

# BYGONE TIMES

Newsletter of the TROUTDALE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

December 2001

## Thank You!

### Sept. Volunteers:

#### Harlow House

Mario Ayala  
Florence Baker  
Dave & Betty Baldwin  
Sharon Nesbit

See Page 4 for  
More Thank Yous

## Calendar Of Events

### Star-Spangled Christmas

Sat, Dec, 1  
10 am - 4 pm

*Celebrate the season  
with a patriotic flair.*

### Sgt. Pryor, Unsung Hero of the Lewis & Clark Expedition

Sun, Jan. 20, 2 p.m.  
Troutdale City Hall  
L&C historian Barb  
Kubik on Pryor & his  
time on the Sandy

### Annual Meeting

Sun, Feb. 24  
Location and time TBA  
*Election of Board,  
awards, more Lewis &  
Clark history!*

### Be A Volunteer...

#### Harlow House

Sat & Sun  
1 to 4pm.  
(503) 661-2164

## An Important Message from THS President, David Ripma

*Dear friends of the Troutdale Historical Society:*

This is a hard message to deliver to you. Laura Newton, first full-time director of the Troutdale Historical Society, resigned Nov. 3. The Society is conducting a financial audit due to apparent bookkeeping discrepancies and possible unauthorized expenditures.

The Troutdale Police were called and are investigating. We are cooperating fully with the police. Because of the ongoing investigation we have been asked not to comment further at this time. I ask you all to be patient.

The activities of the Troutdale Historical Society will continue. We remain solvent, although spending is being reduced to a minimum for now. There is a good chance that any missing funds will ultimately be restored to us.

What we need now, and what we are receiving, is volunteer help from our members. I told our board of directors on Nov. 7 that the first week in November was one of the worst weeks of my life, as it was in theirs. Curator Mary Bryson summed up our feelings when she said, "We are in a lurch again."

As president of Troutdale

Historical Society I have never been more proud of the board and our volunteers. Board member Scott Cunningham joined me for long hours at the Harlow House going through records. We received instant and superb response from Mary Bryson, Jean Hybskmann, and the Tuesday Ladies in picking up the day-to-day office duties. Mario Ayala is volunteering two days a week there. Society Secretary Jean Holman helped during several long and difficult meetings. Our former treasurer Penny Balch and member Marlene Burns have been invaluable working with our accounts and books. Dawne Morse and Vivian Boelke pitched in with the newsletter. Historian Sharon Nesbit, Janet Vandiver and Helen Wand are seeing to our programs for this winter and that Christmas events continue as usual. Adrienne Clausen agreed to take charge of arranging museum volunteer hosts. Please say "yes" when she calls. And Chairman Ray Davenport says that his committee's work on a Lewis and Clark exhibit will continue without interruption.

Our immediate plan is to continue the work of tell-

*(Continued on page 3)*

## Military Exhibit at the Harlow House



Beginning with a uniform from the Spanish-American War and continuing

through Vietnam-era artifacts, the new military exhibit at the Harlow House provides glimpses of Troutdale residents at war, the faces of young warriors (now grown older), and the mementos they brought back from exotic ports.

An exceptional feature of the exhibit is the result of Doneva Shepard's research into the life of Troutdale's Harlow Douglass, a motorcycle courier for General "Black Jack" Pershing, who took his camera to war. Douglass' equipment and photo collection have never before been displayed for the general public. See page 2 for more on Douglass.

The exhibit will remain in the house through winter. Join us any Saturday or Sunday afternoon from 1 to 4 p.m. Or call 503-661-2164 for a special tour for your group. ❖

## Rain? Perfect Weather for Road Trip!

*Excerpt from the Journals of Harlow M. Douglass*

While sitting by the fire after studying two photos made last Sunday my eyes began to wander around. Under the stove lay a discarded morning paper with a head line as follows: "RAIN BLOCKS PICNICS". The paper was an OREGONIAN of Monday March 13. Upon reading the first paragraph, I found the following "Portland was visited yesterday by rain which spoiled many plans for motor parties and other outings for the day. The rain fell practically all day." My dear friends, Sunday March 12 was a perfect day in the estimation of a few people who were bold enough to go up the Columbia Highway in the rain.

Sunday morning was slightly damp but a small party gathered around a Tin Lizzy which had been carefully oiled and filled with gas. The driver threw in a camera nearly as large as the gas tank while one of the lady members looked at the others to see they were not watching, then slyly placed a hand in the back pocket of her trousers to see if her camera was there. Other members put chow, ax, shovel, dry kindling and other articles of a rainy day camp in the Fliver.

The pavement looked black, slick and shiny but the skid drains lay carelessly between hood and fender for they are not needed on highway trips. The sky was overcast and tiny drops of water hit the windshield only to find a coating of laundry soap which caused them to spread harmlessly and run down. Everybody was dry, warm and happy in their old outing clothes.

On the open road east of town the south wind blew hard enough that the driver had to drop a cigarette he was rolling so his hands

could help his knees drive that country joy bus.

A luxurious limousine of the eight lung variety went purring by. That gas eater, rubber burning, bankruptcy producing palace on wheels reminded one of the ladys that no one had brought a tent where dinner could be spread and protect the party from the weather for the afternoon. The only answer she got was the hiss of cold water splashing on a hot muffler for the popular little bone shaker was too busy carrying its friends to an ancient hole in the side of the bluff where everyone could be comfortable.

Near Troutdale one can see a bluff ahead which marks the beginning of the Cascade Mountains. On the left of the bluff is the Columbia river with mountains on both sides. Spots and patches of snow could be seen on the sides of the mountains while clouds and rainy haze covered the whole scene with a fairy like enchantment. Then the clouds lifted a little, showing part of Larch Mountain with a fresh white covering of snow. ❖

*Next Month...description of the falls along the highway.*

### Thanks Clyde!

Take a look when you next pass the rail depot. Clyde Keebaugh of Troutdale Parks found an opportunity to have our railroad semaphore restored, took it down, had it painted, and put it back. It was overdue for a coat of paint, having been there since the late 1970s.

## War Memories

*Ed Happold, World War II, Aircraft Sheet Metal Training, Chanute Field, Rantoul, Ill.*

I took possession of my own medical record, as mine had been lost twice, and they kept starting over with all the shots that a recruit must have. I had seven tetanus shots before the record was satisfied. My pay record was also fouled up at that time and I was not paid for three months. I had to rely on poker games for my spending money. I was never broke.



At a small game in the barracks here I saw the only genuine Royal Flush I have ever seen, with a five-card hand and no wild cards. The Sergeant in charge of the barracks was a lousy player, but he loved to try. He wanted to be in every hand, whether he had good cards or not. I was sitting beside him one evening. The dealer was at his left and dealt five cards for draw poker. The first man opened and three more called. I tossed mine in and the sergeant called. He discarded three and showed me what he was holding - the ace and queen of spades. When he picked up his three new cards he let me see them. He had drawn the king, jack and ten of spades. The man who had opened checked the bet. The others checked. The sergeant bet a quarter and everyone dropped out. So with the best hand in the world he won less than \$2.00.

I had learned poker from my Pop. He said that a man who draws to inside straights will

*(Continued on page 3)*

## More War Time Remembrances...

(Continued from page 2)  
wear a straw hat all winter.

*Dick Knarr, former Troutdale Mayor and founder of Troutdale Sand & Gravel, wrote the following to his parents while serving in Scotland during WWI*

"The mine fleet is known all through the navy as the 'suicide fleet.' After we made the first trip out mining and all the ships came back safely, the lime-juice sailors (English sailors) were offering to bet two to one that we wouldn't come back the next time and they didn't get many calls at that...we laid a string of mines so thick that a sub couldn't possible get through without hitting one."

Occasionally Knarr would go ashore in Scotland, but he complained that the Scots were "singing songs on the stage here now that we sang from memory a year ago in the states and [they are] cracking jokes that the first

time I heard them I kicked all the slats out of the cradle."

"The eats on the ship are better than you can get ashore at any price, and the Lord knows that the chow on the ship is bum enough. For Thanksgiving we had boiled beef, gravy, spuds and mince pie."

*The Nasmyth Brothers, WWII*

During World War II, an Oregon Journal news item showed a picture of Cpl. John V. Nasmyth, and his brother, Pfc. Herbert Nasmyth, reunited in Manila, Philippines. The two Troutdale boys, sons of Mr. and Mrs. J.A. Nasmyth of Troutdale, had not seen each other for two years. Both men, the newspaper reported, "have been assigned to the same area in which their father served in the Spanish American War."

Years later, John Nasmyth married June McGinnis Sherman of Troutdale and learned that her

former husband, Capt. John W. Sherman of the Marine Corps, had command of a marine detachment aboard the U.S.S. General Sturgis, the ship on which John and Herb returned to the states. ❖

Pat Gasser, longtime Troutdale resident, buddy of our Mayor and THS President, the late Sam Cox, died Nov. 1 in Sandy at the age of 69. Pat and Sam Cox worked together on so many Troutdale projects that Sam's wife, Nancy, said she once heard someone refer to Sam as Mr. Gasser. Pat worked at

## In Memory...

Roy Meger's Troutdale General Store and was a volunteer for the PTA and Troutdale Lioness.

Sam once played a practical joke on Pat who, recovering from surgery, was "trapped" in her house on the hill in Troutdale's old town. Sam posted a sign a couple of hundred feet above her home instructing trucks to honk as they passed her house. The noise went on for days.

Pat got even on Sam's 40th birthday...Over the Hill signs, bumper stickers and other notices appeared all over town. Pretty old hat now, but it was new then, and Sam's birthday and the resulting uproar drew reporters and resulted in national and international news. ❖

## THS Moves Forward with Plans

(Continued from page 1)  
ing Troutdale's story. We still need a director to help us carry out

**Our immediate plan is to continue the work of telling Troutdale's story.**

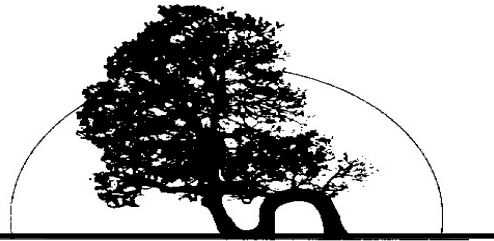
our mission, and we will have to begin a search for one soon. Over the years we have been blessed with directors who devoted

themselves to keeping our affairs in good order, even at considerable cost to their own lives and pocket books. We must ultimately find such a person to be our next director because our need -- whether part-time or full-time -- is greater than ever. Ultimately, we will finish the upstairs of the barn, fund a Lewis and Clark exhibit and restore the depot as a visitor

center.

Nevertheless, I cannot deny that this has been a setback. We had planned a year-end request for money, with a focus on seeking donations to our director's fund. We are in a "lurch." I must ask for your confidence and support. If you can, please send a gift in the enclosed envelope.

Sincerely,  
David Ripma  
President,  
Troutdale Historical Society



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**Inside THS**

David Ripma, Board President  
 Mary Bryson, Curator  
 Sharon Nesbit, Historian  
 Doneva Shepard, Photo Librarian

If roads are considered hazardous because of ice or snow, our events are automatically canceled.  
 Questions? We will try to change the message on the Harlow House phone, 503-661-2164.

**Harlow House & Barn**

726 E. Historic Columbia River Highway

Phone: (503) 661-2164

HOURS: Saturdays & Sundays, 1 to 4 p.m.

**Depot Rail Museum**

473 E. Historic Columbia River Highway

Phone: (503) 667-8268

HOURS: Closed Until May 2002

***Patriotic Harlow House Christmas***



Even in times of national crisis, Christmas always ages to come. On rday, Dec. 1, from 4, celebrate the sea-

with us at the Harlow house as it has marked so many holidays in the last century, through good times and bad.

Our theme, to go with our splendid new military exhibit, will be a patriotic Christmas with a star-spangled tree. We will hunt up our recipe for Christmas wassail to toast the season. Please bring a plate of cookies like Grandma used to make to share.

Santa will be greeting children at the fireplace from noon to 4 p.m. and we will take a moment to toast the memory of our long-time Santa, Ted Schulte.

Monday, we'll wrap the rest of

the cookies and deliver them to community members who have helped us keep our history for more than three decades: our friends at City Hall and Chamber of Commerce, the sponsors of our celebrations, the guys at Handys, and many others. ❖

***Thank you for supporting  
 YOUR Historical Society!***

**Lewis & Clark Exhibit Fund**

**General Fund**

Helen Otto

*In memory of Mary Hughes*

**Director's Club**

Barbara Huston

*In honor of her children, Alex, Stan,  
 & Bob Huston, and Terry Belnap*

***In Memory...***

Weir Owens died Sept. 3 at the age of 85. A regular at our events, and a CPA who could always be counted on to help us with our accounting issues, he came to Troutdale in 1946. His wife, Marie, who died in 1995, was a secretary at the school.

Weir was financial adviser to both our historical society and the Lions club and, no doubt, other non-profits. If he charged for the service, no one remembers that it was very much.

In 1999 Weir met Bernice Hovey at the Gresham Senior Center. For their first date, he took her to our annual Troutdale Ice Cream Social. She must have enjoyed it; they were married at the senior center in June, 2000. ❖