uncle Sam's property on the west and continuing east to the west boundary of May's property. Leahy Road was the north boundary and the south was the boundary line of my grandparents acreage. The family of Ervin Walters, including his wife Olga and their three sons, Edward, Robert and Allen moved to Portland after living in this home for four years. He sold his house and property to John Walters who then moved to it with his wife, Pearl and son Elmer.

Martha Churchley and her husband Jesse with their adopted daughter Edith (daughter of Norman) bought the house and property formerly owned by Elizabeth and Will Thomas. They resided on this property until later when they sold it to the West's who had it for many years. Martha's acreage from the home place bordered this property on the east, my father's land on the west, Cornell Rd. on the north and Leahy Rd. on the south.

When I was small, four of these families lived only short distances apart so social life was enjoyed by them. Sunday dinners were often at one of the houses. It was not uncommon for mamma to invite thirty or more for Sunday dinner. Baking on Saturdays for the weekend and well stocked cellars provided food for heavily laden tables. Summertime picnics were common in a grove of trees on the Churchley property across from Cedar Mill School. Later a grove of trees formerly on May's property, then owned by the Fairley family, was a favorite picnic spot. Crawfish feeds at Aunt Martha's are to be remembered too. The crustaceans were cooked in large vats with spices over an open outside fire and enjoyed by large family gatherings.

Families worked together. When it was time for haying, one field at a time would be mowed after which the men worked together to shock it, with their pitchforks into mounds. Later it was loaded onto wagons to be hauled by horses to the barns. As children, we were allowed to ride on the wagons loaded with hay. At the barn huge forks were attached to the hay to be elevated to the haymow. This involved large pulleys at the top and one end of the barn and the use of the horses to pull the hay

upward then across the haymows to the spot where it was to be dropped. We played in the haymows, too, as a favorite pastime.

Grain was threshed with threshing machines. The men again worked together standing bundles of grain into shocks and later threshing it. Women would gather to prepare harvest meals with each family trying to outdo the previous one. The quantities of foods were great. Children got into the act, too, by helping where they could.

Our family increased. Four years after I was born, my sister Verna arrived and a year and a half later Evelyn was born. Leola, born 4 years later, made the fourth girl. Some four years later my father was elated to have a son, James. The ocassion prompted waking us older children in the middle of the night to tell us we had a brother. A sister, Barbara and a brother, Donald, completed the family. Only Donald was born in a hospital instead of at home. He is 16 years younger than I.

There were always chores to be helped with at home, both indoors and out. Food crops, animals for meat and cows for milk helped to support our large family. We always had ample food and adequate clothing, though mainly home sewn. Much time was spent in gardening and later in canning. Canning time was often another ocassion for families to work together. Shelling peas, preparing and canning beans and corn often was done by even the children helping. Some vegetables and fruits were dried.

Butchering time in the fall involved much work. Pork was canned, salted and smoked. Sausages were made by grinding pork, seasoning and

frying patties. Some sausage was canned and some was preserved in crocks with layers of fat over it.

Monday was always washday. Clothes were washed in the summer on the back porch with a tub, washboard and much rubbing with bar soap. Fels Naptha was a popular soap and sometimes we used some made by us. Clothes were boiled in a copper boiler on the wood stove then thoroughly rinsed and wrung by hand. Bluing was added to the last rinse water and starch was used for aprons, cotton dresses and such garments. Bleach was unheard of, so clothes were laid on the grass to bleach in the sun. Numerous clotheslines were needed for the large laundries. In the winter, the kitchen served as the wash area.

Tuesday was ironing day. Irons were heated on the wood stove. Nothing was dripdry and much lace and many ruffles slowed the ironing process. Nylon underwear was unknown but instead we had cotton petticoats and underthings which were ironed.

Saturday night was bath night. Water was heated on the stove then poured into a round galvanized tub. We were given baths starting with the oldest and ending with the youngest. The water was ocassionally changed but often several of us were bathed in one tubful of water.

Sundays were for Sunday School. Most times we walked the mile to Wesley Methodist Chapel, returning again on foot. As we passed the mill pond, some of our Sunday school pennies ended up in it, but we reserved some for the collection plate.

When I was quite small, I remember sleeping with papa while mamma kept Verna as a baby and later Evelyn with her in the next bedroom. The

furniture in these two rooms was a double bed and a dresser. I can also remember still sleeping in this small bedroom when I had measles followed by influenza and pneumonia during the 1918 epidemic of the flu. Sometime after this we children were moved to the upstairs to sleep where it was very cold in the winter, particularly when it snowed and the east wind howled. The only heat in the house was from a wood heater in the living room and a wood range in the kitchen for cooking. A chimney went through the upstairs but little heat was given off from it. In extremely cold weather bricks were warmed in the oven for us to take to bed with us. Sometimes hot water bottles were added for warmth.

The kitchen was a center of activity with food being prepared three times a day. Breakfast was a hearty meal with bacon or sausage, eggs and pancakes as a general rule. Toast was made of homemade bread on the oven racks and oatmeal was served often. Our midday meal we called dinner. This was sometimes lighter - perhaps a hearty soup or beans with lots of broth and homemade breads. Supper was always a heavy meal with meat, potatoes, gravy, vegetables, bread, and dessert. We ate well with our own milk and cream. Most vegetables were served with cream poured over them. Calories? Who worried about them?

There were cousins to play with and games were simple. Edith Churchley and Charles Walters were closest to my age so we spent much time playing together. We also had our times for mischievious pranks. At one time, Charlie (Charles) and I spread axel grease from a pail in the barn on everything near at hand. We then hid out in our favorite hiding spot, a favorite Black Republican Cherry tree with a very slanting, easy to climb

trunk. Needless to say we eventually descended and were punished. Papa didn't often punish me, but when he did his spankings were to be remembered.

Our playtimes included rolling hoops or small wagon wheels with sticks having a crosspiece at the bottom, wrestling, climbing trees, and playing house. Ante-over, hop scotch, jumping rope, and many group games were among other pastimes. We played in the wooded areas and along the creeks catching small frogs, skippers, tadpoles and crayfish. We roamed for long distances through the surrounding lands.

Della and Jessie, older than we, would mix mud pies and tell us to taste them - ugh! There was a time, too when Della thought we might have eaten wild parsnips while we were eating watercress along the creek. She sneaked into her parents house for castor oil to be followed by jelly, thinking that would be adequate treatment. At this point our mother caught her and we were subjected to drinking warm milk which they thought would induce vomiting. I doubt that we had eaten anything besides watercress, but the memory of the ocassion remains.

Castor oil followed by graham cracker or milk of magnesia were mama's two favorite medicines when we were sick. No wonder I could hardly eat graham crackers for years and wouldn't pretend to be sick. Hot onion or mustard plasters were the treatment for chest colds. I'm sure the mustard plasters took the skin right off our chests. I can still remember how they burned. We many times soaked our feet in a tub of hot water when we were chilled.

We had a family dog, Shep, which brought the cows in from a adjoining wooded area each evening. Edith and I went to get the cows on one ocassion

but became lost and were duly frightened. This must have been after Shep's life ended. In any event, we were quite concerned until we were able to find our way home. We checked moss on the trees to try to determine our direction.

Farming was done with a team of horses. These were very large work horses, which my father used for plowing, cultivating, harvesting grain, and general work. I can remember on ocassions being lifted onto the horses for a ride.

Our only means of going to Portland in my early childhood was by horse and wagon. We didn't go often as there was a country store at Cedar Mill, but on ocassions father would put hay in the back of the wagon so we children could play or sleep as we wished. One time I remember going at night to see an electric parade during the rose festival. I was very young and my father held me above the crowd to see, but I became extremely frightened when the devil was portrayed jumping into hell.

During the First World War years papa worked in the shipyard at Linnton. By this time he had a Buick touring car with side curtains for transportation. On ocassions, mamma, Verna, Evelyn, and I would accompany him early in the morning to visit some of mamma's family who lived in Linnton and St. Johns, spending the day with them and returning at night. The shipyards afforded work for Grandpa Mead, Uncle Lee, and Uncle Dick and their families found it convenient to live nearby. It was a treat to watch the launchings of the ships, which we did several times. Much ceremony accompanied the launchings.

Grandpa Mead, mother's father, and his family, younger brothers and sisters of mother's, lived prior to the 1st World War at Carrolls, Wash. I can remember going once by the passenger boat, Kellogg, up the Columbia River, to a point where we disembarked and were met by mother's family. Papa came after us at the end of our visit and an axel broke on the car on our return trip. We stopped at a home along the way for several hours while the car was being repaired. At Carrolls, too, I remember going to the top of a nearby mountain to view a total eclipse of the sun. In the total darkness my young uncles and aunts told me there were bears around, which was quite likely. How this frightened me! I can remember, too, being afraid of uncle Raymond who was at the time courting Aunt Helen. I would hide under a bed when he was there.

Christmas and holidays were times for family togetherness at one home or another. Most special were the large family gatherings at grandma's house in Portland. Christmas gifts were much simpler than those of today, often being handmade clothing or a homemade toy. When I got my first "store-bought" doll from grandma, I was so surprised and happy that I cried. Likewise my first wrist watch was given to me by George Giles, a boarder at grandma's. Tears again flowed from the overwhelming surprise. Christmas trees could be cut in the nearby woods and were decorated with strings of colored paper chains, popcorn strings, a few simple ornaments and candles in candle holders. We were all very quiet and excited when the candles were lighted for a few minutes. We were careful to see that no breeze was allowed in the room to fan the candles lest the tree catch on fire.

The Fourth of July was always spent at Shute Park in Hillsboro with families throughout the county gathering for picnicing and festivities. There was much socializing on the parts of adults and play for children. Fireworks at night was the big highlight. As time went on a carnival was added so we found this an incentive to save money for rides and treats.

I wasn't very old when my parents would take me with them to house parties and barn dances. On some ocassions papa took me when mama didn't feel like dancing because she was expecting a baby. An old time fiddler would supply the music for dancing and dancing and eating was enjoyed. Meetings at ~~Woodsman~~ Woodman of the World Hall, then across from the Union Cemetery, and the Grange Hall on Saltzman Road provided other times for getting together. We children were left in the cloakrooms while our parents were attending lodge meetings. Later we joined in the social part, consisting of dancing, card playing and eating. Many times we fell asleep from exhaustion on the benches or in the cloakrooms. Babysitters were unknown in those days, so we went with our parents.

We had no radios, no inside plumbing, and kerosene lamps supplied our light. When I was first in school I studied by lamplight. This likely contributed to our farm hours of early to bed and early to rise. We were usually in bed by 9 o'clock, including our parents, and were up at the crack of dawn.

School days at Cedar Mill School at that time found us in one room with all eight grades in the same room. There was little furniture in the room except the desks with an inkwell in one side. There was a large

wood stove to provide heat. Library books were at a minimum. One teacher taught all eight grades and served as janitor as well. The school day opened by singing "America" or a patriotic song, giving the pledge of allegiance and roll call. Simple exercises quite frequently were included too. I hated the long underwear tucked into long black or brown stockings (white stockings were for Sundays). Dresses, petticoats and bloomers were often and most generally handmade.

Our books were far from being as colorful and interesting as those of present days. More emphasis was placed on reading, writing and arithmetic. As we reached 6th, 7th, and 8th grades, we were required to pass state exams before being promoted.

The teacher had to divide her time carefully with eight grades. Many times older children helped younger ones. Teachers would board and room with a nearby family.

Recesses and noon hours when the weather permitted would find children playing games. As we became old enough, baseball was a favorite sport. It took girls and boys together out of a room of around 30 to have enough old enough to play. Work-up was played with calling of first batter, second batter, pitcher, catcher, etc. being heard as we emerged from the building.

During the time I was in grade school, Frank Reeves turned his wooded area off 113th north of Cornell Rd. into a park he called Lost Park. His family had a summer home across the creek. A dam was made at the foot of the hill where the creek flowed and a swimming pool resulted. It was here all the young people learned to swim and spent many summer afternoons and evenings. People from Portland and for miles around used this park for picnics, swimming and hiking.

For a time, Edith Churchley and I went to Portland on Saturdays for music lessons, she to take violin lessons and I piano lessons. We would spend the day with Edith's aunt, Bertha King, who would send us to shop for whatever food we would like for lunch. We would always buy the same foods, including Van Camps Pork and Beans, wieners and Grandma's cake. These were special treats after our farm foods. It was often a hard decision to decide on gold or silver cake. Later Verna and I took piano lessons in the Bethany area, riding to our lessons with papa but walking the 3½ miles home.

As we reached 14 years of age all the young teenagers joined the junior grange. At one time around 30 of us belonged to the grange and some participated by holding offices and joining in meetings. We had a presentable drill team which participated in drills for other granges. Leedy ~~Leahy~~ grange hall at that time was located on the site of the present one. It was a two story building. Grange meetings were held on the upper floor followed by dancing. Refreshments were served on the main floor. Saturday night dances were popular and people gathered there from long distances traveling in old model cars which would be a delight to today's "old car collectors." We danced current and older dances, mixing them as requested. Fox trots, waltzes, two-steps, three-steps, the charleston, the Gigolo, and the Black Bottom were some we did well. Polkas, John Paul Jones and others were commonly danced, too, with breaking up time around 1 or 2 a.m. A family from Bethany, the Larsen's, supplied music frequently. Other musical groups played on ocassions.

For two summers at age 12 and 13 years of age I worked for my room and board and $30 per month for a family at West Union helping with general household cleaning, cooking and caring for children. It seemed that working was a way of life.

As children, we all helped with chores as we were needed. There was churning cream into butter, splitting wood and keeping the wood box filled to keep the wood fires burning. Older children helped younger ones. By all helping we learned a sense of responsibility and cooperation. As we were able to handle jobs, we picked strawberries, cherries, blackcaps, raspberries, peas and other crops to earn money for school clothes and spending money.

We helped at home with gardening, canning of hundreds of quarts of fruits, vegetables, meats, pickles, jams and jellies. As fall came, we helped to pick up potatoes after the men dug them. Papa planted many acres of potatoes to sell and handling them was heavy work.

A summer or two I spent strawberry season at Pumpkin Ridge with Grandpa Mead picking strawberries. He had many acres of them. We had fun along with the work and strawberries were on the menu three times a day.

My sisters and brothers helped with chicken raising more than I did. Papa had worked at various jobs besides farming to keep our family comfortable. After shipyard days, he worked for awhile for U. S. Rubber Co. He later bought a threshing machine and threshed grain for people throughout the surrounding communities in the harvest seasons. Still later he served as road foreman for Washington County for many years. It was

around depression days that mamma decided to help by raising chickens. This was a time consuming project with houses to be kept cleaned, eggs to gather and general feeding, watering and caring for the hundreds of baby chicks and hens.

The depression caused a financial crisis for my parents along with everyone. They lost savings in the bank. Luckily with the farm to help out we had ample food. It did create an added worry of how to make ends meet.

There were summers, too, when mamma decided to raise an acre or two of cucumbers and gherkins. Harvesting them was back breaking.

When my brother Jim was a baby, the house where we lived underwent some remodeling. The partitions for bedrooms were torn out and one large room resulted for the living room. The kitchen was made into a bedroom and the pantry into a bathroom. A kitchen was built onto the back of the house and after we once had electricity the woodshed was torn down and the outhouse was replaced by inside plumbing. Before the days of electricity, there was a time we used carbide lights which were quite satisfactory for seeing but not as convenient. Electricity later prompted more conveniences, an electric washing machine and iron were among the first in priority.

High school days were eventful. At the time I started we were not in Beaverton High School District and there was no transportation. This prompted a decision on the part of my parents to send me to live with grandma Walters so I could attend Jefferson High School. At this time, Jefferson High School had an enrollment of 3000 as it was prior to the

opening of Grant High School which shared the heavy load. Need I say what a change this was from Cedar Mill School in one room! Algebra was very foreign as a math subject. I had no literary background for such things as the Iliad and of course Latin was difficult. I managed fairly well to get through the year with good teachers to help. I made good friends as I walked to and from school, a mile each way. Candy bars and extras weren't in my budget and I'm sure my clothes were clean and neat but not as stylish as some. At this time the songs "Moonlight and Roses" and "The Desert Song" were popular. We all swooned when one of the high school tenors so ably sang them. The movie "The Desert Song" with John Boles was the greatest love story to see. I hadn't seen too many movies before this, only a few scattered silent films.

Highlighting the year was the Friday nights when Grandma and George Giles took me by streetcar down the Mississippi Hill across the Broadway Bridge past the still standing Albers Milling Company and the Union Depot then up brightly lighted Broadway to the Pantages or Hippodrome Theaters. The stage shows were spectacular and something to remember. We would stop after the show for ice cream or a soda at an ice cream parlor. We then would board the trolley car for the return trip and several blocks walk again to grandma's house. How tired but excited and grateful I would be.

I will always treasure the year I had with Grandma and George Giles. They both treated me with so much kindness. Grandma's house was very meticulous. There was a place for everything and there I could be sure to find it and would return it. In our family so many of us handled things that many times they would be misplaced. Grandma was a true

companion and I delighted in her stories, many of which I wish now I had written down. She was a very short, rotund woman with thin gray hair done in a bun. As we would walk to the stores on Mississippi Ave. to shop, I would tower over her 5 ft. 2 inches. We would make the rounds of the butcher, the baker, the small grocery store and dry goods shops. This was a treat as grandma often bought things my farm life hadn't afforded. I can remember her having grapefruit, cutting them at night, then loading them with sugar to let stand until breakfast the next morning. I thought store bread and butter was better than the homemade on the farm.

Grandma was a wise and lovely person and her companionship was dear to me. It made a lasting impression on me. If I ever said "I can't" she would respond with "can't never did anything." This was to be a guiding thought for me whenever I have thought "I can't." Many things I have done because of this simple little phrase of inspiration.

Grandma told me other things of interest many of which I wish now I had written down. She told how they were kept in the covered wagons at night as they came west. Their father, a devout Methodist minister would not allow them to join in or watch dancing around the campfires. Grandma said though that she could see no harm in dancing. She said people could make harm of anything they wished.

I'm glad I had the priviledge of knowing my two grandparents. Both grandma Walters and grandpa Mead were very dear to me and their deaths in 1926 left a void in my life. Christmas was never the same without our family gatherings at grandma's. I missed the grandfatherly stories and being with grandpa.

By my sophomore year, Beaverton High School had been made a Union High School District. This meant that districts within the boundaries established paid taxes to support the high school. This made it possible for pupils in outlying areas to attend high school at Beaverton. The first school buses were bought. To pick up a load we circled a long distance. From Cornell Rd. we would travel to Bethany and back through the Barnes district along Walker Road then into Beaverton. The high school enrollment at that time was around 300. We knew most of our classmates and teachers. I can remember thinking I was deprived because I couldn't have a sunburst skirt and other mod clothes but I probably dressed as well as the average. Many of the students were from rural areas as I was.

Living away from home the 1929-30 school year afforded another experience when I attended Oregon Normal School at Monmouth. Mamma had planted an acre of cucumbers which we all picked to earn money to help me with expenses. Part of the year I had a room in a private home with other students. The winter and spring months I lived in and worked for my room and board for Dr. & Mrs. ~~Jesen.~~ Jensen He was head of the psychology department. This worked out well but the depression hit and things were very tight. I decided that summer not to go back to Monmouth but instead to look for work. With the job market tight, I took what work I could find, even delivering soap samples from door to door. An opening as a product demonstrater at the Owl Drug Co. led to a job in the lunch and soda fountain there. For over 3 years I worked 48 hours a week, one week

8 to 5 and the second week 10 to 2 and 6 p.m. to 10 p.m., salary $11 per week. This meant staying in Portland on my split shift week with my aunt since no bus service existed to Cedar Mill. On my day shift weeks I usually had a regular ride from home and part of the time I would thumb a ride (we knew everyone going by so this was safe.)

Arthur Pearson was a clerk for the Pacific Fruit Express Co. in the Pittock Block so a romance developed between us resulting in our marriage. It might be of interest to know our small home wedding was in my parents' house in nearly the same area where I was born and had made my home all my life. My father had been born too in the same house.

We lived for some 5 years in rentals in Portland before my father gave us an acre of land on which to build. Our limited income dictated our house which was a nice enough three bedroom home with a full basement and double garage, kitchen, living room, dining room and bath. At this time in 1940 there was no Bull Run water available necessitating the drilling of a well. Of course bus service hadn't even been considered. The community was rural with many people farming and still commuting to places of employment. By this time however a few people who enjoyed a rural life but were employed in Portland chose Cedar Mill for their home-sites. Cornell Road then was extremely curvy and was slower to travel but the nearness to Portland made the community easily accessible.

PART III LATER YEARS IN DEVELOPMENT OF THE COMMUNITY

Our family was readily accepted into the Cedar Mill community when we moved into our home adjoining the school property. I had been part of the community all my life and had many friends. At this time, we knew all our neighbors as the community was sparsely settled. My husband, Art was soon to feel at home with these people too, as he came to know them.

Prior to our moving from Portland I had led a troop of Girl Scouts at the school. This meant that I commuted from Portland at least once each week. Cornell Club had been in existence for many years as a social club and I would often attend its gatherings.

The PTA had been in existence since 1936 and most activity centered around the school. The Home Extension Service provided meetings for women under Oregon State College with instruction in homemaking. Leedy Grange had many active members and was a thriving part of the community life. The school had only two rooms with a small basement at the time the PTA was formed and when we moved to the area. ~~Our property adjoined the school property~~.

One of the first accomplishments of the PTA was to furnish hot foods for school children at lunch time. At first mothers took turns cooking hot foods such as stew, soup or cassarole dishes then transporting them to school to serve to the children. Later the PTA earned enough money from projects to equip a simple kitchen in the school basement. At this

time, Mrs. Helen Ward volunteered her services to cook for the children. She donated her time to provide nutritious meals for children for a year and a half. In the summertime mothers gathered to can fruits to help with the food costs. People with excess fruits and vegetables supplied some of these for use in lunches. Chobans were growing celery on their beaver dam land and each week during harvest season they contributed crates of these.

During the war years, Frank Reeves built shells of homes on 113th in Lost Park which he sold for small payments down to families. This resulted in a population explosion as most of the families had several children. Since the school was too small to accomodate the increase, classes were set up at the grange hall. By the following fall two more classrooms had been built and were put into use.

As the school enlarged a more sophisticated lunch program was set up in cooperation with the United States Department of Agriculture under the National School Lunch Program. A second cafeteria replaced the first one. It was located in one end of the library on the main floor. The library also had been a program undertaken by the PTA to provide more books for school use. Prior to this the library had been very meager.

As the school grew still more to keep up with the population increase, a still larger cafeteria was needed. This one located in the basement under a wing of classrooms is in use today. Three cooks have been employed for several years. The lunch program is an integral part of the school program.

The PTA has played an active part in support of the school throughout the years. It has been instrumental in upgrading many facets of the school program through its cooperation.. The Halloween Carnival has been a yearly event looked forward to by children, school picnics on the last day of school were the rule until the enrollment became too large and unwieldy. These picnics had been continued since the days when I was in school providing a day for community togetherness.

In 1942, a group of local men gathered to form a Volunteer Fire Department and promoted collecting money from citizens to "rig-up" an old truck into a fire truck. Residents responded with donations ample for this purpose. George Foege and David Ediger, who operated the Cedar Mill Garage were instrumental in making the truck into the first piece of fire fighting equipment. The newly formed Community Club helped to get the department organized. Many of the local men became volunteer firemen. Art was treasurer for the association and my father was an active participant in the organization. Operating entirely on volunteer help it was common for men to stop their activities to fight a fire. On one such ocassion a dance at the grange hall came to a halt when the men left to fight a fire at Lehman's barn out Cornell Road.

It became a full fledged fire department in 1946 and George Foege served as Fire Chief with a skeleton crew. Volunteers were still used. As the community grew a regular fire truck was bought and more equipment was gradually added. A fire house came into existence and tax money supported the district. The community helped later to again provide money

to equip a first aid car through private donations and contributions from organizations. George Foege continued to head the department until recently when he retired. During this time it has grown to a large efficient station with well trained men, several fire trucks, and a well equipped emergency car. It is now a part of Washington County Fire District.

A Community Club came into existence around 1942 and one of its first projects was to get Bull Run water through the area. It took many meetings, much petitioning and voting for the moneys to get the water district formed. The district was named Wolf Creek Highway Water District and has been in operation continuously since its formation. George Cote one of the persons instrumental in founding the district headed it for many years. It is now a large district with constant demands for supplying water to an ever growing community. It had many growing pains through the years.

The Community Club again acted to solicite the Park Rose Bus Company for bus service. In order to insure enough patronage local people purchased tickets and diligently patronised the buses. Several times upon being threatened to lose the service the community would rally forth to save it, sometimes by retaining a lawyer and appearing before Public Utility Commission hearings. More recently, Tri-met serves the area.

During the Second World War, people from both the PTA and Community Club donated many hours to help in war efforts. War bonds were sold on

a door to door basis. Savings stamps were sold at the school with children consistently saving to buy them. Collecting for the Red Cross was another community service. Classes in Red Cross First Aid, Home Nursing and Canteen work were set up and attended by local residents. Red Cross sewing and making bandages was a project undertaken by Cornell Club. Meetings were held, too, on preparations for citizen evacuation and care in case of a bombing.

The Canteen group and community residents were pressed into service in helping with the Bonney Slope Fire. Families were evacuated and fed and housed. Men helped to man the fire fighting lines. The fire department played an important part.

In general families became very involved as did Art and I. Art was a Boy Schout leader and was working on the Scout Council as well as on the school board and in local organizations. Since my mother would babysit for my growing family, I found myself involved in many areas. Cub Scouts, Brownies, and 4-H clubs were among the groups I helped lead. I became deeply involved in PTA locally, county wide, and state wide and on the high school level. This was in addition to taking an active part in other organizations in the community.

Cedar Mill Garden Club was organized in 1946 and is still in existence with an active membership. It has carried many projects of beautification for the area, including landscaping at Cedar Mill School and Union Cemetery. The wildflower portion of Cedar Mill Park is also one of its projects. Ecology and anti-litter programs are among its interests. By cooperating with the district and state organizations,

helpful programs have been promoted statewide as well as locally.

Many community residents worked to upgrade the church which was rather inactive for a time. A community church was established and later the old building was replaced by the present building of the Cedar Mill Bible Church which has grown from a smaller building to a large one with an active membership. For awhile it was the only church in Cedar Mill, but now others are in existence, most prominent of which are Christ Methodist and St. Pius X in the close proximity of the community.

During this time our young growing family and our home took much effort so there wasn't much time for leisure. We had much social life in the community. Actually the PTA and Community Club sponsored some outstanding social events. The Neighbors Capers by the PTA were productions providing interest and involving many people. A Night in the Klondike as well as plays and an Operetta were sponsored by the Community Club. There was much community togetherness and the school district boundaries more or less made us feel a special closeness. Community Club membership extended beyond school district boundaries.

With time changes having taken place, the school now is part of the large Beaverton School District #48. A population explosion during the war years and a trend to suburban living has made subdivisions spring up and now what was formerly farm land has turned into suburbia. Lately the building trend is for apartments and many of them have sprung up.

At the time that television became popular some community organizations felt the competition with TV viewing. People would stay home

rather than to attend a meeting with a good program. This was no doubt the thing that contributed to giving up the Community Club. While it was in existence, however, it served as a worthwhile entity of the community. There became too many demands on people's time, too, which likely contributed to its demise.

More and more working mothers has changed the habits of families, too. There seems to be less of a defined community as people's interests broaden to things outside community functions.

I think, however, there is still a strong feeling of community life. Many of the older families are still in residence and have a feeling of kinship.

None of my family resides on the former property of my grandparents, since I moved from it two years ago and Aunt Lottie moved several months ago following uncle Sam's death. Only members of Uncle Sam's family, namely his daughter Jessie and her husband Frank Parmer and Jessie's daughter Dixie's family, remain as residents of the area. My son, Delbert and his family are near here and also my son Gary's family, though he is deceased. Francie, my daughter is in Corvallis, but gets to the community often.

Ervin Walters is the only remaining son of my grandparents. He, at the age of 8[illegible] years, lives with his wife in Portland.

My sisters and brothers have scattered, only I am near Cedar Mill and can keep in touch. I keep in touch through my friends and I am frequently in the area. My family will always be interested as it is home to them, too.

Not many landmarks remain. The mill pond has been filled much to the dismay of those who remember its beauty. The waterfalls are still to be seen in their natural state on the south side of Cornell Road near 119th.

Several older homes are still standing, the oldest of which is the Young home on Cornell Road near 119th. The Kieni home north of Cornell Road off 91st is said to have been built in 1862. It has been remodeled extensively over the years. The 2nd Young home across from Cedar Mill Bible Church was built in 1884 or 1885 from lumber from trees near the Cedar Mill. It has been occupied for many years by the A. E. Hickethier family. The houses formerly owned by James and Samuel Walters were built in 1885. They were formerly combined into the large family home. They were described previously together with their locations. Across from Cedar Mill Lumber yard on Barnes Road stands the Sammons house built in 1891.

Many changes have taken place and many fond memories are mine to cherish. I am grateful for the experience I have had through my childhood and greater part of my lifetime in this lovely part of the Tualatin Valley. My roots are deeply planted here where my grandfather chose to settle.

I'm sure there are other things I could have included about this typically fast growing suburbia. My aim is to provide readers with an insight into the background of life in Cedar Mill.

Eliel Oliver, my greatgrandfather, was born April 21, 1830 in Rush County, Indiana, the son of E. F. and Catharine (Odea) Oliver. His father was born in Kentucky in 1803, as also was his mother, who was a niece of Daniel Boone.

Eliel Oliver was reared and educated in Indiana. He was educated in Pulaske Co. public schools. He had two brothers Joseph E. and Hiram W.

He married Nancy Lower on March 27, 1849.

Nancy Lower was born in Fayette Co., Indiana Feb. 17, 1835 and died in Grande Ronde, Ore. in 1883. She was the daughter of William & Rebecca Goodwin Lower of Indiana. She had two sisters Mary J. and Phoebe.

They began their married life in Scott Co, Ill. and in 1853 moved to Marion Co., Iowa. In 1864 they took part in the great western movement, crossing the plains by covered wagon and ox team, arriving in Washington Co., Oregon in Sept., 1864. His parents crossed the plains at the same time. Eliel brought the big family Bible across the plains.

They resided in the Cedar Mill area for some time.

His parents, E. F. and Catherine, settled in Summerville in the Grande Ronde Valley where they spent the remainder of their lives. They were buried in a cemetery there.

Eliel and family later moved to Grande Ronde valley Ore. In 1871 they went to the Territory of Wash. stopping for two years at Waitsburg and Dayton. Two years later they settled on land at Pataha Flat at Pomeroy, Wash.

When Columbia County was formed from the eastern part of Walla Walla Co., Mr. Oliver acted as one of the commissioners. He also was a commissioner in the organization of Garfield Co.

He took a homestead and began farming. He later rented a half section of land and sold the homestead. He was a staunch Democrat and took a keen interest in political affairs. He was a member of the Masonic Order and a Master Ass't of Evening Star Lodge #30. He belonged and his wife belonged to the Methodist Church for 30 years. He was a preacher in that denomination.

His brother Joseph E. Oliver was a resident of Ore. for 40 years.

Eliel and wife had 11 children:

1. Mary E. born June 9 1850 in Scott Co., Ill. Her married name was Skogland.
2. John W., Jan. 4, 1855 in Marion Co., Iowa. He married Ida W. Lane
3. Naomi C., Nov. 8, 1852 in Morgan Co., Illinois. She married Samuel Walters at Cedar Mill, Ore. in 1966.
4. James Oliver, Nov. 23, 1859 in Marion Co., Iowa. His wife was Phoebe Joseph McPherson.
5. Mrs. Rebecca Minnick, Sept 8, 1857. Samuel Minnick was her husband.
6. Ashbury Oliver, Feb. 8, 1862 Marion Co., Iowa. Wife - Nettie Hender
7. Ida, July 29, 1864 at Sweatwater, Idaho. Born on way across plains and named Ida after the state of Idaho. She married ? Stevens.
8. Kavanaugh H., Feb. 24, 1866 in Washington Co., Ore. (apparently Cedar Mill.) His wife was Laura Esther Clark.
9. Isabella, Feb. 7, 1872 in Garfield Co., Wash. Married Allen Lukey.
10. Francis Marion, March 18, 1878, Garfield Co., Wash. Geneva McCowen was his wife.
11. Frank Oliver, July 7, 1875, Garfield Co., Wash. (Laura Virginia ? was his wife.

One son Elkana was born in Oregon and died in Waitsburg, Wash.

Eliel Oliver died in 1830 at the home of his son James on the latter's farm near Falling Spring, Wash. He was licensed to preach the gospel in 1862 and was a Methodist minister for many years.

Naomi C. Oliver was born Nov. 8, 1852 in Morgan County, Illinois to J. E. and Nancy Oliver. She came to Oregon with her family by wagon train from Iowa arriving here in September, 1864.

September 16, 1866 she was married to Samuel Walters in the house of her parents with William E. Smith performing the ceremony. She was 13 years of age and Grandpa Walters was 45 years old.

At first they resided in the cabin built by grandfather on Leahy Road east of 107th. As their family increased they built a brick house near the cul-de-sac on Walters Lane. Still later, in 1885, a large frame house was erected near the brick house. Here their youngest sons James and Ervin were born.

They had eleven children as follows:

Amos, born July 9, 1867. He was drowned in the mill pond at the age of 15 years.

Eliel, born April 20, 1869. Died March 17, 1877 of diptheria.

Nancy May, born in 1871

Elizabeth Elen, July 10, 1873 - Dec. 5, 1949.

A baby girl unnamed May 12, 1875, lived only a few hours

John, May 31, 1875 - Oct. 13, 1952 He was a twin of the baby girl that died.

Samuel Turner, April 18, 1881 - May 28, 1973

Norman, 1883 - 1959 (don't have birthdate)

James, July 10, 1885 - Jan. 1961

Ervin E., Nov. 26, 1890. He is still living.

Grandpa died Jan. 4, 1894 leaving grandma widowed at the age of 41 years. She continued living with her family on her property until 1907 when she purchased and moved into a home at 760 Minnesota Ave. She lived there until her death in 1926.

Herbler
and Recorder

Certificate that on this
date personally appeared
before me the Subscriber
the within instrument
& the same freely ack
therein named. And
her on examination
separate from her
thereunto set my
and year last above
A. Schnellger
Notary Public
Oct. 1856

County Clerk
Deputy.

United States
To
Samuel Walters

The United States of America

To All to Whom these presents shall come Greeting:

Whereas there has been deposited in the General Land Office of the United States a Certificate numbered Sixty Six hundred and thirteen of the Register and Receiver at Oregon City Oregon, whereby it appears that under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved the 27th day of September 1850, entitled An Act to create the Office of Surveyor General of the Public Lands in Oregon and to provide for the Survey and to make donations to settlers of the said Public Lands, and the legislation supplemental thereto, the claim of Samuel Walters of Multnomah County Oregon ..... Notification No 1048 has been established to a donation of one quarter Section or one hundred and Sixty acres of land and that the same has been surveyed and designated according to the Official Plat of Survey returned to the General Land Office by the Surveyor general as the East half of the South East quarter of Section thirty four and the West half of the South West quarter of Section thirty five in Township one North of Range one West in the district of lands subject to sale at Oregon City, Oregon. Containing one hundred and Sixty Acres. Now Know Ye That the United States of America in consideration of the premises and in conformity with the provisions of the act aforesaid, Have given and Granted, and by these presents Do Give and Grant unto the said Samuel Walters and to his heirs the tract of land above described. To Have and to Hold the said tract with the appurtenances unto the said Samuel Walters and to his heirs and assigns forever. In Testimony Whereof I Andrew Johnson President of the United States, have caused these Letters to be made Patent and the Seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

Seal

Given under my hand at the City of Washington this fourteenth day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and Sixty Six and of the Independence of the United States the ninety first. By the President Andrew Johnson

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By E. Whittemore Secretary
For Surveyor General of the General Land Office

Recorded for Record Jan. 6. 1868.
A. A. Schnellger Ex. Clerk

HISTORY

LOST PARK was donated by the United States of America to Tom Pearson, in the year 1856. Many of the homes of the early settlers of Portland were covered by shingles shaved from Cedar Timber which Mr. Pearson cut from this tract. He lost his life by being struck by one of the great trees he felled. The stump still remains and is appropriately marked.

Abraham Lincoln Young purchased this tract in 1883. At that time he was operating the Cedar Mill sawmill, the power for which was supplied by the water from Alder brook. The large timber on this tract was logged off by Abe. The high stumps there show the manner in which these operations were carried on a half century ago.

During the summer of 1925, this same Abraham Lincoln Young (who is the son of John Quincy Adams Young, a survivor of the Whitman massacre, and a former owner of Lost Park), superintended and assisted in the building of the swimming pool and the apparatus for the children's playgrounds.

The name Lost Park was selected because this beauty spot in Nature's garden was discovered by reminiscenses of one of the owners of a fishing trip along Alder brook more than thirty years ago.

The present beauty of Lost Park equals the fond memories of those boyhood days.

LOST PARK is five miles West of Portland on the Cornell Road, one half mile East of Cedar Mill and three miles North of Beaverton.

It is a delightful recreation place in its natural beauty, bisected by bubbling brook and rockbound stream. One hundred and fifty acres of woodland beauty all of which presents as fine a picture as was ever hung on Nature's walks.

To the natural beauties of Lost Park and for your further enjoyment has been added:

A commodious Swimming Tank, supplied with clear sparkling water from Alder Brook and numerous springs.

Swings, swinging rings, wading in Alder brook and the other features for the children.

Stoves, luncheon tables and benches, ball grounds, horse shoe courses, wonderful strolls and long shady drives together with a mile of rockbound Alder Brook, fern embowered gracefully winding its way through the valleys and playgrounds are all for Lost Park visitors and within a twenty minutes drive of Portland.

The roads leading to Lost Park were built by Oregon Pioneers' and are unique drives crowding more natural beauty and granduer into a few miles than, describable in