



BYGONE TIMES

November 2014

Upcoming Events Mark Your Calendar!

Sunday, November 16, 2014, 2 pm—4 pm, Sam Cox Building, THS & Friends of Vista House Present: Steamboat Captains, Mayor of Cascade Locks

Saturday, December 6, 2014, 11 am—4 pm, Annual Harlow House Christmas open house and in the barn, a Previously Loved Christmas Ornament sale.

Sunday, January 18, 2 pm—4 pm, Sam Cox Building, (weather permitting) THS & Friends of Vista House Present: Mark Nelsen, TV weatherman, Winter at Vista House

Sunday, February 15, 2 pm—4 pm, Sam Cox Building, (weather permitting), THS & Friends of Vista House Present: Dodi Davies, Restoring Zimmerman House

Sunday, March 15, 2 pm—4 pm Sam Cox Building, THS & Friends of Vista House Present: Len Otto, About This New Highway Exhibit.

THS and Friends of Vista House Present:

Sternwheelers on The Columbia

Tom Cramblett, Mayor of Cascade Locks, captain of the Columbia Gorge Sternwheeler, talks about the fearless captains who worked the mighty Columbia River. This is the second in our “Living History Lecture Series” presentations.

Please join us Sunday, Nov. 16, 2 pm—4 pm, Glenn Otto Community Park, Troutdale. Refreshments will be served.



Remembering Cyril Butterfield,

The first principal of Columbia High School (created before it was merged to be the present Reynolds High) died Sept. 29 at the age of 91. In retirement he lived right across from the high school, he once said, "so he could keep an eye on things." He is survived by his wife, Dorothy Ferris.

Audrey Lowell is one of the newest volunteers for the Troutdale Historical Society. In addition to her office duties, Audrey has collated and sorted the genealogical files of the late Doneva Shepard, the files of our 1998 Smelt Run! Exhibit, and other documents that we need to keep in storage.

Audrey also is a volunteer member of the Troutdale Landmark Commission. THS would like to welcome Audrey as well as her husband, Jon, who shares her interest in history.



Here are ideas for holiday shopping:

Our Troutdale Depot museum has one of the best collections of local history books in the area. If you have friends who like tales of old, how about any of Clarence Mershon's wonderful books on history of East Multnomah County, war veterans of the area, and his exceptional history of the Historic Columbia River Highway?

We have a few copies of the Troutdale Centennial History, "It Could Have Been Carpdale," by Sharon Nesbit, as well as Sharon's other two books, "Tirades," a compilation of her Gresham Outlook columns and her history of the McMenamins Edgefield.

We have Kathleen Overton's new book on the background behind the preservation of Vista House.

We have Julie Stewart's pictorial of Troutdale which will excite a lot of memories.

We have a few copies of Pictorial History of East Multnomah County, produced some years ago by the Gresham Outlook.

And we have Peg Willis' excellent book on the building of the Historic Highway.

We also have a dandy collection of Union Pacific calendars for the train nut on your list.

Depot hours are 10 a.m. to 2 p.m., Tuesday through Saturday.

Free Antique Organ

Blast from the past: Mary Ann Stephens has an old Pump Organ that is 100+ years old and would like to give it away. If you would like an antique pump Organ or know someone who may want one please call Mary Ann her cell phone number is 503 307-8062 and it could be yours.

June Handy

Lenora (June) Handy died in October at the age of 94. She was the widow of Ike Handy who died in 2007. The two were mainstays of Troutdale. The Handy brothers bought their gas station (the building is now Alliance Plumbing) in 1940 and from that vantage point in Troutdale Ike and June raised four boys and saw and helped Troutdale grow.

Ike had come west with his family in the Depression, parents and six children in Dodge touring car. At one point, Ike once said, his Dad had only 10 cents left. In the beginning at the station in Troutdale, Ike worked a second job at Reynolds.

June liked to tell of the time they actually lived in the station office and the public restroom, with only an outside entrance, was their bathroom as well.

The couple celebrated their 70th wedding anniversary in 2007. June was a den mother, a PTA member, a Sunday School teacher at Cherry Park Presbyterian Church, a team member of the Troutdale General Store bowling team, and she and Ike were in the square dance club "Windy Whirlers."

Their sons are Dale Handy of Minnesota, Gene Handy of Corbett, and Neil Handy of Portland and Greg Handy, Troutdale. Greg and Sue are members of our King of Highways exhibit committee.



Jeanette Kloos Speaks

Historic Highway expert Jeanette Kloos, left, presented an excellent photo presentation and talk on the preservation of the historic highway at our October meeting. Kloos, at left, is the go-to person for technical questions for our King of Roads Exhibit.

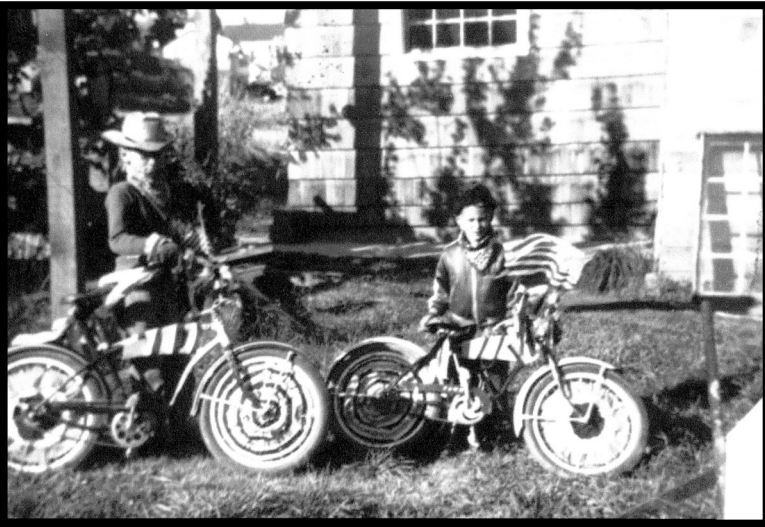
Below, a picture of some of the attendees. Our programs on the highway are presented in a joint effort with Friends of Vista House. The idea is to be ready to interpret the highway on its 100th birthday.

Want to donate to Troutdale Historical Society while shopping at your favorite store or on-line store? THS has made it easier:

Here is how to link your Reward Card. Go to www.fredmeyer.com/communityrewards which entitles THS to donations from Fred Meyer. Please enroll, using our non-profit number 85937. Every time you shop and use your Rewards Card, you are helping Troutdale Historical Society earn a donation.

Support Columbia River Highway Exhibit coming in 2015 by shopping at AmazonSmile. That link is <http://smile.amazon.com/ch/93-0738777>. It is really easy to shop Amazon Smile (just like Amazon.com) and select Troutdale Historical Society as the charity.





Childhood in East County

To accompany Jim Glenn's latest reminiscence on growing up in East Multnomah County, which is printed below, we are offering these photos donated some years ago by Lorne Mitchell. Lorne died recently at the age of 64. Upper left: Billy Glenn, 4, and Lorne, 2 in 1952; Upper Right: Lorne and Doug and Kenny Moen sledding in 1955; Billy Glenn and Lorne Mitchell with bikes for a 1955 Troutdale parade.

Jim Glenn writes of his growing up on: Elm Street

Vince Scully, long time voice of the Brooklyn/LA Dodgers, is credited with saying "It's a mere moment in a man's life between the All-Star Game and an old timer's game." I for one, must agree, though I was never talented enough to be any sort of all-star. I was young enough to be eligible once.

Wood Village was over run with kids in 1954 when my family made the move from the banks of the Sandy River to Elm Street. The street already had about 18 kids, from newborns to next in line for boot camp. It was a straight, flat, asphalt street with a curb on each side and only 13 houses. Three streets, Maple, Ash and Birch intersected Elm making the street where I grew up, the perfect spot for recreational and social gatherings. While kids on those other streets came to Elm Street to play ball, their Dads rerouted their beer and tobacco runs to "Al Bradley's Wood Village Scotty Store" to avoid any errant baseballs.

On fair weather evenings after the supper dishes were washed, dried and put up, the games began. Five Hundred and First Bounce or Fly was the usual games using a rubber-coated baseball and a cracked wood bat with a nail and some tape holding it together. The only equipment my brother Tommy and I contributed was an old Babe Ruth model glove that only had three fingers. It had no webbing between the thumb and forefinger to make a pocket nor lacing in the fingertips to hold them together. The rubber coated ball was used because of its durability on the rugged blacktop street (Cont.)

Cont. from Page 4: Jim Glenn on Elm Street

and it had a grumpy personality. When the batter hit the ball, the first bounce with all its backspin made a high hop that was easy to field. The second hop, however, was a different story. With all that topspin the ball rocketed off the asphalt straight for a shin and could raise a knot faster than I could rub it. On the rare occasion when that second bounce found old Three Fingers, it felt like I had a handful of hornets. We all played the games hard and had fun on Elm Street. It was our “field of dreams” when we imagined big leaguers Hank Aaron, Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays and Duke Snyder showing up to play with us.

The Little Woods bordered the east end of Elm Street and it was a fabulous place to utilize our imaginations. The Little Woods, since been converted into the Donald Robertson City Park, was more than a small wooded area with trees, brush and paths. In our day it was Normandy, North Africa, Anzio and Iwo Jima as we re-created the battles our fathers and uncles fought during the war. When the Western dramas on our new televisions came along, the Little Woods became Tombstone, Dodge City, Fort Apache and The Alamo.

When recreating the Old West, we chose games called “Rustlers and Ranchers” or “Ranchers and Sodbusters.” “Cowboys and Indians” was tried a few times but that game just didn’t work. We were all too young for Mother Nature to go to work on the next phase of our maturity so, it was a high pitched “thunk,” to replicate the sound of a make believe arrow being launched from a bow string and an equally shrill “thop” as the arrow hit the intended target. It wasn’t very intimidating. When each boy was armed with a hand gun, which ranged from a cap gun to an index finger, we had issues there, too.

When a boy shouted “Bang, bang, you’re dead,” an argument broke out. The victim would shout, “No, I’m not. I’m just wounded,” and immediately return the gunfire shouting “You’re deader than a door nail.” Door nail was the final word in a gun battle. It trumped everything. There was no arguing or negotiating and certainly no mercy.

Well, it was until we saw a John Wayne war movie one Saturday night at the Poor Farm. The next time we held war games in The Little Woods, we had a new definition of victory. When Tommy spotted an enemy, he made a stiff throwing motion with his right arm and hollered, “Ka-blewy, I just blew you to smithereens.” Tommy had just introduced grenades to our battlefield. I realize that we were not politically correct in those simpler times, but politically correct was still thirty years in the future.

As the years went by, we grew up and left that short, flat, straight paved street with curbs on each side at our own chosen speed.

But one summer day in 1995 four generations of the Glenn family returned for a reunion and “old timers” games in the Little Woods. By then it was renamed as an official park and had one heck of a face-lift. A tennis court and a basketball court occupied large portions of the park and a softball diamond and soccer field replaced the old pasture just south of the park. We played tennis, basketball and, of course, softball, all while violating City Ordinance 4-2012 as most family members of drinking age enjoyed the High Life. We played as hard as we did 40 years earlier and some of us paid dearly for our over exertions.

When I had gone as far as my 50 year-old body could go, I grabbed a vacant lawn chair and listened to Mom as she held court on the sacrifices made and determination she and Dad needed in raising our family in that tiny house on Elm Street. I began to stiffen up and realized that “smithereens” was obsolete. Something more like rigor mortis which had engulfed my entire body. It only took three days and a large jar of extra strength acetaminophen for me to recover.

But something special happened on that short, flat straight street with the curbs on each side that led up to The Little Woods. We grew up acquiring a sense of values that we all share to this day including hard work, fair play, enjoy the High Life and, finally, getting sense enough not to play in any Old Timers games.

Murder Mystery Dinner Affair



Helen Wand, Julie Stewart, Doug Freeman, Jean Ice

The Roaring 20's came to Forest Hall for The Mystery Dinner affair.



Phyllis & Ed Theimann with mystery guest in the middle

A little wine was poured, flappers, gangsters, a corrupt mayor and a newspaper reporter, mingled with the other players.



Bartender Jerry Hybskmann with Lawana Smith snuggling up to him

The mashed potatoes were piled high, the Jello shots jiggled with vodka & raspberry liqueur, and boa feathers covered the floor.



Kitchen helpers Audrey Maroon & Jan Falkenstein



Julie Stewart

Everyone there must have a little ham in their hearts because they all got into their characters and had a blast.

Thank you to Pat & Pat Brothers for graciously lending their home and orchestrating this fun event.



Cook & bartender Jean & Jerry Hybskmann



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Mission Statement: To gather, preserve and make available material relating to their 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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Permit #5

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Darline Payne, Troutdale Mixer Shop, Inc., J. Frank Schmidt Family Charitable Foundation.

Pauline Morrow in memory of C. R. "Mike" Morrow; Mary Bryson in memory of Mike DuBesa.

King of Roads Exhibit Contributions:

Larry & Rosemary Puderbaugh, Mary Bryson in memory of June Handy, **Sharon Nesbit** in memory Mike DuBesa, June Handy, and honoring the 50th wedding anniversary of Dennis and Mary Bryson, Jeanne Landis in memory of June Handy

Remember: THS is a 501 c (3), so your donations are tax deductible and help support the museums, programs, preservation of artifacts and local history. Thank you for your continued support.