



BYGONE TIMES

Mark Your Calendars!

January 15

January Program
Chuck Rollins and
Tom Cowling
discuss logging in
Bridal Veil and
beyond.

2 p.m. City Conference
Building on 2nd and
Buxton.

Light refreshments
served.

February 19

Alice Lyn:

Wrenn, Egypt House

Wrenn is a journey of
romance and personal
growth set in turn-of-
the-twentieth-century
Portland, Oregon.

2 p.m. City Conference
Building on 2nd and
Buxton.

Light refreshments
served.

Please be safe if there is
bad weather .

Call Terry at 503-810-
0386 if in doubt about a
program's possible
cancellation.

January Program: An Afternoon of Bridal Veil

**Tom Cowling: Ghost Towns on
Bridal Veil Creek**

**Chuck Rollins, *The Log-
gers: How They Saw It***

**Sunday, January 15, 2012
2:00 until 4:00 p.m.**

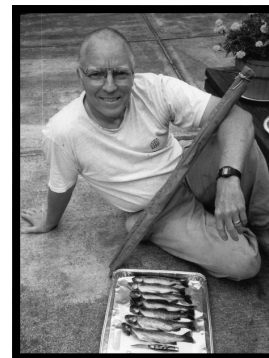
**City Conference Building, 223
S. Buxton in Troutdale**

Chuck Rollins will be discussing logging in Bridal Veil, and sharing stories and photos of the logging process there from 1906 until 1930. In Rollins' new book, "The Loggers: How They Saw It", the photos were taken by loggers in and around the forest and mill at Bridal Veil. They were produced by cameras from the early 1900s that printed out the pictures as postcards. The No. 3B Quick Focus Kodak Camera

was one of many cameras manufactured by the Eastman Kodak Company from 1906 to 1911.

Also, during the same program, Tom Cowling will discuss the ghost towns along Bridal Veil Creek. The discussion will focus on the communities of Palmer and New Palmer that were farther up than Bridal Veil, and handled the logs that fed the Bridal Veil mill. Cowling fished Bridal Veil Creek, enjoyed Gorge winters, swam in the Columbia River, rode the school bus to Corbett on the Historic Columbia River Highway, and worked in the mill some summers. His family left town in 1960 when the mill was sold at auction. Bridal Veil now consists of just a post office and ceme-

tery, but Tom recalls when it was a thriving town. Only a few rusty artifacts can be found at the Palmer town sites now, but they were once bustling communities with schools and post offices.



Tom Cowling



Chuck Rollins and Dakota



Rolling a log on a horse drawn wagon.

2011 Quilt Raffle Winner Dorothy Kerslake



Dorothy Kerslake, winner of this year's quilt, has already put it to use.

If you have been receiving the *Bygone Times* by email and all of a sudden it starts coming by snail mail, it is because your email bounced back to us...Please let the office know if you have changed your email address! If you are not receiving it by email and would rather, please send me an email to:

terry@troutdalehistory.org.

The online version is in color!

Open Air Market Open Year-Around in Depot Parking Lot!

*Artists, crafts people and
fresh produce!*

The market will be open every Saturday, starting Jan7, 2012. Come support these local vendors that do so much to support THS!



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Gerry Grimm

Gerry Grimm, 71, Died on Nov. 01, 2011.

Gerry was born in Portland to Arthur and Margaret Grimm. He grew up along the Sandy River in Troutdale and was part of the first graduating class of Reynolds High School in 1958. After four years at the University of Oregon and three years in the Army he went to work at Precision Castparts where he stayed for 36 years. During his retirement, Gerry enjoyed volunteering for the SMART program and for the Nature Conservancy of Oregon. He is survived by his wife, Madeline; his sons, Andrew and his wife Joan and Steve; his daughter, Wendy Andreotti and husband Dino; five grandchildren; and his sister, Dixie Underhill and her husband, Lonnie. No service was held.



We wish to thank Gerry's family who donated money to THS in his memory:

**Amber & Larry Beckner
Lonnie & Dixie Underhill
Mark & Susan Underhill**

Amber's employer, D. A. Davidson, in Great Fall Montana matched the family donation. A sincere thank you to them as well.

Gift memberships to the Heather Mitchoff and Dan Degraw family from Mona & Bob Mitchoff.

Gift membership to Kris, John & Alec Fappas from Mona & Bob

Director's Chair

By Terry Huston

The community stepped up and donated boxes of items from, literally soup to nuts for the troop in my grandson Casey's unit in Afghanistan. There were Christmas stockings, stocking hats, gloves, candy canes and the Hershey Company sent them cases of hot chocolate mix. You never know who is willing to help unless you ask. Three hundred dollars later, it all shipped and they are having a wonderful holiday season. Thank you to all who donated.

That is one of the reason I enjoy working at the Depot so much. Today I look out the window, the sun is shining, the wind is calm and no rain. There is a fisherman out in the middle of the river with chest waders waiting for the 'big one' to jump on his hook. This has been a mild winter indeed, **so far.**

If at anytime we have an event and the weather is looking questionable, please stay home and stay safe.

With that said, we look forward to seeing you all at the January Program...as always, it will be a good one. I hope you all had great holidays. Our thoughts and prayers are with those who have lost family members this year, may 2012 be brighter for you all.

Terry

Driving Memory Lane -- Help us find stories and pictures of the historic highway.

The 100 Year Anniversary of the construction of the Historic Columbia River Highway is approaching. Len Otto has volunteered to head a committee for the creation of a new exhibit to be displayed at our Barn Museum. The exhibit will be a tribute to the people who built the highway, the Highway's impact on the communities in the Columbia River Gorge, and the efforts, both past and present, to preserve our nationally recognized local treasure. The exhibit will focus on the stretch of highway from Troutdale to Cascade Lock

We need your help and participation. We are interested in your stories, how the highway played a part of your life and the lives of your friends and relatives, and in photographs and artifacts that you can share. Please contact Greg or Sue Handy (503 666 4441 or GHandy97@aol.com) or Len Otto (503 663 0794 or Len@HonorYourPast.com) and help us to make this exhibit a unique tribute to all of those who were and are involved with the Historic Columbia River Highway. Thanks!

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Memories of Growing up With Edgefield

By Jim Glenn

My family moved to Wood Village in 1954 when I was nine years old and my brother Tommy was six. Once we discovered the Poor Farm as everybody called it in those days (never even heard of the Edgefield title till the 70's or 80's) it became our home away from home. Everything about the place was special. The Saturday night full length feature films. The movies were for the old folks but for some reason, management would let all the kids that wanted to watch do so as long as we behaved. We made friends with some of the old guys and of course we didn't behave ALL the time. The theatre was on the 3rd floor, and the staff got a bit cranky when, after the movie was over, we'd run down the wheel chair ramp that traversed the west wall of the Manor, waking up some of the early to bed crowd.

In the basement was the game room where Tommy and I were taught how to shoot pool, shuffle board, play cards and a few other things that Mom wasn't too crazy about. There was a "Canteen" there too where we could buy candy bars cheaper than at the Wood Village Store.

Across Halsey from the Poor Farm was the orchard with apples, pears, peaches, plums and my favorite, Bing cherries. We would take the bus into town on Sundays to watch a Beaver Baseball double header, then after the games take the bus to the Poor

Farm and head for the orchard. Mom never knew when the games were over so that provided good cover for us on when we got home. Life was good in that orchard, till we got caught, and we always did. For some reason they had a rule against climbing the trees. Kept telling us we would fall and our parents would sue the county. We never fell out of the fruit trees, but if one of us would have, our folks would have been the last to know.

The site where Donald Robertson City Park now sits was a small wooded area back then. Some of the old timers would walk up to the Store and buy a bottle of cheap wine and go to "The woods" to drink it in solitude. The empty bottles made for great target practice with our B B guns and sling shots.

In the ball fields at the south edge of the park was where the county planted a crop of some sort every spring, sometimes corn to feed the cattle and pigs that the county raised. Wheat, barley and I don't know what all. The fields were tended to by the residents of the old Rocky Butte Jail. We played a lot of baseball in that old field and even got some of the cons to play. One thing about those crops was the fact that the corn field after harvest season wasn't much good for anything related to playing sports.

And south of the big field was the big hill that went almost all the way to Cherry Park Road. The county used it for grazing the cows. For me and Tommy it was perfect for sledding in the snowy season and in the summer we would break down large cardboard boxes and use them, for a lack of a better word as a sled on the tall dry grass of August. The cardboard was flat out fast and a little more dangerous. The extra speed combined without the benefit of the snow cushion sent us home with a few extra bumps and bruises.

The Poor Farm raised milk cows

and pigs as I mentioned and hired some men to take care of that part of the Farm. Tommy and I and a few other kids became friends with the kids of the guys that took care of the animals. A basketball hoop was installed in one of the buildings behind the main Edgefield building and believe me, that hoop got plenty of attention on rainy weekends.

Dad Worked at the Reynolds Aluminum Plant and with all the graveyard and swing shifts, we didn't see much of him. He would need to sleep in the daytime, and since it is impossible for boys to be quiet around the house while he slept, it was off to the Poor Farm. One time during a game of pool, (since we were too short to be very effective at pool, we used a wooden box with heavy gauge wire on the bottom of it that the milk bottles were delivered in) I complained about not being able to sell our Boy Scout Candy. One of the old timers suggested we bring all of it to the Farm and sure enough, we sold every bit of it. But our Mom, always the suspicious one wanted to know what we did with the Candy. When we explained that the old folks, mostly women, bought it all, she laughed out loud. She couldn't believe we sold all that peanut brittle to folks with umm less than a full set of teeth, but we did.

Lucky Staehly. What a great guy. But you have something very wrong about Lucky. He NEVER parked his wheel chair on Halsey Street. He was always going someplace. About the



**Jim Glenn in Eighth
Grade at Fairview
Elementary School**

Bygone Times

only time he would park it was when someone would stop to talk with him. Many times we would see him down by or at Blue Lake Park. One time I found Lucky clear over to 181st and Sandy Blvd, and that was back when almost every street was just two lanes of pavement and gravel shoulders. But he'd get there, in that wheel chair, with his shirt off and those gloves with the ends of the fingers missing.

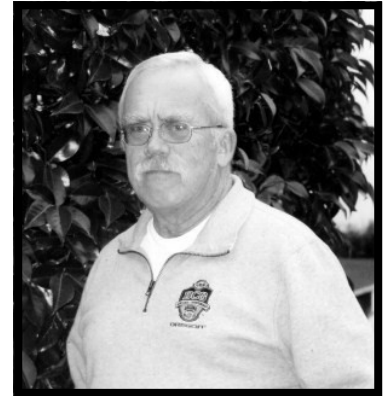
As we grew older, the Poor Farm became less and less a part of our lives. In 1965 I went off to the Air Force and a year later Tommy joined the Marines. We both came home in 1969 to a world so completely changed. The Poor Farm was still there but nothing more than simple memories of our growing years. When would get together with some of the neighborhood kids and talk

about the "old days" we would always end up sharing our favorite Poor Farm stories.

Edgefield Manor or the Poor Farm, it was truly a great place in helping us grow up in a much simpler time. The Saturday night movies, the Game Room and Canteen, the Orchard, the woods and the baseball/crop fields, the Big Hill and the

basketball games in the barn along with making friends with some of the residents of the Manor are collectively a small part of our growing up that has become more special with time. Life was good growing up in the 1950's.

Respectfully,
James M. Glenn




Tidbits From THS

At our third Saturday Harlow House open house in December a local fellow came by on his bicycle and, pleased to see the open sign, dropped in to look at the Harlow House. He didn't give a rip about history, what he loved was old houses and how much they reminded him of the home he grew up in Silverton. He wandered round looking at the construction and the walls and studying the floors.

When he left, he said how much he had enjoyed it. "Everything outside is go-go-go, but when you step inside it all stops," he said.

Cookies: Thanks to all our of our generous bakers, we have sufficient cookies stored and in the freezer for our January meeting.

In updating our museum host packet, Sharon Nesbit was working on the history of the Harlow House. This recent painting is the fourth time, once every eight years or so, that we have painted our historic house. The first time, in 1979, Ted Schulte and a crew of workers used 72 tubes of caulking to seal the house. Thank you to Multnomah County voters and our own members for keeping it white and beautiful.



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Alan Townsend



Alan was born February 5, 1924 in Portland to Earl and Florence Townsend and grew up on the dairy farm on Sandy Blvd in Fairview. He went all eight grades at Fairview Grade School and then on to Gresham Union High School graduating in the Class of 1942. He was a baseball pitcher through grade school and played football and baseball all four years at Gresham Union High School. He received two scholarships to Oregon State University to play football and baseball. Alan was a great dancer and you would see him dancing at Jantzen Beach Ballroom

all through the summer and at Blue Lake Park on Sunday afternoons.

After college Alan returned to the dairy farm and was married to Frani Fricker on February 19, 1950. They had their first son, Billie Townsend in 1951, but Billie was born with a heart artery the size of a small vein and only lived until he was two. In 1952, Mike was born and healthy as a horse. Susan was born in 1953, and Jeff in October of 1955. They all survive Alan.

In the early 60's Alan converted the dairy farm to beans and had two acres of raspberries by the small house that Florence lived in. When he realized the raspberries made more money than all the beans on 25 acres, he converted to growing raspberries only. Bob Dix was leasing Cedric Stone's old dairy farm and raspberry fields nearby and was a big adviser to Alan, as he converted to raspberries. Alan served on the

Board of Directors of both the Gresham Berry and the Multnomah Drainage District.

Alan was a lifelong member of Smith Memorial Church, serving as an elder and also one of the original members of the Fairview Mariners.

He and Frani did lots of traveling and they enjoyed Hawaii so much, spending several winters there before they bought their home in Indian Wells, California.

Alan was a strong supporter of the Oregon State Beavers. Alan passed away on Wednesday, October 19, 2011. We have lost a dear friend in Alan and I know he will be missed by all of us.

From Scott Cunningham

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Recap of Board of Directors Meeting— December 6, 2011— Barn Museum

Members present: Pres. David Ripma, Treasurer, Tom Graves, Jean Ice, Len Otto, Jean Hybskmann, Sheryl Maydew, Sue Handy, Greg Handy, Scott Cunningham, Paula Goldie, Helen Wand, Mary Bryson, and Director Terry Huston.

Tom Graves and Sheryl Maydew presented the Treasurer's report including the budget and profit and loss statement. Board members discussed the possible places to invest money for the coming year. No decision was made. Sheryl will research the endowment fund; others will research credit union money market and checking account funds and report back in January.

Paula moved and Sue seconded to transfer the last of the Centennial Monument funds to the city of Troutdale before the end of December with a letter explaining that all the donations have been received and a final accounting has been completed.

Jean Hybskmann has requested the last Saturday in July as the date for the annual Salmon Bake Fund Raiser.

Paula reported on the pricing of the supplies for the refurbishing of the library in the depot basement.

Greg has received one quote and will get additional quotes for the repair of the Harlow House chimney.

Len Otto reported on the Historic Columbia River Highway exhibit. Progress is being made. Len also reported that he had heard from ODOT and we will be getting the wagon wheel found in the Sandy River at the new bridge construction site.

Greg suggested moving the library to the barn some time in the future. The photos stored at City Hall have been moved to the barn.

Sheryl and Terry will compose and send an end of the year letter.

Sheryl suggested a yearly calendar with scheduled events on it.

Len Otto reported on a plan by the Corps of Engineers to remove a dam/dike in the Sandy River. He will edit a letter he wrote objecting to the removal of the dam; Dave will sign it for THS

A thank you letter will be sent to Judy Norby for the donation of the Harlow House Christmas tree.

Mary Bryson, sub Secretary



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!

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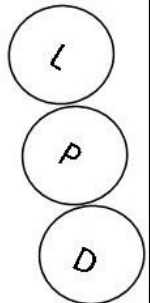
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Troutdale Historical Society
104 SE Kibling St.
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www.troutdalehistory.org
503-661-2164

Mission Statement: To gather, preserve and make available material relating to the history of the community of Troutdale, the Sandy River, the Columbia River Gorge and nearby area: To stimulate interest in and knowledge of, the locality's past.

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Happy New Year!



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In Memory of Gerry Grimm:

Louise Dix

In Memory of Doris Cereghino Carmella

Louise Dix

End of Year Donation

In Memory of Ike Handy and Harold Wik

Greg & Sue Handy

Our Thanks...from THS...to the following for their support!

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