

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

PETER BEACH

Born June 21, 1897

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and the Spring of 1973**

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The following account is a short history of how our German people migrated to Russia. In the remote past our forefathers spoke the German language, followed German customs, and practiced the Protestant religion. They came mostly from the regions of Hess, Saxony, Palatinate, West Phalia, Baten, Wuertenberg and Bavaria.

FROM GERMANY TO RUSSIA

Katherine II, who invited the Germans to migrate to the Volga River region in Russia, was the eldest child of Christian August, Prince of the Prussian State called Anbald Zerbt. She was born at Stittin, which is now Poland. On May 2nd, 1729, she was christened Sophia August Fridrike. Her girlhood friends nicknamed her Fike.

When Fike was 15 she and her mother were invited to Russia by Empress Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great. The Empress was looking for a wife for her 16-year old nephew, the Grand Duke Peter, heir to the Russian throne. Fike was intelligent and gave promise of her later beauty. She was approved on June 28th, 1744, received into the Orthodox Church, and renamed Katherine. The next day she became engaged to Peter, a small delicate youth who still played with dolls and soldiers. They were married on August 21, 1745. The marriage was unhappy. Peter remained a boy in both mind and body.

Katherine's first child, later Czar Paul I, was not born until 1754 - nine years after the marriage. Four more children were born in later years. Empress Elizabeth, Peter's mother, died in January 1762, and Peter became Czar Peter III. His weak-minded ways soon made him unpopular. He offended the church dignitaries, and preferred the companionship of Germans to Russians. However, Katherine was well liked. She had accepted Russian customs as her own. In July 1762 the army placed Peter under arrest and declared Katherine Empress. Several days later Peter died in a scuffle with his guards.

In 1762 Russia was a vast domain with many regions still uninhabited. Some of the country was worked by serfs in a very primitive manner. Its uncharted waste lands were traversed by wild nomadic hordes from the east and south, who made frequent inroads upon outposts of civilization. Russia needed a larger population, especially from the cultural countries of the west.

Katherine II of Russia decided to colonize uninhabited regions of the Empire, and, incidentally introduce a higher culture than was prevalent at that time. On December 4, 1762, she issued a decree inviting foreign people to settle in Russia. The first invitation was extended to the Germans, and the decree was publicized in all the principle towns and cities of Germany. It was inclusive in its promises to influence the people of Western Europe to migrate to the unknown wilds of Russia. It included extraordinary inducements to the German people. Otherwise, what intelligent man or woman of the west would entertain the thought of leaving their homeland to settle on the steppes of Russia, infested with outlaws and unsubdued hoards of Kirghics, Bochkirs and Tartars. Therefore Empress Katherine issued a manifesto, or charter of privileges, to German colonists from the West. It was also confirmed by her successor, and guaranteed them full religious liberty, with one exception - the colonists were forbidden to propogate their faith among the native Russians. Other promises were: exemption from military service forever, a grant of 20 acres of land to every immigrant family, complete control over their own churches and schools, almost autonomy in local government, free transportation from Germany to their new home in Russia, freedom from paying taxes for a period of ten years, and interest free loans of 500 rubles.

The response to this invitation was immediate and phenomenal. Great migration from Germany started eastward. The first was directed to the Volga River region in the interior. From 1764 to 1768 one hundred and four German colonies, with a total population of 23,000 were established along the Volga River in central Russia, in what was then the government of Samara and Saratov. The river itself, Mother Volga, as the Russians loved to call it, is two miles wide at Saratov, and extends from 70 to 100 miles west to the town of Serepta. Following are the names of some of the colonies: - Straub, Warenburg, Laup, Dinkel, Stahl, Biedeck, Pronozosen, Huck, Hussenback, Messer, Norka, Reinwald, and Bazer.

In Russia the Germans settled in colonies with farms spread out in the surrounding areas. They preserved their nationality, and did not lose any of their teutonic ways or customs. They associated only with their brother colonists, and married only Germans. They founded a republic within, and under the protection of the Russian Empire; but, they did not learn the Russian language, and did not become absorbed in the Russian population. They did however, become very important missionaries of civilization among a people whose language they never learned.

There was however, a scarcity of religious leaders. The Russian government had promised to provide clergymen for the German colonists, but by 1860 there was only one minister for every twelve churches.

The Germans had expected to find the Volga River region a paradise. But instead, it turned out to be a 'Paradise Lost'. They had left their homeland, Germany, because of hardships and adverse conditions. They had just gone through seven years of war which ended in 1763. Whole regions of Germany lay in ruin and devastation. Poverty was widespread and fields lay in waste. They had expected that when they arrived in Russia everything

would be in readiness for them to live in a land of plenty and prosperity. But all they found along the Volga River was an endless steppe, and these colonists found they had many obstacles to overcome. In the early years they passed through periods of famine and sickness. They were exposed to attacks by semi-savage tribes of Tartars, Pashkers, Kalmucks and Kerehiz. These nomadic hordes of the steppes travelled on horseback and pillaged and devastated many of the German villages.

They became master farmers in Russia, and the vast wasteland along the Volga River became a fruitful region through the toil and efforts of these German people. Despite the years of suffering, sacrifice and struggle which followed, the German population increased so rapidly that there was a lack of sufficient land for farmers and many more colonies were established. By 1914 there was a total of 160 colonies on both sides of the Volga River - 29 Catholic and 75 Protestant. Soon there came a time when there was hardly any place in Russia that Germans could not be found. It began with a population of 23,000 in 1768, increased to 33,000 by 1798, to 392,000 by 1895 and to 700,000 by 1914.

The general area of the German settlement in Russia extended from near Leningrad in the north to the caucases in the south, a distance of approximately 1600 miles; and 2500 miles from the Volga River region in the west to Siberia in the east. When land became scarce because of the increase in population, the only thing they could do was to move to other parts of Russia. Some of these German people moved to Siberia; others to Omsk, Alma Ata, Novisbirks, and Kasachachan.

I do not want to give the impression that there were no German people in Russia before 1763. As far back as 1550 to 1750, during the reign of Czar Ivan the Terrible, many German officers, technicians, craftsmen, merchants and scholars went to Moscow and lived on a street called Nymezkaya.

Katherine reigned over Russia for 34 years, from 1762 to 1796. She increased the nobility, installed a new code of laws, and extended the boundaries of her Empire. Katherine was a beautiful and intelligent woman, and an efficient ruler who listened to wise counsel. Besides this she had great imagination. She took a great interest in her colonization project, and during her reign did much to bring Germans to Russia to help build up her country. She died on November 17, 1796.

MY EARLY LIFE IN RUSSIA

I Peter Beach, was born on June 21, 1897, in a village called New Husenbach, near the city of Saratov, province of Samara, Russia. We lived about 25 miles from the river the Russians called Mother Volga. That is where we had to sell the produce raised on our land. We were farmers and grew mainly grain and potatoes.

My grandfather had four sons and one daughter. He decided that each of his sons should learn a trade so that they could become self-supporting. The oldest one became a carpenter, the second a tailor, the third a shoemaker, and the fourth, my father became a farmer.

It was the custom at that time for parents who could afford it, to give each child a home when they married. The house my grandparents gave my father and mother was built of mud bricks, and that is where I was born. Water was very scarce, but my father dug a well, which was shared by ten families. The people paid a small token for the privilege of securing water, and carried it from this community well to their homes in buckets.

The only means of earning a livelihood in this area was by farming, as there were no industries. The climate was very severe, land was scarce, and farming was a hard life. For the first hundred years after the Germans settled in Russia there was enough land, but as the number of families increased they had to seek additional space. In 1899, when I was two years old, my family moved with some of these people to Siberia. Life there was extremely difficult, especially on account of the climate. We soon moved back to our village, where we farmed again for the next eight years. We rented additional land and farmed on a very large scale. The method of farming was very primitive. Seed was sown by hand and harvested with a scythe. The men would cut the grain and the women would bind it. We used horses and camels, but had no machines until about 1908.

Camels were good beasts of burden, but were very hard to handle. One time, when I was ten years old, I had a narrow escape bringing the camels in from the pasture. We did not put bridles on the camels as we did on horses, but used only a halter with one rope. As I was riding along on one of the camels I thought 'Why should I hang onto the rope?' - so I tied it around my mid-section. Suddenly the camel was frightened by a rabbit and jumped. I fell off and dangled by the halter rope until it broke. Although not hurt otherwise, I was black and blue from head to foot, and was almost killed. Fortunately some people found me and picked me up.

We finally bought a grain-cutting machine, and at harvest time hitched a camel to it. When the camel heard the noise it started to run across the field. I was riding the machine and fell off to the left side. Had I fallen to the right I would have fallen into the cutting knives and again could have been killed.

We hired help during the summer, but because the summers were so short, we had to work from 4 a.m. until midnight. However, there was very little to do during the winter months, so the young people always got married during the winter, as it was the idle season. Their system of marriage was strictly business. The determining factors were how much money, how many horses, cows and land a man had.

When a young man was ready to get married he would go to a matchmaker to help him find a bride. My father was a part-time matchmaker, so I had a chance to observe just how they operated. The matchmaker could be compared to a second-hand car salesman - he could talk just as much. I will describe in a little detail one matchmaking event that I witnessed.

In this particular case my father was the matchmaker. A certain young man had come from another village to find a bride. A family who had a daughter lived about two blocks from our house. My father said: "Peter, run over to Walter's house and tell Mary your mother wants to see her." This was merely a ruse to entice her to meet her husband-to-be. (You see they were not even as subtle as a second-hand car salesman.) I ran over to their house, delivered the message and ran right back. As I arrived home the matchmaker and the prospective groom were watching out the window as she was walking up the street. Although they had never seen each other before, she looked good enough to him and they were married. It was not a case of love at first sight, but strictly a business deal. Divorce was unknown. Even if a husband beat his wife she had to stay with him.

We had a neighbor by the name of Henry Starkel, who played the accordion. It was at his place that I first learned to dance. It so happened I was the first member of the Beach family who danced. My grandparents were very religious and considered dancing or playing cards a sin. When they found out that I had danced I was called on the carpet and told that I had brought shame and disgrace upon the family.

WE MOVE TO SIBERIA

For the next few years we had bad luck. There was almost no rain, and consequently no crops. For this reason my father decided we should move to Siberia. There were rumors that the Czar would grant land to anyone who would move there. Thirty-five families went, and the trip took nine days on the Trans-Siberian railway. But, when we arrived the Czar reneged on his promise and we did not get any land. We decided to rent land for one year, but the climate was very severe and there was a great deal of dissension among our people. About half of them decided to return to their home village. I wish to mention however, that there were exiled people who did very well in this rough country.

During our trip on the Trans-Siberian railway, I saw hundreds of political prisoners, chained in twos, who were being exiled to Siberia. They were well dressed and had come from the intelligentsia and professional class not from the poor people. It was the educated people who wished to overthrow the Czar. At that time Russia was a hundred years behind the western countries in educational and industrial development. This was an underlying cause of the Russian revolution in 1917.

We returned to the village where I was born in 1911. We were very poor and my father took over the management of a farm for some wealthy people. On account of the fact that we moved around so much in the old country I did not get much schooling. German people in Russia were poorly educated. The only schools were German oriented, and the instruction was mostly religious. They used the Bible, the Catechism and the Volga Hymn Book.

FROM RUSSIA TO CANADA

In 1912 we decided to move to Canada. There were rumors that there would be a world war in the near future, and many people were trying to book passage on ships sailing for the American continent. A great number were refused for health and various reasons. However, after a couple of months I discovered that these were all phoney excuses, that the officials actually wanted bribery money. I contacted the agent in charge, paid him a sum of money, and we were able to book passage almost immediately. There were seven children in our family, but as they wished to wait until I was confirmed, it was decided that my father and oldest sister would go to America first and the rest of the family would follow eight months later.

I was fifteen years old when we embarked on the ship Hisperia. It took seven days to cross the ocean. My mother was sea sick all the way, so I had to take care of the family. The food was very good, but the ship company must have made money on it because half of the people on board were too sick to eat. There was food we had never seen before. One fellow took a big spoonful of mustard thinking it was something sweet, and almost choked. We landed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, and travelled from there by train to Winnipeg, Manitoba. We arrived in Winnipeg on January 16, 1913, where my father and sister met us at the depot. They had rented a house, so we had a home.

I should tell you about our family. Our father was 43 at this time, mother was 42, Millie 17, Peter 15, Mary 11, Dave 9, Mollie 7, and Katie 5. Alex was born in Winnipeg in 1913. My uncle Henry had come to Canada a few years before and he helped us get settled. He had been a shoemaker in the old country and was working in a harness factory in Winnipeg.

Millie, my oldest sister, got married right after we came from the old country. Her husband even paid her fare. Men at that time were willing to pay to get a wife since rumors of a world war prevailed and men came to Canada by the thousands, but not many women.

We lived in a German district where we all spoke our native language. Every week there were weddings and parties, so although we were poor, we enjoyed life very much. In the evenings I would either go to a dance or the pool hall, instead of going to night school. Consequently, after living in Canada three years, I still could not speak any English.

So many people immigrated to Canada at that time it was extremely difficult to find work. My father was employed only part time. I arrived in Winnipeg on a Friday, and started to work the following Monday, at the same harness factory as my uncle. I was paid \$5 a week for 59 hour's work. After one year I was earning \$9 a week. My co-workers were mostly German or Polish, and a few Englishmen.

World War I broke out in 1914, and thereafter our factory had to provide harnesses, saddles and other leather goods for the war. We put in a great deal of overtime - were usually on the job thirteen hours a day. I worked my way up until I was receiving the highest pay in the shop. But the harness factory was an unhealthy environment, and, between the conditions and the long hours it affected my health.

For that reason my father sent me to Saskatchewan to help with the harvest. I enjoyed it very much. While there a farmer wanted to set me up with a half section of land, four horses, and all the implements needed to farm - provided I would marry his daughter. Fortunately I turned down his offer as there were bad times ahead. There were no crops for several years, many farmers left the land and moved to the city. I was lucky, I had a job to go back to. However, I benefitted a great deal from going to the country. I was twenty years old and still illiterate. Two of the hired men who were English got me interested in learning the English language. From that time on I learned to speak, read and write English with the help of a German-English dictionary.

In 1919 the Building Trades Union in Winnipeg went out on strike. After two weeks of unsuccessful negotiations they called a sympathetic general strike. All the workers in the city including non-union shops and even the policemen, firemen and postmen joined. Our harness factory was not union, but we went out with all the others. It was during the summer and the weather was warm so the strikers met in a park. The leaders made speeches, entertainment was provided all day, and a strike paper was published daily. I would listen to the speeches then read the paper, and from then on learned very quickly.

After six weeks of the strike the Mayor declared martial law, arrested the ten leaders that night, and declared it illegal for more than two people to assemble at one place within the city limits. One thousand men, many of them prisoners, were deputized, given horses, billy clubs and guns, and charged with chasing the strikers off the streets. At first it was fun, the strikers would throw things at the horses and scare them. Although many of the strikers got hit on the head with the clubs, the authorities realized that they were not getting the desired results, and resorted to using guns. After several of the strikers were shot the committee declared the strike lost. Then the employers hired men only as they needed them. As our shop was not union we went back to work without any trouble, but many of the men lost their jobs because they had gone out on strike. Some of them had been employed as long as 25 years. Inasmuch as the whole city was paralyzed by this strike, parliament then passed legislation outlawing sympathetic strikes.

Some of the labor union leaders were not only fighting for better wages, hours and working conditions, but also wanted to change the system of government. The Government charged the ten strike leaders with seditious conspiracy and appointed a special prosecutor, supposed to be the best in Canada. Mass meetings were held to raise money for the defense. About three months later the trial date was set. Two of the ten leaders arrested were clergymen who sympathized with the strikers. Of the ten men on trial, nine defended themselves. This was very unusual - everyone thought they were digging their own graves, but, they were so well informed that they surprised the judge, the jury and the public as a whole. After a long trial the jury found them guilty, but with a recommendation of leniency. The Judge sentenced nine of them to one year in jail each, but the most radical one, Robert Russell was sentenced to two years. To my knowledge this had never happened before. Six of these ten men were elected to parliament while still in jail. Twenty years later, Robert Russell was declared the most honored citizen of the year in Winnipeg.

I became a Canadian citizen, continued to work for the Great West Saddlery Company and live at home with my parents. They were very poor and needed my help. However, I was thinking about getting married. We had no cars, but we had the most fun. We were always in groups, and had lots of dances, parties and picnics. I met my future wife, Matilda Steinhauer, at one of these parties, but we did not get married for two years. She came from a large family. Her father had died when he was a young man and she was almost the sole support of the family. We were married in 1920 and both worked so we could help them. Her mother thought they would starve if she moved out so we went to live with them. But this did not work out and we soon moved into an apartment. In the meantime I had saved some money. When our relatives, who were all poor, found this out, they came running from all directions for a loan. I got some of this money back later, but not all of it.

In the summer of 1921 the harness shop closed with no explanation. The next day I walked down a street where they were putting in a sewer so I asked the boss for a job. He said: "Go to work." I worked there until I was called back to my former job four months later. This was a great experience for me.

I enjoyed my regular job, but because I had to sit most of the time I did not get enough exercise, so I decided to join a health club. The leader, a Dr. Thomas, was running sort of a health sanitarium, and also sold what he called health food. He was a very convincing speaker, and claimed that he did not believe in eating cooked food - that cooking took out all the nutrition. I joined in January. In Winnipeg the weather was extremely cold, and it was a poor time to go on such a diet. I lost weight so fast that I looked very bad. One day at a funeral a lady came up to me and said: "Pete, you will be next." However, I survived, but I must admit I was a fanatic. One good thing about the diet though . . . no liquor, so I did not drink for eight years. In the meantime we found out that our leader, Dr. Thomas, was a real phoney. While telling us how bad cooked food was, he was enjoying ham and eggs for breakfast every morning. This diet was hard on my wife. She had to get fruits and vegetables, prepare salads, and then cook for herself.

Another benefit from our health club was the exercising. We would walk or run five miles at a time. It was the result of one of these outings that brought about a great change in my life. I got a sore on my foot from a new pair of running shoes that were too tight, and it developed into blood poisoning. As I was unable to work I decided to visit some relatives who had moved to California sometime before. Our son Edward had been born before this, and my wife and son stayed home.

I arrived in Long Beach California in 1923. The weather was beautiful - it was like heaven compared to Winnipeg. After three weeks I decided to stay in California and wired my wife to join me. My brother-in-law, Alex Sadler, decided to return to Fresno, where he was a foreman at Bonners Packing House. The work there was seasonal, and he asked me to go with him. My wife and baby arrived in Fresno about the same time we did, after a four and a half day train trip from Winnipeg. They had to sleep sitting up, as they did not get a berth, but arrived safe and sound.

We moved into one of the Bonner Packing Company shacks, located about eight miles out of Fresno. It was in pretty bad shape, but we bought some wallpaper and fixed it up quite nice. We both worked. The women did piece work and put in 40 hours a week. The men were paid fifty cents an hour, and worked as much as 90 hours some weeks. Although the wages were low we paid no rent, so were able to save money. My health was good, and because of all the fruits and vegetables I had for my diet I gained weight. I also started to eat cooked foods again.

When the packing season was over three families of my relatives wanted to move to Los Angeles, and sent me ahead to rent houses for them. It took several days to find living quarters, then I let them know that they could come. The three families made the trip with all their belongings in two old cars, with trailers. There were about ten people, and you can imagine what happened on the Ridge Route at that time. It took twenty-two hours to travel from Fresno to Los Angeles, and they had sixteen flats en route. The trip can now be made in four hours.

We got settled, but as they were not using horses any more there was no work in my line as a harness maker, so I took a job painting. The money I earned was barely enough to live on.

For recreation I used to go to Persian Square, which was a very interesting place. It seemed that all the crackpots went there. Sometimes there would be four or more debates going on. One group would debate religion, another socialism or capitalism, and another the theory of reincarnation. Many bums were well enough informed to even debate professors. Then students from the universities and colleges would join the debates after school. Sometimes I would get into them too. I even saw Amy Semple McPherson at this square.

In August we moved back to Fresno and worked in the packing house during the season. Then we moved into town where I got a job with the Sun Maid Raisin Association, which was the largest packing company in the country. The weather was very hot . . . often 110° in the shade.

In the meantime I developed a serious case of sciatic rheumatism. I took many different treatments, including mud baths at the Baron Hot Springs, but it did not improve. It was then we decided to move back to Winnipeg. I wrote my former boss at the Great West Saddlery Company asking if I could have my job back. I received a prompt reply telling me I could go to work in September. We had an auction and bought tickets for Canada. As I was a naturalized Canadian I enquired at the Court House about my citizenship papers, and was informed they should be renewed every two years. We had been in the United States just under the two years, but, when we arrived at the border, at Kings Gate, I was told that my citizenship papers should be renewed every year, and that I had lost the right of domicile. That meant we could not live anywhere we chose. In view of the unemployment situation in Canada they did not want people returning to the cities. I was informed I could either go to a farm or appeal to Ottawa, but we would have to wait at the border until a decision was received from Ottawa.

However, on our way back we had travelled through Portland, Oregon, the weather was perfect the day we were there, friends had driven us around, and the city had made quite an impression on us. I said to my wife: "To hell with them, we'll go back to Portland." We arrived there the next morning, which was a Saturday. Sunday we rented an apartment, and met about ten people who had known my father, mother and myself in the old country. Our old friend Henry Starkel was there too, so we felt right at home.

Monday I started working in a sawmill. Two weeks later I was called to work in a shoe factory, which was more in my line. My wife went to work in a mattress factory. Eddy was now three years old, and the woman at the apartment looked after him for us. I worked one year in the shoe factory but concluded there was no future there - left it for a better job, worked a year at that one and discovered there was not much future in it either. A fellow advised me to get into the lumber industry if I really wanted a good job. There were a lot of lumber mills and furniture factories in Portland at that time. I had gone to night school, and had also made some furniture. When the employer at one of the furniture factories asked if I was a cabinet-maker I replied: "Yes sir." I worked as a cabinetmaker for thirty years.

At the time I secured this job Eddy was six years old and had started to school. We bought a house - it took us twelve years to pay for it. Our son had learned German, and we thought he might be a bi-linguist, but, after learning English he forgot most of the German. He had a talent for singing, so we gave him singing, dancing and piano lessons. He became a professional musician, and later an actor. He is now a radio personality in New York City, is married and has one son, Mark.

I must tell you about a summer resort approximately twenty miles from Portland, where we went every summer for thirty years. We had swimming, dancing, a ball field, and horseshoe games. We enjoyed some of the best times of our lives there.

Early in the summer of 1927 we made a trip, by car, to Winnipeg. There had been a lot of rain, the roads were not paved and were very bad. We had an accident on the way, but luckily were not hurt. It took seven days to drive the 2,000 miles. When we finally arrived in Winnipeg we had a very enjoyable time; our relatives were all glad to see us, and I even got \$200 that some of them owed me. We visited Yellowstone Park on the way home. After we returned to work in Portland, Henry Starkel and I went into the dance hall business. We conducted a dance every Saturday night, and although we did not make much money, we certainly had a lot of fun. We became citizens of the United States.

Not much happened until 1929 when the stock market crashed, and the depression followed. The employers cut our wages, and we worked under all kinds of conditions - piece work, unit system, and incentive system. There were about 15 million out of work. We were very fortunate we were not laid off. President Hoover did not understand the economic forces, and did not know how to cope with the situation. There was great unrest in the country. I attended many meetings where the depression was discussed.

Things looked hopeless until Roosevelt was elected President in 1932. The unemployed were put to work on WPA, and all workers got some increase in wages. Many laws were passed in favor of workers - the best one was the National Labor Relations Act, also known as the Wagner Act in 1935. It gave employees the right to organize without interference from the employer. Until that time there were only three million workers organized, but within a short period, several million more organized into unions of their choice. That included my company.

We organized the Furniture Workers first. It became part of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. I was active in it, and later elected President. I participated on all the committees, and in all negotiations for the labor agreements, that provided many improvements in our working conditions. None of us had any experience in parliamentary procedure - Management was also inexperienced. Some very funny things happened at first, but somehow we muddled through.

One of the benefits gained through the union was vacation with pay. We took full advantage of this. One year we would go to Winnipeg, the next to California. We were both working steady, and getting along pretty well financially. Eddy was doing well in school - he could sing, dance and play the piano, and took part in all kinds of entertainment at his school.

When World War II broke out I was almost drafted into the army. The law provided they could draft men up to 45 years of age. I was just three months under 45, and classified A-1. However, they decided men 45 were too old to be in the army, and my classification was changed to 4-F.

There was a great demand for men in defense industries. Many workers quit their regular jobs, because the pay was higher, and some work was not considered essential to the war effort. I worked in the war industry for three years doing woodwork for the Liberty Ships. It was necessary to transfer my membership from the Furniture Workers to the Cabinetmakers Union.

After the war I did not return to the furniture industry, but went to work in a detail cabinet shop, where the pay was almost double what I had been earning in the furniture factory.

I became active in the Cabinetmakers Union, (Local No. 1120). Every chance I had I would attend lectures on economics, and the history of the labor movement, to improve my education and prepare for a better position. Several times the members of Local 1120 asked me to run for Business Agent, but I refused because I thought I did not have enough education. However, I was elected Business Agent in 1957 while I was on vacation in Winnipeg, Canada - 2,000 miles from Portland. I received a telegram to return as soon as possible, and was installed at our next regular meeting.

I want to tell you about dirty politics in the Labor Movement. I used to think Labor Leaders were above such tactics, but I soon discovered otherwise. The Business Agent I defeated had been on the job 25 years, and did not give up easily. He and the former Assistant Business Agent conspired to unseat me, and used every dirty trick in the book to accomplish this. They brought phoney charges against me - former officers would come to the meetings and make motions to remove me from the job. However, I told the members the truth, and every time the membership backed me up one hundred percent. It was three months before these phoney trials were discontinued. In the meantime I was cleared of all charges, and then I learned how to manage the union affairs.

My duties included: Manage the office, approve and sign all communications, negotiate working agreements, handle all grievances and arbitrations, and represent our Local at conventions. The first convention I attended lasted five days. There was a lot of drinking, and some hanky panky going on, but, there was also a lot of good work done; and, many resolutions were acted upon. A convention is like a circus, because there is a big tent where they can put on the greatest show in the world, but there are also a lot of phoney side shows.

While I attended conventions work piled up in the office. According to our local bylaws, only the Business Agent could approve the business transactions, so, although I had two office girls and an Assistant, the responsibility was still mine. This was quite an undertaking for me. As far as I know, I was the only Business Agent who had no formal education. However, I learned quickly. I was elected five times, and lead the organization successfully for ten years, until I retired in 1967.

This was a great experience for me. It was like a college education. I had to deal with Attorneys, big labor leaders and employers. I took a course in labor history and labor law which helped me in the negotiations with the employers. It gave me the opportunity to travel to such places as: Los Angeles, Chicago, San Francisco, New York City; St. Louis, Missouri, Washington, D. C. and Vancouver, B. C. I wish to express my appreciation to my two secretaries, Babe Wiseman and Sharie Randel, who were a great help to me in the office. They saw that everything was done correctly and properly.

Some knowledge of early labor history is essential for a labor leader. It is not my intention to write a history of the Labor Movement, but to give just a few facts. Some workers were organized as early as 1741. They would organize for a specific purpose such as wage increases; and after the objective was either gained or lost, the union would usually disappear. The first strike on record was in 1741, by the New York bakers over the price of bread. The outcome of this is not known. The painters went on strike in 1778. This started a wave of strikes. The shoemakers went on strike in 1806, but this time the union was not so fortunate. The strikers were charged with conspiring to increase wages, and some of the men were sent to jail. This is when the workers decided to go into politics. They figured they could gain by political means what they could not win by economic force, and they organized parties. However, because of dissension among themselves, it became a disaster, and again they concentrated on organizing the workers. It was from these unions that the American Federation of Labor was founded, with Samuel Gompers as President.

Through this organization we got Labor Day, the Bureau of Labor in 1882, and a Secretary of Labor in 1913. The Workmen's Compensation Law was passed in 1913, but, the really big break for labor came when the Minimum Wage Law was passed in 1923. State Accident Insurance became a reality. Labor Unions have made phenomenal growth, from less than three million in 1930 to over seventeen million at the present time. Collective bargaining is now accepted by management. This means unions are a part of the establishment.

Before this, employees worked from sun up to sun down. An incident in Philadelphia, in 1839, with the Building Trades Workers, proved how helpless they really were. The going wage was \$1.00 per day, and the workers asked for \$1.12 per day. The employers refused. However, the workers managed to save face and compromised when the employers increased the daily whiskey allowance - a common practice at that time.

In 1946 we decided to take a two-month vacation, visit my brother in Chicago and our son who was working in New York; and to take in a few sightseeing trips enroute. Chicago is a great industrial, financial and commercial center. We went from Chicago to Washington, D. C. where we saw the Capitol Building, the House of Representatives, the Senate, the Library of Congress, the Statue of Freedom, the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument, Mount Vernon, and the Smithsonian Institute . . . then on to New York City.

The best way to see New York is to take a ferry trip around the city. You can view the whole city this way, including the Statue of Liberty, Trinity Church, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Bowery, Chinatown, Greenwich Village, the Stock Exchange, Central Park, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Riverside Church, Rockefeller Center, the Museum of Modern Art, the Empire State Building, and St. Patrick's Cathedral.

From New York we went to Montreal, Canada. As we drove through the French quarters a guide told us it was a modern district, with hot and cold water . . . hot in summer, cold in winter. From there we went to Winnipeg, where we always had a good time. My folks had lived there, and we still had many relatives in the city. We visited Vancouver and Victoria in British Columbia on the way home. These are all very interesting places.

In all, we have been to New York City five times. Each time we saw something new and different. Once we were there for five days, and saw seven shows. It is a very exciting city. People say it is a good place to visit, but not a good place in which to live.

HAWAII

It was always our desire to travel and see various parts of the world. In 1962 we went to Hawaii on our vacation. We were there for sixteen days, and stayed at the Reef Hotel in Honolulu. It is a luxurious hotel with a swimming pool, located by the most seaward beach - Waikiki, on the Island of Oahu. In Honolulu we saw some of the finest shows in the world.

Places of interest we visited included: Diamond Head, the National Memorial Cemetery, the Bishop Museum, the Academy of Arts, the Tropical Gardens, the International Market, the Mormon Temple; the Iolani Palace, which was erected in 1881; and the statue of King Kamehameha the Great, who united the Hawaiian Islands into an empire, located near the palace. We enjoyed watching the Hula Dancers. (I like the way they tell stories when they dance the Hula Hula.) We also saw the coco palms by the sea, and attended a luau.

From Honolulu on the Island of Oahu, we flew to the other islands. We visited Molokai, the "Friendly Island" first. The scenery was spectacular. The famous church where Father Damien devoted his life to serving lepers is located there.

Next we went to Kauai, the "Garden Island", which is the oldest of the inhabited islands. It is very picturesque, with lush tropical foliage, and many waterfalls. Visitors are astonished by the botanical grandeur. The Spouting Horn, and Waimea Canyon are located on this island; and the magnificent Hanalei Valley can be compared to the Garden of Eden. Waimea Bay is the site of Captain Cook's first landing on the islands in 1778.

From there we went to Maui, the "Valley Island" - this one tops them all. No island on earth can boast such spectacular wonders as Haleakala Mountain, the Ioa Needle, and magnificent unspoiled beaches. Historic Lahaina was the former capitol of the islands and the center of the whaling industry.

The next stop was the Island of Hawaii, formerly the home of King Kalakaua. It is called the "Orchid Island." We stayed at the Hilo Hotel. The majestic Mauna Kea, 13,825 feet high, is the tallest mountain in the world; and the Kilauea Crater is the most active volcano in the world. We visited the fabulous Kona Coast on the west. Kailua-Kona, the largest town on the Kona Coast was the favorite home of King Kamehameha.

Captain Cook, the British explorer, beached his boats at Kealahou Bay. He was a fine navigator and a brave man, but made the mistake of impersonating Lono, the powerful God of the early Hawaiian religion, and was massacred by natives in 1779. The residents of Kona heard this tale from Captain Cook's great grandchildren. A bronze memorial tablet commemorates the spot where he fell, face down. A Protestant church was erected on the site by missionaries.

Hawaii is often called the crossroads of the Pacific, as the islands are the meeting point of several ocean shipping routes. Almost every ship that sails the Pacific, and every plane that flies over it, stops in Honolulu. The island has an ideal climate and attracts thousands of visitors from all over the world. The natural beauty of the territory remains unspoiled. ALOHA.

LAS VEGAS

In 1965 we went to Las Vegas on our vacation. We stayed seventeen days, lived at the Desert Inn, and saw two shows daily, - the dinner show and the midnight show. It is a city of neon lights and a very exciting place to visit. Some call it the City of Sin.

MEXICO

In 1966 we chose Mexico for our vacation. Historically Mexico is very interesting. We visited Mexico City, Xochimilco, the Pyramids, the Rhine, and the Shrine of Guadalupe, where thousands of people come each year to worship. We saw the Folklore Show, Mexican dances, and a bullfight, which I did not enjoy at all. We visited Taxco, known as the "Silver Capitol" of the world; Penafiel, the Spa City; and Acapulco, where we enjoyed a cruise on Acapulco Bay. The tour lasted fifteen days - we had a wonderful time.

EUROPE

In 1967, after I retired, we went on a tour of Europe, visited nine countries in fifty-six days. We travelled by plane to New York City, spent two days with our son and his wife, and boarded the luxurious ocean liner the Queen Elizabeth, on August 2nd. It was a very enjoyable six-day voyage across the Atlantic; but, shortly after our trip, the ship went out of business. We docked at Southampton, England, and travelled by train to London.

In London we took a sightseeing tour to: St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, (where we saw the Crown Jewels), London Bridge, Big Ben, Buckingham Palace, the Changing of the Guard, Westminster Abbey, the House of Parliament, Whitehall, No. 10 Downing Street, Scotland Yard, Hyde Park, and Piccadilly Circus. The next day we visited Cambridge University - the English countryside was very scenic.

Two days later we went by boat to Holland, then to Amsterdam and Rotterdam. The Dutch countryside is beautiful with its waterways, old windmills, and fields of flowers - predominantly tulips. Holland boasts the largest flower market in the world; they are sold at auction to buyers from every country. It is similar to the stock market in New York.

We went from Rotterdam to Brussels - saw the Palace of Justice, and the Manikin Statue - drove along the autobahn to Germany, visited Rothenburg; and Bonn, the capitol city - to Kampen, boarded a special steamer for a trip up the scenic Rhine, then to Weisbaden and Munich in Germany; and to Salzburg in Austria.

In Salzburg we saw the Cathedral, Mozart's birthplace and Festspiel House. In the evening we visited the Rathskeller - an old beer hall; and the Alpina Club. We had a most interesting steamer trip on the Danube River enroute to Vienna, where we visited the famous Schonbrunn Castle, and dined at Gunzing, called "Alte House." At the State Opera House in Vienna several thousand people gather every night to dance. The orchestra plays Strauss music superbly. Four professional couples demonstrate the Strauss waltz to the audience first, then everyone participates.

We visited Portoscuso, and Venice, Italy. In Venice we went for a gondola ride, heard a marvellous opera singer, visited St. Mark's Square, St. Mark's Cathedral, The Bridge of Sighs, the Great Canal, palaces and numerous other places of interest. In Florence we saw the Medici Chapel, Michelangelo's masterpieces, and the Uffizi Galleries. On the Isle of Capri we went by rowboat to see the Blue Grotto.

We visited Pompeii, the city that was buried in 79 A.D. under a torrent of lava and volcanic mud when the Vesuvius erupted with shocking suddenness. It lay buried for 1900 years, until excavations began in the 13th century - it has now been dug out and cleaned up. We passed through Naples on the way to Rome. That evening we went on an illuminated tour of Rome and saw: the Piazza, the Colosseum, the Pantheon, Vatican City, the St. Angelo Castle, the museums, the galleries, the Sistine Chapel, the Roman Forum and St. Peter's Basilica.

From Rome we travelled to Genoa, Italy; Nice, France; the Italian and French Riviervas; to Monaco, where we saw the Royal Palace, and gambled a bit at the Monte Carlo Casino; then via the Napoleon Road to the University of Grenoble, and to Geneva, Switzerland. We saw Lake Geneva and the French Alps. At Lucerne, Switzerland, we visited the winter resort of Chateau D'Oex, dined at the Stadtkeller Restaurant - and then to Berne.

At Dijon, France, we saw the famous Bear Pit, and the Wooden Dance of Death Bridge, built in 1497. We visited the medieval town of Walls and its Town Hall, which was built in 1599. That afternoon we visited Verrieres-le-Buisson, and the wine producing district of Burgundy - stopped to sample some of the French wines, and had lunch at the town of Fontainebleau, where the chateau built by King Phillip is located.

As we entered Paris we saw the Luxembourg Gardens and La Sorbonne. That evening we were conducted on an illuminated tour of the River Seine. We saw Trocadero, the Eiffel Tower, the Cencard Bridge, the Opera House, the Louvre, Notre-Dame Cathedral, the Champs-Elysees, Napoleon's Tomb, the Pont Neuf, Place de la Corde, Arc de Triomphe and the Basilica of the Sacre-Coeur in Montmartre. We saw three outstanding shows - Lido, Follies Begere, and Moulin Rouge. Paris is called the "City of Lights" and is the most glamorous city in the world. Its historical lore and monuments are unsurpassed.

SCANDINAVIA

June 1968 we decided to go on a Scandinavian Tour. We flew from Portland to Copenhagen, and then to Helsinki, Finland. Our trip was somewhat saddened that day by the radio report that Bobby Kennedy had been shot. In Helsinki we visited the Open Air Market, the Parliament Building, the Tomb of Marshall Mannerheim, the Olympic Stadium and Tower; lunched at the Towers Restaurant, and then on to the Open Air Museum, and the 18th Century Manor House, with its antique furniture. From there we went to Turku, the ancient capitol of Finland, where we visited the castle which dates back to the 14th century.

We travelled to Stockholm, Sweden, on an overnight steamer - visited the City Hall, cited as one of the most remarkable architectural structures in Europe; the Royal Palace (the largest in the world); Lake Malar and Appsoia the religious and cultural center famous for its university; and in the evening we dined at the famous Gyldin Frieden Restaurant. Sweden is a very progressive and prosperous country.

Norway was the next country we toured - first to Oslo, the capitol city where we visited the City Hall, the unique Viking Ships and the famous Kon-Tiki Raft - then to Fagernes, where the sculpture park is noted for its impressive statues. We motored through the beautiful Hallingal Valley, past Lake Kroderen to the Village of Gol - drove across the mountains where we saw the 12th century stave church - the oldest wooden church in existence. Next we went by fjordsteamer to Sogndal, a delightful Norwegian village for shopping - drove to Kaupanger, then via ferry on the majestic Sognefjord to Gudvangen; motored along the zig zag mountain road to Stalheim and Voss. From Voss we travelled via express train to Bergen where we spent a morning sightseeing - here we saw the 800-year old Maria Church.

Our next stop was Tralldhauden, home of Edward Grieg, the composer. His piano still remains there, and once a year musicians from all over the world gather for a musical festival. We drove through the mountain pass into Solgfoom, saw the wonderful Solgfoom Glacier, and on to Stavenger; then for a drive through the refreshing, unspoiled Roganland along the coast. The scenery in Norway is unbelievably spectacular. At Kristiansand we embarked on the night steamer for the trip across the Skagerrak to Denmark.

We travelled by coach to Hjorring and Aalborg, and through the National Park, where the American Independence Day, July 4th, is celebrated. Next we visited Rosenholm Castle, which dates back to 1000 A.D. and is surrounded by beautiful parks and gardens. We took a fairytale tour of Odense, where we saw Hans Christian Andersen's Museum with books, manuscripts and many illustrations of the life of the author. We visited the famous castle of Egeskow, and from there to Copenhagen.

We crossed the Sealand by ferry to Knudshaved and returned to Copenhagen; visited the colorful Fish Market, the canals, Christiansborg Castle, the "Little Mermaid" statue, and the enchanting Tivoli Gardens - an internationally famous cultural and amusement park like no other in the world. Wonderful Copenhagen is a city one always wishes to return to.

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

In June 1970 we had been married fifty years and decided to have a Golden Wedding Anniversary celebration. This was really some shindig. We rented a hall that would accomodate 250 people, and had the food and drinks catered. We hired the best music in the city - none other than the famous Billie Starkel orchestra from the International Club at the Portland Hilton Hotel. This was actually the first time in almost ten years that he played anywhere except at the club, and we felt honored that he would do this for us.

Our son Eddie, his wife Karen, and our grandson Mark, came from New York. Many people came from California, Canada and other places. We received numerous messages of congratulations and best wishes. Eddie, who is a radio announcer made a fine Master of Ceremonies. My wife was in her glory in a pretty bridal dress of off white. Fifty years ago when we were married we danced for two days . . . we did the same this time, except that I danced more than anyone else.

John Wilson, an old friend, gave the toast. He told how much work we devoted to charity, and the many years of service I had rendered to the United Good Neighbors and community services; and how much time my wife had given to hospital and church work in the community. In other words, he expounded on our virtues, but said nothing about our vices. Billie Starkel and his orchestra were superb. The celebration was a tremendous success - everyone enjoyed themselves.

In the fall of 1970 we spent three weeks in Winnipeg on vacation. We had a very nice time, yet there was a note of sadness as many of our old friends had passed away.

CANADIAN ROCKIES

In 1971 we went on a bus tour of the Canadian Rockies. The first day we travelled east along the Columbia River Gorge - saw beautiful Multnomah Falls, Bonneville and McNary Dams, and into Spokane, Washington. We travelled through the Kootenay National Park, crossed the Continental Divide and into Banff, Alberta, Canada, where we stayed two nights at the Banff Springs Hotel.

The scenic drive along the highway to Jasper National Park is a panorama of majestic mountains, ice fields and glaciers. We stayed at the luxurious Jasper Park Lodge; travelled from there to Lake Louise - an exceptionally beautiful location. We stayed at the Chateau Lake Louise.

The Trans-Canada is one of the most spectacular highways in North America. We crossed Rogers Pass, went through Glacier and Revelstoke National Parks to Penticton, British Columbia, in the beautiful Okanogan Valley. We had beautiful contrasting scenery all the way to Vancouver, which is situated in a majestic setting between the mountains and the Pacific Ocean. We stayed at the Georgia Towers Hotel, visited Queen Elizabeth and Stanley Parks. Although Vancouver is very commercialized there is a great deal of natural grandeur about it.

The twenty-four tour members held a farewell dinner in Vancouver, and presented me with an award for telling jokes. It read: "Awarded to Peter Beach, to express our appreciation for making our trip more enjoyable."

THE ORIENT

In the spring of 1972 we took a tour of the Orient. Saturday April 15, we flew by Pan American Jet to Honolulu to make connections for Tokyo; checked into the Hotel Okura in Tokyo, and spent the next day sightseeing.

Tokyo is a very congested city with twelve million people and a lot of smog. We saw the Imperial Palace, the National Diet Building, the Meiji Shrine, Asakusa's Bazaar, and had a Mongolian-style lunch at the Chinzanso Restaurant. That afternoon we went to the Kabuki Theatre - the best show in Japan. The next day we took an excursion to Nikko, saw the sacred Vermilion Bridge - to Kegon Falls and returned to Tokyo. The next trip was to Hakone, to Okayama, and the seaside village of Kamakura, the site of the great bronze image of Buddha, cast over 700 years ago. We took a scenic excursion on Lake Hahone with a beautiful view of Mount Fuji, then to Kyoto, the former Imperial capitol of Japan. The highlights of the trip were: the vermilion-lacquered Heian Shrine, Stroll Gardens, the exquisite Gold Pavilion and Nija Castle, with dinner that evening in the company of charming Geisha girls. We saw the Cherry Dance at the Kaburenjoy Theatre, then to Osaka, and Nara, and from there to China.

We landed at Taipei, capitol of Nationalist China, on the island of Taiwan. Taiwan is a very poor country, but the culture is fascinating and one of the few spots where ancient chinese customs are still preserved. The highlights included: Lungshan Temple, the National Palace Museum and the Golden Graden Wall.

Bangkok, the capitol of Thailand was our next stop - it is noted for its glittering temples and smiling people, and a way of life that remains uncomplicated, even today. We took an excursion on the River Chao Phya, saw the Royal Barges and how people live in their floating markets. The porcelain covered temples are magnificent.

That evening we watched a performance of the Classical Thai Dances. The next day we visited the Royal Palace - the site of the movie "The King and I" - next to Singapore, a colorful republic, and a true melting pot of east and west. We crossed the Straits of Johore for a brief trip along the Malaysian Peninsula. We went to visit the castle, but there was no one in authority present to show us around.

Our next stop was Hong Kong, where we stayed at the Peninsula Hotel. Hong Kong is the world's free market place. During the evening we toured the islands and saw some unique scenes with thousands of junks and sampans. Many people live and die on these without ever leaving them. We dined on a floating restaurant in the fishing village of Aberdeen. The next day we took a cable car trip to Victoria Peak, and then to Tiger Balm Gardens. The following day we toured Kowloon and the New Territories, and the refugee settlement from where we could see mainland China across the sea. Hong Kong is a fascinating place. Of course we did some shopping there. The last evening we held a farewell dinner at Eagles Nest at the top of the Hilton Hotel. On the way home we stopped one day and one night in Honolulu. We are now looking forward to a trip to the Holy Lands in the early spring.

The next nine months were quite uneventful. We went through a national presidential election. I worked on volunteer and charitable projects, and spent considerable money. We entertained out-of-town visitors.

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

In February 1973, we decided to go on a cruise to the Eastern Mediterranean. We flew from Portland to Seattle, and from there to Copenhagen, a beautiful city called the "Paris of Scandinavia." After a sightseeing tour in Copenhagen we flew to Athens, Greece, where we stayed at the Royal Olympic Hotel.

The next morning we went on a sightseeing trip to the famous Banaki Museum, the National Library, the University, the Royal Palace, and the Olympic Stadium, which is built of marble. We visited the remains of the great Temple of Zeus, Chief God of ancient Greece; Hadrian's Arch, the Byzantine Church; and the Acropolis, which means "High City." These are all remnants of ancient Greece, and there are others too numerous to mention.

The City of Athens is steeped in four thousand years of eventful history. It is the cornerstone of western cultures, and is filled with memories of ancient Greek Gods. It is the homeland of Plato and Socrates - men whose ideas were so revolutionary that it changed the course of men's philosophy. Some of the greatest architectural marvels of the world are located here.

In the afternoon we drove to Cape Saunion, where we saw the Temple of Poseidon, the Greek God of the Sea; and then returned to Athens for shopping. The city was very crowded - too many people fighting to stay alive. We left for Pireus, where we boarded the ship Mt. Orpheus. Our next stop was the Island of Rhodes, where we saw Lindos, one of the most important of the ancient cities. Lindos was the capitol before the town of Rhodes was founded. We saw the Temple of Athena, and the Frankish Castle. We proceeded from here to Alexandria and Cairo, in Egypt. The next day we drove through the countryside to Memphis, the ancient capitol of Egypt; visited the statue of Remuses II, the Alabaster Sphinx and the Pyramids.

Here I rode a camel and a donkey. Just think - sixty years ago I worked with camels, now I was riding one again. As we drove through the country we saw the way people lived and how they farmed. It was unbelievable, just like a thousand years ago. They still use donkeys, the women carry everything on their heads, and the wages are thirty cents a day.

We returned to Cairo, saw the famous Mosque, the Bazaar and the whole mess. I never saw so many people in any one place all trying to make a living. The next day we travelled to Beirut, Lebanon; and visited the city of Baalbeck, which was built in 1300 B.C. The Bekaa Valley was once the bread basket of the Roman Empire. We also saw the Acropolis, and then returned to Beirut, which is a very nice clean city.

Our next stop was the Island of Limassal. We drove to Dog River, and to Byblos, an ancient Phoenician city which is the oldest continuously inhabited town in the world, dating back to 3200 B.C. It is interesting to note that 'Bible' derives its name from this town. We saw the Temple, the Citadel, and Crusader work dating back to 1300 B.C., before returning to the ship.

The next places we visited were - Cyprus, Nicosia and Haifa, the principle port of Israel. In Haifa we went sightseeing, and from there to Jerusalem, where we saw the Wailing Wall, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and drove along the Via Dalarosa - the Way of the Cross. The next drive was to Mount Carmel and Nazareth in the Hills of Galilee overlooking the fertile Valley of Estraelon. We visited the Church of the Annunciation, the Church of St. Joseph's Workshop, the Foundation of the Blessed Virgin, and saw the ancient Bazaar. The Jewish people are making a paradise out of a desert. They have the best irrigation system and the most modern equipment in the world. They have planted millions of trees - all donated by the American people. They have 180 Kabuze or community farms, where they raise forty percent of all their farm produce, mostly citrus fruit. This has all been done with help from the United States.

One fellow wanted to cross the Sea of Galilee, but when told it would cost \$50 he decided that was too much. (No wonder Jesus walked across!)

We visited the Island of Patmos, where we saw the Monastery of St. John. The next day we arrived at Ephesus, Turkey, saw the statue of the Holy Virgin Mary, at an altitude of 2000 feet, the Temple of Artemus, museums, the harbour and Arcadian Street. In Ephesus are the remains of at least fifty buildings all dating back to the Roman Empire.

Time to say good-bye to our ship where we danced every night. Sometimes the weather was so bad that, instead of dancing, some of the passengers fed the fish. We went by motor coach to Corinth, Greece, where we saw the Daphni side of the famous 11th century Byzantine Church, the famous old ruins of Corinth - once the most important commercial center of ancient Greece; the Angara Market, and the seven columns of the Greek Temple of Apollo.

Our next stop was Istanbul, Turkey, where we spent a day sightseeing. We took a boat ride on the Bosphorous, saw the American colleges for boys and girls, and many fishing villages. We visited the Castle of Mohammed the Conqueror, museums, the St. Sophia and the Sultan Ahmed or "Blue Mosque" as it is called. It is a luxurious structure which took sixteen thousand slaves and seven years to build.

The cities in the Middle East are extremely overcrowded, and there is a terrible struggle for survival. If something is not done about the population problem nature will take care of it. I am sorry to sound such a pessimistic note, but that is the situation. However, we appreciate the opportunity we have had to travel. We have been on seven tours, and seen much of the world. It certainly makes us appreciate our country, and has given us a much better understanding of the problems of the human race.

When I am home I still participate in Union and Fraternal Organizations, and work on charitable projects. I would like to mention a few of the most rewarding events that have come into my life.

In 1965, during my tenure of office as Business Agent, I had the honor of organizing the Benedictine Monks at Trappist Abbey. They are a very strict monastic order who maintain a policy of silence - they live and work, speaking only when necessary. They operate a cabinet shop and approached me about the Union, as they did not wish to be unfair to organized labor. At first I thought it was a joke, but they were serious and joined our Local. When I initiated the group they were given special permission to talk. I therefore offered to answer any questions they wished to ask about the Union, and was indeed surprised at their intellect, and their knowledge of the pros and cons of unions.

I am a member of an organization called the Oregon Building Congress, which is composed of all the organizations in the building industry. Each year they designate one of their members as "Congressman of the Year" for outstanding service to the community. In 1966 I was chosen for this honor.

The Kelley Loe Memorial Awards are sponsored by the Tri-County Community Services Activities and presented annually, for outstanding service to community and charitable work - one to an individual from the general public, and one to a member of the labor movement. I consider it a great honor to have been selected from a labor organization to receive the 1973 Kelley Loe Award. The presentation was at a dinner held in the Hilton Hotel. After these ceremonies a group of our friends concluded the gala evening at the International Club of the Hilton dancing to the music of our old friend Billie Starkel.

In recognition of this award I received the following letter from the Honorable Neil Goldschmidt, Mayor of Portland:

Dear Peter:

I want to add my congratulations to those you're receiving on being selected the recipient of the Kelley Loe Memorial Award. Your tradition of service to the community stands as an example of exactly the kind of proud dedication that some very special people bring to their involvement with the community.

In addition to congratulations on this well-deserved award, I offer my heartfelt thanks for your untiring efforts.

Best wishes.

Sincerely,

/s/ Neil Goldschmidt

I close this account with appreciation to my loving wife and many friends who have made my life so pleasant and rewarding.