



Newsletter of the

October 2012

Troutdale Historical Society

BYGONE TIMES

Mark Your Calendars!

~October 5~

First Friday at the Depot and Launch of the new Arcadia "Troutdale" book compiled by Julie Stewart!
5-8 p.m.

SATURDAY!

~October 20~

6:00 p.m.

Len Otto interviews the Quade sisters about Growing up at Sundial. This is an evening meeting at the Barn Museum and we will be serving beer, wine and snacks.

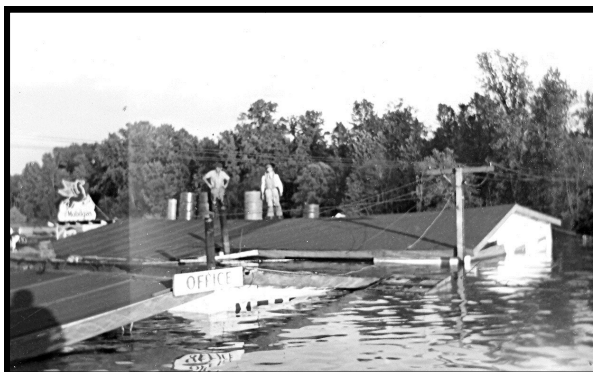
SATURDAY!

~November 17~

6: p.m. at Fairview Community Center on Harrison St. in Fairview.

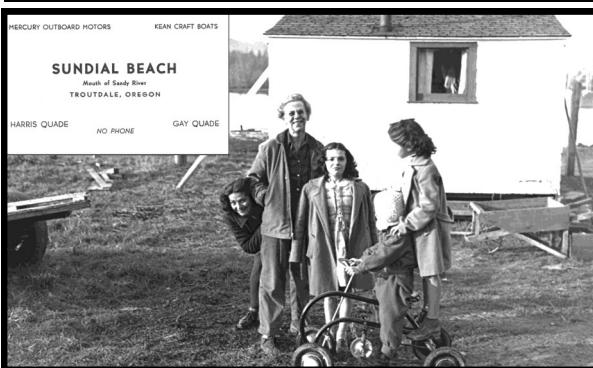
Chuck Rollins and Steve Lehl present the "History of Fishing on the Columbia River"

Len Otto to Interview Quade Sisters of Sundial at THS Evening Meeting at the Barn Museum October 20

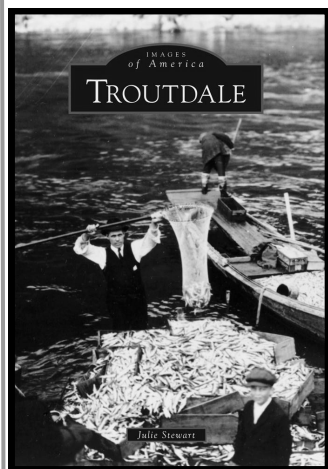


This month's meeting will be an evening meeting at the Barn Museum with an interview of the Quade Sisters led by Len Otto. Wine, Beer and snacks will be served at the 6 p.m. meeting on October 20. Come hear what it was like to live and grow up at Sundial!

In the Sundial 1948 Flood picture the people are unidentified.



Sundial Quade Family L to R: Gay Quade ("hiding" behind Jule), Jule Ohm-Quade (grandmother), Gay and Harris' daughters Jackie, Elaine, and Jeanne. The girls called the four-wheeled toy a "trike." If you notice the business card on the corner of the picture, it says "No phone" a real contrast with today's world.



Author Julie Stewart will hold a signing and presentation of a new Troutdale history book at the Troutdale Rail Depot Museum on Troutdale's First Friday celebration, Friday Oct. 5, From 5- 8 p.m. The Depot address is 473 E Historic Columbia River Highway, in Troutdale.

"Troutdale" was gathered, edited and written by Stewart who is the photo librarian for the Troutdale Historical Society. This pictorial history boasts more than 200 vintage images and provides readers with a unique opportunity to reconnect with the history that shaped their community. Coinciding with a future exhibit on the 1916 opening of the Historic Columbia River Highway, the book offers historic photographs of both the road building and the Columbia River Gorge and shows the development of the community as it grew from a Chinookan hunting and fishing site to a landing place for Lewis and Clark to an initial stop for immigrants fresh off the Oregon Trail.

Bygone Times

Dear THS Members:

The Board of Directors would appreciate your help. We have developed three different methods of distributing the newsletter, direct mail, email and internet viewing on our “new improved” website.

In an effort to provide a more efficient use of our Bygone Times Newsletter distribution, we would like to hear from all of you on the following questions. Please feel free to use one of the forms of communication below to reply to Terry with your answers.

Do wish to continue receiving the Newsletter? Yes No If yes, which method of delivery would you prefer?

1. U.S. Mail 2. Email we need an email address _____ 3. Website access

We need to know what your interests are or special talents and how you may be able to support our efforts at the THS through volunteer work. We currently are in the process of archiving our information on our electronic data base. If you have basic computer skills we could certainly use your help in getting our important historic information preserved and documented into our system.

As a reminder, please help support our Society through your annual membership payments. Giving a gift membership to friends and family members is also a good way to encourage new members and support the THS.

Please reply to Terry via telephone at 503-661-2164 or

Via email to terry@troutdalehistory.org or

Write to us at: Troutdale Historical Society
219 E. Historic Columbia River Highway
Troutdale, OR 97060

Thank you for your help!
Dave Ripma, Board President
Troutdale Historical Society

Walter Cox

Walter Cox Reynolds Class of 1965

Walter Cox, 65, born on Feb. 05, 1947 in Pisa, Italy. He passed away in Portland on August 29, 2012.

Walter grew up in Troutdale and attended Troutdale Grade School and Reynolds High School where he graduated in 1965. While in high school, he played in the band and played football. After graduation Walter's entire career was with Union Pacific. In later years Walt was a mainstay at Reynolds reunions, car rallies and alumni events. He was a gentle giant and a loving soul and will be missed by all who knew him.

Walter is survived by his mother, Lore Cox of Gresham; wife, Claudeen of Portland; sons, Jeffrey and Richard; and grandchildren, Andy and Jenna. At his request, no service was held.

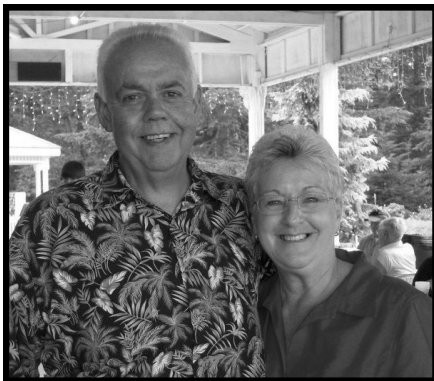
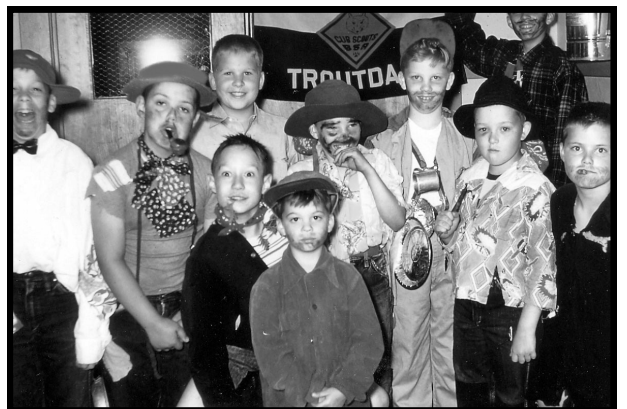


Photo at right taken in the '50s includes Walt (with the pipe), Larry Jones, Joe Lunday, Dale Stoffer, Ricky Davis, Mike Troxel, Dale Handy, Gene Handy, Neil Handy & Greg Handy.

Walt & Claudeen at this year's Cox Family Reunion.

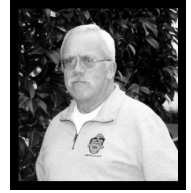


We Need a Grant Writer! If you have any experience, please call the office 503-661-2164

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More Life and Sports in Wood Village

by
Jim
Glenn



As we grew older, we graduated from the berry fields to the nursery fields of East County. My brother Pat went to work for Glen Handy's nursery over on Sandy Blvd. for several years in the mid to late 1950's. When I went to work a few years later at Handy's nursery, I found out that Pat had been a perennial all star year after year.

My folks had pretty much figured I was well on my way to being a career knot head before I first went to work for Kaphammer's Rose Nursery over on Blue Lake Road a bit north of Sandy Blvd. With the hard work in the rose fields every day, some of the immaturity of my adolescence was starting to fall by the wayside.



I went to the Multnomah County Fair* that summer with a kid I had made friends with when we first moved to Wood Village. The next morning at breakfast Mom asked me about the activities of the night before in Gresham. Told her that we met a couple of girls and that the four of us were living high and wide 'til the money ran out. Mom laughed out loud when I told her I'd never even seen a pretty girl at the Fair before that night. She was still chuckling as I headed out the door to go to work.

Life was good in that summer of 1961. From sleeping out on the bluff

with Larry McGinnis and Rick Davis, and working for Bob Dix stringing a bean field, to working in the rose fields and meeting a pretty girl from a Portland school. And of course the baseball games we played at the City Hall and the ones we watched at Multnomah Stadium.



I finally followed Pat's footsteps to the Glen Handy nursery in the summer of 1962 where I was reminded everyday how my older brother did this task or that one a little faster, or better. One of the field bosses even kidded me

"A kid only gets
one shot at a
first beer
with his Dad ..."

about the plans Mr. Handy had for erecting a small monument in Pat's honor. It all got a little old but what the heck, he's my brother. At the end of my last day of work that summer, Mr. Handy asked me if it was okay to put my name on the future monument below Pat's name. My jaw dropped, and as we finished shaking hands he winked, made a wide grin and turned to walk away. Pretty cagey way of saying thanks. I never saw Mr. Handy after that day or any monument either.

When I got home that evening, I found my Uncle Gene and my Dad sitting on lawn chairs in the back yard drinking cold adult beverages. After the pleasantries Dad told me to get three more cold ones. I couldn't believe my ears. Three? Did he say three? This was the day I had rehearsed a hundred times for. I raced into the house and picked three cans out of the 'fridge', grabbed a clean dish towel and the beer can opener and headed for the back yard and placed everything on the picnic table in front of Dad. My Dad always cleaned off the top of the can with a dish towel in a fashion that appeared similar to winding the alarm clock. With the cleaning ritual completed, Dad did something he had never done before. He placed one of those full cans in front of me. There I was, sitting in the backyard with my Dad and his brother enjoying the High Life and getting high on life.

A kid only gets one shot at a first beer with his Dad and this was the perfect day for the event, even with my uncle there. That small ceremony with my Dad and Uncle recognizing my efforts in the nursery and welcoming me into the work force easily made that the best ever Labor Day weekend of my life.

Life was good and getting better.

* See next page for information on the Multnomah County Fair that used to be in Gresham!



Bygone Times

Multnomah County Fair Gresham

A group of grange members started the Multnomah County Fair in 1906 in Gresham, Oregon. The Grange continued to operate the Annual Multnomah County Fair until 1960. At that time, the Grange turned the fair operation over to the Multnomah County Commissioners to manage.

In 1966, Multnomah County received from the State of Oregon a piece of property now known as the Exposition Center at no cost. Also, in 1966, Multnomah County Commissioners decided to sell the fairgrounds in Gresham and move the county fair to the newly acquired property on Marine Drive. The last fair in Gresham was held in 1969 according to the ad below in the Gresham Outlook, dated Thursday, Jul 24, 1969.

LAST FAIR EVER
...AT GRESHAM

MULTNOMAH COUNTY FAIR
JULY 24 Thru
AUGUST 2
GATES OPEN 10 A.M. DAILY

FREE STAGE SHOWS 2 & 8 PM DAILY

★ **BURGUNDY STREET SINGERS**
The new singing group now appearing on the summer Carol Burnett show

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See how Oregonians lived during the FIRST County Fair. Four rooms furnished with home treasures of that period plus fashions and fascinating historical articles of 1905

GARDEN SHOW

BUSES: Board Gresham buses on 4th and 5th Avenues between Main and Burnside.
RIDE DIRECT TO FAIRGROUNDS

ADMISSION
Adults \$1.00
Teens (13 to 17) .75
Children (12 and under) .50

A Letter to THS

Dear Terry,

My name is Sharon Thomas and recently my sister, Virginia Holboke, gave me an envelope addressed to James Holboke, her father-in-law. Inside was a very nice letter explaining how the enclosed picture was found and traced to James Holboke. I had to reread it several times to get it straight in my mind the sequence of events that led up to my getting the envelope. I am truly amazed and thankful that you took the time to research who was in the picture and follow through by sending it to James. James is in a retirement home and very "with it" for 93 years old and gave it to my sister and told her to give it to me! I guess I am rather speechless how this all came about in the first place and that the picture got back to me eventually. In the picture is my Mom, Helen Huetten who was 84 years old in the picture and great-grandma to Bethany Thomas, my granddaughter, almost 1 year old when the picture was taken. She is 19 now. My Mom passed away in 2010, 2 months away from her 100th birthday!

How it ended up on the porch of your Historical Building (Harlow House) is a mystery to all of us. Bethany takes it as a sign that great-grandma is watching over her and I will give her the letter and picture to keep and treasure. It is a very nice to know that there are people like you who do care!!! The letter has been shared with all my kids and it serves as a good reminder to them to label pictures and also that there are good people in the world!! My kids have always had a nick name for me--Sherlock. But you have surpassed any detective work that I may have been accused of over the years. LOL!

Thank you so much for the extra mile you went to get the picture to someone in the family. This is a wonderful story to pass along to others. Most find it unbelievable when they hear it. It always has to be repeated at least twice to make sense out of the journey of the picture.

God bless.

Sharon Thomas



We have no pictures of the Fair in Gresham in our archives. (I know that Gresham Historical Society has it well documented). It was also a huge part of our community for many generations. If you have photos of the fair, the animals, your produce or baking or quilting that you showed at the fair, please share them with us. We need as much information as possible with each photo.

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Bygone Times

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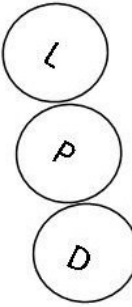
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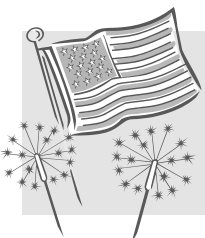

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The Saga of *Not-So-Happy Mom* and the Kids that almost Didn't Make It!

Another 'fun' time spent in The Dalles with cousins was over the Fourth of July holiday weekend. Remember "Trick-or-Treat for UNICEF"?...anyway, we were out in the street after dark with our caps and sparklers (we really knew how to celebrate back in the day) and I was, once again, barefoot. Even though we had a coffee can with water in it for the hot-wire skeleton of the sparklers, they didn't always end up in the can. You guessed it, yours truly stepped on a hot wire barefooted. Not-So-Happy-Mom was right again and let me know as much as she was taking care of my badly burnt foot.



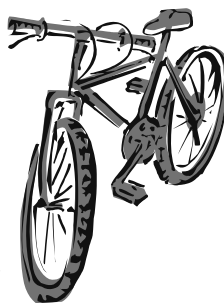
In about sixth grade (for me) we started sprouting our wings and ventured farther and farther from home. We took the afore mentioned red-flyer wagon over to Lewis & Clark Park to get the beer & pop bottles after the weekend crowd had been to the river. Beer bottles were worth a penny, pop bottles were worth three cents and if we hit the mother-load, we would find some beer quarts that were worth a whole nickel! Back then a candy necklace was a nickel, a huge Sugar Daddy was a nickel and you could buy enough bubble gum to last a month with just a quarter.

A lot of us would hang out at the

grade school and play ball, ride the Maucks' horses or walk to

Blue Lake to swim for an hour (cutting across the I-84 by the old Fairview Farms both going down to the lake and in coming back) and then walk home. My best friend for most of my growing up years, Diane McManus and I would walk back and forth to each other's houses sometime five times a day. She lived out on Troutdale Road by Fujiis' and I lived down on Jackson Park. It was quite a hike, but we did it almost every day in the summer.

Those were the days when everyone knew everyone and you might as well have had parents on every street in town because if you did something wrong, no one would hesitate to tell you to knock it off. There was one particular time I wish someone had said that is not a good idea. I was on the handlebars of Jim Boman's bike and we were flying down Hungry Hill (Buxton). A car pulled out in front of us, Jim slammed on the brakes and I was air borne. Not-So-Happy Mom spent a good hour getting the gravel out of my knee with a brush. I have the scar to prove it.



Alex was always trying unusual ways to earn money (not sure that ever worked out for him). One such venture

was raising homing pigeons. He had 100 of them and they would fly in huge flocks around the river and bluff and then come home. He took them as far away as The Dalles and again they came home. Hence the name "Homing Pigeons." Another one of his schemes was to get his hands on some chicken brooders for baby chicks. He sent away for 100 baby chicks and raised them until they were big enough to kill and sell. Have you EVER smelled chicken blood and hot feathers in the middle of the summer? To this day I am not sure how it became a requirement that I should have to help with this project, but it was one of the worst things I have ever had to do.

His next venture was to raise Labradors. He got Shawn. She was a beautiful dog, dumber than a box of rocks, but gentle and sweet. I chose babysitting over berry picking, (much to the delight of the Dixes and their field



How could anyone get upset with this face? Me at 1 year old. I have been told it is the only picture of me 'not crying' taken before the age of two. This picture taken at our house on Cedar Lane in Wood Village 1952.



Bygone Times

bosses) and the summer before high school I was babysitting two little brothers (not mine) aged six months and two years. I would bring them to the house once-in-awhile if the parents were out of town overnight. For naps I would put the baby in the middle of Not-So-Happy Mom & Dad's big double bed. Shawn would jump up there and wrap around that baby and not let him roll on the floor. Dogs are supposed to chase the stick and bring it back. The only time Shawn would go get the stick is if we threw it in Mayo's Pond. On land, she would lie there and look at it. She had (I think) 10 puppies in the first litter and 11 in the second litter which she had on the foot of my bed and ruined my bedspread. For once, Not-So-Happy-Mom was Not-So Happy with the dog instead of one of us kids!

More Next Month!



They enjoyed us so much, they came back for another visit on September 14 to the Depot Museum and Caboose. →

Happenin's at THS & Beyond

← A group of visitors from Claire Bridge in Troutdale came to the Barn Museum on August 23 and had a wonderful step back in time with us!



Back Row (left to right): Gilbert Pierson, Ron Arlint, Larry McGinnis, Jim Glenn; Center Row: Virginia Smith Sealy, Billie Jo Lombardi Neilsen, Connie Hull Radcliff, Cheryl Gustafson Epstein; Seated: Kathy Ward Cartisser, Harold Scofield, Judy Allen Ricks. This group of kindergarten (1950) to high school graduating class of 1963 has been getting together for the last three years. →



We would love to have your stories about growing up or living in Troutdale.

Contact Terry at the Depot office, 503-661-2164 or

terry@troutdalehistory.org.

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www.troutdalehistory.org
503-661-2164

Mission Statement: To gather, preserve and make available material relating to the history of the community of Troutdale, the Sandy River, the Columbia River Gorge and nearby area: To stimulate interest in and knowledge of, the locality's past.

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Thanks to all who went on the Oregon Garden Trek on Saturday, September 22 to Silverton...It was GREAT! This is the group in front of the Frank Lloyd Wright House!

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