



# BYGONE TIMES

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE TROUTDALE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## How's Your Memory of Troutdale?

We have some photos that need identification. Here are just two that could use your help. Strebin Farm berry pickers and the mystery house. If you recognize these people or the mystery house, please email LeAnn at [troutdalehistory@gmail.com](mailto:troutdalehistory@gmail.com). We would also love to hear any stories of living in Troutdale. Take a look at page 4-5 about Len Otto's berry picking memories *Wor-kin', Earnin' & Learnin'* and on page 2 read the memories of several THS members and their first television.

Bob Sr & Vera Strebin



People of all ages gathered at Strebin Farms (corner of Stark Street and Troutdale Road) to earn some cash during berry picking season. This photo was taken in the 1960s. Berries are still grown on this land after 60+ years.

Can you help identify people in this photo? Do you have memories of berry picking in Troutdale?

## UPCOMING EVENTS

2021  
?

## Mystery House - Can you identify this house?

During the 1948 Vanport flood, **Dick Knarr**, his son **Richard**, and wife **Margaret Spence Knarr** are pictured crossing the Beaver Creek Bridge on the Columbia River Highway heading towards the Sandy River Bridge. In the



background is an **unidentified house**. Notice the automobile parked in front on higher ground. This is the approximate location of today's Caswell Garden Apartments (once Mayo Apartments). Please email [troutdalehistory@gmail.com](mailto:troutdalehistory@gmail.com) with any information or memories of this house.

## Our History with Television



RCA TV c1948. This is identical to the one Mr. Broomall repaired.

A recent photo added to our collection shows a building that once housed an electrical appliance and repair firm in the block south of Mayor's Square on the site where the condominiums are today.

Once, in the early 1950s, it boasted the first television to come to Troutdale. The television was placed in the window and left on with a speaker placed outside. It drew a crowd of local kids who would trot up to the store (or down depending on where they lived on Buxton Hill) to sit outside and watch TV.



Once the Moffatt Britton TV Store  
Photo courtesy of Alex McNabb, c2008



Mary McGinnis Bryson  
3rd Grade, 1950

**Mary Bryson** remembers: "The business was Moffatt and Britton Electric Co. **Harold Moffatt** and **Sid Britton** were brothers-in-law. They were married to **[Roland]** twin sisters, **Harold** to **Mildred** and **Sid** to **Marie**. In remembering kids from nearly 70 years ago - I know my brother, **Bill**, was there and probably the three older Handy boys. I don't think **Greg** would have been old enough. Maybe **Mary Ellen Jenkins**, now **McGlothlin**, might have been there. We didn't have chairs. I think we sat on a board that was put on some cement posts or something like that."

Recently, **Kelly Broomall**, who grew up in Philadelphia in a family of 14 children remembered the first TV his family encountered. His father worked for Bell Telephone and at night worked in his own electronic repair shop. A television pioneer in the city brought in a TV for Kelly's father to fix because the picture kept rolling.

Working without manuals at the time, Mr. Broomall would set one of his kids up in front of the TV with a mirror facing the screen so that he could work from behind the TV, watch the mirror to see what the picture was doing and figure out how to solve the problem.

That way nearly most kids in the family had a shot at sitting in front of the fantastic device with a mirror. Ultimately, the elder Broomall figured out how to fix it, but as Kelly remembers, the owner never came back to claim it. So his father and the family began watching television every night as he worked in the repair shop. They watched programs *Arthur Godfrey*, *Toast Of The Town*, *Meet The Press*, *The Lone Ranger*, and *Hop-Along Cassidy* straight through until the "Star-spangled Banner" came on and the broadcast station signed off for the evening. No all-night television in those days.

Interesting, Kelly says, "Because that year my mother had her last child. She was asleep by the time my father went to bed."



Kelly Broomall (2nd row, right) and  
6 of his 13 siblings - 1952



Jim Glenn  
8th Grade, c1958

And from **Jim Glenn**, printed several years back in this newsletter: "The communities of Troutdale, Wood Village and Fairview were pretty much my whole world leading up to the day my folks installed that 27-inch, high-def., black and white, mono-phonic, Packard Bell television set in the front room. All of a sudden, I was being transported to all corners of the planet and across the seven seas. Some of my heroes from radio had already made successful transitions to the small screen, such as Joe Friday showing me around the big city and asking the ladies for "Just the facts, Ma'am," while Marshall Dillon was telling the bad guys to "get out of Dodge." That television even took us to a mountain top in Tennessee and introduced us to so many new friends, like [the cartoons] Foghorn Leghorn [and] Yosemite Sam, and a [Mouseketeer] named Annette [Funicello].

The television took me beyond those three tiny map dots along the Banfield Freeway [today I-84] in East County, if only for 30 minutes at a time. So when the intellects told me how bad television was and that I should pick up a magazine or stick my nose in a book or take in a play, I did it. I heeded their suggestions and picked up a magazine. The swimsuit edition, as I recall.

Over the years I've stuck my nose in thousands of books. Anything by Louis L'Amour is still the best. And several years ago, my wife and I attended the play, "Man from La Mancha," with Robert Goulet when it came to Portland. Most expensive nap I ever took. "

**Sharon Landreth Nesbit** came late to television because she grew up in Madras where there was no signal for years after westsiders got their tv programs. In 1955 when her family moved to the Sandy area, their first purchase was a television, a Hoffman with a green-tinted screen which was supposed to save the eyes. People then feared that watching too much television would harm the eyes. It must have worked because she can still see.



Landreth family's first television set,  
1955

Do you have an experience to share about your first television. Please send it to [troutdalehistory@gmail.com](mailto:troutdalehistory@gmail.com).

## President's Message by Erin Janssens



Erin Janssens

What a year. While COVID-19 remains a threat across the world, the western states of our nation are burning like never before. For me, the fire isn't yet as close as the Eagle Creek fire in 2017, but the heavy shroud of smoke nearly as thick. I remain in a bit of denial I could lose my life's project and pastime. Friends and entire communities have had to abandon their homes, their safe havens from the world.

Global warming, climate change, bad luck, and certainly bad human behavior - whatever the cause that resonates with you - the reality is here that we need to do things differently, including safe guarding our historical assets with fire prevention and protection.

Our collection safe (at the moment), our thoughts are with you- our members, your families, and the wonderful communities throughout Oregon and the West lost or threatened by these historic and tragic fires. Please be safe. And remember even during these lonely times, you are not alone.

*Erin Janssens*



Gresham Ford  
**Bess Wills, General Manager**  
 1999 Powell Blvd, Gresham, OR 97080  
 503 665-0101

Gresham Ford has been a partner with Troutdale Historical Society since we opened our Historic Columbia River Highway exhibit in 2015 and they signed up as a business sponsor. They recently renewed their business membership - in times of a pandemic and troubling economic environment. We are grateful for such support, because loyal members/sponsors have helped us keep things running during these difficult times.

Henry Ford was the builder of the Model T automobile. By 1918, when the Spanish flu pandemic struck, half the cars in the U.S. were Model Ts.



Model T traffic jam and parking in front of Cook's Garage on the Columbia River Highway during 1923 Sandy River Smelt Run. Cook's Garage is now the Troutdale Art Center owned by Alison and Rip Caswell.

### 415 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](#).

### WINTER MUSEUM HOURS October - April

**Barn Exhibit Trail**  
 9am - 4pm Wednesday-Saturday  
 10am - 4pm Sunday  
 Closed: Monday & Tuesday

**TEMPORARILY  
 CLOSED**

**Harlow House**  
 1 - 4pm Sunday only

**Depot Rail Museum**  
 Closed for Renovation

#### Troutdale Historical Society Board Members & Staff

Executive Board

President: Erin Janssens  
 Vice President: Norm Thomas  
 Treasurer: Marilee Thompson  
 Secretary: Bettianne Goetz

LeAnn Stephan, Executive Director  
 Alex Epps, Administrative Assistant

Board Members

Rich Allen, Joy Beldin, Kelly Broomall,  
 Diane Castillo-White, Rip Caswell, Jason Cawood, Jon Lowell, Sharon Nesbit

Past Presidents

Bettianne Goetz, Sharon Nesbit,  
 Len Otto, Dave Ripma

## Workin', Earnin', & Learnin'

by Len Otto, June, 2020

### Working the summer away...

This was intended as a small vignette about strawberry picking, but has grown into a monograph of life in the summer as a kid in early 1960s Troutdale and Gresham area. I didn't work in Gresham, but have it on good account that life was pretty much the same. And, as with all such memories, it is important to remember that these are being written through the lens of an older man, and as such are more than half a century old and are subject to the inherent fogginess thereof.

Back in those days, a family cultural expectation was that kids were expected to work in the summer. Not just work around the house, though that was expected as well, but actual work supporting the local farmers by helping harvest their crops. In Troutdale and Gresham, those crops were mainly berries, with the exception of a rather large bean farm to the west of the Troutdale Airport owned by Kaz Fujii (and maybe one or two of his brothers). More on beans later in the story.

The harvest sequence for us went like this: June—school let out—strawberry picking, late June or early July—switch to raspberry picking, late July or early August—bean picking or Marion berry picking.

Come September we were back in school, but we had done our job in helping the farmers of the area stay solvent. It wasn't all work, of course. The afternoons after we got home were mostly free, and since the river formed a big lake during those days before all the dams were in on the Columbia River, I remember a fair amount of play by the Sandy River or Beaver Creek, and later, shad fishing. We owned three flat-bottomed plywood boats that ostensibly were for rent, but when they were not rented we were free to use them. And, they often were not rented, except maybe on weekends. I learned to row in one of those boats, and learned catch and release fishing as well.

One boundary of our property was the river and the other was the creek, which made for a rather neat playground for kids. Mom, being Mom, insisted that we all knew how to swim as children, so summer swim lessons were obligatory. As far as I know, we all still can swim.

### The Picking... Strawberries

Back when I was a little kid, more than a half century and some change ago, it was legal, maybe even required by some parents, for the children of Troutdale and surrounding communities to pick berries in the summer months. School even let out in early June to accommodate that practice; in fact, the school year calendar was, and still is in many parts of the country, based on agriculture and the time to bring the crops in.

One cool June morning when I was roughly eight years old I was loaded, along with a sack lunch and my older brother and sister, into the family pickup truck for a ride to the Strebin strawberry patch. It was considerably more than a "patch" if you count the four or five fields covering roughly a third of the sixty-plus acre Robert and Vera Strebin property. Three bikes rode in back of the pickup for the ride home.

The workday started at 6:30 a.m. The assignment: Pick as many strawberries into strawberry crates (flats)<sup>1</sup> as we could in a seven hour day, not counting a half hour lunch. One flat held about fifteen pounds – no stems – as these berries were headed to a local cannery for processing into jam, frozen berries, preserves, and who knows what all else. Berries for the fresh fruit market were picked on other farms. Our wage was the going rate, 5¢ a pound, not counting the berries a picker needed to sample to be sure the quality was perfect.

Picking was done one of two ways. The first was to straddle the row and pick by looking down. That worked very well until some researcher discovered that a higher yield per acre could be had by planting two rows in close proximity, bushes staggered, or in other words a double row. Straddling became tougher for all but the long legged among us.

The second method of picking was from the side, accomplished by kneeling alongside the row and picking as many berries as one could from that side, then going back and cleaning up the "off" side. Some "field bosses" assigned one child one side of a row and another child the other. That was inherently unfair for a couple of reasons. First, berries tend to grow more heavily on one side than the other, and second, the faster picker has a huge advantage in reaching across and picking the really choice berries on the other's side. The faster picker thus earns more money...at the other's expense. I hated it when that technique was used. I view it as another case of the rich getting richer while the poor get poorer – on a micro-scale.

Both methods of picking require a way to move the crate down the row without accumulating a load of soil. The Strebin farm had "carriers," which looked like tiny flat wheelbarrows made out of flat steel bars welded into a frame with a wheel in front. The picker placed the crate on the carrier, then pushed it carefully along the row ahead of him or herself, because the carrier was prone to tipping over, spilling the hard earned berries. When the crate (or crates) were full, a trip to the weigh station was in order.

The Strebin weigh station was composed of a small table with a scale for weighing the berries, an umbrella or awning for shade, and a cash



Len Otto, THS Historian and Past President

(Continued on Page 5)

<sup>1</sup> Initially I vaguely remember wooden crates with hallocks made from veneer; later the crates were large plastic flats with divisions in the plastic for the berries. From conversation with Bob Strebin, Jr. on August 27, 2020: There was a man who owned a business making flats and wooden hallocks located on the southwest corner of SE Troutdale Rd. and SE Stark Street when Bob was young. Those flats and hallocks were used for the fresh fruit market in stores. Bob remembers the noise of the stapler used to fasten the hallocks together.

## Workin', Earnin', & Learnin' continued from page 4

box, because this was a system of piece-work, paid by the pound upon delivery to the weigh station<sup>2</sup>. There were usually two people at the weigh station, the person who weighed the berries, and a person who loaded the crates on the truck. Once the berries were weighed, cash was dispensed from the cash box to the picker. No waiting for payday; as long as a person picked, every day was payday.

The person who loaded the truck was important. The crates had to be stacked just right so the small feet on the crate corners fit snugly into the crate below. Crates should not pile up near the weigh station, either, for they would be in the way of pickers coming and going. Since these were strawberries, the crates had to be handled gently so as not to squish the berries.

Mrs. Strebin<sup>3</sup> was the berry field boss. We sometimes saw Mr. Strebin, but not often. His passion was not berries, though to be fair, the berries must have made up a large part of the income of the farm; his passion was his prize winning Polled Hereford cattle, which to this day I wouldn't recognize if one kicked me in the rear. They were prize winning because there was a sign out front on Troutdale Road that told the world that his cattle<sup>4</sup> were prize winning. I didn't question the sign.

Mrs. Strebin was one of the nicest people I ever have met. I think I often saw her wearing white, likely to keep cool. She had dark hair, and was, to my young eyes, a beautiful woman. She never spoke down to me, nor to others, I suspect. She was soft-spoken and always fair, I believe. She paid a picker exactly what was earned.

Robert Strebin, Jr.<sup>5</sup>, was sometimes another presence in the fields. Robert Jr., who went by Bob, wore a smile, and was tall, slender, and good natured. Bob didn't pick berries, but helped out by loading crates on the old, somewhat rickety flatbed truck on which the berries were taken to the cannery. (The truck seemed old and rickety, though it may not have been.) He drove the truck when he was around. I am not sure if Bob was in school during the time period of which I am writing, or if he was employed by then and was taking time off to help out on the farm.

I was only a fair strawberry picker, though I worked hard at it. A good day was one where I earned five dollars or more, but often it was less. Some of the ladies who picked earned four or five times as much as I did, I'm sure. They were fast.

The mornings were mostly cool, and the days often were overcast. As June wore on, the overcast disappeared and the days could get blistering hot. I got many a sunburn in the strawberry patches, something that bothered Mrs. Strebin no end. She reminded everyone to protect themselves from skin cancer.

Some days there was rain; I remember picking being canceled maybe once or twice, but usually rain did not justify stopping the harvest. Some people thought the rain made the crate heavier, though it would be hard to prove by me. The crate had holes in the bottom, after all, so whatever water there was tended to be minimal. I hated picking on rainy days. As soon as a person stepped in the field, shoes were weighted down with mud, and if you were a kneeling picker as I often was, your knees were soaked through – and muddy – immediately. I found it miserable. I know I was slower on those days, too, as my fingers got cold and moved more slowly. That meant I earned less money.

On the hot days I recall sweating out a lot of salt along with the water. About 2/3 of the bike ride home I had a favorite stop, the Troutdale General Store owned by Roy Meger. I also had a favorite treat, Cheetos; back then there was one flavor, cheddar cheese. A good size bag of them cost a whopping 10¢ – a mere two pounds of picked strawberries – so it seemed a worthwhile investment in starting to restore the chemical balance of my body. Often, my hand wandered to one of the "penny candy" baskets near the cash register to spend another pound or two of my pickings. Roy very good-naturedly took my dime or quarter, as though it were one of the more important transactions of the day. I'll blame my lifelong "addiction" to Cheetos on a bit of dehydration, and of having sweated out all that salt along with the water years ago. I was so glad to have the store as a handy stop on the homebound route.

For decades afterward I called Cheetos "The World's Best Junk Food." Many of my former students agreed with that assessment. The General Store as I knew it is now long gone, but the memory – including the cheesy, slightly sweet, salty taste of Cheetos – is intact.

I remember one day in the strawberry patch quite clearly. It was not a happy day. In fact, I remember a pall coming over the entire field that day. I think it started with a whisper; at the time, I also vaguely remember Mrs. Strebin disappearing from the weigh station. The whisper went like this: "Mr. Strebin's tractor rolled over on him. He was putting a fencepost in next to Beaver Creek. I think he's dead." So that whisper went throughout the entire field. Even if a person had never met Mr. Strebin, I believe he was highly respected. I only had seen him a few times, tall, handsome, cowboy hat, jeans, cowboy shirt. He was, after all, a cattleman with "Prize winning Polled Herefords."

As it turns out, the whisper was pretty much true; the specifics don't exactly matter, just that fact that life had dramatically changed for Mrs. Strebin and Bob, Jr. It was entirely sad, and while the berry harvest did not stop, I remember that as a sad – and rather quiet – period in the strawberry fields.

(To be continued in the 2021 January-March Newsletter)

<sup>2</sup> Other farmers had different systems; Jim Fujii's farm, for instance, used a punch card system where the dollar amount for each crate was punched on the card, then paid to the picker each Friday.

<sup>3</sup> Vera Strebin (short version) came to Oregon from Iowa where her family owned, then lost, a farm during the Great Depression and the Dust Bowl years. She fell in love with the abundance of fruit (fruit does not thrive in Iowa as it does in Oregon), then fell in love with Bob Strebin, Sr.

<sup>4</sup> Per conversation with Bob Jr. on 8/27/2020: His father kept 20 or so cattle at one time. The bulls were used to sire other Herefords.

<sup>5</sup> Born in 1938

**NEW MEMBERS**

**Allwood Recyclers**

Invite your friends, family, neighbors to become a member of the Troutdale Historical Society. Help support history!

**DONORS TO OUR GENERAL FUND**

- Mary Allen & Tamara Campbell
- Kelly & Karla Broomall
- Dr. Robert & Tami Campbell
- Robert & Annell Carlson
- Wilma Konkell
- Marilyn Morrison
- Pauline & Kelly Morrow
- Vickie Nesbit & Terry Weiner
- Darline Payne
- Sharon Petri
- Marge Stewart



**Sound of Silence**  
Experience in a pandemic  
Marilee Thompson

Perhaps my sensitivity is a result of serving on the Troutdale parks committee for several years. What has struck me about the summer of 2020 is the silence of the playgrounds. Imagination Station no longer rings with the joyous shouts of children. I miss the "watch me Mommy" moments. The playground equipment in other parks, as well, stands stark and lonely....

This will be one of my most poignant memories of the summer of 2020...



Marilee Thompson  
THS Treasurer

**RENEWING MEMBERS**

- Trish Bilesimo
- Kelly & Karla Broomall
- Jo Callister
- Dr. Robert & Tami Campbell
- Robert & Annell Carlson
- Columbia River Gallery - Donna Erwin**
- Janice & Tom Cowling
- Raymond & Barbara DeCamp
- Ronnie & Howard Dick
- Jean Drake
- Mary & George Gerding
- Gresham Ford - Bess Wills**
- Madeline Grimm
- Donna Hare
- Karen Jordan
- Richard & Judy Knarr
- Wilma Konkell
- Gerald & Shirley Lambert
- Glenn & Valerie Lantz
- Bev & Gary Law
- Claudell Metzger
- Nick & Amasa Moon
- Marilyn Morrison
- Pauline Morrow
- Vickie Nesbit & Terry Weiner
- Randall Perez
- Thomas Potiowsky
- Rosie & Larry Puderbaugh
- David Rees
- Myrna Rhodes
- Carla & Ray Robertson
- George Stevenson
- Julie Stewart
- Marge Stewart
- Gay Sutton
- Bonnie & Ron Vaughn
- William & Barbara White

**DONORS TO OUR MEMORIAL FUND**

- Greg & Sue Handy  
In Memory of Judith Jones
- Schoepper Family Trust  
In Memory of Judith Jones

**Fred Meyer Rewards Card**  
[www.fredmeyer.com/communityrewards](http://www.fredmeyer.com/communityrewards)  
THS gets contributions from Fred Meyer. Please enroll, using our non-profit #JA801.

**AMAZON SMILE**  
Go to <http://smile.amazon.com>  
Simply select Troutdale Historical Society as your charity.  
Shop as you normally would.  
THS receives a contribution from Amazon.

**LIFETIME MEMBERS**

- Mike Alderson
- Ginger Harlow Allen
- Vera Ashley
- Joan Benner
- Judith Bergan
- Nancy Callister Buley
- Stan Clarke
- Betty Cook
- Jason Cawood
- Patricia Currier
- Charles Ellis
- Georgia Erdenberger
- Kyle Fritzsinger
- Bettianne Goetz
- Joe & Peggy Gorciak
- Greg & Sue Handy
- Mel Harmon
- Lynda Harvey
- Karl & Bette Hays
- John Hillyard
- Erin Janssens
- Steve & Kim Kenney
- Lael Larger
- Steve & Judy Lehl
- Shirley Jean Loeffel
- Deanna Maughan
- Doug & Elise McGuire
- Brian McMenamin
- Mike & Mary Alice McMenamin
- Merle McNell
- Colleen Mershon
- Sharon Nesbit
- Sadie Riley
- David Ripma & Mario Ayala
- Irene Simons
- Ione & Harry St. Clair
- Robert Strebin
- Kay Struckman
- Marilee Thompson
- Martha Wheeler
- Mike Weyhrich

\*New Captain's Circle Lifetime Members

Did you know you can renew your membership or donate through our website? Click on the links below.

[Donations](#)  
[Memberships](#)

You can also call our office and we will be glad to assist you.  
503-661-2164

# WORKING LIKE THEY OWN THE PLACE (which they do)

## Check Out Our Garden

Bettianne Goetz, Garden Crew Chief



The Garden Crew has been busy this summer. Weeds have been pulled, new plants put in and bushes and hedges have been trimmed. A lovely new brick border has been put in along the front of the Harlow House thanks to volunteer, **Julia Warner**.

The planters are blooming and looking quite beautiful. Many thanks go to the Garden Crew: **Julia Warner, Marilee Thompson, Erin Janssens, Margaret Rice, Bev Knight and Bettianne Goetz**. We have new members joining in on the work, **Herb Mohn and Lorraine**. We welcome more working hands anytime.

If you happen to be pulling out any plants in your yards let us know. Maybe we could use them someplace at the museums. Call **Bettianne Goetz** (503-666-4369) or [abgoetz@comcast.net](mailto:abgoetz@comcast.net). Thanks!



Bettianne Goetz, Marilee Thompson, and Julia Warner - Garden Crew members



Margaret Rice - Garden Crew member

## Gravel Donated

One of volunteers **Julia Warner** noticed that the gravel in our parking and circular drive at the Harlow House and Barn Exhibit Hall needed to be improved. She took the initiative to contact Allwood Recyclers to ask for a donation. With their donation of gravel, a matching contribution from the City Parks Department, and our great neighbor, **Randall Perez**, who graded and spread the gravel - our parking area and circular drive are looking better than ever. Thank you Julia Warner, Randall Perez, Allwood Recyclers, and City Parks Department.



## Grant Awarded



The Troutdale Historical Society is the proud recipient of a donation from **The Reser Family Foundation**. In a response to the pandemic crisis, the Oregon Community Foundation offered an Oregon Arts and Culture Recovery Program grant. Upon applying for this grant, **The Reser Family Foundation** saw our need and donated money to help us offset the lost revenue from the result of the pandemic shutdown.

At the time of the grant application, we had no idea what to expect or how long our museums would be closed and our events canceled. Our largest fundraiser each year is the Friends and Family event at the McMenamins Edgefield Power Station in April. The shutdown took affect two weeks prior to this event. This fundraiser helps pay our general operating expenses. As a non-profit organization every dollar counts.

We are extremely grateful and appreciative of the generosity of **The Reser Family Foundation**.

## 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 nearest BottleDrop location listed below. Funds will automatically be deposited and donated to THS.



Thank you for the increased interest in our BottleDrop fundraiser. With your support we have received **\$344.65** so far this year from the folks who recycle their cans and bottles through BottleDrop using one of our labeled bags.

### 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

### Steven Jay Yost - b. August 31, 1953 d. June 7, 2020

Troutdale resident and historical society volunteer Steve Yost died June 7 of a heart attack at the age of 66.

Steve was one of the quiet members of our historical society -- often attending our program meetings and standing in the back of the room. He was not much for socializing but at least 20 years ago we asked him to volunteer occasionally on maintenance around the house and barn, and though he had enough projects of his own, he often came to do jobs for us. At the time we were opening the Barn exhibit, the walkway from the house had started to buckle and he dug it all up and repositioned the bricks. A lot of work on his hands and knees.



Steve Yost

Born in Portland in 1953, he went to Benson High and worked 30 years for the Portland Water Bureau, where he met his wife Deborah. They were married in 1991 and raised two daughters in Troutdale. He was a father, grandfather and great-grandfather and a member of the Rockwood Seventh Day Adventist Church.

### Louella M. Webb - b. August 13, 1934 d. August 17, 2020

For years we have seen the names of Norm and Louella Webb listed as Lovers Oak members of the Troutdale Historical Society. Paying a membership was their way of supporting the society because Louella was unable to participate. She lived with Multiple Sclerosis for more than 50 years. In the early years it was difficulty walking. Ultimately, it was years of being unable to move her arms and legs.



Luella Webb

Her memorial tribute notes: *"Through it all, Lou never lost her ability to engage others in conversation about their interests, to manage her household, keep up with her growing family, and contribute to the community. Her focus was always on others, never on the difficulties that took more and more of her energy."* In the case of Troutdale Historical Society, they faithfully paid dues to support us.

### Burdine/Brink House - 704 Buxton Ave

LeAnn Stephan, Executive Director

From time to time I get requests from Troutdale residents for the history of their house. I love these requests as it gives me an opportunity to learn more about the families that lived and worked in Troutdale in its early days. One such request came from the new owners of the quaint Victorian Folk house (c1900) on Buxton Avenue. Unfortunately, this is the only historic image we have of the house and its history is just as elusive. I did find it had great family ties to many people you may recognize from our early history.

John Burdine (center in photo) moved to Troutdale from South Dakota with his wife Lucy (late 1910s - early 1920s) to this home on what was then called Willamette Street (today Buxton Avenue).

Their daughter Ruth Ellen (right in photo), married Harry Brink in 1882. Some time before 1900 they are running a hotel in Troutdale. They have two daughters, Mabel and Blanche. By 1910, Ruth Ellen and Harry are divorced. Ruth Ellen, a very enterprising woman for her day, is running the hotel and later a butcher shop. She purchases a home on Sandy Road (now the section of the Historic Columbia River Highway between the Depot Rail Museum and the Sandy River Bridge). Her father John lives with her for a time before he dies in 1930. (Her house was located north of the Harlow House and has since been demolished).



(top) c1920-1925 l to r:  
Blanche Brink Birgfield, John  
Wesley Burdine, Ruth Ellen  
Burdine Brink. (right) c2020



Ruth Ellen and Harry's daughter, Mabel marries, Benson "Lee" Evans in 1911. They have two children, Jack and Ruth Marcella. They build a house in 1923 on the former farm of Captain John Harlow north of the Harlow House and south of her mother's house. Lou and Laura Harlow are their next door neighbors. After losing their house during the Great Depression, the Evans are able to purchase the Harlow House around 1940. Mabel Claire Brink Evans is the last person to live/own the Harlow House. Upon her death the house and land was purchased by the City of Troutdale. The Troutdale Historical Society then purchased the house for a museum and the land became Harlow Park. (Evans original house still stands and is a private residence).

Ruth Marcella Evans Sundling, Mabel's daughter, remembers being told that she was brought to the John and Lucy Burdine home after she was born in June 1921. Lucy Burdine was able to meet her great-granddaughter before her death in 1922.

Do you know the history of your house? If not, send me a request to [troutdalehistory@gmail.com](mailto:troutdalehistory@gmail.com). Or if you have stories/photos of your house in Troutdale, let me know. I would love to hear/see them.

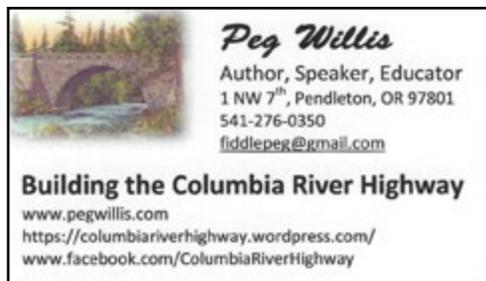
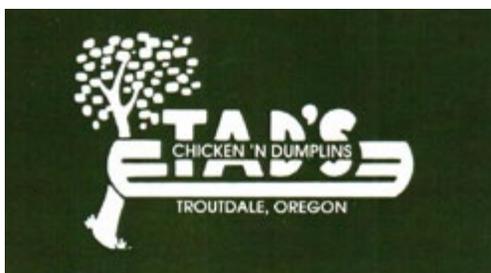
# THANK YOU BUSINESS SPONSORS

Are you interested in becoming a Business or Corporate Sponsor? Visit our online store [troutdalehistory.org](http://troutdalehistory.org), fill out the form from this newsletter, or call 503-661-2164 for more information. The logo of our Business and Corporate Sponsors are linked to their website through our website and digital *ByGone Times* quarterly newsletter. We proudly display the logos at all our events.

Support our local history and become a Business or Corporate Sponsor!



275 E Historic Columbia Riv Hwy, Troutdale



# Troutdale Historical Society

Preserving The Past, Embracing The Future

Membership includes free entry to all our museums, 10% off Barn Store gift shop merchandise, quarterly newsletters by mail or email, and \$10 off membership for the Oregon Historical Society.

- \$20 Individual Membership
  - \$30 Family Membership
  - \$100 Lovers Oak Club
  - \$200 Lovers Oak Club ~ Family
  - \$250 Business Sponsor (includes interactive link of your logo on THS website and online newsletter)
  - \$500 Corporate Sponsor
  - \$1000 Captain's Circle ~ Lifetime
- \*\$15 Gift Membership given by \_\_\_\_\_ (Current Member Name)

Membership Dues Amount: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Donation Amount: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

- General Operating Fund
- Endowment Fund in memory of \_\_\_\_\_

Payment:  Cash  Check  Credit Card

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
 City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Email: \_\_\_\_\_  
 Home Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Mobile Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Credit Card # \_\_\_\_\_  
 Exp. Date: \_\_\_\_\_ CVV # \_\_\_\_\_  
 (Visa, Master Card, Discovery ONLY)

**Questions? Contact THS Office**  
 Phone: 503-661-2164  
 Email: troutdalehistory@gmail.com  
 Website: troutdalehistory.org  
 Donations are tax deductible.  
 THS is a 501 (C)3 non-profit organization.  
 Federal Tax ID #93-0738777.

**Mail this form to:**  
 Troutdale Historical Society  
 219 E Historic Columbia River Hwy  
 Troutdale, OR 97060

## Thank you for your support!

Troutdale Historical Society sponsors free programs throughout the year.

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

### Edgefield History Night

The last Tuesday of every month (except December) the Troutdale Historical Society co-sponsors a speaker at McMenamins Edgefield Blackberry Hall, 6:30pm (doors at 5:00 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 area; to stimulate interest in the knowledge of the locality's past.

Mail Address:  
 219 E Historic Columbia River Hwy  
 Troutdale, OR 97060  
 Office Location:  
 732 E Historic Columbia River Hwy  
 Troutdale, OR 97060  
 Phone: 503-661-2164  
 Email: info@troutdalehistory.org  
 Website: www.troutdalehistory.org



Non Profit  
 Presorted Standard  
 Mail  
 Troutdale, OR  
 Permit #5  
 Change service  
 requested