The Oswego Heritage Council promotes and increases public awareness to preserve the community’s legacy of historically significant buildings, sites, culture, natural charm and recorded materials and cooperates with other organizations working toward similar goals.

Annual Meeting
Saturday February 26, 2011,
meeting at 10:00 a.m., Coffee & Conversation is at 9:30 a.m.

"Mom’s Trunk" Centers around the value of personal histories.
John Terry Brings Newspaper Experience to OHC Annual Meeting

Many of you may recognize the name John Terry. For 27 years he served as writer, graphics editor, northwest editor, assistant news editor and on the national/international news desk for The Oregonian. In 1996 Terry began writing Oregon’s Trails, a column devoted to Oregon and Northwest history. He wrote the column until his retirement in 2003. Currently he is working on an anthology of those “Oregon’s Trails” columns.

During his career in the newspaper business – which began when he was a student at Sheridan High School – Terry received the distinguished Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association awards for best local column (2 years) and best feature story. He was appointed to the Oregon Geographic Names Board in 2001 and 2004. Terry is also a member of the Oregon Historical Society and active in alumni affairs at Portland State University.

While attending PSU, Terry edited the Vanguard (PSU’s school paper) & the Portland State Review (PSU’s literary magazine). He also served as a member of the student senate and was student body attorney general. Terry has also worked for Associated Press and the Salem Capital Journal. He served in the Army and although was born in Berkeley, California, he spent most of his childhood in Oregon. His family moved to Oregon when he was three. His father was a Methodist minister and his mother was a librarian.

Oswego Heritage Council’s First Wednesdays 7-8pm

Oswego February 2, 2011
Lake Oswego Reads Night
Cutting for Stone by Abraham Verghese
Speaker Maggie Vafi
“Government Turnmoil and the Need to Plee” Hear the story of Maggie Molnar Vafi of Hungary a pre teen living in dangerous times, telling a story of narrow escap’s, exciting adventures and family intrigue.

March 2, 2011 Roger Rollins
“Antique and Classic Boats”

April 6, 2011 Janice Newton Becker
And Chris DeBellis Scotty
“HISTORIC NOTES AND PHOTOGRAPHS ON CITIZENS AND PLACES IN LAKE OSWEGO” plus “MEMORIES OF SCHOOL DAYS AT OUR LADY OF THE LAKE”

May 4, 2011 Phil Chek
“Lake Oswego architecture and his special project”
PRESIDENT GEORGE BENSON'S CORNER

IT HAS BEEN MY PRIVILEDGE TO HAVE SERVED ON THE HERITAGE COUNCIL BOARD FOR THE PAST 12 YEARS. I WAS PLEASED TO BE ASKED TO SERVE FOR MANY REASONS FOREMOST WAS THE OPPORTUNITY TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH SOME VERY SPECIAL COMMUNITY LEADERS.

THE LEADERSHIP, VISION, AND ACHIEVEMENTS OF BILL HEADLEE, HERALD CAMPBELL AND BILL GERBER MADE THE HERITAGE HOUSE A REALITY AND ENERGIZED THE HERITAGE COUNCIL. IT WAS A PRIVILEGE AND OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO SIT AT THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH THEM. THEIR SPIRIT AND DEDICATION HAS BEEN AN INSPIRATION FOR ALL OF US WHO KNEW THEM.

I HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO SERVE AS VICE PRESIDENT DURING TWO OF BILL GERBER'S YEARS AS PRESIDENT. BILL WAS A SOFT SPOKEN LEADER WHO LEAD BY EXAMPLE. PROBABLY ONE OF THE STRONGEST LEADERS AND HARDEST WORKERS I HAVE OBSERVED. I WAS IMPRESSED WITH HIS PASSION FOR LAKE OSWEGO AND THE HERITAGE HOUSE AND HIS WILLINGNESS TO DEVOTE SO MUCH TIME & ENERGY TO BOTH.

MY TWO YEARS AS PRESIDENT WERE HIGHLIGHTED BY THE CHANGE IN EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR AND THE CELEBRATION OF LAKE OSWEGO'S CENTENNIAL. SUSAN AND NANCY HEADLEE SERVED AS OUR EXECUTIVE DIRECTORS FOR NINE YEARS. THEY BECAME THE FACE AND VOICE OF THE HERITAGE HOUSE AND COUNCIL. THEIR SMILES AND FRIENDLY WAYS WILL BE A LASTING LEGACY. JUDE GRAHAM BROUGHT A NEW SET OF TALENTS TO THE DIRECTOR'S POSITION. IT HAS BEEN INTERESTING AND REWARDING TO SEE THE POSITIVE RESULTS OF HER CREATIVE EFFORTS. ONE OF THOSE EFFORTS HAS BEEN TO CREATE HISTORICAL EXHIBITS RELATED TO OUR EVENTS SUCH AS THE HISTORICAL HOME TOUR, THE CAR& BOAT SHOW AND THE FIRST WEDNESDAY PROGRAMS. MOST OF OUR EVENTS THIS YEAR WERE KEYED INTO THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION. IT WAS GOOD TO SEE SO MANY VOLUNTEERS WORKING WITH JUDE. SHE EVEN TALKED SOME OF THEM INTO BECOMING HISTORICAL FIGURES THAT KEPT SHOWING UP AT CITI EVENTS.

THANKS TO BOARD MEMBERS WHO TOOK THE LEADERSHIP WE WERE ABLE TO ORGANIZE A YOUTH COMMITTEE AND RENEW OUR WORKING RELATIONSHIP WITH THE SCHOOLS. OUR HISTORICAL PRESERVATION COMMITTEE PLAYED A KEY ROLE IN KEEPING US FOCUSED ON OUR MISSION AND IDENTIFIED A HISTORICAL SITE TO RECEIVE ONE OF OUR PLAQUES. THE BOARD IS NOW IN THE PLANNING PROCESS OF LOOKING AHEAD FOR THE NEXT 3-5 YEARS SETTING AND IDENTIFYING PRIORITES AND GOALS. I APPRECIATE THE EFFORTS AND DEDICATION OF OUR BOARD MEMBERS AND VOLUNTEERS. THIS COMING YEAR WE WILL BE WELCOMING FOUR NEW BOARD MEMBERS. THEIR INTEREST AND ENTHUSIASM IS ALREADY EVIDENT.

NEXT YEAR THE HERITAGE COUNCIL WILL HAVE A GREAT LEADERSHIP TEAM. NANCY TONGUE WILL PROVIDE CARING LEADERSHIP. I THINK THAT SHE IS THE PERFECT PRESIDENT FOR THE COUNCIL AND WAS VERY PLEASED WHEN SHE AGREED TO SERVE. THIS TEAM OF LEADERS, BOARD MEMBERS AND EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, WILL BE VERY SUCCESSFUL IN MAINTAINING OUR SUCCESS, MEETING THE CHALLENGES AND CARRYING OUT THE PLANNING PROCESS.

A Special thank you to many special people
Chrisman Picture Frame & Gallery for their kind donation of frames for our museum exhibits.
Jeff Ward for the original dam gate, Stuart Dunis for the idea of getting the dam gate.

A special thank you to these folks who helped with our garden project. Hardy Plant Society of Oregon, Clackamas County Master Gardeners, John Ross – manager Home Depot Tigard, McKaila Egan- head of Home Depot Kaboom program, Larry Parker – Home Depot Kaboom program, Tom Feller – Dragon Gardens

Congratulations on their Hawaiian wedding to our dear friends Bobby Pierce and George Kent
Our square Brownie Hawkeye caught the frozen lake, willow limbs drooped with a quiet blanket of winter white. We four children clambered up attic stairs and searched for ice skates and woolen mittens to keep out the stinging cold. The Brownie Hawkeye caught red noses and warm chocolate marshmallowed mustaches on lips which recanted skating feats.

The camera clicked on an autumn lake, drained and reeking of rotten swamp, lured us to search for lost treasures from summer’s frolic. All we found were tangled fishing lines, rusted beer cans and flotsam slimy with algae while our mud caked galoshes made sucking sounds in the oozy playground.

Our Brownie Hawkeye caught the shiny mahogany inboard pulling skiers who jumped the wake and cut rooster tails five feet high. It caught our neighbor boys on slow summer nights lying on our lawn like carp along a string. We wished on shooting stars and whispered secrets until someone said, “Let’s go for a swim” and bodies scrambled for the dark cool water.

Our Brownie Hawkeye caught curious faces which peered into still waters not yet awake from winter’s sleep. The giant sturgeon, gliding in silent passage, had aged another year. We were certain our camera would click on it one day. The raft, anchored, floated in silence, A mallard cried to her quacking ducklings. My sisters and brother raced to raid the bread drawer while daffodils popped into yellow bloom.

The camera was lost long ago. The red brick home on the lake was sold. Our voices, once joyous and subdued, are now silent. My yearnings for those playful days surge up, tears fall from crow-footed eyes. My childhood, a watery playground, is held frozen in white and shadowed squares.
By: Nancy Dunis

It was just that kind of an afternoon in late November – rainy, drizzly, cold. Jude and I were sitting in the museum room enjoying the holiday décor of all the antique toys, dolls, doll houses, teddy bears, old games, and a train car that runs on a track as part of an outdoor railroad garden. We should have been sipping tea and eating crumpets with jam as we chatted. If we’d had tea and crumpets, we would have offered some to Bobby Pierce – niece of Ann Schukart – and her husband George Kent who paid OHC a visit that afternoon.

We invited them to sit and visit with us. Jude told them about many of the holiday items on display in the museum room – who had loaned them and the significance. She also told Bobby and George about the history of the coal buckets. Apparently, the coal buckets were part of the furnishings of the original house. However, they became garage sale items when the house was sold. Nancy Tongue bought the buckets and donated them back to the Heritage House.

It must have been that discussion of the coal buckets that led George Kent to start telling Jude and I other stories about “The House” – and about Dr. William Cane. One such story is that of the shutters. When you enter the museum room, you will notice that one of the three windows – the one on your left – has shutters on it. If you look closely at the shutters, you will notice that there are several small “f” looking cutouts arranged on the shutters. Those “f’s” represent the f hole of many of the violins that Dr. Cane collected. Upon first glance those little “f’s” all look the same, but upon closer study you will see that each one is slightly different. Believe it or not those shutters were originally in Dr. Cane’s kitchen as cabinet doors.

Dr. Cane, only the second owner of the house, was not only a physician but also a musician. He enjoyed playing the violin and was an avid collector of the musical instrument. It has been said that violins decorated many walls of his home/office. According to George Kent, who knew Dr. Cane quite well as they were good friends, says that Dr. Cane was also quite a collector of music stands and New Yorker cartoons. He was also an avid golfer who traveled around the world to play many famous courses such as St. Andrews.

Other interesting tidbits about Dr. Cane as told to me by George Kent and Bobby Pierce: Dr. Cane was NOT a general practitioner when he entered medical school. He first became a surgeon and then went into general practice. He did his residency at Henry Ford Hospital in Detroit. Dr. Cane kept his “drugs” in wastebaskets. He figured if someone broke in, they would never think to look in a wastebasket for them. The City of Lake Oswego used to get after the good doctor because he would dump the chemicals used to develop his x-rays down the drains.

Dr. Cane retired in the 1970’s – when according to Kent – his medical malpractice insurance got too expensive.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Dr. Cane loved to decorate the house for the holidays. Many of you may remember in the 50’s and 60’s seeing the white posts in the front of the house as you drive up “A” avenue adorned with red ribbon – like a barber’s pole. How fitting: cane for Cane. He decorated those posts every year until he moved into a retirement home. This year the Oswego Heritage Council brought back that Cane tradition.

Anecdote from OHC board member Trista Nelson about Dr. Cane: next time you see Trista, look to see if she is wearing hoop earrings. Then look more closely to see if the hoops are both going the same direction. Dr. Cane did the piercing. When Trista noticed that her earrings weren’t hanging properly, she made Dr. C redo one of the holes. To this day she claims that instead of piercing another hole in the correct place, he just pierced the same hole at an angle. You decide.
My Quilt–By Etta Bollen

Living to be almost 100 is nothing short of a miracle especially for early pioneers. Mrs. Henerette Bollen was one of those early pioneers - she was 99 when she passed away in 1967. Although Mrs. Bollen’s given name was Henerette, everyone called her Etta. Bollen was her married name. She married Walter W. Bollen in 1891 at the age of 23 according to the 1900 census. According to census years 1920 and 1930 the Bollen’s resided in Multnomah county and then moved to Oswego some time after 1930. Their Oswego home was off Stafford Road. The Bollens had two children – a daughter, Mrs. H. Boyd, and a son.

Etta was an avid quilter. She quilted for many years with the Lake Oswego Quilters group that met in Helen Grigg’s home. When she tired of quilting, Etta took up crocheting. She crocheted doll clothes and made furniture as well as doilies and other articles she found of interest in her crochet books. She won many prizes for her crocheted pieces at the Home Show. Below is a picture of Etta (seated) with Mrs. William Primm holding a doll that Etta crocheted a dress for. Primm, also one of the members of the quilting group, visited Etta frequently at River View Manor. According to Mrs. MacKenzie, owner and manager of River Manor, Mrs. Bollen was considered The Manor’s senior resident at 99 years old – the youngest was 67. Etta lived at River View Manor from 1959 until her passing in 1967.

I remember River View Manor well. It was a huge old house – at least three stories and Douglas fir green – that you could see from highway 43 at the Briarwood stoplight. That house always reminded me of something out of The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.

During my Girl Scout days in the 1950’s our troop used to serenade the residents of the Manor with Christmas carols and take them sugar cookies and fudge we had made.

Mrs. Bollen not only quilted and crocheted, but she also wrote a bit of poetry.

Dear Member,

With your help we are working hard to preserve the important historic aspects of our past. Membership fees help us achieve our mission of preserving our city’s unique heritage, our museum now archives hundreds of artifacts for future generations.

Preserving and caring for Lake Oswego’s heritage can truly bring a whole community together.

Please renew your membership at this time. You can mail us a check or You can now pay with Paypal (click donate button on the bottom of http://www.oswegoheritage.org/members.html)

Thank you for your membership and as always your contributions are greatly appreciated.

Friends $25
Sponsor $35
Patron $50
Benefactor $100
Pioneer $250

These poems are written in her own hand and were shared with the Oswego Heritage Council by Helen Grigg. I hope they make you chuckle as they did me.

My Quilt –By Etta Bollen

When I was young & full of life.
I made a quilt with colors bright
I spent all my time.
Making stitches so fine.

Then I folded it carefully and put it away.
For it was to be used on my wedding day.
When my lover and I at last were wed.
I spread it proudly over our wedding bed.

When we crawled beneath my beautiful quilt
All my darling said was, “did you make it?”

We lived on a farm when we were young
We had a cow that was a brat.
When it rained, there – bossy sat.
She would not get up while she was wet.
So Harvey ran in and got my quilt
So our crazy cow would give him milk.
It made me so mad, that I packed my bag.
And I left my love and his cow.

And now as I sit here alone
With out a cow or a home
I feel such terrible guilt
That I would ruin my life for a quilt.
So I went to my love & I found
He had built a big red barn
While our house was the same as before
With sagging walls and floor.

On our bed there was my beautiful quilt.
Photo from Mark Kronquist Sunny Hill Barn. 1st Floor support beam. The inscription reads By L.M. Davidson Aug. 14, 1871. The barn was torn down many years ago. One board remains in the OHH Museum.