

COMPLETE DRAFT

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MEMOIRS

GREAT DEPRESSION - TODAY

DON MILLER

TABLE OF CONTENT

INTRODUCTION.....	1
PIONEERS.....	2
GRAMMA AND EARLY YEARS	
1920 – GREAT DEPRESSION.....	3.
PARKPLACE & EARLY FRIENDS.....	8
ELBERT.....	12
WW – II & HIGH SCHOOL.....	17
COLLEGE..... 23	
WORK	
SAFEWAY & CONSTRUCTION.....	24
MILITARY.....	29
AEROSPACE.....	31
AFTER WORK.	
1955 – 1967.....	
1968 – 1986.....	
1987 – 1995 (GARDEN PARTY).....	
SPECIAL EVENTS.....	
RETIREMENT	
1896 VICTORIAN.....	
PIERRE.....	

CONCLUSIONS.....

APPENDIX.....

NOTE JAN21. REVIEW PARA THAT FIT INTO "1920 - GREAT DEPRESSION I.E NOT ELBERT, PARKPLACE & EARLIER FRIENDS, OR WW - II SOME MAY ALSO BE ADDED TO "PIONEERS" JAN 19 AND JAN 21 (THUMB DRIVE) SAME FILE

INTRODUCTION

As the oldest member of the immediate family my memories span the Great Depression, WW-II, thru the twentieth century. Stories from this period are intended to compliment "genealogy birth/death dates" well documented by Donna Jean, and Christopher's good looking girl friend, Emma. I have included highlights of family life, early teenage jobs and stories about my Aerospace Engineering work. Many of my stories are centered around Gramma Effie and a short account of her migration from Mehama, Oregon to Oregon City, Oregon in about 1900. Note that my stories are void of any reference to my

biological father, Archy Nutt. The Appendix Section includes a short list of cousins from the Nutt line whom I befriended in High School.

In order to simplify the writing task, construction jobs, Safeway, and Aerospace work is separated from other family/friends memories. This separation made the writing task manageable more manageable for me. Most stories are chronological order. However, some early family stories (pre WW-II) have less reference to the year. Several important events such as "Climbing Mt Rainier" are found in the Section titled "Special Events". Aerospace stories contain some references to Military Projects as well as some technical jargon. In the event that additional information is desired (doubtful), I do have 10 large volumes of memos, pitch - charts all with gruesome detail. The Appendix Section contains correspondence with Donna Jean and key dates obtained from the genealogy work done by Emma and Chris.

Since I have only done limited writing and not an avid reader, hopefully good editors will make these story readable.

PIONEERS

Grandparents (mothers side) were both pioneers; Bill Smith (grandfather - called Dad) at age 6 made the 2000 mile covered wagon trek from Missouri to Oregon City in 1865. Gramma Effie's Grandfather, Philimon Morris, came from Illinois with his new wife Minervia and 5 children in 1853. Philimon homesteaded in Stayton, Oregon.

Gramma's Father, Albert Morris was the oldest of 5 children born to Philimon and Minervia in Stayton. Albert married Emma May and settled in Mehama, Oregon. They had 8 children; Walt, Bert, Earl, Roscoe, Lou, Effie, Oren and Kenneth. Bert, a cabinet maker and Lou a sheep farmer stayed in Mehama. Oren lived in Stayton. By 1900, 5 of the Morris family had migrated to Oregon City (including Gramma now a teenager). The 4 boys were carpenters and Gramma became a school teacher.

Emma May, Gramma's mother had a younger sister, Jeannie May. Aunt Jeanie married Dad. They adopted a boy named Lake in about 1900. Now the story gets convoluted. Hang on!! Gramma, the teenager from Mehama, joined Dad, Aunt Jeanie and baby Lake. This family lived in Park Place (the community where I was raised). Gramma attended Park Place High School and the Barkley Normal School to become a school teacher.

Details of family events after Gramma's arrival from Mehama are sparse. However, Aunt Jeanie and Dad were divorced; Gramma married Dad (her Uncle by marriage) in 1912. Aunt Jeanie ran off to San Francisco with baby Lake and soon remarried. Lake (now 12 years old) lived part time with Dad and Gramma.

My family memoirs are for the most part about Gramma, Dad and their 4 children; Reva (my mother), Bessie, Delbert and Elbert. Although, my earliest memories are about 1936, (age 4) some hand-me-down stories about the Great Depression Era are included.

Let's reset the clock/calendar to the year 1924.

(insert pic gramma ,dad and me

GRAMMA AND EARLY YEARS

1920'S - BIG DEPRESSION

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE...Gramma Effie grabs baby Elbert, herds Dad out the door and flees from the roaring blaze. Bessie with Gramma's old doll sprints down Cleveland with Lake, Deb, and Reva. One hundred yards from the burning house they regrouped in what was called the old "chicken house" on the corner of Cleveland and Harley.

Today the small house with few luxuries still stands. During the late 20's the small home had few added luxuries (not unlike others in this low income Depression community). Notable upgrades made prior to 1932 (my birth year) included a well for drinking water, raised mud-free walkways through a large lawn, wood shed and small barn. Electric lights and running water turned the old "chicken house" into a memorable childhood home. Some house improvements were never completed. Kitchen and bathroom had sinks with facets but running water was limited to the back porch. Fortunately, the toilet worked fine. Teenager Elbert used fresh water from the toilet tank to comb his hair. Remember, the sink/faucet did not work. Two wood stove; one for with coils and tank for hot water and cooking, the other for heating. Bathing was infrequent. Hot water drawn from the single faucet on the porch with a tub placed near the heating stove was essential to bathe. I don't remember the teenagers using the tub, however both cousin Donna Jean and I took many winter tub baths. Since I was older (and bigger than Donna) I use the clean hot water first. She got seconds (not enough hot water for two baths).

In about 1926, Dad (my Grandfather Bill was called Dad) at age 66 fell and broke his hip. For unknown reasons the hip was never "set". He remained on crutches and became senile until death in 1942.

Although not much is known about the family during the 20's, a few hand-me-down stories coupled with my vivid first memories in 1936 give us a fair picture. Here, we turn the clock back to 1927. Gramma, Dad, Lake, Reva, Bessie, Delbert and Elbert all were living in this "little house". Lake, bounced between Aunt Jeanie's (Dad's first wife) and Dad. When at our little house in 1927, the Inn was full; Reva 14, Bessie 12, Delbert 9, and Elbert 4. However, the woodshed had a loft that was partially finished. I am certain that Lake slept in the woodshed. Reva and Bessie shared a bed in what had to be the smallest bedroom in Park Place. In summer months the girls spent most of their time with Gramma's siblings. Reva with Aunt Lou in Mehama and Bessie with Uncle Bert in Mill City. Winters were more difficult. Especially for Delbert and Elbert who used the screened front porch for a bedroom. As young teenagers the girls worked at an Orphanage about a mile from Park Place. Sometimes they would spend the night at the Orphanage -- more room. A slightly larger second bedroom had twin beds;

one for Dad and one for Gramma. This bedroom had a closet and room for a dresser.

Money was not abundant. However, Gramma had accumulated property (perhaps 20 acres) in Park Place. It was sold during these difficult years.

I am not sure who came first, me or the cow. Lets put the cow in the small barn and focus on Sept 20, 1932. I was the first and likely the last baby born in the little house. On Sept 19, 1932 another new baby arrived two block North of me; my special friend Vera Monger. Lake had married Pearl and their first baby, Lois, was nine months old. The three of us dominated Park Place for the next decade.

Reva graduated from West Lynn High School in 1931. Aunt Mary financed Bessie for Business School. My memories of immediate family members during the 30's is limited to teenagers Delbert, Elbert and, of course, Dad and precious Gramma Effie (I do remember Bessie's husband Bud carrying Bessie and new baby Donna Jean from the car to their house on Holcombg). However, I have no memories of the either Bessie or my Mother Reva living with the family in Park Place. I had virtually no relationship with my Mother until about 1945(six years after she married Bill Miller). I do remember her weekly payment of \$5 to Gramma throughout the 40's.

In 1948 Reva and Bill moved from a very small one bedroom house to a new somewhat modern home. One bedroom was earmarked for me. From ages 16 to 21 I had two homes; one with Gramma in Park Place, the other with Reva and Bill some 5 miles south of Oregon City. As I reflect on those years I still hang on to the eternal bonding with Gramma Effie. She patched my scratches, held my head when sick and share her love in a motherly way. Although I did become closer to Reva by 1953 (drafted into the Korean Conflict) our relationship was short of a typical Mother-Son variety. The close bond between Gramma and me was further demonstrated in 1958 - 1959. I had Carolyn and Julie alone in Los Angles (their Mother Margaret was hospitalized for over a year). Gramma promptly came to Los Angles and managed my young family.

PARK PLACE

Prior to the mid 1960's Park Place had a distinct business district. The "old bridge" (now limited to foot

Fire,fire,fire 1932 DEPRESSION - POST WW II

CHING ELBERT IRONING SHIRTS

stMy earle memories are about year 1936. I remember, big snow storm (3 ft of snow) and my first dog, a red chow,named Ching. He meet me on the daily one mile walk from school. In our neighborhood, one wealthy family had hourses, sheep and goats. Ching could not resist the sheep. AS you might expect, Ching did not last long. I also have vivid memories of Delbert and his cousin Jack Morris eating large Turkey legs at Thanksgiving dinner. Holiday family gathering at Gramma Effie's small house were common. Most of my most vivid memoreies are of Elbert. In about 1939 Elbert,in HIgh School, ironed his white shirt (the fad) moments before running to the bus stop. Gramma made him iron his own shirts. I can see him at the ironing board doing the last sleeve while neighborhood kids yelled, "Elbert the bus is comming".

ELBERT, COWS TAIL

Before the WW-II, we had a cow. Elbert was responsiable for the daily milking. My job was to hold the cow's tail. If the tail came loose from my hand, Elbert would get slapped in the face with the tail - and

I got squirted with fresh warm milk.

SHIPYARDS, DAYCARE

During the war shipyard jobs were 7 days ON followed by 1 day off. Every seven weeks each worker had a 2 day week-end. Money was not abundant for Gramma, Dad and me. (Dad died in 1P42)

Grade school (first thru sixth) was in a old large historic wooden structure - Park Place gradeschool. This facility was the first High School in Oregon. Some teachers are never forgotten; Miss Paulson, Mrs Yoder, Mr Hosteter, Mr Johnson and Mrs Wilson. I did get a little special attention at the school. Gramma was the Chairman of the School Board.

PROJECT FRIENDS

I knew virtually everone in the neighborhood. In 1942 the Housing Project (100 homes for the shipyard workers) added many childhood friends. Most precious was Beverly Alvord, and Audary Jones. I could name many others but will move on to some other memories.

As young kids 10 to 13 we used black top roads for roller skating. Another popular game was Rubber guns. A rubber gun consisted of loops of a inner tube stretched over a notched board - some were 3 ft in length. A good marksman could hit a bad guy at 15 yds. We were allowed to go to the Clackmas river (about 1 mileaway). Another popular play area was the "wooded bluff and lake" (currently Home Depot and Highway 213).

My Mother (Reva) married Bill Mille in 1939. They built a small house on 2 acres about 5 miles from Oregon City. (close to the new (2007) golf course on Highway 213. During my young teens I spent a few weekends with Reva and Bill. However I always went to school in Park Place and consider my home to be with Gramma in Park Place (now called Clackmas Heights). One outstanding memory of times with Reva was in the Black Cap fields near her home. Reva and I picked berries for the owners (Grant and Jones). This was probable my first real experience with a "days work". Reva wanted to teach me what it was like to put in 8 hrs in the hot sun. Fortunately, about 1:30 each day she would say "enough is enough" and we would head for the house. She had a largd dog named Prince. Prince raised hell in the Black Cap patch. He ate berries from the vines - the farmers did not like Prince.

I must mention here that my first love (Janice Sonoske) popped up from one of these 1945 Black Cap adventures.

AT my age, 10-14 during the war, activity beyoung the neighborhood was limited. Although Gramm did not have a car, Bessie and Bud did have a 1937 Chev that was in near perfect condition. I was the number one baby sitter for Donna Jean who was 4 years younger than me. Often I got to travel with Bessie and Bud and Donna on short 1 or 2 day trips. I remember always being excited when they came to our house.

Before moving on to 1944, let me back track and tell you a little about my Grandfather who we all called 'Dad'. Since I lived woth my Grandmother and Grandfather, I picked up on the name Dad rather than Grampa. Dad, who was about 25 years older than Grandma, was 72 when I was born. He had a broken hip and was on crutches. His hip was never set (the story is that money was scarce). He died in 1942 at age 84. Dad, was somewhat senile and had a temper. He liked me but often growled at other kids around Gramms house. Dad came to Oregon in about 1865 on a Wagaon. He was about 6 years old. Also, his mother was killed by a gun accident on the trail.

Gramma kept me busy. I was a member of the Grange, 4-H Club, and spent each summer in the fields picking every berry known to man. I picked strawberries for 1 day and quit. That was not my bag. Filberts and beans were my favorite. I was one of the fastest Filbert pickers in Clackamas County. Beans were fun to pick. I raced a gal named Anita Hinkel - a very fast bean picker. She won

Gramma had several housecleaning jobs. One job was in Gladstone. The lady who hired Gramma was a music teacher. She offered to give me Piano lessons free. So, I bought a piano. I took classical piano lessons for over a year and learned to read sheet music. I played most of the popular songs of the day. My left hand didn't work as well as the right hand so I finally gave up the piano.

After the War (1945) Delbert lived again at home. Elbert was married. Most of my memories seemed to be centered around work. Junior High School were busy and fun times for me. I was not a good student but the teachers like me. They broke the rules and put me in the Honor Society- wow what a mistake. It was common for me to visit my Mother Reva , who worked at Howells in Oregon City, after school. She kept me fat with large milk-shakes. Since Gramma and I did not have a car (or a phone) I would often bum around Oregon City until 5 pm and get a ride home with Bessie and Bud. Like some of my grandkids, I did not like the bus ride home.

I had many friends in Junior High. I even played some basketball when in the 8th grade. Many of those friends are still here in Oregon City. Our class (graduating Class of 1950) has annual picnics and monthly lunches. (Terrill calls these friends the fat ladies. She avoids these gatherings).

I should add that these years are best remember by the many friends both at School and here in Park Place. The housing Project had so many kids my age. Weekends were filled with summer swims at the river and winter sleding from Hunter down Cleveland. As I mentioned earlier, I did spend some week ends with my mother Reva. However, Grammas was my home. In many ways the years prior to 1947 were special. It was this period that strong bond with Gramma occurred. But, in 1947 I had to start sharing her with her brother Uncle Bud. Gramma and Uncle Bud jointly bought the house that most of you remember (big Oak tree). Me

and my piano had to pick up and move 1 block down the road. A short distance but a different (sometime troublesome) life for me. Uncle Bud did not like the piano!

Gramma ha an awareness of the dangers of idle time for young teenagers. Each Fall, just before school started, she and other ladies in the community (Stricker, Maud Glass, McKee) drug the kids kids off to the hop yard. A large area border by McLoughn Blvd on the west and Park Place on the east was the local hop yard. The memories of the hop yard are as clear as any. "Wiredown" yelled the pickers as they stripped the long hopvines and made there way down long rows. The work was tough (like most manual harvesting jobs), but hop picking was more than work. It was also a social outing. Kids leaned to work and earned enough money for annual school shopping. I have a hop plant in my bad yard. Like the hop yard, my plant grows some 20 ft high (up the neighboring walnut tree). When I pick the hops my mind goes back 60 plus years. The oders are a perfect replica of those in the hop yard. (I tried a batch of beer once - not good).

Granma was the leading administator of our local Community Church. Kids form the ages 4 to 13 found themselves attending the weekly service. Now, since I was under the same roof as the church boss I got the job of building the fire (big wood stove in the churh) each Sunday morning. Also, I was instructed to ring the bell promptly at 9:00 a.m. Ringing the bell was simple. A large rope extended down from the tower. However, if you pulled the rope too hard - not good. The bell would end up stuck in an upside down position. This required someone to climb the tower and free up the bell. After "sticking" the bell several times, Gramma said " next time you will loose your monthly \$1.50". Crossing her was not a good idea. Most readers of this note will remember Granma at an age of 75 - 80. AT age 50 she swung a wicked kindling stick!!!

At age 14 Grandma pointed me (as well as Lois) toward the Abernathy Grange. Granma was a Charter Member (The year was probable around the turn of the century). She was active in the Grange for many years. Each Grange (several in Clackamus County) had what was called a Youth Degree Team. The Team consisted of about 10 young Grangers. Each member of the team had a station. I was the Stewart. Ed McKee was gatekeeper. The Team competed against other Granges. We did well but, as I recall Springwater (near Esticada) did better. As it turned out our group was active in 1946 - during this period both the State and National Grange were available for us to get the higher degrees. So remember I am not only a granger but a National Degree member. I am sure this elated Granma. At the time not many grangers had the opertunity to become National members. Abernathy Grange still exists but in a different location (the same area as the old wooden Park Place Grade school)

In 1947 we moved from the small house to Auntie Kruger's home 1/2 block down the street there were some perks: phone, frig, bigger

bedroom, and bath tub. For Uncle Bud all was well except my piano practice. I played Bells of ST Mary's (key of C) as loud as possible.

By 1948 I was begining to show more independence. A close friend, Gilbert MacLean, and I hitchhiked to Milton-Freewater to work in the pea harvest. We lasted one day and immdiatly high-tailed it back to Oregon City.

In High School I was a poor student, but did ok in math and science courses. Old school records show that my favorite teacher, Mr Baur, was concerned about my weak academic work and recommended that I work less at Safeway. No one paid heed. I soon became know as the

.....working kid. The first Safeway job was definently for an ambitious kid. When a checker yelled "CARRY OUT", I grabbed two full bags, one under each arm, and followed the family down a block long alley to a parking lot. I worked after school and Saturdays. However, Friday nights in Sept were saved for High School football games. After several months at the "old store", a new Safeway on the North End of Main Street was opened. This new store (1950) became the heart-beat of downtown Oregon City. On Saturdays the sidewalks were crowded with shoppers. Most important to the carry-out boys was a close parking lot. The carry-out crew was made up star High School athletes, sons of City Officials and Bankers. They were hired and if they could work like a horse they were permanent. I was part of this select group and performed better than most. I continued to work on weekends through out the summer of 1950 (see WORK below).

One busy Sat afternoon in late Aug 1950 customers were lined up at my check-stand (I learned to run a registar). I was in the middle of checking out a large order when the Manager, George Reynold, said to me, "Don, close your check-stand and come here". This was a strange request. George didn't say a word to me but wanted me to hear the phone call that he was about to make. I overheard the following:

"Hi Bev, this is George in Oregon City. Bev, I have a kid here that's going to the University of Oregon next month. He is the best....make a spot for him as part of your part-time weekend crew."

Next, George said to me, "get back to your check-stand". I guess this was the reward for being a star Safeway clerk.

SOME KEY EVENTS AFTER WW-II

working kid. After eight hours at Safeway, I most often headed for Park Place....too tired for any social affairs. This kept me out of trouble but my academic progress was not good. I did not date. I was interested in the math and science course and took them all but seldom got a good grade 1 A in geometry and 1 A in analytical geomtry at U of O. Dr Mason.

several close friends Don Stanley, Wayne Stienenger (now know as Hoss) Bob

Broady, Ed McKee 2 years older lived in Park Place.

cars 1928 Model A 16 inch wheels, 1937 Chev had a 1932 Indian Bike 3 days

Gramma made me get rid if it. did learn to ski Elbert and Roberta took me

to Mt Hood. School bus trips were fun . made 4 trip to Timberline/day skied
to Geverment Camp learned golf with Bob Broady and his dad. had two
dish
washing jobs (1) Chicken in the Rough (2) the Wewst Linn Hotel both
for only
a few months. Had money so bought some hay for the horses Portland
Meadows
track Got into Lonnie Logstons crap illegal crap game at the Castle
lost
20 quickly
Hassle with Uncle Bud and Reva wanting to mother me did lead to
spending
more time at her house in Carus (just beyound the golf course. Bill
had
finished the new home very nice modern. I had my own bedroom but as I
look
back I was seldom content there. AS the story is told I just went for

PARK PLACE & EARLY FRIENDS

ELBERT

Teenagers Elbert and Delbert, senile crippled Dad, and Gramma are clearly the main characters in my earliest memories. Delbert graduated from the new Oregon City High School (Jackson Campus) in 1936 and spent much time working in logging camps and summer CCC camps. I do remember a visit home following his South Pacific WW-II tour.during WW-II. While home Deb had a relaspe of malary. Local Drs were able to find quinine which lead to a quick recover. Aftert WW-II, Deb returned to our little house. However, now I was thirteen, Deb was a good looking war hero who made the local teenage gils swoon. Deb was like a big brother 99% of the time. Elbert was married to Roberta, senile Dad was deceased. Once Deb told me to mow the lawn; I had other plans and he was pissed. I hid in a large culvert pipe. He never found me. All went well.

Let's return to 1936. A wealth of Elbert/Donnie drama comes to mind.

(move to end of ELBERT STORIES)

delete

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I will preface the following stories with a reminder that after retirement in 1995, TG, Chis and I became an integral part of Elbert and Roberta's Christmas Eve celebration following their family sit down five course meal. This annual event continued for over 10 years. Elbert made our Holiday Season an a special time of the year.

#####

Elebert had one drawer. When he was out - and - about I could not resist fishing through his stuff. I remember a box old radio and telephone junk. One day when Lois and I were digging through Elbert's treasury, we could not resist his headphones. We took turns wearing them; first me, then Lois. Lois,

sitting in one of the old oak chairs, looked like Jack Armstrong with Elbert's headphones covering both of her ears. I suggested that we plug the two terminals into the wall mounted 110 outlet. Lois agreed. This would be so real!

BANG BANG!! Lois hit the floor, slightly dazed. Headphones across the room darken with smoke. No permanent injuries.

Elbert soon found out. He was not a happy with the curious two mischievous five year old brats.

In addition to Elbert's "one drawer", he had a bike. The bike was his prize possession. Long handle bars (without hand grips), marrow brakes, balloon tires and no chain guard. Elbert kept his bike polished and used it during his courtship with Roberta who lived in Gladstone. At every opportunity I mounted the bike. However, I must have been a slow learner. I crashed every time. The pipe - like handle bars would fill with dirt. Elbert always knew when I rode his bike. As my biking skills improved (speed went up) the crashes got more serious. Once, I fell into loose gravel. Both the bike and rider got a good scraping. Elbert was not happy but little-by-little I took ownership of Elbert's bike.

For a period of about two years Elbert and Gramma managed our cow. (Deb was out and about). Gramma did the morning milking, Elbert the afternoon. A trip to barn with Elbert was like a trip to Disneyland. First, the cow had to be retrieved from afternoon "staking" (no fences on this farm; rather a thirty foot rope gave our cow adequate daily grazing). We had about two acre and sometimes used other fields for grazing. Prepping the cow for milking was Elbert's next task.

To pacify the stantioned cow during milking, a couple pounds of grain was served. Elbert continued by washing the tits with a damp cloth. He positioned the stool and the bucket, grabbed the front tit, squeezed.....but wait! Nature called. "Donnie get the shovel". My job was to hold the cows whip-like tail so that Elbert would not get slap with the ever moving tail. Sometime my tight grip failed - Elbert would get slapped and I got a face full of fresh warm whole milk. Gramma waited for the gallon+ of fresh milk. We always had not only fresh milk, but also butter and nasty tasting cottage cheese.

At age five, Elbert 15, I was often a good candidate for "tricks". Tricks on me; funny for Elbert but sometime gruesome for me. The best example is the time Elbert asked me to play teater-todder with him. A twenty foot 2x6 with a three foot fulcrum was carefully place close to a black berry patch. I was selected to mount the end of the long board that extend over the thorny vines. Elbert used the other end and we did the up-down deal for several minutes then when we suddenly stopped. I was some 5 ft above the thorns. Not moving. Wondering what was next. Elbert slid off his end. I ended up like Peter Rabbit- thorny vines in all directions. Elbert caught hell from Gramma.

Elbert was responsible for storing the annual three cord of wood. Our wood shed was stuffed. He also chopping large cuts of wood into two smaller sizes: stove wood and kindling wood. My job was to fill wood box near the kitchen (and keep them full). Gramma was not happy when the fire was dying and the wood box was empty.

At age 11, Elbert was in the Army station in Florida. He sent home a fine casting rod. Gramma was to store this fishing gem for him. I found the casting rod and promptly headed for the popular swimming/fishing hole, High Rocks, near Gladstone. High Rocks is over 100 ft deep in most places. I stood on the highest rock, High Dornic, and executed a now famous cast. I glanced at my right hand. No pole. Only about 1 inch of cork handle. After WW-II Elbert frowned some over his casting rod. However, I was forgiven and we continued to be close friends.

One vivid memory of Elbert is the hassle Gramma had getting him on the school bus for High School.

The year about 1939.

Boys wore freshly pressed white shirts with the cuff folded twice. Gramma spent many hours ironing. However, she did not provide Elbert with an ironed shirt. Rather, she handed him a shirt freshly washed. At the last minute.....the bus has rounded the final turn heading down Cleveland. With iron hot Elbert made several swipes, one arm in the shirt, other arm loaded with books. The bus driver waited. Elbert made it to school. He was a track guy - high hurdles. I remember his spikes. Ten years later I used them in the 880. Three races, three piles of "puck". Short track career.(See College Stories below).

I dont remember any dogs prior to my first dog, a red chow named Ching. Grammda had a cat named Orval who lived for 20 years and hadl dozens of kittens. Elbert's pets were white rats that were caged in our kitchen. They were clean and it was fun to have them crawl around on your neck-shoulders. several. However, Gramma did not like the rats.

One last story about Uncle Elbert. Elbert had a friend named Don Balcom. Don and Elbert, at about age 17, decided to make an un-annouced trip to San Francisco. They took Don's father's wheels without permission and headed South. The father was not pleased so he called the cops.

The intersting part of the story is that they made it to San Fransico and back without getting caught. The story is that they were about to enter the Golden Gate heading North but changed their route to 99 North. The cops were waiting for them at the bridge exit. Good navigation job Elbert!

WW-II AND HIGH SCHOOL

The Grandfather (Dad) traveled via covered wagon to Oregon City with his Father. Dad's Mother was accidentally killed by a loaded weapon early in the trip. Dad's Uncle, Cap Smith, was well established with a large home in Park Place. Little is known about Dad's father other than he settled in Washington. Dad remained in Park Place and likely lived with his Uncle

Dad worked as a carpenter foreman building fish ladders on the Clackamas

River and was involved with the County Sheriff patrolling local rivers in search of illegal fishing. There are stories about Dad working in the State Capitol in Salem. Perhaps the most interesting story about Dad is his campaign for Sheriff. Financing Dad's campaign was provided mostly by Gramma's brother, Uncle Earl. Dad lost the election - Gramma, in turn gave several acres of land to Uncle Earl.

During the mid 1920's (after the fire loss) Dad fell and broke a hip. For unknown reasons, the hip was never set. He was somewhat senile for the last 14 yrs of his life and on crutches. He died in 1942

At age 13, Gramma Effie followed three older brothers to Oregon City and lived with her Aunt Jeanie, who was married to Dad, and new adopted baby, Lake. After graduating from Park Place High School and Barkley Normal School, she taught school in near by communities including Barlow and Redland. Dad and Aunt Jeanie divorced. Gramma married Dad in 1912. They had four children Reva, Bessie, Delbert and Elbert. Gramma, a community leader was a Charter member of Abernathy Grange as well as Chairman of the Park Place School Board (District 48) - now part of Oregon City Schools. This was a busy lady!!.

GRAMMA AND EARLY YEARS

At the outset of writing these memoirs I recognized that earlier generations had passed and my stories would be crucial to my family history. Only I would be responsible for the story. Here, pre - 1937 memories are at the mercy of hand-me-down stories; some from her, but most from her four children - all deceased now. Also, be reminded that Gramma was the focal point of my life; serving as a Mother, Provider, Father and Sheriff. Perhaps the close attachment to her is best illustrated in the early 60's by my frequent travel from Seattle to California. I would always stop in Portland, spend the night with Gramma, and then scurry to PDX for an early flight to Los Angeles.

The 19th century genealogy work, done by Donna Jean and Emma Sieskie (Chris's close girlfriend), both give attention to detailed recorded dates. Here, I have taken the liberty to give lessor attention to accurate dates. Rather, and have attempted to tell stories that I either remember or stories that have been handed down to me..

Gramma's Grandfather arrived in Oregon in 1852 via covered wagon. He Homesteaded in Sublimity (east of Salem). Gramma's Father lived some 30 miles further east of Salem in a town called Mehama.. Gramma had one sister, Aunt Lou, and six brothers: Oren, Walt, Earl, Rosco, Bert, Kenneth, Life for this large family in the late 19th Century in Mehama was not easy. The nearest larger town(Staton) was a five hour walk. The story is that it was common to make this walk. Although I lack details, Walt , Earl, Rosco, and Effie left Mehama for an easier life in and around Oregon City. Also, Gramma's Aunt Eugenie lived in the Oregon City area. Lou and Bert remained in Mehama. Kenneth, the youngest, spent his early adult life in Mehama but later moved to Prineville Oregon.. Lou had a large sheep ranch.. Bert, a cabinet - maker and Kenneth was a Jack-of-all-trades. Earl, a logger, worked in Vernonia and Sandy and had accumulated some wealth. Walt and Rosco were carpenters. Oren, (a shady character) remained in the Staton area.

It should be noted that my Grandfather (Bill Smith -called Dad) was also an Oregon Trail Pioneer. Dad arrived in Oregon in 1865 (approximate date) at age six (6). When their wagon train arrived in the Dallas, winter weather made the final trek around Mt Hood (Barlow Trail) difficult. Dad at age six was left in the Dallas until the following spring. He was raised by an Uncle Cap Smith, who had a "large upscale home" in Park Place. Dad stayed in Oregon City.

Gramma Effie came to Oregon City from Mehama as a young teenager. She lived with her Aunt Eugenie and Uncle Bill while attending High School (tenth grade) and two years of "normal school". The "normal school" gave her a teaching certificate.. She taught elementary school for several years (about 1908 - 1912). The migration of Gramma's family back to Oregon City continued. after her Father passed. Gramma's mother left the Mehama area and moved to Oregon City. I should add that I have memories of all of Gramma's brothers and Aunt Lou. During WW II (1940 - 1945) Gramma and I made annual trips with Bessie or Aunt Mary (Earl's wife) to visit families in Mehama.

Aunt Eugenie and Uncle Bill adopted Lake(Lois's dad) . Here I lack important details. Later, Aunt

Jeannie and Uncle Bill divorced. It is not clear where Lake lived. However, Lake was very close to both the adopted parents as well as Gramma. He probably continued to live with his adopted father Bill. The story is that Aunt Eugenie left and spent some time in San Francisco. Later she returned to Oregon City and remarried Vanderbuilt. Lake did have a mother - like relationship with Aunt Eugenie but may have lived with the adopted father Uncle Bill(my Grandfather). The plot thickens. When Gramma was about 26 , she married her uncle Bill. Lake may have bounced around between Aunt Eugenie and the newly married couple, Uncle Bill and Gramma. Gramma who was teaching school accumulated over 10 acres of property in Park Place. Bill, a part-time county sheriff specialized in patrolling the local rivers. He ran for sheriff but lost the race. Gramma's brother, Uncle Earl, financed the run for sheriff. Uncle Earl was repaid with some of Gramma's property.

(POSSIBLE ADDITION TO PIONEER SECTION FOLLOWING INTRO)

Gramma, Bill and Lake lived in a house 1 block east of the small house where I was born. In 1913 Reva was born, followed by Bessie, Delbert and Elbert. In about 1920 their house burned. They moved to the little house (called the chicken house) where I was born. Elbert was born in 1922 after the fire.

One way to picture this family is to first stop the clock in 1919. The "little" house was a busy place. Reva was 7, Bessie was 5, and Delbert was 2. The accomodations included an outhouse , limited power, well water, no tele phone, no frig, no shower or modern bathtub. Two wood stoves; one served the kitchen and the other provided heat in the living room. Now let the clock tick to 1922. Elbert arrives.

In about 1926 Bill (lets call him Dad from now on) broke his hip and never had it set. I would guess that funds were not available for this medical procedure in 1926. He spent the remaining 16 years of his life on crutches. In addition to his hip problem, Dad became senile sometime before 1932 (the year I arrived). Reva graduated from Hlgh School in 1931. Bessie was 1 (or two) years behind Reva. In 1932 Delbert was 14 and Elbert was 10. Gramma was a busy lady (3 teen agers, 1 10 year old and a new grandson Donnie). Her problems were, of course, compounded by an ailing senile husband who lived on crutches. I suspect that the Great Depression (1929 - 1932) had little impact on this family. There was very little money. The two girls worked part time in an Orphanage. We did have over an acre of land which wss used for a very large garden and provide grass for our cow. The cow was an important part of survival. We had fresh milk, butter , and cottage cheese.

I have no memories of Reva or Bessie living in this house. Reva and my biological father were married and divorced in the same ceremony. They did not live together. Reva lived away from this home (not sure where). However , she did tavern/waitress work around Oregon City. Bessie married Bud Hadsell in 1935(see Appendix B for stories about Bessie and Bud); Deb, after graduating from High School in 1936, worked in the woods and lived in CCC camps. This left Dad, Gramma, Elbert and Donnie. The senile Grandfather (Dad) liked me as a young toddler. He was most contented when I was with him. As might imagine. me at age 4 and Elbert at age 14 produce some confusion. Elbert had 1 drawer. Donnie could not resist Elbert's neat drawer. Much of my close bonding with Elbert occurred after retirement from Boeing in 1995 (the year I moved from Seattle to the historic house on Apperson Blvd).

As a young child (under 5) there were few, if any, rules in Gramma's house. However, when Gramma told me to do something I did not question her command. One job I had was to fill the wood box. Elbert cut the wood and I carried it from the wood shed to the wood box on the back porch. I do recall being punished for not filling the wood box. Gramma ordered me to bring her a kindling stick. If I hesitated, she threatened to spank me harder. What a clear memory that is. If I brought the stick to her quickly I only got 5 wacks....if I hesitated I got 7. Elbert's main job was to feed and milk the cow. (Gramma also milked the cow). My job with the milking was to hold the cows tail while Elbert milked. If I let it go, Elbert would get slapped with the tail and I would get hosed with warm milk directly from the cow's tit.

It is important to note that in my younger years Gramma was over 50. It is fair to say that the attention I got was left over from caring for Dad, giving final touches to 2 teenage daughters, and promoting Hlgh School for her 2 sons Deb and Elbert. Gramma was well known in the community. She was active in the school. Before my first year in school, she managed the cafeteria at the school. I went to school with her and got to sit in with the first graders. I do remember that during my six years in grade school I often

got special favors from the teachers. Living with Gramma Effie had it's perks.

Be reminded that some of the limitations of my childhood is related to the time period . Many other families with young children in Park Place had sparse picking due to the Great Depression. We always had food, heat and a place to sleep. Buying "Things" which required money was a rare event for most families. In Oregon City, there were 2 classes of people: (1) those with jobs in the paper mill, and (2) those without jobs in the paper mill. None of our family worked in the mill in the 30's (Lake, and Bud Hadsell did work there in the forties)
you

A few years prior to my time a house fire forced the Smith family to relocate to the smaller two-bedroom house (corner of Cleveland & Melinda). This trauma is best illustrated by my Aunt Bessie. Bessie, about nine years old, managed to escape the blaze with her large doll in hand. Uncle Earl (Gramma's brother), who lived nearby provided the family with furniture (a kitchen table with 8 chairs and a valuable book case with curved glass that survived the last ninety years is currently in my house on Apperson Blvd).

Shortly after the fire, Dad (my Grandfather) fell and broke a hip that was never set. On crutches and somewhat senile he hobbled around this small house until his death in 1942. I have clear memories of Dad, his rocking chair and crutches. Although somewhat disgruntled with most kids, he was pleased to have me near him. Stories were passed down about Dad following me (as a toddler) on crutches around the large lawn. In fact, Reva claimed that one reason I lived with Gramma was to keep Dad from wondering off. There may be some truth in that story. At any rate that was part of the scene during my early childhood.

The "little" house overflowed with four young kids: Reva 14, Bessie 12, Delbert 8, and baby Elbert 4. Sleeping arrangements were complicated. Elbert's WW II story captures the crowded conditions. His story is that Army barracks was a luxury. A screened-in porch large enough for a double bed was used by the boys. The girls had a small bedroom - about 2 foot wider than the bed. These sleeping quarters had no heat. Only the kitchen, living room and one bedroom were warmer than outside temperatures. (Winters in Park Place in the 20's and 30's were cold). I was raised in this same house. However, the girls were gone and WW-II took the boys. I had my choice of either the small bedroom or the cold porch.

Park Place during the 20's was not an upscale community. A couple hundred low income homes dominated the Clackamas Height/Park Place landscape. Fewer than a dozen had any wealth. Most of the smaller houses were on large lots (many had an acre; enough space for large gardens and limited livestock. In our case, it was a cow and sometimes one pig. Electric power and public water arrived in this community several years after the large house burned. My Mother, Reva, shared a story about a neighbor who had a generator. The flip of a switch for lights was a big deal for young teenagers who only knew of kerosene lamps for light. Each house had a well and, of course, an outhouse. Hot water was not drawn from a faucet; rather, hand-pumped from the well, heated on a busy kitchen stove. Limited bathing resulted. Elbert's story tells the bathing issue well. He claimed that early summer was welcomed - a quick swim in the Clackamas river (with soap) did the trick.

In about 1926 (shortly after the fire) Bill (my grandfather) broke his hip. It was never set. I would guess that funds were not available for this medical procedure in 1926. He spent the remaining 16 years of his life on crutches. In addition to his hip problem, Dad became senile sometime before 1932 (the year I arrived). Reva graduated from High School in 1931. Bessie was 1 (or two) years behind Reva. In 1932 Delbert was 14 and Elbert was 10. Now the story begins. Busy Gramma was about to become busier - a new grandson Donnie arrives. Her problems were, of course, compounded by an ailing senile husband who lived on crutches. There was very little money. The girls worked part time in an Orphanage. We did have over an acre of land used for a very large garden and provide grazing for the cow - an

important part of survival. Lots of raw milk, butter , and cottage cheese.

I have no memories of Reva or Bessie living in this house. In order to manage the limited space, Reva and Bessie spent summers with Gramma's siblings in Mehama. Also, both girls worked in the "baby home" and often spent night there. Reva and my biological father were married and divorced in the same ceremony. They did not live together. Reva lived away from this home (not sure where). However , she did tavern/waitress work around Oregon City and provided weekly money for my keep. Lake, an older adopted son, spent much of his time with Dad's first wife, Aunt Jeannie. When I arrived (Sept 20, 1932), Delbert and Elbert each gave up a little space. Elbert was down to one drawer...and often growled at me for ramsacking it.

ELBERT

Teenager Elbert, crippled senile Dad, and the blessed Gramma Effice are clearly the main characters in my earliest memories. Delbert graduated from the new Oregon City High School (Jackson Campus) in 1936 and spent much time working in logging camps and summer CCC camps. Most early memories of Deb start during WW-II when he was home on leave from the Marines. On one leave after his South Pacific tour he had an attack of malary. Local Drs were able to find quinine which lead to a quick recover. Soon after that leave, WW-II ended and Deb returned to our little house. However, now I was thirteen, Elbert was married and senile Dad was deceased. Let's return to 1936 and replay some of the Elbert/Donnie drama.

I will preface the following stories with a reminder that after retirement in 1995, TG, Chis and I became an integral part of Elbert and Roberta's Christmas Eve celebration following their family sit down five course meal. This annual event continues for over 10 years. Elbert made our Holiday Season an a special time of the year.

Elbert had one drawer. When he was out - and - about I could not resist fishing through his stuff. I remember a box old radio and telephone junk. One day when Lois and I were digging through Elbert's treasury, we could not resist his headphones. We took turns wearing them; first me, then Lois. Lois, sitting in one of the old oak chairs, looked like Jack Armstrong with Elbert's headphones covering both of her ears. I suggested that we pug the two terminal into the wall mounted 110 outlet. Lois agreed. This would be so real!

BANG BANG!! Lois hit the floor, slightly dazed. Headphones across the room darken with smoke. No permanent injuries.

Elbert soon found out. He was not a happy with the curious two mischievous five year old brats.

In addition to Elbert's "one drawer", he had a bike. The bike was his prize poccession. Long handle bars (without hand grips) ,marrow brakes, ballon tires and no chain guard. Elbert kept his bike polished and used it during his courtship with Roberta who lived in Gladstone. At every opportunity I mounted the bike. However, I must have been a slow learner. I crashed ever time. The pipe - like handle bars would fill with dirt. Elbert always knew when I rode his bike. As my biking skills improved (speed went up) the crashes got more serious. Once, I fell into loose gravel. Both the bike and rider got a good scraping. Elbert was not happy but little-by-little I took ownership of Elbert bike.

For a period of about two years Elbert and Gramma managed our cow. (Deb was out and about). Gramma did the morning milking, Elbert the afternoon. A trip to barn with Elbert was like a trip to Disneyland. First, the cow had to be retrieved from afternoon "staking" (no fences on this farm; rather a thirty foot rope gave our cow adequate daily grazing). We had about two acre and sometimes used other fields for grazing. Prepping the cow for milking was Elbert's next task.

To pacify the stantioned cow during milking, a couple pounds of grain was served. Elbert continued by washing the tits with a damp cloth. He positioned the stool and the bucket, grabbed the front tit, squeezed.....but wait! Nature called. "Donnie get the shovel". My job was to hold the cows whip-like tail so that Elbert would not get slap with the ever moving tail. Sometime my tight grip failed - Elbert would get slapped and I got a face full of fresh warm whole milk. Gramma waited for the gallon+ of

fresh milk. We always had not only fresh milk, but also butter and nasty tasting cottage cheese.

At age five, Elbert 15, I was often a good candidate for "tricks". Tricks on me; funny for Elbert but sometime gruesome for me. The best example is the time Elbert asked me to play teeter-totter with him. A twenty foot 2x6 with a three foot fulcrum was carefully placed close to a blackberry patch. I was selected to mount the end of the long board that extended over the thorny vines. Elbert used the other end and we did the up-down deal for several minutes then when we suddenly stopped. I was some 5 ft above the thorns. Not moving. Wondering what was next. Elbert slid off his end. I ended up like Peter Rabbit- thorny vines in all directions. Elbert caught hell from Gramma.

Elbert was responsible for storing the annual three cord of wood. Our wood shed was stuffed. He also chopped large cuts of wood into two smaller sizes: stove wood and kindling wood. My job was to fill wood box near the kitchen (and keep them full). Gramma was not happy when the fire was dying and the wood box was empty.

At age 11, Elbert was in the Army station in Florida. He sent home a fine casting rod. Gramma was to store this fishing gem for him. I found the casting rod and promptly headed for the popular swimming/fishing hole, High Rocks, near Gladstone. High Rocks is over 100 ft deep in most places. I stood on the highest rock, High Dornic, and executed a now famous cast. I glanced at my right hand. No pole. Only about 1 inch of cork handle. After WW-II Elbert frowned some over his casting rod. However, I was forgiven and we continued to be close friends.

One vivid memory of Elbert is the hassle Gramma had getting him on the school bus for High School. The year about 1939.

Boys wore freshly pressed white shirts with the cuff folded twice. Gramma spent many hours ironing. However, she did not provide Elbert with an ironed shirt. Rather, she handed him a shirt freshly washed. At the last minute....the bus has rounded the final turn heading down Cleveland. With iron hot Elbert made several swipes, one arm in the shirt, other arm loaded with books. The bus driver waited. Elbert made it to school. He was a track guy - high hurdles. I remember his spikes. Ten years later I used them in the 880. Three races, three piles of "puck". Short track career.(See College Stories below).

I don't remember any dogs prior to my first dog, a red chow named Ching. Gramma had a cat named Orval who lived for 20 years and had dozens of kittens. Elbert's pets were white rats that were caged in our kitchen. They were clean and it was fun to have them crawl around on your neck-shoulders. Several. However, Gramma did not like the rats.

One last story about Uncle Elbert. Elbert had a friend named Don Balcom. Don and Elbert, at about age 17, decided to make an un-announced trip to San Francisco. They took Don's father's wheels without permission and headed South. The father was not pleased so he called the cops. The interesting part of the story is that they made it to San Francisco and back without getting caught. The story is that they were about to enter the Golden Gate heading North but changed their route to 99 North. The cops were waiting for them at the bridge exit. Good navigation job Elbert!

(

WW-II AND HIGH SCHOOL (looks complete)

My early years were mostly about a dedicated Grandmother, an invalid senile Grandfather, and teenager Uncle Elbert who grumbled when I explored his one big box of old worthless radio and telephone stuff. R Delbert and Elbert were out-and-about. Deb, after high school, did short stints in CCC camps and logging camps under the protective eye of Uncle Earl ; the real family logger. Elbert, struggling like many

teenagers from the great depression, quit high school for a good paying job in the shipyards and got married to Roberta. WW-II grabbed them both. The Grandfather died in 1942. That left Gramma, me and the cow.

During the end of the Great Depression our cow was almost crucial for survival. Elbert, the primary milker with Gramma as backup delivered two gallons of milk every day; plenty for cottage cheese (large curds only), and butter. Also, the annual calf provided some meat which Gramma hastily canned - no steaks or hamburger. I was blessed to share several years with my first dog, Ching; A red chow who got caught killing sheep. We also had a famous feral female cat named Orval. Orval provided kittens for all of Park Place. Somehow, Elbert managed to have several pet white rats -not loved by Gramma. Their cages had prime space next to the kitchen table.

This world, called Park Place, had open fields, bordered with giant oak trees, and winding trails that lead to an historic four-roomed grade school. No bus rides; rather, one mile daily adventurous treks on walks to and from school. Sometimes on the walk to school I stopped at my close friend Vera's house. While waiting for her, I watched Mary, Vera's Mother, in a soiled cotton print, make pancakes. Each big bubble was popped with a long dagger-like fork. After school the return trip home was carefree. Time for exploring drainage creeks, and always rock throwing at telephone poles. A few hundred yards from home, my dog Ching waited. After a few minutes at home like a broken record, Gramma would remind me in a firm commanding voice, "Donnie change your cloths". Today, 75 years later, I never change my best Sunday duds after church. However, I am a fine looking gardener.

There was no shortage of playmates. Lake's two daughters (Lois and Eileen) and my special tom-boy girlfriend Vera, were always part of daily play time. We did have a small radio and followed afternoon kid programs including, Amos and Andy, the Lone Ranger, and for weekly Hit Parade. In 1942 one hundred new small homes were added to Park Place – what is now known as the Housing Project. Families arrived from distant rural area (some from the mid-west) to work in Portland shipyards. Along with these workers came kids; Toddlers, pre-school as well as teenagers. Gramma started a daycare for preschool age kids. We often had eight. My job was to herd the young kids and keep them off the roads. Many of my closest high school friends were raised in the project.

By 1941 both boys were off to WW-II. This ended the cow era but the garden grew to over $\frac{1}{4}$ acre. No power tools - just backbreaking shovel, hoe and rake. Each Spring we hired a jolly chap, named Whistle to plow, disk and harrow our oversized garden. His team of two plow horses turned the clay-like dirt into large clods. After the first warm day our "plowed" garden was more like a rock quarry. In order to grow Gramma's selection of veggies, each clod was crushed with a mighty swinging shovel. We planted many different veggies. Space near the house for lettuce, cabbage, carrots and special plants such as cantaloupe and tomatoes. Corn and potatoes took much of the remaining garden space. Canning was the primary method of preserving garden grown food. Several dozen quarts of corn, tomatoes were "put up" each fall. With proper storage home grown potatoes would last through out the winter. Gramma also canned applesauce, cherries, pears and peaches. Several neighbors shared fruit. One part of our woodshed (a separate building) had 12 inch thick walls filled with sawdust. The enclosed "cool" room was used to store the canned food. My favorite canned food was peaches.

Life in Park Place during WW-II was not all work. Around 4:30 each week day I snuggled up to our breadbox size radio, set the dial to KALE. Here, my favorite 15 minute soaps were broadcast.

And of course, no one missed the weekly HIT PARADE. In Portland, Sat mornings featured a local talent show called "Stars of Tomorrow". Jane Powell was perhaps the famous product of this program.

By 1944, on hot summer days, the Clackamas River near Gladstone called. Although I was never a strong swimmer I enjoyed the river. Most of the good 1945 swimming "holes" have disappeared. High

Rocks, near gladstone is one exception: still filled with teenagers just like 70 years ago. Lifeguards were added to High Rocks in the late 80's. Fewer annual drownings now.

A popular Clackamus river adventure is rafting from Barton Park to Gladstone. We used inner tubes rather than todays kayaks and rafts. The six mile trip was relatively safe; just enough rapids to make it interesting. Chris and I (plus Pierre) made the trip in 1999.

I never owned a bicycle. However, Elbert had one. On several occasions when he was not home I rode the bike. These early rides include several spills. I seldom got injured but I always left dirt in the pipe-like handle-bars. Elbert was not pleased. In 1944 I tuned up the bike and got a paper route - the shortest job I ever had ...3 days. It was the Oregonian; delivered at 6 a.m. I fell asleep in school. Gramma ended the paper route.

In about 1943 Elbert spent several month training for WW II in Florida. He purchased a fancy all metal casting rod with a pricey reel and sent it home for safe keeping. I could not resist a short trip to High Rocks (over 100 ft deep) with this prize pole and reel. I stood on High Dornic (the highest rock there) and made my first cast. I looked at my right hand and NO POLE. Just a piece of cork handle. Today, Elberts pole lies on the bottom. Elbert was not happy.

In the late 30's and 40's winters in the North West were severe (compared to those in later years). Once we had over 3 feet of snow for several weeks. Heating the small house with wood and two stoves was a challenge. Prior to WW-II the two older boys managed the five cord of wood with ease. Stacking in the woodshed, cutting both "stove wood" for the kitchen and larger pieces for the heating stove in the living room was no big deal. Then the job became mostly mine. Gramma was not happy when the wood box on the porch was not full. Cooking and hot water required a near constant fire in the kitchen stove. Today, I have a fun stove in my kitchen and burn about a cord/year. When stacking and splitting I often think of the times when the logistics of wood was serious issue.

During these early years Reva, my Mother, was seldom visited us in Park Place. However, she never missed a weekly \$5 payment to Gramma for some of my expenses. Also, I remember annual trips to the shoe store. In 1939 Reva married Bill Miller. Bill, a super carpenter built a small one bedroom house on Hy 213 about 5 miles south of Oregon City. Although there were never any plans for me to live in this small house, I did spend some week-ends there helping Reva with their chickens. Cleaning the roosts was not a pleasant job.

My step Father, Bill was a unique character. Not someone a fourteen year old boy, would bond with quickly. He was a small man of a very few words. The relationship between us was positive. However, it took several years for me to understand Bill. Virtually all of our time together was week-ends work on their new larger house. Here is where I learned basic carpenter skills. His method of teaching was different. A sample comment from him as I was in the early learning phase was, " damn don't just stand their - do something even if it is wrong". Funny now but confusing in 1946. I remember learning to use a tri-square/hand-saw. I quickly understood the use of the tri-square. Simple: place it on the edge of the board checking to see that it is snug, pull your carpenters pencil from its spot in your overalls, draw the line, pickup the saw, find a solid spot to support the board to be cut, carefully start the cut using the rear teeth of the saw, gently slide the saw - not forcing it. A near perfect square cut brings on a feeling of success. WAIT WAIT Bill was watching. "God damn it your earning \$4.75 an hour. Grab the damn tri-square like a honery cowboy pulls out his revolver. Slap it on the board with pencil ready to mark. It is not a work of art. Drag the board to the saw. Bend your knee for a place to cut . That seven inch board can be cut square enough in 3 to 4 seconds. Don' fuck with it". A different teaching method ---but to this day I

always do my carpenter tasks with "\$4.75 an hour" in mind Those early lessons made me the youngest journeyman carpenter in Portland - 21 years old in 1953. Thanks Bill.

In 1947 we moved from the little house to the Granny Krugar house 1 block north. Gramma and her brother Roscoe went together and purchased this larger and in many way more modern house. Deb and I shared the upstairs for a couple years. The luxuries of a refrigerator, a telephone, automatic oil heat, a bathroom with a tub and hot water were well received. Delbert, still single was not around much of the time. I got my first wheels, a 1928 Model A with 16 inch wheels, in 1948. I celebrated my 16th birthday with Gramma and Deb. I don't remember the gifts but I do remember the slick Model A Ford that I purchased for \$100 dollars. Finally, I had wheels. No more two mile walks from downtown Oregon City to Park Place. Also, Reva's new house was finished and if Uncle Bud or Deb gave me any guff I had an alternate place to sleep. This welcomed freedom had its price. My first real job after-school (Dixon's Bakery) kept gas in my car and even got me to Portland Meadows to play the ponies.

By 1942 Deb and Elbert were off to the war and senile crippled Dad had passed. Our small house was no longer crowded and the barn was empty (not sure what happened to the cow). My responsibilities grew rapidly. I had to process the 3 cord of wood alone; stack, split, and keep the wood box full.

In the late Spring of 1942, Gramma's friend Enwhistle and his team of plow horses turned the field behind our house into large clods of dirt. He plowed, disked, and harrowed until his team cried "ENOUGH". I remember attacking the clods with a shovel. One or two good smacks on each clod would turn the dirt into almost manageable soil. Soon I begin to understand the work that goes with a large garden (remember no power equipment). This garden area was over 60 ft x 60 ft (lots of clods).

During the war our little house displayed two banners (one in each of the South facing windows. The banner represent a family member serving in War effort. Mail from Deb and Elbert was always welcomed news. Both returned from

WW-II; Deb came home a little heavier with sharp metal pellets in both arms. He was injured on Tarawa and receive high honors for taking out a Jap machine gun nest.

At age 10 in 1942 rationing of many items such as butter and gasoline was burdensome did not affect me directly. Kids my age were taught to recognize low flying air craft. If a foreign aircraft was spotted we were to alert local police. Every group of 5 to 10 houses had one house with a ladder system easily accessible to anyone. The threat of Japanese roof-fire-bombs was real. Also, at the beginning of the war all lighted windows were covered with blinds at sundown.

Radio, news papers and film had continuous reminders to BUY BONDS. Kids bought stamps for 10 cents each. Eighteen dollars worth of stamp were exchanged for one bond. The bond matured to twenty-five dollars after several years. This funding helped with financing the WW-II expense.

I got plenty of attention during the war years. Gramma had plenty of time to find lots of jobs for me. In addition to the garden and mowing the large lawn with a push mower, I was the church janitor. Early Sunday morning I warmed the church with a roaring fire, and rang the bell twice; one at 8:30 and again at 9:00. I had time to play the organ; "On a hill far away, stood an rugged gross". I did not like lawn mowing. However, Gramma knew all the old ladies in Park Place with large lawns. I scoffed, but the lawns got mowed.

4-H Clubs were popular during the war years. I belonged to a Club that did beginning wood working projects. Mr Weber, a german, was our leader. After a few months I started a business; making end-tables. Three shelves (tight grained

1 x 12s) carefully arced on one end.. Most relatives bought one whether they wanted it or not.

Shortly after WW-II started, Park Place was selected for 100 new government houses earmarked for shipyard workers

The "Housing Project", one block south of our house on Cleveland, brought not only shipyard workers, but also several dozen new teenage playmates. I made several close friends. One was special; Beverly Alvord (Brian). Bev, a year older, had a wide range of interests. She could be a "tom boy", she could be a young classical pianist. On one occasion, Bev and I went to a traveling carnival near the old Kelly Field, in Oregon City. The girlie show barker got our attention. I dont remember paying but I do remember the on stage sweetie saying to Bev, "shame on you...you came in here with your clothes on". We joked about that for years.

A second Bev story comes to mind. Bev and I alone with Bev's close girlfriend Rose Benton, were picking berries. A near by creeks was perfect for lunch. Bev and Rose left for the creek without me. Curious me decide to follow. Low-and-behold what I found was Bev and Rose dipping in the creek. They screamed when they noticed me on perched on the view-point. I scurred back to the berry field. I dont remember what they said but I did notice that seemed to forgive me for peeking. Several days later at lunch time they invited me to have lunch at the same creek spot. The three of us, Bev on my left and Rose on my right. After the first bite into our tasty lunch.....all hell broke loose. Two buxom ladies dropped out of the sky.....one landed on my legs, the other on my chest. I struggled. As if they were about to seduce me, Rose on my legs loosed my belt and instantly yanked of my berry stained pants. This was not a seduction. Away they went up the hill pants in hand. They were now even. Embarrassed, I snuck up the hill, recovered my pants and finally worked up enough nerve to return to the berry patch and face the two sweeties.

Prior to 1950 Child Labor Laws did not exist (or were ignored) in Oregon. Summer time for kids under sixteen

was time to harvest local crops. Strawberries in early June ; ; hops in Sept. My favorite was bean picking at Bolie's farm near the Clackamas River. I was so bad at strawberry picking that Gramma let me skip it. At beans, very few kids picked more than me.

During WW-II after the Housing Project was added to Park Place, there was a demand for child day-care. Since our house was no longer full, Gramma took in kids ages 4 - 10. We were allowed to have eight. My job (when not in school) was to herd the kids on to our large lawn - off the streets.

Junior High school (1945 - 1947) changed the daily routine. No cow, no garden, no fire building at the Church,no walks to and from school. Buses provide transportation from Park Place to Oregon City. Gramma's wood box and her big lawn were jobs I couldnt shake. Delbert, fresh out of WW-II as a decorated Marine was now part of thee house hold. I don't have many memories of Deb prior to his marriage to Aunt Bobby in 1950. He worked in a Plywood mill and was out-and-about like any single ex WW-II Marine.

My activities in Junior High were somewhat near the norm.

It was during these three years that I begin a relationship with my Mother, Reva. After school, I would spend an hour at a Rec facility (near 7th St) designed for after Junior High students. Jute box, bowling ally, ping-pong and girls. Around 4 pm I meander down 7th St to Howell's where Reva worked. She

always had time to make me a Chocate Malt and took an interest in my school activity. I shared virtually all of my most interesting activity with her....some of my stories should have been on the QT. After the first grading period I did not do well. The Pricipal, Luther King callled me to his office and advised me that I would be changing home rooms. I didnt pay much attention. It was several years later that I got the story. Reva raised hell at the school. My grades instantly went up. However, my crowd did not change. After about a year, Reva's visit to the school was forgotten and Donnie's grades tumbled again.

I was not an athlete. I did play basketball for one year in the eighth grade and was in a couple of plays (drama). My leading role in "Wildcat Wille Gets Brain Fever" was the beginning and the end of my acting carer. In several scenes Wildcat pranced around the stage in pajamas (300 teenage girls screamed).

At age 14 there were several major changes to Donnie's life style. Now it was Don, no longer Donnie. First, Gramma sold the "little chicken house". Deb and I packed up for the move one-half block north on Harley. Initially this move was ok. Deb and I shared the up-stairs and had plenty of space. Not so good was the addition of Gramma's brother Roscoe. Roscoe and Gramma shared ownership of my new home.

Along with Don, Roscoe got Don's piano and his two years of musical skills. I did well with the "Bells of Saint Mary's" in the key of C. That piece has some measures with increased volume. The piano and Roscoes's chair were both in the same small living room. I have vivid memories of the stern frown on that unique Morris face. When things got too sticky between Roscoe and me "Reva and Bill's" house in the country was a great emergency back-up place to sleep.

In retrospect, these years were unsettling. However, I managed to stay busy. Donna Jean and I had a firecracker stand in her front yard on Holcom. This kept me busy for a couple of weeks. I remember having a bucket full of change. After the stand firecracker stand closed I would spend hours counting the money.

Perhaps the one day job with Dunmire in Gladstone best describes these tedious years. My close friend, Edgar McKee (two years old) and I got a job as labors on construction of new homes on Darrmoth. The morning hourss went fine. We cleaned up lumber scraps from several new homes. After lunch, Dunmire told us to get into his truck. The three of us drove to Oregon City where a box car loaded with 96 lbs bags of cement was parked. Our job was to transfer the cement from the box car to the truck. We loaded and emptied several truck loads. After sunset the job was done. The last few hundred yards of the mile walk home was all most too much for this 15 year old. The interestiing part of my story is that Reva happened to be at Gramma's and noted that the 15 year was about done in. She instantly called the local Union. Dunmires construction stopped for a day.

The first set of wheels (1928 Model A) in 1948 gave me badly needed flexibility. Along with the wheels came my first "non farm labor" job. Edgar McKee, a close friend, was about to quit his dish-washing job at the old West Linn Inn near Crown Zellerback paper mill. I was hired.I remember the cook "Buzz York". A wanna be prize fighter. Buzz had my attention the day I found butcher knife in the bottom of sink used to wash pots.

In High School (Sophmore year) I went out for track. The track team had one good miler and one fair 440 sprinter. I was the only 880 runner. Training was not well organized and our track was 1/6 of a mile

around the practice football field. I raced twice and finished in the top half; I also promptly got violently sick instantly after crossing the finish line. I quit.

After return from my first adventure away from home (see Special Stories-1948) in the early summer of 1948 I begin my second job at Dixon's Bakery on Main Street in Oregon City. Here, my work day begin at 4:30 a.m. Lots of time for afternoon swims at High Rocks. This job was very special for me. Initially, I was responsible for most daily cleaning plus a Saturday mopping. I had learned to work fast coupled without sacrificing a "good" job. The bakers, Carl and Floyd, had a winner. By Christmas, I was using the ovens. One Saturday morning the bakers left for coffee and directed me to bake the six large pans of Santa Claus cookies. I felt so proud;next Carl and Floyd came running down Main Street. The oder of burning Santa Claus cookie had their attention.

After about a year at the Bakery, I became very efficient at my main job - cleaning the large (2 x 4 ft cookie sheets. I mastered the best way to clean them in the shortest amount of time. However, my method was noisy. The sweet old lady, Grace, who waited on customers did not like the noise. Carl and Floyd took action. They were golfing buddies of the Safeway Manager, George Reynold. They got me a job with Safeway in the Fall of 1949. I should add that when I was first hired at Safeway there were several other High School students working there. Two were sons of Bank Presidents, three were sons of High School Coaches.

Now I was part of a select group and most importantly I knew how to work fast and was able to relate the customers in a positive way. I soon became a journeyman grocery clerk and continued to work part time for fourteen years.

The academic part of High School was in two parts; math/science and all other courses. I did not read well nor did I write well (I remember writing one short story that I plagiarized titled "Flying Spikes"). After noon classes (Social Studies and English) had to compete with "9 holes" at the Oregon City Golf Course - price 75 cents. Physic and Math before golf was great. I enjoyed both. Wayne Bower, the math teacher, noted that academic achievements were being impacted by too much Safeway. I graduated without honors in 1950. Surprisingly, perhaps out of ignorance, I graduated with a positive outlook toward more academic work. College plans, although not well defined, became clear after three months of construction work topped off with Friday night, Saturday and Sunday at Safeway.

COLLEGE

Formal classroom work beyond High School was a major part of my life for 22 years. As in High School, my interests favored technical material. Schools I attended were Liberal Arts colleges. As such, technical courses were for the main part, were Math, Physics, and some Chemistry. By 1968 I had accumulated 10 years of experience in Engineering work. In the work place my formal background, although lacking specific Engineering training, was more than adequate. Graduate work at University of Redlands (1968- 1972) was designed for working students most of which had attended Engineering colleges. With the help of TRW co-workers and my close friend David MacLean, I was able to complete the program and continued my Aerospace Engineering career with a robust background. I should add that I learned to write computer code in BASIC while in this graduate program. This added skill allowed me to attack a wide range of Engineering problems; problems overlooked by most Engineers in my age bracket.

The start of college really begin one Saturday afternoon in early Aug. of 1950. While checking out queued Safeway customers each with a large basket of stuff, George Reynold, our well know Manager did something very out-of-the-ordinary. George yelled at me, "Don come hear. Joe will take over your check stand". Somewhat confused, I slipped out of the stand and wound my way through the customers to George who was standing by the public phone near the large display of Mrs Wright's bread. George said nothing to me. Rather, he dialed a number and begin a conversation that I was i tended hear. It went like this:

Bev, I have a kid here that is attending U of O next month.
He is fast, honest and has mastered most of the
demanding week-end Safeway clerking jobs. Fit him
into your schedule. He'll be in Eugene the week end
prior to Freshman class orientation. (a fifteen second
pause). Thanks Bev. Good-bye.

George didnt say a word to me.

Several weeks later I arrived in Eugene via Greyhound Bus with two large suitcases. I asked a bystander, "Where is Safeway"? He responded by giveing me directions to tow stores. I chose the nearest, grabbed my bags, and headed south on Willamette St. Exhausted, I entered the busy store, sat my bags on the floor and inquired about Bev the Manager. Out of the crowd of customers came a small thin man with straight black hair. He wore a serious half frown that seemed to be frozen in his serious face.

"Are you Don Miller". I answerd yes. Bev continued with a short command, "Get an apron and open up check-stand #6"

Four hours later I treked to the campus, found my room and collasped.

Entering Freshman were required submit a 1000 word paper which was used to filter out the 1% who did not require any additional English courses and 10% who requires to retake High School English (called "bonehead"). I promptly failed the test. I was required to meet with the Head of the English Dept to confirm this "bonehead" status. I have vivid memories of entering his office. His eyes were scanning my bloody red marked up paper. His first words were, "Are you sure you belong here at U of O". He continued to flip through my paper and seemed to be in disbelief. I finally started a humble plea. My story wasI am sure that I can do better. I don't remember the details of my plea, but it worked. I was allowed to take the English class designed for 90% of the Freshman class. The rest of the story is interesting.

The instructor was a Safeway customer. I noticed that he always came to my checkstand and that he love fresh produce. His basket was always loaded to the brim. Meanwhile, my weekly papers were return with the expected red glow. Fresh produce price was determined by weight. In 1950 each check stand had a scale read only by the checker. For some strange reason my eyes focused to the left (less weight) when weighing his lettuce, celery, carrots, ...etc. I passed English 101.

After two years at U of O and one year at L&C my transcript read like analphabet with three letters. Mostly C's and D's with a few F's. One administrative whomper added 5 F's. I quit Vanport after two weeks (Spring 1952) and didn't bother to tell the registrar office. The Fall of 1953 I started my Senior Year; After one month the Draft Board (and pres Harry Truman) sent me a letter. Bye bye L&C hello Fort Ord, Calif.

Sixty years later I do have some understanding of this poor academic performance. One factor is gentics. On the biological Father's side (Archy Nutt) there were few scholars. One cousin, Jerry Nutt, was the exception. Jerry studied at Reed College and received a Ph D in Physics from MIT. My Mother, Reva, was a good student. However, I was the first member of immediate family to graduate from college. My inability to grasp concepts, or follow direction from printed

material was real; not unlike High School. Also, during the time prior to being drafted, I spent Friday night, Saturday and Sunday doing what I did best - Safeway. During summer month I replaced class time with 40 hr/week carpenter work. This heavy work schedule was more than a source of funding. It was what I did best. The option to work less and study more was never seriously considered.

After twenty months in the Army (1955) I returned to L&C and continued with math and physics course. My performance was better and I was one of five students who took all the offered math and physics courses. Dr Norris (physics) and Dr Fredrikson (math) lead each of us through the hurdles toward graduation in June 1957. My spirits were high. Now a family man with one child and one on the way, opted for more college. U of O Grad school here I come.

Atomic physics, Optics, Vector Calculus for a Park Place kid was ambitious. Two B's and a C in Atomic Physics was the score card in Dec 1957. Sputnick the first unmanned Soviet satellite beeped every 90 minutes. I turned chicken, quit the grad program and caught a train to Los Angeles. My first aerospace Engineering job at North American Aviation (NAA) started.

Taking advanced technical academic courses was promoted by Engineering Managers in most Aerospace companies. At NAA in Los Angeles, UCLA offer night classes. Two of the new younger Engineers took advantage of the UCLA programs. I took several courses including Advanced Calculus out of Taylor. In 1960 shortly after arriving at Boeing in Seattle I enrolled at Seattle University for several courses including Complex Variable. David MacLean and I took a course in Calculus of Variation at U of W in the early sixties.

The last school I attended was U of Redlands (in Calif) 1968- 1972). Here, I took 5 classes which satisfied the requirement for an MS in Applied Mathematics. Work at TRW during this period was conducive to this program. They not only funded the tuition but was allowed much of the course work to be done during office hours. Both TRW Engineers and USAF personnel participated in this graduate program. In 1972 I graduated from U of R, ran my first marathon, and returned to the "clear blue skys of Seattle" with six young girls three dogs and one beautiful new wife.

END COLLEGE

WORK

When a Depression baby becomes of age with a sound work ethic coupled with some accumulated skill, there will be gas in the old car, and new shoes for the next generations. Jobs were more than "8 to 5" drudgery; rather, day-light to dark with each day rekindled awareness of pleasing those for whom you work. There were some tough days. In 1952, my second year at U of O, I worked at Safeway store several blocks from the old football stadium. After a touchdown the cheering noise make it's way to the store. I stopped momentarily, felt sorry for myself, looked at the clock, counted the hours till 10pm, then continued sprucing-up the carrots, lettuce, apples and bananas. Sometime, I grabbed a juicy peach or a fractured watermelon and disappeared for a minute.

Summertime construction jobs did not have any "clock looking". No time for boredom. High salary (nearly twice that of grocery clerking) demanded that I used all the training my mentor and Step-Father Bill Miller, taught me; not only how to use each hand tool, but also how to use in a "quick" fashion. A well remember training session comes to mind. Bill told me to cut a piece of "ship-lap" about one foot long. I found a board long enough, looked for a saw-horse, pulled out my six-foot wooden folded tape, meticulously hooked it on the end of the board, and found twelve inches on the ruler. After marking the twelve inch spot with an accurate pointed arrow I was ready to use my new "Try Square". Firmly fitted to the board, positioned on my arrow, the carpenters pencil made an accurate ninety- degrees line. Most important was the handsaw. I had learned to make an accurate cut by starting the cut with the base of the saw - not the tip. My cut was near perfect. Bill, who was waiting for the piece was getting more pissed off my the minute. When I handed him my work of art, he threw it on the ground, mumbled some profanity, took my saw, found a board and in 3

seconds had the requested piece. From then on I learned that speed was a factor, particularly when earning \$3.75/hour (about twice that of Safeway).

Construction jobs (like most) was not always perfect. Donning the carpenter overalls on cold wet morning still soaked from the previous day was an attention getter.

On the first few days of a construction job following nine months in a classroom, my arm muscles would be fatigued before 4:30. This was demonstrated the day an old stubborn Swedish dude and I were building forms for a retaining wall. Three-foot Two-by-four stakes were used for wall support. The Swede held the stake and I swung the eight pound lb sledge hammer. About 4:15 my arms were like wet noodles. I suggested that we switch jobs. Since "holding the stake" required some finesse, he opted to continue. I missed the stake and got his thumb. He frowned but we continued. As I recall he showed up for work the next day but didn't hold any stakes when I had the hammer.

In 1953 I worked on Fern Ridge dam (above the Three Links hydro power plant (20 miles East of Estacada). One memorable task was to build a "ladies Restroom". (Many of the workers lived in a camp which employed gals for cooking and maintaining the dinning facilities). The off-color jokes flew. It got a little raunchy when we carved out seat !

In most of my construction jobs I worked with an older more experienced carpenter. However, at twenty-one years old I was the youngest journeyman in the Portland area. My lack of experience was offset by awareness of speedy work and endurance common to twenty-one year olds.

Summer construction included the Eastham Grade School, upgrade to the Crown sawmill in West Linn, and a couple short duration house remodels in Portland. In 1953 I landed a job at journeymen scale on a large water reservoir 23 miles up the Clackamas River. Most of the summer I stayed at a camp near the job site. Memories of this job are crystal clear. Ten hours days, working with older upscale blue collar types as well as sharing large four-man tents was a positive experience.

I used Bill Miller's home-made CRAP table (about 2 ft x 5ft) with Las Vegas green felt, for my first mini-casino. By summers-end I was a few hundred ahead. That coupled with the high salary (\$4.00/hr) got me 1949 Chev convertible. Several of my older friends could not believe that Donnie owned such a slick set of wheels (with loud deep pipes).

Other jobs in 1956 and 1957 were Woodrow Wilson High School and the dam in Estacada respectfully. Note that the Safeway job in Oregon City was always there.

After the last constuction job in 1957 I continued with week-end Safeway jobs first in Los Angles and then Seattle until 1962. Out-of-town travel demands at Boeing (Seattle) plus five kids was a good excuse to give up Safeway.

In late Dec 1957, after the one term of grad school I became an Aerospace System Engineer (note I finally learned to spell it correctly). The badge I wore at NAA nicely matched in the casual attire worn by new young Engineers. No apron, no bananas, no wet overalls or no tools - only a pencil, desk and chair. The bottom drawer of my desk was filled with back-up old text books. I didnt want to get caught differentiating under an integral sign when not allowed.

There were six new Engineers and four "old timers". This was my first experience with an office environment. I was handed Volume I of the twenty Volume MIT Radar Bible and some background lititature on aerodynamics.

In 1958 the Cold War lead to "Mach 3 - 70k ft". One such program was the F-108. North American Avaiton and Hughes were doing preliminary design of the air - to - air Gar - 9 missiles carried by this new fighter. Hughes, with all their UCLA smart professors, had "text book" analytical modeling of the the missile launch phase. The 10 ft missile was given a pitch moment as well as a rotational moment at launch. 300 lbs of liquid fuel accelerated this monster from Mach 3 to Mach 6 in 0.3 of a second. Here is where NAA analog simulation began. I was very fortunate to be

part of that work.

The heart of this simulation was, of course, $F = (m)(A)$. Newton refuses to be ignored. A second order differential equation developed by several disciplines; particularly by aerodynamicist jazzing up Newton's rule, with Function Generators. Three degrees of freedom gave trajectory results of the Mach 6 free-fall missile from launch to the approaching low altitude Soviet bomber.

The sketch (Fig 1) portrays a 1958 Analog computer. Banks of servos, pots, amplifiers, Function Generators, and X-Y plotter surrounded a maze of wires (Patch Board). This set of connections is determined directly from the expanded

Newton rule $F = (m)(A)$

I spent many hours in the Analog computer facility. Other problems being studied included the X-15, flown by a friend Scott Crossfield (killed in a small aircraft in 1970 (to be checked)). Jimmy Doolittle of WW-II fame tour the facility - I got to shake his hand. In Dec of 1959, F-108 funding was suspended (Skunk Works at Burbank, Calif with their spy-in-the-sky development took Funding from several Programs, including the F-108.

Off to Boeing, where the "skys are always blue".

Check earlier writing

AEROSPACE -BOEING TRW BOEING NEXT

AEROSPACE WORK (95%)

SHOULD FIT INTO MAIN FIRST DRAFT ON PC

ADD

DESCRIPTION OF 9-101 WE DARK MORNING
1960'S "COST EFFECTIVE SPARES",
SEVERAL ONE MONTH ASSIGNMENTS PHILLY,HUNTSVILLE,
PAPERS, NYC, HI

JAN 1958 - JUNE 1995

I worked for three different companies (3 different assignments with Boeing) during the 37 years.

1. 1958 - 1960 North American Aviation (NAA) in Los Angeles, Calif
2. 1960 - 1967 Boeing in Seattle, Washington
3. 1967 - 1968 Boeing in Houston, Texas
4. 1968 - 1972 TRW in San Bernadino, Calif
- 5.. 1972 - 1995 Boeing in Seattle, Washington

The cold war that started in about 1955 had picked up steam by Jan 1958.

With under - grad degrees in Math and Physics (and limited grad work) I caught a train to Los Angeles and started my first Engineering job at NAA (North American Aviation). There was a big demand for a demand for technical Engineering workers. This first job was perfect for me. Two Weapon Systems were in R & D at NAA; F-108 and the B-70. I worked on a air -to - air missile launched from the mach 3 F-108. NAA had analog computers use to study these Weapon Systems. I spent much of my two years at NAA with hands and face buried in a maze of patch- board wiring. Amplifiers, servos, pots, and function generators were used to determine missile performance. Of course, our old friend "second order diff equations were at the heart of this effort. (I have sketches of the computer in other notes) In late 1959 funding for the F-108 was terminated. Lockheed's work in Burbank had priority. Super secret camera work. Also the B-70 program was scaled back. 90% of NAA Engineering work force was laid off. Of interest is that I was part of the 10 to stay. However, 25 year old new Engineers get jumpy when left in a turmoil. Most of us left NAA within several weeks. I chose Boeing in Seattle.

#####

add dark wet morning in seattle first impression of 9 101 Jan 1960

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After a few months at Boeing (summer of 1960) I had familiarized myself with the Minuteman ICBM program. My boss Ralph Caldwell want some information on the C89 test complex (a pricey complex electronic test lab used to isolate failure location within the Guidance and Control (G&C) module of the missile. There was some issue regarding cable lengths. I was able to get this info quickly, but I was confused about the overall utility of the C89.

The concept was to have one C89 at each of the six AFB's located across the north mid section of the United States. Each Wing had 150 missiles in silos some at distance 80 - 100 miles from the respective AFB. When a failure occurred the faulty G&C was to be tested at the C89 complex. Here, the problem was to be isolated to a sub-module (within the G&C), removed, replace. The G&C under test was then

SPECIAL EVENTS

1948 - ONE NIGHT IN ANTELOPE

After several hours we made it to the ghost town of Shaniko (three old buildings and one gas station). The small town of Antelope was some 30 miles farther east. No cars. For three hours we entertained ourselves by throwing rocks at a telephone pole. Just as the sun began to set a farmer gave us a much needed ride. He was going through Antelope plus 10 miles farther east. We opted to continue on with the farmer rather than stay in Antelope. The sunset a few minutes after our ride ended. We walked along the pitch black road surrounded by wheat fields. and The temperature dropped as did our high spirits.

One dim light could be seen far off in to the distance. No cars in either directions. The dim light brightened as we approach the farm house. Knock! Knock! On the farmers door. "Hello, my name is Don and my friend is Gilbert. W're hitch-hiking to Milton Freewater and traffic out here is sparse". "Ok boys you can sleep in my bunk-house". It was a cold night sleeping on bedsprings, but we survived and continued on at sunrise.

I don't remember the next several rides. However, about 6 p.m. we checked in to a hotel room in Milton Freewater. Across the street were large buildings. The hotel clerk told us that these buildings were where peas were processed. After a short stroll through town, Gil and I looked at each other and instantly knew that the quicker we got back to Oregon City the better. We gathered our bags, stuck out our thumbs and got the best ride of all – all the way back to downtown Portland. We arrived in time to catch the last streetcar back to Gladstone. I was comfy in my bed by 2 a.m.

1951 - HITCH HIKED TO LAS VEGAS

During Spring term (end of freshman year at U of O) I became friends with Herb Cook. Herb was one year ahead of me and was also from Oregon City. He played baseball at U of O and was an all-around pleasant guy. His personality got him into the Sigma Chi Fraternity. However, the cost of belonging was a little stiff for Herb. He ended up working for Safeway to cover expenses. We became good friends and both returned to Oregon City after Spring term .

Meanwhile, Bill Miller had exciting stories about his recent trip to Las Vegas (I think he lost 10,000) and even better stories about his uncle, Earl Berdine. In 1951 Earl was a bellhop at the old Desert Inn.

These stories resonated with both Herb and me. Believe it or not, we decided to hitch-hike to Vegas.

I don't recall any serious opposition from Reva, Bill or Gramma Effie. I guess by that time (I was eighteen) they figured I was mature enough for the adventure. Both Herb and I had clean records with virtually zero mischievous teenage behavior. With bright clean U of O jackets and small luggage we hit 99 E south. We decided to go to Reno first.

I don't remember details of the numerous rides but we very few delays between rides. In those days, students could hitch-hike without getting murdered. We spent one night in Reno; counted our small winnings and hit the road south. Our last ride was with a trucker who drove all night.

Arriving in Vegas, we found a room near the "old town". Our first few days included dinner with Earl and his wife Donna. Bellhop Earl was the most charming older guy I had ever met. His hobby and (and extra source of income) was wagering on horses. In the morning hours Earl would have all of the racing forms spread on his living room floor. On hands and knees crawling across the carpet he searched for the best bet of the day. In this manner, he would consider several dozen races. He knew all the nags. The story was that after finding the "best race/best horse", he reported his daily findings to several medical doctors in San Francisco (for a fee). After several years as a bellhop at the Desert Inn (he knew Howard Hughes), Earl became Bell Captain at the new Stardust Club

After a few days I was broke and had to get a dishwashing job at the Horseshoe Inn. Herb continued to earn 10 cents on \$2.00 bets on the horses. I did play dice in the old Golden Nugget. Guess who was playing at the other end table.....

BETTY GRABLE with the hottest legs in town !!

After about 2 weeks we packed our bags, stuck out our thumbs and returned to Oregon City. I put on my Safeway apron, and my carpenter duds and prepared for Fall term at U of O.

1962 – PRESENTATIONS - NYC & HI

By 1962 my popular work on Minuteman was well received by Boeing Management, as well as the Air Force. Harold Jacobson and I decided to submit an abstract to an annual Operations Research symposium held at the Astor Hotel in New York City. Our paper was accepted and a briefing was prepared.. In 1962 briefing charts were engraved in 3 inch glass plates. I had traveled for Boeing several times to Los Angles but never to the East Coast. Going to New York City alone, with a box of glass plates to tell about our Boeing work was a big deal for me.

I recall the social hour on the evening prior to the day of my presentation. While mingling in the large crowd of engineers, I ran into a friend from Lewis and Clark College. He was with Lockheed and was presenting work related to intercepting Soviet ICBMs in space....a bit more exciting than my paper... which only determined the best number of trucks, spares and people required to support our Minuteman ICBMs. Before retiring that night I checked out auditorium/ stage used for my presentation. It was huge.

Auditorium was full. Lights were dim. My name and paper title were announced. As I walked to the center of the stage I peeked at the audience. I was a little nervous. Once the glass slides

were projected onto a large screen my pointer went to work and I told our story. It went well. After I finished, I explored Manhattan and indulged in a \$5.00 hamburger. (Seattle prices were about 80 cents)

The presentation in NYC was so much fun that a year later Harold and I submitted a second paper which was filled with Operations Research lingo of the day. Lots of "e^(-LxT)". Again the abstract was accepted. This time, travel had to be approved by Boeing upper management. I remember Dan Downey frowning as he signed my Travel Authorization. He grunted and said "Why ain't I going to Hawaii?"

This annual meeting, was held at the Queens Hotel in WY KE KE, Again, a large number of attendees. . There must have been over 500 engineers at the opening address. There were about 10 papers being given at a time for three days. One might have expected about 50 people in attendance for each paper presented. Not so . Many papers were presented to 5 engineers rather than 50. Where was the crowd? They buggedout and flew to TAHITI !!

I gave my paper to a small group and scurried off to the local beach and cooled my heels for 4 days. As I recall this was the last annual OP Research meeting for several years.

1965 - MT ST HELENS CLIMB

During a monthly "Friday Night Downtown LANCER Wine Outing", several members of the Inner- Circle flexed their imaginations and became mountaineers. Eric Giese, a personal friend of Jim Whitiker, suggested that we explore the top of Mt St Helens (14 years before she blew). We ordered another round of LANCERS (four bottles - one each) and everything went downhill from there.

(rewrite next para see hard copy)

The following weekend, with a babysitter manning the kids,backpack loaded with boots,goggles ropes, and camera, off to the 11,000 ft mountain off to the mountain we went. After one coffee stop we arrived at the base of Mt St Helens just in time to see the sunrise. Harry Truman was loading week end guest into his small boat destined for his unique Spirit Lake cabin community.

With back-pack adjustments in place we found the trailhead pointing south toward the peak of Saint Helens. Conditions were great for a safe but serious long hike. Some fogbanks were looming. For the first mile trail conditions were favorable. Loose rock prohibited good footing but all was well; spirits were high. At this higher elevation our trail disappeared. Now the hike was up a snow field. Although difficulty of the climb was near constant we did "rope up" , trudging upward toward the peak for another hour. Visibility reduced to a few yards. After

,
reviewing the situation we figured we were within a few hundred yards of the summit and decided to continue. Without warning, Eric stepped into a shallow crevasse. Our rope system worked well. Within a few minutes Eric was safely out. We slowly moved to our left some 20 yards, while maintaining a constant elevation. The decision to terminate our summit goal was easy. We headed down. The route down "just as the route up" was straight – no switchbacks.

After our route leveled off we searched through the thick fog for the "van/parking lot". Nothing but a large flat snow field.

Now, the normally high-spirited fur Boeing engineers were confused. No jokes, no baggering; rather "what do we do now"? In an attempt to find the edge of this endless snow field we moved several hundred yards "away" from the base of the mountain. Here we found a boundary of fir trees and a small stream flowing down winding its way through large rocks and a maze of undergrowth. Some fool in the group suggested that we follow the stream out. My first thought was spending the night crawling through the brush, belaying water falls with baby sitter and six kids at home. I voted an adamant NO. The other three were quite. I figured that if we transverse "around the base" of the mountain we would intersect the parking lot. I did not hesitate to start this methodical search. With backpack in hand I headed back toward the mountain base while my three hiking buddies stood there watching me disappear in the thick fog. I found a tree and unloaded some weight(camera and ropes) in the branches figuring that I would get out of this mess and return to the mountain to recover my belongings. My next problem was to select either a path "left" or "right" (facing the mountain). I selected left and began trudging through the deep soft snow searching for the parking lots.

I hiked perhaps a mile. The sun was about ready to drop from the sky. Instantly I was free from thick fog and found myself on a high cliff. I had an eagles view of the Yakima Valley which extends for many miles. I knew the parking lot was to my "right" rather than "left". I turned and backtracked my way to (hopefully) the parking lot. I did not see a parking lot; rather a 500 foot ridge.

After finding a well-marked trail I wasted no time going up the ridge, and down the other side. YES there was the parking lot. I was elated! No van! After a mile walk on the paved highway the other mountaineers in the van met me. They had turned right not left and solved the mystery. The rangers were called off and all four mountain men headed for Seattle.

Two weeks later I returned to what is called "Plains of Abraham" to recover my pack. Unfortunately, all the trees had grown by six feet (i.e., the snow had melted). Today my camera and ropes are safely buried in ash as is Harry Truman.

1966 - MT RAINER

A few weeks after the failed ascent on Mt St Helens, the Boeing Engineers - "wanna be" Mountain Climbers made plans for an unguided assault on majestic Mt Rainier. This group included the Mt St Helens group plus two additional climbers (Eric Geise, Jim Sherman, Charley Clark, Chuck Pell, Don Miller and David MacLean)

The six of us with ropes, crampons, sleeping bags, packs, ice axes, plus a ton of other stuff stood in

the Paradise Lodge parking lot under close scrutiny of Park Rangers. They were satisfied with our gear and our stories of previous climbs (most of which were borderline lies). As in the case of Mt St Helens, this group was in excellent shape for long-distance running and trail hiking. Eric Geise had made the climb some 20 years earlier with a professional guide. Eric chose the route; the fuhr finger route - the most direct route to the summit. He was NOT a guide. However, it is fair to picture Eric as our "leader". At about mid-day we began the climb.

The first couple of miles were well defined trails without much snow. The route soon took us "over and under" large house-sized ice formations. As expected, the rate of altitude increase became large. Our physical condition seemed to be perfect for the selected route. Even at 9000 ft the lesser oxygen did not seem to bother these animal-like Engineers.

At 11,000 ft we still had sunlight and our spirits were high so we continued. At 12,000 ft the trail became steep for some 100 feet and then crossed a ledge about 20 ft long and 6 ft wide; plenty of room for sleeping bags. We were tired. While preparing sleeping bags for the night Charley Clark's bag fell over the cliff and landed about 100 ft below our ledge. No one wanted to share a bag with Charley. My close friend David MacLean saved the day; he recovered Charley's bag.

I remember the next few hours well. My head throbbed. Very little chatter between the climbers. In my case the misery was so bad that I never dug thru my pack to find aspirin. Our running skills had done us in. We soon realize that the illness was the result of "zero" acclimation to the altitude. If we had settled for perhaps 10,000ft the story would likely be different.

Rocks fell and winds howled but no moisture in the air. We did stay dry. At sunrise the group was quiet. Each of us repacked our gear and without debate scurried down the Mountain. Headaches vanished. Paradise Lodge was a welcomed sight.

Our group enjoyed some refreshments. As I recall Jim Sherman and I had some extra "refreshments" and had to bum a ride back to Seattle in the wee hours

1968 - TG

1969 - RATTLESNAKE CREEK

1972 - FIRST MARATHON

While at TRW/Norton AFB in San Bernadino, CA, my running hobby gained momentum. Hilly 5 mile evening runs coupled with 3 mile lunch runs at Norton turned this 40 year old jogger into a real running addict. An ex UCLA real track dude, John Doe, who also worked for TRW joined me for lunch runs. The dessert was several 440 intervals after our 3 mile warm-up. John, an 880'er reminded me that at UCLA 10 intervals under 60 sec each was part of daily training. I managed 4 under 80 seconds (2 minute breather). John and I joined a small group of TRW/Air Force runners for a 3 mile race. Of course, John won and this 39 yr old got second with a time of 18:50. Now we were tuned up for a March of Dimes 20 mile trek in San Bernadino. Of interest, John didn't finish and I did ok. Palos Verde marathon was next.

In 1972 marathoning was beginning to be a popular running event. Several hundred runners milling around the start line at Palos Verde High School included one famous guy - John Wooden. John (Doe) knew Wooden from his UCLA 880 track days. John Doe introduced me to Wooden, who was 65 years old at the time (Wooden lived to about year 2000). Wooden and Miller started in the same part of the crowd. For the first five miles when spirits are high, Wooden and I yakked running stories. In fact, we were so engrossed in chit-chat we forgot our speed (running too fast). Wooden faded. My TRW friend was out of sight. At 20 miles (the well known wall) teenage runners were in tears. I held my tears back. At 24 miles dependable TG handed me a quart of orange juice....I downed it all and kept it down for about a mile. Little mess on the street. I finished in about 4 hrs. John Doe (the UCLA 880er didn't finish. Not sure about my famous running friend John Wooden.

1973 - GREAT NORTHERN ROUTE , WONDERLAND TRAIL

After moving to Seattle, the popular Miller family endeavor/obsession was running. Two girls with lessor running skills (Julie and Theresa) found themselves at family outings surrounded by hot long distance runners and an old marathoning 40 year Daddy. As a break from daily 5 mile track/road training runs we decided to backpack in the Rainier National Forest. Although we had limited experience with overnight outings and outdated equipment, high spirits and the endurance of a pack of wild Mt Goats made a long distance backpack seem credible. We selected a trail looping from Carbon River Camp Grounds on the southeast side of Mt Rainier. Our hike would first cover "The Great Northern Loop" followed by a section of the Wonderland Trail.

The six gals with fire in their steps managed the first set of switchbacks almost like the Von Trapp family. Packs were stuffed with food and two old heavy tents. We gave little thought to the reality of two 20 mile days and 7 tough but inexperienced backpackers. This route paralleling the Wonderland trail, was several miles from the base of Mt Rainier. Every several hundred yards a peekaboo view of the Mountain was like a slide show. Each view was different.

by After arriving at Carbon River Camp Grounds on the south-east side of Mtn Rainer we reviewed maps and donned the packs stuffed with trail food and an old heavy tent. The route titled, "The Great Northern Loop" was about 25 miles in length and intersected the Wonderland Trail near Mystic Lake about 15 miles from the Carbon River Camp. I don't remember details of the plan (perhaps there was none), but it looked like a two long day (one night out) event.

Most of the first leg of our journey went well. Views of Rainer were like a slide show. At each opening of majestic firs a new slide....some with Mountian Goats perched high on the rocky base of Rainer. One scene include a small herd of elk grazing. By mid afternoon the slide show was interupted by whines and complains. Theresa begin to panic over thirst and Jackie (the best runner) did not take well to the discomforts of backpacking. We came upon a stream and a spot for camp. Theresa got a fresh drink and Jackies famous smile return. We soaked tired feet, enjoyed the campfire and cuddled up with sleeping bags for our well deserved rest.

After a late start the Miller/trap family headed for the Wonderland Trail about 10 miles from our camp. Details of this part of our adventure escapes me. I suspect that what happened after we arrived has masked other memories. It was about 5:30 pm when we arrived at Mystic Lake. A beautiful place, with only one problem. Mosquitoes everywhere....off prevention didn't help much. Someone suggested that we continue on theWonderland trail for 10 miles back to Carbon River Camp Ground and then home to Seattle. We did not hesitate.

Carolyn in the lead followed by Susie, Jackie, Daddy, Nancy, Theresa and Julie respectively , plodded south. No laughing, no squabbling, and very few tears. I was like an old mother hen; keeping an eye

on those behind me. I turned to check and there is Julie without her pack!!! "Where is your pack Julie"? Her unforgettable response, "On that bridge back there". Time for a rest. I recovered her pack and carried it a few miles.

At 11 pm we said goodby to Mt Rainer.

1974 - Pacific Crest Trail Trek

During the early 70's the youngest 3 Miller girls were beginning to flex their running skills. Nancy held out until one day the Issaquah Gliders coach, Mark Nakameche, found out that Jackie and Susie had a younger sister. Next, the running Millers increased from 4 to 5 (Carolyn, the oldest, ran the mile for Issaquah High School). With me into marathoning and 4 running kids, we had skills that took us beyond cross-country and track event; backpacking into the beautiful Cascades. After several one day trips to Camp Muir (11,000 foot level on Mtn Rainer) and one two day hike on the Wonderland Trail - Great Northern Route, our thirst for a longer endurance busting outing grew. How about a 3 day 70 mile hike from Stevens Pass to Snoqualmie Pass?

Trip planning was relatively thorough; proper maps, clothing, and food. I focused on the critical issue. How to cover 23 miles in 36 hours of daylight on this popular trail. My attention focused on the weight of hiking boots....as compared to running shoes. I opted for running shoes. I figured that a fast walk on level and downhill slopes would be adequate to complete the trip in 3 days. The lessor weight in shoes would be a plus for the three girls as well as the old man (about 41).

Terrill took the 4 hikers to Stevens Pass. At an early hour we attacked the first set of switch-backs heading South on the PCT. The sun rose just as we reached the crest of this first hill. Spirits were high. We slipped off our packs for a short rest. I noted Nancy's pack. She had snuck in 2 extra jeans!. I was tempted to leave them on the trail but didn't.

I remember most of the trail during this first day. Mostly small changes in elevation....without steep ups or downs.

Spirits very higheveryone enjoying the Cascades at 5000 ft. Near sunset the tired hikers found a spot near a creek and set enjoyed a fun meal around our campfire.

Another hiker (22 year old dude)was camping some 30 yards from us. The girls quickly made a friend. His story was impressive. He had started his hike in Souther Calif earlier in the summer. Stories about his hike were special. He told of deer following him for miles. Not so pleasant was the story about falling and tearing a boot. He planned on having it repaired at Stevens Pass before continuing on the the Canadian Border.

Up at sunrise, breakfast, and smartly begin our second day. The pace was similiar to that on day one. About 11 a.m. I noticed that our pace had slowed. By noon we stopped and shared our aches and pains. Nancy, Jackie, and I had the same problem.....feet. The pain was moderate. Susie's feet were in lessor pain. We checked our map and found a trail which lead to Salmon La Sac. about 12 miles east of our position. After a vote (exit 3, continue 1).

We soon realized our mistake. Small pebbles in the trail were causing localized pressure on our feet.....a problem avoided by wearing hiking boots. The next 4

hours were not pleasant. The party of 4 separated by several hundred yards. Susie in the lead followed by me and Jackie and then Nancy. We found that hiking in this loose formation resulted in less whining and fewer tears.

Finally Salmon La Sac. A quick call to our private ambulance (Terrill Ann) ended our hike. The booby feet took several days to heal. As I recall that was the last long distance trail hike.

1977 SPECIAL EVENT - BIT BY BIT

In 1977 three Boeing Engineers were excited about the first personal computers. John Miller, Jim Shurman, yours truly Don Miller. With about \$5000 we formed a Start Up Company, titled BIT by BIT. The funds were used to purchase a Radio Shack Model 1 Radio Shack Computer (32 k internal RAM). We had a room full of Computer gear; a printer, 3 external floppy Drives and a 5 meg external hard drive.

Our first customer requested a simple code which would save standard Name, Address, Tele #. This customer had twenty salesman and was involved with the distribution of electronic hardware. After we were briefed on his operation and immediate software needs, John promptly wrote the code and tested it within 24 hours.

I recall a meeting between the three of us at Little Black Sambos (1977) in Bellvue, WA. The meeting was brief. We had to decide on the price of our new product.

Nothing had been said with our customer about price. I started the dialog with a suggested price of \$75. John, who did the agreed with my suggested price. The fact that this code was very simple lead to this price. Next, Jim said, "Wait you dummies. We are quickly providing him with what he currently needs and it not only works but is likely to be error free (due to its simplicity). The fact that it only took an "hour" to write is irrelevant". Jim went on to suggest \$750. John and I were confused but went along with Jims rational. We delivered the code. Our customer was pleased. He began to describe a second problem to us.

His second problem had to do with maintaining 3 lists of electronic products:
The first list was of items initially requested. Next was a list of items on contract but not delivered.
The 3rd list was of items delivered and paid in full. The idea was to maintain these lists with a computer (He also had a Model 1 Radio Shack System).

With these lists properly maintained Banks offered attractive lending policies....the primary reason for the software.

With only one computer System progress on this problem was pretty much limited to 1/3 of our total capability. Jim and I shared the machine for about six months. Jim developed critical "sort/ merge" routines and I had to make the product work.
After months of work (many nights in the customers office on his machine) I begin to make good progress but a few bugs prevented final delivery. I was exhausted, Jim and John lost some interest. Finally, I wrote a letter to the customer stating that we were unable to delivery the software, no charge and that all work on the project would be terminated.

I bought John and Jim out and still have the Model 1 stored in the attic of my shop. One box title "interface box" has been lost. However, I would Guess that there is some antic value. Good luck next generation.

1984 - CHRIS

1986 - GARDEN PARTY

During the Summer of 1985 our house on Highwood Dr in Issaquah was nearing it's useful life as home for six girls, one baby boy and 3 dogs. Carolyn had a nest in Park Place, Julie lived in Seattle, Theresa in Bellingham, Susie, Jackie, and Nancy were in and out with Summer jobs and nearing the end of their college days. The last Dog, Penny, passed.

As the story is now told, my secretary at Boeing was shopping for a power boat big enough to live on. Somehow this ignited wild boat imagination. For several weeks TG, Chris and me found ourselves at Shilshole looking and dreaming about boats....big sail boats. We looked at several 50 ft ketchs including a pricy Lord Nelson. Meanwhile the Highwood house was getting a new cedar roof, carpeting, and was soon almost like new.

One Sunday afternoon while boat shopping (getting serious but prices were high). We meet Joe and Milly. They were old - time boat folks that introduced us to the Vagabound. We did not board one, but Joe and Milly arranged a meeting with the owner of Blue Water Yachts (a builder in Taipa, Tiwan). About 10 months later the remodeled house in Issaquah was sold and the Garden Party was perched on the bow of a larger freighter bound for Seattle.

TG, Chris and I arrived at the Port of Seattle (Harbor Island) just in time to see the freighter inching up to the dock. Our pirate ship at last sans the Lafitee brothers. My heart pounded as the cranes eased the 50 ft ketch from the freighter to the dock.....DON'T DROP THE 20 TONS OF FIBER GLASS!! After a couple of days of world finance (Boeing Credit Union and a bank in Tai Pai, GARDEN PARTY was moved to a boat yard in Ballard and was outfitted with a main and a mizze, running lights, a depth finder, and a radio. We powered our ship from Ballard to Park Shore Marina near the south end of Lake Washington where we moored for 10 years.

1995 – VOYAGE; SEATTLE-PORTLAND

After two pricey months at the Ballard Boat Yard the voyage from Seattle to Portland was an exciting new adventure. With crew selected, bow polished, engine tuned and bottom refurbished, the huge mobile boatyard crane gently lower GARDEN PARTY into the Montlake Cut. Paul Retka's bags neatly stuffed into the forward birth, and TG's Nordstrum-like main cabin ship-shape, we were ready. My mind spun with excitement. Eyes fixed on the Ballard locks, hands on the wheel and following commands from the lock crew, I gently maneuvered into position.

40

Day I

Sunset over the Olympics was imminent. Last minute engine checks of the fuel system made for a late start. No redundancy in filter section of the fuel lines had my attention. Mechanics attempted to add a redundant line; however, the pump would not provide proper continuous flow with the redundant line. We settled for the non redundant filter. Ballard Locks behind us, we headed for our first anchoring in Port Ludlow..

Within a few minutes after the sun set the scenic shoreline changed to a bank of lights. No moonlight. Before getting oriented in the darkness, our course had shifted to a more north-west direction which put us close to the navigation lanes for large freighters. Next, FIVE (5) LOUD BLASTS. Paul, who was stationed in the bow, yelled "TURN TURN". Another FIVE blasts. This time we could see a freighter moving at about 30 knot and getting closer. I laid into the wheel, increased our speed to the maximum (8 knots); slowly the freighter and the Garden Party begin to separate. Yes, 5 blasts is the signal for a collision course.

An hour later our anchor is set, heart beat back to normal and through the Stateroom hatch moonbeams are seen peeking around the main mast. Goodnight Paul. Goodnight Don.

DAY II

At 2500 rpm we raced around Port Townsend headed NW in the Straits of Juan de Fuca. No wind. Tides were favorable. Hour after hour grinding our way at near max speed of eight knots in smooth water. Small Dolphins played tag with the bow while the Pod leaped and splashed some 100 yards off the port side. Neah Bay, our destination, got closer but at eight knots, don't hold your breath. Remember, in a 50 ft - 20 ton ketch, it's not about getting there; it's about the excitement of going. As the sun begin to set we tied up tight near the shore of Neah Bay. Some remnant of moorage but we stayed aboard and spent several hours planning our third day-our first encounter with the Pacific ocean.

DAY III

Many stories have been told about this day. Before pulling anchor we noted that morning fog would limit our visibility. No radar. We did have a depth-finder and of course, a knot meter. Our plan looked sound. We calculated the time required to pass distance Tatoosh Islands where we would make a 90 degree turn South for our first encounter with the mighty Pacific ocean. Twenty minutes would be sufficient and would keep us a safe distance from the Rocky Island.

Fog limited visibility to less than 50 yards. The clock ticked. First mate Paul manned the bow while Captain Don had the wheel. We turned and headed south. At 20 tons the Garden Party is like a battleship - she does not turn on a dime. Several minutes later "ROCKS ROCKS" yelled Paul. A frantic wheel spin like a roulette wheel. Half way thru the desperate turn knife like partially submerged rock edges stared at me. We slowly moved a few yards into rock free water. The next few minutes seemed like hours. Three foot swells seemed like

10 foot swells. Without some velocity our fiber glass ship would likely crash into the nearby rocks. On the other hand, the fog plus the near "crash" left us confused about which direction was rock free.

Our maneuver was a "back and forth" attempt to both keep small velocity and while not leaving the rock free area. We faithfully executed that path for some 30 minutes.....the fog lifted. To our pleasant surprise the "house size" Tatoosh Island was some 100 yards to port. Unknown favorable currents were in our favor.

"Paul, something is wrong with our diesel engine". Sputtering, the 100 hp engine refuse to generate more than a few hundred rpm. No wind. After a few minutes I reached for Channel 16' (emergency Coast Guard). Just as if they were next door, they pinpointed our position via triangulation. Within an hour Garden Party was in the arms of a powerful tug-boat manned by two young first responders. They

moored us before sunset. Paul, my super first mate knew precisely what had to be done. He carefully removed screws from the fuel filter (dropping them into the bilge would not be good). A quick through cleaning solved our problem.

In retrospect we now understood the cause of this problem. Two hours of three foot swells amongst the Tatoosh Island had stirred up ten years of sediment in the fuel tanks. After a couple beers in this small Native American town (LaPush) we bbunked down for night number thre

DAY IV

With a clean fuel filter and a refreshed crew, Garden Party headed south for her next stop at Westport, Wa. The 15 hour stop in LaPush served to "clean" the fuel and allow the filter to function properly. I must admit that I remained skeptical of another filter blockage. First Mate Paul, who raced mid-size hydro planes, seemed content with the engines performance. Again no wind. late in the afternoon we spotted Ocean Shores; just a few more mile to West Port.

Buoy markers directed us to the channel leading to dock/moorage in Westport. We scooted over the Bar without any issues. Sunset was upon us. We had Westport in view, however channel marking became obscured by darkness. Within a few minutes shorelines turned into a random array of lights and channel marking disappeared.

We continued east; not total lost but "channel" marking vanished in the dark. Another large boat was about 150 yards ahead of us. Following this boat seemed like a reasonable way to at least avoid "running-a-ground". Next the large boat slowed down, turned and headed toward us. Over a loud speaker came not so friendly "This is the Coast Guard. Are you lost? Are you the same ship that was rescued yesterday and towed to LaPush"? I answered with a feeble "yes yes". The next few words from
the Coast Guard will never be forgotten.

"YOU TWO BOYS ARE THE MENICE OF OUR
WASHINGTON COAST. (pause) FOLLOW US,
WE WILL TAKE YOU TO WESTPORT'

With Garden Party secured to the dock, the two "boys" regained their dignity and headed for the nearest bar. First Mate Paul, like a stand-up comic, shared our humiliating verbal lashing with the bar folks.

DAY V

Grinding our way south without wind nor engine issues our thoughts now focused on the infamous "Columbia River Bar". Garden Party is depending upon her crew to arrive near the dangerous parts of the Bar precisely at ebb tide. Our plan was to moor in Astoria. First Mate Paul kept Captain Don well informed on position, our velocity and most of all periodic estimates of where we would be at "ebb" tide.

Early in the afternoon Long Beach, a well known landmark, was in view. Buoy markers were identified as we slowly added an easterly component to our velocity. Currents from the mighty Columbia were notable but 20 ton Garden Party held steady. Our timing was near perfect. The treacherous Bar was like a smooth pond. But don't delay. The tide is changing.

Astoria was in sight. Garden Party with max velocity of 8 knots moved smartly up the Columbia River. Our progress up the river was slow and as the clock ticked it became slower and slower - our maximum velocity was now 8 knot - the increasing tidal current. For reasons not clearly understood 20 years later, moorage/docks seemed to be well hidden to the newcomer. We opted to continue up river for about 1 mile to Tongue Point for a favorable anchoring spot.

We set anchor in a small bay which was a safe distance from shipping lanes. However, tidal currents were significant.

Our plans included meeting Elbert, Roberta, TG and Chris at some location near Longview. I attempted to call TG and update her on these plans. The hills surrounding our anchored position prohibited telephone/radio contact. I decided to dingy to shore to telephone TG.

Getting to the shore with the dingy was easy. However, the shore was heavily fenced and prohibited access from the water. As I headed back toward Garden Party the currents had picked up. Oars flew. I was able to make some headway toward Garden Party some 150 yards away. My Engineering arms tired. Next.....

ONE OAR BROKE

One oar and strong current prohibited me from closing on the anchored Garden Party. First Mate, Paul, was ordered to raise anchor and rescue the one oared dingy, and exhausted Captain Don. (Lesson10 years of weather will rot an oar. The weaken section is hidden by the tight rubber like material used to interface with the oar lock).

DAY VI

The mighty Columbia River welcomed us with early morning fog but sufficient visibility to find our way up river. Spirits were high. We made telephone contact with TG and made tentative plans to meet family in Kalama (some 80 miles from Astoria). Elbert and Chris would board Garden Party for the final leg of our journey to Portland, Oregon.

A boat trip up the Columbia offers ever changing scenery and simplifies most navigation issues. However, large ships moving over 20 knots, tend to sneak up behind you. The deep channel not designed for two ships broad side, forces small vessels into shallow water near the rivers edge. We stirred up a little sand with our 6 ft keel but no drama.

We arrived at Kalama about 6 pm. The family was waiting. Chris and Elbert boarded Garden Party for the final leg of our voyage. Our larger crew prepared for the last night of this never ending trip. We were preparing to move the ship several hundred yards downstream to order to avoid the large waves made by passing freighters. I started the engine while First Mate Paul pulled the dingy closer to Garden Party. I noted that the 30 ft line had slack and alerted Paul to keep the line taut; otherwise the line would be vulnerable to our rotating prop about 5 feet below the surface of icy Columbia River.

Paul pulled hard on the line. The 100 hp engine either stopped or made strange sounds.

THE LINE WAS TANGLED AROUND THE PROP

I killed the engine. My response was "ok crew we'll get a diver in the morning and then continue to

Portland".

Elbert, Chris and Captain Don were in awe as the Honorable First Mate Paul donned his swimming suit, battery powered headlight as well as a razor sharp 6 inch knife held like a dog with a bone. Paul jumped in the cold water. Fifteen seconds later like a skinny whale he came up for air; a second 20 second dive; more air. After a third dive Paul had the line free without cutting. One minute in the cold Columbia

is forever. We cheered and helped Paul get warm. We settled for the Kalama Moorage and periodic freighter wave.

DAY VII

With Elbert aboard, our navigation task became simpler. He was familiar with this portion of the Columbia as well as the Willamette River between Portland and Oregon City. His home was on the Willimette about 7 miles upstream from Portland. He had an ideal spot for temporary moorage.

As we entered the city of bridges our limited experience cause some stir with bridge tenders. Well seasoned sailors signal to the tender with a code of "blast". One bridge had to be raised in order to clear the main mast. We didn't know the proper code and got growled at by bridge tenders.

With Elbert's knowledge of the Willimette, we were able to pass large rocks near Milwaukie without any panic. Garden Party looked classy in Elbert's docks. Thanks Elbert, Paul and Chris for sharing this exciting voyage with me.

RETIREMENT (1995 - 2016)

In 1995 Boeing offered a few hundred/month extra for those retiring. After Reva passed in 1993 we had doctored up the 1896 Victorian on many weekend trips to Oregon City. Also, Chris was entering a different school (Junior High). TG grabbed Chris and move from Garden Party to Apperson Blvd. I headed for the Ballard Boat yard to tackle some overdue boat maintenance. After a few weeks my First Mate, Paul Retca and Captain Don set sail for Portland (See Special Events below)

Several major additions were made to the Victorian house during the first 1996 & 1997. Elbert, Jim (a young hired friend) and I became overnight shinglers. Jim, who had never shingled learned quickly. The two brick flues were rebuilt by a real mason. Also, I hired a plumbing contractor to add a second upstairs bath. It was costly but was done properly (unlike some of my house projects). I should mention that Chris and I designed and did the ceramic tile shower. Chris selected the "rising sun" soup dish and blue/white color scheme. A second contractor was used upgrade 120 year old lath and plaster. Two tough Irish lads on stilts turned the down stair bedroom into "new home" fashion. Again, pricey but serves to relieve any long term guests from the horrors of "1896 pioneer living. We added new wood window and the current French door system that separated the small living room from the open stairway. On one shopping adventure in Beaverton we found the large "desk".

We were hooked. Fine Texan Oak couple with the budding computer Geek lead to quick purchase. Next, I had to find space for this monster (which turnout to be the last place you would use a computer). With sledge hammer and crow bar I moved a couple of walls and all was well. Chris never used this down stair desk. He soon added a fancy modern glass topped desk to his bedroom furniture. I got stuck with the desk and the dozen worthless shelves and drawers that don't even make good junk collectors.

Outside the old Victorian is a great 5/8 of an acre. For me, working outside was much better hobby than working on the house interior. This bias has not changed over the last twenty years. Major changes include removal of Joe Grays laurel hedge along the entire 125 foot of frontage. Today we maintain lylocks bushes and a Spring show of tulips. Joe's backyard patio is now a 10 x 14 x 4 pond (his hidden well under the back porch supply's continuous fresh water). The back yard and garden area is now separated by an attractive yellow iron fence. Several newer trees compliment the "100 year old" apple and pear trees. We have added fig., apricot, plum, as well as a variety of shrubs. The south 200 ft property is now lined with arber vita which provides privacy and serves to hide a rather unattractive cyclone fence. Currently approximately 1000 sq ft of space is dedicated to raised flower beds and an garden.

Chris and I attempted to build a 16 ft sailboat. Joe's large shop area was an ideal place for this ambitious project. Good progress was made until we started grinding the 20 forms (a dirty dusty job) and steaming/bending oak strips. On a good day our yield was one successful fitted oak strip out of six attempt....lots of good firewood. Enthusiasm faded when Chris snuck off to college. I have salvaged the 17 ft spruce main mast, and mahogany transom. I'll save it for the next wave of enthusiastic boat builders.

One highlight of the retirement years was being able to share some quality time with Chris. In his Senior year (2000-2001), Chris decided to sacrifice his Fall Cross Country running program and most High School activity for an opportunity to attend two local colleges. He managed to attend both Lewis & Clark as well as Reed for math and physic courses. I was his full time private taxi. 8 a.m Calculus at L&C followed by a 10 am Physics at Reed. Chris did have time for one Special Project lead by George Cashdollar (high school biology teacher). This project involved a study of several hundred photos of Western Painted Turtles. Chris developed a scheme for identifying which photos were of the same turtle. (This information was important to the Biologist who photographed the turtles.). Although the accuracy of the results was not confirmed we did release documentation and working code to the Biologist.

On one occasion during his Senior year Chris asked us to attend a special dinner held at the High School. It turned out to be the annual Awards Banquet. Chris spent most of the evening going to the stage for awards. He took home a bag full including the prestigious Marine Corp award. We begin to understand that he had special academic skills. One day in April of 2001 while pulling weed from my garden, I heard Chris yelling at the top of his voice, "Gramps, Gramps I made it....I got accepted into MIT". He Was also accepted into Harvey Mudd, and Reed but not Cal Tech. He chose MIT.

In 2011 we got invited to Stanford to attend Chris Ph D dissertation. His paper was accepted. Now it's Dr Chris.

My early retirement from Aerospace Engineering did not quench my thirst for math problems. Many good problems on the Internet ; some too tough , a few too easy. The best scenario is to find a tough one, get lucky and find a valid solution. In this case, the problem is immediately passed on to fellow Boeing buddies with the intent of "outdoing the other guys". Of course, when they send me a "not so easy" problem, I sharpen my pencil and hope for the best. Appendix xxx gives a couple problems that I solved and Boeing buddies had less luck. Also, the Appendix contains a sample computer programs developed during my retirement. Thumb drives (stored with my Documents) have several hundred short program use to solve weekly Internet math problems and several larger programs including Jackie's Time Clock and a major effort titled Pull Tabs.

It is difficult to finish this Retirement Section. It sounds so final. Rather than "finish", let's just leave it open. In 2016, a presidential cycle, TG is pulling for creepy Ted Cruze and your humble writer has picked "The Donald". If Clinton wins, like other celebrities, we will sell the farm and move to Antarctica. Meanwhile the following generations are well postured to survive Hillary. We have carpenters, mechanics, teachers, research biologist, engineers, authors and several mathematicians. Great great Grandfather Philemon Morriss and his wife Minerva would be proud.

PIERRE - Nov 16 1995 - Jan 25 2008

These words on our great dog were written in 2008. The original document includes a picture of this massive beast!

AKC Registered Name: "Beau Pierre Lafitte Bouvier"
Breed: Bouvier des Flandres

Pierre was born on Nov 16, 1995 on a ranch in eastern Oregon near the town of Pilot Rock, south of Pendleton, near the Blue Mts. His parents were named Holly and Kojak. Both dogs were very large for the breed. An ad in the Oregonian one January day, 1996 stated:

Eight week old Bouvier
des Flandres pup for
sale...herding breed..
WILL BE LARGE. For info
call Janet McKaque at (541)
xxx xxxx in Pilot Rock

Well, call we did and made plans to meet half way in The Dalles in the Columbia River Gorge. We met at the Dairy Queen. Along with the puppy, the McKaques brought Holly, the mother...she was a giant. Chris, Terrill and Carmen (Terrill's mother) made the trip with me. Pierre, at about 2 months old was already a BIG PUPPY! Pierre lived for 12 years. At the time of this writing (Jan. 2008), he has been gone for a week. As such, I thought a few words about his life might be in order. Also, reflecting on him in this manner may ease the pain of losing him.

Several Articles have been written in the dog books on the subject, "A Bouvier Is Not For Everyone". After 12 years with Pierre, I can understand the concern. First and foremost, Bouviers are smart, stubborn, loyal, protective of their family and demand much attention and daily grooming. For me, the attention was no problem.

In fact, he may have been perturbed with all the attention he received. Since the breed is a member of the herding family I let him look like a working dog - not much grooming, just daily brushing (one leg at a time). Without serious training a Bouvier will test you at every turn. As you might expect... my training was spotty.

During the "puppy years", he left his mark on several people. A nip on Aunt Roberta's thigh, and a dozen small scars on my arms from the sharp "baby teeth". Pierre met strangers without baring his teeth but enjoyed "herding" them by gentle pushing with his massive shoulders. Chris' daily arrival home from school was always a real thriller. Pierre would meet him at the gate jumping, nipping, and pushing with those big shoulders. Chris survived the greeting by sprinting across the back yard and leaping on the pond wall. An attempt was made to control the nipping....he finally stopped after he outgrew his puppy stage. But he never outgrew his herding instinct...on trips to the river to swim, he would herd all the kids out of the river onto the bank. He thought he was saving them.

Much of the bonding between Pierre and ME came from our (literally) daily walks in and around Park Place. We started walking when he was less than a year old. We had many routes, but all were over 2 miles in length. Some routes took us to downtown Oregon City to say hello to a favorite classmate Esther Keller and then up the long set of steps followed by the 2 mile trek back to Park Place. He learned to follow on a leash. However, his hunting instincts presented a problem. If he was leashed and a cat, squirrel or rabbit got his attention....hang on! Many were the times he yanked the leash and took off after who knows what, through neighbor's yards and around their houses running all out and me chasing him. I guess people said "Oh, here comes Pierre... Oh, and here's Don bringing up the rear! I should note, he never caught anything on these walks (more on that later).

One solution to the 'hunting while on the leash problem' was to just let him walk free. However, he insisted on staying about 100 yards ahead of me. When the neighbors saw Pierre coming, they knew I wasn't far behind. After years of walks in Park Place, we expanded our outings to Mary Young State Park in West Linn. Here, we could swim in the Willamette River and socialize with other dogs in the area set aside for dogs. Pierre, at 130 lbs. couldn't run as fast as most of the other dogs and chasing after balls that their owners kept throwing..."Well", he thought, "that is just stupid"! In other words..."If you keep throwing that ball, go get it yourself...I'll wait right here!"

The walk that we both enjoyed most was along the Clackamas River. Here, we had clean, cold water for a swim. Pierre did much better retrieving sticks in the water than balls in the park. One river walk of about 5 miles on a hot summer day pushed Pierre to the point where he decided to head for the water. Over a steep cliff, he went down to the river. All was fine until he tried to climb back up the cliff. I pushed, he dug his big front paws into the loose soil...and we finally got back to the trail. I should add that we walked almost every day for over 10 years...on crutches...with gout...no excuses. When it was time to walk, Pierre would bark, jump up and down...and off we'd go.

One other thing Pierre enjoyed was thhigh jump. I would give him a "sit" command, followed in a few seconds with a "go" command, and he could clear a 4 ft. bar. And, as I promised to tell you (a few paragraphs back); he used these jumping skills once when he spotted a large 15 lb. cat in our basement. He leaped from the yard through the basement door...end of cat...end of story!

A few final thoughts before Terrill takes over...Pierre was not exclusively an outdoor dog. Rather, he hung out with either me or the cook. He was usually snoozing in an area where he could keep an eye on both of us. He slept right by my bed and during the last few years he made two trips outside at night - one for the bladder and the second for retrieving an old bone.

During these last couple of years our long walks were replaced with walks in our garden. Pierre enjoyed walking up and down the rows in the vegetable garden eating peas, beans, potatoes, blueberries, strawberries...whatever looked good that day. But his favorite were the pears when they fell from the trees as he was lying in the yard snoozing. Like many large dogs, knees and hips became a problem. When we walked up the steps, he and I would joke about who was going to wince first. I usually lost.

He was a good dog.

Terrill had a special relationship with Pierre; I'll let her take over now.

Along with Don's memories of Pierre, I have many special memories of my own. Some of you have probably heard these stories before, but I'll repeat them here because they are some of the more humorous ones.

For example...Once, when Pierre was a puppy I locked him in the kennel so he could be outside, but safely locked up while I went shopping.

When I returned, he had climbed over the six ft. fence and met me in the driveway smiling like a Cheshire Cat!! Once again, when he was a puppy while we were playing he knocked me down by accident and I jammed a finger on my right hand. Had to go to the clinic to have it x-rayed. Luckily it wasn't broken. A few years later a similar accident happened again and again I had to go to the clinic for an x-ray. The Technician asked if I'd ever been there before; I said "yes, but I don't remember why, it's been a while". She then wanted to know what I had done to my left hand. I told her my dog knocked me down by accident while playing. She said, "well the last time you were here your dog had knocked you down and you jammed a finger on your right hand ... what kind of dog do you have anyway???"

And then there was the 'New White Shirt Fiasco' ... One day I returned home from shopping with a bag from K-Mart with a brand spanking new white shirt which I was planning on wearing that night. 'You Know Who' came trotting over to the car to welcome me home, or so I thought ... (silly me). After a pat on the head and a few kind words, Pierre decided the bag in my hand was too intriguing. He handily grabbed it in his teeth and took off like an olympic sprinter ... through the garden and around the shop and then back toward me and put the bag down and dared me to come get it. Of course I fell for his trick. And when I reached for the bag, he grabbed it and was off again. Needless to say, this time the shirt came out of the bag and he drug the whole mess through the mud. End of shirt! And of course we can't forget Pierre's stealing our neighbor, Mama Pig's slippers from the deck by her Hot tub and digging up her rose bushes and bringing them home after she had just planted them. Don Replanted them in her yard.

One other remembrance from Pierre's first months in 1996 were his Puppy Training classes. He was in a Class of six puppies, only problem, the other five puppies were all German Shepards from the same Litter. To say the least, the Shepards did not like this strange sounding French dog being in their class ... And they let him know it! But Pierre, true-to-form, at the last class let them all know what he thought of Them, the trainer and the stupid training classes. He walked to the center of the workout area and went to the bathroom. And like the Energizer Bunny, he kept on going and going and going!

In the last few years Pierre began to suffer with pain and loss of mobility in his hips and knees . The vet gave him medication, which we tapered off to the bare minimum dosage after a while because it could cause liver damage. I fed Pierre his breakfast in the morning and if I wasn't home at his dinner time he would wait patiently outside until I drove up then follow me inside barking and staring at his empty bowl.

If Don had a glass of milk before bed, Pierre insisted he share it and if there was dessert, ice cream, etc. he had to have a bite. One night I had a cup of coffee sitting on the kitchen table and left the room for a moment; on my return Pierre was standing in the middle of the table slurping the coffee right out of the cup. He didn't spill a drop!

The last few months of his life Pierre learned to open the kitchen cabinets looking for something to eat. He also learned to open the oven door and steal whatever goodies I'd hidden there. The medication he took for his joints must have stimulated his appetite, because he would steal whatever food was not nailed down. He stole raw salmon that was ready to go into the oven, a loaf of bread, a carton of butter, broccoli, etc, etc, and right before Christmas he stole Aunt Carole's two pound fruit cake which had just arrived in the mail. I had put it unopened on top of the stove all the way back thinking we'd open it when we got home from Christmas shopping. Well, lo and behold when we returned and walked into the kitchen there was cardboard chewed up on the floor and around the corner was the dented, mangled empty can and NO FRUIT CAKE! He had chewed through the box, the can and ate the whole damn thing! Chris and I almost cried.

The last few weeks of Pierre's life were difficult for all of us... especially the last few days. So, I won't dwell on that time.... We'll just remember what a wonderful member of this pack he was. We have so many heartwarming and funny memories of our precious Bouvier. He'll remain in our hearts forever. 'Til we meet again little brown eyes!

CONCLUSION

The selection of stories included here are, for the most part, those with a happy/positive ring. Some detailed descriptions of my environment as a young child are included simply because the memories are like yesterday and are void of any 'not so happy times'. Although my situation lacked the "normal" Mother /Father arrangement, family support was always positive. If I missed anything in the early years, it would be discipline. Laborious summer work and fear of Oregon City paper mills kept me in school. Somehow, I was blessed with perseverance and a powerful intuition - key features that led to a successful Engineering profession.

Now with refreshed memories I have a clearer understanding of the 80 plus years. My advice to any younger readers is simple; If you are a "bricklayer" save your hands and fingers after age fifty. If you are a nuclear physicist and have caught your neutrino, take up three cushion billiards.

APPENDIX

Appendix 1 - FAMILY OVERVIEW PRIOR TO 1932

DATE	KEY CHARACTERS/EVENTS
# #####	
1860 -----	Grandfather's ("Dad") birth year
1864 -----	Dad arrives in Park Place, Oregon
1885 -----	Grandmother's(Gramma Effie) birth year
1896 -----	Dad marries Jeanie May (Gramma's aunt)
1897 -----	Archie Nutt's(Biological father) birth year
1898 -----	Gramma migrates from Mehama to Park Place
1900 -----	Lake adopted by Dad and Aunt Jeanie
1908 -----	Dad/Aunt Jeanie divorced
1908 -----	Bill Miller's (Step father) birth year
1911 -----	Dad marries Gramma
1912 -----	Reva's (my mother) birth year
1913 -----	Bessie's birth year
1918 -----	Delbert's birth year
1922 -----	Elbert's birth year
1923 -----	House fire
1932 -----	My birth year

APPENDIX 2 – CORRESPONDENCE WITH DONNA JEAN

DONNA'S LTR - Jan 15, 2016

Dear Don and Terri

Bessie was born July 25, 1915 in Mehama, OR at the home of her grandparents (Emma & Albert Morris)

Reva was also born there after Grandma & Bill (Dad) returned (from Canada where Bill was working on construction of a paper mill.

After graduation from Park Place (8th grade) she was allowed to go to Uncle Bert's house in Lyons, where she was hired to clean his house, do laundry and some cooking. Reva was working for Aunt Lu on the ranch in Mehama feeding the harvesting crew and scraping hair off the butchered pigs. Reva always said it was damn hard work. She never said how much earned. Mother earned enough to buy a coat and shoes, however, she did not have enough to pay for school so Aunt Mary helped her with the cost of school. So she attended Girls Poly in Portland. She took the street car to Portland every morning. After one year she transferred to West Linn with Reva. Then transferred to Oregon City High where she graduated in 1933.

I would guess that Reva graduated from West Linn or Oregon City. I have your birth at Sept 20, 1932 in Park Place in the little house. Elbert said he remembers your birth because he was sent to stay with Kenneth and Ruth who were living in a tent on the upper corner where the "old big house" had been located.

I don't know where Reva worked after your birth. But Mother got a job at the old Park Place baby home doing laundry and changing sheets on the beds. It was during this time that she met Daddy (Bud). Gennie Hemler was going out with Gordon Hadsell (Bud's brother). Mother called these years her "courting days".

Mom & Daddy were married Sept 29, 1935 at Stevenson Washington. They rented the front apartment (upstairs) in a home at 314 Washington Street in Oregon City. Bud purchased a new suit for the wedding--the reason I'm telling you this is that Deb and four of his friends all borrowed the suit jacket to have pictures taken for their graduation. I think Elbert wore it to his graduation too. You may have some vague memories of this house because Mom had stopped working when they married and Daddy had traded in his "hoopie" (car) and purchased a 1928 Hupmobile sedan. You may remember or have some thoughts about spending time with Mother. She always thought you were the sweetest baby, and would often take care of you. They purchased this house after the war---later sold it then repurchased it. Sold it--got it back etc. Collecting rent, repairing, plumbing, painting apartment's etc. They still owned it when Daddy died. In fact do you remember when Lake became ill and lived a short time with Gramma? He shot a hole in the bedroom ceiling and the 4 kids said "enough"--and kicked him out. Mom and Dad let him live in the little back downstairs apartment.

Mom sold it again--woman who bought it stopped making payments. Guy & Tracy finally helped Mom get it back after several years.

Sorry I'm getting carried away with this old house -- it was the bad penny that kept coming back.

In 1936 Mom and Dad purchased the little house on Holcomb Rd with rustic old barn in the back; outside plumbing, water from well and small wood stove for heat. The first thing Bud did was bring plumbing into the house and add little back porch so Mom could do laundry inside. I was born Nov 9, 1936. Mom said they had a comfortable little home by then.

Bessie got a cat, Bud got a chow dog and together they got a milk cow. Grandma Smith had to give Bud milking lessons, because the old cow liked to kick over the bucket. It was about this time that Deb and some of his friends painted a blue saddle on the cow, the painted the cows legs and horns. They laughed for years about people who stopped to look at the blue paint on that cow.

You probably saw this blue cow. I only remember the stories told about the cow and how everyone laughed about it.

Another story they used to tell was when you were little and Daddy was building a sidewalk from front door to road, you came over to help him---I'm not sure how much help you were because they tell that you became upset saying "back up-back up, all the time back up" and stomped off.

This was probably about the same time Elbert and Don Balcomb stole Mr Balcomb's car and drove it to Calif.

You can probably tell my brain is a little scrambled but I'm jumping back to 1935 when Mom and Dad were married and you were little. The Oregon City Enterprise news paper Nov 15, 1935 had a Piggley Wiggly Grocery Store advertisement; Coffee -27 cents per one lbs; Catsup 10 cent a bottle; Potatoes -\$2.00 for 100 lb bag; Sunkist oranges 25 cents for 2 dozen; Wesson oil for 39 cents a bottle. S & N Men's shop had advertisement for men's suits selling between \$19.50 and \$29.50

Times have changed and fast. Today oranges are 99 cents per lb, and \$1.69 per lbs if they are "organic". Potatoes are \$1.00 per lb and apples are \$2.79 per lb.

Do you remember when I was little and used to beg you to lift me up to reach that church bell so I could ring it. You were a big boy and could reach the bell rope and I think that may have been part of your church job?

Do you remember going to Bandon with us? Do you remember going with us to take Deb to Detroit where he was working cutting trees.?

Do you remember when Deb went to war? Do you remember WWII Ration Books and the little flags people hung in windows when they had a son in the service, and the black one if a son was lost?

Do you remember Paul & Hettie Georgi, who lived across the street being interned in a war camp?
Do you remember Deb coming home from War?

Do you remember your bike? Do you remember Daddy building igloo in the snow? Do you remember the firecracker stand? Of course you do--you said Jerry Lafarge used to give Beno that were never paid for and some guy named Edgar. You were always nice to me until those big guys were around and then you played "big shot".

Of course you remember when Grandma and Uncle Bud (Roscoe) bought the house down the alley on Harley St. Uncle Bud remodeled the kitchen, lowered the ceiling, changed the stairs, added hot & cold water, enclosed area so Gramma had inside laundry area. He also built a garage. I think you probably helped him a lot with these changes. Uncle Bud had a car that he prized (I can't remember the kind) but you probably do.

Hey, I have a question! Besides Vera being your friend what was the great draw to the Munger house? Their house and the one next to it where the grandmother or aunt lived always smelled so bad? I never could understand why you and Lois always wanted to hang out down there.

You probably have a memory of Dad(Bill). I don't. He is just shadow setting in a chair in the corner of the front room. I do remember grandma asking me to take slippers to him once. And my first clear memory of Elbert was his and Robertas wedding when the wedding was delayed because Elbert had forgotten the wedding license and my Dad had to take him home to get it. And I remember Roberta's blue velvet dress. It was so soft--I kept touching it.

I had hoped you & Terri could have gotten over for a few days this summer. I know it is winter now but I hope you plan to come over this early Spring.

Call me if you have questions.

Note: I have not met Connie but I think she is probably a descendent of Annis Lorenda Morrise who was born 12/07/1850 in Polk Co. Iowa. She married 08/09/1868 Isaac Farr. When Emma became ill Minerva was moved to Oregon City to live with Annis Farr. Minerva who died March 21,1899 is buried in the Farr family plot. Her headstone reads "MOTHER". This is in the Mt View Cemetery. I think Annis and Isaac Farr had nine children.

Sorry to take so long to answer your note. Hope you are both well.

My love to you
Donna

LTR TO DONNA

Thursday Jan 15, 2016

Hi Donna,

We just picked up mail, drove to one of our morning coffee hang-out, and enjoyed your wealth of information on family.

The memoirs being written on this end will now be more complete. In fact, with your permission, I may include the letter, as written, in the Appendix Section. The status of this writing stuff is not clear. I have written some Sections three times. I have approached my stories with focus on the characters as I viewed them. Lesser attention is given to accurate date and, of course, the stories may not always be accurate. I have warned any reader of these limitations.

I am about 80% done. The remaining stories are about my immediate family (6 girls, Margaret, and early days when TG took over). I find it difficult to write about the "not so good days" when learning to live with Margaret's health issues.

Couple questions about you letter:

We visited the Pioneer Cemetery in Oregon City couple years ago. There is a headstone for Minerva adjacent to Philimon. If I understood your notes correctly, you had her elsewhere.

Your story about your Mother clears up some questions. I suspect that both Reva and Bessie spent as much time as possible away from the little house (mid-aged teenagers). There was limited space. Elbert and Delbert were grade school age. One small bedroom plus the famous porch. I do have very clear images of "Dad". Crutches, rocking chair, urine stained pants held up with black suspenders. Some of the older kids (i.e., Elbert would tease Dad by pretending to be Indians - holding bow and arrow in the window). Dad would slam his crutches on the floor and get very upset. I suspect that senility started near the time he fell and broke his hip (never set). Not sure of the year but Elbert's stories suggest that the year was about 1927.

A BUSY TIME FOR GRAMMA!

I will send excerpts from what I have written. TG has only edited portions. You will have to use your imagination when reading; add missing "ed", "s", bad grammar, weak paragraphs, etc. Please make a list of any stuff not worth telling, or major over sites.

We will see you in Early Spring.

Thanks for the great letter.

Donnie

3. MATH PROBLEMS & SAMPLE BASIC CODE

1948 - ONE NIGHT IN ANTELOPE saved as pea harvest

High School is out and the excitement of summer was high. Gilbert MacLean and I decided that Oregon City was too boring. One of Gramma's close friend , Mrs Stricker had a sister in Antelope, Oregon; a small wheat growing community. Our adventure was to first visit Antelope, then continue to Milton Freewater and make a bunch of easy money is the pea harvest. Out went our thumbs. In 1948 hitch-hiking was sorta safe and getting a long ride to new places had all the excitement we needed.

After several hours we made it to Shaniko (three old buildings and one gas station). Antelope was some 30 miles further east. No cars, For three hours we entertained ourselves by throwing rocks at a telephone pole. Just as the sun began to set a welcomed farmer gave us a badly needed ride. The farmer was going through Antelope plus 10 miles further East. We opted to continue with the farmer. Darkness set in a few minutes after our ride ended. We walked and walked. The temperature dropped. Wheat fields everywhere.

One dim light could be seen about two miles away. No cars. Our high spirits vanished.

Knock! Knock! On the farmers door. Hello my name is Don and my friend is Gilbert. We are hitch-hiking to Milton Freewater and traffic out here is sparse. Ok boys you can sleep in my bunk-house. It was a cold night on bed spring but we survived and continued early at sunrise.

I don't remember the next several rides. However, about 6 p.m. we checked in to a hotel room in Milton Freewater. Across the street were large buildings. The hotel clerk told us that these buildings were where the peas were processed. After a short stroll through the town, Gil and I looked at each other and instantly knew that the quicker we got back to Oregon City the better. We gathered our bags, stuck out our thumbs and got the best ride of all – all the way to downtown Portland. We got to Portland in time to catch the last Street car back to Gladstone. I was comfy in my bed by 2 a.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

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1951 - HITCH HIKED TO LAS VEGAS

During Spring term (end of freshman year at U of O) I became friends with Herb Cook. Herb was one year ahead of me and was also from Oregon City. He played some baseball at U of O and was an all-around pleasant guy. His personality got him a membership into the U of O Sigma Chi Faternity. However, the cost of belonging was a little stiff for Herb. He ended up working for Safeway in Eugene. We became good friends and both returned to Oregon City after the Spring term ended.

Meanwhile, Bill Miller had exciting stories about his recent trip to Las Vegas (I think he lost 10,000) and even better stories about his Uncle, Earl Berdine. In 1951 Earl was a bel hop at the old Desert Inn. These stories resonated with both Herb and me. We decided to hitch-hike to Vegas.

I don't recall any serious opposition from Reva, Bill or Gramma Effie. I guess by that time (I was eighteen) they figured I was mature enough for the adventure. Both Herb and myself had clean records with virtually zero mischievous teenage behavior. With bright clean U of O jackets and small luggage we hit 99 E south. We had decided to go first to Reno.

I don't remember details of the numerous rides but we very few delays between rides. In those days, students could hitch-hike without getting murdered. We spent one night in Reno; counted our small winnings and hit the road. Our last ride was with a trucker who drove all night.

The two traveler found a room near the "old town". Our first few days included dinner with Earl and his wife Donna. Bell boy Earl was the most charming older guy I had ever meet. His hobby and manageable habit was wagering on horses. In the morning hours Earl would have all of the days raceing forms spread on his living room floor. On hands-and-knees crawling across the carpet he

searched for the best bet of the day. In this manner, he would consider several dozen races. Of course, he knew all the nags. The story is that after finding the "best race/best horse", he would report his daily findings to several medical Doctors in San Francisco (for a fee). After several years as a bell boy at the Desert Inn

(he knew Howard Hughes), Earl became Bell Captain at the new Stardust Club. I made a trip to Vegas in 1958 and visited Earl while he was on duty. He gave me a front row seat to Show.

After a few days I was broke. I got a dishwashing job. Herb continued to earn 10 cents on \$2.00 bets on the horses. I did play dice in the "old Golden Nugget" and guess who was playing at the other end of the table.

BETTY GRABLE with the hottest legs in town !!

After about 2 weeks we packed our bags, stuck out our thumbs and returned to Oregon City. I put on my Safeway apron, and my carpenter duds and prepared for Fall term at U of O.

Sent from my iPad=

1962 - PRESENTATION THIN NYC & HAWAII ISLAND

By 1962 the popular work on "Optimizing Minuteman Maintenance" was well received by the Boeing Management, as well as the Air Force. Harold Jacobson and I decided to submit an abstract to an annual meeting of the Operations Research. This meeting was to be held at the Astor Hotel in New York City (no longer there). Our paper was accepted and I prepared a briefing. In 1964 the briefing charts were engraved in 3 inch glass plates. Although by 1962 I had travel for Boeing several times to Los Angeles but never to the East Coast. Going to New York City alone, with a box of glass plates to tell about our Boeing work was a big deal for me.

I recall the social hour on the evening prior to the day of my presentation. While mingling in the large crowd of Engineers, I ran into a friend from Lewis and Clark College. He was with Lockheed and was presenting work related to intercepting Soviet ICBMs in space....a bit more exciting than my paper... which only determined the best number of truck, spares and people required to support our Minuteman ICBMs. Before retiring that night I checked out auditorium/ stage used for my presentation. It was big.

Auditorium was full. Lights were dim. My name and paper title was announced. As I walked to the center of the stage I peeked at the audience. I was a little nervous. Once the glass slides were projected onto a large screen my pointer went to work and I told our story. It went well. After I finished, I explored Manhattan and indulged in \$5.00 hambrger. (Seattle prices were about 80 cents)

The presentation in NYC was so much fun that a year later Harold and I submitted a second paper which was filled with Operation Research lingo of the day. Lots of "e^(-LxT)". Again the abstract was accepted. This time, travel had to be approved by Boeing upper Management. I remember Dan Downey frowning as he signed my Travel Authorization. He grunted and said "Why ain't I going to Hawaii?"

This annual meeting, was held at the Queens Hotel in WY KE KE, Again, a large number of attendees. There must have been over 500 Engineers at the opening address. There were about 10 papers being given at a time for three days. One might have expected about 50 people in attendance for each paper presented. Not so. Many papers were presented to 5 Engineers rather than 50. Where was the crowd?

IN TIHETTY !!resort, Island south pacific

I gave my paper to a small group and scurried off the local warm beach and cooled my heels for 4 days. As I recall this was the last annual OR meeting for several years.

found a tree and unloaded some weight (camera and ropes). I did take notice of other trees in the area. I figured that I would ultimately get out of this mess and return to the area at a later date to recover my belonging. The next problem for me was to select the direction of my search; left or right (facing the mountain). I selected left and begin trudging through soft snow.

Part ii – final

I hiked perhaps a mile. The sun was about ready to drop from the sky. Instantly I was free from the thick fog and found myself on a high cliff. I had an eagles view of the Yakama valley which extend for many miles. I knew that the parking lot was to my "right" rather than "left". I turned and back tracked my way to (hopefully) the parking lot. The fog lifted. I did not see a parking lot; rather a 500 foot ridge.

After finding a well marked trail I wasted no time going up the ridge, and down the other side. YES there was the parking lot. I was elated. No van. After a mile walk on the paved Highway the other mountaineers and van met me. They turned right not left and solved the mystery. The rangers were called off and all four mountain men headed for Seattle.

Two weeks later I returned to what is called "Plains of Abraham" to recover my pack. Unfortunately, all the trees had grown by six feet (i.e., the snow had melt). Today my camera and ropes are safely buried in ash as is Harry.

1966 - MTN RAINER

1968 - TG

1969 - RATTLESNAKE CREEK

1972 - FIRST MARATHON

While at TRW at Norton Air Force Base in San Bernadino, my running hobby gained momentum. Hilly 5 mile evening runs coupled with 3 mile lunch runs at Norton turned this 40 year old jogger into a real running addict. An ex UCLA real track dude, John Doe, who also worked for TRW joined me for lunch. The desert was several 440 intervals after our 3 mile warm-up. John, a 880'er reminded me that at UCLA 10 interval under 60 sec each was part of daily training. I managed 4 under 80 seconds (2 minute breather). John and I joined a small group of TRW/Air Force runners for a 3 mile race. Of course, John won and this 39 yr old got second with a time of . Now we were tuned up for a March of Dimes 20 mile trek in San Bernadino. Of interest, John didn't finish and I did ok. Palis Verdes marathon was next.

In 1972 marathoning was beginning to be a popular running event. Several hundred runners milling around the Start line at Palis Verde High School include one famous guy - John Wooden. John (Doe) knew Wooden from his UCLA 880 track skills. John Doe introduced me to Wooden, who was 65 years old at the time (Wooden lived to about 2000). Wooden and Miller started in the same part of crowd. For the five miles when spirits are high, Wooden and I yakked running stories. In fact, we were so encrossed in chit-chat we forgot our speed (running too fast). Wooden faded. My TRW friend was out of sight. At 20 miles (the well known wall) teenage runners were in tears. I held my tears back. At 24 miles dependable TG handed me a quart of orange juice....I downed it all and kept it down for about a mile. Little mess on the street. I finished in about 4 hrs. John Doe (the UCLA 880er didn't finish. Not sure about my famous running friend John Wooden.

1965 - MTN ST HELENS CLIMB

During a monthly "Friday Night Downtown" LANCER wine outings, several members of the Inner- Circle flexed their imaginations and became mountaineers. Eric Giese, a personal friend of Jim Whitiker, suggested that we explore the top of Mt St Helen.s (14 years before she blew). We ordered another round of Lancers (four bottles - one each) and everything went uphill from there.

The following week-end, with a baby sitter manning the kids,backpack loaded with boots,googles ropes, and camera, off to the 11,000 ft mountain for a long one day adventure. With one coffee stop we arrived at the base of Mt St Helens just in time to see the sunrise and Harry Truman loading week end guest into his small boat destined for his unique Spirit Lake cabin community.

After back-pack adjustments we found a trail head pointed south toward the peak of Saint Helens. Conditions were great for a safe but serious long hike. Some fog banks were close by. For the first mile trail conditions were favorable. Loose rock prohibited good footing but all was well; spirits were high. At this higher elevation our trail disappeared. Now the hike was up a snow feld. Although he difficulty of the climb was near constant we did "rope up" and trudged upward toward the peek for another hour. Heavy visibility to a few yards. After reviewing the situation we figured we were within a few hundred yards of the summit and decided to continue. *Without warning, Eric stepped into a shallow carvas. Our rope system worked well. Within a few minutes Eric was recovered but now the situation was viewed as marginal. The et four of us gathered our thoughts and slowly moved to our left some 20 yards while maintaining the same elevation. This movement was intended to get us away from other hidden carvases. . The decision to terminate our summit goal was easy. We headed down.*

The route down was "straight" just as most of the route up. Getting off the snow field and out of the fog was crucial. Our eyes search through the thick fog for a "van/parking lot". . After another hour going down we noted that the snow field became flat and that we had not reached the loose rock portion of the trail near the parking lot..... no more 20 deg slope . We are "off" the mountain but no van or parking lot could be located through the thick fog.

Now, the normal high sprited four Boeing Engineers were confused. No jokes, no baggering;rather "what do we do now". We did have sense of general direction of the summit. The snow was soft and more than five foot deep. After moving several hundred yards "away" from the mountain we found fir trees that had the upper six foot of branches above the snow level. Also this "boundary" had a small creek that did not wander but dropped quickly to become a raging unfriendly torant. Some fool in the group suggested that we follow the stream out. Instantly my mind moved back to the six kids and baby sitter. The notion of spending a night crawling through brush, belaying down waterfalls did not rest well with this Engineer.I voted an admant NO. The other three were quiet. My mind was spinning. I figured that if I transverse "around the base " of the mountain I would intersect the parking lot/van. Instantly I knew what I was going to do and was less concerned about the others.

I picked up my back pack and headed toward the "summit". My closest friends stood there. I

1973 - GREAT NORTHERN ROUTE , WONDERLAND TRAIL

SPECIAL STORIES

1974 - Pacific Crest Trail Trek

During the early 70's the youngest 3 Miller girls were beginning to flex their running skills. Nancy held out until one day the Issaquah Gliders coach, Mark Nakameche , found out that Jackie and Susie had a younger sister. Next, the running Millers increased from 4 to 5 (Carolyn, the oldest, ran the mile for Issaquah High School). With me into marathoning and 4 running kids, we had skills that took us beyond cross-country and track event; backpacking into the beautiful Cascades. After several one day trips to Camp Muir (11,000 foot level on Mtn Rainer) and one two day hike on the Wonderland Trail - Great Northern Route, our thirst for a longer endurance busting outing grew. How about a 3 day 70 mile hike from Stevens Pass to Snoqualmie Pass?

Trip planning was relatively thorough; proper maps, clothing, and food. I focused on the critical issue. How to cover 23 miles in 36 hours of daylight on this popular trail. My attention focused on the weight of hiking boots....as compared to running shoes. I opted for running shoes. I figured that a fast walk on level and downhill slopes would be adequate to complete the trip in 3 days. The lessor weight in shoes would be a plus for the three girls as well as the old man (about 41).

Terrill took the 4 hikers to Stevens Pass. At an early hour we attacked the first set of switch-backs heading South on the PCT. The sun rose just as we reached the crest of this first hill. Spirits were hi. We slipped of our packs for a short rest. I noted Nancy's pack. She had snuck in 2 extra jeans!. I was tempted to leave them on the trail but didnt.

I remember most of the trail during this first day. Mostly small changes in elevation....without steep ups or downs.

Spirits very higheveryone enjoying the Cascades at 5000 ft. Near sunset the tired hikers found a spot near a creek and set enjoyed a fun meal around our campfire.

Another hiker (22 year old dude)was camping some 30 yards from us. The girls quickly made a friend. His story was impressive. He had started his hike in Souther Calif earlier in the summer. Stories about his hike were special. He told of deer following him for miles. Not so plesant was the story about falling and tearing a boot. He planned on having it repaired at Stevens Pass before continuing on the the Canadian Border.

Up at sunrise, breakfast, and smartly begin our second day. The pace was similiar to that on day one. About 11 a.m. I noticed that our pace had slowed. By noon we stopped and shared our aches and pains. Nancy, Jackie, and I had the same problem.....feet. The pain was moderate.

Susie's feet were in lessor pain. We checked our map and found a trail which lead to Salmon La Sac. about 12 miles east of our position. After a vote (exit 3, continue 1).

We soon realized our mistake. Small pebbles in the trail were causing localized pressure on our feet.....a problem avoided by wearing hiking boots. The next 4 hours were not pleasant. The party of 4 separated by several hundred yards. Susie in the lead followed by me and Jackie and then Nancy. We found that hiking in this loose formation resulted in less whining and fearer tears.

Finally Salmon La Sac. A quick call to our private ambulance (Terrill Ann) ended our hike. The boody feet took several days to heal. As I recall that was the last long distance trail hike.

1984 - CHRIS

1986 - GARDEN PART

During the Summer of 1985 our house on Highwood Dr in Issaquah was nearing it's useful life as home for six girls, one baby boy and 3 dogs. Carolyn had a nest in Park Place, Julie lived in Seattle, Theresa in Bellingham, Susie, Jackie, and Nancy were in and out with Summer jobs and nearing the end of their college days. The last Dog, Penny, passed.

As the story is now told, my secretary at Boeing was shopping for a power boat big enough to live on. Somehow this ignited wild boat imagination. For several weeks TG, Chris and me found ourselves at Shilshole looking and dreaming about boats....big sail boats. We looked at several 50 ft ketchs including a pricy Lord Nelson. Meanwhile the Highwood house was getting a new cedar roof, carpeting, and was soon almost like new.

One Sunday afternoon while boat shopping (getting serious but prices were high). We meet Joe and Milly. They were old - time boat folks that introduced us to the Vagabond. We did not board one, but Joe and Milly arranged a meeting with the owner of Blue Water Yachts (a builder in Taipa, Tiwan). About 10 months later the remodeled house in Issaquah was sold and the Garden Party was perched on the bow of a larger freighter bound for Seattle.

TG, Chris and I arrived at the Port of Seattle (Harbor Island) just in time to see the freighter inching up to the dock. Our pirate ship at last sans the Lafitee brothers. My heart pounded as the cranes eased the 50 ft ketch from the freighter to the dock.....DON'T DROP THE 20 TONS OF FIBER GLASS!! After a couple of days of world finance (Boeing Credit Union and a bank in Tai Pai, GARDEN PARTY was moved to a boat yard in Ballard and was outfitted with a main and a mizze, running lights, a depth finder, and a radio. We powered our ship from Ballard to Park Shore Marina near the south end of Lake Washington where we moored for 10 years.

1995 – VOYAGE; SEATTLE-PORTLAND

With bow polished, engine tuned and bottom refurbished, the huge mobile boatyard crane gently lower GARDEN PARTY into the Montlake Cut. Paul Retka's bags were neatly stuffed into the mid-cabin, and TG's Nordstrum-like galley was ship-shape. My mind spun with excitement. Eyes fixed on the Ballard locks, hands on the wheel and following commands from the lock crew, I gently maneuvered into position.

The September Olympics sunset was imminent. Last minute engine checks made for a late start. WAIT DEAR READER!!

THE FOLLOWING MEMORIES ARE IN TWO PARTS: PART I
IS THAT OF THE CAPTAIN. PART II IS THAT OF MY HUMBLE CREW PAUL RETKA. ENJOY!!!

PART I
....to be cont

PART II
...

1996 – PIERRE

2001 – CHRIS - MIT

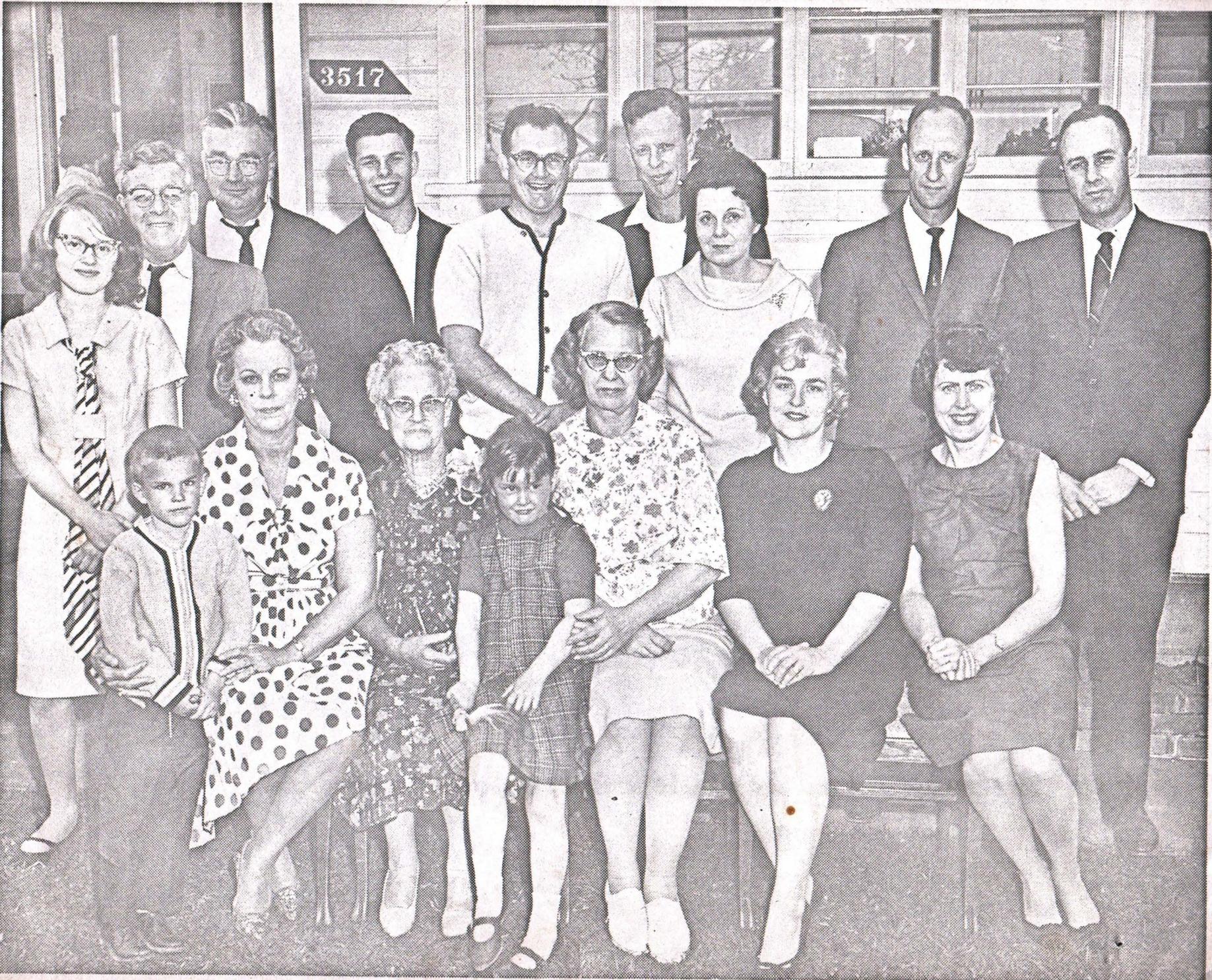
2011 - CHRIS - STANFORD

RETIREMENT

1896 VICTORIAN

PIERRE

CONCLUSION







June 12, 1933

Mother & Sonnen

393



Effie's Brothers & Sister
Left to Right

Kenneth, Walt, Bud, Earl

Effie Lou

Kids
you gonna kept
Loving us

3608