



BYGONE TIMES

Mark Your Calendars!

July 21

Summerfest Parade and Penny Balch Library Dedication

Bring a lawn chair to the Depot Museum and watch the parade. Highway closes at 10. Dedication of new library will follow the parade with refreshments.

July 28

2-6 p.m.

"On the Water"

Our annual summer fundraiser on the Sandy River! Art Auction- Wine-Beer Tasting BBQ Live Music

~September~

Possible Trek to Bull Run Watershed or The Oregon Garden.

More information later this Summer!

Summer Event "On the Water" July 28

Bob and Jean Ice will graciously host our summer event "On the Water" at their home on the banks of the Sandy River on July 28, 2012.

This year there will be many artists on-site painting, live music by Swingali, playing their Gypsy Jazz, and a great meal of BBQ Hamburgers, hot dogs or chicken, salad, fruit and dessert.

Wine tasting will be by Phelps Creek Vineyards from Hood River and beer tasting will be presented by Brewligans Bottle Shop in Troutdale. Additional wine and beer will be available for purchase from the vendors.

The artists will be painting a picture that will be auctioned off in a silent auction during the event along with other items. Cost of the event is \$25 per person and includes dinner, and a raffle ticket. Ten dollars of the ticket price is tax-deductible

Some of the artists that will be attending are Kym Ojala, Sarah Lowe, Annette Jackson, Tom & Bonnie Jackson and our blacksmith, Gary Lewis. Other artists who may want to participate may call the office.

Please contact the THS office for tickets or more information at 503-661-2164.

Summerfest Parade and Penny Balch Library Dedication set for July 21, 2012

We lost our friend Penny Balch in November of 2010. Penny loved Troutdale Historical Society and everything about it. When Penny passed away, she left a monetary bequest to THS and the board of directors has decided to honor Penny's legacy to us by dedicating and refurbishing our library in her name. Bring a lawn chair,

watch the parade on the Depot porch and then have cookies and lemonade at the dedication to follow in the basement library at the Depot Museum.

Remember, the highway closes at 10, so come early.



Donna Lee Anderson

Donna Lee Anderson died April 20, at her home in Gresham, at the age of 78.

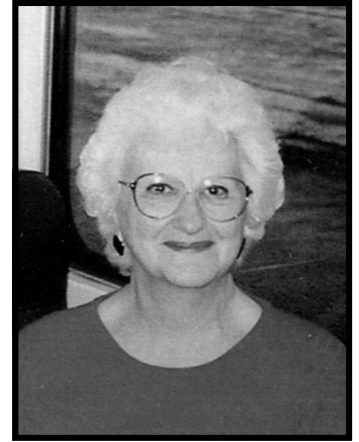
A memorial service was held on May 19, at Corbett Community Church.

Donna was born Sept. 22, 1933, in Portland to Earl and Valetta (Talbott) Willson. She was a hairdresser and childcare specialist. She loved quilting, needlepoint, cross-stitching and sewing.

She was preceded in death by her parents and by her stepfather, Joseph Lassier.

Survivors include Helen Wand, her partner of 35 years; son, Martin Anderson of Milwaukee; daughters, Linda Anderson of Gresham and Terri Johnsen of Gaston; seven grandchildren; and 12 great-grandchildren.

Memorial contributions can be made to Kaiser Hospice, 2701 N.W. Vaughn St., Suite 140, Portland, 97210; or the Troutdale Historical Society, PO Box 702, Troutdale, 97060.



Memories of Ruby & Elliott Staten

By Sylvia Heyn-Smith

We spent Sunday dinners with Aunt Ruby and Uncle Elliott in their gas station home. When we were sick Ruby would bring us a pot of soup. When she brought back apples from Hood River she always brought us some. I think of their Jelly stand up at what is now Portland Womens Forum State Park. And I remember her making peanut brittle for the men in the war. She'd send it in coffee cans. When the electric company came to repair damage during storms in Troutdale she would give them Peanut Brittle.

I remember walks on the beach with

Ruby after a flood in the 1960s. There was no brush on the beach - nothing at all. I found a complete fish skeleton on the beach and she helped me get it all up so I could take it for Show and Tell at school. I remember being back at the cabins that she owned (the ones that were left after the flood) - we'd have picnics back there.

Elliott made things in his basement to sell at the Jelly stand - wood shapes with polished agates glued to them. He would let my brother and me help him cut out the shapes on his jig saw. I liked helping Ruby run clothes through her ringer washer in the basement. That was cool! Us kids always felt treasured by them. They were never able to have kids of their own. Ruby would always say, "Stay as sweet as you are" to us.

I miss them both. They were such a do-it-yourself kind of people and so helpful to others. At the Sunday dinners Elliott would always say to my brother, "Finish er' up Al" so there were no left overs. Sometimes I wish I

could go back in time to watch them when they were young getting started here in Troutdale. Ruby told me that her and Elliot met canoeing on Lake Oswego.



Ruby and Elliott's Jelly Shop at Chanticleer Point
Now, the Portland Women's Forum State Park



Bethine Heyn, Ruby, Alfred, Elliott and
Sylvia in front of the Staten gas station
home by the Sandy River Bridge.

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

We continue with a memoir on growing up in East County in the 1950s from Jim Glenn.

Part Two:

Most of the kids in the neighborhood that we grew up with were sons of WWII Veterans, and with the Korean War still fresh in our heads, playing War was natural. War was almost exclusively played in a small patch of Doug firs and brush at the east end of Elm Street south of Halsey Street that we simply called The Woods. Today it's called Donald Robertson Park.

We would choose up sides and one team would go into The Woods and hide. After a few minutes, the other team would come looking for the hidden enemy. (Sounds like hide and seek to me.) Whenever Tommy was on the team to hide, he would go into The Woods and climb a tree which gave him an unfair advantage. It didn't take long for the kids to invoke some rules of engagement. Well, one rule anyway. No climbing trees. Tommy

"He always came to our house everyday at 1:21 in the afternoon, give or take a minute or two, depending on how well he navigated past the advances by the desperate housewives of the Village."

was the reason we had to install that rule, but he didn't abide by it, and soon, War pretty much faded from interest. However, with more and more families getting televisions in their homes for the first time, an offshoot of War was invented -- Cowboys. Everybody wanted to play their own favorite TV cowboy. And believe me, there was more than enough cowboys to go around. Same rules as War, only thing is, Tommy went from sniper to bushwhacker.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes ran a Superman Belt offer and Tommy wanted in on the ground floor. He took care of all the requirements asked in the offer and on the first day of summer vacation he stood waiting in anticipation of the arrival of the neighborhood postal worker. Mr. Huston (father of Troutdale Historical Society director Terry Huston) was the letter carrier and you could set your pocket watch by his schedule. He always came to our house everyday at 1:21 in the afternoon, give or take a minute or two, depending on how well he navigated past the advances by the desperate housewives of the Village.

Tommy handed the envelope to Mr. Huston in such dramatic fashion, I thought for a minute he was trusting the letter carrier with his life. Next day, there



Orlin Huston



was Tommy waiting in great anticipation of his prize. Mr. Huston explained to Tommy that it was a long, long way to Battle Creek, Michigan, and that it would take some time. But Tommy was persistent. Everyday for a month, the same scene played out at 1:21 in the afternoon, give or take a minute or two.

"Do you have my Superman belt?"
"No."

By mid-August, after Tommy had pretty much given up on ever seeing that belt, it arrived. Mr. Huston had slipped past our less than watchful eyes, delivering the belt to our house. Mom took the belt from its box and put it on the coffee table in the front room where Tommy could easily spot it when we got home. During those agonizing days of anticipation, Tommy had formulated a plan as to what he would do when the belt arrived. Faster than a speeding bullet, he had the belt fastened around his waist and a towel tied around his neck. He proudly announced to Mom that he was Superman and was going up on the roof to go flying and fight crime. Nope. His cape was removed. With tears in his eyes he retreated to the backyard to regroup.

In the middle of our backyard ran a wire looped fence that

Cont. Page 4

separated the lawn from the garden. Past the garden was a low hedgerow with another wire-looped fence. Beyond that fence was a small space of tall grass and weeds, then the drainage ditch and onto the gravel shoulder of Halsey Street. When my two older brothers, Larry and Pat, heard about Troutdale, they could hurdle all three obstacles in order. Not in a single bound, however.

I told Tommy that if that new piece of apparel adorning his midsection was truly magical, he should be able to jump the middle fence between the lawn and the garden with ease. After a little coaxing, I successfully convinced him he could accomplish this feat even though I had never even attempted it, nor would for some time to come. He positioned himself clear back to the breezeway between the house and garage and without any fanfare, was off and running full-tilt towards the middle fence with his arms out in front of him like Superman, hollering like Tarzan. He launched himself skyward. Disaster struck. His front foot caught one of the wire loops and he crashed, hanging upside down with his barefoot stuck in the loop. Free leg and both arms flailing, he let go with all 14 cuss words and a mess of variations never before uttered in Wood Village.

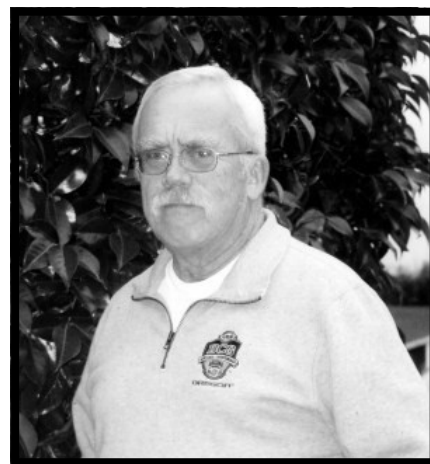
I think my chuckling, while separating him from his captor, put him in

a rage that reduced his foul utterances to mere gibberish. While getting Tommy free, I mentioned "Kryptonite" to him, which expanded his vocabulary yet another level. I went into the house to get some Kool-Aid and there was Mom sitting at the table with her face buried in the crook of her arm, laughing uncontrollably. She didn't miss much around the house obviously she had a front row seat to that performance. I sat down at the table and joined as we laughed at Tommy's failed launch. Our laughter was subsiding when Tommy came in from the backyard. We momentarily held our breath as he muttered that he could have made it with the cape, at which we broke out all over again with the laughing. I bet she had fun telling that story to Dad that night.

My little brother never trusted that Superman belt again, but he wore it everyday with a certain look of defiance in his eye and a cockiness in his attitude. On Sunday mornings, with persuasion from Mom, Tommy went to church without that red plastic belt.

One last word about Mr. Huston's summer of the Superman Belt Saga. Not a single one of his kids has come forth to thank my little brother for teaching their Dad the virtue of "kid tolerance."

Editor's Note: Dad always had the patience of Job. Tommy may have been partially responsible, but I think it was just the way he was wired. But, just in case, from all of the Huston kids, "Thanks, Tommy!"



More from Jim Next Month



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More from Jim Next Month

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Back to Harlow House



Barbara and Dennis Grahn, the second caretakers of the Harlow House, 27 years ago, came for a visit last fall. They had their son Matt, while living at the house. They were poor college students at the time. Dennis has since gone on to work at Stanford University at Palo Alto, and Barbara is between jobs there. Also in touch with them is the third and last caretaker, Kim Schilling, who replaced them at the Harlow House. For many years though, the caretakers at the Harlow House, lived in it during the week, and were "museum-ready" on Sunday, putting away all evidence of their habitation. They used the upstairs bedroom that is Mary Bryson's office for their sleeping/living quarters, but the kitchen and bath were in regular use during the week.

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.**

A Good Time Was Had By All on this Year's Cemetery Tour

From Sharon Nesbit:

"One question raised several times at our May 12 cemetery tour to The Dalles was the origin of the name International Order of Odd Fellows. There are numerous IOOF cemeteries in Oregon, and many markers designate that the deceased was a member of the fraternal order.

For an answer we went to "Mad as the Mist and Snow," an Oregon cemetery guide by Johan Mathiesen which we have for sale at the Depot

Museum Store. He explains that both the Masons and the Odd Fellows evolved from ancient trade builds in Europe. In the case of the Odd Fellows, the ancient origins designated independent tradesmen as "fellows." However in small towns without enough individuals in a given trade to form a local guild, "these independent fellows would sometimes join together and form their own guild of mishmash professions, hence the name Odd Fellows."

In the U.S. the Odd Fellows order focused on fiscal protection of their members: "To visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead and educate the orphan." Cemeteries were part of that mission.

Led by cemetery historian Stan Clarke, we visited an Odd Fellows cemetery in The Dalles, as well as a Catholic burial ground and the old Pioneer Cemetery."



Rebecca Lui, Marcus C. Lee and Stan Clarke

The brave group of "gravesters" included:

**Stan Clarke-Sharon Nesbit-Barbara Welsh
Wilma Konkell-Dick Goldie-Doris Woolley
Jill Ford-Marilyn Toenjes-Sharon Petri
Carol Klinger-Jean Holman-Terry Huston
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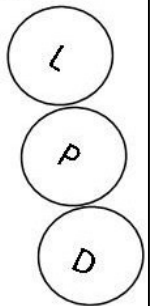
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MATT LEAMY

Art Director

105 E. Historic Columbia River Hwy
Bottom Level
Troutdale, OR 97060

Email: matt@leamydesign.com
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Master Pilots of the Sandy River

by Harold Scofield

We moved to Troutdale in 1955 when my dad borrowed a D-7 Cat from his employer and gouged out a driveway and pad right on the river. He then built a home with his bare hands over the next five years. (He had a '36 Ford, nastily repossessed and was leery of credit.)

After a few years we obtained a 12-foot wooden row boat named Dira. Whoever the hell thought of that name? My older brother, Allen and I roamed the Sandy and knew every riffle, bar, and channel. Each morning at low PGE tide we collected fishing tackle the Portlanders had left behind. Flatfish were the most prized..

Shooting out of the bedroom window was also a favorite pastime. We fired high-powered rifles into the abandoned summer cabin next door. The nervous folks across the river requested we quit skipping bullets on the river. Our mother refused to go near our bedroom, which was full of guns and fishing tackle on the wall.

All through these adventures we were accompanied by our faithful collie/shepherd dog, Watch. Who ever thought of that named either? We had picked him up from a ranch in Halfway. He was fed ground glass by

Lisa Taitenger, owner of the San Rivera Motel. He had committed the crime of peeing on her flowers. We mourned his passing.

I am blessed (?) with a photographic memory. I don't recall much about my sister, Rosie, during these years. I guess she was busy dating football star at Gresham High and was disgusted with Al and me. *Whatever.*

My father had trouble with mental problems and alcoholism during this time. He denied this at first but later received help and lived to be 96. My mother always came through. Allen died in a drunken violent car wreck in October 1975. He had never been the same after serving in Vietnam.

A best friend, Larry McGinnis and I floated the Sandy in 1996. The river was "shookumchuck", (Chinook/Athabaskan for big strong waters). We enjoyed the rare sunny February day. I made movies of that



Allen, and Harold Scofield with Watch on patrol.

with him and my Siberian Husky, Tasha.

We're looking forward to the 1963 Reynolds 50th reunion. Linda is still hot at 55!

If you are ever in our area, we are available for river tours on the Truckee ... can't get very far from Reno.

Shalom
Harold Scofield
Sparks, Nevada

Welcome New Members:

Harold & Linda Scofield Jim Glenn
Lynne Quinn (in memory of Bill Quinn)
Mrs. Viola Thompson
(A gift membership from her sister, Claire (Carson) Finkel)

Donations to Operating:

Harold & Linda Scofield
Jean Hansard
Ron Spada ~ Adrienne Clausen

Thank you to our renewing members:

Leo & Mary Ellen McGlothlin	Adrienne Clausen
Larry Callister	Jean Hansard
Nancy Wolf	Wade Schueller
	Ron Spada
	Evelyn DeYoung

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Bygone Times



Troutdale Historical Society
104 SE Kibling St.
Troutdale, OR 97060
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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