

Silverton Country Historical Society

Established in 1974

Forty Years of History in the Making

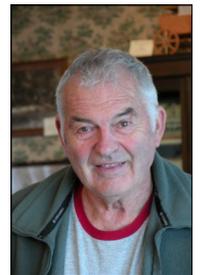


Museum and Office
428 South Water Street

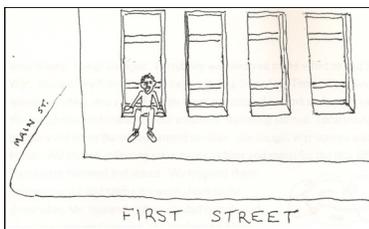
A History of Eugene Field School—Final Installment

By Jack Hande

SCHS Note: Everyone knows Jack Hande, a very dedicated, hard-working volunteer at the Museum and totally committed to preserving Silverton's history. Jack is one of our regular hosts at the museum-- you can always find him here the first Saturday of every month. Recently Jack prepared a personal recollection of Eugene Field School, and we have shared his remembrances with you in the last two newsletters. This month's issue has the final installment. Jack has produced a bound, illustrated (his own wonderful drawings) volume that can be purchased here at the Museum for \$5. This is not to be missed!



About the years 1940-41, the Cub Scouts started up in Silverton. My mother served as a den mother. I was involved from ages 9 to 11. Also there was a transition of moving up to the other side of the play shed with the big kids. I lived at the corner of Third and Jersey Streets. As I walked to school each day I would pass by the Coolidge and McClain Bank at the corner of Main and First Streets. The window sills of the bank along First Street have big ledges, and as you walked toward school, the ledges were further and further from the sidewalk. When I passed by I would try to jump up and sit on those ledges. Over the years I could measure my growth by my success at seating myself on those ledges. Finally I was able to perch on the highest ledge in the later grade school days. Now, at age 82, I can't do it at all.



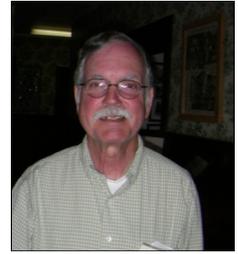
We had carnivals at school, open to the parents in the evening. Each room had a different venue. I remember one room would put lipstick and rouge all over our faces. The results were quite funny for the boys who did that. Halloween was a big thing for us. We dressed up for "Trick or Treat." I remember a boy in my class who was dressed up in a realistic Donald Duck outfit his grandmother made. The school showed movies on Halloween night to keep us from pulling pranks all over town. However, it was common to see soaped up windows on the stores downtown (our family business got plenty of that), and I remember a big wooden bicycle rack hanging from the top of a power pole, among other things.

My Fifth Grade teacher was Miss Betty Kleinsorge (1941-42). This was the year World War II started. Miss Kleinsorge tried to explain to us what the War was about. For most of us, at that point, it went over our heads. A few of the sharper kids could comprehend. However, in a very short time we knew what it was. Things changed. Everybody was involved in the effort to end the War. Many of my friends moved away. The big Silver Falls Timber Company mill was down sizing, and a lot of people went to Portland to work in the shipyards. We put up blackout shades on our windows. Rationing started. Local young people went off to the various armed services. We bought War Stamps and War Bonds. We started collecting scrap paper, rubber and metal for the War Effort. Shoes were rationed and scarce. We repaired them. I remember my dad taking my worn shoes to the shoemaker, Mr. Haaland. When my dad complained about me wearing them out, Mr. Haaland told him he should be glad I could wear them out. At the Palace Theater we watched the Movie Tone Newsreels to see what the War was like (about a month or two after the action happened). Even young people read the newspapers. It was a very special time.

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From the President...

This summer has been an extremely busy one around the museum, and with activities connected to the museum and the historical society. Of course the June open house and the July Historic Silver Falls Days got everything rolling around here, but the war memorial activities just keep happening, and we look for every opportunity we can to 'get the word out' about what our committee is working to accomplish in Town Square Park. We had a terrific Mock-up Unveiling on Saturday, July 26, and about 70 people were present. I also had the privilege of presenting a power-point program at the Silverton Kiwanis meet-



ing on August 14, to help tell the story about the memorial and to request donations.



The following week, we had an amazing contingent of folks in the Homer Davenport Community Festival Parade, with a Military Color Guard, quite a number of motorcycle riders, including the Patriot Guard and American Legion riders, our slightly smaller than life-size mockup on a decorated trailer and six veterans riding on it as well, and about a dozen picture banners being carried along the parade route, some Silverton casualties and several from throughout Oregon and Washington. It was really quite impressive, and all along the route people were saluting and applauding. Also, while the festival was going on in Coolidge-McClaine Park, two activities connected with the historical society were happening, the fundraising tent with the photo banners on display on one side of the park, and the Dime Toss Booth near the pavilion to raise funds for the War Memorial. I'd like to give a special thanks to Kathy Hunter for organizing the work shifts and for all those who helped in the tent.



If you can help with donations or with any other part of the War Memorial project, please contact us by calling the museum at 503 873-7070 or at silverton.museum@live.com, or you can contact me at home at 503 874-8101 or cell 503 930-7074. You can also contact one of the other committee members, Jack Hande, Gregg Sheesley, Ray Hunter, Steve Wiley, Jim Loftis, Rick Lewis, or Steve Fetters, Aaron Cressey, John Cramer, or Greg Gossack.

Also during the whole month of August was the special exhibition of the original Davenport cartoons, the Hackensack Eight, at the Borland Gallery. They've been nicely framed for viewing and to help preserve them for years to come. Also, last month, the replacement Mount plaque was dedicated at the Silverton Hospital, with the original plaque dating to 1936 being presented to the museum for display.

And I'd like to thank everyone who has helped in any way with our activities; we couldn't have done it without you.

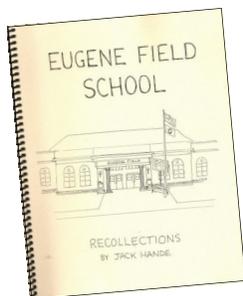
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The sign showing the War Memorial plaza layout, the actual full-size mock-up, and the sign out along Main Street

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My Sixth Grade teacher was Miss Harryette Whitfield. It was a time of awakening for me. Miss Whitfield was a very pretty lady. She was only there the one year. I suppose she got married. (She wasn't going to wait for me to grow up.) On the playground softball was played. Home plate was located at the corner of First and A Streets. The bigger boys were always trying to hit the ball at the school building. The idea was to break a window, and not be held accountable for it. Well it happened!



The principals at Eugene Field School were Mr. Harry Cameron during my early years in the school and Mr. Ivan Luman in my latter years. Mr. Cameron and his family moved away after my Fifth Grade year. His son, Douglas, was one of my friends. I thought I would never see him again, but to my amazement I was able to locate him after 70 years of being out of touch.

My Seventh Grade teacher was Miss Edith Ross (1943-44). I remember that some of the rowdy kids were a problem for her. Of course she was from the "old school" of discipline. One kid, who was a trouble maker, brought her to the point where she struck him with a ruler that broke in the process. He just laughed and she went out of the room crying. The rest of the kids felt badly for her. (For many years I was a school teacher, and can fully sympathize with her.) The middle school years are very awkward.

That year in math we were working on decimals. I remember I had been home ill for a day or two. When I returned we were working on "story problems" involving decimals. I came upon a problem where the sentence ended with a decimal number, so that the period at the end of the sentence (to me) appeared to be a second decimal for the number. I remember telling the teacher that I was absent when the class started using two decimals on one number.....could she please explain? That teacher happened to be a substitute for Miss Ross. She was Mrs. Eden Ross, wife of Errol Ross (not related to Miss Edith Ross).

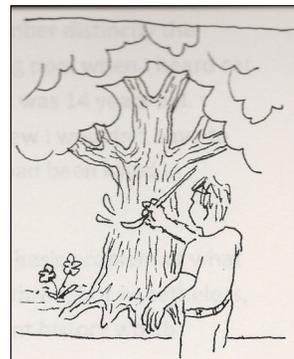
In the Seventh Grade I started delivering The Oregonian Newspaper in the early mornings. I could tell you a lot of stories about those wintery adventures, but I won't.

The war was on and in P.E. Class we learned Judo tactics. We learned how to march militarily. Mr. Luman, who had been in the Marines, taught us that stuff. It was fully expected that we would soon be fighting for our country.

My Eighth Grade teacher was Miss Helen Perillo. Of course, these were even more awkward years, especially for the boys. The class seemed to be divided with those who wanted to learn something up front, and the rowdy boys in the back. Again I had, and have, sympathy for the teacher. She did as well as could be expected.

In P.E. Class we continued to march. In fact we did march all the way out to the Evergreen School to play them in softball (2 miles out and 2 miles back). There were no buses to be had in the War. We also played the Thomas School (it no longer exists) out about 4 miles on Hwy 213. We had transportation...I believe it was the parents' cars.

During my Seventh and Eighth Grade years our class was involved in an art project. We painted a mural in the basement of Eugene Field School. It depicted several legendary tales of history. I remember Robin Hood as being one of the topics. In fact, I remember painting on a tree as part of the Robin Hood scene. I suppose those murals (done in 1944-45) are long gone.

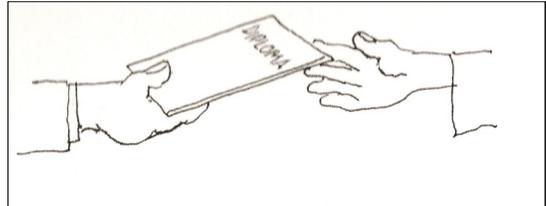


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Miss Kleinsorge was our Librarian and Study Hall teacher. I will never forget when Mr. Luman came into the room and whispered something to Miss Kleinsorge. She then announced to the class that President Roosevelt had died. We were in shock. Virtually all of our lives he had been our President, and we were caught up in this horrible War. What was to become of us? Would we start to lose the War? We didn't know "beans" about Vice President Truman.

We went through a formal Graduation Ceremony with Diplomas and the whole bit. We marched, boy and girl, listened to a speech, and received our Diplomas individually on the stage in the Eugene Field gymnasium. It was important, because it was expected that many of us would not finish high school by joining the military.



The summer of 1945 saw the end of World War II. I remember distinctly the ending of the war. I was walking home from the swimming pool when I heard car horns tooting all over town. I knew what had happened. I was 14 years old. When I arrived home my dear mother hugged me. She knew I wouldn't have to go to war. Her favorite cousin, whom I was named after, had been killed in France in 1944.

I know a lot of what I have written doesn't really solve the basic problem of what to do for the kids in Kindergarten and grades one through three, but nonetheless, I just want you to know Eugene Field School has a significant history worth preserving.

Jack Hande

H.D. and Rebecca Mount Memorial



Molly Murphy, our Vice President, recently joined Mount family members and hospital officials to place a new marker memorializing H.D. and Rebecca Mount, who originally owned the land where the hospital is now located. Following the sale of the land to the hospital association in 1936, it was agreed there would be a Mount memorial, but over the years during subsequent remodels, the plaque was removed.



On July 19 of this year a new plaque was prepared and set in place on the lawn of the indoor garden near the Silverton Hospital atrium. The original plaque will be given to the historical society.

Recently at the Museum—



The Observation Post during Homer Days—Thank you, Jack Hande.



Display in the main case celebrating the Historical Society's 40th year! Come see how we looked in 1974. Thank you, Robin and Shelly!



Thank you!

Sometimes words just can't express how grateful we are for our members. Special thanks to these outstanding volunteers:

Robin Anderson, who keeps our flower box on the front porch so beautiful; Carolyn Hutton, who is retired as curator, but still cheerfully answers our collection questions and guides in the appropriate directions (Retirement, hah!); Gary Ohren, our "go-to-guy" for yard work and handyman projects. And Fred Parkinson, who does anything we ask!! These four are always here for us!



Curator Search is On!!

Current curator, Jan Long, is reluctantly stepping down because of ever-increasing family responsibilities, so we are searching again for someone who loves Silverton and enjoys history. We have a small, but dedicated, group of volunteers, many of whom are also responsible for other activities in the Historical Society, and who just need someone to provide direction to keep the museum running well. Think it over and then if you would like to help, contact us at Silverton.museum@live.com or 503-873-7070. You would be working with the nicest group of people in Silverton, if I do say so myself!!

SCHS Old-Fashioned Dime Toss Brings Record Amount for Veteran's Memorial!



The Dime Toss booth at this summer's Homer Davenport Community Festival made more than \$800, all of which was dedicated to Silverton's Fallen Heroes veteran memorial. This was the most the booth has earned for SCHS in the five years since we gained possession of it. Previously, all monies have gone toward museum improvements such as new signage, paint and plants. However, this year we thought it appropriate to add it to the memorial fund.

Each year a volunteer crew sets up the knocked-down booth...you never saw such head-scratching as we attempt to figure it out after another whole 12 months has gone by! That is followed by three days of two-hour shifts at the festival, usually lots of fun for the adults and children



who attempt to win that fabulous candy dish or wonderful flower vase. Don't forget, the items are all donated and everything we make is profit.

Once again I want to express my gratitude to the willing people who contribute their time and effort at this fundraiser. Thank you so much, volunteers and members, for making it such a success!



Kathy Hunter, Chair



428 SOUTH WATER STREET
SILVERTON OR 97381

OFFICE PHONE 503-873-7070
EMAIL US
SILVERTON.MUSEUM@LIVE.COM

WWW.SILVERTONMUSEUM.COM

Thank you to our new and renewing members—
Your support is what keeps us going!

Tom Dill and AnnMarie Neil	Magic Carpet Cleaning
GeerCrest Farm & Historical Society	Charles and Judy Traan
Craig and Joan Clark	Steve and Cheryl Wareham
John and Carmen Smith	Tom and Lynne Radcliffe
Richard Engeman	Aurelio and Maria Castillo
Ruth Nicholson	

Thank you to these generous donors:

Tom and Barbara Pelett	Phyllis Haberly Burson
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**War Memorial Plaza—Silverton Fallen Heroes Donors—
Thank you!**

Donald A. David	James Ford	The Garretts
Roger and Marie Pilmore	Paula Flores	Starks Farm
Marjorie Minschew	Subway #19508 (Silverton)	

And to all who have given anonymously or contributed via the collection
containers through out town!

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overdue notice with your
newsletter, we appreciate
your prompt response.
Thank you!**