

Newsletter of the Troutdale Historical Society



BYGONE TIMES

September 2013

Upcoming Events

Mark Your Calendars!

September 15 Mystery Dinner.—**Sold out**

September 21, 8:30 a.m.

Trek to the Bull Run Watershed. We need 20-25 people to go. **Sold out**

Oct. 5, 2 p.m.

Tour of the county jail at Edgefield. Limited to 20 people. Contact her to go.

October 20, 2 p.m.

Mabel Evans Reunion & Tea at the Harlow House Museum for her former students.

Oct. 29 — Sharon Nesbit speaks at Power Station on Troutdale and Prohibition.

Sunday, November 17, 2 p.m. Oral History/Interview of Korean Veterans.

Saturday, December 7 11 a.m.—4 p.m. Christmas Open House at the Harlow House Museum.

Get your calendars while they're hot....

The Historic Highway exhibit committee has printed a 2014 calendar taking advantage of the many fine photos in our collection.

While focusing mostly on our local highway — King of Roads —it uses many of the photos of Mary Bourgeois Wright, who as a girl

photographer got on her horse, took her camera and photographed her community and that fancy new road they were building up the gorge. (Just because they are “hot” these days, we also include one charming picture of her dog and pet chickens.)

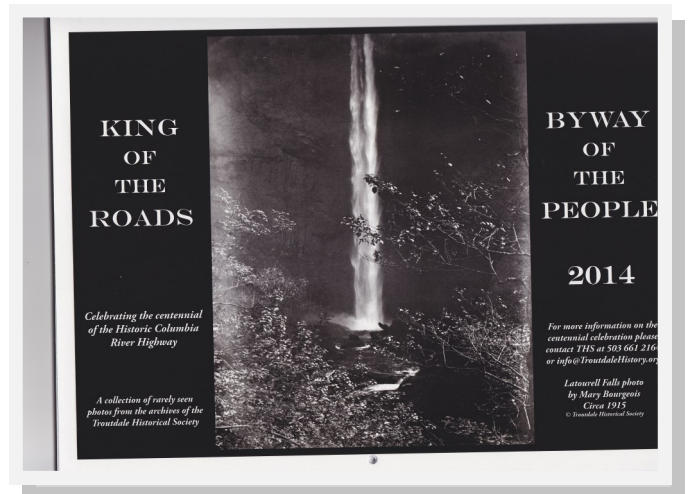
Helen Wand led the committee that put this calendar together. Great gifts at \$15 each. Available at the depot office.

A look at the old Multnomah County Jail At Edgefield

Sharon Nesbit will lead a tour of the old Multnomah County Jail at Edgefield at 2 p. m, Saturday Oct. 5. This is limited to 20 people, each willing to pay \$100 for the chance to see the inside of the 50 year-old-jail and a peek at the some of the stuff stored there. (Actually you go to jail free -- getting out that will cost you \$100 (a donation to the society's historic highway exhibit.) Afterward, you get a beer. Two people are already signed up. If you want to be go we need your check, name and contact details. (If the tour fills up we will return your check.) Information: Sharon Nesbit, snesbit@aol.com.

East Multnomah Pioneer Association Picnic

Where: Corbett High School Multi Purpose Building When: Sunday, September 8, 2013. Visiting starts at 10:00 A.M. Program starts at 11:00 A.M. Lunch, to follow Cost \$6.00 Program: We Remember Mrs. Morgan, the Corbett telephone operator for over 20 years back in the day of party lines and crank telephones.



Sheryl Maydew leaves board for more road time



Sheryl Maydew, treasurer, has resigned from the board of the Troutdale Historical Society in order to have more free time to travel. She will remain as our bookkeeper until she can be replaced. Which, of course, means we are seeking a treasurer and a bookkeeper.

Sheryl served as our volunteer Director for four years, stepping in in January of 2003 when the society was one month away from being unable to pay its bills. During the intervening years, she and later, treasurer Tom Graves, rebuilt our funding resources and stabilized our financial problems. Her leadership and devotion to our historical society has been an inspiration to all who have come in contact with her. Sheryl will continue volunteering—helping in the office and with book keeping. There is no way to thank her for her years of work and we are all better for it.

Thanking our volunteers: Joanne Losinger and Janet McGinnis at the Harlow House; Larry McGinnis & Jim Glenn at the barn; Hannah Madden copying a scrapbook at the library; Julie Stewart cataloging photos at the library; Sharon Nesbit filing at the library; Jean Holman came at last minute to open house and barn; and weed pulling and yard work by the Tuesday ladies and setting up potluck.

Sounds of 1950s Wood Village,

Part Two by Jim Glenn

The communities of Troutdale, Wood Village and Fairview were pretty much my whole world leading up to the day my folks installed that 27-inch, high-def., black and white, mono-phonetic, Packard Bell television set in the front room. All of a sudden, I was being transported to all corners of the planet and across the seven seas. Some of my heroes from radio had already made successful transitions to the small screen, such as Joe Friday showing me around the big city and asking the ladies for “Just the facts, ma’am,” while Marshall Dillon was telling the bad guys to “get out of Dodge.” That television even took us to a mountain top in Tennessee and introduced us to so many new friends, like Foghorn Leghorn, Yosemite Sam and a Musketeer named Annette.



The television took me beyond those three tiny map dots along the Banfield Freeway in East County, if only for 30 minutes at a time. So when the intellects told me how bad television was and that I should pick up a magazine or stick my nose in a book or take in a play, I did it. I heeded their suggestions and picked up a magazine. The swimsuit edition, as I recall. Over the years I've stuck my nose in thousands of books. Anything by Louis L'Amour is still the best. And several years ago, my wife and I attended the play, “Man from La Mancha,” with Robert Goulet when it came to Portland. Most expensive nap I ever took.

When the KISN 91 (90-wonderful, they called it) radio station came along playing nothing but rock and roll we all jumped on board with both feet. The personalities that spun the records called themselves “KISN good guys” and they were. They were all so likable and helped make the time between records go a little quicker. Every New Years Eve the station would celebrate by playing its top 91 songs of the year. My kid sister, Cathy, and I would get out a tablet and a Number Two pencil and make a list of the past year's top records as they were counted down to # 1. Simple times I suppose but making that list and staying up 'til midnight with the normally pain-in-the-neck sister sure was fun.

No matter how much entertainment the radio, record player and the television had to offer, they couldn't hold a candle to the free movie on Saturday night at the county Poor Farm. The movies kept us entertained for a couple of hours. but it was also the adventures that come around in the night time without adult supervision. Kids in my neighborhood couldn't be outside after dark except on Saturday night. And the friendships we made with some of the residents of Edgefield Manor are some of my special memories of growing up in those simpler times.

Life was good in those days and even though we didn't have much, we had each other and we had “that old-timey rock and roll.”

George Klinger sawed his way out of the Columbus Day Storm

Troutdale Historical Society regular George Lewis Klinger died Thursday, Aug. 15. He was 75.

George and his wife, Carole (Baker) Klinger, are both longtime members of the society and regular attendees at many events. He was disabled by a stroke some years ago, but enjoyed coming to events and telling the occasional yarn. One Christmas he loaned his entire collection of teddy bears to the Harlow House for a display.

No one will ever forget his story about the Columbus Day Storm in 1962. He and his brother bought two chain saws on nothing but their good names, went to Portland and started cutting up fallen trees. He remembered it as one of the best investments he ever made.

George was born Oct. 24, 1937, in Roundup, Mont., to Lewis and Clara (Harris) Klinger. He served in the U.S. Army.

In 1958, George married Carole Baker at Fort Ord in California. He was an auto body instructor at Mt. Hood, Clark and Clackamas community colleges and an arbitrator for Portland Auto Auction for more than 20 years. He enjoyed hunting with his buddies and working in his shop.

George was preceded in death by his son, Kris Klinger, who died of muscular dystrophy. He is survived by Carole, daughter, Dawn Klinger; brothers, Jerry and Glenn Klinger; and several nieces and nephews.

Little Billy Baker and his pumpkin — This charming picture from our files shows Bill Baker as a child, in new overalls, standing on the porch of the home of Corbett and Nellie Hopkins, his aunt and uncle. The house still stands on Troutdale Road, as does the Baker farm across the street, now the home of Bill and Florence Baker's son, Bob.

No one will ever forget the taste of the cider that the Bakers sold at their farm stand in the good old days.



More on our upcoming Historic Highway exhibit from Julie Stewart:

Think what the car meant to Troutdale.

In 1906, Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, said, "Nothing has spread socialistic feeling in this country more than the automobile," adding that it offered "a picture of arrogance and wealth."

I recently read a letter from one of my grandfathers to my grandmother written in Illinois in 1915. He comments, "Say, Norman Burwell sure has a swelled head about that model Ford of his. But I think it's just a tin bucket with an engine." Ironically, Norman Burwell turned out to be my other grandfather about 40 years later, but when he got the first car in the area, he was regarded as a "show off" and a "spoiled kid" because his grandmother bought it for him. He was out courting girls in it while the rest of the young men in the country were still driving wagons and riding horseback to see their girlfriends. In a sense, Woodrow Wilson was correct about owning a car as *"a picture of arrogance and wealth"*.



But listen 20 years later, to two women in Indiana, managing households on small incomes. One, the mother of nine, said, "We'd rather do without clothes than give up the car." The other declared, "I'll go without food before I'll see us give up the car!" Another housewife, in answer to a comment that her family owned a car but no bathtub, uttered a fitting theme song for the automobile revolution: *"Why, you can't go to town in a bathtub!"*

The years between 1916 and 1930 introduced America to a long series of novelties associated with automobiles which are now such familiar features of the American scene that one might think we had always had them: traffic lights, concrete roads with banked curves, one-way streets, numbered highways. Tourist cabins and campgrounds lined the edges of new highways along with that garish jungle of roadside services and businesses that grew like zucchini in August: diners, roadhouses, ice cream shops; flower, fruit and vegetable stands, filling stations, car repair shops---and, inevitably, used-car lots.

Just outside the city limits of Troutdale, the entrepreneurial spirit caught fire as the cars started rolling east on the new Columbia River Highway. Hot dog stands, tea rooms, ice cream parlors, taverns, and fine dining establishments were erected within the first five years after the highway opened. Service stations and auto repair shops sprouted up from downtown Troutdale all the way to Bridal Veil. Flower stalls and jelly stands were set up at the side of the road, reeling in passersby for some home grown or homemade wares. Accommodating all those travelers became an economic boon to a little burg previously best known for smelt runs in the spring. Troutdale hit the maps, and the hamlets that lay along the highway farther east capitalized on each car that stopped.

The idea that only the rich would ever own an automobile to drive the new highway was laid aside as those "rolling rooms on wheels" became commonplace.

You can be a part of our exhibit by making a donation to help build it or by buying one of our Historic Highway calendars.

August, 2013 Troutdale Historical Society, Troutdale, OR.

Transcribed by Barbara Pierce from original by Scott Cunningham. Edit 8/23/13 by Sharon Nesbit, Amendment 8/31/13 by Sharon Nesbit.

LIFE OF SCOTT CUNNINGHAM

Former THS president Scott Cunningham has handwritten his life story for our files, and a great story it is. Many thanks to Jim Glenn for encouraging Scott to do this.

We have transcribed the handwritten document and will get it stored in our files, but this one item in Scott's story deserves repeating at this time. As you may be aware, the Congressional Gold Medal given to Japanese-American veterans of WWII is on display at the Oregon Historical Society. Scott's memory of the beginning of these events is reprinted here:

"On December 7, 1941, the Japanese Armed Forces bombed Pearl Harbor in Honolulu, Hawaii and the following day President Roosevelt declared war on Japan and Germany and this was the beginning of World War two.

The Fujii boys all went to grade school in Troutdale, then to Gresham Union High School until May 12, 1942.

President Roosevelt ordered people of Japanese ancestry to report to assembly centers on May 12, 1942. Mr. Fujii came to our house after the notices were posted on May 7th. He was just trembling as he came down to our house and asked my parents if they would look after the farm. My parents asked for time to think it over. Mr. Fujii returned the next night -- time was short, and my parents told him they would manage his farm for the family. When Mr. Fujii walked out the door I saw tears streaming down his face."

The Cunningham family rented out their own home, moved to the Fujii farm and operated it all during the war years. They were aided in this by former banker and accountant, Herman Bloyd, who kept track of the farm's receipts and handled the money issues for the Fujii family. Fujii Farms still operates in Troutdale today.



Scott Cunningham during World War 2. He served in Okinawa and Japan and was in the 27th infantry Division. Not Dated.

Tim Fujii visited our museum recently asking if we had any old vegetable/fruit labels from the Fujii Farm. We do not. If you have a Fujii label stashed in the garage somewhere, we would like to have several samples for our collection.

Teacher and class labeled Troutdale Advanced-October 1939. Identification by Walter Nasmyth, who indicated that these were 7th & 8th graders. L to R: Front row: Stanley Rathman, Scott Cunningham, Philip Flint, *Jimmy Fujii, Wayne Espenel; Center row: Donald Espenel, Anna Cereghino; Teacher:: Leslie Bass, *Walter Nasmyth, Arlie Bettendorf; Back row: Peter Wheadon, *Edward Burnacci, Author J. Stubblefield. (* indicates students graduating in May 1940, including Jenny Tatman, and Lloyd Snell, not shown).



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The Mariners – Addition on Aug. 31, 2013

While we were living in Seattle, Washington, we attended Magnolia Presbyterian Church, and were invited to join their Mariner Group. It was such a great group of people and we had a great time.

When I was transferred back to Portland we decided a Mariners Group would be great at our church here at Smith Memorial (Presbyterian) in Fairview, Oregon, so we had our friends in Seattle send us the charter for their group. Then four couples, Neil and Charlotte Owens, Frank and Dorothy Akin, Reverend John and Ruth Philips, and my wife, Joyce and I, met at the Frank Akin home to plan a Mariner Group here. A number of couples from our church had gone out and invited other couples our age to attend our new Mariners Group. The invitations were extended to Lutheran, Church of God, Catholic and no church affiliation whatsoever. Twenty-one couples attended the first meeting with 10 people still active in Mariners today.

At 60 years we are still going strong in spirit and have build a bonding and friendship that continues to convey the love that flourishes throughout this church and community. Not only for each other, but each other's family. What a blessing for us all.

Unfortunately Joyce passed away in 1983 and two years later I went to our 40th high school Reunion at Gresham Union high School. I re-met a girl who I had gone all thru high school with me that also was alone. We both just had a great visit on that first night and the Mackey's, who had been so good to me after Joyce passed away, said, "We will pick you up and take you to the Picnic tomorrow. So what I didn't know was Lorraine called her good friend, Eileen (Taylor) Ferris, who I had such a nice visit with the night before, to sit with she and Walter.

Eileen and I had such a great day at that picnic, and when I got home, I thought to myself, I'm going to call her for a date some day. So our first date was on Oct 6, 1985 and we dated until March 21, 1987, the day we got married. We now have been married 26 years and have had a great time together, traveling all over the United States, been in Australia, New Zealand, nine countries in Europe and Puerto Vallarta Mexico. I know 44 months sound like a long time to date, but I had two children and Eileen had four children, so we were very cautious because we wanted our marriage to last and be approved for six children. Needless to say it worked out very well and we all love each other and all get together on Christmas Eve and Easter, and many times in between. We are very blessed having 12 grandchildren and 4 great Grandchildren. When we got married in 1987, we put both of our homes up for sale, since I didn't think it fair for Eileen to live in Joyce & my home.

On April 16, 1988 we moved into our new home in Summer Place and have enjoyed living here very much, we have activities each month at The Clubhouse and the Swimming pool is open from memorial day until the weather dictates the closing in the fall.

I have Sharon Nesbit to thank for re-connecting me to the wonderful people in Troutdale. I was working on a fund-raising benefit for the Troutdale Historical Society and Sharon said "Scott have you ever thought of joining the Board of Directors of the Historical Society?" I was taken by surprise and said "If you want me to, I would be honored to join this great group of people.' So I was elected to the Board, and even got to serve as President for seven years and still enjoy all the meetings and activities the Historical Society presents each year.

Mcmenamins EDGEFIELD



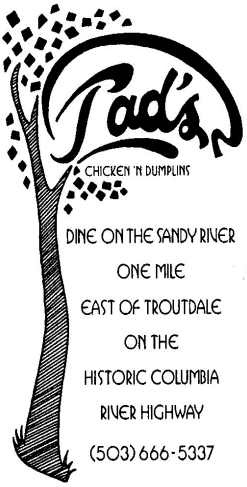
Originally built as the county poor farm in 1911 and later used as a retirement home, Edgefield is today a national historic landmark featuring a hotel, pubs, restaurants, gardens, distillery, winery, artwork, spa, golf course and beyond...

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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.

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Remember!

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