

# BYGONE TIMES



## Mark Your Calendars!

### **SATURDAY!**

**~November 17~**

6: p.m. at Fairview Community Center on Harrison St. in Fairview.

Chuck Rollins and Steve Lehl present the "History of Fishing on the Columbia River"

### **SATURDAY**

**~ December 1 ~**

Christmas Open House at Harlow House from 11-4. Come have Wassail, cookies and a chat or picture with Santa!

### **SUNDAY**

**~ January 20 ~**

Glenn Otto Park 2 p.m. Sam Cox Annex Tom Cowling Presents "Palmer, the second of three ghost towns on Bridal Veil Creek."

## Early Fishing on the Columbia River: From Native Americans to Commercial Operations of the 1930s"

Saturday, November 17, 2012

Fairview Community Center-300 Harrison St.- Fairview, Or 97024

6:00 p.m.

Free | Donations Gladly Accepted!

Light refreshments will be served

A presentation by Steve Lehl, Columbia River Gorge historian, and Chuck Rollins, president of the Crown Point Country Historical Society.

A remarkable collection of rarely seen historic images will be featured.

Please call the Troutdale Historical Society for more information at 503-661-2164.



### This was in the November 1952 Outlook:

Cowgirl Doneva Shepard, queen of Gresham's 1951 rodeo and fresh from Madison Square Garden, was asked to help 60 years ago when a truck carrying a dozen cattle overturned at 180<sup>th</sup> Avenue and Sandy Boulevard. Shepard and her friend, Eddie Hagen, 14, mounted their horses and conducted the roundup at the request of the county sheriff's office. Doneva, who died on February 24th of this year, told this story several years ago, and how much fun it was to run at break-neck speeds through the brush chasing cows.

by Betty L. (Smith)  
Leavenworth

In June of 1941, my folks, like many other people were in need of work. The Great Depression of the 1930s was still being hard on many mid-west families. My dad and mom were thinking about heading for Oregon. My dad, Edward Smith was born March 9, 1902 in the Black Hills of South Dakota. My mom, Eugenia Elizabeth Reed was born November 1, 1913 in Onida, South Dakota, she is known as Dena Smith. I am Betty Louise Smith, born august 11, 1932 also in the Black Hills. Mildred Dorothy Smith, my sister was born June 12, 1934 in the Black Hills

My dad had a sister and brother their families were living in Gresham. He also had another sister and her family living in Albany, Oregon. So in June, 1941 our little family headed to Oregon, with just our clothes. We arrived in Gresham safe and sound. We stayed with my dad's brother Chet Smith for a few weeks. It was strawberry season so my dad got a job on the Bill Fritz Berry Farm about four miles East of Gresham.

He was hired as the Berry Boss he

was in charge of the pickers, weighing their berries, and loading them on a flatbed truck. After the days picking was done, he drove the berries to the cannery in Gresham. My mom, sister, and I picked strawberries and raspberries earning 1 1/2 cents per pound. We moved into one of the berry cabins on the Fritz Farm.

In August my dad bought his brother Chet's 1932 Ford car. We also moved to our second berry cabin that was located closer to the main house. It was a bit larger than the first cabin. In September Mildred and I rode the school bus to school. Mildred went to Cedar School as a second grader and I went to Troutdale School as a fourth grader.

December 7, 1941 the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and war was declared. There were many Japanese families living in the Gresham, Troutdale area. Many of them owned berry farms and many were our friends. Executive Order 3066 is signed into law, which authorized the physical removal of all Japanese Americans into Internment Camps.

Our way of living was changed drastically because of our living on the West Coast. The minimum draft age is lowered from 21 to 18. War Bonds were introduced raised 13 billion dollars. Car manufacturers switch in 1942-1945 from making cars to making war materials. The U.S. gas rationing goes into affect allowing 3 gallons of gas a week per family! The entire West Coast was in black out status. We could not turn our car lights on at night, nor light a match after dark. We were asked to plant Victory Gardens for some of our food because of food rationing.

Each family member was issued ration books with stamps signifying the types of food we could buy and the gas we were allowed to buy. We could not buy silk stocking, because of the use in making parachutes. We could not buy chocolate, why I did not understand. Daily we saw war planes fly west to the Pacific war zone. They always flew in a "V" formation.

*The rest of Betty's story next month!*

**Alta Marie Loucks**



Troutdale resident Alta Marie Loucks died on October 8, 2012 at the age of 84.

On Sept. 26, 1947, Alta married Harold Loucks in

Brainard, Minn. They had five children and moved to the Portland area in

1952. Alta was a waitress at Tad's Chicken 'n Dumplins in Troutdale for 25 years. In 1990 she retired from Tektronix after 26 years in the Cathode Ray Tube Division.

Alta was a member of Cherry Park Presbyterian Church, where she was a deacon. She enjoyed quilting, gardening and playing cards.

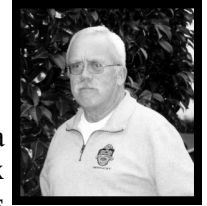
Alta is survived by her husband of 65 years; sons, Gary Loucks of Vancou-

ver, Wash., Wesley Loucks of Troutdale, Dale Loucks of Troutdale and Brian Loucks of Troutdale; daughter, Pamela Wetmore of Troutdale; sister, Betty Farber of Motley, Minn.; nine grandchildren; and 19 great grandchildren.



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By Jim Glenn



# My Military Obligation

A great source of pride for my Dad was that all his boys enlisted in a branch of the military of our own choosing. He never once interfered or influenced any of us towards or away from any of them. Of his six boys, one joined the Navy, two went Army, two of us went Air Force and then there was Tommy. Marine Corps. Enough said?

Life was good in 1965. I was 20 years old, working a dead end job with low pay but great perks that ran from gorgeous to big boned. One day in early springtime a Portland newspaper had a picture of a B-52 dropping bombs on Hanoi, North Viet Nam. The picture screamed out at me. "Jimmy me boy, it's time to make your Daddy proud." Well I got the message and visited the Air Force Recruiter the next day with long time friend Rick Davis. The war was escalating and my shelf life as a young civilian was about to meet its expiration date. My Dad knew that and was getting antsy but wouldn't approach me about it till the very day Rick and I had finished jumping through all the hoops and signed away the next four years of our lives. Dad was pleased.

The summer heat in Texas was near intolerable and once I got used to being treated like a mongrelized yard dog, Basic Training in San Antonio and Tech School in Illinois was a snap. Upon completion of Tech School I came home on my 1<sup>st</sup> Leave and noticed a remarkable change in Dad. He was no longer stupid, nor the tyrant I had said good-bye to just five months earlier. The Air Force was a

perfect fit as it provided the opportunity and encouraged individuals to participate in team sports. Football, softball and volleyball were all big in the AF and to me too. Here I was, playing with and against kids from all over this great nation. Even though I spent three years "deep in the heart of Texas," I was home. Life was good.

“...I came home on my 1<sup>st</sup> Leave and noticed a remarkable change in Dad. He was no longer the ignorant old tyrant I had said good-bye to just five months earlier...”

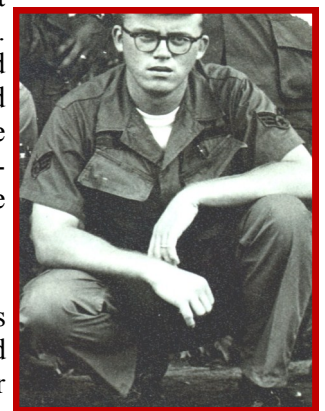
A year after I joined the AF, Tommy announced to our folks that he signed on with the Marines. My sources tell me that Dad hit the roof while hollering “WHY THE #@! \*&^% MARINES”? Tommy’s answer was simply, “the Marines are tough and I’m tough too.” An attitude that did an about face his first day of Marine Corps Boot Camp.

April 5<sup>th</sup>, the day after Martin Luther King was so senselessly taken from us, a couple of Troutdale boys showed up on my doorstep at James Connelly AFB. Johnny and Kenny Miller were hired to deliver Alex Huston’s car to him at Fort Hood by Mr. Huston. I jumped in my car and followed them to the Fort. It was Friday

evening and I had a free weekend but Alex didn’t. His outfit was preparing to go to a city up north to quell impending riots, so he couldn’t come out to play. After Johnny turned over the keys and all the good-byes were said, we headed for the main gate and the 50 mile drive back to Waco. Kenny was riding shotgun with the window down yelling at the soldiers, “The guy driving this car is in the Air Force and he said he can kick all your (back sides).” What a friend. Sunday of that weekend the Miller boys were on a 707, heading back home. Two weeks after their surprise visit, I got my orders for Viet Nam.

I was home on Leave in July of 1968 when Mom got word from the Marines that her son Thomas H. Glenn was badly wounded in action by the enemy in SE Asia and had been transported by military aircraft to the Navy Hospital in Bremerton, Washington. Two days later, my brother Pat loaded up his station wagon with people named Glenn and headed north to the hospital. Three days later, I reported to Travis AFB to “ship out” to Bien Hoa AB, S. Viet Nam. I can never imagine the torment Mom was going through at that time. One kid hurting, and another one heading towards the fracas.

Life was pretty good in the war



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## Bygone Times

zone for this airman. We had a concrete tennis court without a net right next to the bunker just outside the barracks and a kid from Wood Village, Oregon had an old, scuffed up football. Imagine that. At Christmas time, I became a hero in my fighter squadron of perhaps 70 men. The job I left to enlist was as a stock boy at Meier & Frank Store in downtown



Portland. The department I worked in had at least a dozen women between the ages of 21 to 60 working as sale girls and demonstrators for different kitchen products. Every one of those ladies, my wife Trudy who I met in that dept., her Mom, my Mom with the help of my little sister Cathleen, my sister Dianne and the three wives of my older brothers, ALL sent "care packages." Each package was simply a three pound coffee tin filled with well guarded "old family recipe's" for cookies, fudge and heaven knows what all. And for that, Christmas was a little easier to endure for me and my friends in the squadron. My barracks had a nice little bar for drinking beer and sodas and just plain hang out. In no way could one kid eat nearly a hundred pounds of Christmas goodies, (fudge is heavier than coffee) so after I saved the best stuff for myself, I'd take each nearly full tin down to the bar and share them. The boys would always be civil during their feeding frenzy as they devoured the goodies. That Christmas of my 23<sup>rd</sup> year taught me how to eat fudge and wash it down with a cold Bud.

**J**uly 9<sup>th</sup> of 1969 I was awarded an honorable discharge and headed home to Wood Village. Once again my Dad surprised me when he welcomed me home with a handshake then pulling me close for the first and only hug I ever knew him to give any man. Tommy had recuperated from his wounds about as much as he was ever going to and received his honorable discharge about six weeks earlier and was waiting for me to go up to the City Hall for some football. Life was good.

**M**y wife and I visited a military base recently. When we left, Trudy exclaimed, "They're just boys." I told her we ALL were just boys. My brothers, my Dad's brothers and Mom's brothers and the boys that married her sisters were just boys too.

**W**hile my Dad drew a tremendous amount of pride from his son's honorable accomplishments, Mom enjoyed an equal amount of comfort knowing all her boys had faced up to their military obligations and came back to taste her cinnamon rolls for years to come.

Happy Veterans Day and thank you to all who served and are serving now. A special thank you to those at home who support those that serve!

### An added note from Jim:

I was assigned to and served proudly in the 531st TFS at Bien Hoa Air Base in South Viet Nam. TFS is short for Tactical Fighter Squadron. We flew (not me of course) F-100 Fighter/Bombers. Our nickname was the Ramrods and our mascot was a live ten-foot long Boa Constrictor named Ramrod.

Well old Ramrod had free rein of the squadron building and sooner or later some dumb airman, who had had a little



too much "brew," would let the beer get the best of him and go get the snake.

As the evening (and I mean EVERY TIME) wore on, the beer gave my pals the courage to pose with Ramrod for a photo-op. Not me. Now I aint say'n I never drank too much at any of those meetings, I just never had enough to get up close and personal with that slimy sucker. The snake never hurt anybody but that didn't matter to me. I'm just not too big on snakes. I guarantee, you will never uncover a picture of a young Sgt. J M Glenn with a 10 foot snake wrapped around his neck.



Had some good times (and a few tough ones too). Our squadron commander went on to attain the rank of a 4 star general. Guess he was my brush with greatness. Except maybe for that time I met Jimmy Stewart while he was touring different Air Force Bases. So for me, the war wasn't ALL bad.

531<sup>st</sup> ~ TFS ~ Ramrods ~

Best F-100 outfit in Viet Nam...

PS. Met Tex Ritter over there too. Life was too good!

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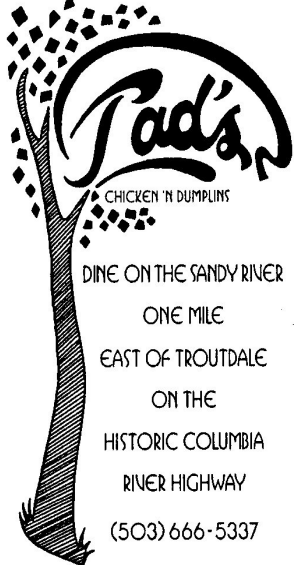
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## The Saga of *Not-So-Happy Mom* and the Kids that almost Didn't Make It!

There were always chores to do and on Saturday morning, no matter how late we had been up the night before, the vacuum started up at around seven in the morning. We didn't go anywhere until the chores were done. In the summer time we were lucky to watch any television, but we didn't care. We would rather have been outside anyway. One sure-fire way to clear us out of the living room, was to turn on "Lawrence Welk" on Saturday night. Sundays after church and a big dinner, Mom would set up the ironing board and watch westerns while she ironed. To this day if you want Not-So-Happy Mom to be happy, just give her a pile of ironing and a John Wayne movie.

One sunny spring day before the end of eighth grade, I was out in the front yard with Brother Bobby who was getting ready to mow the yard. I was barefooted and Not-So-Happy Mom, on her way up to Roy's (General Store) yelled at me to get in the house and put on some shoes around that lawn mower. (I went in and put on "thongs" as we called them, before they were re-named flip-flops so as not to confuse them with really uncomfortable underwear). Bobby pushed on the back of the mower (I was standing in front of it) and pulled on the rope to start the mower. I was "lucky" that day because the motor didn't catch, but unlucky because the blade was going around and when he pushed the mow-

er it went over my foot. Well, **By Terry Huston**

Not-So-Happy Mom went up a level of not-so-happy that day; I'm here to tell you! I got no sympathy and had to listen to an amped up version of Not-So-Happy Mom the whole time they stitched up my big toe in the emergency room at the old Gresham General Hospital. AND my PE teacher, Miss Smith, accused me of putting my foot in the lawn mower on purpose to get out of PE. As much as I HATED PE, that would have been a little extreme even for me.

There were other minor bouts with poison oak and poison ivy, bee stings and stepping on slugs (that slime cannot be removed with a power sander), but we lived. I did not learn to ride a bike when I was little because when I was old enough, we were on the farm and not a real even place to learn to ride a bike. So when I was 10 and living in Troutdale, I decided I wanted to learn to ride a bike. **DO NOT TRUST YOUR OLDER BROTHER WITH THIS TASK!** Alex put me on his bike (an English Racer) and aimed me down a hill, yes, I said down a hill and when I got to the bottom, I hit a stump and fell over sideways like the little old man on *Laugh-In* used to fall off the trike. Well that was another visit for me and Not-So-Happy Mom to the ER. Luckily for me, it was a bad sprain and not a break.

When we were younger, we had the best babysitter in the world. Barba-

ra Allen should be a full-fledged Saint after what we put her through. She would chase us out the



back door of the house. We would run all the way around the house and then lock her out before she could get back around to the back door. She always chased us with a wooden spoon, but never used it. In hind-sight, she should have. Barbara's dad worked for the railroad and they lived in the railroad house at the foot of Hungry Hill (Buxton). I spent the night with her once and just about flew out of bed when a train came through. It shook the windows, the house and everything in it. Barbara didn't even wake up! When I was 10, Barbara was going to then Whitworth College in Spokane and I rode a Greyhound Bus, by myself, to Spokane and spent my Spring Vacation week with Barbara on Campus. I am convinced that Not-So-Happy Mom was hoping I would get lost along the way, but I made it home safe and sound!

One of my first crushes was on Ricky Nelson. I would not miss *Ozzie & Harriet* if I was dying of an incurable illness. I had all of his 45's (For those of you who do not know what those are, it doesn't matter, you are probably too young to know who Ricky was in the first place). When Oregon turned 100 and they had the

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huge Centennial Celebration at the Expo Center in Jantzen Beach. (I'm sure the roller coaster was still there then). I found out that along with Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Pat Brady, Trigger, Nellie Belle and Bullet the Wonder Dog, Ricky Nelson was going to be there and perform. We went as a family and I BEGGED my cousin Ray to take me to the show to see Ricky. It was 100 degrees in the building, we were in the nosebleed seats up where the pigeons fly around (I think a couple of them might have been Alex's as they kept dive bombing me). And we had to use binoculars to even see the tiny speck on the stage that was Ricky Nelson.



Well, I'm here to tell you, after the show was over, we went to find the family and I was in such a good mood having just seen my

heart throb until I was informed that Ricky had walked right by them and they could have reached out and touched him. It ruined my day!

**W**hen we were old enough to stay home overnight without a babysitter, things happened. As a teenager, my walls were covered with movie star pictures. (Do any of you ladies remember Robert Logan??? OMG, he was gorgeous. He was in a lot of surfer movies in the 60s). One particular time when No-So-Happy Mom and Dad were gone to a bowling Tournament somewhere, we stayed home alone. Alex got mad at me for something (imagine that) and he went into my room and started knocking my movie star pictures off the walls. I got so mad, I saw red. I doubled up my fist, pulled back my arm

and I was going to knock him out, but as I swung, he ducked and my hand went right through a window. I should have had stitches, AGAIN,...but Not-So-Happy Mom was not home to drive me. Thelma Walker came down and put a butterfly band aid on it. I still have that scar too!

More next Month!

**Thank you renewing members!**

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**Welcome new members!**

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

**Contact Terry at the Depot office, 503-661-2164 or**

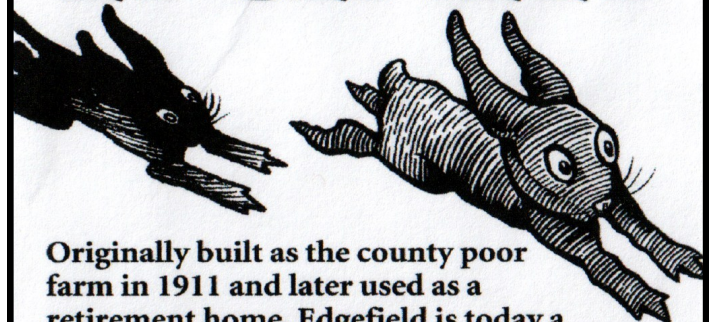
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503-661-2164

**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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