

NANCY: Your first wife?

CARR: Yes.

NANCY: Do you have children?

CARR: Oh, yes. Two girls.

NANCY: Are they in Oregon?

CARR: One's in Livermore, California. She had five kids before she found out what caused it, and the other one has two.

NANCY: So you have seven grandchildren. Your other daughter is here?

CARR: Yes, Shirley. Bob Carl is my general manager here.

NANCY: Oh. So you don't know why you're so healthy?

CARR: No. I'll tell you why I think. I had a lady from down at Jefferson write to me. Her name was Carr and she was trying to put the family tree together. I called her and instead of writing a letter -- I can't write a letter -- can't spell anyway. And so she said, "By any chance, is there any Indian blood in you? -- in your strain of the Carrs?" I said, "No, but there's a little colored blood." (chuckle)

NANCY: Let's talk about you being related to Thomas Jefferson.

CARR: Oh, yes. Well, Thomas Jefferson married a relative of the family, Dabney Carr. They're buried up there along the Siloh, Salo, whatever you call it. That's only just a short distance from where I was raised.

NANCY: Is "Carr" English?

CARR: English, Irish -- I never did know.

NANCY: So the Carr's have been in America a long time?

CARR: Oh, I think they came across on the Mayflower, settled in Virginia.

NANCY: You've gone back home on occasion. You said you just went back about six months ago?

CARR: Oh, no, no, no. About two years. They had a family reunion. A cousin of mine was there that I grew up with. He's the same age, and he's one day older. His birthday's on the 16th and mine's on the 15th.

### PART TWO AUDIO RECORDING BEGINS HERE

NANCY: Where was your reunion?

CARR: That was in Fairfax County, about 22 miles out of Washington, D.C. The old Dulles Airport is six miles down the road. Anyway, he says, "Guy, some of these people are going to be here the night. They're not all white." he says, "They might call you 'uncle' so don't think anything of it." (laughter) And so this gal down here called me a Jefferson and I thought of that when she asked me if we had any Indian blood.

NANCY: Were there any Blacks in Beaverton in the 1920's?

CARR: No. No. We wouldn't let one come into town. We wouldn't even let a Chinaman come into town.

NANCY: I thought there were some Chinese gardeners.

CARR: Not that I know of. The Chinese did get on the railroad. And there were Swiss over Cedar Mills way. Bethany. Yes. I did a lot of business in there. And the Itanians, too.

NANCY: We mentioned the Biggis and the Pienovis. Anita is a friend of mine.

CARR: Yes. I was Grand Marshal when she ran for Miss Oregon in '48. I've got a picture of me on my horse down at Seaside.

NANCY: I wonder what brought the Italians.

CARR: Oh, this rich ground. And boy, they just took over and over here the other side of Tigard in that tract there, too, the same breed of cat, and Fanno's over here, of course, they had that rich ground down in there. It didn't have to be cleared. There was no trees. It was all beaverdam, the same as this right here, all of this.

NANCY: This flat area here?

CARR: From St. Mary's and on down through there, it's just rich ground. Now some of St. Mary's had to be cleared. We had log trains coming through Beaverton on the average about three a day, from the Coast, on to Portland -- big, long log trains. And then we had the Red Electric and the railroad cow barns was right out here where Reser's is located.

NANCY: Reser? Right off 217, there.

CARR: Of course, there wasn't no 217 then.

NANCY: I have to ask you this, were there still beaver around in the plains?

CARR: Oh, yes. Oh, yes. The beaver, they were daming the creek up, but that was all right because all these Italians wanted to flood that whole area in there. We used to hunt duck. Well, you can see water standing right down there.

NANCY: Sure. I sure do. I see a lot of water. That's looking west, towards Cedar Hills Boulevard.

CARR: And there's a lot of it has been filled in -- all down where Biggis is. I'd hate to haul in and improve the ground. I had to fill in here for this building here. It's 11 foot of quarry run rock. Under this building.

NANCY: You had to put 11 feet in?

CARR: Yes. It was all beaverdam. Where my body shop is back there, I'm going to say it's up 15 feet at least above the flood plain.

NANCY: Well, it looks like the newest development is the Fred Meyer Shopping Center. That was just all flat marshland there, also?

CARR: Yes. It was all a grand gorge on up to where the wrecking yard used to be. In through there, onions was the main crop.

NANCY: I know celery was raised in Cedar Mill.

CARR: Yes, Chillman's (?) had the celery. I sold them a truck in the early days. George remembers that. And his uncle.

NANCY: Now George is an antique car buff, too, isn't he?

CARR: Yes, he's got mostly Packards.

NANCY: Tell me about early day entertainment.

CARR: Well, there was no entertainment outside of dances. And we always had a baseball team. I have to tell you a story. We made our own entertainment. You know, you had to. You couldn't go no place. You had dances and baseball. For baseball, everybody would come out and see you play baseball. And I was the pickup -- shag boy, for old W.E. Pegg when the people would die.

NANCY: Pegg & Paxson Funeral Parlor?

CARR: W. E. Pegg. He had the first bank here. That reminds me, I'll tell you another story about an old car later on, but anyway, let's stay with the one. So Carl Desinger -- that's another German family that lived here in town -- Catherine Jessen -- she just passed away. She was a great friend of Merle Davies. She was in the bank for years and years here -- when Dory Gray had the bank. That's when the bank went down. It shouldn't have gone down because the bank paid out 80¢ on the dollar five years later. That's when I got some of my few dollars back. But anyway, she was an oldtimer, and I sold Carl a Model T. He used a Model T, and he painted the thing grey. And they called it the Greyhound. And we came down and played ball right where the U.S. Bank is -- the school used to be right there in that triangle.

NANCY: Tell me more specifically, where are we? Where was the ball diamond?

CARR: Well, you know where the First National Bank is? Right there. So anyway, we were playing ball and, I think we played Reedville that night, if I remember rightly, and my job was first base. And Carl was catch. And he could really burn me up with that ball. He had an arm on him -- gosh, he could throw!

And old Pegg, great big guy -- Pegg was an ENORMOUS man. He couldn't drive an automobile. When I was first here, had the livery stable in town and we took horses and went out and picked up the stiff's at night, and it was horses. And so he just lived across the street, too, and I was handy and old Pegg would knock on the door and say, "All right, we got a stiff." And I'd get up and go with him. And this time he come down. He always walked with a cane, and he always whistled. He was a character. And he said, "We got a stiff to pick up."

When the Shellburger boys got murdered up there in this log camp, where the slope

went up to the well -- they just had a little old wood cutting up on Vista Hills there, and they were cutting big trees down, making cordwood, and they got drunk and fighting, and they just loved their liquor. They had their own still up there. And they got into an argument and one guy took the shotgun and shot him. Right in the stomach. At close range. And so Regg said, "Can you go with me and help me pick him up?" And so I says, "Carl, let me have the old greyhound." I didn't have my car down there. His was the only car there. He said, "Oh, go ahead." And we had the top down. This was in the spring of the year, so I cranked the old thing up and crawled in -- old Pegg in the front seat -- and we'd go up there, go in this little old shack, and the guy was on the floor, dead.

And we pick him up. There was an overcoat on the wall and he laid that down on the bed, an old bunk, picked him up and laid him on that, put his arms in the sleeves of it, and then there was a hat on the wall, so he picked that up -- and Pegg -- he was a great big guy -- and he wanted this coat around him but he didn't want to get blood all over him, see? And so he put his arm around the buy and I went out and got the old Model T fired up, and they crawled in the back seat. And this highway wasn't through here then -- we turned off right here, on Broadway. There was no Canyon Road then. And so anyway we went right along in down through here, Pegg says, "Oh, called him by his name, he knew," He says, "He'd like to see the rest of the game." So I stopped and so I pulled him behind the backstop, see, and he was sittin' up there just like ... and old Pegg with his arm around him (laughter) And I went to first base, and, of course, Carl knew, and he was missing me. Every time he swung around like this to throw a ball, you know, he was lookin' right at that, and he knew that was a dead guy (laughter). And he was missing me. And that's something unusual for Carl. He put that old thing right in where it belongs. He about run me to death out there, trying to catch that ball.

Yup. He finally motioned for me to come over. He said, "Tell me, is that the stiff in there with Pegg?" I said, "Yeah." He says, "Every damn time I swing around me, I look at him, and that's the reason I can't hit you." (laughter) He said, "Get him outta here!" But we left when the game was over, and took the stiff up to the mortuary.

NANCY: (Laughter) That's a very classic story. So you played baseball?

CARR: Well, yes. You can say that again. And plenty of it. We had our team every summer. We played Aloha, Cornelius, Forest Grove, Hillsboro, Reedville, and I think Gaston had a team, too, as I recall. We called ourselves a bush league. They just come out of the bushes (laughter), all around, you know. And going up here to Gaston was quite a deal in those days. Now, you take a measure of 15 and you'll be down there, but you took a couple, three hours in those days, to get there.

NANCY: Sure. You also mentioned fishing. Did you like to fish?

CARR: Oh, yes. Always have. Still do.

LOUISE WILSON: Where did you fish here?

CARR: Well, we went down to the Wilson River, and Trask and all of those on the Old Stagecoach Road from Gales Creek over, down to the Wilson, in the early days. The stage started out at Gales Creek and went to Tillamook.

NANCY: Is that the old Wilson River Highway? Was that the same?

CARR: Well, that's part of it, yes. Part of the old road is still there. They had a stagecoach, horses and wagons in those days.

NANCY: Did you ever go up Mt. Hood way?

CARR: Yes.

NANCY: I remember my father telling me that that was quite a rough trip.

CARR: Oh, yes. In the early days we had a toll gate at Barlow Trail, and we had corduroy. We had corduroy down here on Canyon Road down there at the bottom, too. My stepfather -- I have to tell you a good story about him. The Fords were shipped in here and we had to assemble them. They weren't together. We had to put them together, after it came in. It was all knocked down in crates and what not.

NANCY: Was that common?

CARR: Yes. Sure, it was common. And our first car back home was 1912. Nigger Jim put the thing together.

NANCY: Your cars, when you had the Ford Agency, they came in unassembled. How did they come in?

CARR: In boxcars, on the Southern Pacific. I had an unloading dock up there right in front of my garage.

NANCY: Oh, I see. And they would drop off these boxes.

CARR: No. They wouldn't drop off. The boxcar rolled in there and we had to unload. Take them out and put them in the garage and assemble them.

But anyway, Ford put in the assembly over here in 1920 -- on 11th & Division, I think. I might be wrong. But it was on 11th, I know. And then they started assembling them there, and we picked the cars up. So we were building what they called a farmer's sedan for the people out in here like Stark. Why, they had one of 'em. They used it to go to the market. They had chickens. The Barnes family had chickens. And they'd take the eggs to the market 'bout every day. And then Sunday we had a buggy seat that could fit in and curtains on the side they could roll down and they could use it for a passenger car, go to church or whatnot on Sunday. We built a lot of 'em. We had to hand-build the bodies. Anyway, I think I was telling a story ...

NANCY: Assembling.

CARR: Oh, yes, the assembling, yes. And we had to assemble them here up to about 1920. See, my folks started this dealership here in 1913. My stepdad was a mining engineer in Colorado. That's where I was born, Telluride. But they shipped me out of there -- my folks separated when I was four years old, I and my brother. And I went back to this old plantation in Virginia to my grandparents.

But anyway, my mother married again. She married Otto. He'd lost his wife. In

1910, I think it was, these three fellows, Kover and Brown and my stepdad, each put in \$75,000 apiece and went into Old Mexico and bought a silver mine. Out in Nogales. Of course, Otto, being a mining engineer, ran the Tomboy, the Silver Belle and the Smuggler Union in Telluride. He was manager of those three mines.

And they went down there, and old Villa came in in 1912 and, at the point of a gun, ran them off. And they had half a carload of dynamite on the side track and as a narrow gauge from Nogales, 35 miles up, they had to build their own railroad. Up to the mine. To get the stuff out. And so old Villa was on the rampage then and came in and set the coke pit afire, and then gave them just an hour to get clear.

And this dynamite was on the -- half a carload of dynamite -- was on the narrow gauge railroad there in Nogales, was all downhill into Nogales -- gravity. So they kicked it loose and lit a fuse and the guy knew what he was doing. It went into Nogales and just blew that town plumb off the map. And gave my folks an hour to get out. --At the point of a gun. And the soldiers, you know, they turned the horses loose. They had some animals and whatnot and picked up some of their personal things. That's what brought them here.

They came to the Elks Convention. In Colorado, he belonged to the Elks and the Elks Convention was here in 1912.

NANCY: In Portland, was it? And then they settled out here in Beaverton?

CARR: And so you went up to Council Crest; they had that old electric train that went up there -- up Council Crest, and it overlooked this valley here and he knew he had to do something else. The automobile was just beginning to show up. Emil Renz over in Sherwood had the dealership. That was the only dealership in the county -- in Model T Fords. So he, being a Swede, told Emil, a Swede, and Swedes -- you know how it is ... He went over and bought Emil out, and moved the dealership to Beaverton.

NANCY: And he had the Forest Grove as well?

CARR: Yes, later on. But Beaverton was the first branch in 1913. And so then I came out here in 1923. So that takes care of that. And that's how they located here.

NANCY: What a story! From Mexico and silver mines to Beaverton, Oregon!

CARR: Yup. Never made enough money to get out of town.

NANCY: And they stayed (laughter).

CARR: Still here.

NANCY: You said you had a story about old Mr. Pegg and the bank?

CARR: Oh, old Pegg! Yeh, I have to tell you another story about Pegg. The first time I ever saw a flashlight. And now, we were in the service, we didn't know what a flashlight was. They never issued flashlights. They were just something new. It was after the War before I saw a flashlight. And so Pegg -- we had horses. Most of the time. And this was in November. I remember. I'll never

forget it as long as I live. And if the road was gravel from here to out there -- I just went out for the celebration of the old guy on his 100th birthday, out to Kinton! Well, there's a road takes off back and goes down on the Tualatin River and was called the New Jerusalem Road. And at the end of it, Max Welter, one of the Welters that got me the pump. His brother was farming down there and clearing land. When he came in for lunch and when he went back, he took some more dynamite and caps and put them in a sack and on his back, and on the way back -- nobody knows -- but they went off. And blew him to pieces, just all over the place.

So we went at night, and Pegg had a flashlight. And he rolled his pants up, way up here, and he had long underwear on...

NANCY: This is now getting another stiff, right?

CARR: Yeah, getting another stiff. Well, pieces of one. And they had a gasoline lantern out there, so we went around there pickin' up what we could and puttin' it in the basket. But goin' down this two miles down to the old Welter place where he was killed, there was mud that deep and Pegg rolled his pants up -- his white socks and his white underwear were just flashing. And he was up front and I'm back here with the basket on the rear end, see. And if he hadn't had that thing on, all I could go by was those white socks I could see (chuckle). And we picked up what we could of him. He was strung all over the place there -- the dynamite went off, and brought it out and got home about daybreak.

NANCY: So you helped Mr. Pegg pick up bodies?

CARR: Oh, yes. For a number of years. He couldn't drive.

NANCY: Oh, that's right. What's the reason he couldn't drive?

CARR: Well, he was too damn big. We didn't have a car to fit him. That's right. We'd of had to build a new automobile to fit him. If he'd of learned to drive it, but he didn't want to learn.

NANCY: Was he about your age at that time?

CARR: Oh, no. No. Oh, well, he was -- at that time, I was just a punk kid. He was in his 60's. Maybe 70's. I don't know. See, I'd say about 60, 65.

NANCY: And you were in your 20's. Is this where you were at that time? Do you have any more stiff stories?

CARR: Oh, those was the two main ones. Another one I didn't get in on that one, but I heard about it. Old Man Newman out here on Huber Avenue, which is 170th now, the old Newman place -- he evidently had a slight stroke or something and in those days you had to call the coroner. You couldn't move a body. Now, like Max Welter there -- and this up here. You couldn't do anything until the coroner came, pronounced him dead, and they brought him in. I didn't get in on that. But they brought him in to Pegg's, and laid him up on the slab and old Pegg was going to preserve him the next morning, and when he come down the next morning, he'd gone home (laughter).

NANCY: He walked off the slab.

CARR: Yup. Got up, came to and walked home (laughter). I didn't see it, now. You'll have to take my word for it. I'm just telling you what was told to me.

NANCY: Say, were there any Fannos around?

CARR: All over when I came around, yes. The Fanno family -- we used to ice skate over there on their pond when it froze over, a few times. I used to belong to the hockey team back home, and I thought I was a pretty good skater, and we used to go over there and play hockey, but there was a lot of good Swedes around here that knew how to play. Boy! Skaters! Wow! They were something. Pete Olson's family. There's a bunch of Swedes off over here in Progress, in there. And, oh, Harrisons, yes, Frank Harrison. And boy, they all came from Sweden. They were the oldtimers. And they knew how to skate. They made monkeys out of us, playing hockey. Gosh! I thought I used to skate, but I found out I didn't know anything about it.

NANCY: Where did you go to dances?

CARR: Oh, we had Moore's Hall right here where the drug store is. I got pictures of that, too. Upstairs, there. And Huber built a dance hall -- the old Commercial Club building at Huber, which is Parker Furniture I hear. I think that's in there now. We'd go there. And we went to Cedar Mills over at the old Union Schoolhouse (West Union). Hillsboro. In the park up at Hillsboro, Shute's Park at Hillsboro. Oh, we made the circuit.

NANCY: Did you ever go up to the Haskell's barn or farm in Cedar Mill?

CARR: No, it doesn't ring a bell. Carl Hamil -- and the Findley's.

NANCY: They're neighbors of ours. I live in Cedar Mill. In fact, I wrote the Cedar Mill history. Did you see that book? I'll give it to you.

CARR: Guess the old mill -- sawmill was up there. And just to show you, well I sold tractors to all those people in there in the early days. And Blather, does the name Blather ring a bell?

NANCY: Yes.

CARR: O.K. He raised goats. And he had a goatee, too. He was a Swisser. And we used to kid him about his goat; the goats would have a goatee, and then he grew one. See, we called him "The Old Goat." And then, Blather, and let's see, Frank Vetter...

Now, I'll just show you how honest people were. You couldn't do it today. They just don't know what that is anymore. I sold Fred Vetter a tractor and a thrashing machine. He went around the country thrashing, and he still owed me money for it when the war came. Well, during the Depression he said, "Guy, you just as well come and get it." Well, what's the use to come and get it?? Nobody's going to buy. Nobody's got any money. I can't sell it. It'll have to set here. And he owed me maybe \$400-\$500 on it, something like that. I don't remember now. And he got a job, he and his wife, in the shipyards during World War II, and came and paid me. I had quite a few people that had tractors and couldn't pay for them, but that's the only one that come and paid. Now that's the kind of people.

NANCY: The Bauers are my neighbors.

CARR: Leonard Bauer and Cliff and all of them, I sold them tractors. And Jake Jenny. I sold them tractors and, oh, they had the big jail(?) then.

NANCY: Murray. Joe?

CARR: Oh. Joe, yes. I have to tell you about Joe. I'm glad you brought that up. He was a bachelor. He had chin whiskers like they do today, you know. Very few people have those chin whiskers, but Old Joe, he rolled his own cigarettes. So this tractor I took over there -- had to demonstrate. Everything was horses, you know. And nobody had ever seen a tractor, let alone drive one of 'em. Well, I'd have to demonstrate and there was only one seat on the thing. And we'd get into the furrow and get going and Joe had this "roll my own" cigarette in his mouth, and the blast of air from the fan came back, and he caught his whiskers on fire (laughter). And now they're all off a ways watching him. He jumps off this tractor, you know, and he grabs his hat and he's just a fannin' and he let the tractor go! He didn't stop it. He just took off. Well, I had to catch up with the tractor and get on. And what I thought, the first thing was he caught out a yellowjacket nest, which is true. You can do that and, boy, those bees get at you like that, too. But I felt bad. But his whiskers on this side of his face, I remember they caught afire, and they really burnt old Joe (laughter). To short a "roll me own" cigarette! (laughter)

NANCY: Did you have any trouble talking farmers into using tractors?

CARR: Sure. You had to sell. You had to sell. And you had to demonstrate. Just like cars. Here's something: This is how I sold Stars. I'm showing you something. This is a Star Automobile. And this wheel would be down here. And four-speed lubrication. Of course, you gals don't know what a four-speed lubrication is for. But all the modern cars today are four speed. In those days, we had splash speed. And if you went up a hill steep enough hill like Cooper Mountain with a Model T Ford or a damn Chevrolet, it'd burn out the front rod bearing. Always. It was just a constant run uphill, they didn't get any oil.

But the little Star came out with a four-speed motor. You could put it on end any way and it's still got lubrication. Well, I made a A-Frame from here up, out here, on the two wheels and hooked a crank hole. We had a crank hole and it was right at the end of my nose here, and this Star car here -- a coupester -- and the door came down here like this. And I'd run that thing around hanging my head out to show the lubrication. And that was steeper than many hills were. And I had to demonstrate and sell cars.

NANCY: You had to actually get out and sell.

CARR: Actually get out. Nowadays they don't know what selling is. They're just order takers, and they wait for someone to come in and wait on them.

NANCY: But you were selling a product, a new idea.

CARR: Well, I guess it was new. Yup. And then in 1926, I and another fellow helped to run from here to Oakland with a Star Six in 1926, in 1,835 minutes. Never heard of it. At that time in February.

NANCY: From here to Oakland, California. In February?

CARR: Without stopping. Non-stop, only to gas up. We averaged 45 miles an hour. And we had snow, mud, everything. That was quite a trip.

NANCY: How about the Stucki's? Did you sell Walter Stucki any ...

CARR: Oh, the Stucki family -- that's another Swisser. I remember them but I don't think I have. But maybe. You know, some of those names come up. I did sell. There was a big family over there. I sold them tractors, and then after I quit Ford, I took on the International line, and I sold them. I'm trying to... Al was his first name. The big family of boys, over by Rock Creek. His farm. Al... Oh! Just about had it!

Lehman's, yes! And I sold John Lehman a car and tractors. And Bauers... are they 7th Day Adventist?

NANCY: Yes.

CARR: And then, the wives would run the tractors.

NANCY: I've got pictures of the Bauers, and the wives out working.

CARR: Yes, and he worked in town. And his wife cranked that damn Ford C tractor up. And the Flints, too. The old Flint family, Harry and A.V., I sold them tractors, and the women run the tractors.

NANCY: What was the next closest tractor dealership? You, and then who was the closest?

CARR: Well, Timbuktu.

NANCY: Did you have to go out and service them?

CARR: Well, sure, I had to service them.

NANCY: I know Stark's Garage serviced...

CARR: Well, Stark's Garage wasn't heard of until about the later part of the 20's. Oh, I've got pictures of the Fordson tractor. They had cast iron about that thick and by hand I would show all the workin' parts. I got this truck. I had this old Federal Truck. I put the chassis up there, took the wheels off, and then I took a tractor out to the farm -- the Swede over there, I'll think of his name in a minute, but for the first demonstration I put on.

And the farmers came. They'd furnish the meals, you know, the farmers all around, and I'd go over to one place and demonstrate. Well, they could be a lookin' over this tractor -- the workins' of it, you know. A tractor was NEW. Unheard of. And they'd be looking. And I'd be demonstrating it. John \_\_\_\_\_, oh, gosh, I'll come up with his name. And demonstrate that. That's the way I had to do. Nowadays they come in -- 70% of the cars are bought here, the women, and all they do is look at the damn color and the upholstery. The rest of it don't mean nothing.

NANCY: Yes, I have to admit that. That's right.

CARR: There's no fun to it any more.

NANCY: Mechanics are unimportant.

CARR: Nope. So anyway. --JOHN LUNDGREN!! was my first demonstration. And I brought the tractor in that night. In those days I left the truck out there with this display on, because I was going back to make a sale. Well, I didn't want to walk home, so I brought the old tractor, and it would do about 15 miles per hour. Of course, they had mud roads in those days. And I came in and they were -- that was in 1919. And they were just starting to put this highway in.

NANCY: Canyon Road?

CARR: Canyon Road, and the truck got stuck in the holes. So they came to the garage and wanted to know if I had anything. I was just coming in with the tractor and I said, "I'll go down and pull you out with this Fordson tractor." So Tom Miller -- he'd been down there with the truck and it had solid rubber tires and he couldn't even budge it. So I hooked on to it and turned the thing over backwards on me and broke my hip and ankle. Went over backwards. They had a warning but we didn't know that. That was the first tractor, a Fordson. If it had been gasoline, I wouldn't be here. It would have burned up, because it kept running upside down.

NANCY: Did you have any other major accidents over the years with cars or tractors?

CARR: Yes, Plenty of them. I laid in the hospital for two months with a broken back.

NANCY: How did you do that?

CARR: Fishing.

NANCY: Ha. He must have been a big fish.

CARR: Oh, he was. I walked across an old, abandoned log bridge over the Nehalem -- board gave way, let me down 25 feet. Broke my leg and my back.

NANCY: Who was with you?

CARR: I was by myself.

NANCY: How did you get out?

CARR: Well, that's a good story. I was on the opposite side of the river -- It was in June, and I was paralyzed. Just as soon as I broke my back I was paralyzed. But my arms, I could use my arms; but my legs, from here on down were paralyzed. I was in the big rocks, big as this desk, and brush and whatnot, and the high water mark -- I was about ten feet from the high water mark in this sand and rock embedded in the sand. After I came to (I don't know how long I lay there unconscious) I came to by holding something and pulling; it took that pressure off my back that was killing me -- the pain.

Of course, I couldn't walk, my legs was gone. And I worked out of these stones suspended in the sand, and I got out on the sand into the sunshine and went into shock. That was cold. And I lay there. I didn't have the slightest idea how to

get out of there because I would have had to go up on this bridge and cross the river, but I was paralyzed.

Well, there was a woman fishing on the other side (not at the time of the accident) and she came up the other side and I hollered over to her. The only way I could keep from blacking out was to hang on to something and pull -- take the pressure off of my spinal column. And I told her that I'd had an accident and she didn't want to believe me. She thought I was up to something else. And I said, "Would you go up and walk out on the bridge, and you'll see that board is broken. I broke my back." She did. Then she went and got her husband. He was down the river on that side, too. And between the two of them they got me in the car and brought me in to the hospital.

And I had three body casts on in fifteen months. I was paralyzed for two weeks and Dr. Kimmon(?) says, "If you don't get your feel back in two weeks, you'll be paralyzed for life." And every morning the nurse would come in and give me a bath and take a comb and comb the bottoms of my feet and see if I could feel. Well, I never did feel it. At the end of two weeks, same old thing. I was already resolved I was going to be paralyzed for life, you know. And this nurse that morning combed my feet and didn't say anything. She just grabbed me around the neck and gave me a big kiss and took off. And I didn't know, you know. I didn't feel nothin'. Pretty quick, here came the interns and a stretcher -- my toes had twitched, she said, and she knew I was going to be all right. And they took me up and operated on me.

That was at Good Samaritan. Eleven dollars a day. And my wife now had an operation and I don't know how many days in there, and then they wanted me to sign some papers before I went in, and I said, "I ain't signin' nothin'. I want my bill itemized. And I want to see what I'm payin' for. And I don't mean 'maybe'." They said, "That's not the standards around here," and I said, "I'm settin' standards. I'm payin' the bill. Now if you want to get paid for the wife, you're going to give me an itemized bill for every damn thing I'm buyin'." And so they did. It was in the paper just three weeks ago, in The Oregonian -- maybe you saw the bill -- they charged me \$86 a day on top of what it should have been to take care of the people with cancer.

NANCY: Oh! And you had to pay for that?

CARR: Yes. I don't mind helpin' out those people that are really in need, but. --And they just printed it. I turned it over to The Oregonian and they printed it. That's what goes on at your hospitals.

NANCY: What was the first bank here in Beaverton?

CARR: Pegg. 1910. It was on Watson Street and Farmington where they kept those two mannikins or whatever, standin' out there -- it's kind of a -- I don't know what kind of a shop you call it.

NANCY: It's a gift shop.

CARR: Yes. Well, the bank wasn't, oh, about three times the size of this room, and Pegg had it. He opened up the first bank. And then Dory Gray came to town, about 1919, I think it was and he bought it from Pegg. He operated out of there up to about '23. And then he built the building right across, where old J. Gibson was, the old banker, in 1923.

NANCY: Where did you grocery shop?

CARR: Well, Cady. Manning. I can't give you the first cause I wasn't here. I believe Cady was the first. I think the Cady building -- you see, that's that old brick building over there -- it was the Cady building -- it was built in 1911. So was the Fisher building built in 1911. That is known as Rossi. Rossis farmed over there; they loaned money to build the building and then Fisher lost it. Old Fisher, our mayor, you remember.

Anyway, they lost it to Riglow. And that building was built the same year as the Cady building, out of brick. Where Dean's Drug Store is. That's it.

And I think the first -- no, Pender, waaaiittt a minute -- I'm getting ahead. Pender. When I came to town Pender had a grocery store where the bank building -- where Dory Gray had built the bank building. I sold old C. E. Mason his first car and taught him how to drive. And he left it runnin.

NANCY: Now wait a minute. You had to demonstrate cars, you had to really sell. You had to teach them to drive??

CARR: Sure.

NANCY: There was no drivers' education in those days?

CARR: No. I'm glad you brought up education. Drivers' education. I've furnished cars for the drivers' training for maybe thirty years or longer, I don't know, doesn't matter. And so this year we pulled the rug out from under them -- not going to do it. So they're upset about it. They called in here the other day. They said, "Why?" And I said, "Well, I've taken my beatin' for the last time, and it cost me nothin' but money." Right now, we're scraping the bottom of the barrel and not stayin' alive either. And Bob, he says, "Tell 'em to go see the foreign car dealers. They're makin' money. We're not." Maybe they'd be thankful?

Now you see foreign cars in the drivers' ed. (laughter) We furnished about six cars a year, to the high school, but not this year. Can't afford it. Yes, our costs run about \$8-9,000.

LOUISE WILSON: Well, that's the way it is when things are given to people.

CARR: Yes. They expect it. They expect it. And I don't think much of our education system, neither. Don't get me started on that. We just had an ad here about a month ago for a girl in the office, and young people, and I'm not in favor of hirin' young people -- I just wouldn't do it. But the office manager thinks you have to give young people a chance. Well, I don't owe nothin', in my book, because they're never any good to me in the first place. They wouldn't stay; you can't depend on them for a damn thing. And turnover, costs to break 'em in and what not, and she wouldn't listen to me; she hired. She went through, I think, twelve applications to find one girl that could type. Now that's our education system. So we got someone, and she lasted one week. So I went through the applications and said, "Anyone from 45 to 50 isn't in there, forget it." And so they got a lady now. And she knows what a job means, how to be on time and all this. The others, they could give a damn. And that goes for the young boy. We won't hire people around here who are young. Because they should pay me to work. Cause they're no good to me. You can't depend on 'em. They're damn fools.

I was on the school board here. I went to a reunion here this summer, took ole Mike -- you know Mike Metzler. He was superintendent in Beaverton and, boy, he ruled with a club. Those kids respected him. They couldn't get him to come to the reunion and so they called up. It was over at Roamer's Rest; I hadn't seen any of those kids in a long time, 30 years or 40. So they said, "Can you get Mike?" And every time I restored a car, I'd go down and get Mike and take him for a ride. He's had several strokes. His head is still workin'. So I went by and picked Mike up and said, "Mike, we're goin' for a ride." Oh, he just loved that! We went around all over Cooper Mountain, ended up over there at Roamer's Rest -- and he says, "Where you goin' now?" Had to turn off the main road, so I says, "There's a beer joint down here. How'd you like to have a beer?" "Great idea!" He didn't know where this reunion was. They couldn't get him. So I get down there -- and plenty of beer, you know -- they paid -- plenty of beer. And those girls, when I brought that daggone guy back, he looked like an Apache Indian (laughter). They kissed the hell out of him, he couldn't get out of the car.

And since he's out of there, our education system in this county, our rotten school district, Beaverton, is lousy, in my book. You can't spell, or do arithmetic, or anything. Nobody knows anything. They can't write; you can't read their writin'. That's one thing. When I went to school, by golly, you learned your arithmetic. Spellin I was never any good at. Arithmetic... No, I can't spell. I just can't. Arithmetic, writing, I've still got a good head for.

My second wife, you can't read her writing. Now Mildred had beautiful handwriting. One of my daughters, you can't read -- we had to send her a damn typewriter, said, "For Chrissake, type your damn letters. I know you know how to type, so I can read it." But the older one, she's got good handwriting.

NANCY: Now in Beaverton, before it consolidated, how many grade schools were there?

CARR: Well, we only had Merle Davies. And the high school. And then I was on the board when they got over here, the C. E. Mason School. Got that building. And the Merle Davies. My picture's in the northeast corner of that (the time capsule) when they ever tear it down. I won't be around when they tear that building down, but it's in the northeast corner, when it was dedicated, in 1937.

NANCY: You have mentioned pictures that you have. When I wrote the Cedar Mill history, and I'll send you a book of it because I think you'd be interested, Carl Stark is in there and Byron Stark.

CARR: Yup. Byron's still alive. I see him once in a while. And then I rib him about the time he tried to run over me. He came into the shop. I taught him how to drive, and I was standing there with him (he and I were the same age) and I was working on the car. In those days, you was salesman, you was janitor, you was bookkeeper, you's parts manager, you's the whole thing. And I was down in under this old Model T a-workin' on it. And he come in through the door and didn't stop -- I was layin' on the creeper. He hit the car and knocked the car clear of me and left me layin' in between the two cars. --Did you talk to Byron, by any chance?

NANCY: I talked to him on the telephone, yes.

CARR: Well, ask him about that; he'll laugh (laughter). He said, "I tried to kill ya, but I couldn't do it." (Laughter)

NANCY: When we interviewed people for our Cedar Mill history book, they let us borrow pictures and then we reproduced them and made a file of them for the Washington County Museum. Would you allow the Society or the Museum to reproduce your photographs?

CARR: Oh, yes, if they don't damage them.

NANCY: Absolutely. It will be guaranteed.

CARR: Oh, sure.

NANCY: Because that is so vital to have a record like your early photos.

CARR: Now George Jayce, he just passed away a year ago. I went down to Eugene to see him, and by garsch, he passed away a week before. They had him in the convalescent home. He's the same age. And he was a pilot in World War I.

NANCY: Yes, he was one of the 12. Well, you know, those pictures of the early airport and the planes, the early cars, any early Beaverton photos you have...

CARR: Yes. I've got some of my dealership. I've got pictures that I took in flying in 1931, of Beaverton, up to World War II. I had a plane over there. I kept it there. And after World War II. Yes, I think I got some pictures of this area. I've got all of those pictures.

NANCY: Oh, you flew and took aerial photos?

CARR: Yes, every year. Of the growth. Yes. I've got that, and I have to tell you about that album. Fred Meyer first started this over here, 16 years ago or 17.

NANCY: ...And then it sat.

CARR: And then it shut down. Well, they had a big fat Jew out of New York, National Shirt outfit, and he heard about these pictures, see, and Bob (my son-in-law), his uncle was the manager in San Francisco of National Shirt. So he got his uncle to come up here with him, and right downstairs, I had this album. And I showed the pictures to him of the growth. He was making a survey of this area, you know, and I took from 1931, every year. (I'm pretty sure it's every year) They're dated anyhow.

And so he says, well, "Could I have these pictures to take back to the home of- fice?" Well, I didn't like the idea of those pictures getting out of here. What I should have done, used my head, but I wasn't that smart. I'm telling you, I'm not that smart, but I'm smarter right now with that damn Jew. And for 16 years those things were lost. I've tried every thing -- National Shirt, and in the meantime, Bob's uncle died. And one day, about two years ago -- maybe it's three now, here came a package addressed to me. And I was smart enough, on every picture to stamp the back, and they came through -- just marked "personal" and they threw it on my desk, and it laid around here for a couple of days. Finally, I opened it up and there was my album.

NANCY: Ah! You got them back.

CARR: Got 'em back. Oh, was I ever glad to see that because I started in 1931, taking the first picture.

NANCY: Good. You mentioned in our conversation that you had pictures off and on. And I didn't write it down. I know you mentioned airplane pictures; Bernard Airport and the other one over on Ericson.

CARR: Yes, there was no name. We just put an airport in so we could sit down.

NANCY: Oh, you know, pictures of Broadway, early Beaverton main street business district...

CARR: I haven't, but the Beaverton Library brought those pictures to me and there's a lot of them I recognize, and I'm going up there and put dates and people on them. And I'll take the wife; she can run a typewriter and we'll type it on the back and then take the clear plastic and put on the back. There's a lot of them they don't know what it's all about.

NANCY: And you can identify. And out of your private collection, so far, has anyone made copies of them for history?

CARR: Not that I know of.

NANCY: I think that's why that's one thing we should do.

CARR: Well, it's all right with me, just so long as I get them back. These airplane pictures, they're big, 8x10's. I took a fellow up with me. He'd take the pictures while I flew. That picture, I had a used car shed. I tore it down and took it out of there now. That's about 1956.

NANCY: Because those are just residential homes.

CARR: Well, I can't see, the light's shining on it from here. Right here. Now this was the old theater, you know -- the drive-in theater.

NANCY: The Biggis...

CARR: No. The Biggis had -- a bunch of them bought that up. And they sold it. Now they're gonna develop it. They're talkin' about development. This is the trailer, old Jack Meek's trailer park here. Now this was all filled in with apartments here, now. My property goes across this ditch back here.

NANCY: Oh, O.K.

LOUISE WILSON: Why don't you put the dates on the corners of the pictures, on the outside? I would if I were you. Before you get them framed.

CARR: Yes. Well, anyway, I've got quite a few pictures. That's the old ... there and then this is later, see. Added on. I've added on to here, here and here, see.

NANCY: Oh, I see.

LOUISE WILSON: Now what year is that?

CARR: Oh. '50. In 1951, 1952, now my body shop back there, you see my body shop? Well, it's a different ballgame alltogether. And I've got to haul that ground in the back leveled off and filled in.

NANCY: Yes, because it's bumpy there.

CARR: Yes. I've got five acres in here all told.

NANCY: Oh, you do. What's the frontage (footage) on Canyon?

CARR: Darned if I know. It's a lot, yes.

NANCY: Who did you purchase this land from?

CARR: The Rossi family. And the Walker family. Back in the 40's.

NANCY: Forty years ago.

LOUISE WILSON: Is that the William Walker family?

CARR: No. Bill Walker, they was on Walker Road. That's Bill Walker. The Walker family lived right here next door, and the old house, I had to tear it down -- a different Walker. And this is Rossi's, here.

NANCY: Well, I think we've done marvelously well.

CARR: Well, you're taxing this computer of mine.

NANCY: Well, your computer did not shut down.

CARR: Well, I saw the names coming up, like old John Lundgren, my first demonstration in the County. That was in 1919.

NANCY: O.K., see? Your computer has not broken down at all!

LOUISE WILSON: I have a question about Raleigh Station and Raleigh Hills.

CARR: Raleigh, that's Red Electric. It was just called the Raleigh Station. There where the bridge cuts over to go over Capitol Hill.

LOUISE WILSON: And they were named for a Raleigh family?

CARR: Oh, I don't know. That was before my time, yes. Now, Glencullen, I'll tell you about Glencullen, how that sprung up. Julius Meier was governor of the state then. He appointed my stepfather, Otto Ericson, as tunnel commissioner for the state. And he's the one that wanted to come out 6th Street instead of over the Terwilliger, and cut through the hill and come out Glencullen. There was nothin' at Glencullen until this started. Then as soon as it was approved, the war came on right after that and the project was dropped. You see, there should have been a tunnel right out -- you come out 6th Street and come right

out into Glencullen. And Glencullen wasn't Glencullen then. And I think Julius Meier was governor in 1930 -- I'm pretty sure -- that people was appointed as tunnel commissioner.

SUMMARY OF TOPICS DISCUSSED

INTERVIEW WITH: GUY CARR

BEAVERTON ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

1. Early Beaverton airports on Ericson Avenue and The Bernard Airport
2. Oregon Electric; Red Electric.
3. Multnomah Golf Club
4. History of Carr Chevrolet;
  - a. Ford Agency from stepdad, Otto Ericson
  - b. Star, going broke in Depression
  - c. Nash
5. Road to Hillsboro; Old Astoria Road
6. Conditions during World War II.
7. Community gardens in Beaverton during the war
8. W.P.A. Projects -- sidewalks
9. Digging well for Beaverton; Beaverton's water supply
10. Beaverton City Council
11. Donates Stutz Bearcat to Fire Department
12. Premium Studios -- films
13. His photos of early Beaverton
14. Getting the county seat changed
15. Antique car collection
16. Family relation to Thomas Jefferson
17. Early Beaverton geography and families
18. Story about picking up bodies for Pegg's Mortuary; baseball games.
19. Assembling cars.
20. About parents in Colorado and Mexico
21. Skating; dances
22. Selling and demonstrating tractors in Cedar Mill
23. Breaking his back while fishing
24. Drivers' education
25. School Board - Mike Metzler
26. His early aerial photos of Beaverton
27. Glencullen Tunnel proposal

(Where unknown, phonetic spellings are used)

BEAVERTON ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

Interview with

FRIEDA ZIMBRICK AMELL

in Mrs. Amell's home in

Woodburn, Oregon

INTERVIEWER: SHIRLEY TANZER

Date of Interview: October 25, 1982