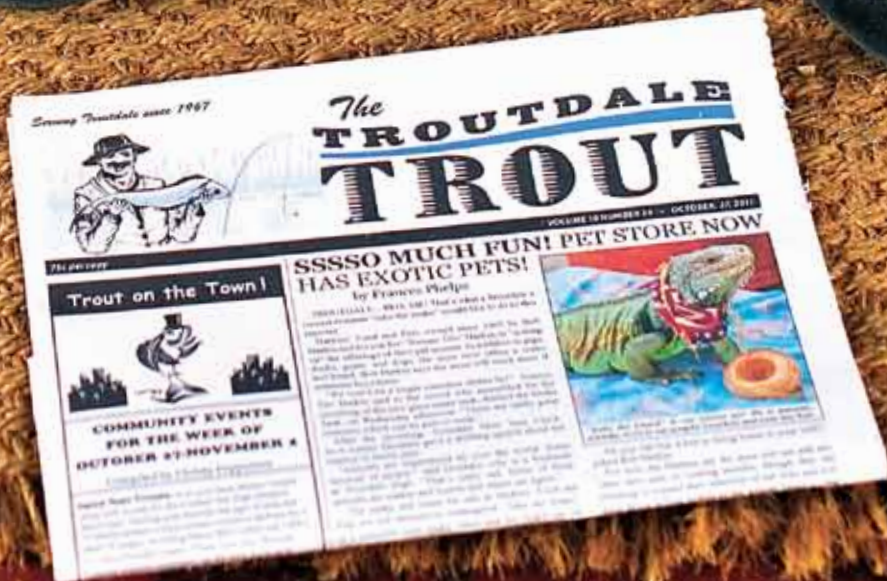
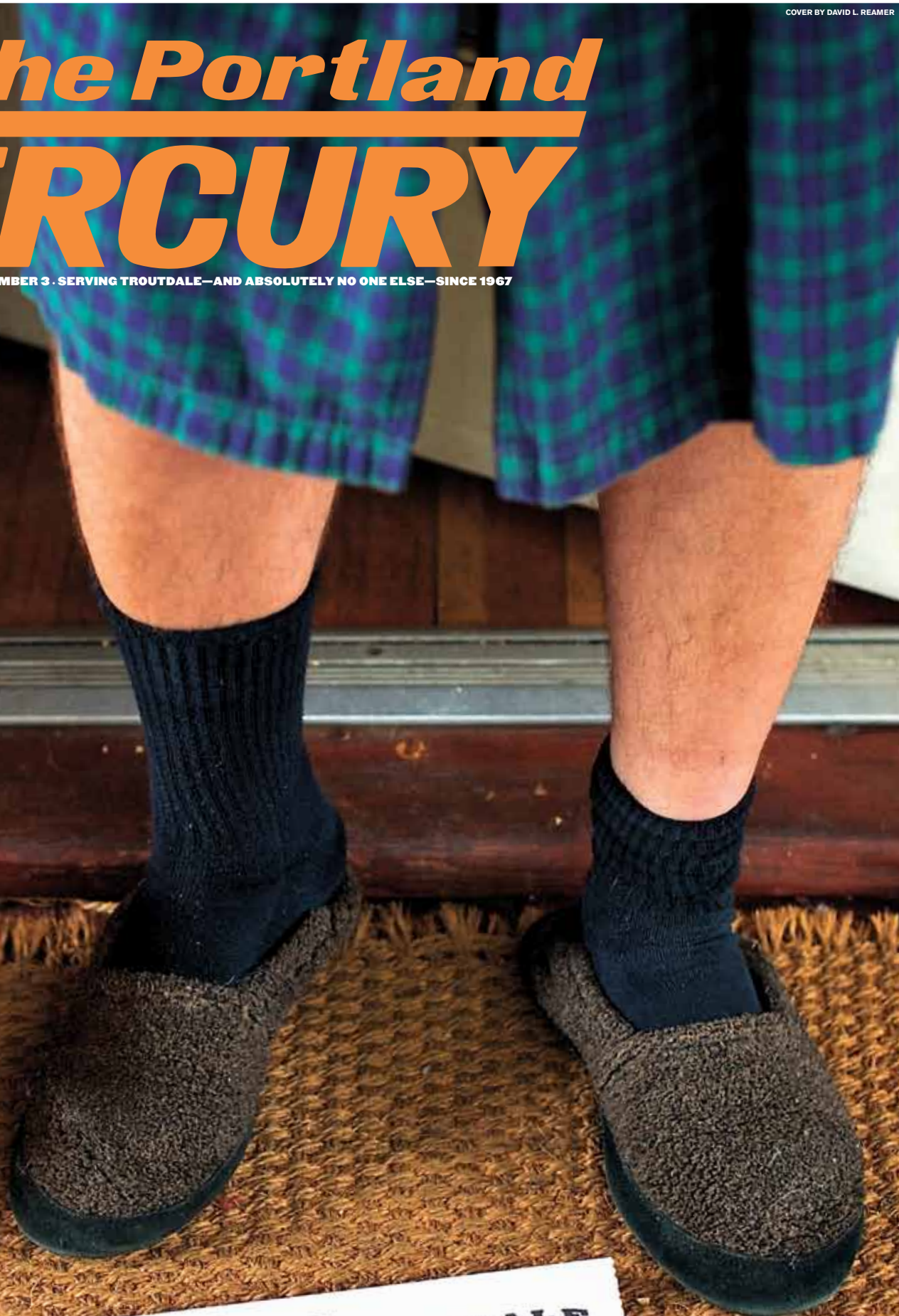


# M *the Portland* **MERCURY**

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**IT'S OUR HALLOWEEN DRESS-UP ISSUE!**



**GOOD MORNING, TROUTDALE!  
HERE'S YOUR TROUTDALE TROUT! PG. 3**

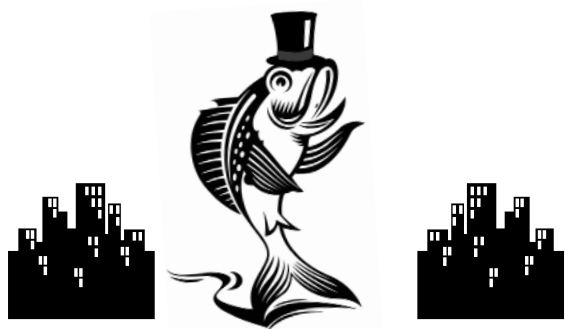


# The TROUTDALE TROUT

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## Trout on the Town!



### COMMUNITY EVENTS FOR THE WEEK OF OCTOBER 27-NOVEMBER 2

Compiled by Christy Pepperson

**Dance Team Tryouts** — Let your inner Shirley Temple shine with tryouts for the Confetti Yeti High-Steppers dance team. Smiling girls between the ages of nine and 12 should prepare a three-minute routine to perform for a panel of judges, including Mayor Bill Curless and 1995's Li'l Miss Pumpkin Queen. Please note: Mrs. Rhonda Gehring requests candidates use the west doors as to avoid the annual confusion with *The Bad Seed* auditions. *Troutdale Gun Club, Sat 4-6 pm, bring a regulation baton*

**Art Installation Protest**—Because that thing they put up in Pioneer Heroes Plaza just ain't right, and you know it. What *is* that thing anyway? My tax dollars, that's what. *SW Main & Hayward, Fri 5 pm, come angry, stay late*

**Asbestos Clean-Up Party**—As we all know, the Troutdale Community Center is chockablock with something the health marshal calls "asbestos." So let's make this fun, Trouters! We'll be decorating our white jumpsuits with puffy paint, and wearing fun hats—so bring plenty of enthusiasm and elbow grease. *Troutdale Community Center, Sat 11 am-5 pm, free powdered doughnuts from the Daughters of the Revolution, sponges and buckets provided*

**Math Club Fundraiser**—The Troutdale High math club, Math Hysteria, is raising money to go to Mad Math championships at Olympia's Thunderdome. They'll be collecting gently used teabags to recycle and sell as earrings at the upcoming Teabaggers Rally. *Big Ed's Gas Farm, 12 Black Lodge Road, Sun all day, no loose tea leaves please*

**Feral Cat Roundup**—Because some chucklehead tourist at the Ernest Hemingway Memorial Rest Stop thought it would be cute to loose a bag of angry cats, we need volunteers for the bimonthly Troutdale Thwack and Bag. *Ketchum Highway, reconnoiter by Mile Marker 54, Sun 9 am, bring durable gloves, sacks and snacks provided*

## SSSSO MUCH FUN! PET STORE NOW HAS EXOTIC PETS!

by Frances Phelps

TROUTDALE—BITE ME! That's what a Troutdale's newest resident "Jake the snake" would like to do to this reporter.

Harkins' Food and Pets, owned since 1965 by Bob Harkin and his son Joe "Tommy Tito" Harkin, is "scaling up" the offerings of their pet section. In addition to pigs, ducks, goats, and dogs, the store now offers a snake and lizard. Bob Harkin says the store will stock more if someone buys them.

"We won't let a single customer slither by!" Tommy Tito Harkin said to the crowd who assembled for the unveiling of the new glass snake tank, dubbed the Snake Tank, on Wednesday afternoon. "These are really great creatures which can be pets or meat."

After the unveiling, Troutdale Miss Teen Chick-fil-A Ashley Dorshaw gave a thrilling speech about her interest in exotic pets.

"Animals are engendered all over the world. Some because of people," said Dorshaw, who is a freshman at Troutdale High. "That's really sad. Some of those animals are snakes and lizards and others are tigers."

The snake and lizard for sale at Harkins' Food and Pets are not themselves endangered. "Jake the Snake" is a common corn snake breed and the lizard ("Duke the Lizard") is a water dragon, which is native to Australia but has been kept as pets around the world for over 100 years.

The store will also stock packages of one-dozen nymph roaches, available for \$10, to feed the snake and lizard if someone were to buy either.



"Duke the Lizard" is our newest pet! He is patriotic, friendly, loves to eat nymphs (roaches) and wear tiny hats.

"Or you can buy a box to bring home to your wife!" joked Bob Harkin.

For now, the Harkins say the store will not add any other new pets in coming months, though they are planning to expand their selection of salt licks.

### Public Notice

The Troutdale Chamber of Commerce annual **Halloween Carnival** has been **canceled** due to numerous complaints from the RiverView Evangelical Church. According to youth pastor Rick Dinkman, "Halloween glorifies our common enemy, Satan. Any business that participates in this demonic holiday is a member of the occult, and shall be boycotted by our numerous church members." The church also plans to boycott any business that features Santa Claus or makes any mention of Hanukkah.

## Local Whore Run out of Town

by Steven Becker

TROUTDALE—A local whore was run out of town last Tuesday, October 18, after sleeping with the husband of a married city councilperson.

Troutdale Sheriff's Deputy Carlos Russell said that 34-year-old Stephanie Ann Seymour—a longtime Troutdale resident and whore—was told to "pack up her stuff," at which point she was transported to the county line in a patrol car, dropped off, and instructed to "never come back."

"I'm glad that whore's gone," responded City Councilperson Margaret Ashton, whose husband was seduced and subsequently raped by the whore. "And that whore better not come back if she knows what's good for her."

Mrs. Ashton's husband, Bill Ashton, was instructed to refuse comment.

## Chick-fil-A Celebrates Eighth Anniversary

by Phillip Dundy

TROUTDALE—Troutdale's Chick-fil-A restaurant will celebrate its eighth anniversary on Sunday.



The celebration will feature free ice cream for the kids, regularly priced Chick-fil-A sandwiches, and a person dressed as a cow.

Chick-fil-A opened on October 30, 2003, according to current franchise owner Patty Jenkins. "I'm the fourth owner," Jenkins added. "The first owner was an Iranian who was robbed and murdered. The second person was arrested and sent to jail because he was a pedophile. My father took over the franchise until the fryer exploded and severely burned 90 percent of his body. He perished two months ago in terrible agony."

When asked how Jenkins will be celebrating the restaurant's anniversary, she said, "I hate this place so much. I wish I was dead."

The Chick-fil-A Eighth Anniversary shindig starts at 10 am this Sunday. Come for the free ice cream, stay for the person dressed like a cow.

# LOCAL OBESE GIRLS COMPETE FOR TITLE OF LI'L MISS PUMPKIN QUEEN

by Ken Murchison

TROUTDALE—The 47th annual Troutdale Pumpkin Festival kicks off this week with the annual Li'l Miss Pumpkin Queen Pageant on Saturday, October 29, at 7 pm at the Troutdale Community Center, immediately following the asbestos clean-up party.

This year's theme is "Plump It Up!" and reigning Li'l Miss Pumpkin Queen, seven-year-old Harmony Whitsell, will crown her successor.

Five girls in the Troutdale School District, ages four to six, are competing for the Li'l Miss Pumpkin Queen title, and their names and sponsors are:

- Destiny Sparks, daughter of April and Marty Sparks, sponsored by Freezy-Q Ice Cream Parlour.

- Rachel Ann Turner, daughter of Tess and Jeremy Turner, sponsored by Guido's Deep-Dish Italian Pizza Pies.

- Patty Durbins, daughter of Margot and Phillip Durbins, sponsored by Cluckers Fried Chicken and Taters.

- Marylynn Lucas, daughter of Janice and Stan Lucas, sponsored by Hefty Hank's Spiral-Cut Ham Hut.

- Laurel Puckett, daughter of Sylvie and Darrell Puckett, sponsored by Fat Butt Frank's All-You-Can-Eat Fried Food Buffet.

The pageant, pumpkin festival, and school district are sponsored by Chick-fil-A.



## Beware the "Grandchild Scam"!

by Pat Mowry

TROUTDALE—Troutdale Sheriff Ben Watkins sent out an alert this week that should give any senior in the area pause: Beware the "grandchild scam."

Residents should be on the lookout for criminals trying to bilk older Troutdaliens out of their fortunes by pretending to be their grandchildren.

"Basically what they do is call up anybody with grandkids and then impersonate that grandkid," Sheriff Watkins said. "They usually claim to be in some kind of trouble, and in desperate need of cash—maybe to get out of jail, maybe they're pregnant and need an abortion, maybe they want an Xbox, maybe the mafia's after



them for gambling debts."

The scam artist then asks the grandparent to wire money "to Walmart or somewhere," where it is then picked up and stolen.

Watkins' advice?

"Never, under any circumstances, send money to your grandchildren, or scam artists claiming to be your grandchildren," Watkins said. "Truthfully, there is usually very little difference between the two."



## THE CANNY COIN COLLECTOR

BY MITCH BURLAP

It's that time of the year again! Can you guess? (If you did, you'd be one step ahead of my ex-wife, may she one day uncomfortably rot in hell!)

Give up? Okay, you unsophisticated rubes (or, dare I scornfully suggest: *stamp collectors?*), I'll tell you: Saturday is Troutdale's semi-annual meet-up of the Numismatic Enthusiasts and Appraisers of Troutdale Organization. That's NEATO for short.

I'm so excited. I'm going to bring one of the only coins Stacy (again, can I get some hellfire?) didn't manage to extract in last year's ungodly unjust divorce settlement. (Which you can still read all about in the archives, natch. Just come down to the *Trout's* home office and ask to see the card catalog.)

What coin is that? Dun-da-da-DA! Why it's a "Year 2000" Massachusetts State Quarter—except, in a tragic minting mistake, the Minuteman on the back is POINTING THE OTHER WAY. (Stacy used to call me a "minuteman," whatever that meant.

I used to have the whole set until that trollop took them all away. But don't worry about old Mitch. I'm already rebuilding!)

What coins are you going to bring and show off? And remember: If any of you esteemed Lady Numismatists will be attending, I'll show you my rare *zlotys* if you promise to show me yours.



Keep jingling! —Mitch

## Sports Beat

SLOPPY HOOKERS JUST CAN'T SCORE

BY DUTCH "DADDY" TRIBBLE

Okay, Hookers Nation. Let's just get this over with. Daddy's waiting in the bathroom with his razor strop, and even though he doesn't really want to do it, he's decided it's Papa Time. That's right. Buck up. It's time for some pain.

Because last night's "game"? Daddy declares it a certifiable disgrace.

In 37 games so far this season, not a single T-ball club in the entire tri-county area has managed to stoop so low and do what your Troutdale Hookers did yesterday. They actually lost to the West Linn Chargers—a T-ball team so lousy Daddy suspects they're actually from the West Linn Reformatory for the Blind. Ha!

But here's the truth: Anyone who's spent as much time with this ball club as Daddy, could have seen this coming from a mile away.

First of all, "star" first baseman Kevin Gunderson needs to stop dreaming about all the juice boxes he'll be drinking in Pony League next year and get that sissy swing of his fixed. This is T-ball, son! You can't just slap at the damned ball like

it's standing still!

And if you ask Daddy—which you *ought* to—the whole damned Hookers outfield has always been nothing but a bunch of dimwitted nose-pickers. I've never seen a group so unconcerned about balls coming their way. Is it too tall a prayer, Lord, to ask that these "boys" maybe take notice in a few years when their own balls start to drop?

Look, I don't mean to be bitter. It's just that everyone told Daddy things would be better this year. Like my doctors, when I asked them about my emphysema. "Things'll get better!" Yeah, *right*. Now I'm lugging around a goddamned oxygen tank, and wishing I'd never started rooting for this no-good, diaper-wearing, talentless team of LOSERS! *Feh!* So much for the playoffs.

Editor's disclosure: Sports Editor Dutch "Daddy" Tribble also manages the Troutdale Hookers.





## POLICE BLOTTER

### Reports from Troutdale's Men in Blue

Vandalism to the Troutdale Trout statue in Pioneer Heroes Plaza occurring the night of October 13 has cost an estimated \$250,000 in damage. Officers spent several hours removing toilet paper, chalk markings, and candies resembling phalluses from the trout.

\*\*\*\*

A power outage impacting 42 homes on the night of October 14 was determined to be due to a dog gnawing through the power lines outside of the Tri-Valley Rhododendron Club. Mrs. Agnes Hankins told police she spread peanut butter on the lines to attract squirrels. The dog, Woofy, is deceased.

\*\*\*\*

Teenager in blue Cadillac arrested on Old Creek Road on October 15 for missing taillight and refusal to be courteous to an officer.

\*\*\*\*

A suspicious device, potentially a pipe bomb, was located on the train tracks. Every on-call officer of the TPB responded to the item, devising a way to detonate it from a safe distance with a twine and lighter system. After detonation, it was determined that the device was a Star Wars toy, likely belonging to neighboring minor 9-year-old Bobby O'Neil. The boy was sentenced to 15 hours of community service.

\*\*\*\*

Officers are still searching for 87-year-old Mark Harkin, who was last seen naked and wandering away from the town steak fry on October 10. Anyone with any knowledge of a nude 87-year-old should contact the department immediately.

\*\*\*\*

Officers were called to a disturbance at the Chick-fil-A SALEabration event the evening of October 16. Marfa Pornikafo, 24, and Edgar E. Lions, 22, who was armed with a hockey stick, were arrested on suspicion of Chick-fil-A theft. Officers determined that their pockets were full of the low-priced, healthy, and delicious filets.

# Community Opinions

## SLOW DOWN, DRIVERS!

an editorial by resident Nancy Tuttz

When my husband Sandy and I first moved to Gnawing Beaver Lane, it was still a quiet, cozy little neighborhood. Just blocks from the Chick-fil-A and right around the corner from both taxi-dermy shops, it was the ideal place to start our little family. But over the years, Gnawing Beaver Lane has turned into a veritable hotrod racetrack, with cars zooming by at speeds upward of 25 miles per hour.

This wasn't always the case. I remember those quieter days, when Sandy and I were trying our best to conceive. At first we assumed it was Sanford's fault, but Dr. Jishing assured us that the male doesn't need to be fully erect in order to ejaculate—and boy did we learn that the hard way, no pun intended! But I digress; Gnawing Beaver Lane was our peaceful little nook in the world. Back then, Old Man Mithers was just about the only traffic we ever got, driving up and down the street in that funny airbrushed van of his, with those tinted windows. He never went above eight miles per hour, the dear man!

Finally Sanford and I conceived, although I don't remember specifically when it happened. (I was drinking a lot of California blush in those days!) And when little Sally was born, our hearts blossomed. But our joy quickly turned to terror when they put up the stoplight at 10th and Phried, causing all those troublemakers to cut through our precious little street in order to shave off a few minutes on the way to the roller rink, or whatever seedy place teenagers are going these days. Heaven forbid! We don't dare even cross the street now! It's like living next to a veritable hotrod racetrack. I might have already said that. Now Sally is just entering womanhood; we're going shopping for training bras tomorrow, and she had her first actual period

last month. (And I don't need to tell you how many false alarms we had! Am I right, moms?) We couldn't be more proud of our little Sallywally, but the fact remains that our darling Gnawing Beaver Lane has become a deathtrap. Can't the city do something about this? Slow down, drivers. You just might save a life—and the life you save... could be your own.

Troutdale Trout is happy to publish your commentaries. They must be signed and 500-12,000 words maximum. THANK YOU! We reserve the right to decline and/or edit any submission for content, political opinion, religious blasphemy, or length. THANK YOU!

# Question of the Week

## WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE SANDWICH TO EAT?

?????

by Phil Stickleman

?????



**Kim Hester,**  
Troutdale

"Chick-fil-A sandwich."



**Terrence Golding,**  
Troutdale

"Chick-fil-A spicy chicken sandwich."



**Scotty Murray,**  
Troutdale

"Chick-fil-A deluxe sandwich."



**Dawn Taylor-Simmons,**  
Troutdale

"Chick-fil-A Spicy Chicken Deluxe sandwich... wait. No. Yes."



**Lordy Lordy**  
**Look Who's 40!**  
*(It's Peggy Pitts! She's OLD!)*

Senior Citizen's Meals October 27- November 3	
<b>Thursday, Oct 27</b> Meatloaf or Chix Pattie California Mixed Veggies Pears	<b>Monday, October 31</b> Pork Cutlet Mashed Potatoes Hot Cinnamon Apples
<b>Friday, Oct 28</b> Swedish Meatballs or Baked Fish or Sandwich Carrots fruit Cocktail	<b>Tuesday, November 1</b> Noodles carrots Fresh apple Lettuce Salad
<b>Saturday, Oct 29</b> BBQ ribs Tri-Tator Wax Beans Mandarin Oranges	<b>Tuesday, November 2</b> BBQ ribs Tri-Tator Wax Beans Mandarin Oranges
<b>Sunday, Oct 30</b> Hamburger Potato Salad Gelatin Cubes/Topping Apple	<b>Tuesday, November 3</b> Turkey Sandwich Potato Salad Gelatin Cubes/Topping Squash Fruit Cocktail

## Chick-fil-A Now Hiring!



### SENIOR CASHIER WANTED

Must have previous cashier experience. Must submit to a drug test. Must have a clean background check. Must fit into a ladies size 9 uniform. Must have a "cheery" attitude. Must not currently be on any psychotropic drugs. Must submit to a psychological evaluation. No piercings. Must be clean (bathe every day). Must be able to tolerate teenagers. No thieves. No phone calls. Fill out an application at the Chick-fil-A. *You know where it is.*

## NEW FIRE-MAN IN TOWN

by Laura Prescott

TROUTDALE—A new handsome face is in Troutdale—fireman Thomas "Tommy" Phelps, who joins the Troutdale Fire Department, after serving four years in neighboring Gresham.

Phelps, a robust, attractive man of 32, is recently divorced and looks forward to serving the community of Troutdale.

"People have made me feel so welcome," Phelps says with a devilish, intoxicating twinkle in his eye. "On my first day, I was given four pecan pies, two casseroles, and a beef stroganoff. And there was even a small accident when I took off my shirt to wash the fire engine, and three local women collided while trying to serve me lemonade."

One would obviously assume that such a brave, heroic single man faces extreme danger on a nearly daily basis.

"Not so much," Phelps dreamily replies. "Though since I've been here I've been



specifically asked to put out several fires that turned out to be false alarms. In one case, the resident in question was lying in bed, begging to be extinguished—even though there was no fire in sight. I dunno... that's pretty weird."

Phelps is 6' 2", with sandy brown hair, a chiseled jaw, and he's heterosexual.



# Comin's 'n' Goin's!

What Troutdadians Have Been Doing This Month as Witnessed By and Told to Me, Edith Busée

BY EDITH BUSÉE



I have said it before and I will say it again! *People should be careful because people never know who is watching.* I do not mean to gossip but it is well within our community's rights to know what is happening inside our community. As always, for reasons of tact I have removed some names from Comin's 'n' Goin's! Should you be concerned about a name mentioned, I urge you to contact me, Edith Busée, via the *Troutdale Trout*, or perhaps reconsider you or your child's behaviors.

- A (married!) assistant manager of Troutdale's Tenny-Runners Emporium was recently seen "trying on some shoes" with a female employee when I, Edith Busée, was trying on some new walking sneakers and walking sweats. Did these two go "beyond" "shoes"? I do not gossip, but you know what ladies say:

Some people can never "try on" enough "shoes"!

- An African American man was sighted near the Fairview Safeway store this past Sunday at roughly 11 am. According to bystanders he appeared to be acquiring a microwave (in a legal fashion). Watch this space for further developments!

- Several "tween" hoodlums wearing hooded sweatshirts and carrying weapons of some kind were recently witnessed near the final resting place of beloved citizen and entrepreneur Harold Busée. The management of Mountain View Cemetery did not return repeated calls regarding this matter. Those who miss their departed loved ones and have respect for the dead should perhaps consider taking their funereal business elsewhere!

- A local "craft creator" who has made quite a stir via her America Online store,

Etsy-Dot-Com, has been witnessed leaving her home at odd hours and parking her minivan at Dale's Auto Repair. This while her husband is working! I truly do hope her clearly broken vehicle will be repaired soon!

- David Moncrief of 1456 Wicker Lane has yet to rake his front yard despite it being nearly November! Let us all remember to take pride in our community. (Confidential to D.M.: Just because one's wife recently passed away from cancer does not let one "off the hook" from yard work. Our community should look its best!)

- Twelve-year-old immigrant Peter Honarz was recently caught pleasuring himself inside a toilet stall at Troutdale Elementary.

I'm Edith Busée! I'll see you in our community... and remember! Be careful!



## Craig's List

Some Things I Have and Some Things You Might Have  
by Craig Windham

Some things I could use if you have them:

- A new (or gently used) sink clogger
- garbage bags (large)
- some of the old TV antennas, the old ones, rabbit ear ones
- magazines (no magazines for women, please)
- VCR tapes

Some things I don't need anymore:

- This '96 Ford Explorer chassis, call for details or stop by whenever, I'm usually around
- Seasons 1-3 of *Magnum, P.I.* on DVD
- any more unsolicited and unwelcome "casual encounters" (that is not what this newspaper column is for)
- any more "feedback" about this newspaper column

## MUSIC REVIEW



### DOOBIE BROTHERS' CONCERT A BIG DISAPPOINTMENT

By BJ Biggs

The recent Doobie Brothers concert held at the Troutdale Riverside Amphitheater was the worst thing I've ever seen. And I've seen a lot of things, too. Things that would make you puke. I went to 'Nam. Enough said.

I love the Doobs. I loved them even when that traitor Michael McDonald left

the band. That son of a bad word didn't do anything worth nothing after he left. He should've offed himself after recording "What a Fool Believes," because there will never—NEVER—be another recorded song that is better than that one. I will kill the man who says otherwise.

So this Doobie Brothers concert was crap, son. Yeah, I guess they played some of the "classics" if you want to call them that. But where was the magic of their 1975 gig at the Cincinnati Riverfront Coliseum? Man, that was a stone cold gas. I was so high on acid, I made love to the sun, man. I MADE LOVE TO THE SUN!!!

Now? I don't even recognize half the members. Just a bunch of old, ugly bastards croaking half-forgotten songs to a crowd that wouldn't know music if it was dressed in a rice paddy hat and just a creeping through the reeds, just waiting to get the drop on some wet-behind-the-ears newbie just off the plane from Iowa and still cryin' for his... GET DOWN!! I said, GET... DOWN!! DUNG LAI! DUNG LAI!! BADABADABADABADAAAAA!! DIE!! DIE!!! DIEEEEE YOU YELLOW STINKING COMMIEEEEEEEEEEEEEES!!

And they didn't play "China Grove" neither.



## Drama Review

*Into the Woods* Gives Troutdale a Happy Ending by Penelope Higgins



All the stars aligned last night at the Commedia del Masque Theatrical Hall, when the Troutdale Community Players opened their 67th season with a lively rendition of Stephen Sondheim's enchanted musical *Into the Woods*.

The enthusiastic audience was delighted to see familiar faces slip into the roles of characters as Little Red Ridinghood and Cinderella—anticipation was especially high for Principal Greg Stewart's much-talked about turn as Milky White the cow, a spirited performance that proved the recent prom controversy hasn't dampened his sense of humor one bit! (The same can't be said for a small but vocal segment of the audience, who overpowered the principal's "moos" with "boos" until being escorted from the theater—and not a moment

too soon. There's a time and place for such protest, and the theater certainly isn't it.)

Of course, the question on everyone's mind (aside from, can Postmaster Dennis Stevens carry a tune? I'm happy to report that he can!) was what exactly the mayor's wife would be wearing. I'm happy to report that she outdid herself this year, with a hat so elaborate that the three rows behind her had to ask for new seats. Hal's Haberdashery, take heed: Mrs. Lily Curless' headwear is sure to set the style for the season to come. And while my sources report that faint snores drifted from Mayor Bill Curless' direction, he nonetheless did formidable damage to the always-scrumptious post-show deli platter from Chick-fil-A, surely a highlight of the production for many of the town's



Another triumph for the seasoned amateurs of the Troutdale Community Players

less-artistically inclined husbands. The ladies, meanwhile, enjoyed a special gold-flecked cocktail called the Rapunzel, based on the long-haired princess Ella Jacobs so fetchingly portrayed. (Ladies, don't forget to ask Ella for the

name of her stylist!)

All in all it was a magical evening, with Sondheim's grown-up fairy tale providing a thrilling backdrop to what's sure to be the social event of the season. 🐮

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