

1974

Viking 1974

Portland State University

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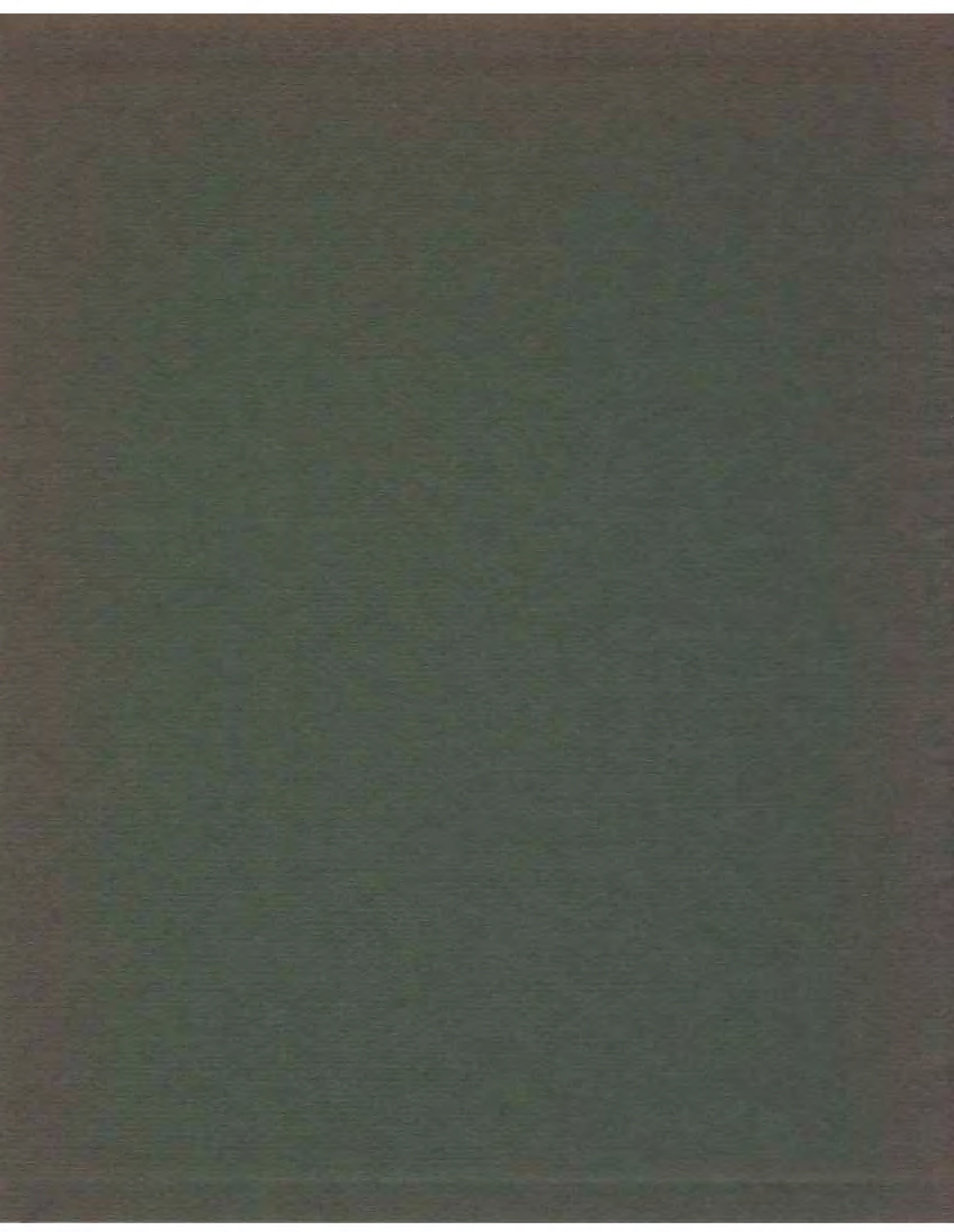
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A Portland Family Album



“I’ve been here in Portland since 1909. I can’t say anything against it. Portland isn’t a flashy city, it isn’t a go-getter like San Francisco. But there’s one thing about it: you’ve got the climatic conditions that are a whole lot better than other places. You don’t have any hard winters and there aren’t hot summers. By gosh, it’s just about as good as a fellow wants to get.”



A Portland Family Album

1974

**Portland State University
Viking Yearbook 1974**

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A stack of photos and a silent typewriter lie on the table. Months of examining, exploring, rethinking are behind. How is it all gathered together to make some sense out of the complexities of Portland and America in the early 70's? It's often a bit of a struggle— break it down, build it up, struggle a little more. Somehow it all comes together.

This book, a collection of photographs, is a collection of Portland's people. No big buildings, no rose festival parades; just people. People stopping for us, talking with us, sharing a few moments of this year and of their lives. A photograph and a pen can save those moments of time, and since 1974 is an unusual year, we wish to record it for future years. In taking the pictures for this book, we tried to be as honest and straightforward as in taking a snapshot for a family album, and we prefer to think of the book in just those terms: a family album— A Portland Family Album.

Portland, an American city in 1974, is more than the sum of its parts; its population, more than the sum of its individuals. It is the blend of American culture and thought. What we do in Portland affects other Americans; what happens in America affects our actions here.



If there was any question that 1974 would be an inflationary year it was quickly answered by the year's first price figures. Wholesale prices soared a dizzying three and one-half percent in January— an advance that used to be considered large for an entire year. Fuel prices alone accounted for forty percent of the total monthly increase. The economic statistics are now fully reflecting the distortions of the energy crunch: Output and personal income are declining, inflation is accelerating.
Business Week, February 23, 1974



Sunday, December 2nd, was D-Day for millions of Bob Dylan devotees in North America, their first chance to mail in ticket requests for his milestone forty concert tour with The Band in January and February. All concerts were immediately sold out, with tickets going to the lucky first 658,000 applicants. "It was," Bill Graham said modestly, "uh, rather monumental."
Rolling Stone, January 3, 1974



The auto industry needs huge amounts of energy to keep assembly lines moving; and while they have yet to experience any cutbacks in supplies, both GM and Ford are worried enough to explore for natural gas on their own—GM to the extent of sinking a well in the parking lot of its Lordstown, Ohio, plant.
Newsweek, December 3, 1973



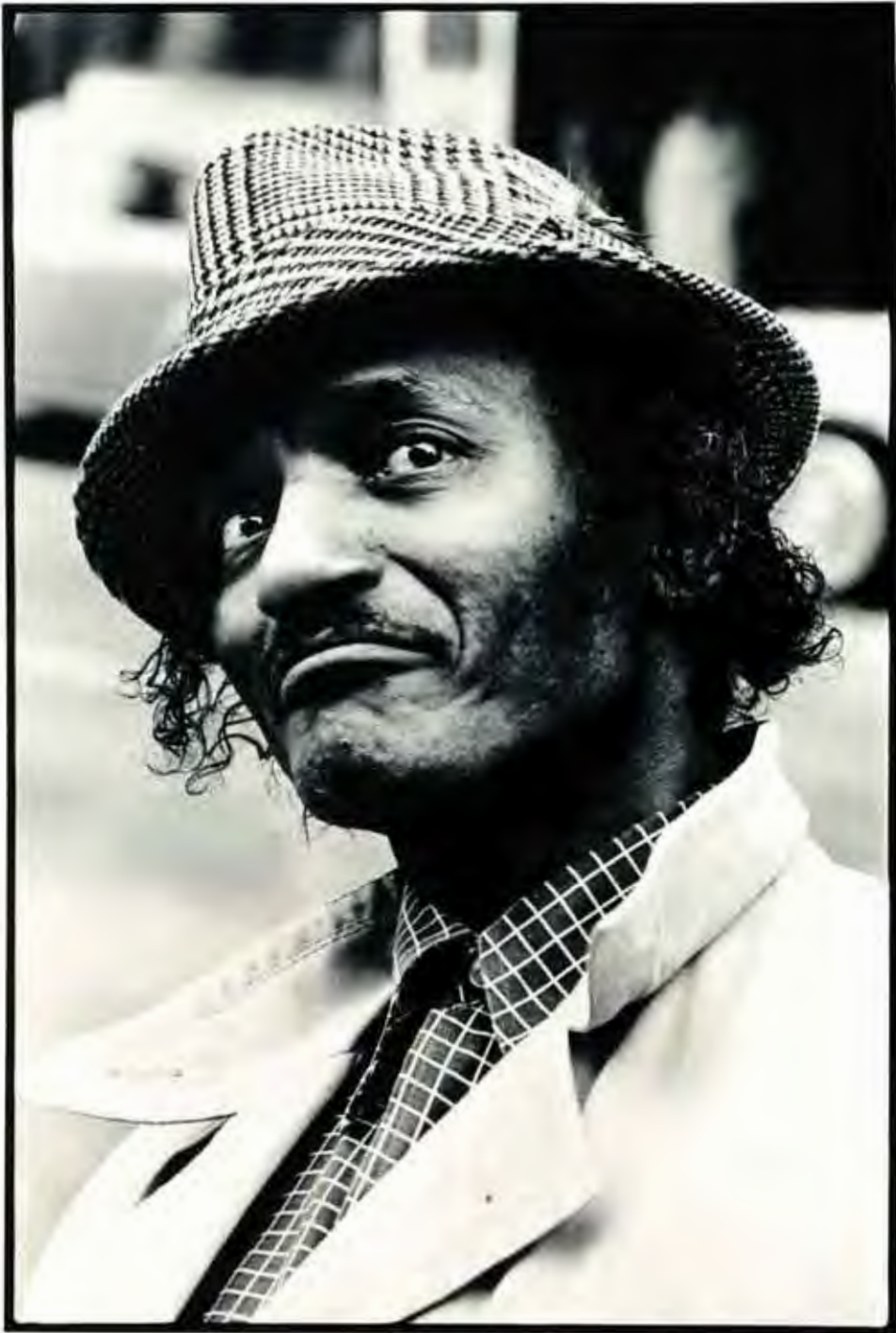
In the shivering cold atop Manhattan's Empire State Building, a hardy band of amateur astronomers were asked by a television interviewer what they thought of Kohoutek's comet. "Flop of the Century!" they agreed unanimously.

Time, January 21, 1974



In one of the most extraordinary weeks of Richard Nixon's presidency, it was by far the strangest moment— one that in any other time would have been almost inconceivable. Standing before 400 newspaper editors and fielding a barrage of questions about his conduct in office, his scandal-racked administration and his personal integrity, the President summed up his defense in two flat lines: "People have the right to know whether or not their President is a crook. Well, I'm not a crook."

Newsweek, November 26, 1973







Bus stop in front of Pioneer Post Office

Before the sun comes up, the sound of trucks shifting gears on Harbor Drive echoes off the buildings downtown. Even before the office workers toss down the morning coffee and leave their homes, activity begins in the Farmer's Market.

A short time later the convoys of orange buses tail each other into town—the noise increases as the rush begins—the steady turning motors arrive with the working force. Into the City. The cars are placed in stalls for the day as the fusion of people takes to the streets and disappears into buildings.

Typewriters, computers, business machines are plugged in; tons of paper slide across thousands of desktops; millions of dollars change hands without ever touching human flesh. The streets belong to the shoppers; 5th & Morrison given over to seekers of bargains and seekers of chic.

Noon, and the workers are on the streets again finding food and coffee to help them endure the afternoon.

Then five o'clock; the evening paper waits to proclaim the world's gossip; the cars are retrieved and headed toward home; the buses, crowded with the weary, fan out away from the city. The Business goes home and the sun sets as colored lights come on to invite entertainment, food and drink.

Evening wears on; the hungry are fed, the bored are entertained; they leave for home and sleep. The young move up Broadway in slow cars, no real rush. The City is theirs now.

Late, after nearly every shop and restaurant is closed and dark, the cleaners arrive to sweep and sanitize it all, from the double-sub-basement of M & F to the 40th floor of the First National Bank. Far into the night they work to prepare the City for another day of business. When they finally go home to bed it is before the sun comes up, as the sound of trucks shifting gears . . .



Saturday night downtown



Marchers at Impeach Nixon rally



Young couple shopping at Morgan's Alley



Before a concert at Paramount Northwest



Krishna follower at 5th and Alder



Commuter at Pioneer Post Office



Street musician in front of Meier and Frank





We are approaching our two hundredth anniversary and this year will perhaps mark a turning point in American life: the end of the frontier and the realization that maybe at last we have to live with ourselves and each other.

Do you like America?

This question was put to many Portland people at the public library. It's not a deep or leading question, but it provided an opportunity to respond in a personal manner.



Sure, I like America but I don't like the bind we're in right now with Nixon's administration. I could see it coming and told my brother-in-law that if he voted for him, he'd be scratching his ass with his elbow.



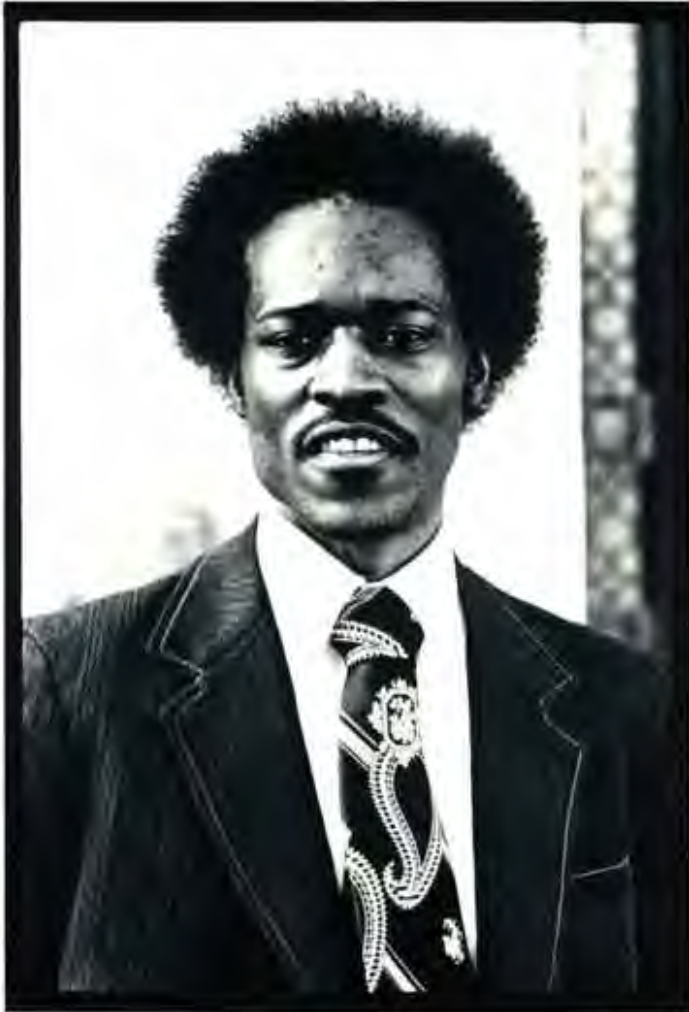
Yes, I like America. I've traveled around quite a bit. I like America but it's not any better than anywhere else.



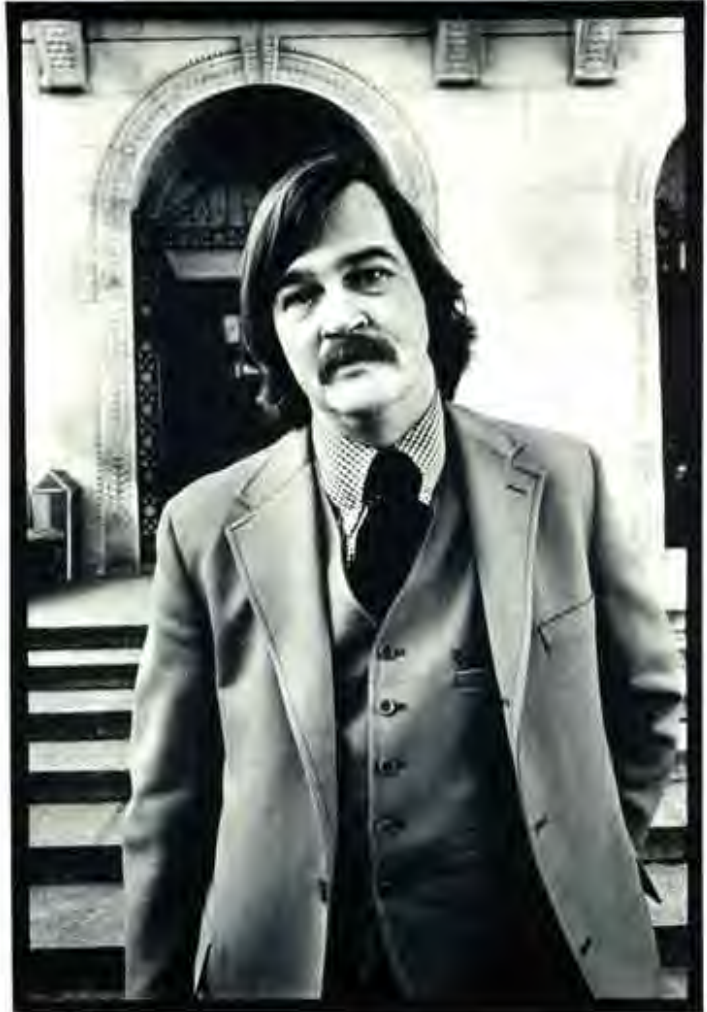
I just feel in the middle of everything, and I really care. I've been a conscientious objector, a draft resister, a freedom fighter, and a rock thrower, and now I'm almost apathetic. When you get to a certain age you just have to fit in. I like America. I think that a whole lot of America's original ideals are gone. It's progressing closer to a dictatorship than most Americans believe it to be. I can see it, they can't.... I'm lost in the crowd.



Yes, I like America. I like President Nixon. No, we don't need another president.



Do I like America? I think that a better question is 'Does America like you?'



I think that the thing that is going to cut it with a lot of people is the fact that Nixon paid less income tax than you or me. He'll either resign by July or be impeached in August.



I'm a chauvinist American nationalist! You see that flag waving over there? Well, if it was Chinese or Russian then I wouldn't be here. I'd be six feet under.



I think that's the most stupid question anybody could ask. I love America, I live here. I don't want to live anywhere else. We're in a general upset, but it will be straightened out, I'm sure of that. Of course, I haven't always liked what the President said, but things will be straightened out.



I think America is the greatest country in the world. But I think we're in a helluva mess with Nixon. I think we ought to kick him out. Do like the British: when you don't have any confidence in your government, kick 'em out! Don't wait three years, get him out right away! I'm seventy-six years of age and I've seen a lot of changes. I hope many of them for the better. But it's a time of uncertainty.

Well, I'll tell ya. I'm only eighty so I can't tell you a whole lot about it. I think it's the worst disruption of the government in a long time. I've been in Portland since 1909. I can't say anything against it. Portland isn't a flashy city, it isn't a go-getter like San Francisco. But there's one thing about it: you've got the climatic conditions that are a whole lot better than other places. You don't have any hard winters and there aren't hot summers. By gosh, it's just about as good as a fellow wants to get.

White shoes motor homes kohoutek the guru bob dylan on
tour marx brothers revival sam erwin miami dolphins last tango in
paris evel comes to portland streaking jonathan livingston
seagull euell gibbons harbor drive ungreting cards exorcist
agnew resigns sonny and cher american graffiti oil embargo
bobby riggs billie jean king washington square opens 18 minute
gap nixon watergate martial arts wfl nostalgia platform
shoes kissinger the great gatsby ucla loses walton pocket
calculators bebe rebozo energy crisis tom mcall victor ives
eight cent stamp denim over 14 billion sold playgirl magazine
tom peterson national lampoon hank aaron presidential tax
return economy cars transvestite rock jim bosley patricia hearst



'We have a nice home. The kids can play out front and the things we need are close by.'





Last year McDonalds passed the U.S. Army as the nation's number one distributor of food. If one person ate one of their hamburgers every five minutes, it would take him 120,000 years of nonstop munching to consume the 13 billion sold to date.





All boats are equipped with deck chairs, silver and glassware, dishes, all cooking utensils, coffee pot, barbecue, stereo and tapes, bedding and linen, bio-degradable hand soap and dishwashing soap, life jackets and fire extinguishers.

Boat advertisement.



Woman selling boating accessories.



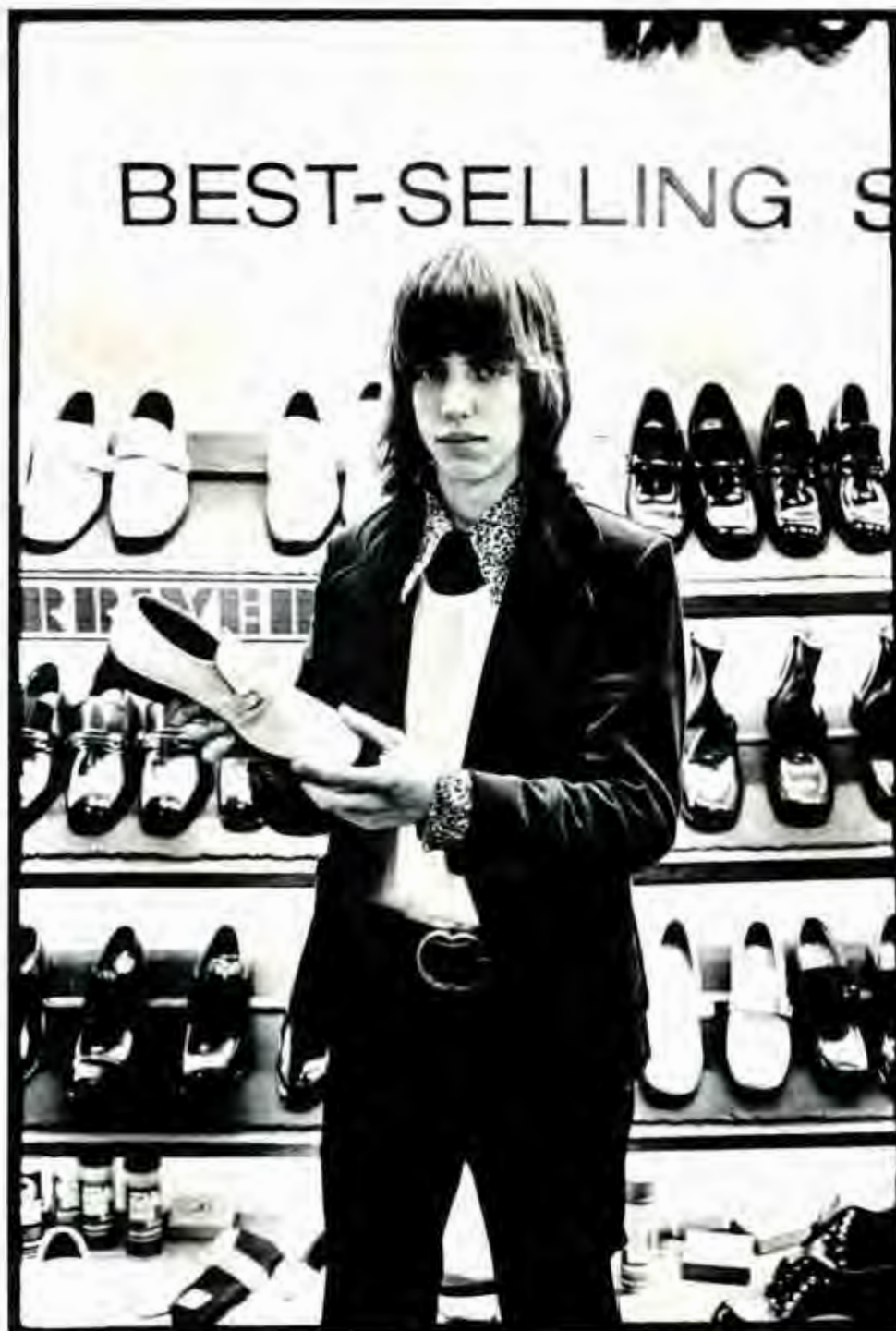
Promotion at the Portland Home Show

"Business is great. It may look like the store is empty but actually the place is jammed. They're just very small people. These white shoes are selling like hotcakes. How are hotcakes selling? Like white shoes. It's against company policy for me to hold white shoes but I'll hold one for you anyway. But our best selling model, believe it or not, is that hideous looking brown one over there. It's the one the Marx Brothers used to wear."

Interview with shoe salesman



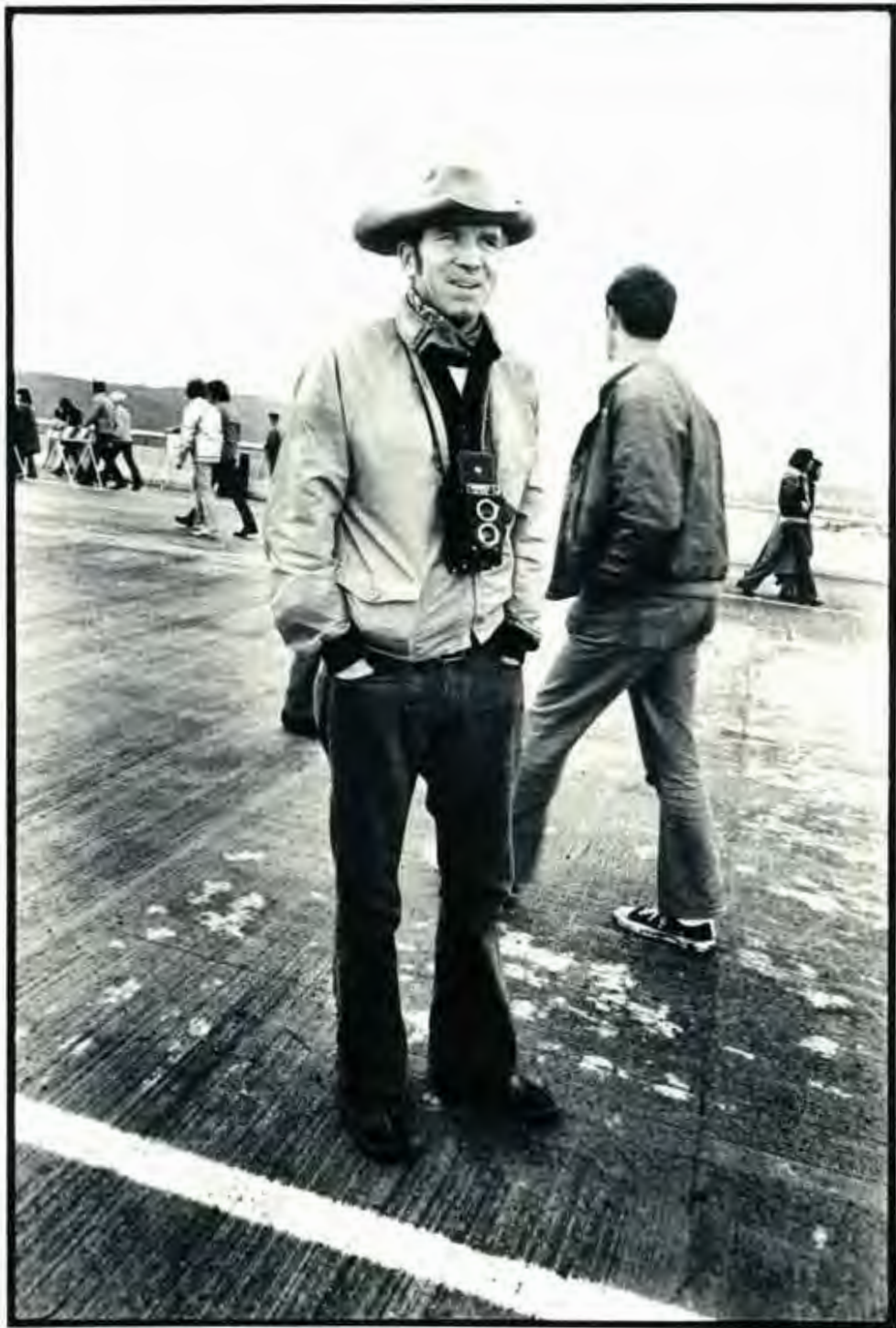
Washington Square grand opening



Shoe salesman at local shopping center

It was the greatest show in town; an invitation to a unique form of absolutely free fun. A Family Reunion, a sideshow. 30,000 folks, smiling and laughing in the wind and rain. All those people using their feet, their cameras, lots of bicycles, some roller skates, a big wheel, wheelchairs—but no cars. That cars would use the bridge the very next day was inevitable, but the importance of the People's Day was that Portland had humanized the Fremont Bridge.





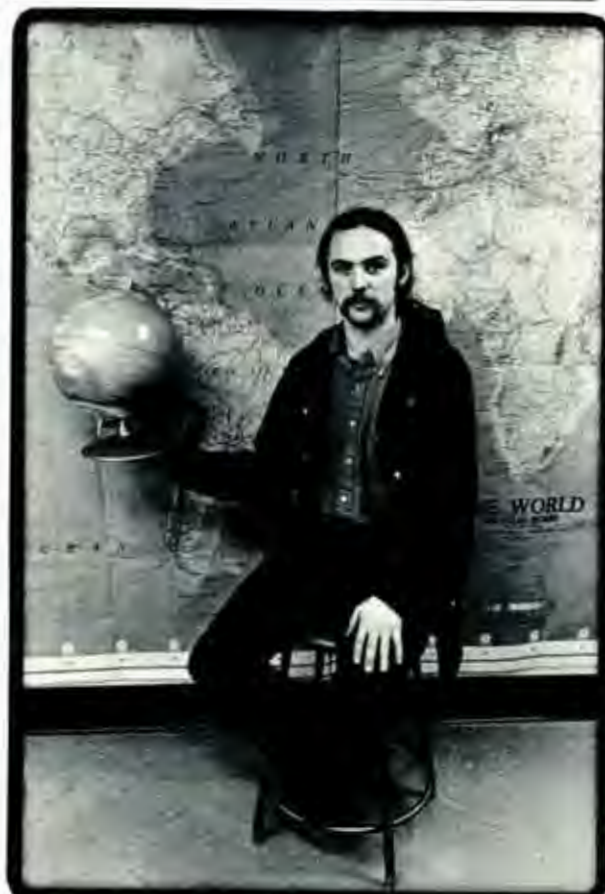


FREMONT BRIDGE
PEOPLE'S DAY
NOV. 11 12-8 P.M.





- Ben** "I was raised on a farm down by Salem and moved up to the city to find a job when I got out of high school. That's just about what everybody else I knew did, too. After a few different jobs and two years in the service, I went to work down in the shipyards. When the war ended and I got out of the shipyards, I decided to stay in Portland and make my life. I'm glad now that I stayed here and I have no desire to live anywhere else."
- Joanne** "I've always lived in Portland, except for a year in Corvallis and a year in Europe. I like the city, especially the convenience of its size. It's a nice place to live, but pretty boring to visit. There's nothing to do here that can't be done in any other city. About the only thing I really don't like about Portland is its bit of closed-mindedness. The people here still wait for the WAIT signs. I guess the main reason for my staying here at the moment is that my sculpture instructor, Mr. Hansen, teaches here."
- Mrs. Leo** "Portland is a livable city; interesting and unique. We've valued the environmental assets of the area and not allowed heavy industries in. This is due in part to the public interest groups we have, like OSPIRG, and good leaders like Goldschmidt and McCall. But there are some definite problems in Portland, like the amount of smog and noise produced by cars. We moved to the Portland Center because it's close to events downtown and we wanted to personally conserve energy; still it's good to get away to the mountains sometimes. I feel that, because of population growth, living in apartment complexes will be a future trend. It will mean sacrificing some individuality in order to live in close, family-like groups. It won't be as isolated as suburban life."
- Harold** "Six years ago I left my home town to come to PSU. I came to get away from Salem, attend college and grow up. Now, I'm still growing up and occasionally attending school. I live in a house built at the turn of this century, in a small remnant of a neighborhood now decimated by freeways and urban renewal. Portland is my home now, and except for minor things like I-205, Ivancie, and a lack of good restaurants, I enjoy living here."























"No, I don't want to be seen holding the American flag. But you can take a picture of me holding this umbrella with the naked ladies on it."

"To keep that old flag waving, we have to keep those eighteen wheels rolling." Trucker on evening news

A big man pulls his heavy duty trailer truck in and parks it beneath a giant neon sign. Inside, the juke box plays country western music and the men eat breakfast specials and drink coffee by the gallon. But beneath the romantic atmosphere frustration grows as the union puts the squeeze on independents, prices rise, and fuel gets scarce. It is getting harder to make a living and pretty soon a lot of people are mad as hell. The truckers blockade the highways, strangle traffic, and before long the National Guard is called in. The truck stops aren't as comfortable as they used to be.



“Well, there’s a lot of pros and cons to this strike. I’m just going to sit back for now and see what happens next.”



“You know, I’m moving to Ogden, Utah, next week, and the thing I think I’ll miss the most is all the guys here at the truck stop. They’re the nicest group of people I’ve ever been around.



"I'm just driving for the owner of this rig, so the truckers' strike doesn't really affect me directly, I guess. But I've been keeping track of things on the CB radio inside and if things seem to be getting real bad, I just might pull off the road."



"The reason people come to see me is in the hope that I might crash. The only record I want to set is the attendance record. I want to draw the biggest crowd and make the most money. Knievel isn't going to jump the canyon, that junk is just for publicity." Johnny "Cowboy" Brower

"Believe me, this is a rough way to make a living. It's like a treadmill, there just seems to be no stopping. My wife wants me to retire after the Snake Canyon jump but I don't know about that. I've been hurt lots of times before but I have always healed because I lived right. Cowboy Brower? Never heard of him." Evel Knievel



Motorcycle club members at Portland CycleRama



There's a list of standard equipment that includes a 350 cubic-inch V-8, a Turbo Hydramatic Transmission, power steering, and front disc brakes. And there is a wide range of options, too. From an Automatic Climate Control to an electric rear window defogger and a Cruise Master Speed control. But it doesn't stop there...



Dealer at the Portland Auto Show



Ask a group of high schoolers why they come down to Broadway to drive around in circles and the answer is always the same: "There's nothing else to do."

While local cruisers were rounding the downtown circuit, American Graffiti was playing at the Broadway. Scenes of "where were you in '62" were taking place both outside and inside the theater doors.







University students in 1974 seemed quiet and pacified to most Americans but the fact was that this year inflation caught up with the university, forcing students into the role of survivors. The great fulfillment, both monetary and social, that went with a college degree wasted away in 1974 as tuition went up again and the number of jobs continued to go down. If students were more conscious of the limits of their education, that a diploma is not Carte Blanche to the working world, they were also working more, wrestling with the inflation that had become a personal reality.

The students counted the teachers being terminated due to budget cuts and contemplated their own futures with anxiety. Most of those terminated were not much older than the students themselves. Education was hanging in the balance of a budget and most students got the feeling that their money was being shot down a few too many ratholes. With a jobless future staring students down, the tradition of college football looked fairly weak in comparison. Without so much as one banner or rally, students at Portland State pragmatically cut the funds of programs which had incurred debts or had been extravagant with student money. In the end, student idealism had taken on frustrating overtones of expedience and practicality. The university in 1974 was a part of the real world.



Student on overpass at Portland State University.

"I went to Portland State for about a year, then I quit school for awhile and did a four year stint in the Air Force. When I got out of the service, I came back to school but a friend offered me a partnership in his business so I left again. Our business venture folded up pretty quick though, my friend left town, so now I am back in school again. Should have stayed here in the first place. Right now I am eyeing an administrative position with Otis Elevators. It's the kind of company where you can move up and they don't stick you in some little cubbyhole until you retire. But I have to get the piece of paper that says I am educated before they will consider hiring me."

Male student majoring in business administration



Woman selling flowers at Portland State

"I hate school. Oh, I enjoy doing the reading and going to class, I really enjoy learning, but I just don't like school. It's too crowded and there is just no interaction with the teachers. You meet lots of people but it usually just ends in the classroom. It sure seems like people could be more friendly. Anyway, I've been going to school off and on for four years and I am going to quit for a while. I think that about the best thing a person can do at school is get a really broad education. I wouldn't want to focus on a certain subject, because the job aspect is about the last thing I am interested in."

Discouraged student



Student in South Park Blocks.

"I come to school to stir up trouble. I am an old time late sixties radical and I have a letter writing table set up down in front of the cafeteria. The Congress is much more responsive than it used to be, but people just aren't motivated. It's going to be a long gradual process of re-educating the people. My personal, political, and social goals all come together at the university. I am fortunate enough to have a federally funded work study job."

Student activist





"It's funny how a plant that lived millions of years ago could play such a vital role in a future life. Just what plant would have thought that it could be responsible for the powering of a four thousand pound creature that can cross a continent in less time than it takes for a single leaf on a plant to sprout and mature."

Bus rider





Teenagers pulled their cars into empty gas stations and waited for lines of gas hungry cars to form behind them. When expectant motorists had lined up behind them, they pulled away, leaving drivers to face empty pumps and non-existent gas station attendants.



A motorist who insisted on buying more than the station's three dollar limit was shot and killed by a service station attendant in New Orleans.



Governor McCall drove into a gas station on the Oregon Coast. The station manager informed him, "Sorry, Governor, we can only serve our regular customers." McCall then went down the street to wait in line at a station which was serving all comers.



A man waited in a line of cars for half an hour, when a person not looking like a gas station attendant informed him that he was waiting in a funeral procession.





Skyline from the east bank of the Willamette

Blood boiling issues like the Agnew resignation, the Saturday Night Massacre, Nixon's taxes, the gas shortage, and price gouging were mostly topics of street conversation and office arguments. At home it seemed less meaningful to talk about the national issues when the cost of the food we ate was enough to ruin dinner. If flood victims and mass murders weren't dinner subjects then neither was Watergate. And yet, every American felt the pressure of the news: the chilliness of a livingroom, the waiting in gas lines, the attempt to file an honest tax return, the tension of an insecure job market.

In Oregon we decided that those gas lines could be untangled and gave it a try that became known nationwide as the Oregon Plan; we sacrificed our outdoor advertising lights, warm homes, and colored lights at Christmastime, and some street lights went off as well until the rains came again— every drop a kilowatt.

In Portland we decided to value our neighborhoods more than a complete freeway grid; we decided to go ahead on some positive attractions for downtown— a transit mall, a waterfront plan.

It was just a question of doing what we could, making the changes or adjustments day by day, block by block. Mostly 1974 was the year that Americans realized that the past is connected to the future, all the people of the world are connected to each other, all our backyards are next to a neighbor's back yard.



Sunday fisherman on a Willamette boat dock



Donut shop in SE Portland



Late Friday night downtown

HOSTESS

FOUNTAIN GRILL

