



Floyd G. Holschu

October 23, 1927 - November 28, 2008

Floyd George Holschu was born on Sunday, October 23, 1927 at home in Clackamas Heights, now known as Park Place, which is now located within the city limits of Oregon City. His father was George Andrew Holschu and mother was Helena Augusta Weigel Holschu. The address has been changed over the course of his lifetime, but the home has never been moved. It was acquired by Floyd's father from his father, William Henry Holschu, who acquired the property in 1910, nearly 100 years ago. The reason this is so important is that Floyd was born and died in the same home. Both his mother and father died there as well. Floyd wants his ashes scattered upon the property that he has loved so dearly.

He, very reluctantly at first, went through 8 grades at Park Place School and spent one year in Junior High at Oregon City. The next year found him working the summer baling hay for Hitchman and Chapin. He continued working the rest of his life. He had a period of working in the woods with a sawmill that he and several others operated, cutting cants that went to the re-saw mill. After the mills he got on with the Bellvue Machine Shop where he learned many of his skills. He had a quick mind and could come up with answers to complex problems and then create the solutions. After an apprenticeship he worked the rest of his life as a machinist.

Floyd loved hunting and ocean fishing. He had many fun trips with friends and

sometimes felt the most fun was in the preparation. Most every year his hunting trips met with success and venison was on the menu. Jim and Dennis Ferguson were nearly always hunting companions. He and Walt Smith were ocean buddies and brought home lots of yummy seafood.

His Dad liked to work with wood and was happy to work with Floyd, but it wasn't long before he surpassed his Dad. His Dad had a small garden tractor with a rope starter and many times his Dad would be out there trying to start it to no avail and Floyd would come home, adjust a couple of things and it would be purring along.

As a teenager Floyd acquired a car but he really wanted a horse. His Dad said no, but one day he came home minus a car and riding a horse. Lassie stayed and the family had a lot of fun with her. In her first days here, she wanted to go "home" and broke out one day and was running down the road heading for "home". Floyd ran after her and managed to get hold of her mane and jumped on, except he gave such a mighty leap he went over the top. He didn't let go and managed to get her back home.

In 1951 he married Donna Schulz and in 1953 a daughter, Linda Jean, was born. She was the joy of his life. However, the marriage failed and a divorce ensued. He made sure Linda was provided for and had her with him at every opportunity, which she loved.

In 1961 he married Dortha Poulson, a girl he grew up next door to. This was a keeper and they've spent many happy years together (47 if you are counting). Dortha, better known as Dot, welcomed Linda into her family and they have a tight bond to this day.

Floyd excelled in woodworking and it became a lifelong passion for him. He made kitchen cabinets for his home, a dining table with six chairs, and virtually

all of the wood furniture to be found in the home was lovingly made with his hands. Many people that will be attending the memorial have furnishings in their homes that he made for them. He made many things for his sister and his daughter and they are proudly displayed. Some things that were made for Millie were worked on with her helping and it was a great time and much was learned. He and Linda worked together and she gained many woodworking skills from his patient teaching. If he was helping you with a project and he quietly looked over your shoulder and said nothing, you knew you were doing a good job, but if he asked if you liked it, you had best look for the mistakes you had made so that you could correct them. His shop was one of his great loves and he loved to share it and teach others.

We will have some of his works at the memorial, we will be serving cookies from bowls he turned on his lathe. The little round birds-eye maple table on display was the last item he was able to make, before his illness became too severe, and was made with care for his sister whom he adored. Please note the craftsmanship! He made so many wonderful and beautiful things, it is hard to describe how beautiful they are and they are cherished.

One of his favorite evening pasttimes was playing cards, such as pinochle, hand and foot, cribbage, or whatever you wanted to play. He would always get a cheshire cat grin on his face when he won, which was often. He also liked to see stage plays with his wife and sister. Floyd and Dot would travel to Eugene to Millie's and they would go see plays or the Western Opry.

Floyd loved flying battery operated airplanes. He was much better at flying a real airplane and many happy trips were taken in the Cessna that he used to fly around the country. Flying remote controlled planes did not seem as easy as flying a plane with people in it. Thank goodness he was a good pilot and we always felt safe with him at the controls. As for the remote controlled ones,

they had many crashes and repairs, but he loved it just the same.

Floyd worked for Bellvue Machine Works, which later became Warn-Bellvue then Warn Industries, until he retired in 1983 at the age of 55. He became a superintendent, but liked it better working in the shop. He eventually ended up touring the country approving machines for the business. He was a Manufacturing Maintenance Supervisor at the time of his retirement. Retire? He found all the work he wanted out in his shop. Friends needing parts made or repaired, industry needing specific items made or created to order. This is what he loved to do. He also corrected more than one blue print or drawing, realizing that the original plan just would not work. Folks relied on him to know the answer and he usually did.

Floyd's knowledge didn't come from formal schooling, but from a logical mind enhanced by study and experience. His math skills were amazing and so was his memory, except when it came to people's names.

He was a pied piper when it came to children. He'd sit and wiggle a finger and curiosity would get the better of them and the next thing you knew they would be in his lap.

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Previous Events

Memorial Service

DEC 7. 2:00 PM - 4:00 PM (PT)

Clackamas County Housing Authority Community Center
13930 S Gain St
Oregon City, OR

Tribute Wall



“ *Floyd G. Holschu*

January 28, 2023 at 02:51 PM



“ *My grandmother is Henrietta Bixel (Holschu) and I always saw Floyd at the annual Holschu Picnic. He was always the one to head up the games and the water balloon toss. Throughout the years, I was never really sure how I was related to him and once my Grandma passed away; it was hard to come to the picnic; but I always did -- the one man I could count on being there every time was Floyd. Though I didn't speak to him often, he became a consistent symbol of my Grandmother and a past that I only hear stories of. I wish I had gotten to know him better, what a great biography!*

Angela Vargas (Bixel, Wayne's Daughter) - December 06, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ *I enjoyed many happy hours with Floyd. He was a very gracious, fun loving person and will be greatly missed by many.*

Jean Moon - December 03, 2008 at 12:00 AM



“ *Floyd was a wonderful person, and one whom you could tell loved his family very much. Floyd is probably already building new gates in heaven. My heart goes out to his family. Love, Sandy*

sandra townley - December 03, 2008 at 12:00 AM