

Chatauqua 'tea' to feature vintage aprons

Other coming events include book signing and debut of carnival exhibit

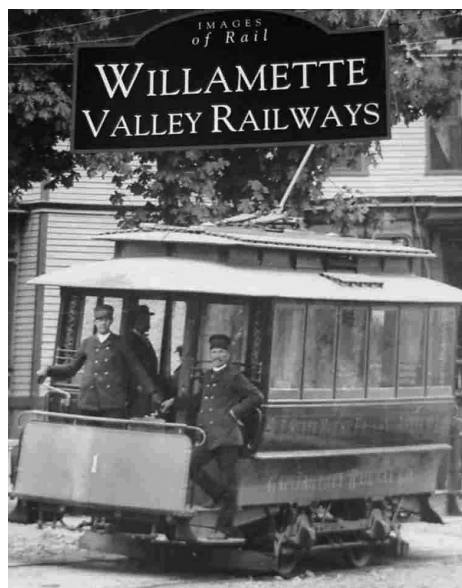
Vintage aprons, images of Willamette Valley Railways and the opening of a new Timber Carnival exhibit highlight Chatauqua programs at the Albany Regional Museum this spring.

The tea party on Friday, April 18 will feature a program on aprons by Bobbe Schafer of Powell Butte. Attendees will learn about women's historical roles, fashion trends and 20th century American culture.

Using slides of vintage apron styles and her own collection of historical aprons, Schafer shares the joys of this American folk art.

The annual event includes an appropriate "tea menu," featuring a variety of china cups and plates. Reservations are required (call 967-7122) and there is a \$3 charge for Museum members and \$5 for nonmembers. The event is usually a sell-out and the Museum facilities can only accommodate about 50 people. Starting time is 2 p.m.

Albany native Richard Thompson, a 1966 graduate of Albany Union High School, will present a free program about his latest book "Willamette Valley Railways." The picture book has a com-



Richard Thompson will present a program about his book on May 3.

plete chapter on rail images from the Albany and Corvallis communities. There will be books for sale by the Museum.

Thompson, district librarian for the Forest Grove School District, was on the board of the Oregon Electric Railway Historical Society for 18 years, during which he edited the society's

newsletter "Trolley Park News." The program is scheduled for May 3. The author will be available for book signing after the program.

A new Museum exhibit about the World Championship Albany Timber Carnival, from its beginning in 1941 to its official closing in 2000, will open on Saturday, June 28 during regular hours, noon to 4 p.m. A reception for Jaycees who led the community Fourth of July observance during those years is planned for that date. This all precedes the effort to bring back a new version of the Timber Carnival over the July 4th holiday by another group of organizers.

Calendar of events

Friday, April 18 — 2 p.m., Chatauqua tea

Friday, May 2 — 4 to 8 p.m., Upstairs Downtown Tour

Saturday, May 3 — 2 p.m., Willamette Valley Railways

Saturday, June 28 — noon to 4 p.m. Timber Carnival reception & exhibit

Saturday, July 12 (tentative) — noon to 4 p.m., Thunderbird car show

July 23-26 — Albany Quilts Downtown

Saturday, July 26 — Historic Homes Tour.

Membership effort ready for a new year

Members will soon be reminded by postcard that it is time to renew their membership for 2008-2009.

And a detailed invitation to potential members in the community will be mailed in late May and early June.

Museum friends don't need to wait to receive mailings. Memberships can be obtained at the Museum, 136 Lyon St. S., during regular hours, noon to 4 p.m.,



Mary Jacq Jenks on her swing.

Growing up in Albany

"Growing up in Albany" is a series of stories submitted by Albany residents and the memories they have of their town. More are included inside.

My blue raincoat flapping in the breeze

MARY JACQ JENKS BURCK
BIRTH DATE: 1935

There are many memories I treasure about growing up in Albany. First of all, from about age 7, we were able to ride our bikes to visit friends, and also to various lessons, Girl Scouts, and

choir practices. I rode mine to school, rain or shine, my blue raincoat flapping in the breeze. My brother, Jim, occasionally rode with me to a movie. One dark night, he made me follow him through the cemetery on the way home; I've never been as scared since.

We were fortunate to have our mother's and father's families living nearby. Grandparents, aunts, uncles and cousins afforded many happy times together. This closeness was especially con-

View from Second and Lyon: Rolleiflex 'deal'

BY JOHN BUCHNER, BOARD CHAIRMAN

Elsewhere in this edition are a collection of vignettes from local individuals sharing their memories of growing up in the Albany area. These word sketches will remind you of



Chairman's 1950s Rolleiflex camera.

your own youth, whether in this community or elsewhere.

It got me to thinking about my own growing up years in Albany beginning in 1941, and the rural Riverside community west of town.

One of my favorite recollections involves Mason

Drugs, located on Albany's First Avenue between Broadalbin and Ferry in the 1950s (it now is a Wells Fargo bank parking lot). The druggist/proprietor was Gerald Steele and his wife, Margaret.

Steele was a prominent amateur photographer and because of that the store maintained an expanded inventory of photographic equipment. I became interested in photography while in 4-H and during my high school years. The Albany High camera club in the late 50s, under the supervision of biology teacher Robert Buchanan and algebra instructor Robert Haberly, was among the more active school clubs. I think we had about 25



Mason Drugs on First Avenue.

members and a well-equipped dark-room adjacent to the library.

I had graduated from the Kodak Brownie to a twin-lens reflex camera that I had purchased at a pawn shop. I couldn't afford a new one. Later I moved up to a better Japanese model, I think it cost about \$75. But my eye was on the German Rolleiflex, at the time a top-of-the-line twin-lens reflex. A Rolleiflex retailed for \$200-plus, which seemed like quite a bit of money to a kid in the 1950s. And

Mason Drugs had several on its display shelf.

Steele probably got tired of me arriving on multiple afternoons after school during my senior year to stand admiringly in front of his camera displays. I don't remember how many times he would come out from behind the prescription counter to let me handle the Rolleiflex and some other less fancy brands. I do know that I was a frequent enough customer (for film, flashbulbs and other stuff) that his wife would recognize me coming in the front door and signal her husband that he was needed at the camera display shelves.

It probably was a case of desperation on Steele's part or that he just felt sorry for me wanting that camera so bad. I had managed to save about \$100 from my part-time job at the Democrat-Herald. But I still didn't have quite enough to pay the asking price. On one of those afternoon visits to Mason's, Steele told me he would make me a deal. For \$150, I could become the proud owner of the Rolleiflex (with leather case!). Steele undoubtedly lost money on the transaction. I don't remember all the details, but I suspect I bummed a loan from my parents to make the purchase. I wouldn't be surprised if I didn't place that camera close to my pillow that first night.

Thanks to a very generous Albany businessman, I became a very happy amateur photographer. It turned out to be a special in several ways as I went on to a 35-year newspaper career in which that Rolleiflex played an important supporting role.

A salute to Museum business members

The non-profit Albany Regional Museum is pleased to recognize the following businesses and major sponsors for the calendar year 2007:

Albany Area Chamber of Commerce
Albany City Delivery Service
Albany Democrat-Herald*
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*Major sponsors

Bill Paarmann tells story of Sternberg Saddlery

Eighty-three year-old William Paarmann of Corvallis has documented the history of one of Albany's famous industries of the 1930s—the Sternberg Saddlery Company.

Paarmann and his wife, Marion, recently presented the Museum a copy of his research. It is available for review in the Rod and Marty Tripp Research Room.

Paarmann comes as close to an expert on the subject as one can find today because his father, W.W. Paarmann, was superintendent of the factory from its beginning in 1925 until its closing in 1939.

The Paarmann family moved to Albany when William was three months old and his father took the saddlery job. He says about 10 years ago he began looking for information on the Sternberg factory and could-



Bill and Marion Paarmann

n't find much. Most of the people associated with the saddlery had passed away. "It dawned on me that I might be the only person left who knew something about the business. I put it aside for several years until some pictures of the saddlery crew surfaced from our family. That kind of sparked my interest into finishing the project."

In addition to his memory and family conversations, Paarmann reviewed a number of sources, including city

directories and newspaper articles.

The Sternbergs (not to be confused with another Albany family by the name of Stenberg who operated a grocery) were a prominent Albany family involved in several businesses, including a tannery listed in the 1905 city directory. In 1925 Sternbergs purchased a complete saddlery operation from Dallas, TX, and moved it to Albany in buildings near what would be the intersection of Queen Avenue and Ferry Street today. Coming from Texas to be foreman of the horse collar department was Wesley B. Price, Sr. Price eventually married Paarmann's sister and another family of local prominence emerged. (Price's son, Wes Price, Jr., was a well-known certified public accountant and civic worker until his death in 2005. Wes'

widow, Diane, and sister, Shannon Willard, are currently involved in many civic activities in the community)

Without divulging all of Paarmann's story of the Sternbergs and their saddlery, the factory was destroyed by fire in 1931. The loss was estimated at \$150,000 (that would be more than \$2 million in 2007 dollars) and leaving between 25 and 50 men out of work. What happened later is detailed in Paarmann's written account.

This treasure includes information about "leather money" that was manufactured during the Depression, illustrations of saddles and harnesses that were manufactured by the company and pictures of some tools that were used at the time in the manufacture of various leather products.

Correction: Leveeny was really Sweeney

BY LINDA ELLSWORTH, BOARD MEMBER

In the winter newsletter a list of Albany mayors included the name of A.W. Leveeny. He was identified as mayor in 1872. Either this was a transcription error or gremlins in the works but the elected mayor for that year was A.W. Sweeney.

His full name was Alexander Walker Sweeney, born on Jan. 25, 1825, in Hardin County, TN. Sweeney came to Oregon in 1851 and settled in Marion County. He married Angeline Allen on July 15, 1853. He sold his land claim in 1855 and moved to Dallas in Polk County where he was associated with LaCreole Academy. According to the 1870 census, he was living in the Silverton area of Marion County.

By 1871 he must have been in Albany because he was elected mayor with his term to begin in January 1872. In the Albany Register newspaper of Jan. 13, 1872, appeared the following: "As N.H. Cranor, Esq., sent in his resignation as mayor of the city at the last meeting of the city council (Rev. Mr. Sweeney, elected mayor at the last city election,

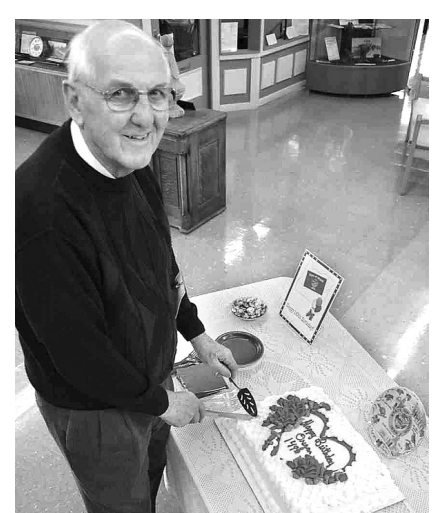
refusing to qualify), our burg is now without a mayor."

We now know that Sweeney was a minister, which is his listed occupation in the 1870 and 1880 census. "Refusing to qualify" probably means he was not a resident of the city or as minister he preached in a number of churches throughout the Willamette Valley and didn't have time to attend to mayoral duties.

So Sweeney never actually served as mayor of Albany. The N.H. Cranor resignation was not accepted by the council and he continued to be mayor until his death on Dec. 9, 1872.

In the 1880 census Sweeney is listed as residing in Walla Walla, WA, where he died in 1903.

Ralph Banton was listed in the same article as being mayor in 1947-48. His occupation was listed as farmer. While he may have been a farmer at one time, according to newsletter readers, he was better known in Albany as the owner of Star Transfer, and later as the manager of the Albany office of the state motor vehicles division.



Happy Birthday, Oregon

Gerald Brenneman served the first piece of cake as the Museum observed Oregon's 149th birthday on February 14. The event marked the beginning of the Museum's two-year program to honor the state's sesquicentennial. The party also marked the reopening of the Museum after being closed for two weeks for cleaning and rearranging of exhibits.

Our mission statement: "To preserve, exhibit and encourage knowledge of the history and culture of Albany, Oregon and its immediate surroundings through collection of artifacts, documents and photographs."

Growing up in Albany

Residents tell stories about their youth in the Hub City

Made serious money for a kid picking beans

EDWARD LOY

BIRTH DATE: 1941

I spent the summers of my youth in the 1950s working with my friends in the berry and pole bean fields. I started working at about age 10, first for Ed Ammon and later for Bill Grenz. The strawberry fields were in the Crabtree area, while the Ammon and Grenz bean fields were adjacent to each other along Highway 99E just west of Jefferson.

Berry picking never yielded much money for my labor, but beans were another story. I was a pretty fast picker and could make serious money for a kid. We were paid two and half cents per pound, and at peak season a good picker would earn \$10 or \$11 a day.

Bean harvesting was labor intensive and very similar at all the area farms. The picker filled a metal bucket and emptied it into a cotton sack that held 50 -60 pounds of beans. A "sack boy" picked up the full sack,



Edward Loy

carried it to a scale, and returned to the picker a ticket punched with the weight.

Being kids, we had fun along with our work. The Grenz berry field was near Crabtree Creek, and on the hottest days after lunch by the creek we would take a refreshing dip.

Several of us once attempted to wade across the South Santiam River at Jefferson. We were most of the way across when a man on the Jefferson side sternly recommended that we get our fool selves out of the river. We were impressionable youths and immediately decided that his advice was good.

I'm sure my friends would agree that being in the fields each summer gave us good memories and taught us how to work hard and appreciate the money we earned.

Mary Jacq Jenks Burck

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venient during World War II, when gasoline was rationed and the farthest we drove was to Tangent or Silverton, never exceeding 35 miles-per-hour. Even after the War, a trip to Portland or the beach was an exciting event.

We did live with the threat of attack during the War, and regular evacuation practices were held at school. From Maple School, our class marched up to the Woodworth home on Sixth Avenue, where we were treated to cookies and music. At home, the drone of airplanes overhead meant running outside to identify the model and direction they were flying. The War made a large impact on our lives; suddenly, the Albany-Corvallis area was flooded with servicemen, and many we knew made space in their homes for soldiers and their wives. Our own family took in a young cousin during that time.

Something few may remember was the little red city bus whose route came clear out to our house on Broadway Street, "the edge of town," as my mother called it. Since we had one car, the bus was often our only means of getting downtown to pay our bills, to shop at Montgomery Ward and visit the Carnegie Library. If we had time, we would run into the Albany creamery for an ice cream cone before the bus took us home.

It would now, in 2008, appear that most of us led an idyllic childhood. We entertained ourselves, grew victory gardens, and lived a fairly simple and safe life, close to home. Still, as we grew older, there was little money, no drugs, no way to get into real trouble - and parents who looked out for us. We were very lucky!

Cecil's Grocery sold baseball cards, too

MICHAEL KOK

BIRTH DATE: 1962

The summer of 1962 for many people involved with museums isn't very long ago, however that's when I was born. No, I don't remember the Columbus Day storm or the flood of '64, but I do remember a few things from my "old" Albany.

Living in west Albany, we had "Zezo" the clown who came to Safeway every summer. Now I do have to say that Zezo's name seemed to change every year or two to some other Z,O amalga-

mation name, but the most important part was to score a signed postcard and candy. If you worked it right you could hit him up twice-a-day, everyday during his visits.

Safeway was a fine grocery store but they didn't sell baseball cards. For those, you had to ride your bicycle to Cecil's grocery at the corner of Queen Avenue and Elm Street.

Cecil's name changed many times over the years, but if you ask me what the store is called, you know what I'll answer.

Candy was always good, but a better treat was a ride down to the In-Out burger or the Artic Circle for a burger and, of course, fry sauce. Yes, I was always a good speller, but the other "c" never made it into the annunciation.

Other "old" Albany remembrances include the 3-Boys market and Stebbin's Drug at Ninth and Elm, Mayfair (times two), a giant bowling pin (ask an "old timer"), scout uniforms at the Blaine Clothing Company, being Gay meant

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Growing up in Albany

Early museum trips had later influence

GERALD BRENNEMAN

BIRTH DATE: 1931

From my birth to age 11, I lived in Corvallis on 11th Street next to the railroad, which runs east and west past the present Gill Coliseum on the Oregon State University campus (Gill wasn't even an idea then!). I went to first grade at Roosevelt Grade School.

Since I lived only three blocks from the lower campus, my friends and I spent long summer days wandering over the campus. I took swimming lessons in the men's pool at age 5 from legendary Beaver baseball coach Ralph Coleman. I did not like the class because no one was allowed to wear a bathing suit and I was pretty bashful.

The Memorial Union had just been completed in 1938 and we learned how to roller skate on the oval path side-walk in front of the building. Endless hours were spent visiting the Horner Museum that was located in the wooden building still standing near the hill going up to the MU. Perhaps this is why I thought, in later years, that we needed a museum in Albany.

My family moved to a house on the road to Witham Hill just below the cemetery and I walked a gravel road about a quarter of a mile to a one-room school for second grade. I believe there were only about eight students in the entire school. It was equipped with the standard features typical of one room schools of the time, which included an outhouse, pitcher pump for water and pot-bellied stove in the middle of the room. The school was closed the following year and I went to Harding for grades three to five, moving to Albany in March 1942.

Shortly before the move, the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor took place and I remember listening to the radio on December 7, while sitting at the table in our breakfast nook. It was a scary time for everyone. My father got a job in Albany at the M & M (Malarkey and Malarkey) plywood mill, a new industry in the community later owned by Simpson.

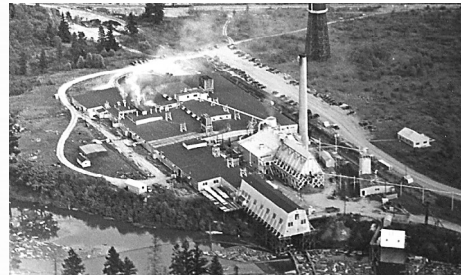
The Brenneman household was at 426 Geary St., between the railroad tracks and Pacific Boulevard (Pacific

was completed in 1938). Geary Street was the beginning of the city limits on the east side of town and was a gravel road all the way from the Willamette River to the country (the "country" began across Pacific).

When the family moved to Albany I brought my Shetland pony that I kept for several weeks but had to get rid of because one could not keep a horse within the city limits. The city bus came down Geary and I could ride to

downtown for a five cent token that said "Albany, the friendly city" on one side.

I was enrolled for the last part of that first year at Madison School. In those days everyone in the city had to walk to school so I



The M&M Mill (Malarkey and Malarkey) plywood mill.

walked each day to grade school and later to Central Junior High and then to high school at Third and Railroad streets (now the Willamette Community Church). School friend Dick Maier (who lived about a block away) and I spent hours playing along Periwinkle Creek catching crawdads and pollywogs and exploring the area by the old wooden Boy Scout cabin of Troop 21. In 1945, both Dick and I became members of Troop 21, led by scoutmasters Ferris White and later Dave White. One summer our troop was at Camp Pioneer in the Cascades above Sweet Home when several of us snuck over to another tent occupied by Albany Troop 22 and cut the tent pole ropes, causing the tent to fall on the unsuspecting scouts. I don't think we felt too bad about that prank!

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Cecil's Gocery sold baseball cards, too

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dapper at the Gay Blade, Williams bread wrapper days at the Venetian theater (two bread wrappers got you a movie), and exactly why was anyone ducking-in to the Duck-In.

The biggest old Albany mystery is Bob's 19 cent Hamburgers. They eventually became 20-, 21-, 22-, 24-cent hamburgers, but that is not the mystery.

The mystery is: when they got rid of the typewriter, why did they get rid of the cents symbol key? They never were Bob's \$0.19 Hamburgers.

Small town with small-town attitudes

DIANA MILLER

BIRTH DATE: 1944

Growing up in Albany in the 1950s and 1960s was a wonderful experience.

Albany was still a small town with small town attitudes - unlocked house doors, knowing your neighbors for several blocks around (which also unfortunately meant that Mrs. Jones living three blocks away would most certainly contact your parents if you misbehaved) and a feeling of safety because you could turn to almost anyone in time of emergency.

We walked to school, to the movies, to the library, etc. without concern. And if you owned a bicycle, the world beyond opened up for you.

We used to ride our bicycles to my cousin's grandparents farm which seemed far out in the country (present location would be Columbus Street and Seven Mile Lane). Back then it could only be reached by going down Queen Avenue to Five Corners (intersection of Queen, Jackson, Marion and Pine Streets), turning south on Marion and meandering down a long country road, through a covered bridge, and then on to the farm.

I also remember very slowly riding up Scrael Hill Road and then carelessly careening down without regard for life or limb. Heaven knows what might have happened if an oncoming car had appeared! I guess our feelings of security truly kept us safe.

Growing up in Albany

Albany-raised, but can't claim being born here

CAROL MCKAY

BIRTH DATE: 1928

I have always complained about the fact that I have lived in Albany all my life, but I cannot say I was born here. I came a month early so my mother had to travel to Corvallis where her doctor's hospital house was located. So, I can't say that I was born and raised here. My father, mother and brother and grandmother were all living here on the corner of Second and Railroad Streets at the time I was born, but my birth certificate says that I was born in Corvallis.

The time was during the Depression and although my father had a good job with the Union Oil service station at the Ellsworth Street bridge and First Avenue, he soon lost it for lack of business. While helping my relatives with the harvesting of their crops he learned that they were having trouble getting their produce and eggs to market, and the stores and warehouses needed their crops. He acquired a one-ton truck and began a service that eventually turned into Ryals Feed and Produce, located at Water Avenue and Ferry Street, and then into Ryals Truck Line.

When I was 5 years old I was taken to Portland's Doernbecher Hospital to find out why I was so sick. At this hospital the doctors immediately identified the disease as Infantile Paralysis (now known as polio). I was in that hospital until I had totally recovered from the lung part,

and could breathe on my own, but I couldn't walk. After six weeks there, I had to be wheeled everywhere in a wheelchair. I learned to walk after I was brought home. I started school at Madison that year with full leg braces, but I could walk. By the end of the school year, 1934, I was walking without braces.

The school officials changed the district boundary lines from Railroad Street to Jefferson Street, meaning that I now had to go west to Central School instead of east to Madison. I went there my fourth, fifth and sixth grades, but when it came time for junior high, I had to go back to Madison.

I lived a block from the high school, but I couldn't claim to belong to either the east end nor the west end of Albany, and believe me, there were definite distinctions between the two areas.

I walked this town many, many days, and rode my bike many miles from here to all the towns around me -- and lots of farmers' fields to work. I don't think any other town would have been the same. I lived six blocks from the roller skating rink, and went there a lot. I wasn't old enough during World War II to go into the dance halls, so the rink was my meeting place. Hardly anybody had a car, and if they did, they couldn't get gas or tires for it. But what a real sweet old town Albany has turned out to be...it grew along with me, and was surely the best of towns to grow up in.

Growing up near Albany: Rode pony to rural school

MAXINE WILLETT HUMPHREY

BIRTH DATE: 1915

Living in the Albany area 92 years has been a joyful time, and one of varied experiences. One word that comes to mind in reliving these years is "change."

As a child, I recall with pleasure jumping on my pony, Black Beauty, at sunset to bring the cows in from the pasture on our farm near Oakville. It was a peaceful and serene feeling in a beautiful landscape, I then rode the same pony when I was five-years-old to the rural Bell Plain School where pupils and teacher became like family.

Four of us rode the short distance to Albany High School on the Oregon Electric train. Freshmen attended at



Maxine Willett

Central School. The depot now is Ciddici's pizza, 133 Fifth Ave. SE. The district school bus then picked up rural students and we finished high school at the Fifth and Railroad Street building (now the Willamette Community Church). You should see those buses - big boxes on wheels! My class graduated in 1932.

As an adult I taught small children twenty-five years. I literally loved it and the children.

Albany granted me many honors - all of which were totally unexpected. Albany Area Chamber of Com-

merce granted me the Distinguished Service Award in 1997. Boy Scout awards included the Silver Beaver and the James E. West Fellow awards.

I had a great time serving breakfast at West Albany High School on Veterans Parade Day for 40 years.

Membership in the Albany First United Methodist Church brings back many fond memories - singing in the choir for 15 years - serving as lay delegate to the Oregon Idaho Conference for 15 years.

My close knit family and scores of friends have made my life in Albany one of joy.

Albany and vicinity has proven to me to be the best place to live and raise one's family.

Early museum trips had later influence

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Another thing my friends and I did for fun and enjoyment was to ride our bicycles out to the woods in North Albany (now the area where the clubhouse for the Golf Club of Oregon is

located) where high school kids "parked." Pop and beer bottles were returnable for two cents each and we would see if we could get five apiece and turn them in for 10 cents cash.

That would pay for a milkshake at

the Cravmore Ice Cream parlor on First Avenue, where they had about 20 different flavors. We would plunk down our 10 cents and see if we could eventually work our way down the complete list of flavors.

Sheet music, tokens added to collection

BY TAMI SNEDDON,

ADMINISTRATIVE COORDINATOR

What do tokens for Pay-Less Drug Store, baby nightgowns, a bag for gas masks, railroad lanterns, Albany College sheet music and a West Albany High School dance uniform have in common?

These are objects that have recently been donated to the Museum's collection. They meet the collection criteria of being consistent with the Museum's primary emphasis of the interpretation and illustration of the Albany region.

When a person gives a donation to the collection, it is with the understanding that the objects cannot always go on exhibit, especially immediately. The paperwork and conservation efforts, as well as content and subject, have to be taken into consideration.

The Museum staff and volunteers continue to change and update exhibits to pro-



Discussing cultural protection

Eirik Thorsgard, cultural protection coordinator for The Confederated Tribes of Grande Ronde (right) discusses the Museum's Native American collection with Administrative Coordinator Tami Sneddon (left) and Cataloger Jennifer Jameson. Thorsgard is helping the Museum identify its objects and what connections they might have with specific tribes in Oregon. This will improve the accuracy of interpretation and labeling in our exhibits.

vide an outlet for acquisitions. Because exhibit space is limited, rotation of objects is a necessary process.

Earlier this year, the Museum had its first experience of being closed for two weeks to perform exhibit

maintenance as well as start several new displays. The lesson the staff and volunteers learned was that they were not able to accomplish as much as they wanted to in that time frame.

Work continues on these projects while the Museum remains open to the public and in between other time commitments. Among our goals this year is to build a "store front" to the beauty shop and shoe shine parlor exhibit; add interpretation to the natural history display and create a "Remembering When" tribute to photographers and the late Albany historian Robert Potts. A new Timber Carnival exhibit has been started and will be completed by the July 4th anniversary of the event.

There is lots of busy work to do. The Museum seeks more volunteers to assist with these efforts. Come and visit us and see the progress. If you would like to help, call the office at 967-7122.

Memorials honor family, friends

The names of Jerry Andrus, Robert Potts, LeAnn Cool, Charlotte Marcotte and Jack Pyburn have recently been honored with memorial gifts to the Albany Regional Museum.

Special needs of the Museum are met with memorials that honor a family member or friend. The most common gifts are in the amount of \$25, \$50 and \$100. Names are posted at the Museum for a limited time. A complete roster of those honored since the memorial program began can be found on the Museum's web site: [www: armuseum.com](http://www.armuseum.com).

Families, on the death of a loved one, often list the Museum as a recipient of memorials in newspaper obituaries. A card of remembrance is mailed to a designated recipient (spouse, parent, next of kin, or friend) and a thank you card to the person or persons making the donation (which also can be used for tax documentation).

Gifts can be mailed to the Museum, 136 Lyon St. S., Albany, OR 97321, or dropped off at the Museum with proper instructions enclosed.

Funeral homes also will forward designated gifts.

Museum membership effort ready for new year

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Monday through Saturday.

Membership chair Diane Price and her committee of Karen Carnahan, Pat Thompson and Virginia Glaser have started working on the details of this year's drive. Goals include increasing general memberships by five percent and business support by 10 percent. The Museum finished the 2007 year with 442 memberships. That means nearly 600 individuals helped support the Museum last year.

Dues remain unchanged from previous years. Individual memberships are \$10; family memberships \$15; patrons (maximum of two individuals) \$115; business \$50 and major sponsors \$250.

The annual membership drive runs each year during May and June with a final wrap-up in July.

Administrative Coordinator Tami Sneddon noted the importance of the annual drive to Museum operations. "Funds from memberships finance things like postage, utilities, printing and other basic costs," she said.

Among the benefits of Museum membership is the quarterly newsletter, a 10 percent discount of selected merchandise items and preference attendance at some programs.

Aprons – Memories from the past
A Chautauqua Presentation and Tea Party!



Friday, April 18, 2:00pm
Albany Regional Museum

For reservations and more information
Contact the Museum at 541-967-7122





136 Lyon Street S.
Albany Oregon 97321
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Looking Back: A tale of two stories

BY JACK GILLESPIE, MUSEUM MEMBER

At Albany High School I composed some insignificant writings that only I would care to remember.

One such story was written as an assignment for Fanny Chase's English class. Miss Chase, at this time in 1949, had been in the classroom for 30 years or more. She was a good teacher and a nice lady but who, at times, seemed to still be teaching the same as she did in the 1920s.

My tale, of a few hundred words, was about an awesome figure of the Old West, somewhere between John Wayne and Paul Bunyan. He was clean cut, strong and fearless, a Robin Hood for the poor and a defender of the weak. He was indeed the "Everyman."

However, even the strong have weaknesses.

One day, perhaps at high noon, my hero was on the dusty main street of a western town, facing a showdown with a sinister outlaw. With guns drawn they walked toward one another, each calculating the shooting range of their respective pistols.

As they close to the point of engagement a harmless garter snake slithered through the dust between the two duelists. Sighting the reptile our hero gasped and fell over in a dead faint.

The town's idol was afraid of a snake.

Miss Chase marked in red pencil the inevitable grammatical and spelling errors in my story and then wrote, in her Victorian penmanship, on the bottom of the page, "A very unrealistic story" and gave me a C-plus.

The second story was hastily written as an assignment for my journalism class. The class was taught (or overseen) by Mabel Penland, also one of the school's older teachers.

The story was a biographical sketch of Orville Penner, who had labored much of his life perfecting the invention of a household tool that, even today, can be found in every home.

My hero dies before his invention received the acclaim due it but still bears his name--the bottle and can O. Penner.

To my surprise the story was published in the school newspaper, The Whirlwind. Several students, including one of the editors, asked me if the story was true.

One could take journalism as a credit course for one year only. However, you could take a second year, but for no credit toward graduation. Based on my publishing success, I signed up for the second year. However, Mrs. Penland vetoed the request without really explaining why. I blame Orville Penner!