

BYGONE TIMES

A Newsletter of the TROUTDALE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

April, 1997

Sharon Nesbit, Editor, 665-0423

Gibson follows old trails taking us along with him

Those who Bus Gibson know his track leads into the past. Gibson, a Troutdale Historical Society member and fervent fan of the Columbia River Gorge, speaks at our Monday, April 21 meeting, 7:30 p.m., (**Please note: Evening Meeting**) Troutdale City Hall.

Meetings Continue on Gorge Iore

Monday, April 21, 7:30 p.m., Troutdale City Hall
Bus Gibson, hiker/historian, Trails in the Gorge and

Sunday, May 18, 2:30 p.m., Troutdale City Hall
A 1 p.m. stroll in the Sandy River Delta followed by a talk in City Hall on the 1,200-acre natural area

Gibson, who specializes in leading hiking groups to out-of-the-way spots with historic interest, will show maps and explain development of transportation in the Columbia River Gorge from Native American times, through the white contact and on through the fur trade, pioneer, wagon, railroad, steam boat and logging eras.



A native Oregonian, raised in a Hood River orchard, and a former air traffic controller (thus his ability to navigate), Gibson is a Rockwood-area resident and mainstay of the Mazama Outdoor recreation club where he serves as a hike and ski leader, and gives many volunteer hours of trail maintenance and conservation work.

In the aftermath of the 1996 floods, he led and coordinated a Mazama volunteer effort to repair Columbia River Gorge and Mount Hood National Forest Trails that won him the Mazama's highest award for leadership, the Parker Cup.

His talk will include some well-known Troutdale routes, including Joel Palmer's unsuccessful wagon road that descended a route that is now the new trail behind the Harlow House.

CALENDAR For April/May



Meetings

Monday, April 21, 7:30 p.m.

Trails in the Gorge,
Troutdale City Hall

Sunday, May 18, 1 p.m. & 2:30 p.m.

1 p.m. Stroll in the Sandy River Delta
2:30 p.m., Program on the delta, City Hall.

Barnstorm Committee

Saturday, April 19, 9 a.m.

Work on building smelt exhibit

Board of Directors

Wednesday, April 2, 7 p.m.

In the barn. All members welcome

Wednesday, May 2, 7 p.m.

In the barn. All members welcome

Steering Committee

Monday, April 14, 7 p.m.

Harlow House

Monday, May 9, 7 p.m.

Harlow House

Harlow House

Sundays, 1 to 4 p.m.

Depot Museum & Store

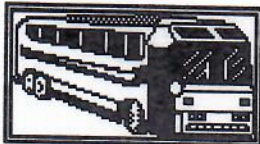
Closed for Winter

Ouch! Furnace goes kablooey

Our bad news for the spring is that a malfunction of the Harlow House's old oil furnace sent the Harlow House into Sahara-like temperatures, and a new furnace/air conditioner is necessary.

As we have long-planned, we will install a natural gas system at about \$4,000. However, we had not reckoned on having to do it now and will have to finance the project until we can find means to pay for it. If you get some tax money back and want to help with a Harlow House furnace fund, that would be a wonderful gift.

It goes without saying that a temperature of almost 100 degrees in the house scared the bejeebers out of all of us who care for the historical items stored there.



Another
Troutdale
Trek

Weekend Trek to Long Beach May 31-June 1

The Troutdale Historical Society sets off on its spring Trek to the Long Beach Peninsula with stops in Skamokawa, Ilwaco, Cathlamet and Kalama (Does anybody in Washington speak English?) on May 31-June 1, a Saturday and Sunday.

Still in the formative stages (which means we're not sure of all the itinerary yet) this two-day event includes transportation north to Kalama for a brief coffee-antiquing stop, east on historic Highway 4 exploring Puget Island, Cathlamet and Skamokawa, overnight in Chatauqua Lodge on the Long Beach Peninsula with dinner at a popular local restaurant, a Sunday morning tour of historic Oysterville, a visit to the museum at Fort Canby and the Ilwaco Heritage museum, and home through Astoria with a stop at the newly-restored Astor Column.

Cost is \$100 for those sharing a room, \$125 for those who want a single room.

If you want to assure a seat on this trip, call the Harlow House, 661-2164, and have a seat reserved. Or send your check for the amount above.

Yearn to greet visitors and run a store? Call Ellen Brothers, 661-2164 and be a volunteer clerk at the Rail Depot and Museum Store.

Numbers You Need

HARLOW HOUSE-BARN...661-2164 (Leave a message.)

DEPOT-MUSEUM STORE... 667-8268 (No answering machine)

If Jean calls... please say yes

Jean Hybskmann

spent a lovely winter traveling around the Southwest in a fifth-wheel with her husband, Jerry. But she took the time to drop a note and let us know that she is willing to be the Thursday host this summer at the Harlow House.

Jean, a Gresham resident, a gifted flower arranger and a writer, loves Harlow House duty. In addition to greeting visitors, she counts on the quiet moments of her volunteer day to write letters, work on her laptop computer or invite her mother for a picnic and a chat on the Harlow House front porch.

The stars of the Harlow House volunteers this winter:

Ellen Graber, Florence Baker, Mary Hughes, Barbara Mabry, Mario Ayala, Martha Booheister, Jack & Roberta Burns, June Nasmyth

Figuring it takes an enthusiast to find one, we asked Jean to be our Harlow House volunteer coordinator this year, giving her a small monthly stipend for the task. She has agreed and arrived home from her winter stay March 15 to begin the process of staffing the Harlow House for the summer.

Harlow House summer hours are June through October, Wednesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and Sunday, 1-4 p.m.

All sorts of combinations are possible. Volunteers may work once or twice a month, or once a week. Those who can't do a whole day, may arrange half-day shifts of three hours. But commitment is a necessity. Even when we promise a regular day as host we can't always make that it. The system is set up so that hosts may arrange a volunteer, or if all else fails, notify Jean.

Can you help? Call her at 669-7822.

Among
our
Members



Gift memberships:

Laura Van Atta,
a gift of Florence Baker

Ken Otto,
a gift of Helen Otto
Clara Howk,
gift of Lois Moller

John A. Sherman, Kathleen
Dombrowski, Louise Blohm,
John W. Sherman and John
Noel,

all gifts of June Nasmyth
Heather & Dan Degraw
from Bob & Mona Mitchoff
Rick & Jeanne Berg
from Marge Smith
John Bryson
from Dennis & Mary Bryson

Director's Club:

Evelyn Jacobson
Harvey & Betty Wieprecht
Ed & Marge Schmunk
Donna Hawkins
Helen Otto
Mike & Elaine Dubesa
Jean Holman
Beverly Welker
Patricia O'Brien
Gordon & Ione Doolittle
Walter & Lorraine Mackey
Gerry & Madeline Grimm
Lois Moller
Sam & Nancy Cox
Bill & Sharon Nesbit
Judy Bronkey
Lola Fellman
Penny Balch
Colleen McCoy
David Ripma
Vera & Bob Strebin Jr.
Bob & Dorothy Sturges
Bob & Mona Mitchoff
Kyle Fritzing

New Member:

Altha Paul

*Never too late to pay your
dues.*



TREASURER'S REPORT

FROM PENNY BALCH

OPERATING ACCT.....	\$ 1,354.68
DED. BARN FUND.....	150.00
BARN BUILDING.....	25,268.36
ENDOWMENT FUND...	25,156.13
DIRECTORS FUND.....	2,687.88
BINGO FUND.....	1,958.73
TOTAL.....	\$ 56,575.58

This report reflects the \$20,000 gift from the estate of John Nasmyth designated for the barn building fund and the creation of exhibits in the building, as well as \$25,000 in our endowment fund, money dedicated to the future of our society.

GIFTS

TO THE BARN FUND

In memory of
George & Cecile Swanson
 from George & Mildred Swanson
 In memory of
Arthur & Margaret Grimm
 from Gerry & Madeline Grimm

Steering Committee wants sponsors, gowns

Mona Mitchoff and her steering committee, the group that puts on Ice Cream Social and Harvest Faire, are looking for two important items for those events.

Needed are two sponsors, willing to donate \$300 each, to help pay for music at the June 14 and 15 Ice Cream Social. The reward for that is that major sponsors get their names on our poster.

Further, the committee is planning an exhibit of wedding clothing and other items at the Harlow House. We are interested in dresses and suits and photos. Call Mona, at **666-5455**.

GIFTS
TO THE ENDOWMENT
FUND

In memory of
Lucille Howell
 from Dominic & Phyllis Balestera

In memory of
Valera Rathman
 from Vernon & Martine Rathman

In memory of
Mildred Jones
 from
 Kyle Fritzsinger

AND FROM
 Evelyn Jacobson
 Robert & Maude Winning
 Bruce Roberts
 Richard Rethwisch
 Adrienne Clausen
 Margaret Stoeckel

Harlow House grounds readied for spring

Troutdale parks worker Michele Rosenburger has the task of planting and maintaining the Harlow House flower beds following the retirement of Cathy Warren. Michele plans a rose garden in front, more lavender plants and other things. If you want to volunteer, call her at 665-5175 #254.

GIFTS

TO THE GENERAL
FUND

In memory of
Ray & Theresa Doolittle
 from Gordon and Ione Doolittle

In memory of
Val Rathman
 from Bud & Ruby Mathieson

AND FROM
 Truly Wright
 Gale Underhill
 Jan Vreeland
 Lucille Tolbert

Volunteers who are more than...



Especially during the winter months when folks are traveling or otherwise occupied, we rely on volunteers to keep things running.

Special thanks to **Connie Purvis** who hosted the January meeting on Multnomah Falls and to **Alice Wand** for the popular return in February of James Keyser and the program on petroglyphs.

Also to **Sam Cox**, who makes pretty good coffee for a man who doesn't drink it, and to **Marie Stone** for our fine February birthday cake. Also goodie bakers **Clover Nasmyth** and **Florence Baker**.

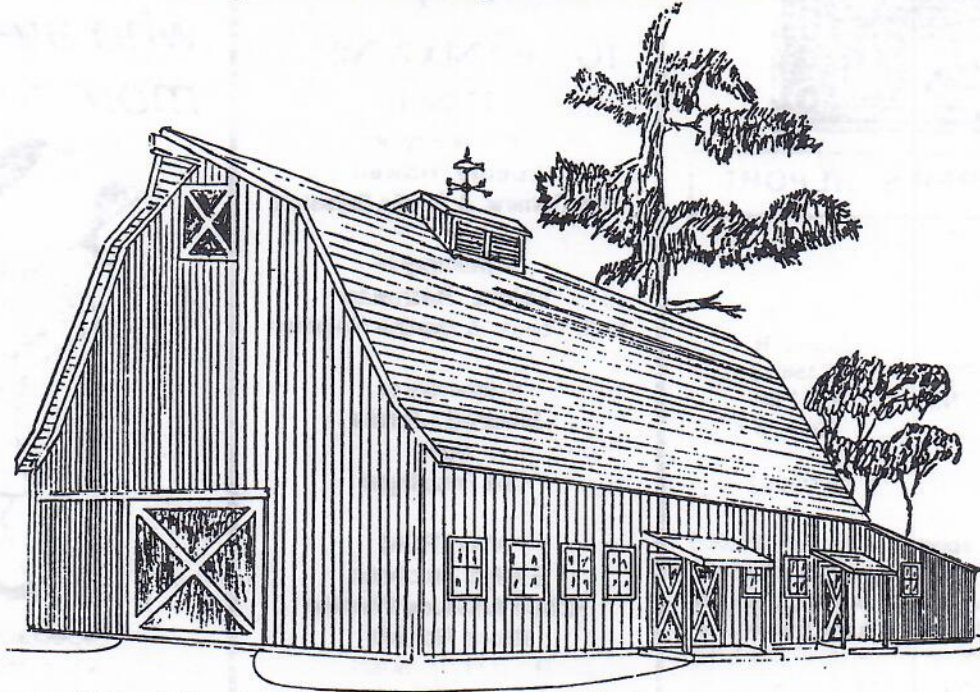
Add to that, the considerable efforts of **Marge Schmunk** (Typhoon Marge, we call her) who has taken on the daunting task of cleaning and organizing the Harlow House basement.

And the frequent and splendid contributions of **Walter Nasmyth** whose fount of Troutdale stories has brightened these pages.

Also, don't forget **Connie Purvis**, whose collection of lovely Valentines is on display in the Harlow House.

Or **Dick and Carol Anderson** who keep watch over Harlow House and grounds. Do you know, Dick says, that when the raccoons get to tussling on the front porch, they turn on the motion activated porch light?

A report on the completion of the barn



Dick Jones prepared the following barn completion schedule, complete with sketches, to guide the work to be done before the we open the barn with our first exhibit:

- First task:** Find a sturdy volunteers to work several hours clearing out the scrap sheet rock from the loft and first floor and putting it in a dumpster.
- Second task:** Volunteers needed to sandblast and paint our metal shelving for our storage facility. A body shop, perhaps or some other metal finishing business.
- Third task:** Construct storage room in the shop area. This will clear a considerable stack of shelving, plywood and sheet rock from the first floor area.
- Fourth task:** Move all items from first floor that will be in the way of finishing and final cleanup prior to set up of displays. Make decisions about what to keep. Storage space is at a minimum.
- Fifth task:** Finish exterior doors, bound to be a knotty problem because of the way the doors are made.

Then, from the top down:

1. Install the weather vane and build and install cupola screens for summer months.
2. Lay insulation in the loft attic.
3. In the loft, install cove trim, sand and finish beams, install trim rings on light fixtures, finish electrical outlets, find a donor to provide about \$8,000 worth of carpeting, finish baseboards and column bases and finish top of stair rails.
4. On the first floor, finish walls and paint, wash and paint heat ducts, install cove trim, hang and finish door, hardware and trim, install casing on exterior exterior/interior doors, fabricate and install window casings and rim, install baseboards.
5. In the stairwells, panel or paint walls, install risers and baseboard runners, install handrails, finish electrical outlets, install exit signs and install electrical box covers where necessary.
6. In restrooms, install baseboard material.
7. In shop, install a door and casings, hang ceiling lights, construct storage room and prepare shelving (as indicated above), complete electrical work in storage room, build work bench and storage cabinet, install a hatch cover on exhaust fan and equip with paint lockers and yard tool storage bin.
8. In the interior of barn, install track lighting fixtures.
9. And outside, hang hay hook and pulley, finish cross-buck trim on doors and build shed roofs over doors and pour concrete entry pads at each door.

Have a skill to lend? Know someone who can take on one task or the other? Call 661-2164.

Faye Harlow, remembrance from her eulogy

Faye Harlow died Dec. 30, 1996. Her daughter, Ginger, wrote and read a history of her moth that is filled with many Troutdale stories. The Parsons family, Newt and Mary and their small children, Faye and Dale, boarded a train for Oregon from Frankfort, Kansas, in 1912. Newt was hired as a telegrapher for the Oregon Rail and Navigation Company at Troutdale, so the family rented a small home here. They thought they had landed in the authentic wild, wild west. There was one community church in town, but a half-dozen saloons lined the main street. Cowboys -- or at least Mary Parsons thought they were cowboys-- came to town every Saturday night, drinking up their paychecks, carousing and shooting off pistols up and down the street less than two blocks from their home.

In the winter of 1918/1919 an influenza epidemic swept the United States. Tragically, Newt Parsons was one of its victims. He developed pneumonia and died Jan. 4, 1919. (His daughter would be buried in the same cemetery, 78 years to the day after her father.) Mary Parsons took any job she could find. She was janitor at Troutdale school, kept books and canned fruit for Blazer Fruit Co., rented rooms to boarders and took in laundry. Faye and Dale had paper routes, no small job in Troutdale winters.

**Widowed as
her mother
was, she
raised her
girls alone.**

Faye married Sam Harlow, grandson of Troutdale's founder, Capt. John Harlow, on Valentine's Day 1926 in the Harlow House. She had just turned 17, 10 days before. The couple had two daughters, Ginger and Bonnie, and in 1936 Sam Harlow died, the result of an on-the-job accident which had happened before they married. Faye Harlow was 27 years old, had not finished high school, had no job skills and two children to provide for. Faye moved to Portland to attend business school. Her children visited her weekends. Not long ago, Ginger found her mother's expense book from 1937-1941: Lunch, 25 cents; stationery, 25 cents; ink, 15 cents; postage stamps, 10 cents; rent, \$15; streetcar tickets, 25 cents; cake, 20 cents; show, 15 cents; and buttermilk, 4 cents.

"Buttermilk?" I asked Mom. She replied, "Raven Dairy had a buttermilk bar on 4th and Morrison. I often stopped for a glass of cold buttermilk." (The Raven family had an East Multnomah County link. Their summer home, Raven Lodge, still stands on the east bank of the Sandy River at Gordon Creek.) Working fulltime Faye was reunited with her daughters in a Portland apartment in 1941, she became a hostess at the USO and in 1945 landed a good job at Standard Oil. As a single woman in the 1940s, 50s and 60s, she was not allowed to purchase a home or buy a car on time because she was not "head of household." Regardless, she headed her household, raised her daughters, saw them married and moved to Seattle in 1961 when her job took her there.

She learned to drive at age 59, retired at 62 and spent her retirement in travel, times with her grandchildren and great-grandchildren and cooperating with this historical society in gathering the history of the Harlows and her family.

Vera Strebin had her pick of friends on family farm

Vera Strebin, 92, died March 12 in her Troutdale farm home. A longtime member of our society, Strebin was a transplanted Oregonian, growing up in Iowa and moving here in 1932 at age -- well, as she said: "I'm not saying how old I was. Just say I wasn't a babe in the arms when I came. She met a bachelor berry farmer named Robert Strebin when she went to a dance for berry pickers with her friend Tillie Wiser. They were married in 1934.

Neighbors murmured, "She knows nothing about berries." But Vera knew she liked the fruit, that back in Iowa she had seen those luscious fruits and had always wanted "to get out there where they have something like that to eat." Her father was horrified by her farm life. Unlike staid Iowa, Oregon women worked outside in the fields. And Oregon farmers worked on Sunday.

The Strebin farm, like many others in our area, was a haven for Dust Bowl refugees coming from the Midwest in the 1930s. "As soon as they came, they wanted work," Strebin remembered in a 1988 Outlook interview. "And we needed helpers. They'd land in Troutdale and people would always send them out here to us. Everybody wanted them. They were good workers...Nobody really had much. About all we had to offer was work." And sometimes a cabin to live in and 12 cents an hour. A picker who got four crates could earn a \$1 a day.

"Every week they'd go to town and I bet they didn't spend a dollar on groceries. They were very frugal people," she said. And they did not believe in waste. "They canned fruit. I canned fruit. And we ate canned fruit until we just bout burst. I guess we all thought of this as heaven."

To the day she died, Vera Strebin and her son, Robert Strebin Jr., counted among their friends, the people who originally came to work on their farm. Robert Strebin Sr. died in 1966. The farm land is leased. But Bob Strebin, chairman of our barn exhibit committee, works to see that the story of Troutdale's farms is remembered.

When she got her member of the year award in 1986, Vera displayed it proudly on a table, but she would not hang it on a wall. None of the walls of her home had pictures. Instead, her house has windows looking out to the fields. "Who wants pictures when the view changes in these windows every day," she said.



Mother's Thimble

written by Mildred Frances Drury Jones

(Mildred Jones, who died Feb. 5 in Troutdale, is the mother of Director Ellen Brothers. In going through her papers, Ellen found this story about a family thimble, proving that protecting heirlooms is a family trait.)

We have many family heirlooms. Some are beautiful in design, some are odd, all have stories of some kind. But of them all, none is hated so intensely as Mother's thimble.

The thimble is of sterling silver and the clear tinkle of it as it falls to the floor, although beautiful, is terrifying to any member of the family. The top of the thimble is worn smooth and thin from almost constant use, and the band of the finger piece is of an intricate engraved design.



Tall houses and church steeples surround the thimble. Each design is clearly pictured in my mind and has been since the first time Mother lost her thimble.

Mother is one of those unfortunate souls who cannot sew without the all-important thimble. I've never known her to wear any other but the silver one that is shaped to her finger. It was a gift from her grandmother when she was 7 years old, and the thimble has been used for every conceivable purpose from making her bridal clothes to shaping of dolls' heads from sawdust.

One of my earliest recollections is of crawling under the bed in quest of that thimble. Once it was lost for three weeks and found in a pair of stockings where it had undoubtedly lain after Mother finished mending and folding them.

The query, "Where is my thimble?" is enough to make our hearts sink. We strain our ears to catch the tinkle of the thimble falling upon a hard surface or try to catch a glimpse of it shining in some dark corner. All of us have been taught from babyhood to leave that thimble alone, or if we see it in some dangerous place to put it away and remember where we put it.

Yesterday when I came home from school, I noticed it on the kitchen table. Surmising that Mother was probably mending some clothes after ironing them, I gave the thimble no further thought. I went to town and after coming home, unwrapped the various parcels, putting the paper to one side and afterwards using it to build a fire.

That evening, I was sewing in my room (using a five-cent thimble, not being addicted to a silver one) when Mother, in a worried voice, inquired, "Have you seen my thimble?" I gave a vicious tug at my thread and thought, "That blessed thimble! I hope it's lost for good!" but in a meek and rather guilty voice, I asked her where she had left it.

"On the kitchen table. I wonder if Jimmy put it away when he cleared the table." Jimmy had gone out and,

anyway, he is terrible absent-minded, so there was no consolation in that possibility. I continued my sewing, but I could hear Mother moving about restlessly. I knew sooner or later I'd have to get up and help, but until then I was going to pursue my own occupation.

All of a sudden I heard her moving the stove lids and with a guilty start, I vividly pictured the thimble in the papers I had carelessly taken from the table to start the fire. I immediately joined the search for the missing thimble and a frantic half hour followed. We looked under tables, in drawers and shook out the clothes she mended. We even looked in some of the dishes where Jimmy might have dropped it. But all the time I studiously avoided the stove.

In my mind, I would see the old thimble, the engravings as vivid as a picture to me, and the tinkle of it ringing in my ears. Yet also in my mind's eye, I saw a mass of molten silver and my conscience was extremely guilty with the awful hope I had harbored when Mother told me the thimble was lost. My heavens! That was like burning one's Grandmother!

As we searched, Mother talked, and I heard again the story of how she came by the thimble. She really was heartbroken to have lost it.

With fast-beating heart, I finally took the lids off the stove and poked at the cold coals. I saw something gleaming. I closed my eyes in horror, but a second look confirmed it was only a piece of shiny black charcoal. I took out the ash pan and feverishly looked for the piece of metal that I thought would be the remains of the family bugaboo. I found a piece of fine wire net and convinced myself that that was what remained of the thimble's structure.

"Mama," I said, meanly, as I tried to wipe ashes out of my eyes with a sooty hand, "If we ever find that accursed thimble, and you ever wear it again, I'll put it on the floor and step on it!"

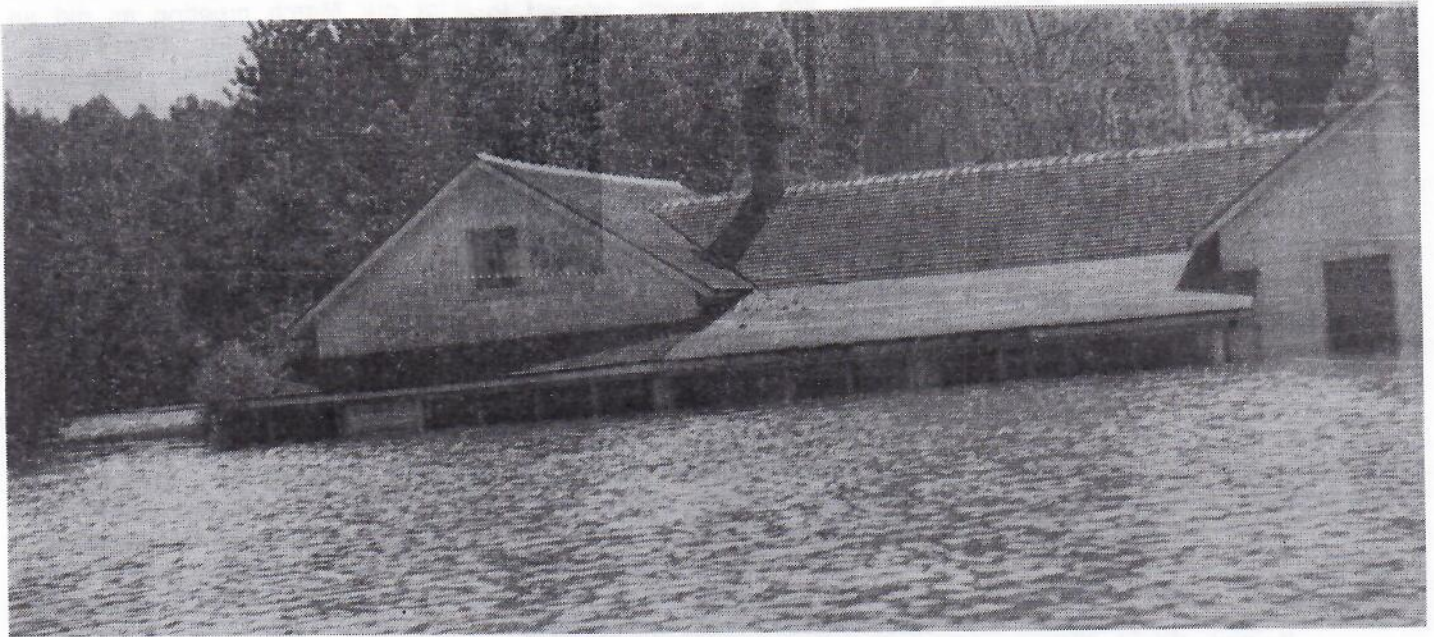
"Don't you dare," said Mother, anxious for fear some new danger threatened the lost

thimble. "Oh, I don't know how I could have been so careless!" she cried, putting her hand in apron pocket for handkerchief. "I..." a portentous silence followed and I looked up expecting I knew not what. She removed her right hand from her pocket and on the middle finger gleamed the missing thimble. Mother stared at it unbelievably. "I remember," she said, "I put it in my pocket after I finished fixing my dress."

Vastly relieved, I went back upstairs. As I resumed my sewing, I thought to myself, "I do hope Mother never wills me her silver thimble."

Ellen adds: My cousin, Peggy Blackburn, now has the thimble. She is the fourth owner, and, no, our Grandmother did not will the thimble to my Mother.

THE 1948 VANPORT FLOOD



This photo from our files shows the water level on the former Dick Knarr home in the June, 1948, Vanport Flood. This house still stands just to the left as you enter the Columbia Gorge RV Park.

Jack Glass plans to rehabilitate Staten service station

The old Staten service station, somewhat more than 60 years old, has been a concern of our historical society for a number of years and, because of our insistence, the City of Troutdale, which owns it, has not torn it down.

Recently, Jack Glass, a local river guide, has worked out a program with the city to lease the building and rehabilitate it, retaining its historic style, for a bait shack and snack business called Jack's Snack and Tackle. He will put about \$75,000 to \$80,000 in the building.

Such a use bringing a historic building back to life, has been the goal of our society and we will do what we can to cooperate with Glass in the process.

In the flood pictured above, Ruby and Elliott Staten were stranded there at the bridge, water flooding the tourist cabins behind the station and closer to the river bank. Ruby paddled a canoe to Troutdale for groceries. They rebuilt the tourist cabins and used them through 1964 when they were destroyed in the Christmas flood.

Ken Ames describes Chinook towns that rivaled Southwest sites

Our March meeting featured Ken Ames from the anthropology department of Portland State University discussing Native American populations on this reach of the Columbia River. He offered insights into a group of people we know little about because so many of them died of disease before the arrival of large numbers of immigrants.

Ames described his excavations of Chinookan cedar houses in the Scappoose and Ridgefield areas saying this stretch of the Columbia River, described by Lewis and Clark as the Wapato Valley, held one of the highest population densities in North America. Middle Chinookan people could have numbered up to 10,000 at the time Lewis and Clark came. They lived in 19 villages occupying long cedar houses -- some nearly 200 feet long -- for 400 years or more. Had they made their foundations of basalt rock, he said, Portland would be as famous for its ruins as the American Southwest.

Roy and Elsie enjoy restoration of Troutdale General Store

Special guests recently at a Troutdale chamber open house of Troutdale Vision Clinic, formerly Troutdale General Store, were Roy Meger and his sister, Elsie Simnitt, who operated the store for more than 50 years. Both were impressed with the work the new owners. Elsie said she was especially pleased with the ceiling. "I looked at the old one all peeling and spotted with water for so long and wished I could get up there and do something about it.

The new optical shop, incidentally, give a discount to Troutdale Historical Society members and then donates that amount to our organization.

Got some extra stuff?

Our friends at Fairview Rockwood Wilkes Historical Society are taking part in a June 7 garage sale at Glenfair School. They will be accepting items at Heslin House on June 6. Questions? Call Roy Hoover, 665-3253.

Need More Income?

If you own stock or real estate which is paying you little or no income, consider a "life income" gift to the Troutdale Historical Society. You could transfer the stock or real estate to us through one of several gift arrangements that would provide you with 5 percent or greater annual return.

This income would be paid to you and/or a loved one for life, after which the principal would be distributed to the Troutdale Historical Society.

If you would like more information, give Ellen Brothers a call by leaving a message at 661-2164.

News from our friends in history

We are much delayed in reporting that the Crown Point Country Historical Society gave Alice Wand, also a mainstay of our society, their Bea Graff Community Service Award last September. The award, named for one of the founders of the Corbett history group, honored Alice for her historical work as well as her efforts to keep old crafts alive. She makes, rose beads, for instance.

Across the river the Camas-Washougal Historical Society opened their Two Rivers Heritage Museum last fall in a building just across the parking lot from the Pendleton Woolen Mill outlet store in Washougal. Plan to visit the next time you are in the area.

Fairview Rockwood Wilkes has a new member roster. Anyone skilled with data bases who wishes to put one together for us?

Namedroppers

Nancy Cox also provided cookies for our March meeting as did an anonymous donor...**Florence Baker**, thank goodness, often helps out when something goes wrong with our volunteer system and the house needs an instant host on a Sunday afternoon. She pitched in again recently. Many thanks...Thanks, also, to **Donna Anderson** and **Red & Trudi Wood** for donating goodie money at our March meeting...A just found note, which came with a memorial to **Val Rathman** from **Ivan & June Handy** describes Val as a "loving mother, and a fun-loving friend"...and another memorial gift honoring **Faye Harlow** came from her good friend and travel companion, **Ethel Lee**: "Faye and I were friend for over 50 years. We lived together on Mercer Island, Washington, for 10 years. She was the best friend I ever had."

**TROUTDALE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
104 S.E. KIBLING STREET
TROUTDALE, OR 97060**

**BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
TROUTDALE, OR.
PERMIT NO. 5**

**Address Correction
Requested**



**Routes through the
gorge
April 21, 7:30 p.m..
Troutdale City Hall**