



# BYGONE TIMES

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE TROUTDALE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## Heritage Trees of Troutdale

Troutdale has an historic tree ordinance which honors and offers some protection to heritage trees. We tend to pay attention to trees more when the leaves are off the deciduous trees. So, who doesn't admire the towering **Alfred A. Baker Copper Beech tree** at the corner of Stark Street and Troutdale Road?

The tree was threatened several decades ago when construction vehicles were parking around the base on the root system. Troutdale public works employees stopped that by placing concrete barriers around the tree.

Recently Troutdale Historical Society participated with the city in updating the history of the Alfred A. Baker Copper Beech tree. (The bronze marker there has some errors.) The Copper Beech tree is located on what was the 42-acre Melrose Farm on the SW corner of Troutdale Road and Stark Street (then Baseline Road). The land was purchased by Alfred A. and Oceanna Baker in 1891. The farm had about 60 milk cows and grew produce. Alfred's father, Simeon Baker, was a Union soldier in the Civil War. Simeon was injured in battle, eventually dying from his injuries. Alfred's mother, Elizabeth, died two years later leaving him and his brother and sister in an orphanage. Alfred ran away from the orphanage and went to live with his uncle in Nebraska for 5 years. He worked on local farms. In 1874 he went to Pueblo, Colorado where he drove a stagecoach for two years. He arrived in Oregon in 1876, working at "grubbing" stumps in Portland and working for local farmers. Eventually he earned enough money to buy 316 acres along the Columbia River (area of Parkrose now). He married Oceanna in 1879. They had three children, Nellie, Emery, and Ralph. In 1907, a calf stepped on his foot. Gangrene set in and his foot was amputated. When it did not heal, they discovered he had diabetes. Another operation was not successful. He took his first and last automobile ride the day he died, July 26, 1907 when his neighbor drove him to the hospital for the 3rd operation. He died at the age of 49 years. The tree was dedicated in his honor in 1976 by students and staff of Mt. Hood Community College. Baker family in attendance at the dedication included Alfred's son, Ralph Baker and his grandchildren, William Baker and Shirley Baker Yost. William's son, Bob Baker lives in the house his parents built in Troutdale.



Alfred A. Baker Copper Beech Tree



White Oak Tree

Just south of Stark Street, is a rare and historic **White Oak tree** on private property, but it can be enjoyed from the sidewalk on the east side of Troutdale Road. And further on are the Sweetbriar Farm **Black Walnut trees**, planted along Troutdale Road by Emmett Bigelow Williams, who created and lived at Sweetbriar Farm (Emmett is the grandfather of Helen Althaus who has a city park in her name). Though they are not on the historic list, the Sweetbriar farm has several huge **Sequoias**, the result, says owner Dave Ripma, of a tree salesman who came through the area right after the turn of the last century.



Black Walnut Trees

Coming soon to the city's historic tree list is an historic **Chestnut tree** at the corner of 5th Street and Buxton Road. It is the last original tree at the home of Aaron Fox, who founded the Troutdale General Store, was first mayor of Troutdale and lived on this site that encompassed the entire block. Greg Cooper, the current owner has granted permission for us to apply for this tree to obtain



Troutdale's Historic Landmark status.

If you have a tree that is appreciated for its years or its variety, considering asking city staff for an application to the list.

## Julie Stewart's Early Memory of Television



Julie Stewart  
THS Photo Curator

The place where I grew up (Mattoon, Illinois) was merely a 12,000 inhabitant fly-speck on an Illinois map. We didn't have a television until I was in third grade. Up until that time, my outside world consisted of the Howdy Doody Show and the Roy Rogers/Dale Evans show on the upright radio we had in our living room. I would lie on my stomach close to the speakers, listening to the adventures of those voices coming out. At night, my dad would listen to Gabriel Heeter deliver the news in his low, growling voice that always made every bit of news sound like the end of the world was approaching.

By the time we finally got a television, both sets of my grandparents had already purchased their own TVs. Of course, ours was a black and white Motorola, complete with the Sputnik style antenna sitting atop the TV. Optometrists and doctors warned parents from the day they purchased the "boob tube" that kids should not sit closer than three feet from the screen or their eyes would go bad or go crossed. From the get-go, my parents insisted on having a cabinet style TV—none of those cheap looking portable sets. Until the day they both died, they continued the cabinet TV series, until the last one they owned, which was the size of a riding lawn mower, dominated their tiny living room.

My dad had a perverse and tempestuous relationship with all our TVs. He regarded the TV as a force that someone had dreamed up to torque his mind and temper into high gear—which didn't take much. We only received three stations initially: WCIA in Champaign, WAND in Decatur and one coming out of Terre Haute, Indiana. The early stations did not have particularly strong signals, plus the array of tubes in the backs of TVs made for a poor marriage, resulting in lots of crazy visual images. My dad would sit watching a ball game or the news, and suddenly the television images would begin to roll or "snow" and obscure the images. Dad would leap up and walk the six steps to the TV and slam his fist or open hand down on top of the set, as if he could beat it into submission. Sometimes his authoritative movements would scare the set into righting itself, but other times, the rolling would speed up or the intermittent snow would go into a full blown blizzard, resulting in my dad unleashing a barrage of three, four and five letter adjectives that cannot be repeated here. Later, the huge antennae that stood outside the house with a stairway to the top of it helped alleviate the earlier

rolling and snowstorms, but then a new issue evolved. My dad had a short attention span and would stand in front of the TV, ripping the channel knob from left to right trying to find a "decent show." As a result, the channel selector knob would become loose in its connection and would not hold the station that Dad wanted to watch. He refused to have the TV worked on because that would cost money, and his solution was to wrap rubber bands around the back of the selector knob to hold it in one spot.

He and my mother both had personal relationships with the characters and newscasters on television, and they kept up a running conversation with those actors or broadcasters who knew nothing about their "armchair quarterbacks" in Mattoon. Dad would mimic the voices of the people he didn't like on their delivery style, and Mother, who would sneak a peek at "As the World Turns" and "The Guiding Light" after Dad went back to work following coming home for lunch, would squint her eyes and tell the heroine of the soap opera, "You little hussy, that's a lie because you said just the opposite yesterday and you know it!" Even my maternal grandmother who was more devout than the Pope and regarded everything fun in life as a sin tuned in on "The Guiding Light" and kept track of every infidelity or indiscretion. The most lurid programs back then were, of course, mere baby pabulum compared to what is on these days, but they filled our imaginations and dreams with images that were not part of our everyday lives and took us to places we might never see otherwise.



## CLARA BRONZE NOMINATED

Last August, THS sent a nomination to the Oregon Women's History Consortium for the National Votes for Women Trail after Sharon Nesbit made contact with Janice Dilg who is part of the Oregon 2020 Project. The nomination was accepted and is now a part of a collection of 1000 sites creating a trail in 44 States portraying the story of women's suffrage and the subsequent 19<sup>th</sup> Amendment. [National Votes for Women Trail](#)

A big thank you to these people who brought Clara's story to the nation. Sculptor Marlena Nielsen; artists Libby (Krock) Carruth, Katelyn Oliver, Cambria Brianna Hering, Katelyn Deleon Guerra, Wendy Thompson; project director Rip Caswell; historian Sharon Nesbit; and Firebird Bronze foundry. [Clara's Story](#)



Clara Latourell  
Larsson Bronze  
Mayors Square

## President's Message by Erin Janssens



Erin Janssens

'Tis the season to wrap up a challenging 2020. At this point, all I want for Christmas... everyone to be safe and healthy.

Nine months and counting; that's how long since we closed the doors to the museums to keep everyone safe. And while not soon enough for so many, vaccines and more effective treatments now appear on the horizon, sooner than many experts predicted. Ever the optimist, I'm hopeful each vaccine is safe and effective, and can extinguish this virus that took off in early 2020 like a late summer wildfire.

Like many, I've had more "alone time." I've picked up my guitar, started projects (finished a few...), became an early mask adopter, and suspect I'll be late in letting it go. I've come to appreciate my mask. Aside from a couple self-induced-should-have-known-better injuries, I've had the healthiest year in a long time; I've not had one cold, no flu, no noro, notta, nothing. I like that part.

It's not news that it's been a tough year on people, and also on a lot of businesses. If they're lucky, work and payroll continued, yet without much actual business. I've saved a little money not going out to eat (although I try to get take-out when it's convenient) or shopping, and, I've had more time to reflect; to sit with myself and think on what I will do when I can. There's a long list (again, an optimist). Near the top is supporting the businesses that are near and dear to my heart. If you've been lucky enough to save any money through all the precautionary measures, I hope you'll consider trading some of that with local merchants, or making some much needed donations to help get organizations like THS through this tough time.

We miss you. Seeing your faces; working on projects together; sharing a hug of camaraderie, friendship, and support; hearing stories of history and the ensuing awe or laughter. If I could bottle that up - laughter - I'd spread it around; I think we could all use a dose. And, I think that time to do so is not far away, so please continue to be careful- perhaps extra careful now during this normally very social season; we've come so far and are so close.

If you and your loved ones have stayed healthy, that's a lot to be thankful for. Let's count our blessings and remain vigilant during this last stretch. We'll open and celebrate together when it's safe. I'm looking forward to feeling the buzz in the office, hearing more stories, and sharing laughter (but I'm at the end of vaccine line so still no hugs for me). And if you have any gifts yet to buy, we have some good ideas from our gift shop available online at [www.troutdalehistory.org](http://www.troutdalehistory.org).

*Erin Janssens*

### 403 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](#).

#### 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.



It is no secret that our income plummeted this year with the closure of our museums and our normal events. While we miss the people most, the money is also important. So to those who gave year-end gifts to help fill the gap,

*Thank You!*

### WINTER MUSEUM HOURS October - April

Barn Exhibit Hall  
9am - 4pm Wednesday - Saturday  
1 - 4pm Sunday  
Closed Monday & Tuesday

**TEMPORARILY CLOSED**

Hallow House  
1 - 4pm Sunday only

Depot Rail Museum  
Closed for Renovation

### Troutdale Historical Society Board Members & Staff

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President: Erin Janssens  
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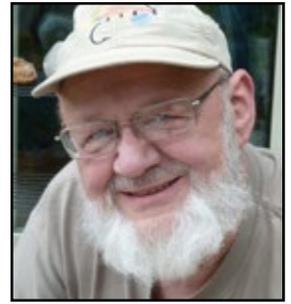
Bettianne Goetz, Sharon Nesbit,  
Len Otto, Dave Ripma

## Workin', Earnin', & Learnin'

Continued from October/December Newsletter by Len Otto

### A Promotion

After Mr. Strebin's death, life did not stop on the farm. There were berries to harvest, and bills to be paid. I remember a man of Japanese heritage, Kay Toyooku<sup>6</sup>, whom I believe had worked for the Strebins for quite some time, and worked almost exclusively with the strawberries on the farm. I never saw anyone help him, though someone must have at times (one person could not plant that many strawberries alone), nor did I see him leave to help tend cattle. I asked Bob Jr. about him one time; Bob responded that he did not know his story, but I got the impression it was a "dark" one, perhaps of time spent in one of the internment camps from WWII. Regardless, he was the one who made the strawberries a viable cash crop from what I could tell.



Len Otto, THS Historian and  
Past President

I remember seeing Kay one time in the hot summer sun diligently hoeing row after row of newly planted strawberries, his sharp hoe cutting off the fruit many of the young plants were trying to grow. The berries were not allowed to mature because they would drain energy from the plant, when all the energy was supposed to go into the next year's crop. I remember him on the tractor, a small umbrella overhead, tilling the rows so weeds would not compete. And, I am sure he did many more things on the farm of which I was not aware.

I had picked strawberries at the Strebin farm for a number of years, maybe three or four, when one day Mrs. Strebin asked me if I wanted to have the job of loading the truck, as well as part time field boss and part time weigher. Not being a particularly good strawberry picker, but being a hard, honest worker, I was happy to say yes on the spot. The wage was \$1.25 per hour, which was considerably more than I could make as a picker. My sister Joann maybe could pick twenty five pounds in an hour (the equivalent of \$1.25/ hour), but I sure couldn't. Joann had moved on to department store work by the time of my promotion so I have no way to compare.

I started loading the truck the next day as I remember. I showed up at the usual time, ready to work, and Bob Jr. was there to help get me started. One of the first chores was to dump some lime in the outhouses to kill the odor. That was easy enough. Then, my not being of an age to drive the truck, Bob drove and parked the truck next to the weigh station where crates would accumulate. We also stacked a large group of empty crates nearby. When a picker brought in a crate and was paid, s/he would stop and get an empty/fresh crate(s) from the stack. Some pickers always took two crates, as they regarded a weigh station trip for a single crate of berries a waste of time. For strawberries, I never did.

The remainder of the day I spent around the weigh station. When it was busy, Bob Jr. would lift the crates up to the truck and I would stack them. He coached me on how to stack them properly so that they could be tied down, and also so the maximum number would fit on the truck for the trip to the cannery. Like the pickers who took two crates to fill before making the trip to the weigh station, taking a truck to the cannery before it had reached its maximum load would have been wasteful.

Perhaps it was the promotion to truck loader that made me more aware of my environment at the strawberry patch. From the flatbed truck I was able to see quite a bit farther, and my other senses came into play a bit more too. I could hear people talking far more clearly, and I could smell more clearly. The crates and crates of berries in the warm, summer sun gave off an unimaginably wonderful fragrance. Think of all those berries warming up together, stacks of them; it truly was heavenly. Heavenly, that is, except for the times the breeze came from the south. Then, the wonderful fragrance of berries was mixed with the extremely pungent aroma of warm, fresh chicken manure emanating from the two egg farms on the south side of Stark Street. Then, it was unimaginably hellish for one's nasal receptors.

Forgive a memory from the same time period if you will: One late spring day my father, a child of the Great Depression (who always was on the lookout for a good (read "free") deal), came home with a pickup truck load of fertilizer for our garden. He had come across an ad for chicken manure. No matter; it was free and would serve the purpose well. So he thought. What he had loaded in the back of the ¾ ton Ford pickup was freshly laid chicken manure.

Fresh chicken poop is h-o-t. Very hot. It is hot not just in a physical sense when in a steaming pile, though that too is hot, but it also is chemically hot. A truckload he brought home alright, and when we unloaded it on our garden plot, found that the paint inside the pickup bed had blistered off. As I recall, most of that manure was shifted to the side of the garden to "age" a year until it had "cooled" a bit.

(Continued on Page 5)

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<sup>6</sup> Long before WW II, Kay Toyooku and his family had purchased farm land on SE Strebin Road. Like many farmers of Japanese heritage during WW II, they lost the farm during the war; Kay, longtime friend of the Strebins, ended up on Bob Strebin Sr.'s farm working for the Strebin family. He and his family were more like family than hired help, per Bob, Jr. on 8/27/2020.

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

Back to my memory: One of the egg farms was owned by the Elmer family, the other by someone else<sup>7</sup>. One would have been bad enough, but to have two almost side by side doubled the assault on the senses. We've all smelled cow-pies, maybe even stepped in them and had to wash our shoes. Now, think of hundreds and hundreds of chickens cooped up (ever wonder where that phrase originated?) in a couple of buildings, neither one much bigger than twenty-five by fifty feet with a peaked roof topping out at twelve feet, fans blowing outward to share the aroma with the entire neighborhood, the joyous odor that only warm, fresh chicken poop can make. The memory of that stench is as vivid in my mind as the aroma of warm strawberries. It decidedly is not one of the more pleasant memories of my time in the fields.

One day the truck was parked next to the pasture where Debby (actually a gelding), Mr. Strebin's horse and thus a strong connection to the memory of Bob Sr., was grazing. I was busy loading crates, trying to do a good job, so didn't have much time to watch a beautiful horse like Debby, until he got my attention by sticking his nose in my work. Literally. As I turned around, his nose was in a crate of berries I had just put on the truck, and he had begun eating out of the crate. I was not a horse person, and wouldn't have known what to do had I been one, so I called to Bob for help. Bob saw what was happening, came over with a smile on his face, picked up the crate of berries and dumped it over the fence where Debby happily continued eating his fruit for the day.

In retrospect, I understand why Bob did what he did, but for a boy just into his teens, it did throw me a bit. Those berries couldn't have gone to the cannery, and besides, why deny a beautiful horse – and obviously a beloved family pet – the pleasure of a few berries? But the other side of my brain wondered about all the work that had gone into picking that crate; I knew firsthand how much work it was.

Strawberry season was relatively short, not more than about three weeks if the weather cooperated. Hot weather spelled the end of the season, cool weather would extend it a bit. Rain made the strawberries mold. But most of the time, when July came, the strawberries were done and it was time to move on to raspberries<sup>8</sup>.

<sup>7</sup> We are unsure of the name, but it possibly was the Eimanns (sp?); if you know the name and spelling, please reach out to me at Len@HonorYourPast.com or 503-663-0794. Thanks!

<sup>8</sup> One other memory of the Strebin farm not truly connected to the berries but more to the ambiance of the farm was the new Dodge pickup, shiny turquoise, and kept in immaculate condition. It lived in the home's garage, unlike all the other farm vehicles. Bob, Jr. disposed of it several years ago.

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## The Historic Cedar School Receives Zone Change

Colleen Cahill may deserve her own monument because of her determined process to preserve the historic Cedar School.

The 1927 brick school at 2326 SE Troutdale Road, won a zone change Oct. 1, 2020, moving it from exclusive farm use (EFU) to rural residential (RR) in Multnomah County. It could be the first step in a long process to see the school as a protected historic site under the Historic Preservation code. And in the process the building gained new friends from the Oregon brick layers union who will use the building as part of their internship program, restoring the horribly deteriorated brickwork.



The Historic Cedar School c2016

"This is a huge win and one of many steps toward protecting this historic building. I once again would like to acknowledge what an important role that you (my neighbors) all have played in helping to make this happen. I feel so blessed that I live in such a kind and caring community. Thank you so much for your support," Cahill wrote after the zone change was approved.

Cahill, a photographer, bought the property in 1999, set out to get the school named an historic site, but that was not in the books. While it would likely be protected if it was in the city of Troutdale, it is just outside Troutdale city limits in Multnomah County jurisdiction. Regardless, the historic Cedar School played a role in education in the wider community and its students and families were closely associated with Troutdale. During classroom crowding after World War II, overflow classes from Troutdale went to Cedar School.

In the days when schools had to be in walking distance for students, the rural communities around Troutdale had a number of small schools. Cedar district started in 1857, at about the same time settlers created Troutdale's first school in the Columbia River lowlands. Cedar School, District 10, served farm children at two locations. The present brick structure went up in 1927.

The Reynolds School District has replaced both Troutdale and Fairview grade schools, built about the same time as Cedar School, due to earthquake standards. That leaves the Cedar School as one of the few remaining rural school buildings still standing. Cahill uses the building as a home, photography studio and event space. Troutdale Historical Society has visited the school on numerous occasions and may again when the pandemic clears.

## NEW MEMBERS

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In Honor of Bob Strebin  
 and the late Vera Strebin  
 Sharon Nesbit

In Honor of Bob Strebin  
 and the late Vera Strebin  
 Dave Ripma

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In Memory of Marie O. Stone  
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## WORKING LIKE THEY OWN THE PLACE (which they do)

### Spreading Holiday Cheer



**Kelly Broomall** and his crew - **Erin Janssens**, **Q Madp**, and **Greg Handy** made sure to spread the holiday spirit to the community of Troutdale.

Christmas at the Harlow House was canceled, but Santa still made an appearance in the window of the Harlow House.

Thank you for your many hours of work putting lights on the THS museums.

Thank you Q Madp and Sharon Nesbit for the photos.



Q Madp and Erin Janssens - Nov 21, 2020

### Kohler Meyer O'Halloran, Inc

Announcing our newest Business Sponsor membership - known locally as KMO Real Estate. Owners Cliff Kohler (retired), MaryAnn Meyers and Sue O'Halloran opened for business in 1992. They are located in Historic Downtown Gresham. Kohler and O'Halloran played a key role in the revitalization of Gresham's Main Avenue.



A full service real estate business serving commercial, residential, management and development arenas. Their business is designed particularly to meet the needs of the small investor.

KMO has served the community by working with the Gresham Historical Society, City of Gresham committees, chambers of commerce, East Metro, and the arts community.

KMO is "A one-stop, do-it-all well" real estate firm.

### BLM Investigates Sandy River Delta

**John McCauley**, Cadastral\* Surveyor for the Bureau of Land Management was tasked with the daunting job of determining property lines of an ever changing land mass that is the Sandy River Delta. The area in question is the "Island" that was first surveyed in 1969 in a land deal with Reynolds Metals and Martin family. It was determined then that the "Island" was not a part of the Martin property and not included with the sale.

In 1991 the US Forest Service acquired the land. Due to natural and man-made influences, the property boundaries did not match the 1969 survey. McCauley set about investigating the events causing these changes. He found through historical maps and photographs that it clearly showed this area to be real land that was formed by the natural erosive movement of the river. The "Island" that was excluded from the Reynolds/Martin deal was not an island, but a part of the Martin property.

McCauley spent several days at the Troutdale Historical Society reviewing documents and photos of the Sandy River Delta. A photo (c1905-1911) of the Sandy River at flood stage was key in providing the information he needed to show that the "Island" only appeared during high water events and was not truly an island as the 1969 survey suggested. His report recommended that the Forest Service obtain a Quit Claim deed from Mrs. Martin or her heirs to obtain clear legal title to the area.

\*(of a map or survey) showing the extent, value, and ownership of land, especially for taxation.

### Another way to support **TROUTDALE HISTORICAL SOCIETY**

Pick up **BottleDrop** blue bags at the Barn Exhibit Hall. Look for the box of bags outside on the bench - Fill with redeemable empty bottles and cans and drop off at any **BottleDrop** locations. 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 **\$625.45** this year from the folks who recycle their cans and bottles through **BottleDrop** using one of our labeled bags. **We exceeded our 2019 donations by \$125 this year!**

#### East County Drop off locations:

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

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

## Friends in History Remembered

### Marie Overton Stone - b. October 17, 1928, d. January 9, 2020

Marie of Enterprise, Oregon passed away at the age of 91 years. She was born to Edward and Caroline Overton in San Bernadino, CA. She graduated from Maricopa High School in California. Marie married William D. Stone in Fairview, OR. They raised three children - Alan Stone, Linda (Stone) Rooper and Paul Stone. Marie is survived by her three children, numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Her husband Bill Stone passed away in 1997. After Bill's death, she courageously learned to mow the lawn, make minor home repairs and take care of their beautiful yard and garden with numerous blueberry bushes.

Employed for many years as a cook for Reynolds School District, she was an amazing cook and pie baker. (Her pies were the first to sell at the Troutdale Historical Society's pie sale fund raisers.) Marie was very involved in her community - adored by the children in the nursery at Smith Memorial Presbyterian Church, supported the East County Historical Organization and the Troutdale Historical Society and volunteered for the Meals on Wheels program.

She loved to go on adventures with friends and family - camping on Upper Imnaha, North Idaho, Snake River, Hells Canyon, Unity Reservoir, Crystal Crane Hot springs, French Glen, Malheur Wildlife Refuge, Painted Hills and Central Oregon and trips to Hawaii, South Dakota and Mundo Hot Springs in Cambridge, Idaho.

### Lucile Audrey Lampert Tolbert - b. July 21, 1931, d. September 10, 2020

Lucille Audrey Lampert Tolbert, who worked much of her life at Tad's Chicken 'n' Dumplins, passed away on September 10, 2020 in West Linn, Oregon at the age of 89. Lucy was born on July 21, 1931 in Portland, Oregon to Julius and Evelyn (Kendall) Lampert. Their home still stands in Troutdale just east of the Plaid Pantry. Lucy attended grade school in Corbett and later graduated from St. Mary's Academy in Portland. She worked at Tad's Chicken 'n' Dumplins in Troutdale from age 14 to 72. She was a member of St. Henry Catholic Church in Gresham. On April 17, 1953 she married William L. Tolbert in Gresham. He died in 1971. Lucy is survived by her numerous nieces and nephews. She was preceded in death by her brother Basil, her five sisters, Lenore, Dolores, Cecilia, Evelyn and Eileen, and her baby brother Carl and her parents. Private burial was at Willamette National Cemetery in Portland.



Lucille Audrey Lampert Tolbert



Susie 'Jinx' Fujii

### Susie 'Jinx' Fujii - b. 1930, d. October 31, 2020

Susie "Jinx" Fujii peacefully passed on the night of a Blue Moon – Oct. 31, 2020.

Living a full life, age 90, she succumbed to her fight with cancer. Jinx grew up in the Portland area and has been known to many as "thoughtful one" who lived her life selflessly always thinking of others.

Jinx is survived by her sisters, Pauline, Toshi, Lynn; and brother, Ed; loving daughters, Cheryl, Jill, Patti; and sons, Ray and Ron.

### Darline Ruth Jordan Payne - b. April 17, 1917, d. November 17, 2020

Darline Payne of Troutdale died in January at the age of 103. She would have reached her 104th birthday in April.

Still active and driving her car at well past the 100 mark, Darline came to our annual meetings and attended the most recent one last year before the Pandemic shutdown.

She had lived in Troutdale since 1990 and became a member of Troutdale Historical Society during the 2003 Lewis and Clark Bicentennial donating a Lewis and Clark quilt to finish for the bicentennial celebration.

She was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to Vera and Eugene Jordan and came to the Portland area in 1928. She worked most of her life for mortgage and realty companies retiring in 1982 as Vice President and Corporate Secretary of Securities Intermountain Inc. She was twice married, to Delbert Thomas and William Payne and is survived by son, Phillip L. Thomas, sister Vera Gene Drake, grandchildren and great grandchildren.



Sharon Nesbit & Darline Payne at 50th Anniversary program in 2018.

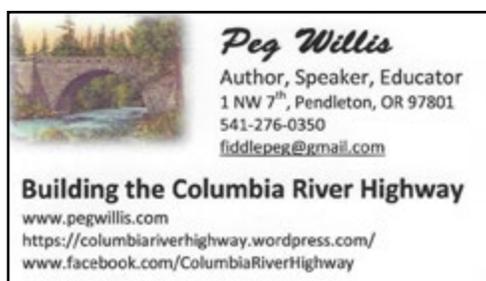
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275 E Historic Columbia Riv Hwy, Troutdale



# Troutdale Historical Society

Preserving The Past, Embracing The Future

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**Thank you for your support!**

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

## Edgefield History Night

The last Tuesday of every month (except December) the Troutdale Historical Society (10-11pm) will have a speaker at **POSTPONED** McQuinn 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.

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