



BYGONE TIMES

Mark Your Calendars!

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
2-6 p.m.

"On the Water"

Our annual summer fundraiser on the

Sandy River!

Art

*Silent Auction-
Wine-Beer Tasting*

BBQ

Live Music

Hawaiian Dancers

~September 22~

Trek to The Oregon Garden.

More information next month!

Summer Event "On the Water" Set For July 28 on the Banks of the Sandy River

Bob and Jean Ice will once again graciously host our summer event at their home on the banks of the Sandy River on July 28, 2012 from 2- 6 p.m.

This year's theme is "On the Water."

There will be live music by Swingali, playing their Gypsy Jazz, and a Hawaiian dance performance by the Kenikes Wahines Polynesian Revue.

A great meal will include BBQ Hamburgers, hot dogs or chicken,

salad, fruit, dessert and a non alcoholic beverage. Wine and beer are no-host.

Wine tasting will be by Phelps Creek Vineyards from Hood River and beer tasting will be presented by Brewligans Bottle Shop in Troutdale. Additional wine and beer will be available for purchase from the vendors.

This year there will be many artists on-site painting a picture that will be auctioned off in a silent auction during the event along with other items. Cost of the event is \$25 per person and includes dinner, and a raffle ticket. Ten dollars of the ticket price is tax-deductible

Some of the artists who will be attending are Kym Ojala, Sarah Lowe, Annette Jackson, Cheryl Graves, Tom & Bonnie Jackson, Mike Hills, blacksmith Gary Lewis and photography by Mike McKeel and Josh Snelling. Other artists who may want to participate may call the office or email terry@troutdalehistory.org.

Dress is casual and please feel free to wear a Hawaiian Shirt or dress.

Please contact the THS office for tickets or more information at 503-661-2164.



Happenin's at THS

We were so happy to host 90 second graders, teachers, parents and siblings at all three museums on June 1st. The tour took about an hour and half and the kids had a great time.

Blacksmith, Gary Lewis demonstrating for second graders. Gary was the hit of the field trip and stayed (with wife Jodi) all day to take part in First Friday events at the Depot...thanks, Gary & Jodi for your support of THS. They will be at our summer event : "On the Water" on July 28th.



Ginger Harlow Allen at the Harlow House. The Harlow-Parsons-McNeel families had a graduation party-family reunion at the Barn Museum in May.



"Conductor" Greg Handy giving a tour of the Depot Museum to a group of second graders. Thanks to Sue Handy for photos.

**Thank you to our
renewing members:**

Paul Thalhofer Annell Carlson

Welcome New Members:

GIFT Membership to Trish Bilesimo
from her brother Robert Winkler

The Winkler Family (who lived in Troutdale from 1936 to 1952) are having their family reunion at Glenn Otto Park on August 4th. Stop by and say hello!

The Bridal Veil Historical Preservation Society

***Invites you to attend the
125th Anniversary Celebration
Of the Bridal Veil Post Office
July 7, 2012***

Between 10 a.m. and 3 p.m.

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We Need a Grant Writer! If you have any experience, please call the office 503-661-2164

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More Life and sports in Wood Village

Part Three by Jim Glenn:

Even though playing the sports games provided me with year ‘round sprained ankles and jammed or dislocated fingers, it didn’t deter me from playing. Healthy or hurt. Playing was the only option on the mean streets of Wood Village.

I didn’t much like basketball. Never did and still don’t. Probably because I couldn’t walk and chew gum at the same time which made dribbling a basketball while not looking at it nearly impossible. I only played because all the other boys were playing. When the choosing up sides ceremony took place, I was the one chosen to be referee.



Football was a whole different story. I think playing football in those days was about as important as anything I ever did. We played football mostly over to the Wood Village City Hall. The paved parking lot west of the building today, used to be a nice big green lawn that would turn to an ugly brown, muddy field by mid October. The obvious rules were set down by older brothers of a bygone day as we followed in their footsteps. Their interests, I believe had switched to a more sophisticated game. Girls. Simple rules for sure. Pass all. Three completions for gains

earned a first down. One rule we had in the summer was that we had to play bare footed. We played tackle and some of the shoe styles of that era could be absolute-ly murderous.

In the cooler, fall football months a few kids wore high top work boots to play in and some kids wore a shoe style called brogue ends. I believe that brogue ends were made of a flexible concrete and specifically designed to maim anyone unfortunate enough to come near them and to cripple the wearer. Dang, they were hard. on a young boy’s chin or rib cage. It never once occurred to us to play touch football like we did when we played on paved streets.



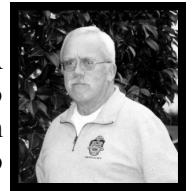
“I believe that brogue ends were made of a flexible concrete and specifically designed to maim anyone unfortunate enough to come near them and to cripple the wearer.”

The whole west side of the field was lined with horse chestnut trees, so the team on defense was always confident it didn’t need to defend that area because of those prickly protective balls that the horse

chestnuts came in. A kid had to be crazy to run bare foot through that mess. One or two of those things on a bare foot could be temporarily crippling. The east-side boundary of the field was the City Hall itself, without the windows. Once the Portland Buckaroos came along, that area, too, became a sensitive zone. Some of us were so impressed at how hockey players smashed opponents into the boards, that we installed that maneuver into our own techniques. Any kid running too close to the building would more often than not get slammed up against the wall.

Otherwise the games were pure enjoyment. And of course there was the inevitable fight, but that was to be expected what with the nature of football. After the fight, we’d go ahead and kick-off to start the game. Like I said, “It was pure enjoyment.”

And then there was baseball. Baseball had so many variations and venues, that as few as two kids could play a game as long as we had the right equipment. A friend and my fiercest competitor during those cavity prone years would always devise a baseball game for almost any place in Wood Village with any number of kids. He even came up with a baseball board game that helped get us through many bad weather weekends in the



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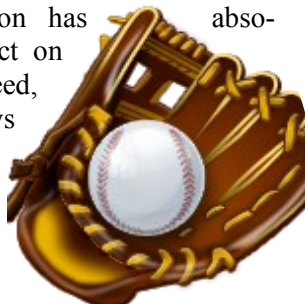
winter. The only drawback was that anger management classes were not yet available to East County residents, so the winner of each game had to contain any victory celebration since the loser's fists were just a card table width away from the winners chin. Winning a baseball game with a set of dice was more exciting to a young boy than was winning a game of canasta or pinochle.



One ball. One bat. One glove. Two boys. PLAY BALL. He and I would go over to the field at the City Hall and use the building as the back-stop (remember, no windows). We used a ball that was a bit softer than a tennis ball, so there wasn't any damage to the wall of the building. We mutually agreed on predetermined spots around the field as singles, doubles, outs, etc. When a ball was hit anywhere, we both knew the result. One ball. One bat. One glove. Two boys. Mano-a-mano. PLAY BALL.

Most games were at best very enjoyable and entertaining and at their worst, forgettable. But once in a while a game would become legendary. One such game for the ages was the time when I was holding a one-run lead with my fiercest rival down to his last out. I tried a new technique. On the

first two pitches, I made a double-pump to my wind-up before releasing the pitch. He swung and missed those two pitches, which put him just a tad past frustrated. A double-pump on the pitching motion has absolutely no effect on the ball speed, but it sure plays havoc with the batter's psyche. I owned my opponent.



On the next pitch, something happened that I hadn't counted on. When I started that second pump on my wind-up, the kid swung the bat and let it fly just as I released the ball. Most games had a skirmish or two, but never before had a kid purposely used a bat as a projectile. There it was, coming at me like a Louisville Slugger version of a helicopter blade. I easily jumped over it. When I landed, I sailed my glove toward my adversary's head and followed it. After an intensely-fought battle, we shook hands and walked across Halsey Street to Jake's Rocket gas station for a couple of cold soda pops. While we enjoyed the refreshments, Jake allowed that he enjoyed both the game and the fight.

More from Jim Next Month

Summerfest Parade and Penny Balch Library Dedication set for July 21, 2012 at the Depot Museum



Bring a lawn chair, watch the parade on the Depot porch and then have cookies and lemonade at the dedication to follow in the basement library at the Depot Museum.

Remember, the highway closes at 10, so come early.



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40 Years Ago...



In this Outlook picture from 1972, Troutdale Mayor Glenn Otto and maintenance man Roy Dooley look over the newly completed city park on the Sandy River. The park officially opened on July 8 with a city-wide picnic.

Just Two Weeks ago...



We made some new friends at the Depot! Jordan and brother Jackson stopped by with mom for a visit. They were dressed in their railroad clothes, ready to go to work.

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

Contact Terry at the Depot office, 503-661-2164 or terry@troutdalehistory.org.

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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!

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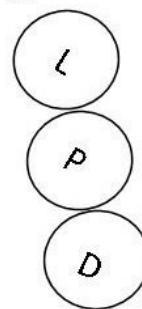
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Memories of Troutdale and the “Railroad House”

by Elise Swanson

I am not sure if it is coincidence or serendipity that I saw the call for “Troutdale” stories on the day that I began my new book on memory by Marilu Henner. The “leaves of my book of memories” is opening at a very happy time of my life...my life from 1942 to 1952 in the center of Troutdale.

When I was about three years old, my father, George Swanson, moved our mother, Cecile, and siblings Melva and George Jr. and myself into the “railroad house” at the bottom of Buxton Road or “Hungry Hill.” Dad became a signalman “on call” for the Union Pacific Rail Road. Tucked between the railroad tracks, the railroad tie dock, the wool pullery and the potato cellar, we were in the heart of the bustling little town. Only once did a car lose its brakes and slide into our front yard after coming down the hill.

I remember most the beauty salon next to Handy’s Gas Station, where I got my first permanent curl from electric rods that hung from the ceiling. Then east, there was the auto repair, next to the dime store on the next block. Then, there was the general Store, the Doolittle’s Red & White Grocery Store with Dr. McPherson’s Dental Clinic behind next to Britton’s Electric Store.

One of my favorite places was the Rexall Drug Store next to the Post Office, where, when we got off the high school bus, Mrs. Ethel Peterson, who worked at the soda fountain, would make us cherry Cokes and root beer floats. No wonder her daughter Alice and I fought weight control the rest of our teen and adult lives.

The grange hall had square dances and young people were welcome. The Smelt runs were plentiful and often and the new-fangled pantyhose made great nets.

At the age of eight, my parents bought the Malcom farm on Halsey. We had a few animals and a large, bountiful garden and fruit trees. Daffodils and gladiola continued to sprout up everywhere, because Malcom’s had grown much of their florist shop stock there for many years. It was nothing for my older brother and me to walk from there down, over and up the hill to Troutdale School every day. Nowadays, children would whine that was too far, get a ride and then grow up to join a health club to get rid of the fat. By that time, my sister, Melva was married to Ray Estabrooks, the war was over and the aluminum plant was

slowing down. I know that Reynolds Aluminum was responsible for the great schools we had...paying taxes to educate us.

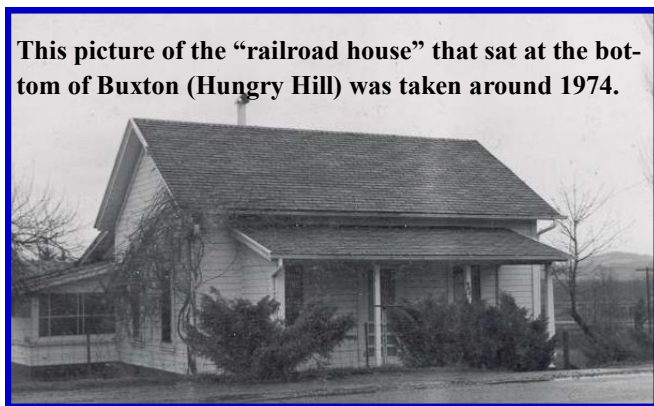
We swam at Thousand Acres, not worrying if it were polluted or not. The Sandy River was OK, but so cold and swift. I visited my friend Claire Carson and family who lived down by the Sandy River Bridge. I was kind of scared of that place, however, as one of the neighbors had peacocks that had a scream like people being tortured.

Once, in the past few years, I stopped by the art gallery on main street and told them I grew up here.

“In Troutdale?” the clerk asked.

“No,” I said, “Right here on this spot.” She look a little perplexed. When I look down the hill, coming into Troutdale from Cherry Park Road, I look for similarities, there are few, but I am glad to get my Troutdale historical Society Newsletter, and remember. I can still remember,

This picture of the “railroad house” that sat at the bottom of Buxton (Hungry Hill) was taken around 1974.



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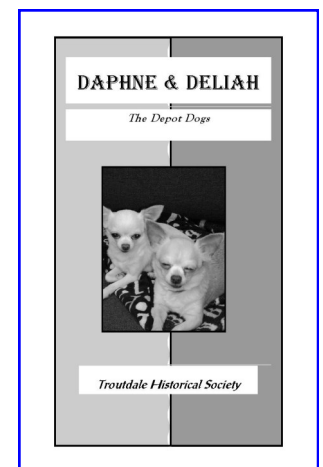
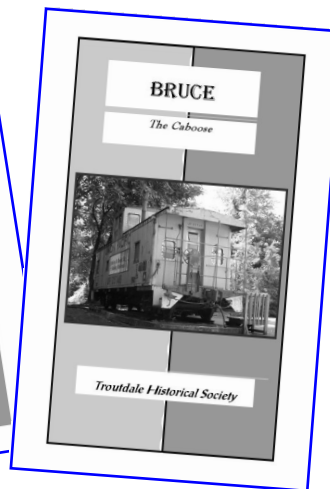
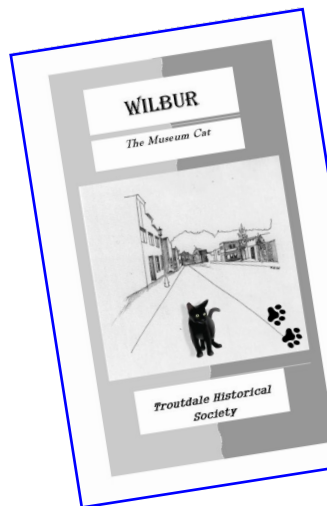
Mission Statement: To gather, preserve and make available material relating to the history of the community of Troutdale, the Sandy River, the Columbia River Gorge and nearby area: To stimulate interest in and knowledge of, the locality's past.



Have a safe and Happy July!

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Coming Fall 2012



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