



# BYGONE TIMES

*Newsletter of the Troutdale Historical Society*

**October 2004**

## **Please Mark Your Calendars**

### **School Reunion**

***Sunday Oct. 17***

***2 p.m..***

***Troutdale Elementary***

### **November Program**

**Lewis & Clark Topic**

***(Details next newsletter)***

***Sunday November 21***

***2 p.m.***

***Troutdale City Hall***

### **Christmas Open House**

***Saturday Dec. 4***

***Noon to 4 p.m.***

***Harlow House***

### **January Program**

***Sunday Jan. 16***

***2 p.m.***

***Troutdale City Hall***

### **February Annual Meeting**

***Sunday Feb. 20***

***2 p.m.***

***Sam Cox Building***

***Glenn Otto Park***

## **THS Invites Alumni to Troutdale School Reunion**

A reunion for all who have ties to Cedar School and Troutdale School will be at 2 p.m. on Sunday, October 17, 2004 at the Troutdale Elementary School, 648 SE Harlow, Troutdale, Oregon. **Len Otto** will moderate. We appreciate Reynolds School District for allowing us to hold the reunion at the school.....thank you to the operations manager and to Len Otto for making the arrangements.

This event is free and open to the public. Former students and teachers and interested persons are urged to attend. Please bring your old photos, memories and stories to share. Bring the children and grandchildren, as they enjoy seeing the pictures and hearing the stories about the school days of their relatives.

We are bringing our photo library albums to the reunion and hope attendees can help identify some of the missing names, especially in the wonderful old school pictures.



**Can you help identify?** This photo was taken in 1947. We have photos going back into very early 1900's. This particular photo is a first grade class at Troutdale School. The principal is Robert Slawson and we believe the teacher is Mrs. Staffenson. We don't have the names of the children.

## Harvest Faire



The day was dark, dreary and damp but vendors, workers and patrons were greeted with strong hot coffee, chili and homemade pies in a cozy atmosphere decorated with pumpkins, squash, yellow tables laden with dahlias, sunflowers, roses, dill and asters. On Friday night, **Florence Baker** brought flowers from **Bob Strebin's** yard, **Jean Holman**, **Heather Mitchoff** and



**Jean Holman, Heather Hutzenbiler, Mario Ayala** at the THS booth. Ummmm ...Hear No Evil, See No Evil, Speak No Evil....but how come Heather's peeking?

**Kris Fappas** transformed buckets of flowers and corn stalks from **Mary Bryson's** and **Gary Holman's** yards and turned them into works of art. **Jean Hybskmann** made chili by the gallons from tomatoes, green peppers and chili peppers supplied by **Dennis Bryson's** garden. **Mona Mitchoff** and **Jean Holman** shopped and filled the larder with the other supplies needed. Many, many members baked pies oozing with peach, apple and cherry juice. Oregon weather hearty vendors set up their booths, warming their hands on steaming coffee cups. The weather was not cooperative this year, leaving us with smaller crowds than we had wished for but the vendors that stuck it out were good sports and we thank them for their participation. **Jean Holman** takes care of everything to do with the vendors. **Jean Hybskmann**, **Janice Falkenstein**, **Jamie Moore**, **Krista Moore**, **Shannon Damon** and **Nicole Damon** ran the kitchen, keeping sausage dogs, chilidogs, coffee and bowls of chili, hot and tasty. **Dorothy Sturgis**, **Penny Balch**, **Leona Balch**, **Scott & Eileen Cunningham**, and **Heather Hutzenbiler** served up pieces of pie piled high with ice cream and fresh whip cream. **Sheryl Maydew** is our glue that keeps us all together and running like a well-oiled wheel. She was everywhere, doing everything, too much to itemize. **Mike Dubesa**, **Mario Ayala**, **Ed & Phyllis Thiemann**, **Ray & Karen Davenport**, **Sharon Nesbit**, **Carole Klinger**, **Doneva Shepard**, **Pat Smith**, **Helen Wand** and **Jim & Betty Cook**, greeted guests and showed them our museums always enthusiastic to share our treasures with the public. **John Fappas** spent the night at the park guarding the vendor's wares. **Carole Handke** and the scouts cleaned. All of the above mentioned are staunch supporters of The Troutdale Historical Society and volunteers that never let us down when ask



**Jim & Betty Cook**

them to help on a project such as Harvest Faire. A HUGE THANK YOU to all of you. It is because of you that we have the reputation all over the state as being the most active role model in the world of small town historical societies. Your generosity, happy faces and friendship is appreciated. The Old Fashioned Dance on Saturday night was fun for all and at times there were more than fifty folks out dancing and learning new moves from Dave and Jody Crandell.



**Mayor Paul Thalhofer**, Quite the swinger!



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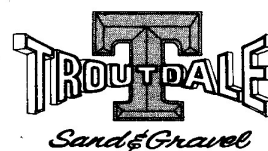
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## Troutdale

### By Walt Nasmyth

Of course the Troutdale area has four seasons, Spring is wonderful, Summer is delightful, Fall is marvelous, then there is winter, ACH DER LIEBER! When the fall winds shift to the east and come howling out of the gorge one had best be prepared for winters onslaught. During the 1920s and 30s the winters were colder and seemed to last forever and it was truly a time of survival.

It must be kept in mind that the older houses in Troutdale were not insulated and had no central heating and cooling systems and most were of single construction so there had to be a great deal of preparation to ready the house for winter and it took several weeks to complete the preparations.

The number one item was to reduce the penetration of the wind through the cracks in the house as much as possible. My mother would melt paraffin and use a one inch brush to seal cracks around the single hung window sash. Cracks that were too wide were stuffed with rags then paraffin painted over the filler.

The second item was to reduce the draft under ill fitting doors. My father would cut strips from an old carpet and nail the strips along the bottom of the doors. The outside trim around the windows had to be filled at each joint in the siding to slow the wind velocity through the house.

A major operation was to drain all the outside water lines and the wrap the pipes with rags in case they did get water in them during the winter. When I was small it was a recognized fact that we would be without power and water for a period of time during the winter even with all the preparations.

The old railroad house had a small concrete cellar but the entire house was built on posts with wood and rock for footings, thus the perimeter of the house had wood skirting extending from the support beam down to the ground. The whole area around the house had to be wind-proofed to protect all the canned goods stored in the cellar. My father would shovel dirt up against the skirting as high as possible then the areas left open would be covered with pieces of tarpaulin or anything handy.

During the summer months there would be several cords of cordwood stacked along the highway drying in the sun. With the onset of fall a wood cutter would arrive with a big circular saw mounted on a trailer. The saw was belt driven from an engine on the trailer but some were driven by jacking up one wheel of the car pulling the trailer and placing the belt over the tire to operate the saw. Sawing the wood was the smallest part

of the job for the person off loading would throw the sixteen inch lengths of wood down the hill into the yard where my brother Herb and I would load the wood on a wheelbarrow and wheel it around to the back of the house and stack the wood in a roof covered area between the house and laundry room (wash room) under the supervision of our father. My father always took over the stacking of the wood when the stacks became too high for us to reach. When all the wood had been wheeled in and stacked was when my father really went to work for he had to hand split all the wood to feed the cook stove and the old Franklin heating stove in the living room and both stoves had a voracious appetite. While my father swung the axe Herb and I piled the split wood in neat stacks and if we got careless we were threatened by my father to "kick a bale of hay out of the both of us."

When the temperature began to drop below freezing and the velocity of the wind began to increase it was time to close the window shutters for the winter. When the shutters were closed and fastened securely the house was so dark it was like living in a cave. As it became colder and colder the wind increased to the point it played a winter symphony through the cracks in the old house. In one sense a sleet storm was welcomed for it would seal the east and south sides of the house and stop the winter symphony.

In those days it was prepare to survive or else, and the alternative was not too attractive. Prior to a storm moving in we had to bring enough canned goods upstairs into the house to feed us for up to two weeks for when an ice storm hit the cellar door could not be opened. All the inside wood boxes had to be filled twice daily and there was always a fight over just who was supposed to bring in the wood, I usually lost.

As an ice storm or silver thaw began we knew it was only a matter of time until there would be no electricity or water. Even with the water faucets left running the service lines sometimes froze and woe to the child who shut off the water faucet. When we lost our water my father would grab an axe and head for the spring down by the railroad track. (continued on page four)


(Troutdale, By Walter Nasmyth continued from page three)

It was located on the south side of the tracks just east of the old railroad property. Dad would have to chop through the ice to reach the running water then carry

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filled buckets up the icy path back to the house, One Helluva task. During extremely cold weather my father would get up three or four times a night to stoke the fires, again a time of survival.

Morning was a three ring circus as all the kids grabbed their clothes and ran into the living room to crowd around the Franklin stove to keep warm. Many a blister was raised on the rear end of an unwary child who bent over with their backside too close to the stove. One thing to remember is that the Franklin stove would be jumping up and down and red as a cherry but ten feet from the stove was hypothermiaville.

During the cold weather my mother would heat irons (she had several with detachable handles) then wrap the heated iron in a towel and place the iron at the foot of the bed to keep our tootsies warm until we went to sleep.

The foremost memory of those “good old days” was grabbing the axe to chop steps in the ice to get to the outhouse. As people are aware I made the trip one morning sans the axe and wound up at the bottom of the hill.

A.D. Kendall came up with a novel approach to the ice walking dilemma. He cut strips from old automobile tires then drove roofing nails through the tire then lashed them to his shoes and it really really worked.

Enough on the winters of a bygone era!



View of two homes in Troutdale location unknown. Ice following the storm of 1921 has put a heavy layer on trees, shrubs and power lines.

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Troutdale Historical Society  
104 S.E. Kibling St.  
Troutdale, OR 97060  
Phone: 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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