

Gordon E Bjork

Feb. 23, 1911 A. D.



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THE BEGINNINGS

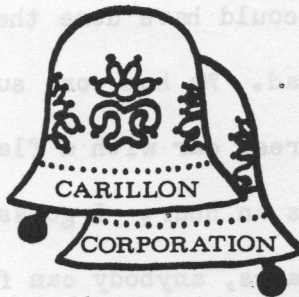
Even though I was very much there, my excellent memory has failed me, no doubt it didn't register at all because as it was later learned, the Doctor had said to my father, "I hope I will be able to save your wife, but there is no hope for saving your son!! You see even then I gave my mother a very hard time as I <sup>was</sup> 13 pounds and tried to enter life as a breach birth. Well, thanks be to God my mother survived, but I guess I heard the good doctor's words so my memory gave up before even starting. All of this took place in a little old house on the side of the hill above the old interurban line in Tuckwila. That hillside overlooked the Duwamish River about a mile west of where the Black River, which was the outlet for Lake Washington and all of the rivers and creeks that fed that big lake. Also the Green River joined the Black river at that junction and together they made the Duwamish. This junction was about 2 miles west of the town of Renton and the interurban stopped there and made a junction to Renton and then south to <sup>Kent</sup> Auburn Sumner, Puyallup, and on into Tacoma. Of course there were other stops along the way, some spots still exist as communities, other stops gave up when the interurban quit running about 1920. Today that little old house is gone, and the location is on the fringe of South Center, in the town of Tuckwila. When I was about a year old we moved to a house in Ballard. My earliest memory there was about the time we moved in there. I toddled into the sewing room which had a door to the stairway down to the basement. Being curious even then I opened the door and started down the steps holding on the railing, stopping about half way down to see a lake of water with what I remember as a raft floating there. About that time my mother I guess, ~~that~~ I was a bit young for a swim so she snatched me back up and closed the door. This episode must have taken place about late spring of 1912. Because I remember well I was much bigger and older when my grandfather, uncle, and others

to be about 1915.

My grandpa, grandma, uncle Rueben, and later uncle Lawrence and his wife Esther moved here from DeMoines Iowa. They lived for a short time in Ballard near Salmon Bay Park. Grandpa was a farmer, he knew some carpentering and they found a small farm up at Mt. Vernon which I believe they rented with option to buy. Lawrence and Esther moved to Mt. Vernon too and found a nice home at the edge of town. Lawrence went into the insurance business there and all were members of the Swedish Baptist Church there. Their home on the edge of town had a large garden ~~there~~ and very very fertile ground. We had a snapshot of potatoes lined up on the back porch steps, about 5 steps 8 feet wide. The steps were literally covered with spuds from only 2 hills. Also the Skagit River ran very close by about a block away, and in those days fishing from the dike was very productive. They had a couple of small salmon lined up with the potatos. Good living. My Aunt Esther was a favorite of mine, my kissing aunt, I do remember her kisses.

My father was a marchant tailor. He had several shops, several partners, several associates he shared shops with until he could build a business large enough to have his own shop. He commuted to work from Tuckwila on the interurban. about 8 or 9 miles. When we moved to Ballard his 6 mile commute then was by street car. The fare was a nickel in those days. They did have both motor man and conductor. You could ride from 85th and Greenwood clear out to Fauntleroy-Gatewood for that nickel, about 18 miles and it took at least an hour each way. One day my father came riding home from work on a motorcycle, a "chug-bike" as he called it. He was a great trader and I am sure he would have dealt with horses if he had been acquainted with them. One morning he called up to us boys, Eugene and I, and told us that the first one dressed could come out in back as see the surprise he had. Being less ambitious than my brother I let him rush down to see the surprise, I looked out the window and saw the brand new 1914 Ford touring car. That is all they made in those days and of course it was black. Big deal, so that is why my uncles built that garage in the back corner of the lot, not just to keep dad's chug-bike in it. Well, we had had the first motorcycle on the block, and now the first auto. On rainy

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muddy days my dad rode down the sidewalk with his motorcycle. We had a crabby old lady 2 houses down who was going to report him to the police for riding on the sidewalk. I don't guess she ever did. We used to love to hear my dad tell the story of how he ran away from a speed cop on his motorcycle coming down from Mount Rainier. He had ridden up to Paradise a couple of days earlier, joined a summit party, hiked to the summit, Dr. Nicholson couldn't make it, and then back down again of course. On his way back to Seattle he spent the night at a farm house outside of Eatonville and was warned by the host there that there was a cop working the roads thereabouts for speeders. Sure enough as he started out for home he roared by a side road where he saw the cop on his bike. My dad reached around and flipped his rear license plate up under the seat pad, gave the motor a couple extra shots of lube oil drove as fast as he dared. I guess the dust he kicked up and the good lead he had was sufficient to discourage the cop so that was the last he saw of him. I was reminded of this experience about 1945 in my Buick, but that is a later story.

I said my dad was a trader, and once in a while even a professional horse trader gets stuck with a nag. The "nag" my dad got stuck with was a Metz, vintage 1916. What a gutless lemon. It didn't have the customary gearshift transmission. It had a Friction Drive. You didn't clash your gears which was a real problem for some people before synchro-mesh shifting was invented. But one experience we had with the Metz on a trip to Mt.Vernon, in those days the round about ways we had to go it was about 100 miles from Seattle. The weather was grim, raining as usual, and after a long day we got as far as Milltown, 5 miles south of MT.Vernon, and in the blinding rain storm dad got stuck in a shallow ditch. He ground away trying to pull out, he couldn't make it, so he went into a store close by and got a man with a team to pull us back up on the

road. Nothing to it, one horse could have done the trick. So we unhooked from the horse, started on up the road. We had worn such a hole in the "friction drive" we had a bumping noise like a street car with a flat wheel. We were lucky to make it to Mt. Vernon at about 8 miles an hour. I guess it was no problem to find a mechanic who could make the repairs, anybody can fix a wheel barrow if you have the parts. I guess this was Saturday. We went to church Sunday. Monday morning dad caught the train to Seattle to work. He was able to scout up the needed parts. They sent them up on the train. The car was fixed about Thursday, and dad came up after it and us. I don't remember the long ride home, but I guess we got there. We never did hear either who dad dumped the Metz on. What a clunker.

The next in a long line of cars that my dad had was one of his better deals. We found ourselves, the family that is, in Anacortes one Sunday morning. I don't remember how we got there, probably drove Cronanders Willy's Knight up there to visit some of their many many relatives all over N.W. Washington. There was a Sjolander family that had a small shingle mill right under the bridge that crossed the Swinomish Slough. He was a relative of Mrs. Cronander. Mr. Cronander was an old gaffer who bought a car to keep his wife happy, but was a very very nervous driver so very often we took them riding in their car. So I guess this was the case here, and when dad bought a 2nd hand 1915 Dodge from the widow of a tailor friend who died of cancer in Anacortes, name was Erickson. At any rate this was a good car. We spent the night with grandpa and grandma in Mt. Vernon and the next morning dad took Eugene and me, and we rode in the front seat, out for a spin in the new Dodge, just to run the battery up, and we started out across the flats back toward Anacortes and dad got her up to 55 miles per hour. What a thrill!! I was so tickled by this new speed sensation that I remember laughing my head off. After that Metz this was really flying. I said it was a good deal because we enjoyed the car for about two years and then dad sold it for \$200 more than he paid for it. No depreciation there.

The next car was a Briscoe. I don't remember much about that little car except it was 4 cylinder touring model, dull green in color. Our very good



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friends and neighbors, the Hedmans, also got a Briscoe about the same time. I guess dad got some kind of a deal on it. It was an average good little car for its time but I guess they only were in business a short time. Since then I have never run across any record of them in antique car reminders or even the name.

The next and most exciting car up to that time was an Elgin 6. Wow what a neat streamlined car, touring model of course. The only "closed" cars that were about in that era were large limosines, and electric cars driven by old ladies. This Elgin had a valve in head Northway motor in it. Boy was it speedy (after dad died we found he several shares of stock in Northway Motors, worthless of course and it skure could pull steep hills. We did enjoy that car. And there was a sad day when dad sold it to somebody, and then he came home with a 1914 Buick. What a rugged old car that was, it was built like a truck and rode and drove like one too. It had a leather lined cone clutch and it was absolutely impossible to get a smooth start with it, and only once in a while was it possible to shift gears without great clashing. Well we didn't have that long, that goodness. For a short time we had a 1918 Chevrolet Baby Grand roadster. It was a good car but never very popular in the Chev line.

A 1923 Willys Overland Blackbird was the next in line. This was brought home spanking brand new. I guess this really was the forrunner of the war time Jeep. It was a light weight, compact car and very economical on gas. I guess the longest camping or touring trip we ever took as a family was in that car. We drove to Crater Lake, taking in all of the scenic points and towns on the way. We drove only about 150 miles per day. It was a 2 day trip just to Portland in 1924. We ferried across the Cowlitz river near Vader, cross the Columbia by ferry where Longview is now located. It was just being planned and built at that time. From Portland on south I don't remember the route, but I do remember

swimming in the river at Grant's Pass where we camped for a night. It was there while wandering around the public camp ground, that I walked by an open tent and saw a woman smoking. Horrors, what a shock. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Which reminds me, a year or so later when visiting a visiting Carnival that came to Ballard, they had a side show displaying pictures of Cigaretta, a woman who was a chain smoker, and you could go into the tent to see her smoking for 10¢. Wow!! Anyhow, we made it to Crater Lake. On the way up I noticed in a roadside camp ground that we passed what looked like a womans purse. I asked dad to stop, and I ran back, and sure enough it was. There was a gas book with about \$20. in gas coupons, and as I remember about \$750 in change. A lot of dough in those days. The gas coupons bought about enough gas for our whole trip at 22¢ per gallon and 25 miles to the gallon.

After the Willys dad dealt himself into 1923 used Buick 6. This was a real top of the line touring car for those days. It was 2nd hand but in good condition with low mileage. This was about 1925. Dad died October 1, 1926. We kept the car only long enough to sell it. Mother had some driving lessons but this was too much car for her. By this time my brother and I both were good drivers, but mom felt it best that we sell this car. We did at some loss. Then she bought a 1927 Essex Coach. We got a lot of use of this car. Mom drove it some when she needed to and kept it for several years. I feel that I must put in a word here on behalf of Essex 1927. It was manufactured by the Hudson Motor Company and good old reliable car, which incidentally held some stock car speed records at that time. They came out about 1925 I think with their first Essex, which as I remember was a Club Coupe, 4 seater, with a heavy 4 cylinder engine. A good solid car like the Chevrolet Baby Grand. Then they took a step toward a lower priced, mass produced car, with a 6 cylinder high r.p.m. motor, with small bore and stroke, this with a smaller displacement than most 4 cyliner models of that time. This was a forerunner for the trends in engine building. This made a very smooth quiet motor, and as I remember it had a cork lined cone clutch which was in oil. This made a

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a very smooth operating clutch and solved the grabby problems of so many clutches up until that time. However it did have some problems too. Forced lubrication of the piston wrist pins was inadequate causing them to fail with too much fast running. This happened to us one Sunday morning about 4 miles south of Mt.Vernon. We were on our way to Bellingham. How did we get help? Simple, we broke down just across about a 60 acre field from one of the Cronander relatives, along about by what used to be called Cedardale. He came out and towed us into Mt.Vernon, we found a garage open on Sunday. The mechanic was interested in fixing our car that day, so we went on to Bham with some others who were travelling with us and we stopped there on the way home that evening and the car was ready. We had a burnt out wrist pin in one of our pistons. He secured the necessary replacement piston and wrist pin to get the job done. I think it cost us about \$14.00.

I guess that takes care of most of the cars until I was about 18 years old. All along dad had kept his Excelsior motorcycle which I "inherited. There will be more on this later because my relationships with cars was really

just starting at this point. This chug bike was ancient and heavy. In fact so heavy that as a kid of 15, I couldn't pick it up if it fell or laid down. I rode it some even as far as 6 miles to Seattle Golf Club where I caddied. But I didn't know how to care for it, and it was too hard to handle so I sold it to a guy for a few bucks. Then I bought a 1920 Model T Ford touring for \$7.00. With a bunch of neighbor kids pushing I did manage to run it a few times. I didn't need a car, had no place to keep it, so I disposed of it for a few bucks.

The first Christmas that I remember I must have been about 3 years old. All I remember was my mother was in the hospital Christmas Eve with an appendix operation I think it was, and dad along with Hilmer Swenson, a tailor cutter who was a widower, and his son Russel who was living with us temporarily was there that Christmas Eve. We had lighted candles on the tree. I got a little canon that shot wooden bullets with a spring mechanism with a cranking motion. It had a magazine that held about 6 shells and you could crank em out almost like a gatling gun.

Another early recollection was in the summer when I was  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years old, I was helping my mother plant a garden plot in the back yard. I asked her when I could go to Sunday School. She said when I was 3 years old.

I guess I did go to SS, but I don't remember that part. I do remember every Sunday night though, taking the street car and later one of dad's cars down to the First Swedish Baptist Church at 9th and Pine in down town Seattle, a distance of more than 6 miles. It took about 35 to 40 minutes on the street cars. Some times we went before supper to the "Young Peoples" meeting and the attraction of that early hour was a coffee and sandwich time along with cookies, cakes, and some times pies. Most of the church went to this as a social hour ~~and~~ with the meeting of less importance. The supper was adequately funded by a plate at the end of the table to drop your dime in. The evening service started at 7:30 and was never over before 9 P.M. in Swedish of course. The seats were hard, I was uncomfortable, sleepy, not allowed to go to sleep, and Pastor Friborg always preached in impeccable Stockholm Swedish. Dullsville. My dad was a good singer and sang many solos there and elsewhere in the many circles of activities he was involved in. Through the years he belonged to The Swedish Club, The Svenska Kulturferbundant, Chamber of Commerce and their Male Chorus, Svea Male Chorus, Amphion Society a male chorus, besides the church. He and mother went down town to church Sunday mornings, my brother and I went to SS at the Ballard Swedish Baptist Church, only one block from our house. Later we switch<sup>ed</sup> to Bethany Baptist Church, 3 blocks down the street because the Swedes insisted on Swedish SS. So we had friends in both churches, and gradually they came to Bethany and left the Swedish Church to the old "fogies". They had a good Sunday School there and our Christian education was absorbed there and at about 1921 I went "forward" during an evangelistic service conducted by our pastor, Rev. A. H. Nickell and was Baptiz~~ed~~ed and joined the church. A year or two later the "holy rollers" under evangelist Linblad came into our church and we had a great split. Most all of the Swedes there left the church and went back to the Ballard Baptist which had progressed at that point to the English language for all services. The split in Bethany ultimately killed the church for ABC, and it never recovered. The building was sold to one of the "charismatic" groups that sprang up. There were more problems there, and at the present time it is occupied by a Chinese group.

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Insert in the early years



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A trip to my grandfather's farm in Wyoming provided a different experience when I was about 8 years old. Much planning and anticipation went ahead of this trip, when I broke a neighbors back window accidentally of course, and I had to pay for it, and the admonishment that if that happened again I couldn't go to Wyoming with my mother and brother for the summer. I really didn't see why that should matter when I paid for the window out of my own hard earned money. Well anyhow when school finally was over for the year, plans had been made, packing was complete even to the stacks of sandwiches mother made for eating on the train, we couldn't possibly afford the dining car. It was 2 days and 3 nights on the train. We had pullman accomodations, I lower berth for the 3 of us. Mother slept in the middle at one end, Eugene and I slept at the other end. I never gave a thought to how my mother slept, and I don't remember not sleeping okeh. I guess when you are 8 you can sleep any place if need be.

We got on the train at the Union Depot in Seattle, it handled the traffic for Union Pacific and the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul railroads. The King Street station across the street handled Great Northern and Northern Pacific. Today the monstrous Union Depot is used for other things, shops and such, and King Street Station averages about one train in and out a day, Amtrak, of course. Such is the fate of passenger railroading in this area. At any rate in those "good old days" it was a busy place and exciting too for an 8 year old kid taking his first train ride. Of course I had ridden the interurbans between Seattle and Tukwila several times and even to Tacoma and back too. But a real train with a steam locomotive with whistle to match, wow, that was a real thrill.

We pulled out on time I guess and pulled into Tacoma, our first stop. Mrs. Franzen and her son Emery got on there. Mr. Franzen got on too to ride with them to the Day Island stop which was about 10 miles from down town depot there, north around the waterfront, through a tunnel close to Pt Defiance and along the east side of the narrows to Day Island. Franzens had some relatives there so he got off ~~there~~ and after visiting them took the street car, trolley, back into Tacoma and home for him. We went on to Portland with a few stops in between. At Portland we changed trains and got on the Rose City Special for a trip up the Columbia and on east to Wyoming. I don't recall much of the trip except stopping here and there and jerky startups. Of course I remember the sandwiches with lemonade. Mother had brought along a can of Sterno canned heat to cook a cup of coffee for herself, but of course that was not allowed on the train. She had squeezed a big jar of lemon juice and sweetened it, and there was plenty of ice water to be had free on the train so we had lemonade and sandwiches, and plenty of cookies to eat on the way to Pine Bluffs, Wyoming. Mrs. Franzen and Emery got off in Laramie, Wyoming where they spent the summer I guess. When we got to Cheyenne we were moved to a car forward as our berth had been sold to passengers that got on there. We rode the 30 miles on the Pine Bluffs in the day coach. Grandpa was there at the station to meet us and we piled into his old model T Ford touring for the 13 miles north into the hills to their farm. It was nice to see grandma and grandpa again. We were greeted by her with hugs and a great big piece of butterscotch pie, (my first) and a tall cool milk. Things like that you never forget. Aunt Delight, 14, Uncle Rueben 18 were there to greet us too. Theirs was a 160 acre homestead in the middle of rolling prairies, not a tree in sight.

Well, that was the summer that wuz! We adjusted at once to the farm life. We were given some chores that we could be trusted with, gathering eggs, feeding chickens, we even slopped the hogs a few times. They had a 20 year old nag, white, Admiral Dewey, who could never be induced to a faster pace than a slow walk. Once though I was on him about supper time and the other team driven by Reuben were heading for the barn and they were anxious to get to the feed bag started to trot to hurry home, and wonder of wonders, old Dewey started to trot, I almost bounced out of the saddle, my feet didn't come near to reaching stirrups. They had a cattle drinking tank close to the windmill that had about 18 inches of water in it. There I learned to swim. I guess we were in it every day. We picked potato bugs and put em in a can of kerosene. Granpa paid us 1¢ for 25 of them as I remember. We didn't get rich it took us a week to earn a nickle ice cream cone. Every evening about dusk grandpa would take up his Swedish bible and say, "Nu skal ve läsa" and he would read his bible aloud for all of us to hear, and then he would pray long prayers in Swedish. Sundays we went to church close to Albin about 6 miles north of the farm. The 4th of July picnic was an event I shall never forget. The whole church drove to a picnic site on Horse Creek about 8 miles still further northwest. What a time we had there. A rock dam had been piled up across the creek at a narrow point so we could have enough water to swim. What fun. One of the high lights was catching enough fish to fry for every body. This is how they did it. I was shocked to see about 5 men in their underwear take a tennis court net and stretch across the stream, 2 holding the net and the other 3 guys went up the creek a ways and waded down toward the net splashing the water and scaring all of the fish for a hundred feet into the net where the two guys pursed the net and dumped about 40 fish on the grassy shore. They did this a couple of times and got a few more fish to add to the fish fry. Wow, some fun. Eating, swimming, playing other games, it was a very memorable day.

Pioneer Stock farm, about 5,000 acres, and about 12 miles northwest of grandpas 160 acres, was owned by the Malm family, and my uncle Lawrence and aunt Esther were living there with the Malm family and helping to run this big spread. We visited there one day. We arrived to see them castrating young bulls in the corral close to the house. The ladies were embarrassed of course and hurried into the house while my brother and I watched the fun. When this was over one of the cowboys took several of the "fries" into the blacksmith shop there where they had a fire in the forge and fried the fries in an old black frying pan. He offered us some, but, being a green horn from the city, we demurred, and said we had just et before coming over. Anyhow, yuk! That afternoon aunt Esther suggested that Eugene and I scramble about the barn yard, the hay mow, and every place we could look and gather eggs. We found an enormous number the first day there. We would shake them to see if they sounded liquid, and many of this round of eggs were bad. The next few days we found much fewer but they were all fresh. Their hens laid eggs every where. They weren't in the chicken business but were in the cattle business. We had fun there too. I remember having my first go at driving one of their Fords there. I remember I didn't do so well there, but the prairies were wide with no dangers to avoid but prairie dog holes. I really didn't learn to drive that day, that came later.

Some time during that summer mother took the train on east to Des Moines and Chicago to visit her sister Ruth and other friends from former years. Eugene and I stayed on at the farm until she returned. It was on her departure date from Pine Bluffs that I experienced my first banana split at the ice cream parlor in Pine Bluffs. Yum, I can still remember how good it was.

Eventually the summer came to a close and we had the long train ride back to Seattle. Mostly I can remember how glad I was to see mountains and big trees again when nearing Pocatella, Idaho. Waking up in the ~~morning~~ morning brother and I had an upper berth and mother the lower on this trip. I looked out the window of the lav and saw trees and mountains. How great.



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Let me go back a bit to my early childhood, before I got caught up in the serious business of making a living, or even helping my parents financially by earning money for our clothes, personal needs, and spending money. You remember the basement full of water with the raft in it? Water seeks its own level and we had a full fledged pond in the corner lot next door. Of course this drew all the kids for blocks around. There were no fish in the pond because it dried up in the summer time, but all winter spring and after first big rains in the fall there was about 2 foot deep water in the pond. What a great place to catch frogs, make rafts, fall in, ice skate in winter some times, and to listen to frogs singing at night most of the year. When they got around to paving the streets the lot was filled in with excavations for laying concrete so the pond was gone, but it left us with a big lot to play ball in, dig caves and dogouts, build fires, roast spuds and apples. There was plenty of wood laying around. The school yard was at the other end of the long block, but we were not allowed to play on the grounds after school was out, and Mr. Cain the janitor sure <sup>ran</sup> ~~ran~~ us off of there many times, so all of the fun was at the other end of the block, right next to our house. Money was earned carrying hauling, piling, or putting in wood for people. Most every one in Ballard heated and cooked with wood, and you could make as much as 25¢ for putting a load in a basement or a shed. My brother and I had an allowance of 15¢ per week but of course we were expected to do many chores like wood, dishes, cleaning chicken coop on Saturdays, ugh what a stinkin job that was, along with grass cutting etc.

So it was with money in those days. 5¢ would buy a  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. candy bar. 2 companies made them, Walter Johnson Company in St. Louis, and Curtiss Candy Company made Baby Ruth and Butterfinger. You couldn't ship them from those points today for 5¢ each. Thrift was very much a part of life in those days. We kids had a saying, "He's so tight <sup>HE</sup> uses the TP on both sides and then sends it to wash." \$200.00 per month was absolutely top salary in those days. When I got married in 1934 my salary was \$70.00 per month. It didn't cost so much to live then either. We rented a house partly furnished for \$8.00 per month in the winter time and \$12.00 per month in the summertime. The reason for the higher rate in the summer it was a beach cottage at Browns Point. But I am getting ahead of my story. Earning extra money was a full time problem. The search began with cutting, carrying, stacking wood as mentioned earlier. There were 3 Seattle newspapers and a 4th one, the Union Record just starting up. I applied to the kid who had the Ballard route, and he was glad to give it up. He had about 20 subscribers scattered all over Ballard, about 2 to 3 miles of fast walking each day, no Sunday paper, and it cost 40¢ per month. I think the carrier got about 18¢ of that 40¢ so you see it netted the carrier about \$4.00 per month. There was a carriers "rally" down at the office and they offered a prize to the best sales talk to get Union Record subs. I was particularly loquacious on that occasion and won first prize, two tickets to a show at one of the down town theatres. When I got old enough to graduate from grade school, I finally picked up a Seattle Times Route Daily and Sunday. I netted about 12 to 14.00 per month on that. It was hard work especially Sunday mornings. I had to arise at 4 A.M. walk about 10 blocks to pick up my papers. They were pulled around the route in a 2 wheeled dump cart wagon. There were times when the going was so tough I was unable to push the cart through snow, and I really had to pull it up the hills. My dad didn't help me at all, he was not expected to, so he was never asked. I soon had earned enough and saved enough, \$25.00

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to buy a 2nd hand repainted bike, so it was easier going especially the dailys which were carried in a double paper bag, made of canvas with about 50 papers front and back. Sundays the papers were too heavy and I had to use the dump cart. Collections had to be made once a month and the money brought down town to the Times office to pay bill. The rates were \$1000 per month for daily and Sunday, 60¢ per month daily only. On the 5 Sunday months the carriers had to absorb the difference we were billed at 7¢ each for Sunday papers, ~~I forget what the daily rate was~~. My route included St. Alphonsus Catholic Church, the Times was owned by the Blethens who were Catholics so of course they took the paper daily and Sunday delivered to the priests residence next to the church and the "nunnery" in the other end of the block. I remember so well the very warm silver dollars dug out of the pocket of the priest when he paid his bill each month. The Sisters took a little longer to get the money. I waited in a very bare waiting room while they hustled up the money from the Mother Superior, I expect.

After several years of paper routes I finally got old enough to caddy which was an easier way to earn a buck. You had to be 19 to caddy at Seattle Golf Club. Several of my high school class mates were caddys so one Saturday morning bright and early I went out there with them. Hitching rides was the only way to get there and it took several rides as it was a good 4 to 5 miles north of where I lived. There were over a 100 caddies waiting to "get out" Being new my name went on the list as a 2nd class caddy at 20¢ per hour. Eventually, some time after lunch I "got out." I sure was green, and didn't know the first thing about golf, but I watched and learned and eventually made it to 1st class caddy

different types of wealthy men. I caddied some too with women golfers.

They were allowed to play on Sunday afternoons, and week days when they

A Helen Farrell was the #1 female golfer, and, she smoked. Also there was Phoebe-Nell Tidmarsh, built like a Mack Truck who played a fair game.

the days that I went out there to daddy. During the school time I was

able to get early 2: o'clock dismissal, and I would catch the Ballard

Greenwood dinky, a smaller street car, for a  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ¢ token, ride it to 85th

and Greenwood, the city limits, and hitch a ride out there quite quickly.

On good days I often caddied double, 40¢ per hour and usually made a

\$1.00. Some of these times we were able to hitch a ride in with 2 or 3

members that lived in Ballard so we could get a ride really close to home.

Other times we would ride to 85th and Greenwood and take the dinky down

to Ballard, or sometimes even walk home from there. About 2 miles it was

but we didn't mind much even after caddying all day, in fact one time

I jogged all of the way home from that point, ~~about~~ That doesn't seem

like much now days with all of the joggers in condition for that event

but let me tell you, I laid on the floor in the living room for a good

half hour recovering, and was late for supper. Starting in the summer

of 1924 a group of us Ballard boys decided we wanted to caddy at the

Pacific Northwest Golf Tournament, this was the whole bit. First was the

Professionals, 72 hole medal play, 36 holes a day. We always arrived

at least 2 days early to get in on the practice rounds. \$1.00 for 18

holes was the rates, and if you had a good player the tips were worthwhile.

Tipping was not allowed at Seattle Golf Club. It was a club "rule" to

please the many Scottish members of the club, it was said. Before these

tournaments it was a good idea to seek out a local pro or amateur and

get your job lined up ahead of time. This I did when I could but I

never did get a winner. In spite of all though you could usually net

about \$20. for your weeks work, and have fun away from home while doing it.

The first one that I took part in was at Tacoma Golf and Country Club

in 1924. We Ballard boys, Clyde Shoemaker, Howard and Selmer Wiggins,

Gordon E Bjork



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Axel and Harold Anderson, Louis Faulkner, and I, took boy scout mess kits, a blanket roll, (no sleeping bags in those days) and some other camping equipment, matches and some food, took the street car down to Coleman Dock to catch the boat to Tacoma. After arriving in Tacoma we walked up town and caught a street car that went out somewhere near the Tacoma Golf Club. We walked about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile over to the Club and then started a search for a camp ground by American Lake to camp out. We ended up on the estate of some very wealthy people who had several out buildings, garages, stables, animal shelters, and peacocks running about. We asked permission to stay there and the caretaker said okeh, but no fires. We slept on a concrete garage floor the first night. I didn't sleep much, man that floor was hard. The next night we moved outside and slept under a large fir tree that had branches to the ground. This was much better. We would walk about a half mile to Ponders Corner to a grocery store for provisions. We bought milk, breakfast cereals bread, lunch meat, and maybe a cube of butter. I believe the caretaker relented and allowed us a small cooking fire in a fire pit that was there so we could warm our pork and beans, or canned spaghetti at night. It was a great week. We manage to swim almost every day in Gravelly Lake which was across and down the road a few blocks. Swimming was just super, skinny dip no less as none of us had suits. One early evening some girls came down to our swimming hole and threatened to take our clothes. We all started to run out of the water after them and they screamed and ran up the hill. That is the last we saw of them. Another time a couple of rich kids from across the lake paddled over in their Willets Canoe. We had them outnumbered so they too paddled away.

Saturday morning came, the tournament was over and now to get home. We sought out players who lived in Seattle and hitched a ride to Seattle. I got a ride with Selmer with a Mr. Lippy who was a member at Inglewood Golf and Country Club. We stopped on the old valley road just outside of Sumner at a fruit stand for fresh cherries. When I got to Seattle and was going to catch a street car to Ballard I discovered my purse was missing. I lost it in Mr. Lippy's car or else I left it at the counter of the fruit stand. Too bad, bye bye about \$23.00. I never did find it. I went out to Inglewood hoping Mr. Lippy might show up to play golf, but he never did. Alas. . But we did have a good time there.

The next year was Spokane. The same group of guys decided to go. Louis Faulkner had bought an ancient Ford touring car with the back of the front seat cut for sleeping. Great, we thought, we can camp out, sleep in the car on the way, and a couple of us sleep in the car after we get there. Having had some experience with decrepit Fords I prudently packed my stuff for hiking or hitch hiking.

We started out around the south end of Lake Washington and even before we got to Issaquah the old Ford came unravelled and quit. So I started hitch hiking alone. I caught several rides to Ellensburg. From there I started walking down the road toward Vantage ferry and hoping to cross Columbia there and on to Spokane. It was early evening, about 7 o'clock standard time. I walked for several miles past Kittitas no rides. Finally about dusk an old Ford with side curtain came down the road. I put out my thumb and yelled as loud as I could. The guy stopped for me and we whizzed on to Vantage arriving there about dark. He had his car cut for sleeping too and he slept in it. I slept on the ground beside it. Together we pooled our food for both supper and breakfast. He was a nice old geezer. He was heading for Soap Lake for the baths there to help alleviate his rheumatism. I hope he fared well.



Gordon E Bjork



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We decided the next morning that I had a better chance of getting a ride all of the way to Spokane asking there at the ferry landing. So he took off for Soap Lake and that is the last I ever saw of him, and I don't even remember his name.

One of the first cars that came along was a mother and son about 20, the son that is. They were driving a 1928 Chalmers, a 6. It was a 2 door sedan, or coach as they called them then. The back seat was loaded with their luggage, but they cleared a spot for me and my pack and off we went. We arrived at Spokane about 1 that after noon. I didn't have the foggiest idea where the Spokane Golf and Country Club was. While wandering through the business district I noted some <sup>GOLF</sup> trophies in the window of a jewelry store. Ah, these people should know where I want to go so I went in and asked. They pointed me in the right direction and eventually I arrived about a  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from the entrance. I walked the rest of the way. It was late in the afternoon so I stopped right across the road from the entrance to make camp. I stirred up a fire, opened my can of Franco American to heat and about that time a man came down the path from a farm house close by. He had seen the fire and was worried. I told him who I was and what I was doing. He was a greens-keeper from the club across the road. He said I could sleep on his screened in porch on a cot there and they would give me my breakfast if I would help him or his mother milk one of their 2 cows in the morning. I told him I hadn't learned to milk yet but I sure would give it a go on an offer like that. So I ate my supper, put out the fire and walked up to the porch with my stuff. I stayed there from Tuesday till Saturday and each morning I got a little better at the milking business. By the

milk a little better" for me, and she just had to get in the few final strippings for me. Well that was quite a week too. None of my players finished "in the money" but it was enjoyable. It was 36 holes a day. At least 1 to 2 hours at noon and many of the caddies went down to the Little Spokane river for skinny dipping and cooling off. It was HOT there during that week. The V in my neck got so severely sunburned I had a scar there for more than a year. One night about Thursday 4 of us, oh yes, they all arrived the next morning after I got there having repaired the car and it lasted to Camp Mason, just below the summit of Snoqualmie pass. They came the rest of the way via rides and some came on freight train. This night when we 4 decided to go into town to see a show and some of the sights, we got as far as the Spokane River bridge down town. There was a dairy, the Riverside Dairy, what an appropriate name, with a sign in the window, ALL THE BUTTERMILK YOU CAN DRINK, 5¢. What a challenge for 4 thirsty kids. We made a bet, the winner would get a milk shake. I won. Louis Faulkner foundered on 9 glasses, I finished a 10th. Of course I had to collect my winnings then. I did, 2 more glasses of chocolate milkshake. Wow, was I logged!! Milk-logged that is, and very uncomfortable for an hour or so. We saw a show. Then looked for a cheap place to sleep. Louis and I found a 50¢ hotel room. It was so hot we pulled the mattress off the bed, the spring was a wire mesh affair, and we threw the one blanket on the spring. I slept, a little bit, on it, and Louis was on the floor. We didn't note the red lamp that was burning in the upstairs window when we went in there, and I guess that was the cause of much commotion, comings and goings during the night. And besides that, I was completely innocent of a red lights connotation at that early age of 15. The next morning we hussled out to the golf club stopping on the way for coffee and pancakes at a cafe for 20¢ You see I missed earning my breakfast with Samantha that morning. She wasn't very happy about my irresponsibility. Anyhow

19. 19

Gordon E Bjork



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Saturday morning came and Louis and I bummed a ride home to Seattle with a hot golfer, I can't remember his name. He drove a racy red Mercer, one of the hot cars of the day. We arrived at Camp Mason <sup>3 MI. WEST OF</sup> about 10 P.M. and found Louis old Ford in the garage lot so we bedded <sup>SUMMIT SNOW</sup> down in it until the next morning. The man had made proper repairs, <sup>PASS</sup> replacing a piston and a bearing or two maybe he ground the valves too the whole bill came to \$12. no tax then. I helped a bit with the bill I was careful not to lose my purse this time. Our trip from there to home was uneventful and our families were both glad to see us, I think. Oh yeah, I forgot to mention, that to get to this golf tournament in time we had to get out of school a week early. That didn't set too well with 2 of my teachers so they awarded me with "Es" for the subject, Literature II and typing I. I wonder if I had passed those two subject whether this epistle wouldn't have fared better. You can't tell, and you'll never know. My tournament caddying wound up the next year with the Western Amateur at Seattle Golf club, I caddied for a loser again, and then the Washington State Amateur at Inglewood. My player there was Lee Steil who lost on <sup>FINAL DAY</sup> the 35th hole, match play to Bon Stein. Both were putting so badly that day that either caddy could have won the match if <sup>WE</sup> ~~they~~ had done the putting. But, that is what makes golf the game that it is. I seriously considered professional golf as an occupation, but when you consider that my first 18 holes I scored 143 and not much better many ensuing times out, you know why I didn't.

Other opportunities to earn a little money were always being sought. It was a way of life. Having an early 2 oclock dismissal allowed me to search the job market with an hour and half advantage over the rest of the high school kids. Of course we had to be in class at 8 A.M. in stead of 9, but that seemed no particular hardship as I lived only 3 blocks from Ballard High School. We lived only 1 short block from Salmon Bay Grammer School, and my dad left for work about 7:45 A.M. and besides that didn't I ride to kindergarden with him on the old street cars once in a while? More about that later. One job that I worked at was for Old "Skabootch" his real name was Levy. Mama was the boss of that operation. It was a market, fruit stand, grocery, candy store, with soda fountain, at the corner of 3rd and Madison, very close to the center of the financial district in down-town Seattle. My fathers shop was 2 doors down the street from there. As I said, mama Skabootch waddled about the store giving orders in a loud voice to every one including customers. My job there was general flunkey which included running errands, sweeping, washing vegies, breaking up wooden boxes and crates, and hauling them to their apartment up the hill 3 blocks to be burned as fuel in their apartment stove. There were no paper cartons in those days as yet. Everything came in crates and boxes, and it seemed that this job was endless. As I recall I got 50¢ per day and 2 dollars for all day Saturdays. It was a disgusting job in many ways. She thought she was being very generous to offer me fruit that was too pad to sell, and I couldn't take any of the good stuff to eat. Her grown daughter kept an eagle eye on the soda fountain and candy department. I did swipear occaisional chocolate. Man, those walnut tops were good. Mostly the fare there was, "You vant it some grepes?" the loose ones at the bottom of the crate after all the good bunches and clusters were gone. Then would come the order, "Take him in the back room and crack him up." Well it was a job but my car

Gordon E Bjork



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fare amounted to \$1.00 per week so my net for the weeks work was only \$4.50 which even in those days was pretty lean. Around Christmas time there was work to be had at department stores helping with the Christmas rush. One Christmas I worked in the window at Kress 5 and 10¢ store demonstrating toys. This job lasted only about 10 days right after Thanksgiving. They sold out all of the toys that I was demonstrating. I was glad they did, I was bored with the job and it only paid 20¢ per hour. I went from there over to Livingstons and got a job in the shipping department at 40¢ per hour. After Christmas I got a job running elevator there in the afternoons from 2:30 to 6 P.M. in uniform no less. I really did have a lot of fun on this job, confining though it was with it's ups and downs. I enjoyed the store personal, most of them. I did want to get into the window decorating department, but there was no opening. Many messengers came through my elevator, and one of them, Al Noel, who worked for the Document Delivery Service told me there was a job opening with his company. So I quit Livingstons and went to work for Leon Hazen who owned the Document Delivery Service. Their office was in the Hoge Annex building at 2nd and Cherry. They delivered documents, brokerage papers, credit reports, marine news, invoices, and other papers in routes over the business district, on foot, 5 times a day. It was competition to the mail in a limited area and it was a very successful service operation. So good in fact that I started a like company in Portland in 1929. I was 18 at the time. Within a year I had two messengers working with me and we had a good thing going. We were delivering almost on a special delivery basis, with returns at no charge, at a cost of less than the mail postage.

Things were going along real well until one day a man from the U. S. Mails, an investigator came in and asked for a sample of what we were delivering. We gave him all the information he asked for with full description of our operations. We had been advised by a Portland lawyer that we would not be in conflict with the U. S. Mail service if we didn't carry anything that was sealed. A few weeks later we were advised to cease operations at once, that we were in violation of the Private Express Statutes which are designed to give the U. S. Mail full monopoly. I trotted back up to see my legal advice. He said, "Sonny, you can't buck the U.S. government. If you beat them in court they can change the laws to put you out of business. You are only 19 years old and have gained some valuable business experience. Fold it up. If you don't they can fine you the total receipts of your business." So I did as was advised and moved back home to Ballard. By 1931 the

Great Depression had started in earnest, and jobs were hard to find. I did manage to wangle a job with Piggly Wiggly grocery chain, but they sold out → I was able to get a job with the AAA selling memberships and insurance → to Safeway, and I felt there must be something more promising than that line of work. on a straight commission basis. I had built up my savings to about \$250.

and I figured I could get an on the job training on how to sell. By January 1934 I had used up all my savings and a good sales job opened up selling candy for Brown and Haley. I applied for it and went to work for them March 10, 1934, at \$70. per month. My training with them started out doing "detail" work with a new bar that they were trying to establish. It was called "Fun" bar. It was made of milk chocolate coated toasted flaked coconut, with a chocolate cream patty in the center, sort of a coconut cluster bar with the patty to act as a center. That first day I was instructed to go to Seattle, start at the waterfront and walk up Jackson Street calling on every store, cigar stand, druggist etc that sold gum or candy. I had several pounds of wrapped samples to feed the prospective customers, and 2 cases, 24 boxes of Fun bars in my car to make immediate sales at 80¢ each for 24 5¢ Fun bars. Oh yes, 2 oz. bars then were only a nickel and everybody made a profit on them. I put in a long day. that first day. Each cell

*Work in Seattle*



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was carefully listed on a daily report sheet. When I had finished that long day 4 sheets of daily report forms were used up and I was well into the 5th. Mr. Haley had promised me a new hat if I sold 24 boxes that first day. I did my darndest, but I only sold 11 boxes of Fun bars, and I had made 121 complete calls that first day. This record number of calls was never broken or even approached in the History of Brown and Haley Candy company. Well, I worked detailing Fun bars all over King and Pierce Counties for about 3 weeks when he started me out on the Pierce County "scrub territory." I was married

April 16th and my monthly salary was increased to \$90. per month.

~~THE KATHYMAN MARRIAGE~~ The lovely blue eyed blonde, the girl I always wanted to meet and marry came into my life on a "Gospel Team" exchange with First Swedish Baptist Church in Seattle. I belonged at that time to the 2nd Swedish Baptist Church, which was at that time slightly joined to First church. So we cooperated with their youth group and they with ours. This Sunday night a delegation from First Church assisted in our church service. In the choir was this beautiful blonde girl who I knew by name but had never really met her. That night I met her and decided on her as the one. I had been going out with Gladys Halstrom for several years, she was a school teacher and considerably my superior in just about everything including age, 3 years. I taught her how to play tennis and she soon beat me. I taught her to play ping pong and she soon beat me. I took her out on the golf course to play for her first time and I could see that down the road a few times it would be the same story again. We did wrastle (wrestle) for fun once or twice and she almost pinned me, but here my gentlemanly insticts prohibited me from really putting her down hard and I think I could at this point. Anyhow there was not the real love attraction as far as I was concerned so Gladys was "terminated" in my affections. And, "Hell hath no wrath like the fury of a woman scorned," true, true, true. ~~But we~~ weathered the scorm This was in the late spring of 1932, and that summer in June or July we met again at Burton. She was camp nurse. I had more bumps bruises and scratches to have cared for that week. One night we took leave of the camp promising to be back by 10 P.M. curfew, she being camp nurse gave us extra priveleges. We got into my old 1925 blue Ford coupe and drove a few miles to the ferry dock at Talequah and watched the moon come up. What a romantic spot. We just sat and talked, and maybe dreamed out loud a bit. But I knew that night that I was really smitten, and mind you I hadn't even kissed her yet. I guess I was afraid to spoil it all at that point. And maybe she wasn't ready yet to be kissed either.

*Florence*

I remember taking her home along with Ruth Swanberg in the Ford, that is at the end of the week at Camp Burton. Then I met the Bloombergs. They were a bit reticent to tell Florence that they had to put her old black dog to sleep while she was gone, so there was a bit of sadness then. She soon brightened up perhaps she considered a tall dumb Swede kid a fair exchange for her Blackie.

At any rate I guess things seemed to be started in the new friendship. My work then was still intermitten. I was still struggling with the Auto Club. She had just graduated as a nurse at Swedish Hospital and not yet decided on her work plans mainly because of the depression there was little work to be had in any profession, even nursing. She ultimately did go to work as night supervisor on a floor of the Swedish Hospital at the great salary of \$50. per month, with one day off a week. The hospitals weren't full in those days, people couldn't afford to be sick so her work load wasn't too heavy even though she was the only nurse on duty on her wing, 4th floor north. So I made lots of night trips to the hospital, and often to her home the next afternoon about 4 to awaken her. I am getting ahead of this tale of romance. After returning from Burton 3 couples of us decided to spend an evening and night at the Lindskog cabin at Virginia, across from Lemolo. The guys picked up food at Augustine & Kyer's the Fandy food store down town close to the docks and we met the girls at the boat dock at 5:15 P.M. for the beautiful ride out there. They fixed supper for us after getting there. I remember the lamb chops and petite peas, potatoes and good gravy, with real chocolate eclairs for dessert. Yum yum. That beautiful moonlight evening Florence and I set on the top steps of the bank above the beach and looked at the moon. How beautiful. We talked some and whispered some, it was so still and I kissed her only once, but what a memory with that evening. We boys slept the night in Lindskogs cabin and the girls next door in Wilbur Johnsons cabin. Everything was very "kopacetik" in those days of courtship. Our relationship and love grew through many meetings, picnics, outings, until finally on July 22nd, I popped the question and place a diamond ring on her finger, and we went to Carl and Amy Bergs wedding reception. They were an older couple and I guess Florence's ring was a real exciting event for many there. So we set a date for April 21, 1934, only after I got a sure job with Brown and Haley. I had spent the absolute last of my savings to buy the ring for \$42.00 wholesale. She was working at \$50. per month, but in those days it was a disgrace for a newly married woman to have to work at a job. If a man couldn't support a wife, they didn't get married until he could. So we were married, the first couple in our set to take the step. She belonged to First Swedish Baptist, I belonged the Ballard Swedish Baptist, we were both active in Seattle District Baptist Youth affairs, and knew so many people between us and mutually too. Our wedding was a big one. About 550 ice creams were served and then we ran out at the reception.

I guess it was the largest wedding ever held at that church. Dr. Friborg, pastor of the church, and my uncle, Dr. Elam J. Anderson, president of Linfield College performed the ceremony. Elizabeth Anderson who we met at Burton Summer Assembly who was a good friend to both Florence and me, sang. We also had another friend, Dr. Maxson, also sang. The bridesmaids were, Alice Erickson, Ethel Nystrom, Betty Forsman, and Mildred Anderson. The "grooms men" were brother Eugene, Lyle Hedman, Ellsworth Hedman and --? Getting away from the reception was real fun. After we had greeted all of the guests we intended to duck out the back door but noticed a dear old friend seated in a wheel chair near the front door so we went over to greet her and all of the chasers rushed out the front door to await our emergence and we turned around and went out the back door to the waiting car. There was a chase all around the Broadway district, but using alleys and side streets we eluded the followers and we were left off at the Maxson residence where we had my trusty Hepzibah, 1931 Chev coach parked, and we headed for Portland. We had a flat tire about 3 miles north of Tenino. I got some help at a roadside station to change the tire. When we got to Chehalis at an all night garage we had the tire repaired. We had a cuppa coffee and a ham sandwich while waiting, and then proceeded on to the New Heathman Hotel in Portland. We arrived there about 3 A. M. More details I will not relate.

The next day, Sunday, we were invited to Thure Carlsons, very old family

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-25-

friends of mine, for dinner and a reception with some other Portland friends. It was nice, but about 3 in the afternoon a couple of sleepy people begged to be excused and we went out to the Laraclef Motel at the edge of Vancouver, Washington to continue our wedding trip. From there we journeyed up the north side of the Columbia river, through Goldendale where we spent Monday night. On into Yakima we went spending Tuesday night there. Then through Ellensburg and over Snoqualmie pass to North Bend. At NB we had a little old cabin camp on the Snoqualmie river at a famous camp ground called Maloney's Grove. Wednesday night was spent there and the next day we made it home to Brown's Point Tacoma where we had rented and moved our stuff into a cabin beach home there. The rent was \$8.00 per month in the winter, and \$12. per month in the summer months, and it was partly furnished with beds, tables, chairs, and stove. It had a good fireplace and a large screen in front porch where we slept in the summer times. A real neat place and you couldn't beat the price. We arrived at home to find a big pile of rubbish on the front lawn with a sign "Mount Tacoma," and welcome home bride and groom, thoughtfully provided by friendly neighbors. The next night they had an old fashioned charivaree on us and brought us a big pile of warm wood for the fire and fireplace, plus a silver dollar purse of about \$8, the first months rent. The whole honeymoon trip including the tire repair, gas, hotels, motels, food etc cost less than \$45. Such were prices during the depression years. We lived on less than \$150 per month, paid my travelling expenses with B & H and even made car payments. My first years average income with B & H was \$147. per month, gross, many people make that much per day during these inflated times.

We lived at the honeymoon cottage until a great freeze in February 1935. Every pipe in the house froze and many burst. We were without running water for several days until the thaw which happened one night when we awakened to hear running water. It was running everywhere, and raining warm rain on the snow. I borrowed the neighbors long handled shut off key and was digging around in the snow holding a flashlight in my teeth searching for the main water shut off out by the road. I guess I looked like some kind of a ghoulish grave robber probing around with the shovel. I found it at last and shut off the water. Florence was busy mopping the wet floors and when morning light came we surveyed the situation. It was pretty grim. We decided to move. Dash Point, about 2 miles up the road had a nice cottage for rent for \$20. per month. It was quite a jump in price, but we moved right away. We had closer friends in the neighbors at Brown's Point more fun and sociable, but Dash Point had it's good points too especially the house. So we were very happy there.

For the first year of our married life we continued to be advisers to the High BY at Seattle First Swedish Baptist. It involved too much travel and we gave it up the beginning of 1935 and started attending First Baptist Church in Tacoma.

Looking back on the first year of our married life, we were alone at home only 2 week ends.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BABY JOBS or WORK

One of the "clucking" varieties of dear old ladies of my nodding acquaintance was heard to make the remark, "That Gordon Bjork will never amount to anything, he just goes from one job to another." Well, I guess she was right about the former, and the latter too, except that when she said that, for the next 20 years I worked for one company, then went into business for myself, and 30 years later I am still in business for myself working essentially the same field for the last 18 years. Listed hereafter are some of the work experiences before that time.

During High School years as allr ady related, I earned money peddling papers, caddying, and on a newspaper subscription soliciting crew. This last mentioned had several interesting experiences as well as rewarding training. We had high pressure sales training with a sales talk using the paper as our "turn-over chart" and were advised to sell the paper on it's merit, NOT "THAT WE WERE WORKING OUR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE" approach. We had sales training on Saturday mornings. One such Saturday morning after the session we were all supposed to go down to the YMCA for a swim. One of the fellows had his "dads" car and invited ~~xx~~ 3 of us to ride down to the Y with him. Of course, we eagerly joined him to save about a 12 block walk. I had been out with him in the West Seattle district the night before working the area in his car. When we were about through at 8 P.M. he asked me if I would like to try driving his 1923 Chev. Sure, all I had driven up to that time was a pedal operated Model T Ford. A great opportunity to drive a gear shift car, so I took over for a few blocks. I crunched some gears, and did rather poorly so I turned it back to him. I took a street car back home to Ballard as we were near the south end of the Ballard car line which ran out to Gatewood in those days. But back to the trip down to the Y. He circled many blocks down there with us 3 kids passing many parking places, and we wondered why. Soon we found out when a police car pulled us over to the curb and we were told to get out and come with them in their car down to the police station. There we were questioned one at a time privately, and we all told the same story but mine added the night before experience so about an hour later they let the 3 of us go and kept him. I never did find out what happened to him except that he had a Chev key which fitted all Chevs up to that date and he just borrowed a car that his key would fit and would use it and then leave it. But the cops finally caught up with his "borrowing" I guess that is the only time I came close to getting my name on the police blotter.

Other interesting experiences included meeting many odd people and circumstances. One such happened fairly close to home. It was about 7 P.M. and I rung a door bell, a man came, I launched into my "high powered" sales talk using the full paper to make my presentation. He listened thoughtfully when I finished and asked for the order, there was a round of applause from guests who were there, and a quick response from the man, "Nice job sonny, we allready take the P. I. So no score there. As I said, I earned little money doing this, but the discipline of making myself make the house to house cold calls was good experience which has helped out in my later years of selling.

In my high school senior year I took a class in Retail Selling. This was supposed to open the door for us to work at Christmas time with department STORES, OF COURSE WE HAD TO HUSTLE OUR OWN

stores selling or helping in the Christmas rush. Of course we had to get our own jobs after school and Saturdays. I made the rounds down town and did land a job, at Kress's 5 and 10¢ store, in the window, demonstrating toys. All they had in so cheap a store was imported wind up toys. So I worked there from 3 to 6 P.M. and all days Saturdays. What a job. I did such a good job that in just 10 days they had sold out all of their toys, so they paid me off, it figured out to 20¢ per hour. So I was again on the street and no unemployment insurance in these days. I hustled around and found a job right across the street from Frederick and Nelsems in the shipping room of Livingstons, a very fashionable ladies store at 40¢ per hour. Wow. This job lasted until Christmas, and the income was welcome. After Christmas I guess I went back to caddying for spare money.

**P****&****L****sales company****AMANA**

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JOBS: Great Depression, Auto Club continued:

At that time the Auto Club had branch offices in many small towns in Washington. Some of them were, Bellingham, Everett, Olympia, Chehalis, Vancouver, Ellensburg, Yakima, Wenatchee, all without salesmen. Seattle had about 10, Tacoma one, and the Spokane area under a different AAA "Franchise". These branches without salesmen depended on the secretary there to take care of renewals and any new sales that might walk in off of the streets, besides keeping up to date on touring information, with maps and advice on road conditions. This left an occasional renewal to go after. These were the leads spoken of. Also there was insurance renewals and new sales to go after. In those days, Fire and Theft with Comprehensive cost \$6.00 per year, Public Liability and Property Damage for \$5 to 10 thousand coverage between \$20. to \$30. depending on the size of the car and territory involved. Collision deductible relatively the same. These were board rates, and ~~sales~~ sales paid 15% commission, and the Auto Club returned 25% dividends off of these state board rates. What a contrast today. But then a new car cost between \$600 and \$700 as against 10 times that price today for the same models. Even though I was top man for one year on new sales with AAA I used up my savings to that point, about \$250. in 2 years to supplement my income to keep going in my sales "education."

BROWN AND HALEY

For the next 20 years my work was Brown and Haley. Mr. Haley, my boss, who was in charge of sales was a fine Christian gentleman. He didn't ever compromise with his Christian principles for the sake of making money. He was a 10% tither with his church and I believe that was part of the partnership agreement with Mr. Brown. So working for him he set a good example in his leadership. We had guaranteed salaries I started at \$70. per month and then when I got married and was put on a regular territory I was raised to \$90 per month. Out of this I paid for a new car, paid all my travel expenses which was about 1500 miles per month on the Pierce County territory with Olympia thrown in. Good tires lasted usually less than 20,000 miles so every year wore out a set of tires. So it seemed that we were always making car payments, buying tires, and repairs for many many years, even after Brown & Haley.

I started out on the Tacoma (scrub) territory equiped with 4 trays of candy bar looking samples, and 2 trays of penny goods samples, also looking. We were supplied with eating samples too in very adequate amounts of various items. These 6 trays plus eating samples were in one carrying case which we were expected to bring in on each call to interest the merchants in buying all of their small candy needs from us. B & H made about 20 different 5¢ candy bars at one time. In addition to this they made a full line of chocolates, for both bulk and box selling, and a full line of hard candy, and some panned goods. We could and did supply many a store with their full candy needs. Also I carried 2 big cases with dummy box samples, many with a display pack of chocolates, all cello wrapped. In addition we had many jobbed lines of candy bars we didn't make, Hershey, Baby Ruth, Mars line, O'Henry, etc etc plus chewing gum, and bagged salted penuts. We also had a line of cello bagged ~~goods~~ candies, mostly a 10¢ line. So you see we could totally supply a candy store or a department store candy department. Sounds easy? No, it wasn't. It was depression years. We had to fight the competition, fight the dentists and dieticians. We had many local competitors as well as a few national ones off some lines. Locally we had, Imperial, Helen Ardelle, Parisian, Queen Anne, Canterbury, Weigals, Hamilton, and others. All are gone now or sold out to others, except Brown and Haley.

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I worked a  $5\frac{1}{2}$  day week calling weekly on my routes. Half day Saturday Mr. Haley wanted us to detail new items, some times we did, but mostly we didn't. The bane of my existence during my whole employment was "Daily report sheets" listing details of every call made. I hated it! as I do most detail paper work. From 1934 when I started with a 90 per month salary, I really worked on straight commission and my average monthly earnings the first year were \$147. per month. But remember, we paid all of our own expenses including cost of car, and tires. In those days too it was a disgrace to a man for having his wife working.

I was soon advanced to the Tacoma #1 territory when Martin Donahue died. 2 days a week in down town Tacoma, one in the north end, one in the south end, and one Fort Lewis, McChord Field and Lakewood. In January 1939 Mr. Haley decided to do further work in opening up California. His son Fred had made one trip down that way. So I was sent down there to live in Oakland, and cover the whole state on a 6 week basis, calling on jobbers, department stores, military, and some drug stores. My "salary" was raised to \$300 PER MONTH plus expenses. There was still the possibility of earning commissions above salary and expenses. Travel, 25,000 miles per year wore out tires and cars pretty fast in those days, so I didn't have any net at years end. I guess Mr. Haley got tired of my grouching about the weather, the competition, etcetera, though I did have some real victories selling candy to the military, and he moved me back and over to Yakima in October of 1940.

**P****&****L****sales company****AMANA**

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Insert in JOBS, chronological  
in GREAT DEPRESSION

In 1930, and the closing of the Portland Document Delivery by the U. S. Postal service, I returned to Seattle and lived at home with my mother and brother. The Great Depression was setting in in earnest. There were no jobs to be had. I combed the possible places, with no encouragement. I had a close school friend who was running a one man chain store, part of the MacMarr chain, later bought out by Piggly Wiggly, later bought out by Safeway. He ran a little store on 10th N.E. in Seattle, later on to be named Roosevelt Way. Rudy lived in Ballard, and I still had my blue Ford Coupe, so each day I would drive over there and spend the day with Rudy, helping out, free of course. This was before self service, and I would prebag items, wait on trade at the counter, help restock shelves, wash and prepare vegetables, sweep, etc etc. The company supervisor came around each day to pick up yesterdays cash receipts, and generally eyeball the store operations. Sooner or later he noticed me and asked Rudy about me. So, one day he asked me if I would like a job washing shelves in one of their small stores near 45th and Wallingford, for pay. Of course I would, and the pay was 40¢ per hour. I will always remember that store and washing shelves there. You see, it was company policy to face out all the shelves at night before going home so the shelves looked full and well stocked when people came in. This allowed space behind the merchandise next to the wall or back of shelves. This was a perfect place for mice and rats to highway about the store and there was hard caked evidence of this practice. In fact hard scraping was necessary to remove the offending roden excreta. It was quite a job. As I remember it took about a week. He had another store that needed similar treatment, but before that happened an opening in another busier store occurred and I was given the job there.

There I had good training from a very strict and efficient manager, a Mr. Miller. I worked in the back room stocking, bagging, washing vegies, and ultimately I was given training at the check out stand. This was a Piggly Wiggly self serve store. The training there was sufficient to get me promoted to checker in another store at 85th and Greenwood in Seattle.

Mr. Larson, the manager, was a very portly gentleman, very active in the Eastern Star\* (sort of women's auxiliary to the Masons) His lady members would come in to visit and he would spend endless time visiting with them leaving me with all of the active work. About all he did for the store was to check the till at night, do the ordering, and be manager. What a contrast to Mr. Miller. So I worked very hard there, long hours at \$4.00 per day. I am sure I averaged more than 11 hours a day counting the late nights of monthly inventory etc. Let me say here, that grocery store work in those days was hard work. On your feet 10 hours a day, running back and forth, bagging all your bulk items, tending the vegetable stand, checking out at cashiers stand, and remembering all the prices, nothing was marked in those days, only the shelf. I didn't want to be a grocery clerk or even a manager like Mr. Miller, all my life. The future at that time looked quite unpromising especially under Safeway ownership and management. At that time many of the chain stores were suspect to "shorting" customers in various ways. I never saw any actual instances of same. Perhaps it was rumors started by the worried independants. So I quit and went to work for the AAA Auto Club of Washington when an opening came in their sales department. selling memberships and insurance on straight commission. I had about \$250. in savings at that point, and I wanted to be a salesman. I couldn't go to college even if I had wanted to, so I went to work with them hoping to get an education in salesmanship on on the job training.

Insert in jobs.

Working for the Auto Club was quite an experience in many ways. It was an education in working with people in the office, and a broad spectrum of salesmen who were established with the company. While I was there, 2½ years, we had ~~two~~ sales managers Both very opposite in sales philosophy in their positions. ~~XXXX~~ Alton Williams, the first one was a go go go type. He had us using a canned sales talk with a printed turn over chart, and high pressure approach. This might work in "high pressure" fast talking areas. It did not work in rural areas or even in Tacoma. I ~~had~~ tried this method in Tacoma for a time. Invariably the prospect would ask, "Are you a local man?" Nobody asked that question in Seattle business areas or even residential. Why? Tacoma was a very provincial town in those days. They were suspicious of anyone with a bill of goods coming from Seattle. So I learned to spend time visiting, gossiping, etc. with a prospect before easing into my sales pitch. They quit asking me if I was local. When in Rome, do as the Romans do. I did. It worked better. I started to make progress. About a few months later the local AAA manager and salesman spent all of his time "Dick Smith drinking" so I was assigned the territory as salesman and worked there until 1934. I became better acquainted with the community and learned of an opening that was to happen at Brown and Haley Candy Company. Through a friend and neighbor I met Mr. Haley, and got the job with a guaranteed salary and commission, selling, candy.

Before moving on to Brown and Haley experiences, I must recount a couple of Auto Club experiences. I had teamed up with a man named Harold Feurtado, Toddy for short. We travelled the boon docks together looking for business. We had a few old leads that took us to Eastern Washington. We had little money, no credit cards in existence then, no motels as such, only run down Auto Cabin Camps, rickety sheds with a table, bed, and stove. We hit one I remember south of Goldendale, for \$1.00 per night. There was no bedding, we carried a couple of blankets in my old Ford. and some cooking pots. This sort of life happened where ever we travelled.

As I mentioned we had some old leads to follow up. One was a Mr. Hall, residing at the hotel in Goldendale. We went in and asked the clerk for Mr. Hall. "He AINT in," was the response. We returned later and asked if he was back. "He hasn't CAME back yet!" On the third try I asked, "Has Mr. Hall CAME back yet?" "I haven't SAW him," was the final reply. We never did see him.

Another time when I was above Wenatchee alone this time and staying at Omak for a day, one of the leads was in Nespalem, 48 miles east, an Indian Agency, and village on the Columbia River about where Grand Coulee Dam was to be built. It was December, cold but clear. The road over ~~there~~ was a wagon road, and to average 25 miles per hour over the hills, arroyos, around buttes etc. was very good time in those days. I made it over there, saw the person I looked for, renewed his membership, made \$3.00 commission that day. I left there at dusk to return to Omak, I hoped, I saw only one car the whole distance of 48 miles return. The night was clear but dark. My faithful Ford ran okeh and I must say I was tremendously relieved when I broke over the top of the hill entering Omak and saw the few lights down below. The Omak Hotel was there with a pot bellied stove in the middle of the lobby to heat the whole hotel. They had about 8 rooms total, and only half full so I got a room for the night with a bed and clean bedding, terlet down the hall, and a basis and pitcher in the room. The whole trip for that week I took in about \$12. drove about 700 miles. I didn't spend much money for food. Coffee and 2 donuts was about 10¢, ham and eggs toast and coffee with fried potatos, about 30 to 40¢. Hot beef sanwich with potatos and gravy 20¢. Big stak of hots 15¢ coffee 5¢. So it was in those depression days.

On my way home on one Wenatchee trip, I met an old lady that wanted a ride to North Bend. I told her that my Ford had a window out on one side, and the only heat was through the open floor boards against the engine. But she wanted to get to North Bend real badly and offered to pay half the gas if I would take her. I did, and when we got to Nort Bend I bought gas before letting her off. It took 4 gallons, 80¢, she paid 40¢. Boy those were depression days.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MY DAD

May 20th, 1886, in the city of Gefle Sweden was born Carl Helmer Andrew Bjork, my father. He went through 6 grades of school, learned the trade of a tailor. His mother, my grandmother died about 1900. His father had a stroke sometime after he had remarried to a girl young enough to be his daughter. In fact this girl was my father's girl friend and his father took her away from him and married her, making his girl friend his step-mother. This didn't work at all as she was very mean to my father and uncle Ellis too. I guess the feeling was mutual and dad and Ellis did their best to make life "interesting" for her. It got to the point that dad left home and came to America about 1906, perhaps a little before that date. Ellis came with him. This is about the total extent of my information on his early life before coming to America.

When in New York he was asked to sing in Grand Opera there, he had a tremendous natural baritone voice, but he was not interested in that sort of career, and hearing the advice prevalent at that time, "Go West young man, Go West," he did so. How he happened to get to Des Moines Iowa I am not sure, but while he was there he attended a Swedish Baptist Church service and spotted my mother in the choir and decided that was The One he wanted most. How long was their courtship I don't know but it did end in marriage February 28th, 1908. They would have married on the 29th but that was Saturday night and it would have been hard to get the church ready again for Sunday morning service.

When I visited Sweden in 1959 I visited with relatives in Soraker, Sundsvall, where most of his family lived. One of his step brothers, Sigurd Bjork, who ran a grocery store in Soraker, took us to the Baptist Church there where dad attended and was Baptized. I guess that is the reason for attending the Swedish Baptist Church in Des Moines. I sure am glad he did.

I really didn't know my dad as a pal and best friend, but in a more distant way with respect and admiration. We never played games together. He never read to us when we were little kids. I can't remember ever even climbing up on his lap for cuddle or comfort. Any discipline needed was always administered by mother. He did pull my ears once in a while to call me to attention when needed. We never went fishing together. I guess he was too busy making a success of his tailoring business.

When business was slow in the shop he would take a box of woolen sample cards out into the logging camps and sell the loggers new suits. He was a good salesman. A friend could walk into his shop to pass the time of day and go out with a new suit ordered and perhaps a new overcoat too. He belonged to the Chamber of Commerce, sang in their male chorus, the Amphion Male Chorus, Svea Male Chorus, Swedish Culture Society, Swedish Club, and sang in the choir of the First Swedish Baptist Church of Seattle where he was a member. At his funeral which was held on Sunday October 4, 1926, the church was quite full. I remember the Chamber of Commerce Chorus singing "Lead Kindly Light" Music and people were a very big part in my dad's life. He had a very good record collection of classical music, mostly vocal because orchestras did not record very well in those days of acoustical recording. He was very much in demand as a soloist. There were very few pay jobs in those days. He was a self taught musician with no formal training, perhaps a bit of coaching from his accompanists. Very very few people made a living off of music in those days. How I wish I had just one recording of him.

My dad's death seems very untimely now that I look back on it. Of course God in His will and plans allowed it. I am sure there was much prayer especially from my mother who knew from the ~~start~~ findings of the exploratory operation that his case was terminal. I didn't know this until after my mother died. Aunt Lilly told me that the doctor had told my mother there was little or no hope for recovery. Also at the time of his last days Aunt Lill's pregnancy with Clifford became known to him, and he asked her if she had a boy coming to "replace him." I guess the cause of his trouble started in June of 1926. There was a Merchants Exposition on the long dock of Pier 41 at Smith's Cove Seattle. There was no lighting on the pier where all cars were parked. When he came out to find his car he stumbled over a large timber laying there on the dock and apparently ruptured his lower intestine and bowel. Uncomfortable symptoms started shortly after that. He treated with several doctors at that time but none knew what to look for. Finally a "stomach specialist" decided the only way they could determine what the problem was was to open him up. This was done. A well advanced case of peritonitis was found and undoubtedly caused by leakage of the intestine. A colostomy was performed with the faint hope that the infection of the peritoneum would clear up. There was no sulfa drugs in those days to fight infection, it was 1926 and all diagnostic procedures were much less than in recent years. So he suffered terribly with even regular shots of morphine only temporarily relieved him. He died on October 1, 1926, the day he told us he was going to get up and be well. He was 40 years old that year.

Mother took his death very very hard indeed. They had been married only 18 years. She didn't sit around feeling sorry for herself but kept busy working full time and carrying on the church and Eastern Star activities. She never found anyone in the next 31 years to interest her sufficiently to get serious with. She had many many friends and a beautiful Christian spirit.

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(My mother)

Esther Susannah Anderson, was born in Chicago, April 2nd 1888. How do I remember that exact year date, because my dad was born 2 years earlier, 1886. That year is easy to remember because there was a fine cigar made and advertised as 1886, a good tobacco year I guess. What a way to remember such an important year as 1888. Mother would have been one hundred years old as of this writing date and she has been gone now 34 years and my dad gone 62 years. Wow, how time flies. Mother was born into the Victor Anderson family. She was 2nd in a family of 3 girls and 3 boys. I am not sure how long she lived in Chicago, I know her family moved once or twice before moving to Des Moines Iowa. She met my father there as related previously in this epistle. She became Mrs. Helmer Carl Andrew Bjork on February 28, 1908, and moved with dad at once to Seattle. They rented a house in Tuckwila where my brother was born June 29, 1909, and I was born in February 23 1911. During that 20 month span mother took a trip with Eugene back to Des Moines to see her family. Dad said it was needed to get over the loneliness of the separation from them. That was the only time she was separated from dad except the summer she took Eugene and me to Wyoming and was gone from about 8 weeks. She and dad were a very devoted and affectionate couple. His pet name for her was "Skinny," which she definitely wasn't. She was about 5'8" and over 200 she wouldn't tell when asked. But she never let her weight weigh her down. She was a great "bustler" and efficient in her movements.

She was a good cook, home maker, gardener she did it all, seamstress and tailor, (she made all our clothes even though dad was a tailor). She made the worlds best pies, using lard for flakey crusts, every kind and variety, all the best. On Saturdays she would bake for the week, bread and busquits, some times coffee breads. Cookies and cakes were often made during the week, and pies whenever! Mother played the piano passably well, and often played for dad and they practiced together for his special solo singing. She also sang alto very well, in choirs, quartettes, and other special choruses, like the Eastern Star. She was somewhat active in Eastern Star and they helped to fill the great void when dad died. She was also active in First Swedish Baptist Church in down town Seattle until she died except for the last 2 or 3 years after the church split down there. She was member of Ballard Baptist at the time she died.

After dad died in 1926 she devoted her full time to earning a living working as a seamstress, and also doing finishing work in dads old tailor shop. Her earnings were modest. For a while she worked for a Clara Huhndorff. She was a real character, an old maid, Christian Scientist, made pilgrimage by bus to Boston, the mother church, every year. She left mom to care for things in her dress making shop. She was often weeks behind in paying mother, and mother would come home with real humorous stories of her operations of the shop and customers. I know that mother was quite a stabilizing influence in her life. Clara was a real odd ball.

In her later years she lived with Aunty in Ballard. Her death was caused by recurring cancer which first developed in her breasts. She had a radical mastectomy which she survived by 3 years when brain tumor developed.

Her deterioration from the brain tumor condition started with a loss of balance at times, then headaches. Examination indicated tumor on the brain, with the ~~the~~ only procedure possible was a "trifine" operation which was a very major operation. This she elected not to go through. Her deterioration seemed quite rapid after that diagnosis, and soon it was necessary to go to a nursing home. Constant heavy headaches did not respond to usual pain medications and they tried hormone shots which did give her relief. As I remember she was there about 6 weeks to 2 months. One evening we got a call from there advising us to come at once. Her lungs were filling up, "old peoples pneumonia" and decision had to be made, whether to rush her to hospital to pump out her lungs. This would have extended her life maybe a few weeks. She of course was against it as were we. My brother Eugene was in town, I phoned him. He arrived in time to bid her goodbye and she slipped away to her Heavenly Father, and reunion with her ~~da~~ Helmer, and the rest of her family which had gone on before. Her relationship with her Heavenly Father was close indeed.

Mother was in encourager, close friend, helper to so many people. No matter where she was or where she worked she made friends. As a mother to Eugene and me she was the best. She instilled in us many things to benefit our character. Discipline was administered when needed by her saying in a stern way "Gordon, get me my stick!!" She kept a short willow switch behind the stove. A few stinging licks to our legs was the punishment. It was never necessary to tell dad about it. When he felt we were deserving of some uppance we got a sharp pull on our ear, immediately. So we had a happy home even after dad died.

By today's standards, those were indeed very modest times, and it was vitally necessary to be frugal. We were on a cash basis in everything, the only extension of credit asked was the mortgage. I don't know what the monthly payments were but I do know the house cost them \$2,900. It was fairly new then, and on today's market in that modest part of Ballard it surely would bring about \$75,000. So to live on about \$1,800 per year and raise a family, thrift and frugality was the order of the day.

Mother had chickens which she hatched, raised, collected eggs, and killed when laying years were over, cleaned, plucked, de-gutted and dressed. So we some times had stewed chicken and dumplings on Sundays. Fried chicken was a real treat once in a while. These were young roosters. When it was necessary to replace the "head" rooster in the flock, mother couldn't handle such a fiesty bird, and she would have Mr. Lundberg the milkman who came every day to the decapitating. Some fun, watching the big bird running around with his head off.

Mother had a very long luxuriant head of hair which she combed out each day. She saved the hair that came out of the tangles and put it aside. When she had enough she would take it to a lady who made switches, hair pieces. These mother sold on 2 times that I remember for about \$15. each. The first \$15. was used to by her Kodak, the first improvement over the Brownie box cameras. The 2nd time a switch was sold to buy a china cupboard where she kep Dunday dishes and other precious gifts of china etc.

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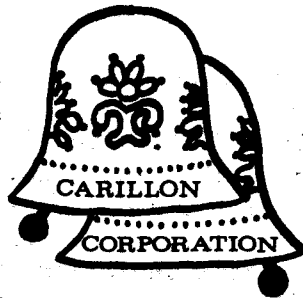
(Lemolo etc)

I guess there has been quite a lot written of the "Mosquito Fleet", its romance from the very earliest arrival of steam boats on Puget Sound so I won't go into any of that except to mention that my earliest ride on one of the fleet was in 1915. It all came about with the wedding of my father's brother, my uncle Ellis Bjork. Ellis came to this country at the same time my dad did about 1906 or 07. He lived with us in Ballard for several years. I remember he had the front bed room, the guest room, and my mother painted the iron beadstead pink because Ellis liked pink. Well anyhow, he lived with us, and he put up with my brother and me and I know he liked Eugene better than me probably because he was a gooder kid, not getting into so much trouble. More later about this relationship. I don't remember wedding preparations, but the earliest portion of that wedding night came, in the big beautiful home of the bride, Lillian Jacobson at Lemolo, the ceremony was over and I guess I had fallen asleep on an old style leather "Psychiatrists" couch, and they didn't awaken me when the ice cream was served! I missed it! 1915 ice cream was a very very special treat, and I guess I never did forgive them for that mischance. There being no way out of that place except by boat, I guess the bride and groom roosted or rested somewhere on the premises. Anyhow I was too little then to know about those things. I never did hear. But, the next morning the bride and groom and many of the guests with our family got on the boat about 7 for the ride into Seattle. I am not sure which of the Mosquito fleet it was, probably the Athlon, and what a merry ride we had to town stopping at all of the docks on the way in and of course many of the people on the boat knew the bride and her parents having grown up along that route, and also having ridden the boats back and forth to Seattle weekly for her high schooling, and later not quite so often to Normal School at Bellingham. It was a memorable ride on the Athlon and the beginning of my love affair with the Puget sound steamers. We visited Lemolo many many times the next 40 years. Every ride back and forth until the steamers fell victim to the auto ferries was fun and excitement. There were tuglines that ran and raced between the docks along the route. The farmers owned a boat cooperatively, and the Kitsap Company was the rival until Capt. Peabody and his Black Ball Ferry lines bought out the Kitsap Company. There would be a race each time, and each way. Both steamers about the same speed, the slower one sometimes able to miss a dock to catch up on the other one. The farmers boats were the Athlon, Liberty, and some charter steamers when the boats had to be dry docked. The Kitsap company's main steamer on that run was the Hyak. It was substituted once in a while by a sister ship, Bremerton. Both were a bit faster than the Athlon but a mite slower than the Liberty. It was lovely in the early morning in summer times to hear the boats leave Poulsbo together and make the stops with whistles at each dock, Sherman, Scandia, Pearson, Lemolo, Virginia, Keyport. Several warning whistles were sounded before leaving Poulsbo which many of the farmers for miles around used for wake up signals. Then on from Keyport to Agate pass and Seabold, Seabold dock, sometimes a stop in the middle of the pass to pick up a passenger from a boat rowed out from shore before getting to Suquamish. Thence to Indianola, into Fort Madison, and from there to Seattle with the engineer really "pulling back the ears" in a long reach to Seattle. Real fun. On cooler days it was fun to be down in the engine room by the galley watching the triple expansion steam engines doing their thing. Some times a piece of pie from the galley if the cook had an extra one.



Lemolo had many other memories too besides the steamers. The Jacobsons moved up there from Portland about 1900. Lilly their first born was my aunt. Her slightly younger brother Maldor used to be sort of a friend to my brother and me even though he was about 10 years older and was around there in our early days there. He did join the navy during the 1st World War so we didn't see him for some long intervals. The Jacobsons bought a little country store at that dock, kept the dock and float in repair to be served by the steamers. They traded with the Indians from the Suquamish Indian reservation, and with 8 or 15 small farmers around there as well as summer campers in the summer time. Pa Jacobson had been a cook and owned a small restaurant in Portland, Oregon. He had some kind of health problems I think, and the doctor told him to get out of the unhealthly environment of a restaurant kitchen or he wouldn't live long. So they moved to Lemolo. They had about 25 acres, 300 feet of beach front. They farmed, sold produce, milk, groceries, kerosene, gasoline, etc. They supplied their store with veggies and fruits berries in season, also milk. They had a good life, a big house, good farm, access to things they needed at their own store. Grandma did all of the milking even after Paw died at 77. And he wasn't supposed to live very long, maybe he wouldn't have in Portland. He got his first car about 1922 I think, it was a black Studebaker touring car, like the Seattle police used. It had 6,000 miles on the car, and my dad bought it for him. He never did learn to drive it, it was too big for him. Uncle Ellis would drive it around for them on Sundays; he was out there every week end. He later on got a 1926 Model T Ford Roadster. He did a little better with that, although Lilly told us that when he drove it to Poulsbo, 4 miles up the road, he had to have one of his friends ther to turn it around for him. The streets were narrow, and no handy block to go around. Here again Ellis had to service it for him every time he came out there. He just had no savvy about machinery. He was on the school board for N. Kitsap county and he really was very conscientious about his responsibilities there. When they build a new high school in Poulsbo he was up there almost every day keeping an eye on the contractor and he did trip him up on several items he tried to short change school building on. When he was in Portland on a visit when I was working down there about 1928 I was offered a ride home to Lemolo with him. Of course I took it. Wow, I thought it would be my last ride. He sat pretty much in the center of that narrow front seat of the Ford roadster, pulled back the ears, gas and spark, started up old 99, out every corner on the inside, blind or not, it was a very crooked road for the most part. But God had other plans for us both I guess because we made it home. We stalled twice, the motor seized up a few miles before getting to Poulsbo. We let it cool off and started up again and eventually made it home. We told our troubles to Ellis who happened to be there. He checked the oil level, and not a drop came out. And we didn't ruin the motor. His driving around those old country roads certainly was talk of the family. He did lead a charmed life it seems, he had a running sore on his leg for most of the years of his life, and when he first checked it with the doctor, he was told, "It must be amputated, you wont live more than a year or two unless you do." Well, he lived past 77 and then died from something else in the hospital. A Swedish Baptist Church was started in Lemolo, but the preacher was a real "blue nose" dogmatic, nobody got along with him, the church dwindled and died, so Paw started rowing across to Pearson to the Swedish Baptist Church there, and so they did for many years. Grandma wouldn't ride around the bay with him so she rowed with him, and if he didn't go, like to Ladies Aid, she would row across and back by herself. She was a spunky gal. This accounting of Lemolo certainly wouldn't be complete without devoting some time to Freida Jacobson, a real life "Rockwell" character.

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Lemma continued:-

I am sure if Nerman Reckwell had ever met or even seen Freida Jacobsen we would have painted her and put her on a Saturday Evening Post cover, in her big warm kitchen cooking at her big wood range, or coming down from the barn with two pails of milk to be cooled and separated, or having coffee with "pa" or an occasional itinerant Swedish Baptist preacher. All of the preachers in the conference knew her hospitality.

She left Sweden as a young woman, not before she had developed some cooking skills, she had cooked for royalty there. The story is told that when she decided to emigrate to this country she had to get permission from the local pastor of the State Church of Sweden, (Lutheran). She called at the pastors office and there were two or three fellow pastors gathered there for a meeting of some sort. When she opened the door of the office she could scarcely see across the room so thick and blue was the cigar smoke from the men there. She was a Baptist but it still was necessary to get permission from the local pastor. He knew she was not an active member of his flock, so he asked her, "Freida, are you a Christian?" She took a quick look through the cigar smoke and replied, "I am a Christian, are you?" Well, I guess he was glad to get her out of the community because he did sign the necessary papers. She always called them as she saw them. Titles or degrees meant nothing to her, and she pretty well classified most of the preachers and ministers that dropped in there for a meal or lodging. She and pa averaged more than 15 cups of coffee per day and lived to a healthy ripe old age. There was real cream and sugar in every cup tee so I guess that accounted for some of the nourishment intake for both. She was a great cook, especially breads and cookies. As previously noted, she was very reticent to ride with pa in the old Ford roadster. I don't blame her for that, he certainly had a strong vigilant guardian angel, and no traffic out there in those days, and he never succeeded in running far enough off the road to get into serious trouble. One day, probably in November she wanted to go to Ladies Aid over across the bay at Pearsons. So she dressed up, took her bible and gloves, walked down about 20 steps to the beach where they kept their 12' skiff tied right under the deck, pushed it into the water, and rowed the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile across the bay to Pearsons. No problem. In due time she came rowing back, pulled the boat until the bow hit the beach, got up to walk to the back seat where she had her bag and bible, and something happened, the boat tipped and she fell into the water about 3 feet deep. Pa was standing on the deck right above her watching, maybe laughing? She picked herself up out of the water with bible and bag, shook herself like a wet leghorn chicken and marched up the steps and on up to the house. Not bad for a woman in her late seventies. Freida lived on after pa died, but moved into town and lived with Aunt Lilly and my mother whom were both widowed. She lived past 90. On her 90th birthday Lilly and my mother gave her a very nice party with many old friends and neighbors there. When it was all over and the last of the coffee put down, she thanked all there for coming and said to Lilly her daughter, "I hope I can give as nice a party for you when you are 90." I think she meant it too. Some time after that I guess she was feeling near the end, and she made funeral arrangements, even to telling Lilly how much to pay the pastor, Donald Petersen, for conducting the services, \$30. (The usual honorarium was \$10 in those days) She wanted me to sing "Children of the Heavenly Father" in Swedish, and The Lily of the Valley, \$5.00.

With all final arrangements made she was content. Oh yes, she had been thinking over the arrangements and told Lilly, "\$30. is too much for to pay Paster Petersen, make it \$27.50." So it was decided. A few days later she called my mother to her bedside and said, "Esther, be sure to fix my hair up nice." A little while later her eyes were closed in the end of her long, useful, interesting life here, and Eternity with the God she loved began over There. She was a real Christian and lived it every day with total honesty.

There were many incidents of her forthrightness and self sufficiency as when her beloved cow kicked her and she broke an arm. Pa couldn't milk and wouldn't ever learn, he took care of the farm and the store. So for the next 6 weeks she had to depend on a neighbor to come over and milk Sally twice a day. I am sure she was up in the barn with her arm in a sling comforting the cow. Then there was the time one of the summer residents came to the house for eggs or something. While she was getting the eggs for him, he picked a couple of apples. When he went to pay her for the eggs at an agreed price of 30¢ a dozen, she asked for 35¢. He asked, "How come, the price is 30¢" She replied, the extra 5¢ is for the 2 apples you picked. She would have given him a bag full if he had asked.

#### Our summers at Lemele

Of course my brother and I were very tickled any time we could spend at Lemele, it meant a boat ride. In the early days when the farmers owned a boat we almost always took the Athlen. There was the inevitable race with the Hyak, and it being a bit faster almost always pulled into Suquamish before the Athlen could get there. From there on the one who got there last was last to arrive at Lemele. Hyak went into Port Madison, Athlen ran over to Indianola before getting to Suquamish. Sometimes this made up the difference to arrival at Suquamish. From there to Poulsbo there was no leap frogging. These trips were so enjoyable. We tattered around all over the boat, leaning over the bow or stern until we got too cold, then we would go to the engine room and warm up. One very early summer probably about 1916 our parents rented the room over the store for a week or two. Only those who were ever in such an old fashioned general grocery store can appreciate the smells and charm of going through the back room with its good smells, cheese, coffee, molasses, potatoes, all mixed with the aroma of an oiled floor, can appreciate this description. Oh yes, candy came in wooden pails then, chocolate drops, licerice drops, sugar creams, etc, all added to the charm, even though we were warned not to touch any opened buckets of same. Of course we obeyed warning, and nobody was the wiser. Another summer about 1920 we spent more of the summer there living with the Veriges. They were neighbors to Jacobsens and offered to keep Eugene and me for a week or so. It was a good time but I do remember getting sick one day, and Mrs. Verige said, "I think he is a bit hemeshiek." Maybe I was, but I was sick to my stomach too. Other neighbors there had several daughters. The youngest, Alice Nerum, and I played together. She was 8 or nine, the same as I. Bathing on the beach was fun. One day that will be long remembered, in my innocence I suggested taking off our bathing suits and running into the water for a quick duck. She had no brother, I had no sister, and as I said we were both very innocent about such things, and she thought it a good idea, so we did. In later years Alice and I had many a warm laugh about the incident.

Sometime later probably about 1923 we started spending our Thanksgiving at Lemele. What a time of feasting, and afterwards greening from overeating. Sometimes we would take a walk down the beach to the point where smelt fisherman would set their nets. It was fun and often we brought home fresh smelt for eating the next day. We kept this up until about 1955. Then we moved to Aunties for Thanksgiving for many years.

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Clubs, Fraternities, Lodges, etc.

Although I never have thought of myself as a "joiner," looking backwards through my years it would appear that perhaps I was a joiner. My earliest recollection of wanting to join anything was at about 10 years or earlier, I wanted to join the Boy Scouts, and I even went to a couple of scout meetings. This was at the end of the 1st World War, and my father said an emphatic "NO!" The reason? He was sure it would lead to military training and that we would be the first ones called up if we had another military conflict. I guess our unpreparedness for that conflict caused a great deal of hardship for all new recruits. Then too the Swedish counter part of the Boy Scouts did lead into later military training which was compulsory in Sweden. So it was out with the Scouts.

My mother would have been willing for my brother and I to join the LTL. She was an early member of the WCTU, Womens Christian Temperance Union who were the main impetus in passing the 18th Amendment. The LTL was the childrens branch, Loyal Temperance League. I didn't wanna.

Of course we had various clubs in our Young Peoples activities in the church but not really clubs as such.

After the many short jobs after leaving high school, and my ill fated experience with the Document Delivery Service as detailed earlier in this account, and I worked in various locations for the AAA, I finally landed in Tacoma Office with about the best possibilities of improving my income there, replacing an alcoholic who drank himself to death. I was thrust into the middle of down town Tacoma and officed in the same building as the Young Mens Business Club. This I joined for business reasons. I benefited a great deal from this group of guys, and besides helping business my knowledge of "the territory" was helped out a great deal. They had lots of entertainment opportunities and I entered into many of these doings with my singing etc. It was from the YMBC that I received the lead to the job with Brown and Haley Candy Company which lasted for 20 years.

Prior to my coming to Tacoma I did belong to 2 singing groups in Seattle. The Seattle Orpheons and Acappella Choir, which was a ladies group which added some men singers to make the A Choir. This was when acappella singing was having a new growth and interest. I later joined the Ralston Male Chorus in Seattle, but that was after moving back there in 1949.

During my sojourn in Tacoma I joined the Orpheous Male Chorus and sang with them for quite a few years. They had a double quartette in which I sang 1st tenor. During the 2nd World War years I also sang in the Sibelians, a quartette of quartettes, led by Fritz Berntsen. "The best since the Don Cossaks" was our aim. We fell far short through. Then there was the Kiwanis Glee Club, an adjunct of the Kiwanis Club which I had moved into after joining sales staff of Brown and Haley. These singing groups were really held together by association and fraternity more than music excellence.

During these early career years of course the great depression governed a lot of our actions and ~~many~~ endeavors to get ahead. Such a club was the Mantle Club. It was represented early members and was structured on a "pyramid" basis. The very lowest numbers in the membership were those who were to benefit most for all of the \$ benefits of belonging to the club. The man who talked me into joining was just as gullible as all of the other members except perhaps a few, the top 10 in the inner circle. I am sure that Andy Langford of Olympia, a druggist and one of my good customers who was a buyer in a small drug chain, really thought he was doing me a great favor in presenting me the opportunity of joining the Mantle Club.

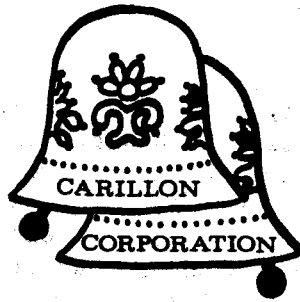
I lived in Tacoma at the time and was assigned to a group of guys living close to my home. We had 10 in a group with a group leader, with a lower number, there were 10 groups in a division, and 10 divisions in a section, and 3 sections making up 3,000 members. It cost \$20. to join, and in those days that was several days pay. We met weekly in our groups and discussed subjects of Ethics and Character in a very sober way. None of the usual fraternity at any of the meetings. Once a month we drove to Seattle for the 3 section monthly meeting when we paid our dues, \$2.00 in paper money. There were lots of silver dollars in circulation in those days and the treasurer was aware that the burden of \$6,000 silver dollars to paper money was specified. 100% attendance of each division was highly acclaimed, as was of course 100% payment of dues. Each monthly meeting we received merit points when we paid our dues. These were to be guarded and accumulated because each was to be worth "many times the \$2. each one represented" Also there were many inferences of developments in MC nationally of buying power, cooperatives, dividends etc etc. but the only thing that ever developed were a few cooperative depots around the country where you could buy groceries at market prices but each month after operations had overcome original setting up costs, there would be dividends declared. I never saw any even though I did make a couple of trips to buy groceries there. Along about that time "Full" membership was made available to the faithful. This cost an additional ~~tax~~ \$15. which was to pay for the Mantle, you wore for these full member meetings. A "hokus pocus" secret initiation was part of the rituals of becoming a full member. But we didn't get to keep these blue and black satin mantles but they were "stored" at the meeting place, a Knights of Columbus hall. So I don't know how many full members wore my mantle. All of the time the faithful members were collecting their merit points and carefully hoarding them for that great \$ day of dividends. As I remember about that time H. B. Monjar, our National President and founder of MC was being investigated by IRS. It was learned by all at that time he also had founded the ill fated Decimo Club, another pyramid club operation which collapsed when members got restive for dividends. Also about that same time H. B. Monjar died suddenly. The next in line tried to keep Mantle Club alive and operating, but too many dumb turkey members like me got tired of waiting and gradually dropped out. The club kept on for a few years and finally I heard no more of it. Really about the only good any members got out of it was many lectures on Ethics, and Character. I am sure it did some good there. but certainly not in the way the faithful 100,000 or so members expected. You did have to have some ethics and good character to join and there is a danger of being too ethical, or to have too many fine characteristics. Too much for the Mantle Club. No regrets 40 years later.

Kiwanis Club I joined purely for business reasons. My only expense was the cost of a weekly luncheon. Brown and Haley paid my initiation fee as well as my annual dues. It is a good club for those men who needed it. I enjoyed my membership and fellowship there. It was sometimes referred to during the War years as the "4 F Club" You may remember the term as applied to the guys who were drafted and didn't qualify physically for military servie. There certainly were 4 Fs in Kiwanis as well as many other clubs at that time, But in this case 4 F meant fun, fraternity fellowship, and FISH. Meat was rationed even to hotels and restaurants, so we had much fish. Kiwanis Glee Club directed by my old friend Doyle Watt was a very enjoyable group. We sang quite well together and certainly much more fun than other singing clubs I have mentioned. When we moved to Seattle in 1950 I dropped out of Kiwanis.

The Masonic organization I joined and paid my dues, \$4. per year for 25 years. I am sure the last 15 of thos years I did not attend a single meeting. My reason for joining was that my father had belonged to it, my brother joined it when he was sent to the Phillipines as a Baptist Missionary, mainly for the protection it offered against persecution by Catholics in the P. I. I only became a Master Mason, the 3rd degree, the blue lodge as it was called. The rituals were meaningless to me so I really lost all interest.

(churches next)

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#### Churches and choirs

Undoubtedly the most inspirational, uplifting, thrilling, almost overwhelming singing experience had to come when I am well into my 72nd year, and well past my prime as a singer, and definitely "over the hill". How, why, where, are natural questions to ask. It was being in the front center of a 4,400 voice choir, accompanied by two splendid musicians, greatly amplified organ and piano at the new Tacoma Dome at a choir practice no less, singing in unison, the first song we sang together, ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS NAME. I was singing at the top of my voice as loud and joyous as I could, with all that great choir doing the same, directed by Cliff Barrows. How wonderful, how great it was, it put me in mind of that Great Day in Heaven, when millions will be singing perhaps the same song!!! Lord haste that day!! The whole week, Saturday night May 21st 2 full hours of practice, then Sunday and every night through Sunday May 28th 1983. What a great week it was. Each night the Tacoma Dome was filled with more than 25,000 people, the top night was 29,500, with an average of more than 1,000 per night making decisions for Christ. What a moving experience it was. The prayer and preparation for the crusade was tremendous with 503 churches in this area cooperating to bring this about. Toward the end both Beth and I started to feel a bit tired, but after singing the first song there God supplied strength and joy to lift us all. I am sure I will always remember this event, even in Heaven.

#### CHURCHES CHRONOLOGICALLY

Early Sunday school has already been related, and it was at Beth any Baptist where I was baptised and joined as a member that I sang my first solo in church. I think this must have been before I was a member. At any rate I guess it was at DVBS that I learned a little couplet and was asked to sing it for morning service. I readily assented and spurned piano accompaniment offered. The song, which has not endured thru the ages as a classic want like this:

The vile old booze joints, that make so many drunk,  
It is an awful curse, worse than any skunk.  
Why don't you Christians knock it down kerplunk,  
And keep old Ballard dry!!

I hope this didn't contribut in any way to the split in the church referred too earlier, but some time after this event we joined the Ballard Swedish Baptist later changed ~~to~~ Second Swedish Baptist. At about 13 years I started singing Alto in the choir. My voice hadn't chaged yet, and I wouldn't sing as low as the tenors then. The only choir director there I remember was a Mrs. Wall. I do remember some of the songs we sang. One was a sort of quasi religious word setting to the Beautiful Blue Danube.

The next church remembered with choir was the Portland First Baptist Church. Professor Wilder was the director there of the whole music program. It was a great program for those days. The church had an orchestra, a good song leader and about 30 in the choir. The had a half hour program before preaching every sunday night and the church was well filled. Then came the offering and a good sermon by Dr. Villers. As I recall they had a paid quartette so I didn't sing any solos. It was fun being part of that church with its good music program.

FORMERLY SWEDISH B.

Returning to Seattle in 1931, I picked up where I left off at Central Baptist Church. Of course I joined the choir there and enjoyed several years of singing with them. In 1934 when Florence and I were married in that church my work took me to Tacoma and we attended and joined First Baptist there. They had a fair choir there under direction of Ernie Shepherd. It has been said the Music Committee of a church is the war department of the church and this has shown itself to be true ~~in~~ several times. Here was one such time. Shepherd had his "has been" limitations and eventually was replaced by our good friend W. Doyle Watt who we had met at Burton in 1933. Doyle did a good job developing music in the church. Walter Mackoskey was pastor then, but somehow we gradually moved over to the Conference church. This was brought about because Brown and Haley Candy company transferred me to cover the state of California. We settled in Oakland for 18 months. Joined the Lakeside Baptist Church there, a conference church, and of course I sang in the choir there. The music department was dominated by the organist and the choir director, neither one very competent but they lasted while we were there. I didn't like California very much and I guess Mr. Haley tired of my grouching so they moved us up to Washington, to Yakima to replace a salesman in that territory that had gone "sour". In the middle of the year in 1942, beginning of the war, all B & H salesmen were called into the plant, there was no need for selling then due to sugar shortages. We had joined the First Baptist Church of Yakima and enjoyed the ministry of Dr. Ralph Johnson there, and their large family, but I didn't get around to singing in the choir. So back to Tacoma and to Central Baptist Church, Bror Lundgren was pastor. The choir was very mediocre there so there was no inspiration to sing there, but I did Sunday evenings, and Sunday mornings too until I was hired as tenor in a professional quartette, paid to sing at First Congregational Church. We were directed and coached by Doyle Watt. We sang good stuff, well, but ultimately the church had to give up on paying for their music there, such was the condition of church finances, so few people were coming to services.

1949 Brown and Haley's Seattle salesman suddenly died so I was moved to the Seattle territory, their #1 territory. We rejoined Central Baptist in Seattle, and happily joined their good choir under direction of Don Thulene. He is now Spokane Symphony director, and he was a very fine director. The pastor there who had just been called was Earl Jensen. This account of our short stay there is too lengthy and even traumatic to relate here. A separate book could be written about the 2 years it took him to wreck that church. It got so bad that one Sunday in the middle of a communion service our whole family, all 5 of us got out. We never set foot in that church again. About 2/3rd of the church ultimately left for other Seattle Baptist churches. About 2 years later the church disbanded, the property was sold, the church demolished in favor of a parking lot.

A goodly group from Central moved up to Seattle First Baptist and were warmly received there where they were promptly given active responsibilities. The fact is, the Swede influence was often mentioned, and about that time the church started a "coffee time" after services, and called a Swede pastor after Harold Jensen, the Dane retired to become chaplain of ~~the~~ Linfield College. The other Jensen, Earl, was a Norwegian, and pastoring a Swedish church flock may have been too much for him. There we remained for the next 20 plus years. During that time was on committees, boards, choirs, SS teacher in various places. The board of deacons, there were 27, for 6 years, 3 of which I was chairman of the board. Thence to trustees board for 3 years. My first job in the church was superintendant, a title, for the Adult department of the Sunday School. My main job was conducting the opening services for that department which had 6 classes of about 150 average attendance.



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page -2-

CHURCHES AND CHOIRS

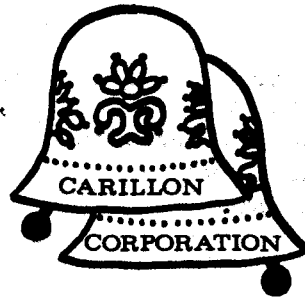
Our relationships there for the 20 years were very happy ones. The church of course had minor differences amongst the members, but in spite of the different ethnic groups, or perhaps nationalities, cultural levels, "peaceiks", "war mongers" liberals, some ~~religious fundamentalists~~ very fundamental christians, young, and old timers, the church functioned peacefully, perhaps because it was large enough to have many groups operating seperately together, and skillful leadership from the pastors. The choir there went from less than average when we got there to way above average for the past 10 or more years. Leadership in the choir when we first came there was under an ancient organist choir director, and a paid quartette, several of who had past their prime. Eventually dear old Mr. Edwin Fairbourne retired, and a more contemporary director was hired as was a new organist. A short time later they decided they should develop solo talent in the church so they quit paying the quartette, and they quit too, one by one.

About 1970 I just got plain tired of singing top tenor so I moved to 2nd bass. Frome that point on I really enjoyed choir. We had 8 good tenors, and about 12 bass. And I found out first hand what a cinch the basses had, their notes are all easy to hit. We sang a bunch of interesting new music along with bread and butter choir compositions. One was a Rock Contata, the Creation. It was so well received with multi-media of beautiful nature pictures, that the congregatix gave us an almost standing ovation when we finished it at a morning service. Their applause ~~seems~~ felt like theirs was a "Yay God" for making such a wonderful creation. We were invited to sing it at the American B Baptist Convention held that year in Denver. We chartered an airplane and went there as a choir. What fun it was, I don't think we sang it very well but the pics were good, and we ~~met~~ many old friends at the convention. That's one good thing about conventions. Florence tried singing in the choir about that time, but her illness was beginning to show early sympton, and there was too much of the new routines for her and she was constantly confused so she dropped out. Then my work and her care stopped further regular participation there.

1975 Beth joined with me as members of Peninsula Baptist Church. We both sang in the choir under direction of Millie Jones who was a fair to middlin good musician and director, but the church was small, about 50 members and to muster a choir was difficult, and I was back singing tenor again, the only tenor in the choir of about 15 or less dependables. So it goes. I guess I will not get back to singing 2nd bass again unless it is in the Heavenly Choir. But ~~Msure~~ it wont matter there, I will be able to ~~sing~~ high C all day long without flatting or tiring. End of choirs and churches, March 1985.



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FOODS, MEALS, RESTAURANTS, ETC

It has been suggested that notations be made of this topic in as much as it always seemed to be so important a part of my life through the years. I am not a gourmet, simply a guy that enjoys and appreciates good cooking any kind where ever it can be had and enjoyed. So here again I will try to remember chronologically. So early childhood food memories begins with mother's simple meals at home. Meat and potatoes like, pork chops, lamb chops, pork sausage, and meatballs mostly made up our daily meals. Always we had potatoes and thick gravy. A roast on Sunday, and once in a while chicken. That was only ever a Sunday dish, for special times, fried chicken, yum. Breakfast was always oatmeal mush or cream of wheat, (Cornflakes came along later, they hadn't reached Ballard yet.) Always an egg, boiled, poached on toast, and homemade bread toasted and scorched very often. Fish sometimes on Fridays when you could depend on it being fresh. Saturday nights almost always salt herring, broiled in wet papers right in the coals of the kitchen stove fire. Sunday nights it was pickled herring and busquits. Sunday morning breakfasts, invariably, fresh "bullas" buisquits baked on Saturday, and cheese. Dessert was mostly pie. My mother is still the best pie maker I can remember. She used only lard for her very flaky crusts, and she liked sweet things so her fillings never lacked for sugar. Meals to look forward to were always Thanksgiving turkey, mostly at Lemolo for many years. Later years at Aunties the families gathered for turkey feasting.

First cafe meal I can remember was in a "greasy spoon" in Snohomish. I looked at the menu and the only cheap thing I could find was, fried potatoes. So I was going to order that to save money for the family. Mother vetoed that idea and ordered a sandwich or something for me. Sometime along in those years we were visiting some Cronander relations just east of Snohomish, and they served a beautiful skinned baked salmon, just beautiful it was. The only thing that disturbed total enjoyment of that meal, no potatoes, she served steamed rice which I could not eat for a long time, it seemed to gag me, so I ate fish.

Food at Christmas is worth mentioning. Christmas eve, mother cooked lute-fisk for dad. He enjoyed it, but nobody else in the family liked the stuff. We also had a great variety of other goodies, anchovies, gaffel-bitat, head-cheese, silta, sill, summer-sausage, potato sausage, smoked salmon, various cheeses, and root beer for beverage, many many kinds of cookies for dessert and fruit cake topped off with a dish of ~~XXXX~~ rice cooked in milk all day and served with sugar, cream, and cinnamon. It was good that way if I ate it slowly and chewed it thoroughly. In later years I developed a taste for rice served anyway, even puffed rice.

Other meals I remember: my first Italian spaghetti dinner at my fathers business associate, Tony Aragonna, my first roast duck at another b.a. of dads Mr. Kenyon in Burien, whip cream cake at Mrs. Heglunds, Mrs. Carlsons dinners at Tuckwila, her brown gravy and delicious roasts, all of these early childhood.

Meals on the road as a traveling man: good and bad: always first comes to mind, a northern goose dinner at a mill restaurant in Mt. Shasta, super food, more than I could eat including pie for dessert, \$1.50, another time there a  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick porterhouse steak for \$1.25 with all of the trimmings. Breakfast there for 35¢ prunes, cereal, ham and eggs hash browns toast and coffee, wow.

FOOD MEALS RESTAURANTS ETC:

Other remembrances in California include, Las Palmas close to Biola in L. A. clam chowder at Pismo Beach, abalone at Monterey, scallops at Chris Sea Foods on Mission Street in S. F., and the worst in California, or ever, the State Restaurant in Eureka. In these last years I can endorse Lazios in Eureka for being a superb sea food restaurant.

## insert family life with Florence

Together we really started our married life at Brown's Point, the little \$10. a month, shack, cottage, our first home. Humble it was, with no modern appliances, no electric range, only a wood cook stove, no hot water heater, only water heated by the coals in the cook stove. Only other heat was a fire place. Our first radio was an old Sparton, used, it cost us 15. which we saved up for and bought about 2 months into the life together. No washing machine, wash was done the hard way, heating water on the stove, an old wash board used in a round wash tub scrubbing with Fels Naptha soap, rinsed in cold water with Mrs. Stewarts bluing in it, and hung out to dry when it wasn't raining. When it was raining, it was hung on our big screened in front porch, and in the kitchen in a few spots. My uniform for every day and Sundays too was a clean white shirt and tie. There were no "wash and dries" then everything had to be ironed, sheets, shirts, table cloth, napkins, hankies, etc. No wonder it always took most of Mondays to wash, and most of Tuesdays to iron the cloths even for a family of 2. When babies came along there was all that much more to wash, and endless diapers to launder by boiling some, and double rinsing all.

Never-the-less we did have lots of fun at Browns Point. Company almost every Sunday, or we were being company, only alone 1 week end the first year. Often when company came they brought pot luck food, lucky for us and them too.

Florence was a good cook. She often said, "If you can read, you can cook." She could read and had a couple of good cook books. She made excellent cakes. This was long before cake mixes were extant. She always set a nice table. It helped of course because we had so many lovely wedding gift and table ware to use. In fact our neighbor had a couple of little girls who came over almost every day to see what we were having for dinner and to see the set table. We were surrounded on 3 sides with good neighbors. The Art Rows with the 2 little girls, the Bourroughs with 1 girl, The Bjorklunds, no children, and the Gleasons, an older couple. It was a short walk through our back yard, through the Rows, to the lighthouse where we often went, a real neat place. It was a real happy 1st year living there, even though we had 2 medical crisis

~~There were 2 medical crisis there.~~ The first was an early miscarriage I rushed over to a neighbor doctor she came back with me and administered medicating to stop the bleeding. He suggested that this was self induced, but I assured him it wasn't. He suggested she come in to his office the next day which she did. There was no further problem there, but we later learned that this doctor specialized in that sort of "treatments" before the days of legal abortions. Dr. Steagall. Later on that first year Florence awakend in the middle of the night with exoruciating pain. I rushed her to Seattle to Dr. Maxson He diagnosed a kidney stone, and gave her a shot of morphine to ease the pain It did just that and relaxed the kidney muscles so it passed on through without further trauma. We both spent the rest of the night there in their spare room. A few months later there was a repeat of this scenario and we spent another night there. The rest of her life there were no further problems with kidney stones.

The 2nd year we spent living at Dash Point in a house just overlooking the beach with a view up Puget Sound to the north. It was a nice place and we had a happy year there. Travel each day into Brown, and Haley was plus 15 miles round trip. So we looked for a house in town and found one about a mile from B&H. This we rented at \$25. per month furnished. So we moved there with all of our treasures including some furniture, an easy chair and davenport, wedding presents, and by this time we had bought a 2nd hand Maytag washing machine. Man, we were in "Fat City" It was close to my work, I was just calling on the city territory in Tacoma so I was even home for lunch most days, and always home for 4 o'clock coffee with a lighted candle on the coffee table, plus some home baked goody to go with it.

Another reason for moving into town was that Skip was born 12/15/35 so thoughts about school and other conveniences into moving decisions.

**P****L**

# sales company

**AMANA**

270 SOUTH HANFORD, SEATTLE 4, WASHINGTON

Phone - MA 3-7344

Skip was the 1st grandchild for both families, and Florence having been a nurse at Swedish Hospital of course she had an Ob. specialist in seattle, and delivery was at Swedish Hospital. It was "old home week" for Florence there, and she was in hospital there 15 full days. Her bill for the 2 weeks was less than \$150. and they charged \$15. for the babies care in the nursery. The doctor charged a flat \$125. for prenatal care, delivery, and some after care. Of course he added another \$10 on his bill for circumcision which was routine on all buys he delivered. I guess today \$1,000 wouldn't come close to cover costs for this kind of service and care.

410 S. 51st was our first address in Tacoma, and it was a happy home. We had a cat, and a dog for a short time, flowers in the garden, a garage and woodshed on the alley in back.

November 23, 1970

RESUME  
GORDON E. BJORK

Born: Tuckwila, Washington Feb. 23, 1911

Formal Education: Salmon Bay Elementary, Ballard High Schools, Class 1927.

Business experience: Paper routes 1925 thru 1926. Seattle P. I. soliciting crew 1926. 1927 Business messenger. 1928 and 1929 owner of Document Delivery Service Co. organized and operated in Portland, Oregon until early 1930. (Discontinued at request of U. S. Postal Service. Grocery clerk and checker in Piggly Wiggly then owned by Safeway until 1932. Automobile Club of Washington selling memberships and insurance until 1934 on straight commission.

March 1934 as salesman for Brown and Haley Candy Company of Tacoma. Worked various territories including opening California for sales there 1940 and 1941 for 20 years with 1 year out during 2nd World War working in commercial end of radio station KVI Tacoma.

Resigned Brown and Haley 1955 entered business as a rack jobber selling hosiery and work gloves later expanding into other soft goods. 1957 moved into rack jobbing phonograph records. Incorporated Gordon Sales Co and developed the largest company in this area servicing phonograph records, 513 accounts at time of sale of the company and name to new ownership, 1962.

Organized and incorporated another distributorship handling first housewares and later became distributor for Amana Refrigeration. Not so successful this time. Built up franchised dealership from 4 to 44 in 2½ years but ran out of operating capital and was advised to pay off bank and creditors. When this was done in full there was insufficient operating capital to continue with Amana distributorship so it was given up. 1964 liquidated assets of corporation and dissolved it and began career again as Sales Counselor and Mfr. Rep.

General Record Service of Seattle a former competitor of Gordon Sales sought me out as sales counselor on an independant basis. This provided a basic income while I searched and tried out several lines to represent. 1968 was offered this area for Bell Industries, Inc of Cincinnati on a straight rep basis. Bell business built up nicely and management asked me to go full time on salary, bonus, and expenses, being allowed to retain my connections with Hogan Stained Glass Studios of Los Gatos, California our markets being to closely allied. Unwise financial management of Bell Industries Inc. resulted in a change of ownership August 1, 1970. Company is now officially listed as Bell Industries, Division of Vierling Eng. and Mfg. Co. principal owner seems to be Mr. Ed Vierling.

Income: Net approximately \$12,000.

Married: April 21, 1934 to Florence Bloomberg of Seattle, and still very happily working out lifes joys together. 3 children all married. 8 grand-children absolutely the best.

**Affiliations:** First Baptist Church Seattle, Board of Deacons 2 terms as chairman, Board of Trustees, total for both boards 18 years, Adult Class Sunday School teacher many years, various other committees special and otherwise, choir. Singing 2nd bass now after 25 years of choir singing 1st Tenor and really enjoying it the most ever, singing bass that is. Tither since 1935. Masonic lodge.

**Past Affiliations:** Young Mens Business Club, Kiwanis Club, Y's Mens Clubs of Tacoma, Washington. Presently still paying dues in Masonic lodge but not at all active.

**Future plans:** To be gainfully employed where ever the Lord leads doing useful Christian lay work for another 15 years, "if the Lord tarries," which I doubt will be that long. Then to fulfill what ever job He has for me during the next 1,000 Years.

**References:** Dr. August M. Hints, Pastor  
First Baptist Church  
Harvard and Seneca  
Seattle, Washington

Mr. Fred Lind, Attorney retired  
4445 Forest Ave S. E.  
Mercer Island, Washington

Mr. James Vanderpool, former V.P.  
Bell Industries, Inc  
1115 Rolling Hills Drive  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45230

Mr. Paul Portteus, Owner  
General Record Service Inc  
Seattle, Washington

Mr. Fred Haley, President  
Brown & Haley Candy Co  
Tacoma, Washington

Mr. Burton Barclay, Retired  
3042 15th W.  
Seattle, Washington

**Banking:** Bank of California, Seattle, Washington Mr. Frank Adams

**Health:** Very good.