



136 Lyon Street S.  
Albany Oregon 97321  
Open  
Monday through Friday  
Noon to 4 p.m.  
Saturdays: 10 a.m. - 2 p.m.  
Free Admission  
donations welcomed  
(541) 967-7122  
e-mail:  
armuseum@peak.org  
website:  
www.armuseum.com

NONPROFIT ORGANIZATION  
US POSTAGE  
**PAID**  
PERMIT NO 83  
Albany OR 97321

Return Service Requested

**Museum Directors:**

John Buchner,  
Chairman  
Larry Bardell,  
Vice Chairman  
Michael Kok,  
Treasurer  
Mary Jacq Burck,  
Secretary  
Mary Arnett  
John Boock Jr.  
Gerald Brenneman  
Linda Ellsworth  
David Fitchett  
Kim Sass  
Joe Simon  
Shannon Willard

**Liaisons:**

Rebecca Bond  
Albany Visitors Assoc.  
Linda Ellsworth  
Linn Genealogical Soc.

**Staff:**

Tami Sneddon,  
Adm. Coordinator  
Jennifer Jameson,  
Collections Specialist  
Peggy Kowal,  
Clerk

Kim Jackson,  
Newsletter Editor

## Looking Back: A trip into town

BY JACK GILLESPIE  
MUSEUM MEMBER

In my pre-school days during the early 1930s, a trip to town was a big deal.

My dad and his partner were often on the road those days buying livestock that they could resell for a profit, leaving my sister, Lois, and me and my mother at home. If a nice day happened along the way, mother would all at once tell me "let's go to town, I need some things."

We would spruce up a bit and walk a block to Broadway Street which was then the boundary of the city limits. The family lived on Lincoln Street in the Hazelwood Addition of Rural Route No. 4.

On Broadway, we walked north to Ninth Avenue where we turned east and continued to Washington Street and then north to the southeast corner of First Avenue and Washington Street. The entire walk was about a mile or so.

On the corner, my mother often would meet an acquaintance and a lot of chatting took place. I would stand on the corner and look southwest across First Avenue and see a boarded up old building which reminded me of a giant white box left out in the weather.

That building was what was left of the St. Charles Hotel--once the pride of Albany. Before the arrival of the automobile, salesmen

traveled mostly by train and the St. Charles was the place they stayed while making their local business calls.

The second thing I remember, while standing on the corner, was a middle-aged, stern looking lady on a three-wheel bicycle speeding around the corner on Washington Street onto First Avenue (then a two-way street). She would be staring straight ahead and getting into the middle of the street pedaling between the old and unused trolley rails. The rails were barely visible under the paved road. She soon would disappear into the traffic.

The third and last thing I remember is my mother lifting me up to get a drink out of the bubbling water fountain at the southwest corner of Broadalbin Street and First Avenue, in front of the First National Bank building (now Wells Fargo). The popular fountain had cold water spouting out of a dozen projecting spouts ready to drink. (The fountain is no longer in existence, disappearing sometime in the 1950s. Today, in its place, is a yellow-orange fire hydrant.)

Those memories of a deserted and spooky hotel, a three-wheeled bicyclist and a magic water fountain were enchanting. Adding to the fun for a four-year-old was getting to ride home (most of way) on the city's Red Bus.