

Howard Edward Wilson...His Story



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Compiled, Edited & Published by Judy Wilson
Summer 2004

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Howard Edward Wilson was born on a very hot day June 4, 1912 on a farm in Parlier, California, a small farming community just slightly northwest of Reedley, California in Fresno County. In 1909 Howard's parents, John Edward Wilson and Bessie Kangas bought their first farm. Bessie worked up in Fairbanks, Alaska between 1909 and 1911 and sent money to Ed to help pay for their farm in Parlier. They came to live in Parlier in 1911, the year before Howard was born. Their farm was located on the corner of Clay and River Bend. Many Finns came to settle in the Reedley area beginning in about 1908. The land was harsh and arid but the Finns were able to grow fruit on their farms. Apricots, peaches, grapes were all grown and dried in the hot California sun. The farmers relied on the Kings River for irrigation and water. Howard had many cousins in the area. Ed's half-sister, Sandra Wilson Päättäjä and her ten children lived nearby in Reedley, California.

Howard's cousin, Vieno Päättäjä Leeman, recounts a story of Howard as a small child. Bessie had dressed him in a white suit and he went outside and into the barn. Everyone was afraid that he would be kicked by a horse, but he evidently was not. However, he did fall down and got his clothes very dirty. Children in these families had to help on the farms. The Päättäjä children worked in the fruit cutting sheds when they were old enough. Life was hard and many Finns did not stay in the area.

Ed and Bessie sold their 30-acre farm in April of 1918. They left Parlier early in the summer of 1918. They loaded up their Ford touring car and took an extended vacation before heading back to Oregon. The car had wide running boards in which their belongings were stored, and they camped as they traveled. Their journey took them to the Santa



Howard and Vieno in Orchard with Kittens

Barbara Mission, to the South Long Beach Air Station where they saw the airplanes. They



Bessie and Howard on Road Trip Through California in 1918

drove up the coast of California, stopped in Oakland to visit Bessie's sister, Greta Mackie and went to San Francisco. They drove north through the redwoods and drove through the tree that has the road right through the center of its trunk.

By the time they got to Oregon it was already the rainy season, and the car got stuck in the mud. They arrived in Astoria in September of 1918. Howard began school at Taylor School. Howard spoke only Finnish when he went to school for the first time. The Uniontown children would all walk up the steps behind Howard's grandmother's house at 72 Columbia Avenue to Taylor School, which was up the hill behind her house. Although he didn't speak any English, many of his schoolmates didn't speak English either. His teacher even spoke Finnish. At home he spoke Finnish; at school he was required to speak English. This was typical for children of immigrant families across the United States.



Taylor School, Astoria, Oregon

During the time when he lived in Astoria, Howard went to a movie with his parents and heard a violinist play. The movie was a silent movie, but there was an orchestra of violins that played at the appropriate moments in the movie. He liked this very much and went home and told his father about it. His dad looked around for a violin teacher as he had great aspirations for his young son. In time, his father bought him a child-size violin and arranged for him to take lessons. The teacher lived in Portland but came to Astoria to teach several children. When Howard moved to Portland he was able to take his violin lessons just three blocks from the Yamhill Market. Howard took lessons until he was about twelve years old.



As he grew older, he said that he had trouble with his arms hurting and didn't practice enough. His dad was disappointed when he gave up but he didn't make a big deal about it. Even today, Howard still enjoys listening to violin music selections on the TV and radio, and when Ellen plays some of her audio tapes.

In 1919 the family moved to Portland where Howard's father leased the Empress Hotel located at 308 1/2 Stark Street, between 5th & 6th Streets in downtown Portland. At street level there was a theatre, the Empress Theatre, and above the theatre was the hotel. Ed and Bessie ran the hotel. During the time that they ran the hotel a Shriner's convention was held in Portland. The



Hotel was full during this convention. Howard attended Atkinson School at this time. He lived close enough to school that he could come home for lunch. When Ed's lease ran out at the Empress Hotel they moved to 528 Flanders Street. Sometimes Howard would eat lunch at a restaurant that was near the school. For 25 cents he would have tomato soup, all the crackers he could eat, and pumpkin pie.

Howard remembers some events from his early childhood that centered around his Aunt Puskala. Mrs. Puskala was Howard's grandfather's sister. She lived in Deep River, Washington. The Puskala farm was a warm and inviting home where Katherine always welcomed guests with coffee and Finnish sweet bread. Over the years many Puskala family reunions were held there until the farm was eventually sold. Howard remembers that one year his parents let him spend a summer with his Aunt Puskala in Deep River. He called her "Täti" or Mrs. Puskala. While he was there that summer he got to try on an old German war helmet from World War I that one of the Hendrickson boys brought home from the war. He remembers having his photo taken wearing that helmet but we have not been able to locate that picture.

Howard also recalls a trip that he made with his mother and Mrs. Puskala on a steamer. Howard's mom needed to go to San



Francisco on important family business. Bessie asked Mrs. Puskala to accompany her. They traveled on a steamship. Mrs. Puskala became very seasick, but Howard and Bessie were not seasick. Howard became hungry, and when it was time to eat, he ran to get his Aunt. He said, "*Täti, Täti, come and eat potatoes*". Of course, being very seasick, she declined his enthusiastic offer!

In November of 1920 Ed and Bessie and Howard bought the farm on Baseline Road in Beaverton, Oregon where they lived until their deaths. An old house and barn were on the property but Ed and Bessie decided not to live in that house. Howard's dad built a one-story, one-room cottage for temporary housing until a new house was built in 1923.

The new barn was not built until 1932. The temporary house was eventually torn down, as was the old barn. Both the new house and new barn were damaged during the 1962 Columbus Day Storm but were not torn down until 2002.



First Barn & Fordson Tractor

In 1921 Howard began attending Aloha Huber School on Blanton Street in Aloha, Oregon. He was 9 years old and in the third grade. The school was about two miles from his home on Baseline Road and 170th Avenue. Howard walked to school rain or shine. Some neighbor boys walked with him. If they got a late start, they would have to run!

Howard with Pup circa 1922

The Huber area was an area around 170th and Tualatin Valley Highway, or Highway 8. It was not much more than a "railway" stop at the time, marked with a "Huber" sign for the railroad that passed by. The Southern Pacific "Red Electrics" ran on that line to Forest Grove until around 1930 and competed with the Oregon Electrics for passenger service. The Huber stop also boasted a few small businesses and several homes. Later there was also a stop there for the Oregon Motor Stages bus line. Mail was also posted at Huber.



Ed and Bessie raised pigs, chickens, flowers and vegetables on the farm. They took their farm produce, eggs and chicken broilers in to Portland to sell. They sold their farm produce at various Farmers' Markets in downtown Portland. One time Howard's dad couldn't get the car started for the trip to the Portland market so they stuffed their produce in some large cloth bags and ran down the farm dirt road to the railway stop and took the Oregon Electric rail car to Portland.

In 1926 Howard's father obtained a special permit for Howard to work at the Yamhill Market after school and on Saturdays. He rode the Oregon Electric Railway in to Portland.

TO THE EMPLOYER:
This certificate is not to be given back to the child, but is to be returned to the Board of Inspectors of Child Labor, 646-648 Courthouse, Portland, Oregon, within five days after child leaves his employ.

7695

SPECIAL PERMIT

In case this permit is lost a duplicate will cost 50 cents.

This permit is issued to Howard Wilson Date Sept. 25- 1926
(Name of child)

Employed at Yamhill Market
(Name of employer)

Good only After school & Saturdays
(Date of expiration)

No child under 14 years of age may be employed in mill, cannery, workshop, factory or manufacturing establishment. No child between 14 and 16 years of age may be employed before 7:00 a. m. or after 6:00 p. m., and not more than 8 hours a day. No girl under 16 after 6:00 p. m.

Willie B. Drumheller
Secretary Board of Inspectors of Child Labor, State of Oregon.

Place of birth Fresno, Calif. Date of birth June 4- 1912

School Aloha Grade _____ Residence P#2- Box 172

Evidence of age:
Atkinson 1920
On file
Signature of applicant.

Edward Wilson
Signature of father, mother, guardian, custodian.

The Oregon Electric Railway was established in 1908. One of the Oregon Electric Railway tracks ran out to Orenco and Hillsboro, and ran along the south side of the Wilson Farm property line. The stop was not on 170th, but somewhat to the east of 170th. If you followed the cow path or road south of the pear trees to the “bottom” or to the new well and walked directly south, that was where the Railway stop was. It was a regular stop with a yellow covered station. You could get on the railway cars even if you were not at a designated stop. Howard tells, “People would just come out of the bushes and wave down the train driver. The conductor had to put down a step for people to step up into the cars.”

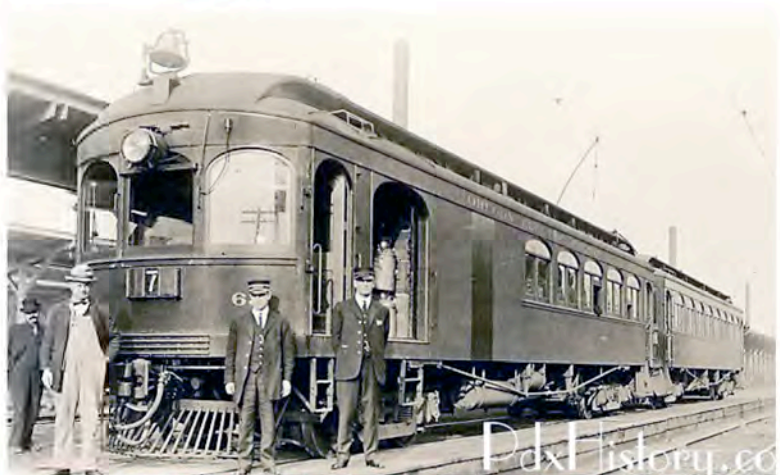
In 1906, the Oregon Electric Railway Company was incorporated by Portland railroad promoters. The Garden Home to Forest Grove line was placed in service in 1908. Tri-Met's west side MAX line follows this route between Beaverton and Hillsboro. In 1941, trackage from Garden Home into Portland was abandoned. In 1942, the railroad received operating rights over the Southern Pacific between Tigard and Beaverton. This allowed the company to eliminate the tracks through Garden Home. Operation by electric traction ceased in 1945. Diesel power was very flexible, and therefore offered advantages over electric operation.



Oregon Electric Railway, circa 1908, Hillsboro Station



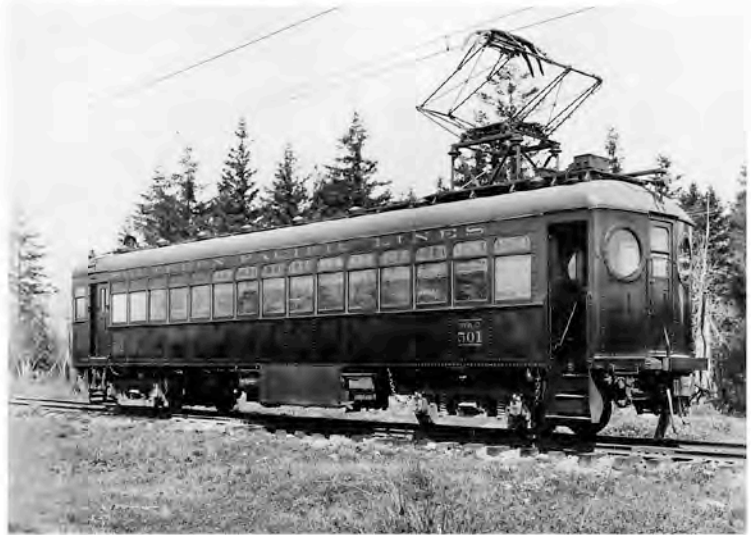
Oregon Electric Railway Cars



Early view of the Oregon Electric Railway at the 10th & Hoyt St Station

Known for their bright red color, the Red Electrics began service from Portland on January 17, 1914. Southern Pacific's Red Electrics, with their distinctive round windows, served communities surrounding Portland with two main lines making the Yamhill or McMinnville Loop south and west from Portland's Union Station. The line went south from Union Station on Fourth Street to Jefferson Street where it split into two lines. The distinctive round windows were actually developed by Southern Pacific as a safety feature. In case of a crash, this design gave more protection for a motorman. Though they only lasted 15 years, the Red Electrics provided modern, fast, quiet and efficient passenger service for the citizens of the Willamette Valley.

Southern Pacific Red Electrics



West Side Local

Southern Pacific Red Electrics FROM PORTLAND to Beaverton, Hillsboro and Forest Grove

Stations		Miles	*121	*122	*123	*124	*125	*126	*127	*128	*129	
Lv. PORTLAND Union Station	0	7.55	10.45	1.25	1.46	4.45	6.15	6.06			11.38	
4TH AND STARK ST. (Tkt. Office)	0	5.00	10.50	1.30	3.50	4.48	6.20	6.06	8.06	9.35	11.35	
Fourth and Jefferson	1.1	8.03	10.53	1.34	3.53	4.53	6.23	6.09	8.09	9.38	11.38	
Bascoett	2.7	8.09	10.59	1.40	4.09	4.59	6.29	6.15	8.15	9.44	11.44	
Third and Miles Streets	4.3	8.12	11.02	1.42	4.03	4.57	6.31	6.18	8.18	9.46	11.46	
Bertha	5.5	8.16	11.06	1.45	4.10	4.64	6.34	6.21	8.21	9.50	11.50	
Doech	6.0	8.17	11.07	1.47	4.11	4.65	6.37	6.23	8.23	9.51	11.51	
Pine	6.5	8.18	11.07	1.48	4.12	4.66	6.38	6.24	8.24	9.52	11.52	
Woodrow	7.0	8.19	11.08	1.49	4.13	4.67	6.39	6.25	8.25	9.53	11.53	
Shattuck	7.5	8.22	11.11	1.50	4.15	4.69	6.42	6.27	8.27	9.55	11.55	
Olsen	7.9	8.23	11.12	1.53	4.20	4.71	6.45	6.30	8.30	9.56	11.56	
Raleigh	8.2	8.25	11.14	1.55	4.22	4.73	6.47	6.32	8.32	9.58	11.58	
Arroyo	10.1											
Beaverton	11.0	8.31	11.20	2.01	4.28	4.79	6.53	6.45	8.45	10.03	12.03	
St. Mary's	12.3	8.33	11.22	2.03	4.31	4.82	6.56	6.47	8.48	10.05	12.05	
Huber	13.4	8.35	11.25	2.06	4.34	4.85	6.59	6.49	8.50	10.07	12.07	
Albion	14.0	8.37	11.27	2.08	4.36	4.87	6.61	6.51	8.52	10.09	12.09	
Tobias	14.6											
Reedville	15.5	8.40	11.30	2.11	4.40	4.90	6.65	6.55	8.55	10.12	12.12	
Witch Hazel	16.9	8.42	11.32	2.13	4.42		6.67	6.57	8.57	10.14	12.14	
Hays	17.3											
Matson	17.6	8.43	11.34	2.15	4.43		6.68	6.59	8.59	10.16	12.16	
Newton	18.6	8.45	11.36	2.17	4.45		6.70	6.61	9.01	10.18	12.18	
Hillsboro Ticket Office	20.6	8.53	11.43	2.25	4.54		6.78	6.69		10.25	12.25	
Jobe	22.8	9.01	11.49	2.31	5.00		6.83	6.75			12.30	
Killgore	23.7											
Cornellius	24.7	9.05	11.53	2.34	5.03		6.87	6.79				
Cathlamet	25.6		11.55	2.36	5.05		6.89	6.81				
Eddy (Masonic Home)	26.1											
Ar. FOREST GROVE Ticket Office	27.4	9.16	11.59	2.40	5.15		6.95	6.87		12.40		

* Flag Stop. * Daily Trains stop at Flanders, Burnside and Morrison Streets, Portland, and Bar at Hooker St., Portland; Archer, Heffer, Hays, Ware, 10th St., (City Park), 6th and Main, N. Range and Fir, Hillsboro; 3rd and 5th Sts. and 3rd Ave., Forest Grove.
A-20 3-30-26 5M

Southern Pacific
Red Electric Schedule
March 3, 1926

West Side Local at
4th Street Station
Portland, 1920



Howard remembers that his dad once sent him to Portland to obtain some blasting caps. Howard took the Oregon Electric Railway train to Portland. The building where he went was an office building across from Meier & Frank Company, probably the Northwestern Bank Building on 6th & Morrison Streets. He had a note with him that his dad wrote allowing him to obtain the blasting caps. After World War I, the Dupont Company had a lot of leftover dynamite material. The Agriculture department figured out a scheme where Dupont would convert the dynamite to blasting caps to sell to farmers to clear their land.

Howard and his dad used the blasting caps in conjunction with blasting powder and a fuse to remove stumps from in front of Bessie's house so that new fruit trees could be planted. They would drive a hole in the ground about two and a half feet deep and put in



the blasting powder that was in the form of an eight-inch long cylinder. The blasting cap was a copper tube filled with the same material as is in a matchstick head. It would explode when the heat from the fuse came to it. They would put the cap and the fuse in a small hole in the blasting powder cylinder, tie it in so it wouldn't come out and then light the fuse. The clay soil would be loosened below the area of the blast. Bessie was then able to plant apple and prune trees in the area just north of the house.

New House circa 1923-1925



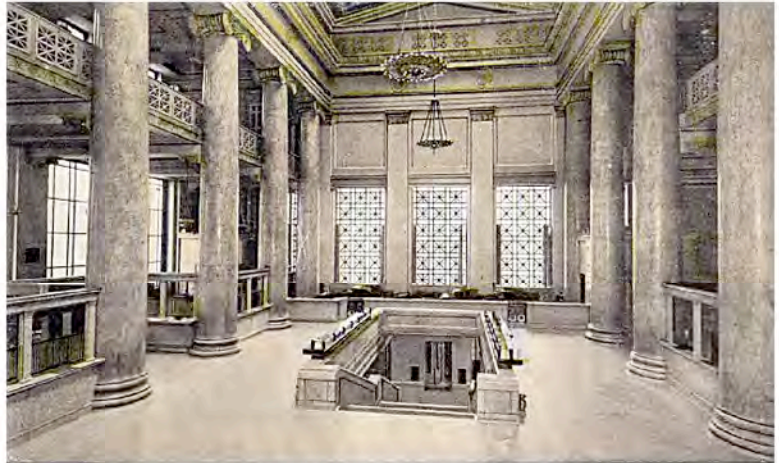
*Howard in Bean Field
circa 1921-1923*



Stark Street is on the right-hand side of this photo.

← The Empress Hotel was on Stark Street near the First National Bank Building.

The First National Bank Building
Portland, Oregon
5th & Stark
circa 1922



Interior, The First National Bank, Portland, Oregon.

Howard would go with Bessie to the bank to see her gold coins which were stored in the bank's basement vault. In the center of the photo you can see the stairs descending down to the vault in the basement.



The Northwestern Bank Building
was located at 6th & Morrison Streets, across the street
from Meier & Frank.

Howard thinks that this may be the office building where he was sent by his dad to get the blasting caps in 1923.

After completing the eighth grade at Aloha Huber School in 1925, Howard would attend and graduate from Beaverton High School May 24, 1929. When Howard went to high school, he no longer walked to school. The first year the students rode in a Cadillac sedan; by the next year they rode in a school bus.



*1929
Photos*



In the summer of 1929 Howard went to Astoria to complete his religious studies. He stayed with his grandmother, Johanna Wilson, during this time. The confirmation class teacher was Reverend Arvo Korhonen of the Finnish Evangelical Lutheran Synod Church. Grace McNeal, Katherine Puskala's granddaughter, was also in this confirmation class. Grace is in the first row, first on left.



1929 Confirmation Class, Astoria, Oregon

In the fall of 1929, Howard left his home on the farm for Oregon State Agricultural College in Corvallis to begin his college education. While he attended Oregon State College he lived first at the mens' dormitory in Buxton Hall. In his junior year he lived in a boarding house at 610 Jefferson Street, and during his senior year he lived in the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity house.



413 OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AT CORVALLIS, OREGON

96414

Oregon State Agricultural College



*Memorial Union
1929-30*



Howard wrote home, October 11, 1929:

Here I am at college. In fact, I've been here for almost three weeks. I always thought that I studied quite hard while going to school, but this is so much harder that everything else seems to have been play. That is why I hadn't written before. Why, I had hardly enough time to write home for money. I spend about 35 hours a week in classes and the rest of my time is used for studying. I didn't get much sleep.

There are about 1500 freshmen here now and about 3000 upper classmen. Most of the boys and girls whom I have met are clean, honest and honorable Christians. I went to the large Methodist church a couple of times and was surprised to find that the church was crowded with students. It is the same with the other churches. Last Sunday I went to a Lutheran Students meeting. The Reverend Schoeler of Independence, Oregon delivered the sermon. It was not very good so I didn't know what to think. These other churches have better ministers consequently they have more attending. There were only 23 at the Lutheran meeting last Sunday.

When the freshmen arrived one of the first things that the speakers urged us to do was to get in with some church. They also said that the students who have been going to church at home should keep on going when they come to college and that if they had never gone to church now is the time to start.

Yes, I believe this is a school of good people. Of course, there is always some of the other kind no matter where you look, but I believe that those are the ones who have a hard time.

I still have my cold, and I think it is a little worse, but I have some new medicine that will probably cure it.

November 13, 1929, Howard's dad wrote to him at Buxton Hall:

"Dear Howard,

We had a big freeze last night, so Mama wants you to get that coat fixed right away and wear it. It fits good yet but next year will be too small. Do it now. Do you know how you are coming home? Let us know. Let us know how you are getting along. We go to the market three times a week. Mama sells lots of squash. I bought a car yesterday which I am going to wreck and use the parts in our old one. The motor is a little better and has several good tires and a good battery and other things I can use. Dad"

During Howard's first year in college, a friend of Howard's, a younger boy, Arnold Oinonen, who suffered from polio, wrote to Howard May 20, 1930:

"We were out to the farm yesterday, yours I mean. We started about four bells. We = folks, Sophia Aren, and myself. They're grading the road and just before we hit the railway tracks there was a mud hole. Mother finally convinced Pa that it was impassable so we went back almost to Beaverton and detoured. I can go up and down steps alone so your father didn't have to carry me. I hate to make your mouth water but your folks have been eating strawberries for two weeks already. Consequently we had strawberry shortcake and swell whipped cream a la Mrs. Wilson style. We played about all the phonograph records available. Your radio is out of whack. We left for home about nine bells and I don't have to add that a good time was had by all. Greetings from the folks, So long, Arnold."

During his senior year at OSC Howard became a member of the Tau Kappa Epsilon Fraternity and earned high marks in his studies.

He wrote home to his folks, December 11, 1932:

"Dear Folks, Well here is the last week, and I hope I can show at least a couple of my instructors that I know something about what they have been trying to teach me all term. Every teacher thinks that you are coming to school for the course he is teaching so they give enough work so you can spend all your time studying for that subject and if you want to meddle with other things you'll just have to make the day a little bit longer. My exams are coming next week. I'm not exactly certain when I'm coming home but I might be there as soon as I get done. You had better not expect me however. It would be worth my while to stay a couple of days longer studying over in the library getting some material lined up for next term. The last few days it has been very cold here, and I think I have been running the furnace as much as the fellows who are getting paid to do it. I filled up the furnace with sawdust just before I went to bed last night, just as it was going out, and set my clock for four o'clock to put some more in so I could study this morning, but the clock didn't wake me up and the room is cold as ice, even though it's almost eleven. I wouldn't care so much if I could use my heater, but it needs fixing and I don't have time for that until next term, or maybe I'll bring home the part that needs fixing. We are having turkey for dinner today, and I happened to see the turkey yesterday. All I have to say is that compared with the birds we had last year it isn't so very much. Boy, oh boy, am I going to be glad to get home and get a little bit of a change! I believe I'll be home in time to help with the turkey business. I hear that turkeys are rather scarce now, or is that just a rumor? Yours, Howard."



Howard graduated from Oregon State College June 5, 1933 with a degree in Chemical Engineering.



*Agricultural Hall which later became
the Chemistry Building*



*Oregon State College
1929 ~ 1933*

*Howard on a friend's motorcycle
on OSC Campus*



TKE House at 25th & Harrison Streets

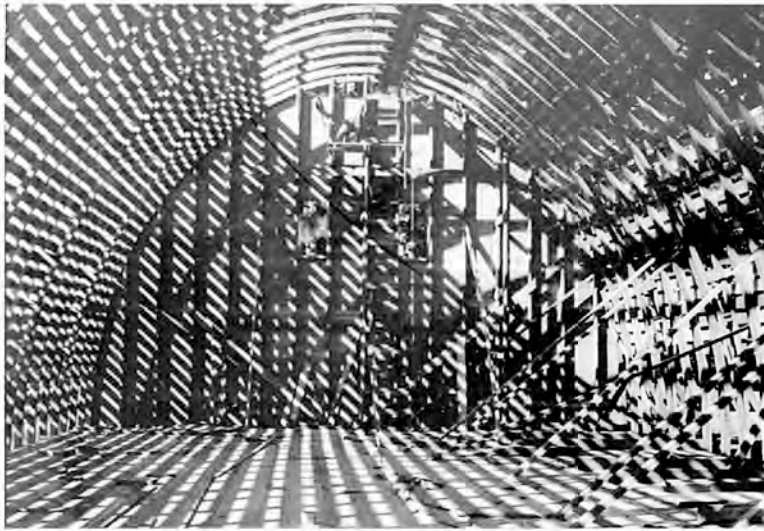
Horticulture Building



*Buxton Hall Entrance
1930*



It was during the time that Howard was in college that the beloved and much photographed Wilson barn was built in 1932.



Sometime after college, Howard had the occasion to take his ailing friend, Arnold Oinenon, on a trip to help boost his spirits. They started out by visiting the Astor Column in Astoria, Oregon. When leaving the Astor Column they were stopped on a street by a crew of firemen. There was a fire hose in the street. They waited and waited to pass. Finally Howard just drove on, running over the fire hose. The firemen were very upset and threatened to arrest him. He told them that he was taking his friend to visit the Astor Column and visiting his sick grandmother, and the firemen finally let them go on. They stopped in Gearhart and finally visited his cousin, Orval Kangas, in Charleston, Oregon. Howard asked Orval if they could have a boat ride and go fishing. Orval said yes, and they went out and caught salmon almost immediately.

On another trip to visit his cousin, Orval Kangas, his mother killed and dressed a Rhode Island Red chicken for Orval and his wife. Orval took Howard out to fish and they caught a salmon right away, which he brought home to his mother. "What a trade! I wonder who got the better deal?" While he was there, Orval's brother, Ernest, was fishing out of brother, George's boat. George was displeased that Ernest was fishing out of his boat and getting it messy. At one time, Orval's first wife, Pauline, was staying in downtown Portland. She came to the Farmer's Market one day while Howard was there and asked him if he ever went to the dances at the Crystal Ballroom. Howard said that he didn't have a date. She found a date for him and they all went dancing at the Crystal Ballroom. She found a partner to dance with at the dance hall. Howard's father used to go to the dances in Portland regularly on Saturday nights.



After his graduation from college in 1933, Howard worked on the farm with his parents and continued to work at the Farmer's Markets. On January 3, 1934, Howard wrote to a friend about the new market space.

"The public market situation in Portland has caused us to do a lot of arguing, thinking and scheming lately. Perhaps I mentioned before that the Yamhill Street Market was to be closed on Dec. 15 when the new Front Avenue Market opened. But somebody managed to get the city council to postpone the closing until Jan. 1. Then a rather peculiar situation arose since the farmers rather doubted that their trade would come to Front Street but still they wanted to give the new market a whirl. So most of the farmers held booths in both markets to see which way the business was going. My father went to the Front Street Market for the first two days but he didn't sell much of anything although the crowds were tremendous. Several days later I went down there for a day but sold only two dozen eggs. In the meantime my mother was having pretty fair business at the other market. Now I go there only to see if business is picking up or picking up and leaving. A week ago Saturday they had a good day because of several specials, sugar was one of them. The building will make a fine garage someday. The farmers formed a co-operative and leased a half block at 4th and Yamhill and have their own market now. They started working on the proposition just before the other market opened but so much had to be done in preparations that Jan. 1 would have found them without a place in which to move so the council allowed nine more days in spite of all the Front Street Market company could do. The last day of the old street was rather a sad one for me because these twelve years of it had made me so used to the thing. I have a couple of souvenirs of it in the garage. The Farmer's Market opened up the next day but the grand opening didn't come until last Saturday—and what an opening! We thought we were taking down quite a bit of stuff but there wasn't half enough, and in a radio program that evening the president of the cooperative felt so bad about it that he apologized on behalf of the farmers for not anticipating such a tremendous amount of business. Right now the market looks like such a good thing that I am getting ready to take my tongue out of my cheek."

Howard liked to visit the Portland City Library when he was downtown and not working at the market, but he could not get a library card. On January 3, 1934 he wrote to his friend, Al:

"For a long time I have wanted to get a Portland Library card but have always been baffled by the fact that a still fee is charged for out-of-county residents. The other day I thought I would try again on the basis of my working in town every day but that didn't get to first base. However, by a devious method I managed to prove that I am a taxpayer of Multnomah County and after some of the library officials had a conference they decided to let me have a free card. Now I'm studying about flowers and greenhouses for a while. I have to build a small hothouse by next week in order to get plants started in time."

In May of 1914, the Carroll Public Market, on Yamhill Street, was opened. Opening day saw some 35,000 shoppers and a celebratory parade. By mid-afternoon most of the produce was gone. Portland embraced the new market immediately. Eventually the market grew to encompass an area of six blocks and 212 stalls where over 400 vendors operated daily. Some producers raised their voices against market ordinances restricting products, regulating stalls and maximizing prices, seeing the market's managed economy as un-American, opposed to free trade, and contrary to the spirit of a free people. Carroll Public Market's major drawback, however, proved to be neither its economic policies nor its market regulations but its own success. The Yamhill Street location simply could not handle the daily traffic. Congestion in and around the area was notorious. So were the public health problems that resulted. More than four hundred food vendors were regularly crammed into six city blocks for up to eighteen hours a day. A 1927 city council study proclaimed the present Yamhill Street configuration no longer tenable, and gave the city five years to find the Carroll Market a new home, recommending relocation along the waterfront. Public debate raged over the next two years. Some found the market's proposed waterfront location bad business. It removed the market from the business district core. Even after the contract had been awarded and the ground broken and the concrete poured for the new market building, the Yamhill Association producers refused to give up the fight. Rather than join the new private venture they threatened to remain on Yamhill Street and keep the old market going as best they could. None of this brouhaha seemed to deter the progress of the Portland Public Market.



Construction began in the summer of 1933 and on December 14th "Portland's Marvelous New Million Dollar Public Market" finally opened to a three-day "public reception" that boasted "wonderful sales" and "plenty of music and fun." At the time it was the world's largest public and farmer's market. The building ran 620 feet along Front Street between the Hawthorne and Morrison bridges and eleven stories high, with 220,000 square feet of floor space for approximately 200 merchants. Each vendor stall was equipped with a sprinkling system, overhead light fixtures and a springless scale for maximum accuracy.

Meanwhile, the Yamhill Public Market Producers' Association christened its rival operation, the Farmer's Cooperative Market in the warehouses along Yamhill, even as the old sheds were being torn down and carted away. While the Portland Public Market may have come close enough to profitability, it never caught on as a local marketplace. It struggled in the late 1930s to keep steady customers and vendor occupants. By 1942 the PMC was forced to end its business operations on Front Street and, by 1948, the Oregon Journal took it over as an operations plant. In 1969 it was demolished to make way for the Tom McCall Waterfront Park.*

**(This is an excerpt from an article written by George Eigo of the Oregon Historical Society.)*

Ed and Bessie sold their farm produce at various Farmers' Markets in downtown Portland until around 1945 when Bessie "retired" and Howard and Ellen took over the responsibilities. When Ed and Bessie first sold their produce in Portland, their goods were sold from a table set up on the street. They had to go to the market office to negotiate for a space. Sometimes they didn't get a space, as there was not always room for all the farmers. They had to get there early as the earliest farmers got the best spots.



Market at 4th & Yamhill, circa 1925

In a few years a new building to house these vendors was built on Front Street. This proved to be too far away for shoppers so another market, the Farmer's Co-operative Market, was built at 4th and Yamhill, which survived for many years. Farmers drew "lots" to decide where their permanent section would be located. Bessie drew space No. 4, which was a choice location, right on the northwest corner of the block, near two entry doors. The Farmer's Co-operative Market on the corner 4th & Yamhill was the market place that most of us in the Wilson Family remember, although Howard worked at both the Yamhill Market and the Front Street Market, too.



Farmer's Co-operative Market, 4th & Yamhill Streets, 1934

In 1936 Howard took a job at the Pillsbury Flour Mills in Astoria, Oregon, as a chemist. This was a dreary time in Howard's life. He disliked the Astoria weather and the meager salary that he received at his job and he missed being home on the farm. Howard wrote home to his folks often between 1936 and 1937. Howard's car was often on the fritz so trips back home to the Beaverton farm were sometimes precarious and not as frequent as he would have liked. He kept in touch with his folks by mail and would inquire as to the health and status of the baby chicks, the little calves, and if his dad remembered to change the oil in the car. On January 29, 1936 he wrote to his mom:

"Dear Mom, Thanks for the letter. So you think I'm not homesick, eh? Well maybe I don't have to get there in an awful hurry but sometimes I worry plenty about lots of things. For instance: How many chicks were there in the first hatch? How many in the second? How are the little calves getting along? Did Pa remember to change the oil at 400 miles? What mileage are you getting and are you keeping a record of the gas you use? Incidentally you would save about a fourth on gas if you would coast down hill. Are the hens still laying well? Did Pa ever go to Montgomery Ward for that tire? Did he ever get the roofs fixed on the turkey house? Did you order the white chicks? What feed are you using for the chickens and chicks? Are you going to remember to vote against the sales tax and for the compulsory student activity fee, next Friday? Did you get the money from the lawyer? Did Riley's pay their rent? Did those gladiola bulbs ever get taken up? Did you get rid of those last turkeys yet?

Things have been rather quiet here for the past week. There are so few ships moving that the mill is running only on one side and that has made it very easy for me. At first I got quite a kick out of sleeping all day but that didn't turn out so well. I can't seem to get to sleep until 8 or 9 in the morning anymore. Besides that there's something about this town that isn't right. Everything costs too much. I have been doing my best but it looks like I'm not going to make it on \$25 a month. A few days ago I sent two pairs of pants to the cleaners and they charged a dollar. If I would send my laundry out I would go broke. I have to go to the hospital about twice a week to keep Grandma from worrying about me. [Johanna Wilson died in June of 1937.] The other day I found that the materials cost for a pound loaf of bread is 2.3 cents and then they sell it for 8 or 9 cents. Some profit compared to turkeys! Last Sunday afternoon I went to Bob's place and in the evening we went to a show. If it weren't for the show this would be just about the same as being in jail because I hardly ever get to see a paper or listen to the radio.

Here is a list of what I would like to have: Typewriter paper, slide rule and my dictionary, my finger nail clippers from the ironing board cabinet, razor blade stone from the sauna and my shaving cream from the upstairs hall closet, a box of apples, a textbook of physics by Anderson, book by Badger & McCabe, handbook of chemistry and Chemical Engineers Handbook, high school algebra, the latest Chem & Met, a couple of little potted plants that I can keep in the room. Some kind of begonia would be nice for one, and then some kind of a plant that has flowers on it. I don't get very much light but it's fairly warm. Also, I would like to have a dozen eggs and a half-pound of bacon back, please, if you come. Yours, Howard"

Regarding Astoria, 1936...Howard wrote to a friend about his stay in Astoria:

"After a week in the modest type of hotel room that the newly-employed is expected to take, I scaled myself down into even less imposing quarters over a steam bathhouse in the heart of Uniontown, where English is spoken with an unmistakably Finnish accent, if at all. This is where even an occasional Chinese cannery-worker's son becomes quite adept at speaking Finnish and where few of them escape the curse of the Uniontown accent. It is a community of hip-booted men, of creaking tracks, of fish smells and tall-framed houses holding perilously to the hillside. Restaurants serve grateful patrons with a few of their homeland delicacies. Salmon is undoubtedly the foremost of these. The most popular form being that which has been salted in a heavy brine. Heavy slices countered with a salad of sliced raw onions in warm vinegar or lemon and butter sauce presents too formidable an appearance to stimulate the average American palate, but these Finns eat it as if it were an elixir. Very popular, too, is the smoked salmon which is very oily and acrid smelling. Of course I am fond of these in moderate amounts, but the only way I can account for the large use of these two is that they are the very finest, largest, fattest, reddest, river-mouth salmon which is recognized among salmon epicures the world over as the acme of quality.

They also seem to like special kinds of bread. One of these is a slightly acid-tasting bread containing quite a bit of rye and baked into round loaves about fifteen inches in diameter and about four inches thick. I have never cared for this after it is old, but it is good enough to make me dance for joy when it is hot out of the oven. Another bread that I like very much is a rather dark kind baked in inch-thick sheets. This has a rather sweet taste and with plenty of butter on top. It's hard to find anything yummier. Hardtack is used quite a bit more than one would expect. However, I have never come upon any that has been homemade."

Howard learned to type in high school but when he found out that the girls could type much faster than he could he soon abandoned his typing studies. He was, however, able to type 30 words a minute and typed most of his correspondence while he lived in Astoria.



The summer of 1936 seemed a better time for Howard and here he recounts some of his interactions with his uncle, Fred Wilson. On July 22, 1936 Howard wrote:

"The work has been keeping me jumping most of the time, or at least that is the way it feels, because I have been rather sleepy and tired. Most of the days last week I spent on the beach, swimming and getting sunburned and playing around with the new rifle. It certainly is a good one. Friday I dug clams and brought them to Fred's. They asked me to clean them so I stayed there for clam chowder. The next day at lunch we had clam fritters, which were very good. I mowed the lawn as usual and also made 35 cents on the neighbor's lawn. Saturday evening I finally said something that made Fred and Agnes realize that I wasn't staying anywhere in particular. Agnes must have become afraid that I would ask to stay there, because she asked the Sarpola boy if there wouldn't be room there. He asked his mother about it, and that's where I am now, at four dollars a month, on a self-housekeeping basis. So far it has been easy to sleep there although the room isn't nearly as nice as at the Koskelo's. I think it was Tuesday a week ago that I slept there for the day for fifty cents. The room hadn't been used since I left. This afternoon I had my first let down. When I woke up at 2 o'clock, I went to the bathroom to wash and shave but the water was turned off so I had to dry shave, which seemed much more painful than a few years ago. I hope everything is all right up there. Sincerely yours, Howard"

On December 2, 1936 he wrote to his folks:

"Dear Folks, The road was icy almost all the way Monday and there was some fog too, but even at that, although I didn't hurry at all, I arrived at the mill at ten o'clock. There was just about enough to do to keep me busy without hurting myself. I decided to stay a while in the evening to finish the chemists' association feed sample so that I could send out the report. The turkey lasted two days, and the milk was good for two days. Today I found some clabbered milk in the car and it certainly was good. Do you remember that you put three jars of it for me on Oct. 26, and that I couldn't find them after getting down here? Well, they are finally coming to light. The baker says the turkey was very good. It came very tender with only two and one half hours cooking according to him. Yesterday it rained a little here. The nights have been terribly foggy. So far the mill hasn't announced any work for this week but they might run the last of the week if they can get any sacks. I will probably stay down here next weekend, but you can never tell what might happen. My brakes worked very well but the clutch, or whatever the trouble is, is getting worse all the time. Sincerely, Howard"

On January 15, 1937 Howard wrote:

"I doubt very much that I shall be able to come this week-end. The baker tells me that last time the boss was quite angry when he found that I had gone home. He told the baker that my week-ending would have to stop. When I saw my check last night I wanted to leave Astoria immediately. It amounted to only \$33.45 because of all the deductions they made for social security, life insurance, accident insurance and

annuities. I can't stand that very long. Tonight I am going to tell Bob confidentially that I am leaving Pillsbury's March 1st. All in all, I've been pretty miserable here the past two weeks. It has been very cold in my room, and this business of switching from day work to night work and from night work to day work hasn't done me a bit of good. Until today I haven't even been able to sit up to read because of the cold. Yesterday morning the streets were so slippery from the ice that it was almost impossible to control a car. When I came home from work I got about half way up the hill and then slid all the way down again. While I was sliding down, I saw a car come down Alameda, and kept on going way past the turn even though the wheels were turned all the way over. That was the slipperiest mess I have ever seen. I parked my car on Taylor and crept home practically on my hands and feet. They say a dozen cars were piled up at once on the Alameda turn. Your letter just came. I've been worried stiff worrying about whether Mama rides to town with Ruben. He has had so many accidents that I wouldn't feel safe riding with him while it is so slippery. It was wet when I drove down so it wasn't slippery. The police stopped me before I got to St. Helens and made me put on my license plates. He seemed a little burned up when I pulled them out of the car. Last Sunday was the first time I have bought milk here since Sept. 23. I'm going to use a bottle a day from now on because it makes almost anything into a meal. I think I'll have enough clothing to last until I get home again. I'm planning to go to the bath-house this afternoon. Yours, Howard"

On January 21, 1937 Howard wrote:

"Well, I'm still alive down here, although it seems cold enough to freeze a person's nose off. It has been so cold in my room that I haven't been able to do anything here in the house except lie in bed and try to sleep until time to go to work again. Saturday night I went to the first show I have gone to in four months. It was quite a treat but my eyes were very tired when I got out. Sunday night I had a little lunch at Fred's and listened to the radio there. Fred had been away from the studio a week because of a cold. Monday night I played a fool trick on myself. The lock on the back end of the car hasn't been working for some time and I decided to fix the darn thing because some one had stolen some of my canned stuff from me the day before. I finally got the thing locked but when I tried to open it something broke in the lock and I haven't been able to open it. I hope I don't have any tire trouble on the way home because the jack is in the back. Monday and Tuesday I didn't feel very well but now I am all right again after filling my stomach with wheat porridge the last two mornings."

January 29, 1937,

"My trip last Monday turned out to be rather a pleasant one after all. A light covering of dry snow fell before I started so that the road wasn't at all slippery. What little snow was coming down part of the way was so light that it didn't stick to the windshield at all. I don't think I'll get to come home this week and besides I don't think it would be necessary anyhow because I still have enough food to last for at least a week. I've been eating roast pork every day and still there is more than half of it left. I feel like

a person who has had too long a vacation and is anxious to get back home. Counting the days. Last night I went to a very fine double show. I laughed so much I feel a lot better than I have for weeks. That Norwegian ice skater was the star in one of them and it was certainly wonderful to see her perform. How is the pork selling? Yours, Howard"

Feb. 8, 1937,

"Well the time is getting very close to the deadline, and I'm getting rather excited. Sometimes I feel that I should stay a little longer and see what happens. Then again I feel that if I would stay it would mean another year of this kind of life and right now I think I would gladly work for one dollar, I mean fifty cents, a day rather than be in this town another year. The country is all right, Seaside is fine, the beaches are wonderful, but Astoria, PHOOEY! I expect to be able to come home for Washington's Birthday. Did you get the pen for the turkeys cleaned, thoroughly sprayed, and the turkeys in it? They should start laying soon. Did you get that calf from Torplings? It would have been nice to have seen all that snow, but I know what a nuisance it can be. I almost came up that weekend. I don't see how that man with the pigs can afford to have Mom sell them when they are so high wholesale. Yours, Howard"

Feb. 17, 1937,

"Cousin Elizabeth seems to be quite a fortune teller. She said that I was going to have car trouble of some kind, and sure enough, I did---plenty! Everything seemed to go well enough until I was coming down the Rainier hill. Then all of a sudden the darn thing began to miss on about four and almost stalled. After about a quarter of a mile it suddenly started working all right again. Things went along serenely enough until I came down the Beaver Creek hill. Then it started to miss again and when I got to the last bridge over Beaver Creek I pulled over to the side to see what was the matter. The motor stopped altogether then and I couldn't start it again. I ran about a mile to a garage where the road turns off to Quincy and asked a fellow for some help. He towed me to the garage and started working on it. At 7:30 I borrowed his car to go to the Shell service station near Lauri's to telephone the mill so they could get the baker to help me out. I got to the mill at 3:15, took the baker home, and stayed at the lab until he came back at 8:30. Then I went to bed and didn't wake up until 7:00 last night. It was terribly stormy and the car didn't want to start but finally I got to the mill. The Clatskanie repair bill was \$5.85.



Howard & Willys Coupe

This morning when I tried to leave the mill it wouldn't start at all and I got soaking wet trying to crank it. The watchman pushed me a ways to try to start it but it

refused to work. He left me next to a garage and I waited until it opened to have it fixed. The ignition system was all wet and was leaking so badly that it wouldn't start. The fellow dried it, it started and he charged me a dollar. I'm still a little chilly but I don't think I'm going to get a cold, at least it doesn't feel exactly like a cold. My throat is a little sore from the running I did at Clatskanie. This car seems to bring a lot of trouble lately. Sincerely yours, Howard"



Circa 1925 photograph post card showing the newly opened Liberty Theatre in Astoria, Oregon. Next to it is the Barton Hotel. There are many small businesses housed on the ground floor of the hotel including Bylers Market, Johnson Optical Co. and Coffee Land Grocery.

Liberty Theatre, Astoria



Astor Column

~ Astoria, Oregon ~

*Downtown Astoria ~ 1940
Liberty Theatre is on the right.*



Street Scene - Astoria, Oregon -

Howard seemed to be a “duck out of water” in Astoria, and greatly missed his farm life in Beaverton. After he left the Pillsbury Flour Mills in Astoria in March 1937, he worked as a handyman in a wholesale hardware store, Gilbert Brothers, in Portland, and helped his father on the farm. Howard was passionate about the virtues of farm life. On Oct. 4, 1937 he wrote to a friend:

“Farm life, because of its over lapping of generations, its abundance of food, its room for expansion and development, and its possibility of quiet enjoyment, is conducive to high moral and spiritual standards. Everyone in the family is a useful and desirable member in the farm organization. Here they learn industry, cooperation and thrift. Furthermore they receive a very liberal and very practical education in natural science that is not obtainable in anyone’s textbook. And of course much can be said for the varied opportunities for diversion. Opportunities for hobbies abound. There’s so much room for everything. Mother, Father, big sister, little son, and all the way down to the littlest youngster, each is encouraged and aided by his environment to satisfy the cravings of his hands for accomplishment of his heart for companionship, and of his soul for communion with himself and his Maker. Furthermore, I have yet to learn of any pursuit that offers a home life as part of the job. “

In the summer of 1938 Howard took a trip by bus to visit a friend in Washington, D.C. It was on this trip that he met his future wife, Ellen Crandle Benedict. She was on her way back east to visit her family in New York. They parted ways in Chicago, and Howard went on to visit Washington, D.C. and then to New York City. He wrote to Ellen on July 19, 1938 from New York City:

“Dear Ellen, Here it is. The Great Big City. What a lot of wonders this city holds. My first treat came yesterday morning when crossing the river through the Holland Tunnel. The traffic in the passenger car lane is a solid stream going at least 50 miles per hour most of the time. It was all very weird to me. The first bus station was at 34th St. & 8th Ave. so I got off there as unsuspectingly as you please. The bus driver told me that this was about as much downtown as I could get on the bus. This happened to be one block from the Sloane House, a division of the Y.M.C.A. This is such an unusual Y. from the standpoints of external and interior beauty, size, and refinements that I didn’t go any farther for housing at a price of 75 cents per night. The unusual things I have experienced so far are the subway, automat, and a show at Roxy’s. That was the best stage show I’ve seen, I think. In this town they really have to give out to get a chuckle from these pallid playboys. I walked a few miles yesterday evening. Down 34th to Park Avenue, then to Grand Central Station, which is a palace, still not quite real to me. Then up Lexington Avenue to 57th, to Broadway, through Central Park with its interesting bridle path one encounters so often in fiction. Down Broadway to 50th where I went over to the Roxy Theater. It started to sprinkle about that time and I saw a teeming mass of humanity such as I had never seen before under those massive marquees. I wish that you could be along, too. You would undoubtedly get a tremendous kick out of this town.”

Howard also wrote to a friend from New York City:

"The pedestrians here evidently think that the drivers should take all the responsibility for accident because they don't seem to care when they cross the streets. I'm doing it too. It must be a case of the county kid going cosmopolitan because nobody tries to sell me anything, not even a bridge, and I thought that I was so prosperous-looking, too! I've attended a broadcast at Radio City and ridden all over in the subway and enjoyed myself so thoroughly that I'm staying until Saturday. There's so much here I wouldn't mind staying a few months if I could. It's very easy to have a good time. Last night I saw "What A Life". Tonight I intend to see "A Bachelor Born". The George Cohan Theatre is closed for the summer so I'll not get to see "I'd Rather Be Right." A three-minute subway ride can take one into the notorious lower east side district with its Bowery, ghettos and Chinatown. that's where one finds squalor in its most abject phase. Contrasts! From the ultra modern cocktail lounge of the Empire State to the reek of the Bowery. From Central Park where the better people spread out light blankets on which to lie beneath the cool shade trees to Jackson Square where I saw dozens of men asleep on the rough concrete, stiff and grotesque as if they were so many corpses. From the beauty of Grand Central Station to the pushcarts of Orchard Street--fruit, vegetables, clothing, merchandise of all kinds, new and old, some in street-side shops, some in pushcarts, some piled in boxes, some dumped on the sidewalks. Utterly chaotic, every bit of it. Fish cleaned while you wait, glistening bread in doughnut form, sprinkled with some kind of seed and piled on long sticks. It goes on and on. I've had a world of fun observing these different things. What a treat this is to a country kid like myself."



Howard must have been thinking about Ellen quite a bit as he wrote to her again on July 25th.

"Dear Ellen,
It's entirely within the realm of practicability for a young man, that is, a comparatively young man, H.W., to attempt to surprise a young lady, a certain E.B. of very recent acquaintance. He assumes that he can do that by stopping off at Savona for a few hours Wednesday morning. I'll admit that curiosity is one of the reasons for his stopping there. After being your chief watchdog from Denver to Chicago I didn't feel quite right about deserting you. For all I know you may be still wandering around the Chicago Greyhound bus station. Besides I want to see you again, and it would be something for which to kick myself for many a moon if I were to pass within a few miles of you and not even try to see you. Perhaps you'll have another tough angle for me on the subject of intelligence. On the other hand, you may not be at home. Perhaps you'll be visiting elsewhere in which case I'll just hang my head disconsolately and trudge back to the station. Sniff, sniff! I hope I'll see you Wednesday. From my not very trustworthy inspection of the time table the bus should get there about 6:30 in the morning. I suppose I'll be able to find somebody there to point out the right road to your place. So until then I'll keep wondering and wandering."

Effective June 10, 1938

GREYHOUND BUS TIME TABLES

NORTHLAND
GREYHOUND
LINES

SEE AMERICA
Best
BY GREYHOUND

NORTHLAND
GREYHOUND
Lines

SUPER COACH TRAVEL IS CONGENIAL

NATIONAL BROADCASTING CO., Inc.
RADIO CITY STUDIOS
RCA BUILDING NEW YORK
ENTRANCE ON 49TH OR 50TH STREETS, BETWEEN 5TH AND 6TH AVENUES

PROGRAM *Melba Rudin*
ADMIT ONE *3-25 PM JUL 20 1938*

GOOD FOR THIS DATE AND PROGRAM ONLY
VOID IF SOLD 1938 SEE REVERSE SIDE

Batter Up...!

1938

Home Game Schedule

Giants
Yankees
Dodgers

Compliments of
WILLIAM SLOANE HOUSE Y.M.C.A.
356 West 34th Street
(Near Ninth Avenue)
New York, N. Y.

EMPIRE STATE OBSERVATORIES *Cover Tea Room*



Breakfast
Luncheon
Tea
Supper

at our famous
COCKTAIL BAR

Your favorite drink in the most unusual
setting in the world.

A thrill on high at street level prices.

Tops everything in atmosphere — fine
food and good service.

Reservations: Longacre 5-3100

Howard made a detour on his return trip back to Oregon to visit Ellen at the home of her parents, Fred and Verna Benedict in Savona, New York. Howard wrote in his journal, *"Finally began to feel nervous about going to Ellen's home and a little nervous about finding her home. It was rather a grand feeling to find her waiting at Savona with her brother. They certainly are a nice family in spite of their apparent poverty. It was a pleasure to find out some of the things about her that make her so unique. Just think being through grade school at 11 years, moving to Los Angeles for her health's sake and starting school all on her own. Now another year to go after changing courses twice and only 22. Seems like a lot to crowd into such a short lifetime".* He also wrote: *"Up at 5:00 am so we could eat and get started for town in time for the 6:30 bus at Bath. Ellen still looked slightly cheerful. Thank goodness we realize our separations are going to be brief. I wonder what Ellen's impression of our place will be. Surprised, I hope, because I've grown so proud of it. But I ought to hurry home to get ready for her. That trip out to Lake Keouka where we toasted marshmallows and gassed up on ginger ale was wonderful. My very first marshmallow toast. How strange that after I had given up all hope of finding any woman in this world with a similar outlook, similar tastes, similar background and the communal trust we have found in our companionship. I'll pray for things to continue just that way. Will I be able to be the perfect friend to her when she visits? Right now that feels easy. She enters into everything I do so wholeheartedly that I can't help feeling comfortable."*

Ellen went back to California to finish her college degree at U.C.L.A. and Howard returned to Oregon.

Howard and Ellen kept up their correspondence and married August 26, 1939 in Spokane, Washington. They chose Spokane, Washington for their wedding as Ellen's best friend, Juanita Maas Pauley, lived in Washington. Juanita's husband was working at the Coulee Dam and could only get a couple of days off, so the city of Spokane was chosen for the wedding location.

Ellen and Howard began their married life in Parkrose, Oregon where Howard managed Vaughn Seed Company's Bulb Farm whose home office was out of Chicago, Illinois. Ellen helped him manage the books.

In the winter of 1940 the company financed a term for Howard to study horticulture at Oregon State. Howard and Ellen rented an apartment on campus while Howard was taking his courses.

**6,000,000
TULIPS**

**600 VARIETIES
35 ACRES**

IN BLOOM

ADMISSION 25c

VAUGHN SEED CO.

**JUST EAST OF
PARKROSE ON SANDY**

Tulip Farm Ad, 1940

In about 1941 Howard and Ellen moved to the Beaverton area and lived in a house on Alexander Street in Aloha (Huber Area), which was owned by Howard's father. He would help out on his father's farm and also worked in the shipyards. During World War II (1941-1942) he built houses, University Homes, in North Portland and was a millwright at the Kaiser Shipyard in Portland.

In 1943 Howard and Ellen moved on to the Wilson farm. He built a small cottage (always known to us as the "little house") on his father's farm for his family. He also started a new farm project...raising turkeys. Over the years he would raise turkeys, chickens, pigs, beef cattle, corn for market and hay for the animals. In his later years he grew beautiful tulips and sold them right there on the farm. They always made a beautiful show along the roadside in the springtime.



*Howard & Ellen
at the Huber House,
1941-1942*



*1936 Ford V-8 Truck
In Field*



*Howard at Wilson
Farm circa
1937-1943*



In 1943 the young Wilson family began to grow with the addition of their first baby, a girl, Judith Anne. In 1947 they would bring home from New York, Patricia Frieda Benedict who was the daughter of Ellen's brother and wife, Frieda Shauger Benedict who died unexpectedly in childbirth. In 1948 Howard's first and only son, Vincent James, was born. And in 1952 the last child for the couple, Carolyn Joyce, was born. The young Wilson family was now complete. We all grew up as farm kids learning the traditions of farm living, standards that typified those common-sense values taught to kids who were raised on a farm. Hard work and clean living were the patterns for our lives.

When the children were young, Howard would take his family on a vacation trip every summer. Most notable were camping trips to Mt. Hood and the coast. I remember a large cream-colored canvas tent that was didn't seem to be waterproof. We also took salmon fishing trips out of Garibaldi. Dad was usually late and we would run down the dock to catch the boat. One year, in 1957, we caught several very large salmon. We had our pictures taken holding those memorable catches. There were also summer trips to the beach where we played in the waves and dug for illusive clams. Dad would step into the icy-cold surf and grimace in imaginary pain. We all laughed at his antics. In the later years when we all had families of our own, we would organize family reunions at the beach where we would all congregate to picnic and hike, and all the cousins would play in the sand.

In the spring Dad would go to the Lewis River to dip for smelt. Sometimes some of us kids would go, too. Mom had the job of cooking our catch for a delicious smelt dinner.



*Howard Dipping for Smelt
Spring 1977*

In 1945, Howard's mother, Bessie, decided that she would no longer sell produce at the Farmers Market, and Howard and Ellen took on the responsibility of getting produce to the Farmers Market. I remember our Saturday morning trips to the market. First we had to get up early and either pick raspberries or pluck chickens so we would have something to sell. Then Mom and Dad and I would hop in the old grey 1950 Ford and drive to downtown Portland. The market had a variety of vendors; many were Italian. The stand next to ours was a vegetable stand that was operated by the Repetto Family. The stand across from ours was a vegetable stand, too, run by the Raffaele Family. There were also fruit vendors and meat and cheese stands. The customers were interesting, too. There were gypsies and little old Jewish ladies who needed their chicken livers. I remember selling eggs, chickens whole and cut up, raspberries and rhubarb, corn and Dutch iris. I'm sure that there was more than I can remember. Primarily they sold eggs, fryers and turkeys.

Turkey Ad in Oregonian, 1957



WILSON'S TURKEYS

in
FARMER'S CO-OPERATIVE MARKET

4th and Yamhill, Portland

TURKEY by the PIECE

Best results will be obtained by BRAISING, although when the turkeys are very fat, some parts can be roasted in an uncovered roaster, skin side up, similar to roasting whole turkey. Use roaster, frying pan, deep-well cooker, pressure pan, or wrap in aluminum foil. Braise: Salt, flour, brown in fat, add enough water for steam, and cover.

Time used will be 2-3 hours (pressure cooker, 30-45 min. at 15 lbs.) depending on the size and age of the turkey.

TURKEY STEAKS

Remove skin and bones from breast meat. Slice crossgrain $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick. Dip in egg (optional) flour, salt, brown slowly in fat. Steam 30-45 minutes.

DRESSING

Use your favorite dressing recipe. Cook in frying pan, adding more moisture than specified. If desired, dressing can then be baked in oven for 30 minutes.



The Wilson family sold produce at the Farmer's Market until the early 1960's. In 1958, Ellen went back to school at Portland State College and obtained her teaching certificate. She started teaching in 1960 and "retired" from selling turkeys, chickens and other produce at the Farmer's Market on 4th & Yamhill.

Howard began selling flowers, bulbs, corn and other produce at a roadside stand set up on the north side of the farm on Baseline Road.



Howard and his dad also raised beef cattle on the farm. I will always remember those days when



Dad would have to get the cattle loaded for market on what seemed at the time to be a rickety old truck, always wondering if the cattle would climb over the sideboards or simply just kick them down. We were always relieved and thankful when Dad would come home safely after one of those trips.

About the bull Howard remarked, *"That bull was sure trouble."* Vince Wilson recalls, *"This was the bull that we used on the farm for the 6-7 years that we bred Angus beef cattle, during approximately 1968-1975. It almost jumped out of the truck (6 foot high walls), bending the angle iron rail on the top edge. The bull was sold in August of 1975."*



Howard lost his mom in December of 1963 from a heart attack. From that time on, Ed would never be the same. Although he continued to help with the cattle and the farm chores for a few years. Ed's health began to fail around 1964. By 1967 Howard became the primary caregiver to his ailing father. This was a very troubling and stressful time for Howard. He had to manage the farm and be the primary caregiver for his dad. But with great love and selflessness he took care of his dad who was ill and bedridden for about four years. In August of 1967 Howard took Ed back to Astoria to visit his old hometown. Howard recalls the trip,

"We went to the cemetery where he spent a couple of hours walking past the markers of so many of those whom he remembered. After that we went to the beach where the



Wreck of the Pete Iredale

timeworn skeleton of the ship, Peter Iredale, lay. In Astoria we saw the house where he had lived. Then we trudged around the Historical Museum for a while and it became clear that he was tiring. This had been so much more than his accustomed activity. But though his flesh was weak, his determination must have been re-activated. When I said that it was time to go home, he said he hadn't been to the cannery. I protested

but he fussed so vigorously that I was forced to capitulate. Before we had started the trip I had suggested that he might like to take the regular cannery tour and I could rent a wheelchair for him. No need for a wheelchair he said, since he wasn't planning to go to the cannery. So there I was, trapped, and there he was as eager as a bird dog on the first day of hunting season. We went in the direction



House at 72 Columbia Avenue, Astoria

of the old salmon cannery. From there we slowly worked our way past the production lines to the fish unloading dock. After we crossed to the east side of the dock, Pop said he was tired so he sat down on a pile of timbers to rest. After five minutes he felt that he had recovered and wanted to start again. We had just barely started into the tunnel on the east side when he fainted. I had been through this kind of emergency with him several times, always alone, so I did what I always do, pick him up and carry him to bed, except this time it was to the car and the distance was more than usual. While I carried him I contemplated the unhappy lot of one H. Wilson, Male Nurse."

After several years of illness Ed Wilson passed on May 9, 1973 at the age of 89, just one month before his 90th birthday. The house on Columbia Ave. has been converted to an apartment house.

For many years it had been known that there were owls living in the barn on the farm. You could often hear them at night. One morning in 1978 when Howard and Ellen were walking down the “cow lane” they saw something new. An owl had been caught in the barbs on a barbed-wire fence. It was a Great Horned Owl, not the usual barn owl. Its wings had become entangled in the barbs of the fence. Howard and Ellen made a quick trip back to the house for some leather gloves and a camera. Releasing the owl’s wing from the barbed wire was very difficult, but after several attempts the owl was free of the barbs. Howard took the bird to the Audobon Society for treatment. Unfortunately, they learned later that the wing had not healed and the owl had to be put to sleep.



Howard and Great Horned Owl, circa 1978

After Ellen retired from teaching in 1980 she and Howard took several trips together. They vacationed in Key West, Florida, Hawaii - twice once in 1981 and again in 1982, Mazatlan and Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, Arizona and the Grand Canyon, and in 1986 to the Exposition in Vancouver, Canada. Howard had to jump through many hoops to get his first passport as his birth certificate in California was never recorded properly... or even at all. He managed to find enough documents to obtain his passport in 1983 and was able to go on vacation with Ellen to Mexico and Canada.



Howard & Ellen in Hawaii



After the death of his father, Howard devoted most of his time to growing tulips and corn and raising hay to sell to his neighbors for their horses. The tulips and corn were sold right there at the farm roadside stand. Ellen helped plant and clean the bulbs and she helped sell the corn, bulbs and flowers. They never had any trouble selling the produce, as people would come expectantly every spring to ask when the corn or the tulips would be available for that season. As dad got older his arthritis in his hips made it harder for him to run to the corn field to gather the corn, so he would drive down to the corn patch with the old blue 1968 Dodge, load it up and drive it back up to the roadside area where the corn was then sold. There were seasons when it would take the whole family working side-by-side to get the tulips picked for Easter weekend sales. All of us took a turn working the roadside stand at one time or another before it closed in 2002.

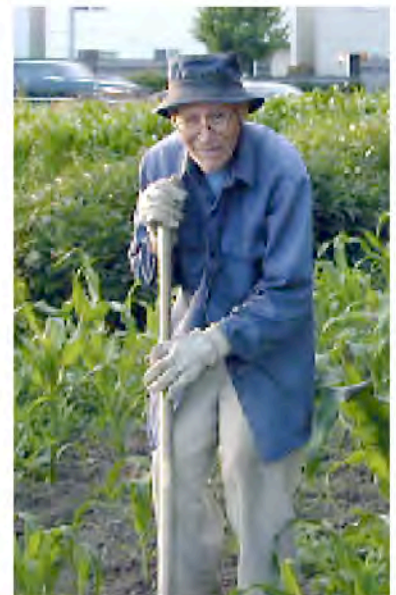


Over the years Howard's unique talent for horticulture was evident each and every summer as we saw the harvest develop. There were always potatoes and corn, tomatoes and broccoli, squash and cucumbers for everyone in the family. I would often take some of the overabundance to my work place to share with my co-workers. One year Howard planted two hundred tomato plants. Ellen couldn't imagine what possessed him to plant so many.

He had a wonderful touch with every plant he grew. The little



wilted broccoli starts that some of us would have given up on grew to a bountiful harvest in the fall as they developed from small starts to strong plants with delicious green heads. At age 87 in 1999 Howard still grew the best broccoli ever!



In 1993 Howard and Ellen began the process of selling the farm. A 26-acre portion of the farm was sold in 1993 to Tri-Met for the development of the west side light rail, MAX. The tracks will border on the south side of the farm just as the Oregon Electric Railway did decades ago. Another two parcels were sold to other developers for high-density housing.

In 2002 Howard and Ellen moved from the family farm to a little house in Aloha, just right for their “retirement” from farm living. They no longer have to worry about trees falling on the house, building a fire in the wood stove to keep warm and worrying if the pipes will freeze or if the basement will flood. Howard owns and oversees a small retail mall in Tigard, which is called the Wilson Tigard Retail Center.

Today, the Wilson Farm, established in 1920, is only a fond memory. The barn that Ed and Howard built in 1932 sustained damage in the 1962 Columbus Day Storm. The old “swaybacked” barn was a landmark that many people over the years stopped to photograph. It was not uncommon to find a painting or photograph of the Wilson Barn at local state and county fair exhibits.



Memories of My Dad, by Judy Wilson

My love for and any knowledge that I have gained about gardening, I owe to my dad whose advice and inspiration has been so generously shared with anyone who expressed an interest. I will always remember our family trips to the beach, and the salmon fishing and smelt dipping as well as the farm chores like chicken plucking or early morning berry picking. I will remember the fun the children had playing in the mud created from digging the new well and how my parents on their return from their errand that day were horrified at our playtime in the mud. Howard loves his family very much and we never lacked for food or clothing or presents at Christmas. We frolicked in the snow or at the beach, and he patiently indulged our need to adopt pets of all sorts from horses to dogs to stray cats. He allowed us to try our hand at raising animals from ducks to pigs, and some of our own vegetables and flowers, too. He was a meticulous keeper of his flowerbeds and garden. On days when most of us would not venture out into either the heat or the cold, Dad would be there pruning or weeding or digging in the garden or chopping wood for the wood stove. Even at the age of 89 years old, his garden plots were beautiful and weed-free.

Dad has a humorous side to his personality that lights us all up when he cracks a joke or tells a funny story. We usually wind up laughing so hard tears come to our eyes. He could also fix anything! And he did. He fixed dryers, freezers, cars, and tractors, to name a few. He always advocated the theory to “fix, not replace”. He not only repaired his own appliances and cars, but he helped with everyone else’s repairs as well. He was a good mentor to his son, Vince, who can also build or fix anything just like his dad.



Howard & Vince Fixing the Tractor

One year while I was working at Five Oaks School, I went to school on a frosty morning. My old blue, Plymouth Valiant slid off the road while rounding the corner around 173rd and Baseline. I was close to school, so I walked to school and thought that I’d deal with the car problem later. However, sometime later that morning one of my co-workers told me that he saw an older fellow on a red tractor pulling my car out of the ditch. I hadn’t even called him! How had he found my car? Apparently he had driven by and recognized my car and just decided to pull it out of the ditch with the tractor. He was always there for us when we needed him. Sometimes we didn’t even have to ask him.

Howard can usually be found listening to the radio in his room or sorting through his mail. He still bakes his own bread every week, and bakes rolls for our family holiday gatherings. He must have inherited his gift for baking from his mother, Bessie, who ran bakeries in both Grand Forks, Yukon Territory in 1905-1906 and in Fairbanks, Alaska from 1909-1911.



My memories of my dad and the farm and my childhood spent on that farm will be with me forever even if the farm, over time, yields up it’s hay fields to parking lots and high density housing tracts.

Thoughts About My Dad by Vince Wilson

Here are some thoughts about Dad and the Farm and growing up. I've been thinking about this for a couple months now and really there are so many things that come to mind that I can't mention all of them. So, instead of writing about how I watched Dad overhaul the motor in the Farmall "H" tractor and how that drove my curiosity toward mechanics, or how we used to buck hay bales together for hours on end trying to beat the rain, and how that leads me into next weeks hay cutting here, or how we herded those cattle in the 70's which will lead me into my next business endeavor or how I would drive the tractor as straight as I could as Dad walked behind the old horse-drawn corn planter putting in a field of corn to be sold at the roadside stand...



Howard, Summer 1977

Instead of these things, I would like to write about some lessons and values he passed on to me, his son, in the process of doing all these things. First and foremost Dad was not afraid of hard work. He showed this in many ways, from feeding chickens to gathering eggs to bucking hay bales to digging ditches, building fences, hoeing corn, planting bulbs digging bulbs...the list goes on and on and on. I never thought I would work that hard when I was a kid, but I have caught myself doing just that mostly in the Christmas trees for myself and for others. I saw Pat Ravens a while ago, and he said that when he talks about me on the tree farm he says, "Oh that Vince Wilson, he works as hard as four Mexicans put together". Well, if that is the case then my dad could do the work of eight. He showed by example, and it worked with me. Dad could fix anything. He didn't believe in going out and buying something if it broke; he believed he could fix it and in most cases he could. That's probably the only way we could keep on farming. This has transferred to me also, but not as much as in his case. I can't stand to work on appliances...he loved the challenge. Dad valued his independence and freedom. He did his own thing and was proud of it. He didn't always care about what was politically correct even though it was way different back then. Well, if you know me, you know this is how I turned out also, just in a little different form. Lastly, Dad taught me more of how to live by example than with words. He had few words of advice but he led by doing and showing what was important for life, a trait that is still carried on to this day as I go out to see both of my parents. I always pick up something to put away for use at a later date.

Memories of My Dad by Carolyn Wilson Hatcher

I attribute my love of hiking, geology, and photography to my dad. Dad had a sense of adventure that was shown by taking drives into remote areas, hiking, and mountain climbing. I remember taking day trips through the Mt. Hood Forest and to areas east of the mountains throughout my high school years. Dad liked to go off the beaten path. It always scared Mom, but it fed my sense of adventure. There were always less people and it was quieter off the main roads. We would stop often and look at rocks and scenery. Dad had taken some geology and mineralogy classes at Portland State College and he liked to take that knowledge into the field. We liked seeing all the geologic formations, such as Crater Lake, Newberry Crater, Lava Butte, the Columbia Gorge, and the Cascades.

One hike that I have fond memories of was climbing Ollalie Butte with Dad in the Mt. Jefferson Wilderness. Actually part of that hike is on the Warm Springs Indian Reservation. Mom stayed home that day, although sometimes she did hike with us. Today was an adventure for just the two of us. We didn't have hiking boots then, or nice backpacks, just tennis shoes for me and farm boots for Dad. The



forest service road to the trailhead wound through the Clackamas River drainage area. The pink fireweed was blooming and it was a beautiful summer day. We had our water and snacks and started out energetically on the 4-mile hike to the summit at 7900 ft. We made it to the top, where there was still snow on the north slope. We had gorgeous views of Mt. Jefferson to the south and Mt. Hood to the north. Dad took a lot of pictures and had them made into slides. We still have many boxes of slides that Dad took on his trips.

A hike that Mom joined us on was to Pamela Lake, also near Mt. Jefferson. It was a beautiful two-mile hike in the woods along Pamela Creek. Dad took many pictures of the clear blue lake nestled below the Cascade peaks. Our hikes were never boring because Dad stopped every so often to point out a plant or look at something interesting.

Dad decided to take hiking to a new level and try backpacking. We went to Jefferson Park in the Mt. Jefferson Wilderness with Vince and got to experience backpacking in the rain! It's not very much fun. There we were hiking back down the mountain with bright orange rain ponchos covering our backpacks. We were a sorry looking lot!

Dad didn't let his age stop him from doing things he wanted to do. At age 63 he decided to take skiing lessons. He was generous enough to pay for ski lessons for me, as well. Dad enjoyed skiing so much. I enjoyed skiing with him and seeing him have fun.

But that wasn't all. Dad wanted to climb Mt. Hood again. Even though he had already climbed Mt. Hood by himself one August in the 1950's, he decided in spring of 1975 that he wanted to learn from the Mazamas. Again the adventurous spirit in me was tapped and I joined him. We spent the night in the Mazamas lodge in Government Camp, where a member of the Mazamas inspected our gear. Then we tried to sleep for a few hours before getting up at 3:00 am to begin the climb from Timberline. We managed to get up to about the 8900 foot level before the Mazamas determined that we were in conditions that were unsafe, i.e. we were fogged in and couldn't see in front of us. So we turned back and never reached the summit. In spring of 1976, we took a basic mountaineering class on the slopes of Mt. Hood. Dad wanted to try again, but I passed this time around, as I needed to have a tonsillectomy. But Dad and Vince went on to climb Mt. St. Helens that summer, as well as Mt. Hood and Mt. Adams.



I am grateful to Dad for instilling in me a love for nature and the beautiful earth, and for showing me what you can accomplish if you just keep trying.



Various Addendums added after the document was published in 2004.

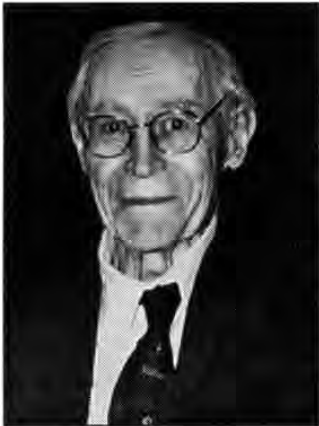
1. Obituary & photo of headstone
 2. Pillsbury Flour mill in Astoria where he worked in 1936-37 and the unique aluminum-covered recipe book
 3. Howard Wilson's Bread recipe
 4. Miscellaneous receipts from the fifties: Schlottman's Filling Station & Garage; cold storage in Portland; info on A.J. Gaunt Well Drilling company that likely drilled the well on the south end of the property in the fifties.
 5. Howard's visit to the Puskala Farm in Deep River, Washington in 1919, playing with memorabilia from World War I that his Puskala cousins obtained while serving in Europe and Siberia.
-



Howard (age six) at the Santa Barbara Mission in California during the family's extended road trip vacation to Oregon from their farm in Parlier, Fresno County in 1918.

Addendum – Howard E. Wilson – Obituary, 2005

Howard was diagnosed with brain tumors as the result of melanoma in March of 2005. He passed away March 30th, 2005 at the Maryville Nursing Home in Beaverton.



Howard E. Wilson
June 4, 1912 - March 30, 2005

Howard Wilson, long-time resident of Beaverton, died March 30, 2005. Howard was born in Parlier, Calif., June 4, 1912. He moved with his parents, Ed and Bessie Wilson, to Astoria in 1918, and then to the Wilson Farm in Beaverton in 1920 where Howard lived until 2002. Howard graduated from Beaverton High School in 1929, and later earned his bachelor's degree in chemical engineering from Oregon State Agricultural College in 1933.

Howard met his beloved wife, Ellen, while on a trip to the east coast in 1938. They were married in 1939. Howard spent most of his life farming, selling produce at the Farmer's Market in Portland and at the roadside farm stand on Baseline Road. In his later years he grew fields of tulips that made a beautiful springtime show of color on 170th Avenue. His fields of tulips and the old weathered barn were often subject matter for local photographers.

Howard leaves his wife of 65 years, Ellen Wilson; a son, Vince Wilson; daughters, Judy Wilson, Carolyn Hatcher, Patty Krotz; nine grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. A private family service was held in Aloha; burial was at Finley's Sunset Hills Memorial Park. Remembrances can be made to the OHSU Cancer Institute.



Pillsbury Flour Mill on the docks in Astoria.



Dad acquired this Pillsbury cookbook when he was in Astoria; He likely gave it to his mom. It is interesting because of its aluminum cover. Copyright 1933.



Howard Wilson's Bread Recipe

Bread Recipe (Howard)

Gold Medal All purpose Flour
Cake Yeast

Pans: 10 x 5½ (about)

14 cups (5#) Flour
1 heaping tablespoon salt
2 cakes of compressed yeast
2 tbs. oil
½ cup sugar (+ 2 tbs. for yeast mix)
6 cups water

Mix dry ingredients in bowl--warm to about 100 degrees..

Mix 2 tbs. sugar
6 cups warm water (100 degrees)
2 cakes of crumbled yeast

Let stand until lumps are gone.

Pour liquid into dry ingredients.
Add oil.
Mix with spoon, then knead by hand.
Use flour to keep from sticking.
Cover. Put in warm place to rise.
Let rise until doubled in volume.

Knead again to get the gas out.
Fold over, knead again until silky in texture.
Flatten before cutting.
Cut into 4 pieces, Put into pans to rise.
Brush tops with oil.
Let rise until almost ready to go over the edge of pans.

Bake in 300 degree oven for 40 min.
Turn pans around. Bake 10 more min. or until
loaves are browned sufficiently.

Notes: I found this recipe in an old cookbook recently. It was typed on onionskin. I don't know if was Mom or Dad who typed it as they both typed, but my guess is that it was mom. Dad used to bake bread for himself and mom, yes, four loaves at a time. After dad passed I got Mom's bread from the Beaverton Bakery, whole wheat bread but not the same as Dad's. Fortunately she adjusted. I'm sure none of us will ever be making four loaves at a time, but if you are clever with math you could pare it down to two loaves. (This is not the same recipe as for the rolls.)

RAYMOND SCHLOTTMAN
17030 S. W. Baseline Rd
Beaverton, Ore.
Ph. MI 4-2883

Sold By: Howard Wilson Date: July 8, 58

Name: Howard Wilson

Address: Paul

REG. NO.	AMT. REC'D	ACCT. FWD.
1	oil filter	2.10
2	July 5 - 11 1/2 gal gas	4.00
3	July 9 - 8 gal gas	3.00
4	July 10 - 8 1/2 gal gas	3.00
5	July 21 - 11 1/2 gal	4.00
6	July 23 - gas	3.00
7	July 26 - gas	3.00
8	Aug 2 - 11 1/2 gal	3.50
9		22.10
10		4.00
11		26.10

582 Design

RAYMOND SCHLOTTMAN
17030 S. W. Baseline Rd
Beaverton, Ore.
Ph. MI 4-2883

Sold By: Wilson Date: May 26, 58

Name: Wilson

Address: Paul

REG. NO.	AMT. REC'D	ACCT. FWD.
1	belt 8021-T	1.65
2	belt 1/2 pulley	1.30
3		
4	snuffer	4.50
5		7.45
6		3.50
7	gas	3.40
8		13.35
9		3.00
10		16.35

582 Design

Receipts from Schlottman's Garage, next door and from the Cold Storage Company in Portland, 1958.

CUSTOMER'S COPY

RECEIVED OF NORTHWESTERN ICE & COLD STORAGE CO.
66 E. E. WASHINGTON ST.
WASHINGTON ST. PLANT
BE' Inland 4-9511

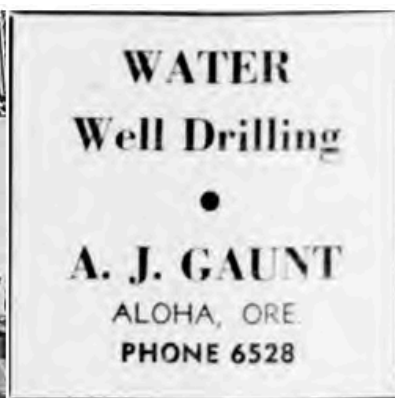
CUSTOMER ORDER NO. TIME PORTLAND, OREGON 3/7 1958

SHIPPED VIA H. E. Wilson

NO. OF CANS	COUNT	COMMODITY	WEIGHT	LOT NO.	CK.
10	62	Peas	450	2557	1
					2
					3
					4
					5
					6
					7
					8
					9
					10
					11
					12
					13
					14
					15

FOR ACCOUNT OF: H. E. Wilson SIGNED BY: H. E. Wilson

No. W 07294 [March 7, 14, 28 were Fridays.]



Our well was likely drilled by A.J. Gaunt, in the fifties, I think I was about twelve. It was an Artesian well. It failed shortly after Tri-Met bought the land. They were disappointed to lose that water source.

The Gaunt family were long time Aloha residents. Arthur (A.J) Gaunt started his well-drilling business in Aloha in 1937.

His son Stan would later become the second generation owner and operator of A.J. Gaunt & Son's Water Well Drilling for many years until his passing in 2010.

Howard Wilson Visits the Puskala Farm in Deep River, Washington – 1919

Howard visited the Puskala farm in August 1919 and had fun posing in his Hendrickson cousins World War I memorabilia, a gas mask and a Pickelhaube helmet, brought home by the Hendrickson brothers from their overseas war efforts.

Below, the gas mask and the helmet.



These photos were in the collection of Bessie Puskala Hill and were discovered, sadly, too late to be included in Dad's autobiography book.

Dad had once asked me if I had ever located the pictures of him at the Puskala farm wearing a Prussian Soldier's helmet. I spent years searching and asking around to see if I could locate that photo. The last time that I went to visit Mary Hill Cornell in Seaside in 2006, she got out a set of photo albums that I had not yet seen, and lo and behold, there were the photos. I almost fell over in my chair when I saw them. I had actually begun to wonder if Dad had somehow only imagined the pictures!! Well, here they are, a bit late, but still a wonderful addition to Dad's memoirs.

Katherine Puskala was John Wilson's half sister. John Wilson was Howards's grandfather.



Aug 1919



Aug. 1919



Aug. 1919.

Howard Wilson Visits the Puskala Farm in Deep River, Washington - 1919

The Puskala farm was a warm and inviting home where Katherine always welcomed guests with coffee and Finnish sweet bread. One year Howard's parents let him spend a summer with his Aunt Puskala in Deep River. On that visit in August 1919, he got to play with a Prussian soldier's helmet that one of the Hendrickson boys brought home from World War I. Howard's cousins, Fred, William and Hjalmar Hendrickson were Katherine's sons with her first husband.