



BYGONE TIMES

July. August, September 2015

Upcoming Events

July in the Depot — Seasonal display by Julie Stewart, Fourth of July.

Saturday, July 11, McMenamins Edgefield — Beginning at 8:30 a.m. with arrival of old cars, then from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. in the ballroom free programs on the Historic Columbia River Hwy.

Sunday, July 12, 2-4 p.m. — Member preview opening of King of Roads exhibit in the Barn.

Sunday, July 18 — Troutdale Summerfest and events in the park. Parade begins at 11 a.m.

Sunday July 18, noon — Grand public opening of King of Roads exhibit, barn and Harlow House. Multnomah County residents, free.

Saturday, Aug. 1, 3 p.m. — Annual membership picnic, with honors for our volunteers, at the home of Bob and Jean Ice, 1442 Jackson Park Road.

August in the Depot — Seasonal display by Julie Stewart, Canning and Preserving.

September in the Depot — Seasonal Display by Julie Stewart, Back to School.

Sept. 20, 1 p.m. — Annual trek to Oregon Rail Heritage Center, Portland. Bus departure from barn at noon.

For our Members:

Preview of Exhibit, Sunday, July 12,

Welcome Troutdale Historical Society members to your preview of our new exhibit, King of Roads — Byway of the People, Sunday, July 12, 2 to 4 p.m. at our Barn exhibit hall.



Steve Lehl, Julie Stewart, Len Otto hunt artifacts

After nearly four years planning, working and raising money — thank you to all who donated both dollars and time — we are ready to celebrate next year's centennial of the Historic Columbia River Highway and beyond. Our exhibit is dedicated to the memory of Clarence Mershon and we hope you will enjoy the stories of the local people who built the highway.

Be the first to see it. You must be a member of Troutdale Historical Society to get in. We will have our membership lists handy, and we'll be happy to sign you up if you haven't sent us your dues.

Note: Parking is likely to be scarce, so if you are able-bodied, consider dropping off your passengers and parking at the Depot or Glenn Otto Community Park, and walking back to the barn.

Edgefield celebrates highway at July 11 birthday

McMenamins Edgefield celebrates history along the Historic Columbia River Highway at its Saturday, July 11, birthday party. This event has been moved to the morning to avoid concert crowds in the afternoon.

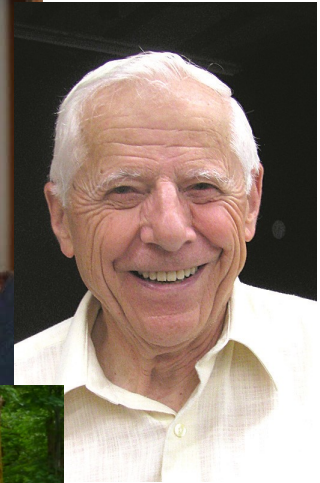
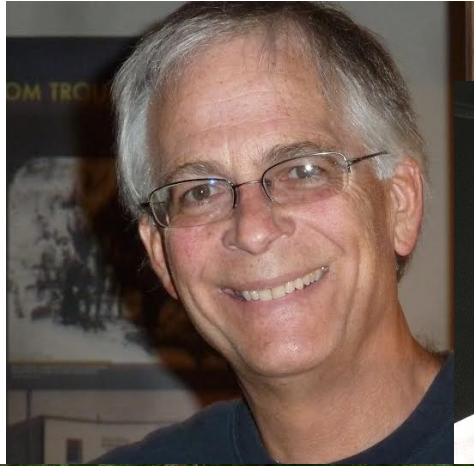
From 8:30-9:30 am, early birds can see a handful of antique cars stopping on their way out the highway for a trip through the Mosier Twin Tunnels. For the hour they are parked at Edgefield for breakfast, visitors are encouraged to look over the antique cars.

From 9 a.m. until 2 p.m., the ballroom will have a display of historic photographs and memorabilia of the Columbia River Highway.

In the ballroom at 9:30 a.m., Sharon Nesbit presents a program with pictures about Mary Bourgeois, girl photographer on the highway. Vintage motor films will be shown at 10:14 a.m. and at 11 a.m. Tim Hills and Leonard Kaufman give a talk on Characters along the Old Highway, followed by a noon screening of the Edgefield History video.

Events conclude at 1 p.m. with a tour of the McMenamins facility led by Tim Hills and Sharon Nesbit.

Who put this road show together?



Top left, Len Otto, top middle, Greg Handy, top right, Clarence Mershon, bottom left, Sue Handy, bottom middle, Judy and Steve Lehl.

The King of Roads exhibit in our Barn began with discussions four years ago when we realized that the 100th anniversary of our beautiful highway was coming.

Clarence Mershon, local history writer, was central to early talks of how to tell the story of building the highway. His death was a blow to all of the committee, but his legacy is his books and stories. We hope we have conveyed his joy and delight in tales of the builders of the road. The exhibit is dedicated to his memory and benefits from the support of his family.

Len Otto agreed to curtail fishing and take on the task of chairing the highway exhibit committee. That included forging an alliance with the Center for Advanced Learning and their skilled advisors and students. Len is the guy with his fingers on the computer and all strings end there. He missed last Thanksgiving and Christmas because he was polishing and preparing the 100 or more photos on his own equipment, to go into the exhibit.

Greg and Sue Handy have put in more volunteer hours than any other committee members. Sue kept track of the money. Greg was liaison with exhibit designers, but, beginning in January of this year they began work building the exhibit in the barn. They have contributed tens of thousands of dollars worth of labor and the exhibit would not be here without their efforts.

Sharon Nesbit researched material, rewrote the text, then rewrote again and again, the language on the exhibit panels.

Jeanette Kloos, knowledgeable of every mile of the highway and a leader in its reconstruction, provided technical knowledge, current photos, and watched each effort closely for glitches and errors. Likewise, Steve Lehl generously shared his prodigious files of history and photos and his vast knowledge of the Gorge and highway. He and his wife Judy offered the pick of their of Gorge artifacts to share with the public.

Mary Bryson, who recently resigned as curator of the Troutdale Historical Society, took on the daunting task of the technical end of the exhibit, searching out interactive programs for computers and working with programmers for the content.

Julie Stewart, the society's photo librarian, served as secretary to the committee, and also planned and kept in mind exhibits and play to appeal to the children who visit. Helen Wand led two auctions with dozens of volunteers. Rip Caswell provided resources and information and donated a sculpture for fundraising. Jon and Audrey Lowell kept track of projects and volunteers. Dozens of volunteers have painted, worked with lighting, fixed stuff, and scrounged. Mike Rohrbach made a model of the Moffett Creek bridge honoring Sam and Nancy Cox. Many contractors discounted their services.

You will find the names of those contractors and workers who contributed on our donor board in the exhibit. Thank you to all .

Remember our picnic on August 1

An invitation is enclosed in our August 1 membership picnic and volunteer recognition. We plan to make a fuss over our volunteers, we will tell the story of the “Jackson Park Skulls” as a way of providing local lore and once again will enjoy the hospitality and the beautiful riverside landscape of Bob and Jean Ice. It begins at 3 p.m. at 1442 Jackson Park Road.

Bring a dish to share and your outdoor chairs, and wine or beer if you wish. We will provide a meat dish as well as plates, utensils and the like. You may RSVP at the office, 503-661-2164, which will be a help in planning.

And then there was our 20th annual Cemetery Tour

We are always fortunate to follow in the wake of Stan Clarke, expert on all things grave and burial, when we go on our annual cemetery tour. This year was the 20th trip, and we made it to Astoria and back. We had 31 travelers and got to see the military cemetery at Fort Stevens as well as the site of three unknowns found on the beach in Seaside in 1865. There was singing on the way home, led by David Ripma, plus a stop at the Dairy Queen, because who goes to the beach without doing that?

Reynolds Metals to be in Oregon Encyclopedia

Oregon Encyclopedia asked Sharon Nesbit to prepare an entry on the history of Reynolds Metals for the on-line history source. It should appear soon. It is not yet posted by you can sign on to other good stuff at oregonencyclopedia.org.

THS Partners with McMenamins on History Series

McMenamins Edgefield has invited Troutdale Historical Society to partner in presenting the popular history series at Edgefield. The history talks have been moved from the original site in the theater to Blackberry Hall where there is more room. THS members will receive notice of the programs by e-mail. Or you can find posters around town. They are usually late in the month.

New Art for the Harlow House Site

A site near the Harlow House gazebo has been selected for a bronze fish sculpture by Jordan McGee by the Troutdale Parks Advisory Committee. The location is adjacent to the gazebo and the plaque will remember Captain Harlow's fish ponds, source of Troutdale's name.

Printing at the Speed of Light

At a recent board meeting, a discussion began on the THS office printer which runs a bit slow. (It was actually purchased for another purpose and is just filling in.) It was decided to purchase a faster, and cheaper to use, printer. With that, member/volunteer Eugene Melvin purchased the printer as a donation. Sharon Petri added \$100 which we can use for ink cartridges. Many thanks to them for their help.

Origin Sought on Troutdale flag

Member Michael Orlove is researching the origins of Troutdale's city flag. The emblem is the stained glass image that was made for the council chambers in the old City Hall. All we know is that it was made by an artist hired under the Comprehensive Employment Training Act in the 1970s. If you know more, contact Orlove at 503-703-4495.

AND ...Last week we saw a deer eating the roses in front of the Harlow House.

Want to donate to Troutdale Historical Society while shopping ? THS has made it easier:

Here is how to link your Reward Card. Go to www.fredmeyer.com/communityrewards which entitles THS to donations from Fred Meyer. Please enroll, using our non-profit number 85937. Every time you shop and use your Rewards Card, you are helping Troutdale Historical Society earn a donation.

Support the Columbia River Highway Exhibit coming in 2015 by shopping at AmazonSmile. That link is <http://smile.amazon.com/ch/93-0738777>. It is really easy to shop Amazon Smile (just like Amazon.com) and select Troutdale Historical Society as the charity.



The old dog track at Wood Village is up for sale.

**In this reminis-
cence, Jim Glenn
recalls the days
when it was new ...**

One day I was just hanging out doing stupid kid things with my brother Tommy and the next thing I knew we had become business partners. We were about to enter the world of commerce, free trade and, of course, capitalism. When Dad announced that Tommy and I would be delivering papers for Portland's afternoon newspaper, we saw nothing but dollar signs. The Hood Theatre and Blue Lake Park, the school Box Social and just about any place in the world would be within our reach with the wages from one of the oldest companies in Oregon.

Our Dad had a work ethic that went beyond responsible and accountable, and he shared it with us: "Work hard, work fast and do the job right." On the first day when the route manager delivered the bundle of papers along with two canvas bags to help us carry the papers, the reality set in. Dad's two motivational speeches were: "You're on company time now boys, so get after it" and "You're on the clock, so get moving." Both were upgrades from his favorite, "You want me to box your ears?"

It didn't take long before we divided Wood Village into two separate routes. Once the bags were loaded with newspapers, the race was on. Tommy going one direction and I going another in an attempt to beat the other one back to the house. Running through back yards and jumping fences was all in a day's work and easy, especially if a crazed dog was in pursuit. Once in a while I would stop at a garden hose for a quick drink of water if I thought no one was looking and then back to hustling through the route. The job wasn't completed till we got home and scrubbed the newspaper ink from our hands and arms. I think that ink might have stuck to Teflon, had it been invented by then.

The responsibility was obviously an everyday event, but the accountability depended on the customers. We had to collect the money to pay our boss for the newspapers at the end of each month. The Daily and Sunday combo subscription came to a grand total of \$1.95 each month. Which I thought was a perfect amount to invite a nickel tip. When a customer gave me two dollars cash, I would hand back the receipt and the five cents in change. Some customers would take both. But some would let me keep the nickel. Some wouldn't have the money until "Friday," if then, which confirmed my belief about the economy not being so hot.

Collecting from Gil Meyer was always the best part of the job and evolved into a planned event for Tommy and me. On collection day each month we walked up to his Mobile gas station on Halsey where he gave us two dollars and a quarter. Even in 1957, a tip that size didn't go very far, because next door to the gas station was St. Clair's Café. When we pooled that big tip with a handful of nickels, we could treat ourselves to two milkshakes and a pineapple shake to take home to Mom.

We were walking home from one of those monthly business trips when we noticed a heck of a commotion in the middle of the Halsey St. and Arata Rd.(238th) intersection. There were cars going every which direction and a cop standing in the middle of it all flailing his arms one way and then the other. When we got closer we noticed that it wasn't a cop at all, it was Bud Robertson directing traffic and not having a lot of fun doing it. We knew Mr. Robertson worked for the City of Wood Village but we sure didn't know he was the law west of Troutdale until we saw him in that policeman's uniform.

In my view, Mr. Robertson had a look about him that said, "You don't want any part of this," and I took him at his unspoken word. But on this day, some of the motorists didn't see that look as they honked, hollered or ignored his hand signals. When that happened, Bud stopped the blatant offender dead in his tracks, calmly walked to the driver's side and explained what part of the buckwheat patch the bear frequented strongly urging the driver to avoid that area.

The whole fuss was created by the grand opening of the new Murray Kemp Greyhound Park and most of the incoming gamblers were strangers to the byways of East County. In their haste, some got off the freeway at 181st while others overshot the Wood Village exit and got off the freeway at Pig Farm Road (244th) and some went all the way to Troutdale before working their way back. There was easy money to be had at the betting windows and Bud Robertson was impeding their path to the pot of gold. Their desperation added unnecessary problems for the traffic cop on his first shift.

Wood Village had a festival-like atmosphere that evening. This frenzy was all new to the locals so we lined up along 238th to gawk, wave and wish the fortune seekers well. When I turned to head home with Mom's melting milkshake, we were witnessing history. By the end of that first racing season, the drivers got better and Bud, the new sheriff in town, began to look like Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic.

Now that it is berry season, this story from our files by the late Walter Nasmyth. Walter got a computer in his old age and did what all of us should do, sat down and wrote the stories he remembered. This is one:

The Truck Driver

One day while I was picking strawberries for the Fujii's, an odd thing occurred. Someone shouted and when we looked up from our work we saw the Fujii's new ton and a half Ford flat bed truck rolling down the hill through the berry field with the engine running and no one at the wheel.

Ed Fujii took off at a gallop in order to cut the truck off at the pass. When he finally caught up to it, he had quite a surprise. It seemed young Tachi Fujii who was 3 or 4 years old at the time, had watched his older brothers start the truck, so he decided he, too, could make it run. The only thing wrong was the truck was parked with the transmission in compound low gear. The truck engine kicked over and started, even though the transmission was in gear and away went the Ford and Tachi down the hill.

Tachi was so small his head barely reached the dashboard, but that didn't deter him from operating the truck. He just flew blind. When Ed finally caught up to the moving vehicle and yanked the door open there was a great deal of shouting and much of it was in Japanese. Jack and Jim Fujii laughed off the incident and we all returned to the work at hand, picking strawberries. It turned out to be a harbinger of things to come.

It wasn't long after Tachi's escapade in the berry field that he found the truck parked in the barn. Yes sir, up into the cab he climbed, turned on the ignition, then hit the starter button. As it is with all good Fords, the engine caught on the first turn-over, and yes, the truck was in gear. Shortly after, Tachi and the truck were underway. The only impediment was the back wall of the barn and the truck had enough power to overcome that small inconvenience. As the rig took out the back wall of the barn, it was held up just enough to kill the engine, but not enough to save the wall.

I do not remember how old Tachi was when he was run over by a loaded manure spreader but that that small boy had nine lives. Evidently, in that case, the soil was soft and when the wheel of the spreader passed over his midriff, it forced him down in the soft soil instead of crushing him.

Tachi was the youngest driver to solo in the Troutdale area.

Nicholas Benedict Welsh Jr.

Oct. 7, 1933—March 28, 2015

Longtime member Nick Welsh died in Vancouver on March 28 at the age of 81.

He was born to Nicholas and Maidie Welsh on Oct. 7, 1933, in Portland and grew up in the Troutdale-Gresham area where he enjoyed so many adventures. His parents owned Blue Lake Park and at one of Niick's last appearances he told the story at our March meeting of evacuating from Blue Lake Park at the time of the 1948 flood.

He was a great wit and a fine story teller .

He graduated from Gresham High in 1951 and went to Oregon State University where he met Barbara Eade, his wife of 61 years.

They raised their family at Blue Lake. Both have been longtime members of Troutdale Historical Society.



Meet Audrey Lowell:

Our volunteer in the depot. She and her husband, Jon, also work on the exhibit.

Membership renewals: Andrea Heim, Barbara Welsh, Madeline Grimm, Janice St. John, Adrienne Clausen, Debbie Schoepper, Joann Otto, Mary Eaton, Bob Baker, Yolanda Nusser, Ken & Martha Manske, James Workman, Carol and Walter Ottoson, Beverly Christman, Laureen Lucero, Christine Howell, Joanne Kerslake Ray, Annell Carlson, David Rees, Kathy Green, Scott & Eileen Cunningham, Amber & Benno Milmore, Sharon Petri, Richard Weill, Roy & Nancy Hoover, Norman and Louella Webb, Ann Springer, Jean Hansard, Donna Kuechler, Richard & Judy Knarr, Patty & Gerald Huntley, Bonnie Jepsen, Barbara Ham, Robert & Maude Winning, Bessie Carney, Clifford Howell, Richard Kerslake, Bev DeAngelo, Nellie Hjaltalin, Robert Winkler, Kathy Werner, Janet and Wayne Vandiver, Katherine Scott, Leo & Mary Ellen McGlothlin, Linda & Richard Paz, Sharon Luvaas, Lois Moller, Dick Anderson, Barbara Huston, David Nelson, Tina & Carl Tebbens, Dorothy Keefe, Jeanette Kloos, Rip Caswell, Gerald Davis, Herb Nasmyth, Virginia Selberg, McMenamins Edgefield, Mary Gerding, Larry & Jean Torland, Tom Graves, Leona Balch, Sandy Gregory, James Burson, Louise Dix, Claudell Metzger, Carolyn Rundorff, Donna Hawkins, Pat Harm, Carolyn Shonk, George & Virginia Perry, Lee McGinnis, Jim Rhodes, Cecilia & Tom Pavlik, Greg & Sue Handy, Len Otto, Sharon Nesbit, David Ripma, Rich Allen.

Memorial Gifts: Rosie & Larry Puderbaugh in memory of **Harold Scofield**, Sharon and Bill Nesbit, Bob and Ilona Skipper, Kay Struckman, Mary and Dennis Bryson in memory of **Nick Welsh**; Merle McNeel in memory of **Bob Dix**; Richard Kerslake in memory of **Dorothy Kerslake**; Beverly DeAngelo in memory of **Bill and Nora Lewis**; Frances Allard in memory of **Winston and Elsie Allard**; Herb Nasmyth in memory of **Clover Nasmyth**; Penny Labberton in memory of **Sue Davis and Nancy Cox**, James Burson in memory of **Jim Burson**; Louise Dix, Dennis and Mary Bryson in memory of **Dorothy Sturges**; Jim Rhodes in memory of **Jean Rhodes**; Mary and Dennis Bryson in memory of **Delores Williams**; Elaine Dubesa in memory of **Mike Dubesa**, Mary Eaton in memory of **John Eaton**.

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We are grateful to all our members for their loyalty to Troutdale Historical Society in gifts, memorials and renewed memberships. Your donations keep the lights on, the heat and cooling at the right temperature and all our equipment running. The same is true of the business sponsors you see on these pages.



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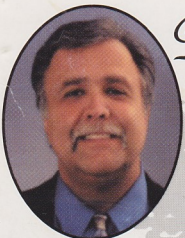
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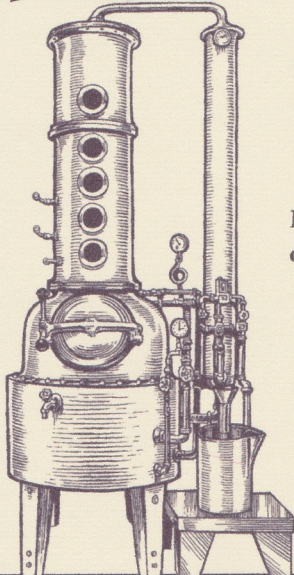
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Mission Statement:

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 the knowledge of the locality's past.

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Troutdale, OR

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The President's Message:

Len Otto, Troutdale Historical Society President

Troutdale, Oregon: Gateway to the Gorge. That phrase is taking on more and more meaning as we approach this summer and the opening of our newest exhibit, *King of Roads ~ Byway of the People*. We have spent the last four years agonizing over every word and photo. We think you will agree we chose each one wisely.

This exhibit is different from any other we have done. The subject is so big and daunting that to try to tell the entire story is impossible. We began with a modest goal, to tell the story of the men and women who were instrumental in building the road and in preserving and restoring it, and why and how they did. Some were there simply because the money was better than farming, some were driven by passion, some by other things.

In telling those stories we have done what no other exhibit does, focused on the "little guys," people who were not named in the highway history books. It is easy to find references to Sam Hill, but how often do you see the names Nelson Ross or Jeanette Kloos? Those are real people who somehow made the highway what it is today. We are glad they did, and are glad to be able to tell parts of their stories.

Saturday, July 18th at noon* is the grand opening, but members get a free sneak peek on Sunday, July 12th from 2:00 - 4:00 p.m. I hope to see you there. I'll be the guy with the bushy white beard at the door.

* Our plan for summer is to have the doors open seven days a week, 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.. To accomplish that, we need lots of volunteer hosts. Would you consider being one? Please let us know. Thank you.

Remember: THS is a 501 c (3), so your donations are tax deductible and help support the museums, programs, preservation of artifacts and local history. Thank you for your continued support.