Brendon Spence-Hartle to Talk to the Essential Role of Historic Preservation at the Society’s February 17 Program at the Barn Museum

The program will talk to the essential role historic preservation plays in sustainability, from the economic development benefit created by rehabilitating buildings to the environmental stewardship that comes with conserving existing materials. Preservation 101 will inform participants of the criteria for listing a property in the National Register of Historic Places, while highlighting the regulations and standards that pertain to historic properties. Finally, the program is intended to empower local residents to think creatively about how to preserve historic places in the 21st Century, from finding funding to finding new uses for seemingly obsolete buildings. Whether an owner of an old house, someone who values local sense of place, or a history buff interested in East County's past, this program is for you.

The program is free and open to the public. Light refreshments will be served. Please call the THS office at 503-661-2164 for more information!
Bridge Brunch set for Glenn Otto Park on April 20

Want to hear the story about who painted the first line down the middle of a highway in Oregon?

Then you will want to be part of building our historic highway exhibit in the barn.

We have big plans to build an exhibit telling the story of the Historic Columbia River Highway and what the road meant to local people in terms of working on it, traveling it and selling jelly, chicken dinners - and sometimes, bootleg booze -- at the side of the road.

Troutdale's bridge at the Sandy River was built in 1912, one of the first links to the highway, so this spring, Saturday, April 20, Sharon Nesbit is planning a 100th birthday party for our bridge to begin raising the considerable money that it costs to build an exhibit.

There will be festivities at the bridge, followed by a brunch in Glenn Otto Community Park in the Sam Cox building, and a rare opportunity to see Steve's Lehl's magic lantern slides of the Columbia River Highway and to see Sam Lancaster, builder of the highway, reincarnated by Oregon historian Chet Orloff.

We are encouraging guests to wear clothing of the era. This is an invitation-only event, so if you want to attend -- the event will be $50 a person, most going to the exhibit fund -- then please write, call or email us to be on the guest list and receive an invitation.

Troutdale Historical Society Office is 503-661-2164 or email terry@troutdalehistory.org. Our mailing address is

Rip Caswell is bringing the ”trout back to Troutdale”! Rip arranged for 100, 8-9 inch trout to be delivered to the pond on the future Caswell Gallery and Garden Apartments; gallery and artist living/work spaces.

(Formerly Mayo’s Pond & Apartments).

Please support our important business sponsors!
JoAnne Newland has lived in Troutdale since about the late 70s. As a preteen, she was introduced to horses by her mother, Lenore Lou Marshall in Beavercreek Oregon.

She was enchanted by the Arabian horse and set out to live her dream by raising, training and showing Arabian horses. As a young girl, she trained them to do tricks, barrel racing, pole bending and more. She showed in 4-H, Rodeo’s and State fairs. One of her favorite horses was El Shazaad, lovingly known as “Spider” for his long legs. JoAnne rode and won many awards on him and he came to Troutdale to live out his long life and was also enjoyed by Joanne’s children, customers and friends. She became a professional by making a living showing client’s horses in horse shows before her children were born in the late fifties. She raised three children as a Professional Arabian Horse Trainer, which is something you don’t hear about every day.

JoAnne was a majorette in Oregon High School and had broken her leg while she was crowned Molalla Buckaroo Queen. She had a ton of school spirit and was a huge advocate for the horse and rider. She went on to win countless awards across America and Canada, including the Arabian National Championships, which is every horse show person’s dream. Gateway Arabians, owned by Albert Mauck is where JoAnne spent many years showing, breeding, training and even giving lessons to people. She had several famous Champion Stallions at the ranch: *Bijan, Fire-Might, Fools Gold, just to name a few. She was fond of the Basque progeny and the Polish Arabian type. There were many exciting and fun “Open Barns” where people would come from all over and watch her and her crew put on a day long show of the horses in full show regalia.

JoAnne married Albert Mauck and continued to oversee Gateway Arabians into her retirement. Albert passed away and the last horse left just a few short months after that. I could never imagine my Mom without a horse. I know it’s hard for her to just have those memories. If I could, I’d buy her a barn and horses so she could still be with the one thing she loves so much.

She still lives at the property in a home built by Albert Mauck many years ago. It’s a cute and well-kept place on a large lot with a beautiful yard and tons of flowers and trees. She takes care of all of it herself. You may see her at one of Troutdale’s parks where she takes her beloved Cocker Spaniel Barkley and Golden Retriever Sadie walking several times a week. She loves horse racing and is very active in the Arabian horse-world still; marketing over the internet and visiting farms and friends to see what horses they might have and to give her expert advice.

There aren’t enough pages in this newsletter to give proper recognition to the accomplishments of my Mom JoAnne, but as her daughter I thought it important that Troutdale residents know they have a somewhat famous person living in their midst. If you see her say hi, she’s a wealth of information, especially about horses and she has lived quite a life. If only we could be so lucky.

Please support our important business sponsors!
Here is some help with that long winter project of sorting through old family photos!~

From Len Otto:
503-663-0794

I help people preserve family history and family stories. I do that through a combination of media, my favorite being family photographs. As you saw at the Quade sisters interview, simply presenting a photo often "greases the wheel" and gets stories flowing. I like to have a recorder going at those moments so that I can transfer the recording to my computer and then send it off to a transcriptionist.

As far as the end product goes, books are a favorite of mine and often of the people with whom I work. I am willing and able to work in other formats such as turning the stories into DVDs or webpages, though I would farm that last one out to professionals. Nonetheless, it is an awesome way to preserve a story, as once it is on the web, there is a record of the story forever. I am always open to working with a client to come up with a way to preserve the family history that is beautiful and lasting. Just ask!

From John Croy at AVP Media:
503-777-1203

In addition to transfer of old home movie film to DVD, I also transfer videotapes to DVD.
I also scan slides and photos for archival, and make slide and photo slide shows.
I also videotape special, or personal events. My website is www.avpmedia.com.
If you need any other info, please let me know.

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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.

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THS NEEDS YOU!

Can you volunteer at one of our museums for a Saturday? or for a special tour? Take photos at an event? HELP on the newsletter? Dust? Scrapbook? HELP with fundraisers? Do you know or work for a company who would donate goods or services?...Call the office to volunteer. The smallest task helps a lot!
Please support our important business sponsors!
D\n\nuring the war years us kids bought war stamps once a week at school and when we had $18.75 worth, we bought a $25.00 war bond. After the war was over we turned in the bonds and got $25.00 in cash.

My mom gave 1 pt. of blood, once a month for the war effort. Polio was the dreaded disease during the 30s & 40s. It was 1956 when we were able to use the polio vaccine. Pres. F.D.R. got polio and it affected the muscles in his legs. In 1938 the mercury dime was changed to have Pres. Roosevelt’s picture on. Thus, the March of dimes was the coin we all donated to get rid of polio.

O\n\nur mom drove school bus for Troutdale Grade & Reynolds High from 1944 – 1972. In 1972 she worked as a custodian at Reynolds High until 1977 at which time she retired. She also bowled on a team of Troutdale ladies sponsored by Roy Meger’s Troutdale store. They bowled for 30 + years at the Rockwood Lanes. They won trips to many cities in the U.S. by winning championships.

In May of 1945, my parents, my sister Mildred age ten & me Betty age 12 drove out in the country to visit the Valwrath family. The Valwrath girls, Mildred and I decided to walk the mile to the neighbors. They had a bicycle and we were taking turns riding it and having lots of fun. This was on Sweet Briar Rd., close to Troutdale Rd. at the Knapp Farm. Mildred was ending her turn, as she stopped to dismount, she told us her toe hurt, then her leg and then her stomach. She could not put any weight on her right leg. Several of us helped her across the road to a grassy area and laid her down. The older boy jumped on the bike and road up to the Valwrath’s where my mom and dad were visiting. They drove down to Mildred, put her in the car and our family drove to Gresham. Dr. Addix came to the car to examined her in the back seat and said she just had a stomach ache. We drove home to Troutdale. My dad carried her in the house and laid her on the davenport. Mom undressed her and as she did, noticed a hole in her jeans & undies w/ a little blood around the hole. My dad took a look at the hole in her right buttocks & he said, “My God she’s been shot”. Back to Dr. Addix’s office all of us went. The cops were called and wanted to question me and the folks. My dad told Dr. Addix to call an ambulance to get her to the Portland Sanitarium and Hospital.

This was getting early eve. Mom and dad rode with Mildred to the hospital while I was taken by a detective back out to the Valwrath’s to spend the night. The next day my folks came to pick me up. They told us the doctor operated on Mildred and all he did was patch up the holes in her intestines and other parts of her body. The doctor said he used clamps to close the incision because he planned to let her rest a few days before he would go back in to look for the bullet. They assumed the bullet was in her spine.

Three days later, Mildred had to go to the bathroom, and there was the bullet. The doctor decided she did not need another operation. The bullet turned out to be a 22 long rifle. It was fired from a gun owned by Alfred Baker, who lived nearby. Alfred was in a berry patch that afternoon shooting birds so it turned out to be a stray bullet. Mildred would turn 11 years old and June was 12. She was shot May 23. The doctor let her go home for her B-day. Her right foot and leg has given her trouble all her life.

My mom was five months pregnant with their third girl Virginia Mae Smith. We all wanted a boy, but we all love Virginia very much.

World War II ended in the Pacific August 1945 and Virginia was born September 3, 1945. In September Mildred began her sixth grade and I began my eighth grade, graduating in May of 1946. Most of the girls got wrist watches from their parents; I received a heart shaped gold locket. I put Mildred’s and my pictures inside, I still have the locket that I appreciate more every year. In September, I was a freshman at Gresham High, Mildred was a seventh grader at Troutdale Grade and Virginia turned one.

Mom sewed many clothes for us girls, made quilts and did fancy needle work. Dad always had a garden to take care of and the vegetables he grew were the best. We ate well and mom canned the rest.
Bygone Times

Dad quit the aluminum Plant around this time. On March 10, 1947 dad went to work at the Olympic Veneer Plant in Gresham. He retired from there in 1968 due to ill health at age of 66. He had his first heart attack while working at the plant at age 56.

In 1948 my dad bought the little house across the street from the Troutdale School, 100 ft. by 200 ft. lot, or half a block. This was their place of abode until they passed away. We were getting to the age of going to parties and dancing. After all we were teenagers. We were invited to different homes, one of which the Eatons’. I worked as an usher at the old Gresham Theatre at the age of 16. I wore a uniform & carried a flashlight when I directed people to their seats. I worked there for four or five months until I got a job at the Troutdale Cleaners, helping customers. That was better than picking berries all summer.

In the spring of 1948, the Columbia River broke through the dike and the flood wiped out the city of Vanport. This flood also affected Troutdale. The road in front of the Harlow House was under water up to the Troutdale Bridge for a few days.

We now had boyfriends who had cars. Instead of riding the bus to Gresham or Portland to the movies, we were driven by a boyfriend in a car. We didn’t date a lot because we had parents that made us follow their rules, such as be home no later than 11 p.m. We were told “after midnight the devil takes over”.

Aug. 18, 1950, one week after my 18th birthday, I married Harry Emerson Leavenworth. Mildred was dating Gilbert Gadbaugh. Virginia was 5 years old in Sept.

**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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**Remember!**

THS is a 501c3, so your donations are tax-deductible and help support the museums, programs, preservation of artifacts and our local history. Thank you for your continued support!

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