



Newsletter of the

August 2012

*Troutdale Historical Society*

# BYGONE TIMES

## Mark Your Calendars!

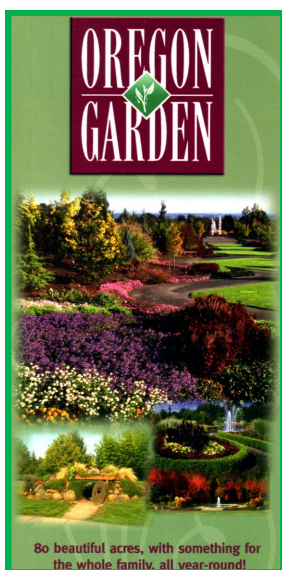
*~September 9~*  
Annual Corbett  
Pioneer Picnic  
10 a.m.

*~September 22~*  
*Trek to*  
*The Oregon*  
*Garden.*  
*& Frank Lloyd*  
*Wright House.*  
*Bus leaves the Barn*  
*Museum at 9 a.m.*

*~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 serv-*  
*ing beer, wine and*  
*snacks. More infor-*  
*mation next month!*

*~November 18~*  
Steve Lehl and Chuck  
Rollins, "Fishing on  
the Columbia River"

## Trek to the Oregon Garden and Frank Lloyd Wright's Gordon House in Silverton set for September 22



On September 22, the bus will leave the barn museum at 9 a.m. and sweep the occupants away to the wonderful world of the Oregon Garden in Silverton, OR.

The cost for the trip is \$20 which covers bus and garden admission (\$30 if you want to tour the Frank Lloyd Wright Gordon House) and lunch. You can either bring your own lunch, dine in the Gar-

den Café or have lunch in the full-service restaurant at The Oregon Garden Resort.

We will start with a tram ride around the entire garden and you can scope out places you would like to return to later to explore further.

The tram ride is free with admission and you will have unlimited on-off privileges at stopping points throughout the garden. The tram runs every 25 minutes.

There are many Troutdale connections to the Oregon Garden. Many of you know, or have heard, the name J. Frank Schmidt Jr. from the nursery by the same name and there is a Lewis & Clark Garden, a train garden and Rip Caswell from Troutdale has some art in the garden.

Call the office now, 503-661-2164, to reserve your spot for this really fun day with a lot of fun, nice folks from THS.

**The Gordon House, by Frank Lloyd Wright, is the only house built by the famous architect in the State of Oregon.**



**2012 Annual Pioneer Picnic & Program**

**97th East Multnomah Pioneer Assn.**

**September 9th, 2012 (Sun.) -- Social Hour at 10:00 am**

**Meeting beginnings at 11:00 am -- Corbett High School MPB**

**PIONEERS OF OUR TIME**

**Share your stories!**

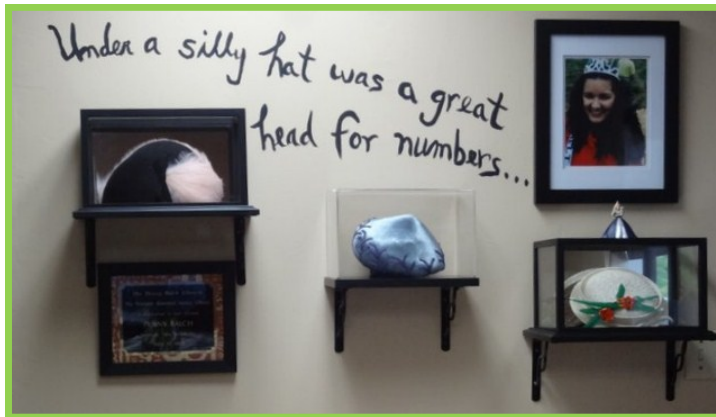
**Please RSVP: [www:PioneerPicnic@gmail.com](mailto:www:PioneerPicnic@gmail.com)**

## Happenin's at THS

Jean Holman, THS member of the Year riding in a Mustang convertible accompanied by Mario Ayala driving the car, Terry Huston, THS Director and Terry's grandson, Jaiden Kellogg.



THS Past-President, Scott Cunningham and his wife, Eileen, riding in 1957 Chevy convertible owned by Greg and Sue Handy in the Summerfest Parade!



Some of Penny Balch's hats that were given to THS by Penny's mother, Leona, are on display at the newly dedicated Penny Balch Library in the Basement at the Depot Museum.

Paula Goldie, THS Board Member, speaking at the dedication of the Penny Balch Library on July 21st at the Depot Museum.



Meet our new office assistant, Nell Simien. She started with THS on August 1st, but was a huge help at the "On the Water" event on July 28th. What a trooper. Stop by the office and welcome Nell. She comes to us from the Easter Seals Program for older adults returning to the workforce.

***Driver Safety Class at Gresham Senior Center Set for  
Wednesday, September 12th &  
Thursday, September 13th  
from 9:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.***

**MANDATORY ATTENDANCE BOTH DAYS!**

***CALL 503-988-4870 TO REGISTER***

***\$12 FOR AARP Members***

***\$14 for non-members.***

***Payment due at first class meeting.***

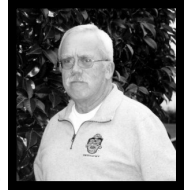
***This may give you a discount on your auto insurance!***

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

**Please support our important business sponsors!**

# More Life and Sports in Wood Village

by  
Jim  
Glenn



In the summer of 1957, we attended a Portland Beaver baseball game for the first time. My, how impressed we were with everything there. The lights that made night games possible seemed brighter in the night sky than the sun itself. The dark green grass of the outfield was much greener. The reddish dirt of the infield, was redder. The clean, white uniforms of the home team and the shabby gray visitors' uniforms worn by the

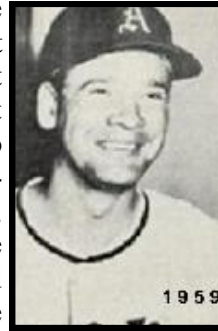


Seattle Rainiers were more vivid. The organ music was delightful from the National Anthem that gave us a moment to reflect on our nation's freedom and liberty to the 7<sup>th</sup> inning stretch song "Take Me Out to the Ballgame" and the hot dogs were the best we had ever eaten. To this day, Tommy wonders how an open-air building as big as Multnomah Stadium could maintain that distinct hotdog aroma throughout the arena.

During that same summer, our family welcomed a new entertainment center into our home replacing the old Philco portable radio. With that Packard Bell television taking center stage, we placed the radio in our bedroom to listen to the Beavers' ball games at bedtime.

A game that stands out in both our memories was the night the Beavers were getting beat quite handily when in their last at bats, they mounted a rally. The Beavers scored five times and were down by one run with the bases loaded and two outs. Up to

the plate stepped my favorite Beaver, the weak-hitting Jack Littrell. The "Kentucky Rifle" as he was nicknamed could play defense with the best shortstops, but his hitting abilities were at best, a bit suspect. The light was off in our bedroom, so neither of us knew if the other was awake or not when, on the full-count pitch, the batter swung away. I heard the disappointment in the voice of play-by-play announcer Bob Blackburn as he described a lazy fly ball hit to straightaway centerfield. The base runners were going with the pitch as the lazy fly ball was about to end the game.



*"To this day, Tommy wonders how an open-air building as big as Multnomah Stadium could maintain that distinct hotdog aroma throughout the arena."*

With perfect timing, unison and harmony, Tommy, who was very much awake, and I yelled the word, "JINX." Now jinx was a word used by every kid in those days to put a curse on somebody. It never worked. Not until that night. The centerfielder dropped that lazy fly ball, the Beavers were victorious and Mom came rushing in to quell our celebration.

All the sports are fun to watch on TV today, but baseball, in my book, is the best game of all to attend.

Going to a boring old plodding-along baseball game on a sunny

summer afternoon with a family member or an old friend long neglected, is pure enjoyment. During those long moments between anything exciting, you are forced to talk, to listen, to laugh, and best of all, learn a little something about somebody you care about. Imagine that. A way to communicate without the thumbs being a major contributor. A cold adult beverage, a hotdog and a small bag of peanuts thrown in –it's as close to heaven as I've ever been.

A few of months after I retired in 2007, I grabbed Tommy and went for a drive along the Old Columbia River Highway. When we got to Cascade Locks, we ordered a couple of small ice cream cones at the East Wind Drive -In and headed up onto I-84. After a few moments of listening to Dave Niehaus calling the play-by-play of a Mariners game, Tommy raised his ice cream cone and saluted two little boys who never grew up. He said, "It don't get any better than this." And not single cuss word.

## Jack Napier Littrell

(Published in The Courier-Journal on 6/11/2009)

LITRELL, JACK NAPIER, 80, of Louisville, died Tuesday, June 9, 2009 at the residence of his daughter, Carol Stokes. Born in Anchorage, KY, Mr. Littrell was a railroad brakeman on the L&N/CSX Railroad and played professional baseball for 16 years, four in the "Big Show" with Philadelphia (1952- 1954), Kansas City (1955) and Chicago Cubs (1957).

More from Jim Next Month!

Please support our important business sponsors!

**Thank-You to all who helped make this summer's  
THS event "On the Water"  
such a huge success!**

To Bob & Jean Ice for the use of their beautiful home!

To Terry & Jodi Smoke at the General Store for their donation to the raffle!

To Judy Jones from Tad's Chicken 'n Dumplings, Shirley Welton from Tippy Canoe, Kathi Allegri and Maryhill Winery for donations to our silent auction!

To Phelps Creek Winery, Hood River, for wine tasting!

To Brewligans Bottle Shop, Troutdale, for beer tasting!

To The Guys from the Elks Lodge # 1805! Jim Foreman, Bill Hay, Don Lewis and Jim Hosmer! Great Job on the BBQ!

To Our kitchen staff; Nell Simien, Debra Kalleta, Carol Seraw, Allan Kellogg, Kristie McClanahan and Paula Goldie.

To Greg Handy for renting the truck and making sure that the tables and chairs all arrived on time.

To Phyllis and Ed Thiemann for loaning us the table, chairs and linens! (And the help unloading on Monday). AND for donations to the silent auction!

To Sue Handy for taking pictures.

To the Tuesday Ladies for all their help at the event. Thanks to Jean Hybskmann, Mary Bryson, Jean Holman and Barbara Welch. These ladies and the rest of the Tuesday Ladies are the backbone of our society and we would not exist if it were not for the work they do on a weekly basis.

To the Reynolds Football Team members who came to help unload table & chairs, help set everything up and helped the vendors carry stuff and re-load the truck. They were a huge help! Thanks to Douglas Grough, Josh Schdeining, Quentin Bates, Treshawn Linne and Jon Reinhart. (And the three that got up to Hula dance were really good sports)!

To Swingali for their music and support to THS. These guys step up every time we ask AND THEY ARE REALLY GOOD!

To the vendors who donated items to the silent auction and took the time to set up their booths and support our fundraising efforts for our summer event and throughout the year.

To the Kenike's Wahines Polynesian Revue for their performance and making the program such a fun event.



AND most of all, THANK YOU TO ALL WHO ATTENDED OUR EVENT! We really could not be a vibrant historical society without the support of our members and members of the community who attend our events.

It was a lot of work, but I am sure a good time was had by all. Mark your calendar for July 27, 2013 for another fun-time "On the Water."



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**THIS NEEDS YOU!**

Can you volunteer at one of our museums for a Saturday? or for a special tour? Take photos at an event? **HELP** on the newsletter? Dust? Scrapbook? **HELP** with fundraisers? Do you know or work for a company who would donate goods or services?...Call the office to volunteer. The smallest task helps a lot!



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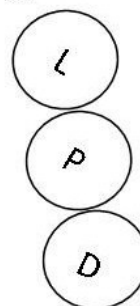
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## The Saga of *Not-So-Happy Mom* and the Kids that almost Didn't Make It!

By Terry Huston

**H**ave you ever said "It's a wonder we lived through our childhood?"...In my case it is true.

**T**he first calamity I remember was before I was four. Mom was getting us dressed up for a family kid picture and I decided to jump across the creek by our Wood Village house on Cedar Lane. I only got wet that time and had to deal with a clothes change and a Not-So-Happy Mom. (At age three I also ran away one day and walked to Wood Village City Hall by myself because Alex, my older brother, was going to kindergarten there, again a Not-So-Happy Mom).

**T**hen we moved to the farm in Corbett out on Gordon Creek Road. That was heaven to kids who wanted to run, play and use their imagination. We had an old rocking horse we tied to a rusty old red-flyer wagon and that "covered wagon" crossed the prairie many times in one summer. The first casualty I remember on the farm was cutting an apple and almost losing a finger. (Not-So-Happy Mom was watching "*As the World Turns*" and kept saying she would do it in a minute, but I didn't want to wait, so the knife slipped off the apple and the blood flew. Not-So-Happy Mom was really not-so-happy and put



a Band-Aid on it and sent me outside. I was still crying and went out to the barn where Dad and Grandpa Huston were up on the roof. When I told them what happened, my grandpa came flying down off that roof and went in the house a yellin'...He thought that TV was the root of all evil (except Saturday night when wrestling was on) and women should be doing house work and taking care of the kids during the day, not watching TV!

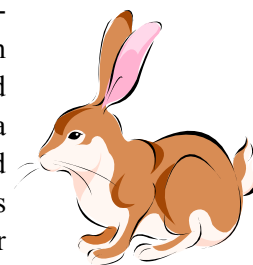
**M**y oldest brother, Alex, was for a long while my best friend and the biggest pain at the same time. He was three years older and didn't have to take a nap, so he would stand outside the window and make faces or tease. I never went to sleep so Not-So-Happy Mom finally gave up. Never been a napper! He shot me at close-range with his first BB gun right in my big toe. To say that hurt is too mild a statement.

**O**ne time we were out at the end of the road and as all little kids, we did dumb stuff. We were throwing rocks at cars as they went by, never dreaming we would actually hit one. If you are going to hit a car...make damn sure it is not a Multnomah County Deputy Sheriff's car. Well, you guessed it! That is exactly what I did. He slammed on the brakes, stopped, got out of the car, looked all around. (We were under bushes across the

road and quiet as church mice). He finally left and I just knew he would come back and take us to jail. I worried about that for weeks. I never threw rocks again!

**W**e raised chickens and rabbits on the farm and when Dad and Grandpa Huston butchered the chickens (even after their heads were off), they would flop around and one chased me everywhere I went until I got freaked out. I always cried when they took the hides off the soft furry bunnies, but they **did** taste just like chicken and they were good eating all winter long.

**W**hen we were kids, we spent a lot of time with our cousins, Ray, Gay, Danny and Leslie. Their mother was my dad's sister. I so wanted to hang out with the big boys, I would have done anything Ray, Gay & Alex told me to do and they were really mean to me in the process. "Rub salt on a nettle sting. It will make it feel better."... NOT! "Touch wet grass to the electric fence and see the pretty sparks fly." After I picked myself up off the ground from the shock I received, I still would have followed them anywhere and usually did.



Cont. page 7

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## Bygone Times

We had an old milk cow on the farm named Nancy. She was the gentlest, biggest old Guernsey you would ever want to meet. We even rode on her like a horse, but one day she got riled about something and charged at Alex and me out in the pasture. Alex flew over a six foot fence and I stood there and cried. Luckily, we both survived and I always wondered how in the heck Alex jumped over that fence.



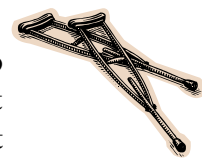
Dad worked as a mail carrier out of the Troutdale Post Office from the time he got home from World War II until he retired. When we lived on the farm he would go out and milk Nancy in the morning before he went to

work. That was back when we had real winters here in this part of the world. Four to five feet of snow was the norm and the milk would freeze in the bucket before it even got to the house. We would go outside, play in the snow, get soaking wet, frozen to the bone, go in the house for hot chocolate, dry clothes and go do it all over again. Not-So-Happy Mom worked overtime in the winter!

One winter day Not-So-Happy Mom happened to hear on our “party line” that Dad had gone in the ditch on his way to work at the Troutdale Post Office. She decided we needed to move “out of that God-forsaken place” and we moved back to Wood Village. I will always remember the good times

at the farm. My favorite memories of the farm are the huge garden, the old wood stove, the Johnson’s herd of sheep next door and throwing wood into the wood shed all summer (we usually waited until fall and then had to do it all at once). Grandpa Huston used to sit us down out under the old Walnut tree on wooden boxes and tell us stories of his grandparents coming over on the covered wagons and things they dealt with, illness and trail remedies, children stolen by Indians and other hardships they had told him about. I wish I had paid more attention and could remember more of those stories.

There is more to this story, so it will continue next month!



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

**Contact Terry  
at the  
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## Bygone Times



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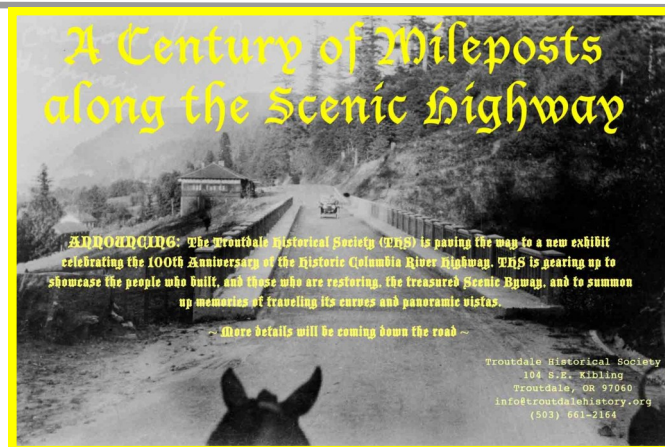
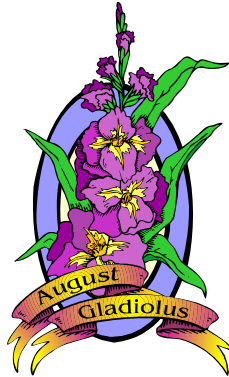
### **Donations**

**New Columbia River  
Highway Exhibit Fund**

**Len Otto**

**Terry Huston in memory  
of Bernard Huston**

**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.**



**Did you have family members who worked on the old highway?  
Lived on the old highway? Or just loved to drive the old highway? This  
is a good way to honor their memory by sending a donation in their  
name to the Troutdale Historical Society for the new exhibit.**

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