



# BYGONE TIMES

## Mark Your Calendars!

**April 15  
2 p.m.**

Oral History  
Glenn Otto Park in the  
Sam Cox Building.  
Sharon Nesbit  
Interviewing Mother  
Francine Cardew.  
Member of the Year to  
be announced!

**May 12  
2012 Cemetery  
Tour**

A "Grave" group will  
meet at the Barn Museum. Bus will leave at 9  
a.m. Destination TBA

**July 21  
Summerfest Parade  
and Penny Balch  
Library Dedication**

Bring a lawn chair to  
the Depot Museum and  
watch the parade.  
Highway closes at 10.  
Dedication of new library  
will follow the  
parade with refreshments.

**July 28  
Save the Date!  
Our annual summer fundraiser on  
the Sandy River!**

## THS April Oral History and Annual Membership Meeting at Glenn Otto Park set for April 15

In the early 1970s two nuns drove to Bridal Veil and clambered over fallen trees in a soggy gorge rain to look at a damp old mansion. The roof leaked so badly in the 1916 villa that the wood floors of the living room were buckled. The interior of the home, light fixtures and all, was painted pink and there were dark rumors of dirty movies having been filmed in the basement.

The Troutdale Historical Society, among other lucky groups, has been welcomed often into the restored house at Bridal Veil, now the home of the Franciscan Sisters of the Eucharist. Their school, Franciscan Montesorri Earth School, will celebrate its 35th year next year and the sisters have become part of the neighborhood in the Columbia River Gorge.

Mother Francine Cardew has agreed to be the subject of our history interview at our annual meeting, Sunday, April 15, at 2 p.m. in Sam K. Cox Hall, Glenn Otto Community Park. Charming, funny and capable of many a zinger, Mother Francine will be interviewed by Sharon Nesbit who blundered into the woods at Bridal Veil years ago and asked to see the old house. The program will be recorded for our oral history collection.



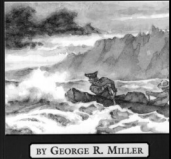
*The Sisters' home in Bridal Veil at Coopey Falls*



*Mother Francine Cardew*

Lewis & Clark's  
Northwest  
Journey

"Weather Disagreeable!"



BY GEORGE R. MILLER

A new addition to our Depot book selection is a book by George R. Miller of Gresham. In *"Lewis & Clark's Northwest Journey: Weather Disagreeable!"*, George examines the journals of Lewis & Clark and other members of the Corps of Discovery for key references to the weather the party experienced on their trip west. The book sells for \$14.95.

Do you have an old photo of Troutdale or immediate area to share in the *Bygone Times*?

We must have names of people in the photo, date (at least approximate year) and as much information about what is going on in the picture as possible. Call Terry in the office at 503-661-2164.

If you want the photo returned, we

## A Re-print of a Story from Don-

In December 2007, Sharon Nesbit wrote a story in the *Gresham Outlook* about the last days of Troutdale's old Tiller Hotel, which was being considered for demolition, though that never happened. That inspired this reminiscence from our member Doneva Shepard, who died this winter and is much missed. Here it is again because it says a lot about Doneva, as well as her subject:

When I think of the Tiller hotel...I think about Mr. Jones; he (originally) lived behind and across the street from my barn at my family's farm on 201st and Sandy Boulevard. Mr. Jones had "Dizzy Spells" and he couldn't work or do anything except lie in his hammock in the front yard in the summer, watching our cows and horses. In the winter he read the newspaper then napped until TV came along and then he just sat and watched TV all day while his wife worked. He'd occasionally wander over to our barn to see what's going on and stand around and listen if anybody was talking. My dad chased him home several times, he always called him "Dizzy", but 'Dizzy' always came back.

Mr. Jones was married to Mrs. Jones. We seldom saw Mrs. Jones because she was working all the time...night and day. She raised over an acre of garden and sold it to support the two of them. She had fruit trees; peaches, pears and apples, and she boxed them up and sold them to people who would drive from all over to get her wonderful fruit to can. She also worked at the cannery during in the summer and fall. She worked to

make sure they had enough money to hold onto their property, eat and have a little gas to drive their '30s era car. Their house was VERY small, perhaps the size of a single car garage with a "tip-out" type of room just big enough for their bed and a dresser. It looked like a doll-house with pear trees along the front that held Mr. Jones's hammock.

Mrs. Jones died in the 1960s...and Mr. Jones (who was too dizzy to work all those years) immediately put the place up for sale. He also sold the '30s era car and bought himself a brand new car. He rented a room in the Tiller Hotel and every night you could see him in his new clothes, dancing and wining and dining the local crop of lonely widows. If he "scored" he'd take his catch back to his room at the Tiller Hotel and from there the "girls" could be seen leaving the next morning. He wore a plaid polyester plaid sports jacket. He could be found any night at the M&M or Mallard (in Gresham).

I thought the ol' fart would live forever but eventually he disappeared from the scene. I never knew his first name so I can't look him up. Mr. and Mrs. Jones called each other "Mama" and "Papa" and seemed to be a most lov-



Women outside Tiller Hotel

ing couple. Even though I never really knew him, I think about him often...and her...and the old widows...and the Tiller Hotel where he had a room he was so proud of! HE WAS SO HAPPY all those days! I never saw him Dizzy again; in fact, he always had a smile on his face.

It has given me fodder for thought all these years! I can dwell on the analogy of that story for hours (when I'm not dwelling on something else that I've never been able to figure out.)

It's sad to think of the Tiller going down in the name of Progress!

Doneva

Please support our important business sponsors!

## Bygone Times



*Thanks to our Tuesday Ladies for all the work they do on our exhibits at Harlow House!*

*Another wonderful donation from Doneva Shepard is a collection of more than 300 egg cups. The cups are on display in the Harlow House which is open the third Saturday on April 21 from 10 to 2.*

*Egg cups have been used since prehistoric times and have many shapes and bear various designs. An early silver egg cup from 74 BC was found in the ruins of Pompeii.*

*We need volunteer hosts for the Harlow House and Barn Museums for the third Saturday of every month. It is part of our mission to share the heritage of Troutdale with visitors that come to our museums. If you can help us with a two hour shift from 10-12 or 12-2, please call Terry at the office, 503-661-2164. Training will be provided to those able to help!*

### Endowment Donation

*Len & Gloria Otto  
In memory of Vern Rathman*

### Welcome New Members

*John Hale      Rip Caswell  
Melvin & Shirley Miller      Bernard Winkler*

### Thank you to renewing members:

Larry & Rosie Puderbaugh	Len & Gloria Otto	Scott & Eileen Cunningham	Ken Simnitt
Bob Douglass	Vera Robbins	Jerry & Ann Klinger	Karen Jordan
Myrna Rhodes	Nick & Barbara Welsh	Robert & Maude Winning	Carol Davis
Vic & Connie Purvis	Jerry & Carol LaCoste	Earl & Jean Ridings	Lucille Tolbert
Velma Sutherland	John Bryson	Richard & Dorothy Kerslake	Barbara Ham
Carol & Bill Winkler	Bruce Thompson	Donna Hawkins	Mary Beth Ierulli
Vaden & Jo Callister	Lori (Wieprecht) Vencill	Vickie Nesbit & Terry Weiner	
Sharon Nesbit		Dave Ripma	



Ed and Phyllis Thiemann • 503-695-5126 • [www.brickhaven.com](http://www.brickhaven.com)  
38717 East Historic Columbia River Highway • Corbett, Oregon 97019

### Columbia River Gallery

305 E. Hist. Columbia River Hwy  
Troutdale, Oregon 97060

*Award Winning Framing  
Fine Art Gifts*

(503) 491-8407  
Fax (503) 491-8808

Donna Erwin  
Tues-Sat 10-5

Please support our important business sponsors!

# Memories of 'Living by the River'

By Jim Glenn

Jim Glenn continues his reminiscence of life on what he calls "the peninsula," living in what is now Glenn Otto Community Park in the years right after World War II:

South of the campground was a small pasture that from time to time would have a few dairy cows grazing in it. When Tommy and I would head out to play, that pasture was always on Mom's do-not-go-near list. One day we decided to go find out for ourselves just what the big deal was out there in that pasture. There was a low wire fence with a strand or two of barbed wire above it that separated the campground from the pasture. After a quick tour, we could only come up with one feeble reason why Mom wouldn't want us out there. Cow pies. We figured Mom wanted us to stay out of the pasture so we wouldn't be tracking that stuff home.

About the time we were getting bored with the pasture, the cow pie theory was dashed from our heads.

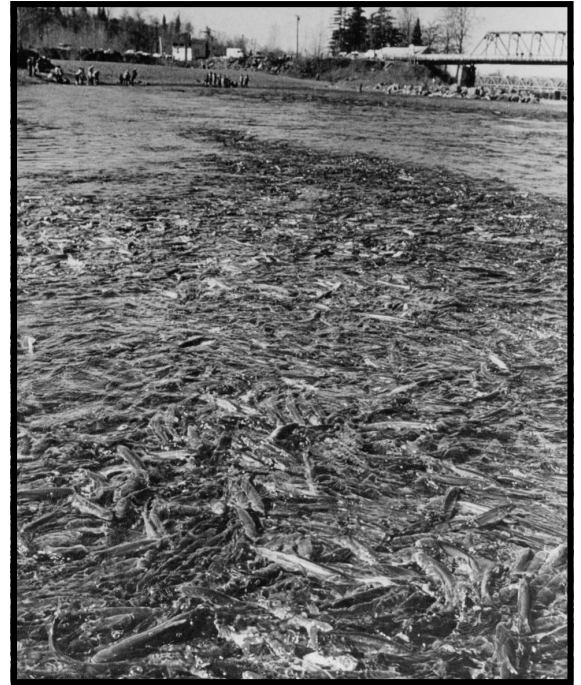
We heard an unfamiliar sound from behind us and as we turned around, we stood frozen at the sight of a thousand Big Macs on the hoof, shooting smoke and flames from its nostrils. It must have risen up out of the very ground it now occupied. All of a sudden it made its move and without hesitation, instead

**"...we stood frozen at the sight of a thousand Big Macs on the hoof..."**

of running away, we bolted straight for this new-found menace, my little brother once again doing that Tarzan thing running wide left and I to the right of this giant Happy Meal on our way to the fence and safety of the

campground. I grabbed a fence post with one hand and vaulted over the wire barrier as Tommy dove head first over the wire fence and under the barbed wire, an acrobatic feat that Cirque de Soleil has not attempted as far as I know. We hit the ground running and didn't stop till we reached the top of the rock garden near the fish pond. Tommy received a scratch from the barbed wire on his left leg that earned both of us a trip to the woodshed. The next day we slipped over to the pasture to get a good safe look at the demon that terrorized us the day before. Turned out it was nothing more than a fat old milk cow that was about as intimidating as the cow on a can of Borden's Evaporated Milk.

The annual smelt runs in the Sandy River were always a big event, not just for our family, but for the whole of Troutdale and the surrounding area. The school bus would stop and let kids off at the big curve in front of Ben Mayo's place just west of the Beaver Creek bridge. A girl who lived in one Mr. Staten's cabins and I noticed all the cars parked along the highway one day and decided to go over to the Sandy River bridge to investigate. When we got out to the middle of the bridge, we looked down to see the river running black with



Smelt run in the Sandy River.

smelt. That was the year I learned how proficient one could be with a pair of kitchen scissors when cleaning the tasty little fish.

There was money to be made for anybody with a little entrepreneurship in them, and that's exactly what my brother, Ralph, and his friend, Dickey, did. Make money. Dickey lived on Jackson Park Road across the creek from our house. One year the smelt came in and the folks in charge decreed there would be NO dipping until Saturday. Well, those two high school kids came up with a scheme that earned them both some big bucks. Dickey's folks had a big yard where they planted a garden every year and since the smelt run was happening before the garden's annual planting, the boys turned it into a parking lot. Ralph would stand out on the highway with a cardboard sign that read PARKING 25 CENTS.

Please support our important business sponsors!

## Bygone Times

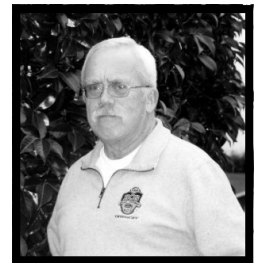
Most of the cars had running boards on them, so Ralph would climb on and guide the driver back to Dickey's house. When a dipper got his limit, he would return to his car and leave, opening a spot for another smelt dipper. The improvised parking lot kept the boys pretty busy most of the day, but they eventually grew tired from helping the drivers get their cars out of the mud created by the March weather. During a lull in the activities they scrambled for Gresham to enjoy the rewards of a hard day's labor. Ralph told me that he and Dickey earned \$8.25 apiece that day. Not a bad haul at 25 cents a pop. My brother and his new business partner were definitely part of the "one per-centers" for a day or two back then.

In the spring of 1954 during the flood season, me and Tommy wandered down close to the river one day and heard a splashing in the water. The Sandy was right up to the top of it's bank and we discovered that our little brother Richie had fallen in.

We pulled him out and on our way to the house I had visions of Mom cranking up the old Victrola and playing "Stars and Stripes Forever" or at the very least, Mitch Miller doing "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." We knew we had just become family heroes and expected to be treated as such. But no. Mom was so horrified by the sight of three wet boys that she gave me and Tommy spankings right there in the yard, ordered us to get out of our wet clothes and sent us to bed. We didn't know what we did wrong. All we did know was that if anybody went in the drink again, they were on their own. It isn't easy being a hero, that's for sure. Three months later we moved off the peninsula and over to Wood Village.

On our ride home that recent day, we relived half a hundred more tales. Mr. and Mrs. Staten and their renters. The campground and its various buildings and the people that came every summer for the church retreats. The smelt runs, the winter storms and spring floods. The kids

who lived in the area and shared in some of our adventures. We didn't have much, but what else did we need? We had each other, and we had our family, growing up on that small parcel of land between the bridges during the post-war years in Troutdale, Oregon.



Jim Glenn

**We would love to  
have your stories  
about growing up in  
Troutdale.**

**Contact Terry at the  
Depot office,  
503-661-2164 or  
[terry@troutdalehistory.org](mailto:terry@troutdalehistory.org).**

**Everyone has stories  
to tell!**



**mindy schmidt** **imaging services**

PH 503.805.5008  
FX 503.695.6711  
EM [mindy@mindyschmidt.com](mailto:mindy@mindyschmidt.com)  
[www.mindyschmidt.com](http://www.mindyschmidt.com)  
*graphic design & web development*

*Bob & Ilona* *Brent & Teresa*

**SKIPPER & JORDAN**  
**NURSERY**

WHOLESALE/RETAIL  
*Quality Nursery Stock Direct From Grower*  
**(503) 663-1125**

Corner of Orient Dr & Short Rd.  
29690 S.E. Orient Dr • Gresham, OR 97080

Wholesale (503) 663-0725  
Fax (503) 663-4245

**GROCERY  
OUTLET**  
*bargain market™*

**Dave & Jill Reilly**  
Owner/Operators

Grocery Outlet  
2925 NW Division Street  
Gresham, OR 97030  
(503) 492-2044  
Fax (503) 492-1914  
[gresham@cfgo.com](mailto:gresham@cfgo.com)  
[www.groceryoutlets.com](http://www.groceryoutlets.com)

Please support our important business sponsors!





**THIS 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!

**McMENAMINS**  
**EDGEFIELD**  
LODGING • RESTAURANTS  
WINERY • BREWERY • DISTILLERY  
RUBY'S SPA • SMALL BARS • MOVIE THEATER  
MEETINGS, WEDDINGS & SPECIAL EVENTS  
GOLF COURSE • SOAKING POOL • GARDENS • HISTORY & MORE!  
2126 S.W. Halsey St. • Troutdale • (503) 669-8610  
mcmenamins.com



*Gresham Memorial Chapel*  
Family Owned & Operated

**John Gerbisch**

503-618-8176 • Fax 503-618-9738  
257 SE Roberts • Gresham, Oregon 97080  
www.greshamfuneral.com

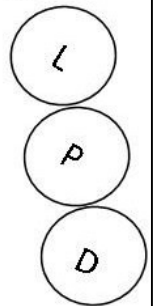
**Leamy Printing and Design**

**MATT LEAMY**

*Art Director*

105 E. Historic Columbia River Hwy  
Bottom Level  
Troutdale, OR 97060

Email: matt@leamydesign.com  
Phone: 503-492-7243  
Fax: 503-667-7784



## Thank You To Our Business Sponsors

**TROUTDALE**  
**General Store**  
ICE CREAM PARLOR  
& CONFECTIONERY  
*Terry and Jodi Smoke, Proprietors*  
**503-492-7912**  
289 E. Historic Columbia River Hwy, Troutdale Oregon 97060

**Strebin Farms**  
POTATOES  
BERRIES  
28245 S.E. DIVISION DR.  
TROUTDALE, OREGON 97060  
(503) 665-8328  
FAX: 669-7783  
WILLIAM B. STREBIN  
& SONS

**Len Otto**  
503-663-0794  
Len@HonorYourPast.com  
Mail-in and in-home scanning  
Specializing in digitizing  
old family photos  
Recording (via DVD)  
stories for posterity  
www.HonorYourPast.com  
**Honor Your Past™**  
Preserve for the Future

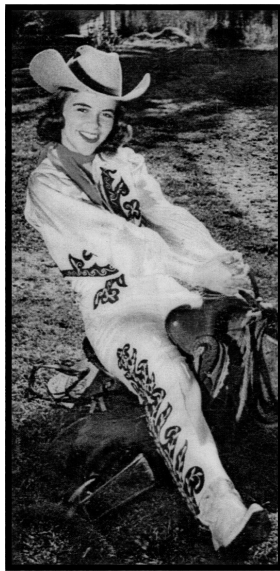
**Tad's**  
CHICKEN 'N DUMPLINS  
DINE ON THE SANDY RIVER  
ONE MILE  
EAST OF TROUTDALE  
ON THE  
HISTORIC COLUMBIA  
RIVER HIGHWAY  
(503) 666-5337  
WWW.TADSCHICDUMP.COM

Please support our important business sponsors!

## Doneva Nell Shepard

Doneva Nell Shepard, a researcher and genealogist known for helping many people track their family history, died Friday, Feb. 24 at the age of 75

Doneva volunteered for the Troutdale Historical Society as a genealogist, spending her own money and countless hours to help people trace their family histories.



Doneva was born Aug. 16, 1936, in Portland, to Benjamin Silknitter and Helene Hastings. She was adopted by F. Donald and Geneva (Heise) Shepard, who owned a farm along the Columbia River. During the 1948 Vanport flood, as her family's farm was inundated with water, 12-year-old Doneva rounded up the farm animals and got them to higher ground.

The family then settled on Bell Toll Acres at Northeast 201st Avenue and Sandy Boulevard.

Doneva also belonged to the Fairview Rockwood Wilkes Historical Society and contributed photographs of her family farm to the society's Heslin House museum for its Dairy Row exhibit.

An avid horseback rider, Doneva was selected by the Troutdale Rod and Gun Club in 1951 to be its candidate for queen at the Gresham rodeo, a title that she won. Doneva was also named queen of the 1952 Buckaroo Rodeo in Molalla.

According to her autobiography, Doneva was named Rose of the Rodeo, a pre-Miss Rodeo America, at the Oregon State Fair, so she represented the state at the World Championship Rodeo at Madison Square Garden in New York City and at Boston Garden. Hy Peskin, a notable sports photographer, took her photos for an article that appeared in This Week magazine, she wrote.

Doneva belonged to a writing critique group and she told the group about her time with the rodeo and how she made friends with her heroes, the cowboy celebrities Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, as well as the Cisco Kid and Pancho.

Donations in memory of Doneva may be made to the Troutdale Historical Society, 104 SE Kibling St. Troutdale, OR 97060.



*Doneva Shepard*



Alex, Stanley, Bobby & Terry Huston at the Largest Log Cabin in 1958

**The World's "Largest Log Cabin"** was built for an exhibition hall at the Lewis and Clark Centennial American Pacific Exposition & Oriental Fair held in Portland in 1905. One of the most popular buildings at the fair was a giant log cabin built out of huge logs with the bark still attached. The building was so popular that when the fair ended, it was given to the state of Oregon and became a Portland landmark until August 17, 1964, when it burned to the ground.



Please support our important business sponsors!

## Bygone Times



**Troutdale Historical Society**  
104 SE Kibling St.  
Troutdale, OR 97060  
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.

**Non Profit  
Presorted  
Standard Mail  
Troutdale, OR  
Permit # 5**

Change service requested



### **THS Board of Directors**

Dave Ripma, President  
Greg Handy, Vice President  
Jean Holman, Secretary  
Tom Graves, Treasurer  
Scott Cunningham, Past President  
Sheryl Maydew, Bookkeeper  
Jean Hybskmann  
Helen Wand, Program Chair  
Mona Mitchoff  
Jean Ice  
Mary Bryson, Curator  
Paula Goldie  
Paul Thalsofer  
Sue Handy  
Len Otto  
**Paid Staff**

Terry Huston, Director/Newsletter  
**Volunteer Staff**

Sharon Lawson, Office Assistant  
Adrienne Clausen,  
Volunteer Host Coordinator  
Jennifer Munson, Librarian  
Dave Munson, Maintenance  
Genealogist—Open  
Carol LaCoste, Scrapbook Archivist  
Julie Stewart, Photo Librarian

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

#### **Donations to Operating:**

Barbara Ham \* Bruce Thompson  
John Hale \* B. B. Carney \* John Bryson  
Richard & Dorothy Kerslake

#### **Donations in Memory**

In memory of **Jo & Don Palmateer**  
Sharon Petri

In memory of **Doneva Shepard**  
Nick & Barbara Welsh  
Vaden & Jo Callister

In memory of **Betty Wieprecht**  
Lori (Wieprecht) Vencill

In Memory of **Vern Rathman**  
Richard & Juanita Espenel

**Thank you renewing  
Business Sponsor**

**Dave & Jill (Fujii) Reilly  
Gresham Grocery Outlet**

Please support our important business sponsors!