

# REFLECTIONS

Newsletter of East County Historical Organization

Winter  
2015



**E.C.H.O.**  
P. O. Box 946  
Fairview, Oregon 97024  
503-261-8078  
[www.frwhs.org](http://www.frwhs.org)

### Important Dates

**1874 Zimmerman  
Heritage Farm**  
17111 NE Sandy Blvd  
Gresham, Oregon

House Tour  
Every 3<sup>rd</sup> Saturday  
12:00 to 4:00 pm

Volunteer in the Garden  
2<sup>nd</sup> Saturday  
9:00 to 12:00 pm

Volunteer in the House  
4:00 to 8:00 pm  
Call for Days

**1890 Heslin House**  
60 Main Street  
Fairview, Oregon

House Tour  
Every 3<sup>rd</sup> Saturday  
12:00 to 4:00 pm

Volunteer in the Garden  
1<sup>st</sup> Saturday  
9:00 to 1:00

Volunteer in the House  
4:00 to 8:00 pm  
Call for Days

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*E.C.H.O. an East Country Historical Organization  
1874 Zimmerman House & 1893 Heslin House  
Restore & Preserve Fundraiser*

*Victorian Valentine Tea  
February 14, 2015 ~ 1:00 PM  
Door Prizes & Raffle*

*Menu:  
Scones served with Sweet Cream  
Assorted Sandwiches & Desserts  
Fresh Fruit & Hot Tea*

*\$20.00 Donation  
Under 10 years \$12.00*

*Don't forget your Hat & Gloves!*

*Quail Hollow Clubhouse  
21100 N.E. Sandy Boulevard  
Fairview, Oregon 97024*

*To make reservations before February 1, 2015  
Please call 503.261.8078 or email [info@echohistory.org](mailto:info@echohistory.org)*



## Zimmerman Heritage Farm's New Sign

We are forever grateful for our wonderful "round" Zimmerman sign made by volunteer Maureen Relyea several years ago. It served its purpose and survived despite being hammered by the persistent east winds and ran over twice by a car. We plan to remount the old sign to the side of the shed because Maureen's artwork is too enjoyable to discard.

Our new professionally made sign is now up thanks to the Olins. Peggy oversaw the sign design. Lanny, her husband, and Jeff, her son, oversaw the installation.

Be sure to stop by to see the new sign and the Zimmerman Valentine collection on display thru March.

*Peggy & Lanny Olin and New Sign →*



***ECHO Board of Directors***

Twila Mysinger, President  
Dodi Davies, Vice President  
Open Position, Secretary  
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Tom Dooley, Position I  
Peggy Olin Position II  
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Linda McNerney, Position IV  
Stephanie Graves, Position V  
Open, Position VI  
Open, Position VII

***Volunteer Coordinator***

Open

***Zimmerman Garden Lead***

Peggy Olin

***In Memory***

***Lenora M. "June" Handy***

***June 24, 1920 - October 16, 2014***

June Handy, a longtime society member, passed away October 16. She was born in Gresham, Oregon to Orion and Mabel (Watson) Myers. She and her husband, Ivan Handy, were married for 70 years. They had four sons; Dale, Gene, Neil and Greg; 6 grandchildren; 10 great-grandchildren and 3 great-great grandchildren.

***Our condolences go out to June's friends and family***

***Help us Rebuild the Bunkhouse!***

As we stated in our Fall 2013 Reflections the facility shall provide: a place for volunteers to inventory and then safely store materials, room for historic research, an area to gather for meetings and tours, handicap accessible restrooms and an alternative accessible interpretive space, and a limited use kitchenette. The building shall be arranged to allow flexible use, including rental for small weddings and other events.

***Thank you to our first donors.***

Dave & Judy Lenhart  
Lee Matthews  
Virginia O'Donnell  
Doreen Buckles

**GIFTS**

**General Fund**

John Fagan & Jo Ann Reese  
Jo Callister  
Barbara Huston-Freund  
Jaimi Mallrich-Anke  
Mike Riste  
Helen Wand

**Heslin House Museum**

Greggory Meck  
*In Memory of Bob Dix*  
Barbara Huston-Freund

**Zimmerman House Museum**

Joanne Carrato  
Dortignacq & Associates  
Collyn Baldwin  
*In Memory of Margaret Maggy*  
Evelyn DeYoung  
John Andrew  
*In Memory of Orlin Huston*  
Barbara Huston-Freund

**Zimmerman Utility Sponsor**

Leland & Mary Lou Johnson  
Evelyn DeYoung  
Sharon Nesbit  
Rita & Fred Aegerter  
Wooddale Windows

**Thank you!**

**New Pioneer Members**

Roxanne Redwine  
Marguerite Campbell  
Mike Riste

## My Friend Dummy Moller

By Arthur Scofield,  
April 29, 1914 - December 8, 2010

**Art Scofield, a Troutdale Historical Society member, wrote about his memories working in Fairview on a farm with his friend Dummy Moller. Dummy's real name was Richard. In 1879 he came to Fairview with his parents from Germany at the age of one. In addition to being deaf, Dummy had only one arm.**

*In spite of these handicaps he succeeded in doing with his one hand more than many men do with two. Gresham Outlook - 1923*

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Childhood days ended for me and my brother at about age 14. The day after school would let out we were both sent out to work on farms in the Fairview and Troutdale areas East of Portland. I was sent to a large farm that stretched from the U.P. railroad tracks South to the Columbia River in the North. And, from Fairview Ave. (Blue Lake Road) Eastward for about one quarter of a mile.

In spite of 10-hour working days – 6 days a week, I have many happy memories of those summers on that farm. I received my 3 meals a day in the farmhouse and my bed in a storage shed near the barn. I had numerous little 4-footed furry friends to share my bedroom. Besides room and board I received a salary of \$10 per month the first year and I think \$20 the next. I don't have happy memories of the long hot 10 hour days spent in plowing, discing, hoeing, etc. But it was summer time – the days were long and I had about 3 hours every evening and all day Sunday to myself to roam to my hearts content over the countryside. It was not crowded or thickly settled in those days. Blue and Fairview Lakes were undeveloped – just a few summer homes between them.

There were several ponds, flood control dikes and drain ditches on this farm. One of these ponds about one-eighth of a mile from the farmhouse was my favorite. It was beautiful. About 200 feet in diam. And 8 feet deep, and was surrounded by many lovely old maple trees. It was fed by a small spring from which we took buckets of water for drinking. Swimming in the nude, fishing for crappies and catfish, and getting occasional duck with my \$2 Stevens single shot .22 rifle. At one end of this pond was a drain ditch, which wandered thru the farm all the way to the Columbia. My employer and I would at times take his tractor and wagon (no horses) to the lower end of this ditch and pitch fork a hundred pounds of huge carp into the wagon. We would then put them into a large cast-iron pot together with corn and bran and that was also my favorite – around that beautiful little pond I mentioned earlier in this story. This pond at one time would have reached to the edge of Fairview Ave. (Blue Lake Rd) except that years before they had built a huge flood dike alongside Fairview Ave. Thus cutting the size of the pond.

On the South side of this pond and extending to the U.P. railroad tracks my employer had cleared a field of several acres on which he raised potatoes and other crops. I should now mention that his farm consisted of several disconnected fields of 10 to 20 acres each scattered out all thru the area. Separated from each other by belts of trees, brush or ponds and ditches.

It was in this field that Dummy explained to me how it had been once a large Indian village. He showed me how to find arrow and spear points, grinding stones and bowls and other Indian household tools. He and I would walk slowly up and down the rows of potatoes or whatever was planted. In a half a day at this we would nearly always find something. Then we would wait until the ground was stirred by plowing, discing or cultivating. Then we would cover the whole field once more. Now I must tell of one amusing incident with Dummy.

One day Dummy had been hired to help me sort and cut potatoes for seed. The potato shed was build of part boards and part dug-out under a dirt bank a hundred yards from the farmhouse. Our boss and wife were gone for the day. Hour after hour we worked – in silence of course. I began to get bored. Then I thought of an interesting experiment that I ought to perform. For a long time I wondered about the degree of Dummy's deafness. Was it total or only partial? I decided to find out by the following experiment.

Part of my duties at the farm consisted of helping to blast out three stumps with dynamite. I considered myself to be very proficient in the use of explosives. I left the shed and went to the barn where I procured me a stick of dynamite a cap and a suitable length of fuse, also a match which to ignite them. I should now mention that all this took place before my boss saw fit to hide these materials from me. I then took these materials quite a ways from the potato shed – down in a brushy patch of ground. I lit the fuse and sauntered back to the shed and resumed my work with Dummy.

All the while I was observing him intently. When the explosion came he gave no sign that anything had happened. I decided to try again.

As I remember now, I took maybe 3 or more sticks this time and placed them close to the far end of the shed in the dirt bank. This time my experiment was a complete success. When the flying rocks and dirt struck and shook the whole potato shed, Dummy dropped his knife and ran outside. Hissing loudly thru his teeth and looking wildly about in all directions.

As of 1985 – my friend Dummy is long gone to Glory. In all his life he never heard the Gospel preached. But he knew and believed it I am sure. And when I get up There myself, he will be among the first ones I will want to look for. He won't be caring that pencil and pad in his shirt pocket. He will be fitted with a brand new set of ears.

THE END

*Arthur*

NOTE: If Dummy had a regular first name I never knew what it was. We all called him by that name and in no way was it ever meant to be disrespectful.

*Victorian Valentine Tea*  
*February 14, 2015 - 1:00 PM*  
*See Inside for Details*

*And*

*Victorian Valentines on Display thru March*  
*Zimmerman & Heslin House Museums*



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