



BYGONE TIMES

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE TROUTDALE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THS EVENTS

July 7
Barnyard Concert
Micah & Me

September 1
Barnyard Concert
Josh Putnam

October 15
Tad Talks

Harlow House Restoration By Sharon Nesbit

The Harlow House did not come with a picture window in the beginning. Such big windows or any windows at all in early days, would have caused heat loss and drafts. But by the time Lee and Mabel Evans bought the Harlow House, it had a furnace and would have been warm enough throughout to indulge Mabel's request for a 'picture' window looking out across the road to the cliffs on the opposite side of river.

Conversely, it shed light on her piano and her piano students.. Mabel's window suffered cracks and chips and a possible gunshot over the years, so the glass will have been replaced with a new and unmarred sheet by the 10th of July.



It, like all the other windows in the house earmarked for restoration will be equipped with shades to keep light from fading the contents of the Harlow House when the building is closed. If you get the opportunity, visit the house when it is open to see the work of restorers from Well Hung Windows.

No three people now living can count more porch time than Greg and Sue Handy and Kelly Broomall. The three put a new floor on the Harlow House front porch recently after removing the rotted flooring that they had hoped would last when they last put it on.



But the Harlow House eats front porches for breakfast. So this time the flooring product is Trek, which is meant to last.

The porch is all in and painted. Once again. And then Sue and Greg, just for good measure, painted the porch trim and saw that the entrance to the house looks just as nifty as it did 123 years ago.



Completed Harlow House Porch

This could not have been possible without the contribution from the Penny Balch fund.

Who was Penny Balch? She was the longtime treasurer of the Troutdale Historical Society. She was the smelt queen one year on our goofy float. She had an historic hat collection. And when she died of cancer, painfully young, at age of 51 in 2010, she left a considerable part of her estate to the Troutdale Historical Society.



Penny Balch

Summer Events Coming Soon To Troutdale

Troutdale's First Friday Art Walk - Visit the THS Booth on July 7, Aug 4, and September 1.

THS Barnyard Concerts

- Return by popular demand **Micah and Me** on July 7
- **Josh Putnam** on September 1



Smelt Run! By Len Otto

[2023 saw a smelt run in the Sandy River during the month of April, which brought back many memories. The following, written many years ago, is shortened to fit available space in ByGone Times.]

As a boy, I easily could eat eight or ten golden brown smelt at a sitting. Pan fried with a light dusting of flour, salt, and pepper, served with tartar sauce, they were eaten skin, bones and sweet, oily flesh. Some people ate the head, I did not.

My mother fixed them pan fried. It started with the catching, something I never saw her undertake. There is a bit of family lore that deserves mentioning, however. When our father and mother were "courting," our father took his bride to be to Troutdale during a smelt run. At first, the story goes, she dipped entirely from the shore. Then, not satisfied with her catch – perhaps at our father's urging – she stepped into the cold, icy Sandy wearing her "Sunday go to meeting" best shoes. She did better at the catching part, but still unsatisfied, she waded deeper. When finished, the story goes, she had waded up to her thighs in the river, all in her good, late 1940's dress clothes.

As a rule, my father did the catching. My mother was the food preparer and preserver. Raised on a Connecticut farm during the Great Depression, she served as a hospital nurse during World War II. Somewhere in North Africa or Italy, a pair of stainless steel surgical scissors found itself in her pocket, perhaps her luggage. This was the tool she used to slice the belly and decapitate the numerous smelt she cleaned, and later cooked. She was deft with those scissors; I never saw her spend more than a few seconds on a fish. Snip the head, slice the gut, strip the entrails, wash, into a bowl. No usable part wasted, to our Western way of thinking.

Early on, she undoubtedly used a fry pan on the range for the smelt. What I remember, however, were those little fish bodies lined up in neat rows in a rectangular electric skillet, each one turned as it reached the perfect stage of brownness and crispness. From the fry pan they went to a paper towel lined pan, to the oven to keep warm until enough fish were fried for a growing clan that included three, then four, and finally five hungry children.

Cost wasn't an issue with smelt; smelt were free, having swum up the Sandy River to what amounted to our backyard. Smelt appear, if they appear, in the February to April months. They are a fickle lot, running in the Sandy River by the millions for a number of years, then disappearing for a decade – or more – before returning once again. Small, eight to ten inch fish saturated with fat, smelt had many uses for the tribes of the area. First and foremost, they provided the first fresh fish of the year. What a welcome relief that must have been from a diet of dried salmon and vegetable roots.

During smelt runs, the family property became a center of interstate commerce. My father dipped smelt commercially. His dipping was done from a raft parked next to our sandy beach. In the middle of the raft there was rectangular hole, and in the hole was set a large wire mesh cage. Water flowed freely through the cage, providing a perfect holding pen for thousands of the small silver fish trying to fulfill their destiny, no doubt reproductively frustrated by my father's wire mesh.

Smelt were sold by the "old highway." When fresh fish were needed at the roadside stand set up to sell the fish, someone was sent to dip a box or two of silvery, slippery smelt. Every year brought the same question; I heard it first as a young adult, and will never forget the innocence with which it was delivered. A woman and her husband had pulled their car up to the plywood stand just as some writhing, wriggling smelt were being placed in front of the stand. Fish were flopping to the ground in front of the box. The woman, wearing a perfectly straight face, and in a most sincere voice, asked, "Are they fresh?"

I later was told that the same question was asked almost every year. People just wanted to know, I was told, and not to make a big deal of it. So I didn't. I still laugh inside when I think of those flopping fish, though.

After going away to college for two years, I was back in the Portland area to finish school. Smelt had not run in the Sandy River for well over a decade, and people were wondering if they ever were going to return. But return they did, a run in 1972, and a monstrous run in 1973. My father called me prior to one weekend of 1973. He asked if I wanted to earn some money. Being poor, as was my lot in those days, I answered as any 1970's college student who loved fish and the river would have answered, "Yes!"

Early Saturday morning found me at the family home along the banks of the Sandy River. I was to park cars. One dollar for each car, didn't matter how long they wanted to park, just a dollar a car. So I did. At the end of two days, I was two hundred dollars richer, a treasure for a poverty stricken college student of the seventies. My father no doubt was richer still.

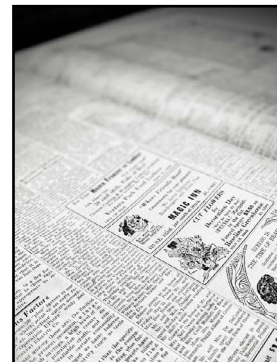
Now, half a century later, smelt run in the Sandy River – occasionally – and people still flock to the river. My mother and father are long gone, but others have taken their places. And now, more than sixty years later, I no longer can eat eight or ten smelt, but must stop at a scant four or five.

We need your stories!

For two issues in a row I have submitted pieces of writing to ByGone Times, both of them related to one of my passions, fish in the Sandy River. I have submitted pieces in the past which also were printed. But, ByGone Times is not my personal publisher. It is ours, the community of Troutdale.

Today I encourage you to submit stories. You do not have to be a talented writer. You simply need a story to tell about Troutdale. Think of stories you might tell your children or grandchildren. For instance, what were summers like in Troutdale "back in the day?" Did you pick berries as a child in this area? What stories would you tell about berry picking? What did you do when you got home from the fields? If you did another kind of work tell that story.

Tell those stories to us for our next issue of ByGone Times. I will put as many of them as I can in the newsletter. And, unless you object, I will attach your name to your story.



Barnyard Concerts



This summer the Troutdale Historical Society will once again host First Friday Barnyard Concerts.

These events are free and fun for all ages. Popcorn and lemonade enjoyed in the shade of the Lovers Oak makes for the perfect summer evening.

The concerts will be held First Fridays of July and September. In July we will host Micah and Me; a fun-loving Portland band that's a favorite with kids.

At the September concert, local artist Josh Putnam will play a selection of his original songs.

Your stories matter because they are history; they reflect the times in which you grew up, or perhaps moved to Troutdale. Please share your stories with us and let us help preserve them.*

If you do submit a story, please include full contact information so I can get back to you, and don't forget to include an approximate date for your story. Thank you!

Send your stories to:

Len@HonorYourPast.com or info@troutdalehistory.org
Len Otto 503-200-8193

*If for some reason you would like to share a story but not have it published, we can arrange for it to become part of our archives.

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Treasurer: Marilee Thompson
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Past Presidents

Norm Thomas, Erin Janssens, Bettianne Goetz, Sharon Nesbit, Len Otto, Dave Ripma, Helen Wand

Staff

Rose Caughie, Admin. Assistant
Claire Watts, Admin. Assistant

SUMMER MUSEUM HOURS MAY - SEPTEMBER

Barn Exhibit Hall

Thursday - Sunday 12pm - 3pm
Closed: Monday - Wednesday

Harlow House

Thursday - Sunday 12pm - 3pm
Closed: Monday - Wednesday

Depot Rail Museum

Monday - Thursday 9am - 5pm
Friday - Sunday 9am - 5pm

375 MEMBERS OF THE TROUTDALE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Help us reach our goal of **500**
members!

Are you a member?

Give a gift of membership to the
next generation,
friends, family or become a
member by clicking [here](#).

NEW MEMBERS

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Janie Malloy

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Eleanor Ann Kracke

In memory of Art Kracke

Len & Gloria Otto

In memory of Mario Ayala
In memory of Pauline Morrow

Marilee Thompson

In memory of Mario Ayala

RENEWING MEMBERS

Milmore, Amber & Benno
Morron, Patricia
Nelson, Clay & Rayleen
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Schmidt, J Frank Family
Brooks, Ed & Claudia
Burlingame, Donna
Campbell, Dr. Robert & Tami
Green, Steve & Kathy
Grimm, Madeline
Gurtisen, O.D., Jim & Shereen
Hicks, Sally
Knight, Curtis & Beverly
Kohler, Meyers, O'Halloran, Inc
Kranz, Jamie
Lambert, Shirley
Otto, Len & Gloria
Peetz, Cathy
Ritter, Philip & Lynn
Santee, Clark & Christine
Schmidling, Renee & Dennis
Schoepper, Debbie
St. John, Janice
Strebin, Bill & Sharon
Tebbens, Carl & Tina
Thomes-Rhew, Kathleen
Wand, David & Bobbie
Wheaton, David & Jeanne
Baker, Robert
Douglass, Kathleen
Finkel, Claire
Forrest, Kathleen
Garman, Susan
Haslip, Brian & Katherine
Kerr, James & Cheryl
Kracke, Eleanor Ann
Melvin, Eugene
Skinner, Samuel
Wingerd, Diane
Adams, Robert
Balch, Leona
Bill & Shirley Boyce
Hazen, Eric & Peggy
Huntley, Patty & Gerald
Lettengarver, Steven
Petri, Sharon
Stephan, LeAnn & Gerald
Summers, Ray & Renae
Sutton, Gay
Vaughn, Bonnie & Ron Vaughn
William Knight

CAPTAIN'S CIRCLE LIFETIME

Mike Alderson
Vera Ashley
Ken & Trish Atha
Joan Benner
Judith Bergan
Kelly & Karla Broomall
Nancy Callister Buley
Jason Cawood
Ione Scott Clair
Stan Clarke
Janet Ege
Charles Ellis
Georgia Erdenberger
Kyle Fritzinger
Bettianne Goetz
Joe & Peggy Gorciak
Greg & Sue Handy
Lynda Harvey
Karl & Bette Hayes
John Hillyard
Erin Janssens
Jean Jensen
Steve & Kim Kenney
Jeanette Kloos
Lael Larger
Steve & Judy Lehl
Shirley Jean Loeffel
Deanna Maughan
Doug & Elise McGuire
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Mike & Mary Alice McMenamin
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Dwain & Sharon Munyan
Sharon Nesbit
Sadie Riley
David Ripma & Mario Ayala
Irene Simons
Robert Strebin
Kay Struckman
Marilee Thompson
Mike Weyhrich
Martha Wheeler
Kimberly Wolfer
James & Oie Workman

Columbia Gorge Ride By Joy Beldin

I love riding my bike on Marine Drive from my place to the Columbia Gorge Scenic Area. It takes me along the Columbia River to the small town of Troutdale and there's always a Blue Heron that catches my eye as well as the possibility of a deer or two. This day there was a small buck with velvet antlers standing near a fence line with a bird on his rump. I stopped to revel in the wildness of it, but the avid photographer that I am, I did not have my camera to capture this rare moment.

Eventually, my route hooks up with the Historic Columbia River Highway. It's shady, a blessed reprieve on this 100° day, with views of the Sandy River and fleeting glimpses of beautiful homes tucked along its bank at the end of long driveways. The road has a fairly good shoulder; although it narrows somewhat once you reach the uphill climb to Springdale. Springdale is another small berg along this historic road and one finds themselves reflecting on what must have been a long, long journey by early motorists before the I-84 freeway was built.

As I continue my uphill climb, I fall into a pace and breathing pattern that feels comfortable and yet taxes my muscles, knowing ultimately I'll be rewarded with the exhilarating ride downhill on the home stretch. I'm enjoying my spiritual solitude as I pedal along, sucking in oxygen with deep even breaths, when another cyclist, very buff no less, comes alongside me. Now, I'm not one for idle chatter on hills. From experience, I know it uses precious oxygen and frankly, it annoys the heck out of me. When I'm in my groove, I want to stay in my groove. But, I am polite as he begins to tell me that he has been watching me pedal up the hill for some time now.



He says, "You know you have room to shift down on your bike."

"Yep, I know," I say.

"Oh, so you're saving it for when you really need it?"

"Yep."

"You could even stand to have more teeth and a larger sprocket in the rear.

Then it wouldn't be so hard to get up those hills."

"Yep, I know."

"I race," he says, "and could spin three times what you're doing."

"Is that so?" I say, keeping things lively enough and yet not exerting myself too much with the chat.

"Do you do this road often?" he asks.

"Yep, it's peaceful and I'm preparing for Cycle Oregon in September."

"Is that the bike you ride?"

"Yep."

"Are you from around here?" he says.

"Yep, and you?" asking what school he went to.

"I grew up here and went to Reynolds High School."

"Well now, so did I," I say making the conversation a little more interesting. I ask when he graduated.

"1989," he says.

"Hmmm, that makes you 39." And, explains his brash attitude.

"Yea, I've been riding for about thirty years. Started when I was nine."

"Well, me too. But, you know what? I had my hip replaced a year ago, this will be my twelfth Cycle Oregon, and I'm 65 years old."

As he rides off, leaving me in his dust, he says, "Wow, you're an animal to be doing it on that bike."

Another way to support

TROUTDALE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Pick up **BottleDrop** blue bags at the Barn Exhibit Hall. Look for the box of bags outside on the bench - Fill with redeemable empty bottles and cans and drop off at any **BottleDrop** location. Funds will automatically be deposited and donated to THS.

Donations for 2023

\$345

Thank you for continued support in our **BottleDrop** fundraiser.

East County Drop-off Locations:

Wood Village Redemption Center
23345 NE Halsey Street
Wood Village, OR 97060

Gresham Redemption Center
1313 E Powell Blvd.
Gresham, OR 97030

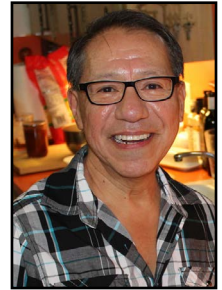
Friends in History Remembered

Mario Ayala - d. June 3, 2023

Mario Ayala died on June 3, 2023, age 68.

Mario was a long-time life member of THS. He was THS Member of the Year in 2003. THS Board President David Ripma and Mario lived together for 35 years.

A Celebration of Life for Mario will be announced at a later date.



Mario Ayala

Patricia Wand - b. March 28, 1942; d. April 28, 2023



Patricia Wand

Patricia A. Wand, Professor Emeritus, American University, was born March 28, 1942 to I.B. and Alice Wand. The third of eight siblings, she was raised "on the hill" in the Pleasant View area of Troutdale.

From working the Oregon Cattleman's Booth at the Oregon Centennial Celebration in 1959, to spending two years in Columbia with the Peace Corp, until her retirement as the Dean of Zayad University Library in UAE, she did her undergraduate work at Seattle University and obtained a Master's in Education and one in Library Science. Throughout her career she was employed by several university libraries, including U. of Ore, and American University while managing to travel to at least 50 countries, covering every continent except Antarctica. Poetically, Pat passed away from a massive stroke on April 28, 2023 in Spain on her way to walk the last 250 miles of the Camino de Santiago. She completed the first 250 miles starting in France in 2019.

In retirement, Pat worked tirelessly with a small group of Peace Corp retirees to bring the Museum of the Peace

Corp Experience to fruition. www.museumofthepeacecorpsexperience.org

She also was a long-time member and supporter of the Troutdale Historical Society.

troutdalehistory.org

Pat's Celebration of Life Service will be held at noon on Saturday July 15 at Camp Angelos, 32149 S.E. Stevens Rd. Corbett, Oregon 97019.

Darryl Stoffer - b. May 16, 1948; d. June 3, 2023

Darryl Stoffer, 75, of Gresham sadly left us on June 3rd, 2023. He was in a tragic tractor accident while working on his much beloved property. He has been affectionately referred to as Pop-Pop since the birth of his first Grandchild. He is survived by his wife, Debbie of Gresham; son Mark Stoffer, his wife Amy and their children Oliva and Brinley of Corbett; son Brian Stoffer, his wife Marcy and their three children Parker, Clara and Reese of Hayden, Idaho; and daughter Tracy Stoffer and her boyfriend Drew Colby of Rathdrum, Idaho.

Darryl was born May 16, 1948 in Portland Oregon. He attended Troutdale Grade School and Reynolds High school. He has a rich history in Troutdale, as he grew up at the Multnomah County Farm where his dad was the farm manager. After coming home from serving in the Vietnam War, he traveled cross country and worked as a carpenter. He was married in 1979, and later changed careers to become a Corrections Deputy for Multnomah County until retirement. He operated a small Nursery on his property growing Arborvitae. He enjoyed everything about living in the Northwest, most of all the Oregon coast, camping, fishing and hunting.



Darryl Stoffer

Pauline Frances Morrow - b. October 9, 1928; d. June 5, 2023



Pauline Morrow

A celebration of life for long time East County resident Pauline Morrow will be held at 11:00am Thursday July 6, 2023, at Gresham Memorial Chapel, 257 S.E. Roberts Avenue, Gresham. A private inurnment in Belcrest Memorial Park, Salem, will be held at a later date.

Pauline was born Pauline Frances Miller, October 9, 1928 in Aberdeen, South Dakota. Daughter of Stephen and Frances (Daschel) Miller. Pauline was born number three of seven girls. Five of Pauline's sisters preceded her in death: Caroline Miller, Marie Stopak, Alice Miller, Betty Lechner, and Cathy McCormick. She is survived by Gertrude Hagan.

The Millers moved to Salem in 1933 and Pauline graduated from Salem High School in 1947.

October 8, 1949, Pauline married her high school sweetheart, C. Ross "Mike" Morrow. They lived in Hubbard until they moved to Fairview in 1954. They owned Morrow's Fairview Shell Station for 33 years before retiring. Pauline could be found behind the counter, pumping gas, washing car windows or telling jokes with the regular customers.

The station was the local bank/news center and Pauline was in the center of it all.

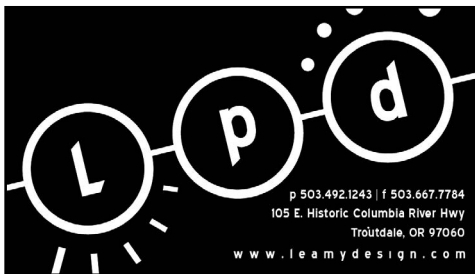
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Troutdale Historical Society

Preserving The Past, Embracing The Future

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- ☐ \$200 Lovers Oak Club ~ Family
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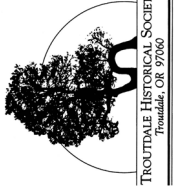
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Thank you for your support!

***Current Members** can give an *Individual Membership* to a friend or family member for only \$15 for the first year.

Edgefield History Pub

The last Tuesday of every month (except December) the Troutdale Historical Society co-sponsors a speaker at McMenamins Edgefield Blackberry Hall, 7:00pm (doors at 6:30 p.m.) Free for all ages. Food and drink are available for purchase.



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 areas; to stimulate interest in the knowledge of the locality's past.

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Troutdale, OR 97060
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