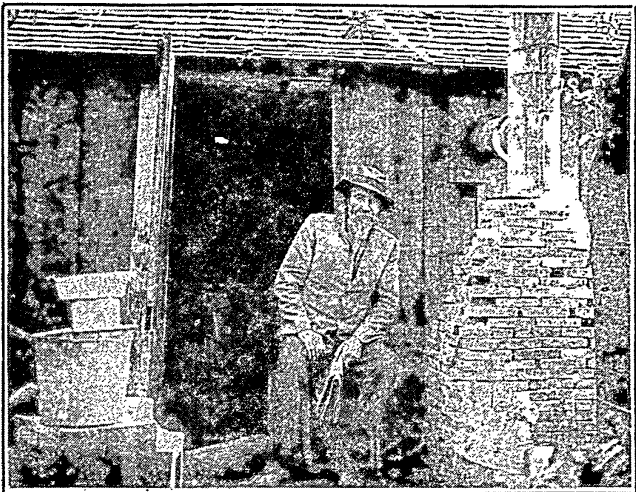


90-YEAR-OLD HERMIT OF EAST SIDE RECALLS SHOOTING BEARS AND WOLVES IN PORTLAND

Vigorous Old Man Sleeps in Hut and Makes Living Trading Wood for Food Over Period of Forty-three Years—Recluse Hasn't Seen Center of City for Twenty Years and Has Never Ridden on Street Car.



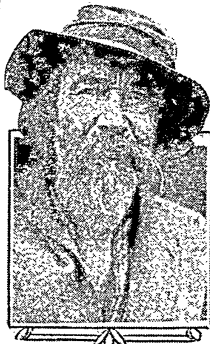
FOR 43 YEARS, possibly half of his life, for so he estimates his age, Joseph Albert O'Donoghue has lived in a hovel the size of a chicken coop in the woods between the Alameda and Alberta. It has been a peaceful existence for the old man, but he did not reckon on the growth of the city and last spring his hut was destroyed by a gang clearing land and he now has been ordered by the health and fire departments to vacate an old barn he occupies near Bryce avenue. So, in the winter of his life, he faces an eviction order and the necessity of getting a new home.

Few even of the residents of the immediate vicinity knew of the existence of this old character, and it is likely that many a childish tale of "the hermit" was skeptically received. But O'Donoghue has lived there in peace, slept on the bare ground, wrapped in castoff garments, and amassed a "library" that consists mainly of copies of The Oregonian. He has not been in the center of the city for over 20 years and it has been nine years since he visited East Portland. He does not know the great office buildings or stores, though he has been a resident of Portland for 43 years, and he has not ridden on a street car. His wants have been few and he has managed to exist by trading wood for food.

Fall of Sebastopol Recalled.

"I must be near 90 years of age," he observed yesterday, as he paused for his woodcutting work, "for I can distinctly remember the fall of Sebastopol in the Crimean war and I was a good rifle shot in 1850. I have lived on this place so long that I do not want to leave, but they have ordered me to go. I would like to stay here, have some kind of a little house about the size of a garage, or I might return to Canada, but I'd have to walk and I don't want to start out this winter."

O'Donoghue claims that Bernard



Joseph Albert O'Donoghue, Portland's 90-year-old hermit, and his present home on Bryce avenue.

Brandenburg, former owner of the land he now occupies, allowed him to stay there and also that Brandenburg owes him three years' wages at \$15 per month. P. O. Collier offered some time ago to give the hermit a home on a wood farm he has and O'Donoghue seemingly agreed, but it is said that when a truck came to take him and his belongings away he refused to leave, claiming that he had been visited by "spirits" during the night who advised against the move. O'Donoghue claims to be a su-

per-Mason of some high Egyptian branch of the lodge, says he was born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, and is a Canadian citizen. His story of his early life seems garbled and he is not too clear as to some of his movements, but tells of a trip he once made from Portland to San Francisco and return, walking all of the distance.

Honesty Not Doubted.

The residents of the locality seem agreed that he is honest and harmless and has done some valuable work in extinguishing dangerous fires that have started in the brush and threatened to destroy property. He has a pile of newspapers five feet high and ten feet wide and barrels and boxes of books in what he calls his library.

O'Donoghue is an upright man of about 6 foot 2 inches, well preserved and does not appear to be more than 45 years of age. He chops wood and labors at a speed seldom equaled by many younger men. His mentality is not flawless but his conversation bears the stamp of considerable education. He told of relatives in San Francisco who were wealthy, but asked that their names not be mentioned.

No Feathers for Him.

"Put me on a feather bed or even on a straw mattress or felt and I could not sleep, I would get sick," was one of his complaints. "They say my place is not healthy, look at me! Must be near 90 and look like I am 40. Not many men as well, and I sleep right there on the ground and don't have many dreams. I helped clear Fremont street when it was just a forest and I have shot bear and wolves right here. Once worked four years for Ben Holladay in his saw-mill, but this is my home and if I have to leave here, and they have notified me to move, I don't know where I shall go. I want to stay where I have lived for nearly 50 years."