

GLENORA SPOUSTA CARRIER

The first thing you notice about Glenora Carrier is her infectious laugh! This lady radiates good cheer as she invites you into her very pleasant house on Beef Bend Road. She hasn't always lived in this house, as she will tell you, she grew up on her father's farm next door and she still cherishes some souvenirs of those farm days: A cowbell, two milk bottles, a coffee grinder are all reminders of her youth.

Elementary school for Glenora was "Bend School", less than a mile from her home. By happenstance, long after the school had become a private residence, Glenora and her husband house sat in the old building for two weeks while the owners were away on holiday.

Glenora, the oldest of four Spousta daughters, was born in Portland but moved to the Beef Bend Road house in 1930 when she was just three years old. And, except for a short period during World War II, she has lived on Beef Bend Road for over seventy years, seeing the the country gravel lane lined with farms change to a commuter highway lined with condos and expensive new developments. She tells about all these changes, vividly and with humor.

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INTERVIEW WITH GLENORA SPROUSTA CARRIER - MAY 2, 2001
by Shirley Ewart

Well, my mother was Helen Groulik and she was born in Eton, Wisconsin and my great-grandparents came from Czechoslovakia. And, my father was Alois Spousta who also came from Czechoslovakia when he was seventeen, and finally migrated to Oregon with his brother and in the process but he was a great gymnast, most of those people were when they came over. And he belonged to a gymnastic society and they used to have meets at Molino, Oregon. And then there was a little Czech colony in Scio, Oregon which is where, I think, he met my mother, where they had large meetings and so on. And, in 1930, when things were really bad, my father was laid off from his job and went job hunting in Seattle but decided that it was a bit too hilly he didn't want to stay there, came back and some people who had owned this farm in the late 1800s wanted him to have this farm. They just felt that he could make a go of it. They lived next to me, next to us in Portland and were like grandparents to me; they were wonderful people. In fact, his name was but everyone called him "Diamond Billy Withers" and I understand he had a saloon in Portland, in town. And, they helped the folks out along with my grandmother other people helped them out to get out here and move to this farm. And, for the first few years they didn't - they raised crops but that was about it, with the help of all the good neighbors. Neighbors were so helpful, they would come and plant the crops, and then they would come and harvest the crops, help harvest, and everybody just helped everybody because it was bad times for everyone and a lot of things that you got were by barter. I mean, you traded vegetables or whatever for something that you needed.

And then, I think it was probably about 1932, my father had an opportunity to buy a dairy route and so they got busy and they borrowed a little more and got cows. We always had between, oh, probably 45 and 50 cows that we were milking and had a Grade A dairy. Delivered milk all over Portland. And then raised but besides that they had to raise the crops to feed the cows and so on. We had potatoes and corn and hay. And as soon as we girls got old enough to help out, we were expected to help out with all the chores, you know. Had to - I've got pictures in this brochure of when I cultivated corn. We had to hoe the corn. And, when I planted seeds, the neighbor boys would come and help me run the paddles on the end of the rows to lift the seeder up so that it wouldn't plant on the ends. And, I drove the tractor and we got at lot of crops planted.

And, before that, when I was about 9, maybe a little younger, I would go on the milk route with my father and he had customers that were in groups, for example one city block of something, and he would go on one side of the street and deliver the milk, and I would go on the other and deliver the milk. Glenora Spousta Carrier

In 1930 I started school, and I remember well my first day in school because it was a minor disaster. Mother sent me off with my lunch pail and a big cabbage rose for the teacher. And, it was about a half-mile to walk. I - they told me it

was a half-mile, I feel it was a mile, but anyway, we had to all walk to school. And, of course, the first, it was an old gravel road, and the first thing I did was go take a tumble and skinned up both knees, ruined the beautiful rose and arrived at school in tears. The teacher was really happy - greeted me like she was happy to see me regardless!

This teacher was an exceptional lady. I don't know, she just had an inner psychology or something. She could understand all the children and knew how to handle everyone. And, I understand she had taught at this school from about 1920 to 1940/42, somewhere in there, when the school was consolidated with Charles F. Tigard School. One of our more prosperous citizens who lived up on Bull Mountain was concerned that his son had to walk to school, so he was instrumental in getting the school consolidated. And, most of the children, like my younger sister who was in third grade when this happened, was so unhappy as were most of the children. They didn't really want to go in to a big school. She - Miss Post - encouraged - I should give the name of this teacher. Her name was Frances Post, and she was so good about encouraging anyone who had a special talent at school, you know. If art or whatever, she would encourage them to get better at it. And, she was a teacher with a sense of community. Every holiday, we had programs which were fun for the kids and fun for the families, I think too, because as the whole community would get together to see our programs, we would have songs and we would have plays, little plays, and declamations contests, and so on. And then the @ the stage consisted of some sawhorses with planks put across. The teacher's desk was moved to one side and we put planks across the sawhorses and had a curtain and the whole bit. Then, after the program was finished, everyone who came brought something for pot luck, and the curtain was down and the sawhorses were left there and a big cloth was spread over them, and all the food was put there and everybody just enjoyed eating and visiting. It was a kind of a social @it was the way the community got together, 'cause there weren't too many things that were social activities in those days. And the school was really small, and we had one of the parents, Eva Elsner, who would come up once a week and play music, play the piano for us. So we had one day a week we would have art, and one day a week we would have music, which consisted of singing of all old songs, you know. And, along with all the other studies that we had, geography, and social studies, and Oregon history, and English, Mathematics, Palmer Method writing. Anyway, it was - we had a thorough education.

Would you like to interrupt here and tell me the name of the school and where it was. The school was called "Bend School" and it was about a half to three-quarters of a mile from where I lived, down at 150th on Beef Bend Road. However, I understand that in earlier years it was about a quarter of a mile on down the road just before you come to Elsner Road, and had burned down and was rebuilt, or moved, I'm not sure which. I understood it had been burned down.

I think I do better just talking!Æ(#□□Æ

Oh, once or twice a year we had a clean up day on the school grounds. We had to all get busy because we had a lot of fir trees in those days round the school. And we would pick up limbs, gather up the limbs, everything, have a huge bonfire. And then, of course, we had to have a marshmallow roast afterwards. And then, at Easter time, Miss Post would always have a special Easter hunt. She would put clues in various places on the school grounds and we would have to go from one to another and at the end there was always some beautiful treasure. I often thought she did this out of her own pocket, you know. So - and we had the usual things you have on school grounds. We had teeter-totters and swings and slides, and the outhouses were out back, kind of on the edge of the woods. I think some children were frightened about having to go there but we always seem to manage, and there was a woodshed, because we had to have a fire started in the big old wood stove, and one of the neighbor boys was the fellow who always came every morning and started the fire. And then, as we got older, my sister next to me and I got the job of janitor. We dusted the erasers and we swept the floors; the floors were old, oiled floors but we kept them pretty clean. And, for that we got tw-and-a half a month, to split between us, and thought that was wonderful! (Laughs)

And, whenever we had snow, why Miss Post would go sledding with us. She'd call off school for a bit and we'd go sliding down the hill. We had a hill right there at the school, which wasn't real long or real steep, but it was enough that we could slide on it. And she just did a - seems like she did a lot of extra things. And, I think of our games. Probably we played "Annie Over", "Drop the Handkerchief", "Red Rover", oh, I can't think of all the other, the games, you know, where you go outside and play one team against the other. And, we played soft ball with schools in the area. We exchanged games with the other small schools around, and we exchanged with Charles F. Tigard School in the early days. And, oh, I'm trying to think! Oh, we had track meets with the other schools. We had declamation contests, and I remember having to memorize poems to recite. And we had prizes for these things, of course.

Most of our community get@togethers really consisted of our programs. I think every holiday that came along we had a program. And then, once a year, we would have a May Day. We'd have a May Day at Tigard High School, and all the local schools would purchase a day by dressing in costume and doing drills of different kinds besides the Maypole Dances. And that was always fun, and always something to look forward too. And then our spare time - I really can't remember having much spare time because we all had chores to do. My father had always wanted a boy and had -I was the oldest of four girls, so we all had something to do: Pack in the woods. I worked in the fields as I got older and my sister next to me was the one who did the housekeeping, mopped the floors and did the work inside the house. And my two younger sisters, of course,

didn't have to work quite as hard because by that time the more modern conveniences came along, machinery for the fields was much more modern. And, when we first moved to the farm we had five horses that came with the farm and an old cow. Well, the horses gave way, of course, to tractors. Although there were certain instances when we did still need horses, and in our spare time we would ride them, if we got a chance.

Oh, let's see - We had, Miss Post had a 4H club for the girls. We would have to do tea towels and so on. I think that was mostly an after school project in the late afternoon. In those days, children always got out of school earlier in order to help with the crops, in order to pick strawberries or to do things like that. They didn't - not earlier in the day, but earlier in the year. Usually by mid-May, end of May, school was out and so then © but it always started in September. So, I don't know whether they got more work in in the length of time, or what did it!! (Laughs) But anyway - ugh.

Well, when I, we went through our school years and made it through Elementary School and through High School, went to Tigard High School and graduated from there. I always enjoyed school, I never really hated going to school, I know some of the children did. But when I graduated I went to work in the shipyards in the office of the shipyards. And worked there for a while, and then I had an opportunity to go to work for Bonneville Power Administration and I stayed there for quite a while. And, of course, I hadn't been away from home very much. I went to work, I think, in late '42, so I wanted to do a bit of traveling so my, one of my old school mates was down in Los Angeles at that time and I went down to Los Angeles and I went to work for an aircraft company making auxiliary parts. It wasn't a big company and it finally went bankrupt. And I was a foreign bonding partner while I was there, I had to go downtown a lot of times and pick up the bonds and make them out so the employees. And, when it folded, I kinda looked for another job, but homesickness got me. I remember the thing that really, that I could picture when I was feeling down was the trees. (Laughs) Someone told me I was like an old dog! But anyway, and my mother had measles when she was, you know, older, and really was very sick. And I remember talking to my Dad on the telephone and he © I asked him if they wanted me to come home, and he said: "Well, we really could use your help", you know, so I came home.

Tell me more about High School. Some of the subjects you studied and some of the teachers there. Also, where you went to High School?

I went to High School at Tigard High School. And, it was then located where Value Village and Rite-Aid are now. And, oh we had science, history, social studies, algebra, biology, typing and shorthand. And probably some of my favorite teachers were Mrs. Elwert, because you just absolutely had to learn it. There was, I mean, you just - when she got done with you, you knew it, that was all there was to it.

You knew what? What subjects did she teach?

Shorthand. Typing. And Mrs. Summers who was a whiz at Home Ec. Took Home Ec. and she © I remember, one time I had an old suit and I wanted to make a skirt out of it but I had no pattern. She cut out a pattern for me, it fit perfectly when we got it done. And, I still make the rolls that she taught me to make when I was in High School, and everybody still loves them! So - except now we make a lot of them into sticky cinnamon rolls. And, let's see. After I came back to Oregon from California, I went back to the Department of Interior and worked for Oregon and California Re-Invested Land Administration, which was the selling the timber along the lands that the railroad travels, and the Counties get to share in the money that they received for that, for the timber. And I worked for three different Foresters then, and I enjoyed the work. Typing, doing typing and shorthand, and writing. Every member having to write a whole article on the Siuslaw National Forest and things like that, you know.

Tell me about this house, and where your original house was. Tell me about this house.

Well, our original house was just one house over in the old farm house, and it was terrible when we moved in. We had to walk a plank to get in the door and the wallpaper was hanging down; it was just old cheese@cloth wallpaper. And the mice would peek at us and it was just - it was a really hard time, you know. My father had sixteen dollars in his pocket the first night we moved in, and the pump didn't work, so we didn't know how we were going to get water. But they persevered and made it through, you know.

And, then, I met my husband in 1946 and after a long courtship of three months we got married and it was still - it was right after the war and it was difficult to find places. And there was this old house with a 20 x 30 cabin originally that sat up in the woods, where I understand the neighbors had parties in the old days. Anyway, my parents had moved it closer to the farm house in order to have chickens, use it for a chicken house. And, my father said: "If you want that old building, and you think you can do something with it, you can have it."

So, we took the old building and moved it to where we are now, we're still living in that old building. Of course, we had to chase the chickens out and scrub it well, but we've been here now for fifty@four years. So - it's served us well for an old chicken house.

It's a beautiful house!

Going back to your school days, a little earlier you were telling me about the heating in the school. Tell me about how you enjoyed that heating in the winter.

Oh, well, in those old days we had a lot of cold, really cold

weather. I remember having a scarf over my face and it's freezing. You know, by the time we got to school it was really bad and so Miss Post knew that we were © needed to get warmed up, so she would let us have our classes round the old school, the old furnace. It had a huge jacket around it, oh, bigger around than this table, maybe about 60 inches or 70 inches around, and we © so that we wouldn't get burned or anything, we could stick our toes under that jacket, move our benches around to the stove and get warmed up that way, and get our studying done too. And, we had a school library, we had a lot of books in the

school library. I loved to read and it wasn't long before I'd gone through all those books, besides, of course, the Encyclopedias and so one that we needed for work. So, our teacher taught us how to order books from the State Library at Salem. So, I would do that and read those books and return them.

Did you have a public library in Tigard at that time?

No, no, not that I know of. E(#□□E

So, you ordered the books from Salem?

Uh-huh, and then would read them and send them back. And, I don't remember about the postage on 'em, I don't think it was very much, you know, to be able to do that. Because I did love to read and I read everything I could. (laughs).

(Reads) Events in my childhood years that was most interesting.

Well, one of the events in my childhood years, was when I was 12 years old, it was during President Roosevelt's National Recovery Act, and, of course, everywhere you went there was a blue eagle, a label that was the insignia for the National Recovery Act. So they had a contest over the radio about winning a pony. So, I sent in the name of "Blue Eagle" and a Malt-O-Meal box top, and, believe it or not, I won the pony. And he was part Welsh and part Shetland, so he wasn't very big! But as I was always tall and I could hook my feet under his belly and he couldn't get rid of me for anything. But my sisters really took a beating! Sometimes they had a terrible time with him. He was perfect for herding cows. We had to herd cows in various places. We had to use of our land for crops, so we had to beg grazing material from farmers around, and he would go behind the cows and he was just the right height that he could go behind them and nip 'em one and get them going when they didn't want to move.

Who were your neighbors along Beef Bend Road in those days?

Well, the Hasuikis, the Japanese people, the Bagenstros'; And I can remember thirteen of those, of the Bagenstros kids. And the Petersens. Heilmans; Mr. Heilman used to drive a big milk truck for Red Rock Dairy, which was then located up on 72nd,

and he was © he had a sign which said: "No riders". When every once in a while Mr. Heilman would see me trudging along, and maybe some other one or two kids and he'd pick us up and give us a ride as far as his house, which was quite close to the school.

And, was Beef Bend Road as wide as it is today?

No, it was cobbles. More like a gravel path, you know. It was all just old gravel for a long time. I think, in fact, it wasn't paved until after we got married in 1946. It was just a rough old country road. And there weren't hardly any houses. There were a lot more trees than there are now. That is one thing that I hate to see, because we were - we felt kind of more secluded. Now, we can hear the noise from the freeway at Tualatin because so many of the trees have been cut down, you know. And, my Dad's property ran all the way to the Tualatin River. He had 125 acres here, including the property that the school was on, the new school. And, I don't know. It was a lot of hard work, but it was very rewarding when you could look back and see what you had accomplished, you know.

You had radio in those days?

Radio, but when I won my pony, the neighbors, told our - customers on the milk route told my Dad that I'd won the pony. I didn't - our radio wasn't working at that time, so I knew nothing about it, and I was so surprised to hear that I had it! And my father was good about keeping it secret until a letter came and said that I had won the pony.

Did you have to into Portland to pick up the pony?

No. Mr. Moore, who had the trucking service in those days in Tigard, came out with his great, huge truck and - oh I was excited to think that I had a pony that had to go in a truck like that! Well, he got out and pulled this rope, and this rope kept coming out, and on the end was this little pony! (Laughs). This was funny - but he was a feisty little one, he was a good fellow. And then, one day I came home from school and the pony was gone and there was a blue bicycle, because the bicycle didn't eat hay and a times were still hard, so it was just easier. But, it worked out better for me because I could ride the bicycle to school, because I was still going to grade school then, and I could ride the pony but it became a problem because everybody else wanted to ride the pony, and you know that can give in to problems. So, the only time I rode the pony was when I took in - one of my old friends Paddy Gholsen from Bull Mountain Road. Her sister, Ruthie, gave me piano lessons one day a week, and after school, so I would take the pony sometimes and ride him up the hill. They lived at the top of Bull Mountain, and so I would ride him up there and back home. So, I wouldn't have to be all alone, you know

Highway 99 then was the main highway?

Yes, it was the main highway. And, I can remember some years

when it was we had snow so deep that my Dad could not deliver milk, couldn't get out through the Highway to deliver milk. And, you know, people think now we have cold weather, it's nothing to what we used to have years ago. And, we had a pond over here, we had a pig house across the road along with another barn, and it made sort of a pond. This creek makes sort of a pond over there. And it would freeze over and we would skate on it.

Tell me about Deer Creek?

Oh. I don't remember Deer Creek ever being called Deer Creek. And I've been here 70 plus years, but when the children - when they wanted the name for the new school, the children were - I think the children were the ones who chose the name, because several people had written in wanting it named after different people in the community, and, you know, they were just people who these children didn't know at all. But we do have deer coming through here all the time, and I think the children chose the name "Deer Creek", because I had never heard it before it became the name of the new school. So - I don't know where that came from. I've never gone to County to see if it's in the records or anything, or if was someone who had lived here a lot longer than I have, or what, but never was it named Deer Creek. And it used to run pretty much all the year round. Now, there isn't the water that there used to be coming down the creek. It comes down everywhere else because of all the paving over, all the homes above us and everything, you know.

So, you've seen a lot of changes in life in your own Neighborhood

Well, when Tomo Hasuiki came back from her educational run in Japan, 'cause each of the children had to go back for a certain length of time, she came back with a beautiful, beautiful Japanese gown plus obis and everything, and so one year for the May fete festival at the Tigard High School we girls got to dress in those costumes and do our drill, or whatever it was. I remember putting, it must have been about this time of year, because I remember we had lilacs over our ears (laughs). And, anyway, the costumes were absolutely gorgeous. Just gorgeous. And I don't know how we managed to, we were different sizes, but we all seemed to fit in to 'em somehow. And, she might - if I can't get her brother, I met get Tomo to talk to you.