

Faith and BeGora, it was recently St. Patrick's Day. That was also the day that my horse and "me" arrived in Cloverdale after a ride from St. Paul. We took all the old roads from the Newberg smoking mills; from Sheridan to Willamina and followed the river to Fort Hill; passed the Indian Reservation and entered the coast range with a scared "valley" horse stepping into timber. It rained at Dolph; turned dark on Three Rivers and crept through a darkened Cloverdale with only rain, wind and the clink of horse shoes on the gravel. That was 75 years ago – March 17, 1923.



The next morning the horse was stabled in Charlie Ray's barn and a 15-year-old was registered at Cloverdale High School amid eight grades of children running in the halls. The principal was Mr. Buel; the teacher was Mr. Miller and Miss Logan, later Mrs. Callin.

Cloverdale had a busy cheese factory, a nearby log cabin, a Grange Hall, three churches (Baptist, Presbyterian and a new St. Joseph's Catholic church ready for Jenck's truck to bring in the altars from Portland); the confectionery also had a barber shop where the guys could get a shave, a haircut and a 25-cent bath before the Saturday night date. While waiting turns, they also maneuvered around a pool table, so

they told me later. Howard Owens was building his garage. The Mercantile store was under the Odd Fellow's Hall; there was also a garage of sorts that had a boxing ring (that is another story); the dentist was in the hotel; the doctor's office was nearby; the little old house still stands on the corner that has many names, correct me – it was originally built for Charlie Ray's mother?

Fred Murphy took a picture of us by St. Joseph's church, a new girl in town. Only stumps, snags, brush in the background, no Nestucca Union High School, that was to come to pass later.