



Home where I was raised.  
Roundeau Ranch, Tygh Ridge, Wasco County, Oregon.

## **READ IT AND SLEEP**

*By William L. (Bill) Hulse*

I was born in Sherman County on August 4, 1920 to Roy Paul and Mary Jane Hulse. Dad was a farmer and storekeeper and mother was a schoolteacher. They moved from Sherman County to Tygh Ridge in Wasco County in the winter of 1919 and 1920. Mother had been doctoring in Moro with Dr. Poly, so she went back to Moro for my birth. Both my brother Paul and sister Janet were born in Sherman County.

We lived on and farmed the old Roundeau Ranch, which had been purchased by Alfred Dillinger. In the early part of the depression the ranch was lost to the Eastern Oregon Land Company. Dad eventually purchased it from them and then added the Murdock McLeod homestead.

We attended Harmony Grade School, one and a quarter miles from our house. My grandkids would say "I suppose it was uphill both ways and through two feet of snow?" It wasn't that bad, but we did walk. The school had one room and one teacher who was the janitor, nurse and mother hen to all of us kids.

I remember one year – there were thirteen children in seven grades. There was no first grade that year. There were children from the family of George Hillgen, Walt Hillgen, Ellis Jones, Tommy Jones, Sid Baker, Clarence Garner, Joe McMurray and Roy Hulse. The teacher's salary started at \$50 per month and board and room. We had several local teachers: Beula Fraley McClean, Mary Sigman Hart, Opal Benedict Wiidanen and Frances Doud.

We didn't have organized sports like the children have now. We made our own fun and had lots of it. This was during the depression. We were all poor but we all had plenty of food and decent clothing and lots of love. Families were closer then, because there were less attractions or I might say, distractions.

Life was good. We would have sleighing parties in the winter and all the families would get together every month or so for a potluck and cards. The kids would play and sometimes dance. Clarence Gardner played the fiddle and Dad corded on the guitar.

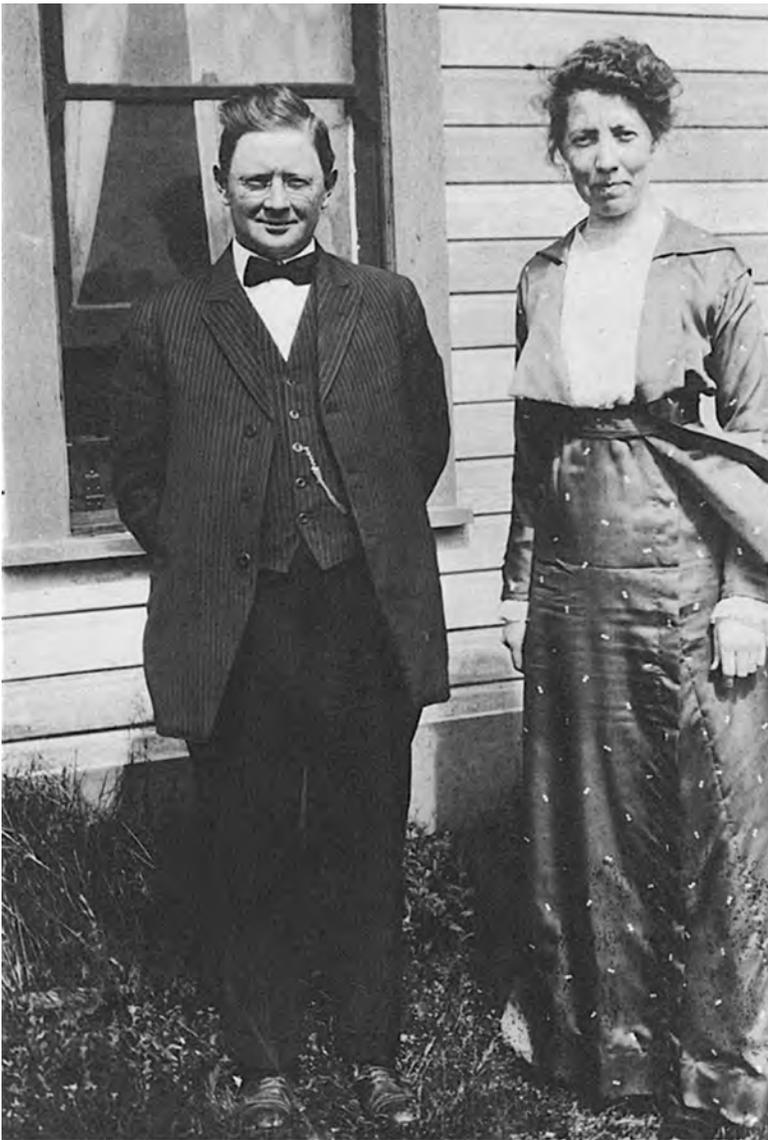
As kids living twelve miles from Dufur, we rarely got to go to town except for church on Sunday. Going to The Dalles was a real treat. Our car was an old Overland with side curtains. Next we had a Model T Ford sedan with just one door between the front and back seat. Dad finally upgraded to a 29 Model A two door Ford.

What a change it was to go from a one-room school to Dufur High School with ninety students, six classrooms, five teachers, organized sports and a gymnasium. When I first started to go to high school, the bus came from Tygh Valley and came across the ridge to pick us up. On the first day of school my junior year, I got on the bus and there was a new girl sitting in the back. When I saw her I said to myself "That girl is for me." It was Lorraine Hood, sister of Joe and Slim Hood. I eventually got up enough nerve to ask her for a date. We went together all through our high school years.

My only sport was football. I played in all but two games in my four years. We had a good team. Our goal was to beat Maupin. Beating Maupin was a successful season. I graduated from Dufur with the class of 1938, a long time ago.

I sit here writing these memories at my house in Dufur on Main Street. During lunchtime at school I see high school students' cars and pickups going by, many of them better than any of us had while in school. In fact, they are better than any car I had for two years after I got out of school. Times sure have changed and I sometimes wonder if it is for the best. We didn't just run into town for a hamburger or a show. Our local drugstore had a soda fountain and an ice cream sundae was ten cents.

I wanted to go to Oregon State College, but Dad said we couldn't afford it. He said that if I went to Monmouth for two years I could then go to Oregon State. I drove down to Monmouth and was next up at the registrar's desk when I thought about



Dad and mother, Roy and Mary Jane Hulse.

that pretty and very popular Hood girl. I knew that if I was gone other boys would be after her, I got in my car and same home and never did go to college.

Work was not too plentiful, but I was lucky enough to get a job helping build a grain elevator on the riverfront in The Dalles at two dollars per day. I paid one dollar a day for board and room. As work progressed I was paid three dollars per day. That's \$3 per day, not per hour. With this increase I could take my girl to a show once a week. The show and popcorn would cost about two dollars.

I then worked on our family farm but my father passed away in the spring of 1940. I was just nineteen years old. That put my brother Paul and I farming in earnest. I married my high school sweetheart, Lorraine, in 1943. Brother Paul was drafted so I ran the ranch with one part time hired man. My dearest wife passed away in the fall of 1945 with Polio. Her death was reportedly one of the

last deaths in Oregon from Polio. We had been married two years and nine months.

Paul got out of the service and we farmed together for several years. I remarried in 1947 to Masil Harrison of Redmond, Oregon. We adopted two boys, Danny and four years later Davey. In 1952 we moved from Tygh Ridge to a small, irrigated ranch in Dufur Valley. We later sold that place to my brother Paul and purchased a ranch from Ed Wilhelm, two miles farther up the valley.

Purchasing and renting more land, we eventually had 1600 acres per year of wheat and barley, 200 acres of irrigation, 400 head of cattle and a 40 sow total confinement hog operation. It was too much work. We later adopted a pretty little four-year old blonde girl, Mary Anne.

Our boys were in a blasting cap accident which took our red headed Danny's life and left son Davey totally blind. This was a very trying and sad time in our lives. I still have flashbacks of that horrible accident. Our faith in God helped us through it.



Janet, Paul and Bill Hulse

I had the privilege of serving on our County Fair Board and the Dufur School Board for eighteen years. I was also president of County Cattlemen and County Wheat Growers. I was master of the Masonic Lodge in Dufur, president of the Oregon Wheat League, ten years on the Oregon Wheat Commission and a founder of Columbia River Bank.

There had been two foreign market development organizations in the United States. Western Wheat promoted the sales of soft white wheat and Great Plains Wheat promoted hard red winter wheat. The two groups represented at least twenty state grower organizations. Because of budget problems and some pressure from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the two groups merged in 1980.

The new organization was named the U.S. Wheat Association. Oregon had the opportunity to nominate a person to be an officer in the new organization. As we walked down the hall toward the first meeting someone asked who we should pick for an officer. Earl Pryor of Condon said, "Hulse has

the time, let's run him." I did have the time as we had rented part of our ranch and eventually sold all of it. A 100 by 100 foot lot and house in Dufur was not all that time consuming.

Earl never said anything about capability. I was elected Vice Chairman and the next year I was voted in as chairman and acting president. We had two offices in the U.S.: Portland, Oregon and Washington D.C. We also had offices in eleven foreign countries. Our budget was \$12 million. My appointment could not have come at a better time as my marriage of thirty plus years was falling apart.

During my time with wheat organizations I made fifty-four trips to Washington D.C. and lived there for six months in a hotel two blocks from the White House. I traveled to twenty foreign countries. I walked on the Great Wall of China and attended a state dinner in the Great Hall of the People, Beijing. I climbed inside the great pyramid in Egypt. My favorite countries were India, Taiwan, Korea and China. I traveled in Air Force II with Secretary of Agriculture John Block and helped to cut the ribbon on a new flour mill In China.

It was not all fun and games. We promoted the consumption of white wheat and its by-products. Although it was a lot of work, it was a great experience for me as a person born in Sherman County, raised on Tygh Ridge, schooled in a one-room schoolhouse with no college education. My undying thanks goes out to the many wheat people who supported me. Without the support of my wife, my family and my brother Paul I would not have been able to have this wonderful experience.

My active involvement with the wheat industry was coming to an end and I was somewhat at loose ends. My marriage had fallen apart and I was looking for something to keep me busy. Years ago Judge Jim Hunt told me that when the time was right I should run for County Judge. I really had not been too interested in elected politics but the County Judge's position had always been in the back of my mind. Rick Cantrell was Judge and he had indicated to me that he wasn't going to run again. I went into his office and we both went down to the Clerk's Office. I filed for Judge and he filed for Commissioner, both on the Republican ticket.

The ladies in the Clerk's Office later told me that after I left their office they said, "Who on earth was that man?" I was well known in the rural area but not in The Dalles. I had my work cut out for me. I hated to campaign. Yard signs, articles in the paper and candidate nights were not my cup of tea. I started at one end of Second Street and introduced myself to most of the business people, giving them campaign material and asking for their vote. I did this for the primary and the general election and won them both. I took office in January of 1983. Had I known what was ahead, I would not have campaigned so hard.

Judge Cantrell invited me to go the Rajneesh Ranch with him. We had lunch at Sheela's house; several of her staff were also there. I was very uncomfortable and I immediately had a feeling that these people were nothing but trouble....

The Planning Commission had been approving numerous building permits and I felt they were moving too fast. I attended the first planning meeting after taking office and asked them to slow it down. From that time on, I was the enemy of the Rajneesh.

Dan Durow was our very efficient County Planner. Building permits would be issued, and after completion someone from the planning office would go out to the ranch to check on compliance. The Rajneesh would habitually try to hide things. They were very rude and uncooperative. It got to the point that we would have some-

one from the Sheriff's Office accompany Dan or his associates.

It was a very scary time for Dan and his staff. On one of these many trips to the ranch Dan had gone down to the office and greenhouse area. There was an upset wagon on the way back, intentionally of course. It was a long time before it was finally moved. The Rajneesh delighted in making things difficult and stressful for all of the county personnel.

I was living alone and was lonesome but I had decided to stay single. There was a very attractive lady in Dufur who had lost her husband several years earlier. One Friday afternoon as I came home I saw Roseanna coming up a side street. When I got in the house I said to myself, "I wonder if she would go out with me?"

Rejection at an older age would be worse than when you were young. Should I call or not? Finally I said to myself, "I have nothing to lose." I started to dial a couple of times and quit. Finally I did dial. Rose answered, and after the exchange of "How are you?" I asked if she would go out with me sometime. She said she would. I asked "How about this evening?" She said "Okay!"

Our first date was dinner at Pine Hollow. We had known each other for years; our children went to school together and rode horses together. In fact, we each had a daughter named Mary. Our friendship deepened. We were married November 25, 1983.

Later on the planning office burned. I got a call around 4AM telling me it was burning. Immediately I knew it was the work of the Rajneesh. It was proven later that they had set the fire. Dan's office was moved to another county building. Dan always had problems, as we all did, with the Rajneesh barging into our offices. Dan had more than his share of problems with them, but he is a true professional and handled it well.

Sue Profitt was the County Clerk at the time. One of their many problems with the Rajneesh was elections and proof of legal voter registration. The Clerk's Office was the primary contact of the Secretary of State's office. The Rajneesh moved in hundreds of street people to register and vote in the next election. The state and Sue's office set up voter registration booths in the Armory with an attorney at each booth, around sixty attorneys from all over the state. Very few of the Rajneesh showed up. Security was high; sharp shooters were available if needed. Sue is a very strong person, and she and her office handled problems very well.

The Health Department was very much involved, especially during the Salmonella poisoning. Carla Chamberlain enlisted the State Health Department when necessary. The stress level was extremely high at the time.

One trip to the Rajneesh Ranch stands out in my memory. Ray Matthew, Virgil El-



Wasco County Courthouse

lett and I were making an inspection trip. We stopped in Antelope and went into their little café just to look around. It was a hot day and they asked if we wanted a drink of water. They brought us each a glass of water which we drank. We went on down to the ranch, parked my car, and went in their van. At one stop Sheela came over to the van and, looking inside, said “I see you have the snakes with you today,” referring to Ray and me. She was more friendly to Virgil.

At one of our stops, while we were out of the van, the time came for the Bhagwan to make his daily drive-by in one of his many Rolls Royces. I had never seen as many red clad people in one place. They came from all directions, running so they could watch as he drove by! Needless to say we got out of the way until the Bhagwan was gone. When we got back to my car we had a flat tire. My spare tire was one of those little space savers that was not made to go a long distance. I asked if they could get my tire fixed. After a long time they said they could fix it for \$14. We stayed at the car while the tire was being repaired. Again I come back to it being hot and they asked us if we wanted drinks of water. I don't know how dumb we were, slow learners for sure. They came with three glasses on a tray and a pitcher of water. They poured the water and handed the glasses to us. We thanked them for it. One of them had a nurse's jacket on, although we never asked why. Later we learned the tire had been slashed in the sidewall with a sharp instrument.



Dan Durow and I return to the scene of the crime, now the Washington Ranch.

About 2AM I woke with severe stomach cramps, diarrhea and vomiting. I thought I had a touch of stomach flu, but the symptoms persisted Rose took me to the hospital. They immediately started giving me IV's. I was in the hospital four days. The doctor said had I not gone for medical help, I would have died. Ray was sick, also.

Later, in the hearings, Sheela said they had given me the Salmonella twice: once in the Antelope café and again while my tire was being fixed. Ray got it only once. Virgil didn't get any. The person with the nurse's jacket was the one handling the Salmonella. Rose saved my life by getting me to the hospital.

I had always predicted that the Rajneesh would disintegrate from within their own ranks. Power struggles and distrust of each other was their final downfall. The Bhagwan fled but was captured as he got off the plane in another state. Sheela was arrested. In a hearing in Portland she admitted that they had poisoned the old Judge (me!) two times.

I told our Sheriff, Art Labrousse that I wanted Sheela to spend at least one night in our County Jail. He called me one evening to tell me she was in there. I thought of going to see her but decided not to,. She was in jail where she should be, I was still

alive and they were leaving our county. I decided to stay home and count my blessings.

We went on a tour of the Rajneesh area after they were gone. Going through the Bhagwan's house, we saw his private bedroom which was plumbed with some kind of a gas to help him relax, or maybe to hallucinate. He had a private swimming pool, sauna, nurse's quarters, private clinic, garages for his many Rolls Royces and a watch tower which was manned 24 hours a day.

Sheela's quarters were fitted with a round bed and her private hot tub. As we were going down the hall there were sliding doors on one side of the room which would indicate clothes storage, but as we slid one door back we saw that it was an opening for access to a stairway to an underground room. This was a place where she could stay if things started going bad for her. In the corner was a bookshelf which was actually a door to a tunnel: a thirty six inch culvert that led to a back road. This was an escape route for Sheela. The culvert had a board floor with carpeting for her comfort so that she could crawl to a waiting car.

It was amazing what these people accomplished in the few years they were there. Many, many buildings were built: living quarters, a hotel, a large cafeteria and even a shopping center. Good things come from bad. If these facilities had not been built, I doubt the New Life Group would be there now. I had a tour of the area after they purchased it. What a wonderful change for the good.

Rose was a great strength for me during the very trying Rajneesh times. Our life together has been absolutely great. I love her more now than I did twenty years ago. I thank God daily for her.

I have two children and Rose has four. Our families have melded together very well, so that gives us six children, eleven grandchildren and three great grandchildren. Rose helps at the Potlatch meal site in Dufur. I am a volunteer at the Discovery Center Museum in The Dalles and at the Log Cabin in Dufur. We are both active in our churches. I still do some woodworking. As I often say, "My main product is saw dust."

As time goes by we spend more time enjoying the comfort of home, attending sports events that the grandchildren are in. We thank God for our family, our friends, our home, our health, and especially for each other.



Antelope statue at the Wasco County Court House.



# LAND PURCHASES OF ROY HULSE AND HIS SONS, PAUL AND BILL

I do not know much about my dad's, Roy Hulse, first land purchase, or it might have been a lease. Dad worked in a general merchandise store in Moro, Oregon. His brother Ray was a farm worker in that area. They pooled their meager resources and either purchased or leased a small acreage southeast of the Sherman County Fairgrounds in 1915. It must have been a handshake deal, which was customary in those days, because there was no recording in the Sherman County Clerk's Office, although there were recordings of land purchases by my grandfather, O. P. Hulse, in 1898, 1900 and 1908. I feel sure that these purchases had no connection to Dad and Uncle Ray in 1915. It was not a large acreage. They had a few beef cows, some dairy cows and about 100 acres of tillable land each year. Mother and Dad lived on the place and Uncle Ray, who was single at the time, lived with them. My brother, Paul, and sister, Janet, were both born while they lived there.

A friend of Dad's, Alfred Dillinger, had purchased a ranch from the Rondeau Family. It was on Tygh Ridge in Wasco County. He offered to rent it to Dad. Dad went over to look at it in the fall of 1919. It had good stubble on it, which would have indicated that it had been a good crop.

Mother, Dad, Janet and Paul moved there in the late fall of 1919. I moved with them, as Mother was pregnant with me. Uncle Ray purchased Dad's interest in the Sherman County property, giving Dad enough money to move and purchase machinery and mules.

Uncle Ray helped Dad move to Wasco County. Dad had a tractor which they drove from Moro to Tygh Ridge. When they came to the Deschutes River, they did not know if the bridge would be strong enough to carry the weight of the tractor. Ray, being single, told Dad that he would drive the tractor over the bridge so that if it fell in he wouldn't be leaving a wife and children; brotherly love. The bridge held.

When it came time for my birth, Mother went back to Sherman County to Dr. Poley, their family Doctor.

Mr. Dillinger had paid too much for the ranch. The depression hit and he lost it to the Pacific Coast Joint Stock and Land Bank. It bothered him so much that he later took his own life.

Dad rented from the Land Bank for several years. He then purchased 640 acres from them. His Aunt Jennie, who was a spinster working in the library in Astoria, purchased the other 320 acres. She later sold it to Dad, so he had 960 acres, of which 800 were tillable.

There was a ranch that joined Dad's, that was going to be for sale. It was the original Murdock McLeod homestead and was being farmed by his grandson, Angus McLeod. Angus was harvesting at that time. Dad went over to ask about the land. Angus said, *yes, it was for sale for \$28,000, and if nobody purchased it by next fall, he would purchase it himself.* This was in the summer of 1938. I don't know where he got the money to pay for it, or if he purchased it on a contract. One way or the other, Dad and Brother Paul purchased it.

Dad never lived to see a crop taken off as he died of a heart attack in the spring of 1939. That put Paul and I to farming in earnest.

We had just started plowing it when all of our neighbors came in with their tractors and plows. They plowed and harrowed it in one day. The ladies of the community furnished the lunch for all of them. Those were the days when ranches were smaller and we had more neighbors and we all looked out for each other.

### **SOME RAMBLINGS ABOUT DAD'S MULES**

When Dad and Uncle Ray farmed in Sherman County they had horses. For some reason when Dad moved to Wasco County he purchased mules. He always said that they were better work animals than horses, and I think he was right. They definitely were smarter. A mule would never founder himself with too much grain and would never drink too much water.

Dad hired most of his men by stopping at the Balch Hotel in Dufur. Men who were looking for work would either stay there, or check in once in a while to see about available jobs. When he had hired men, they would sometimes have a mini rodeo on Sunday afternoon, trying to break them, the mules that is, to ride.

There was a team that we used to pull the wagon when we fixed fence. If you didn't have them tethered to something, when noon came, they would start for the barn. We used them to mow and rake hay, and one of them was broke to ride. The other one you couldn't ride; she was too tall anyway. Their names were Molly and Suzz. We used them for general farm work around the ranch. They were honored with the first stall as you went into the barn.

Dad had one mule that apparently had been whipped when he was in the barn. He

was mean. He would lunge at a person when you walked in front of him in the hay maw. It would scare us kids as we walked in front of him because we had to gather the eggs in the hay maw. "Wild Tom" was his name. They would harness him when plowing started and never take the harness off until the plowing was done. When you got him out of the barn he was just as docile as any of the rest of the mules. Dad said the only good thing that "Tom" did was that when he died, he did it in a rock scab, so Dad didn't have to drag him off.

One time they had the mules all hooked up to the combine, but the driver was not in the seat yet. The mules spooked and decided to go to the barn. The trouble was they were taking the combine with them. The gate to the corral was too small and all but tore the header off from the machine. Needless to say, harvest was delayed for two or three days.

Another time we were unhooking at night, and someone didn't unhook one tug - that is what fastens the harness to the rigging that pulls the machine. As they were led away, they broke loose from the person leading them. They ran away, all 16, four rows of four. And they jumped two barbed wire fences and never got a scratch or a cut on them proving "mules are smart".

My brother Paul and I were ashamed of the mules, as every one of our neighbors had horses. So Dad traded some mules for eight horses. We soon learned why Dad had mules. They would outwork the horses. It was not long until Paul and I would argue about who had to drive the horses.

Most every fall Dad would trade mules with George Wagonblast who lived down in the Columbia District. It was interesting because they both thought they got the best of the bargain.

Dad had a hired man, Charlie Sampson, who was what was called a real "mule skinner." They plowed with two - eight mule teams, each pulling a two-bottom 16" plow. Charlie was paid \$1.00 per day, plus his board and room. One winter Charlie said if Dad would hook the two plows together and put all 16 mules hitched to them, he would drive them for \$1.50 per day. They did that and it worked out really well.

The men hauled the hay from the field to the barn on a wagon on which was called a hay rack. When they got to the barn they used a Jackson Fork, either four tine or six tine. They pushed it down into the hay then yelled that they were ready. A cable ran from the fork up to a track, then to the other end of the barn. This is where Paul and I and the mule came in. We had a mule hitched to the end of the cable. When the fork was set he would yell ready; that signaled Paul or I and the mule to pull the fork loaded with hay up into the barn. When it got to where the barn man wanted it, he yelled and the man who set the fork would jerk a rope which would trip the fork

and unload the hay. Dad pulled the fork back out to the end of the barn to be set again. We could not always hear the barn man so we had to watch the cable. When we saw it jerk that meant to stop and unhook.

One time when I was driving, the fork man got his finger caught in the cable. I did not hear him yell. He went up with the fork until it severed his finger. Needless to say he blamed me totally for it.

Paul and I took turns driving the mule to unload. Dad paid us \$.25 per load. One day when it was my turn, I was lazy as usual and got Paul to pull my load. When we got paid after the haying, Paul got \$.50 more than I did. It took me a long time to figure that out.

Dad eventually traded all but two of his mules and horses for a Model M Allis Chalmers Crawler Tractor.

Dad for some reason liked sheep and he normally had about 100 ewes. When one would die, he would pay us \$.25 to skin it. Paul didn't like to do it so it always was my turn.

My granddad, O. P. Hulse, lived with us. He always carried a very sharp knife in his pocket. One time I couldn't find my knife so I told Granddad some kind of a story and asked to borrow his knife. Had he known I was going to skin a sheep he sure wouldn't have loaned it to me. I washed it off real good, but he finally found out what I had done with it. Needless to say, he never loaned his knife to me again.

It didn't take Paul and I long to get rid of the sheep after Dad passed away. The coyotes got so bad that we just couldn't control them at all.

Paul and I farmed together for several years as Hulse Brothers. Our Mother was the bookkeeper, and she was a good one. The check book had to balance to the penny, and if it didn't she would work at it until it did.

There was a house on the McLeod Place, which had been vacant for many years. I wanted a place to live when I got married. So my brother Paul, Slim Hood and I undertook the task of making it livable. What a job. No running water, no bathroom, not even an outhouse, and of course no electricity. We finally made it livable, and I married my high school sweetheart, Lorraine Hood, on February 27, 1943. The house was breezy and cold, but we had a good oil stove and lots of love, so we made it our very first home.

About that time the draft came into being and Paul was drafted. Hitler was threatening most of Europe and the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor 1941. The

draft board said they would take only one of us. It wasn't but about six months and I was drafted. I didn't pass the physical, which was a blessing because it would have left Mother with no help to run the ranch.

While Paul was gone, I farmed both places with very little hired help. Our neighbor Walt Hillgen owned a farm which joined us. His son, Stanley, was drafted and that left Walt with no help. Because of age, Walt could not do all of his farming. He was able to get Stan out of the army. He came to work for Mother and I, and, in turn, we farmed his place for him.

Angus McLeod owned 160 acres that joined us on the north. It was part of his original McLeod Place. He called and asked if we would like to purchase it for \$5,000. I called Paul in the service, and we decided to buy it. This was a wise decision. It was seeded at the time and the crop we took off from it was a good one. It brought in enough to totally pay for it. When I went to Mr. McLeod's residence to tell him that we would take his offer of 160 acres, he offered to sell me the Moody ranch; 2,000 acres tillable with no down payment. But I would have to divest myself of any financial obligation in the purchase or operation of Dad's and Paul's purchases. It would have been a large undertaking for me. My brother was in the service, and Mother needed all the help and support that she could get just to meet financial obligations. Had circumstances been different, I would have jumped at this great opportunity. I, in good faith, had to turn him down. I never did know why he made that offer to me. But the time just wasn't right.

My dearest Lorraine died November 14, 1945, after only two years and eight months of happy married life. She was next to the last person to die of polio in Oregon.

My brother Paul married Coramae Hoffer while he was in the service. She was in nurses training at the old Dalles Hospital. They were married in the nurse's dorm. I later married Masil Harrison of Redmond, Oregon. She also was in nurse's training and was a classmate of Paul's wife.

## **BACK TO THE LAND DEAL**

Paul and I decided it would be best to dissolve our partnership. He took the home place, Dad's original purchase, and I took the McLeod Place. We divided the machinery and that was the end of our partnership; a very good and friendly decision.

About three years later I had the opportunity to purchase a farm from Harold Jones, which joined both Paul and I. It had about 250 acres tillable and the same amount of pasture. The price was \$32,000. I did not want to take on that much indebtedness.

I talked to Paul and he agreed to purchase the portion that joined him. A year or two after that Paul had the opportunity to purchase a ranch which joined him from the Jimmy Glavey Estate. The problem was, included in the sale was an acreage that was over five miles from Paul's place. He didn't want to have to move his machinery. At that time, I was farming a piece of property that was close to the part Paul didn't want. The property that I was farming belonged to the Fraley sisters. Here we go again. He asked if I would purchase the property that he didn't want. God was telling me to be careful, but then I figured even if I had to sell it later it would be ok. I would have nothing to lose. That time came sooner than I thought. I found a buyer, but some little voice told me not to sell that at that time. Later I sold it to my nephew, Mike Hulse, and he in turn sold it at a price which made a nice profit for him. God knows best. He sold it to Ken Webb.

Living in such a dry acreage, I always wanted some irrigated land. A small acreage came up for sale in the Dufur Valley, again from Harold Jones. As always, we prayed about it and God didn't put any obstacles in our way. So we purchased it and moved. I hated to leave the first place that I had purchased, but it turned out allright.

About five years after, we moved to the small place in Dufur Valley. I had an opportunity to purchase a much larger ranch, also in Dufur Valley, from Ed Wilhelm for \$105,000. It contained 800 acres tillable, 100 acres irrigated, and 400 acres of pasture. This was one purchase that truly took some listening to God. It was for more money than I had paid for all of the previous purchases.

How to make it work; it was my turn to go for help. I talked to brother Paul and he purchased my small place, thus giving me the go ahead to buy the larger one. I never really realized how much my brother and I depended on each other.

One of the most important things that helped me, besides the Lord's guidance, was that I had started tithing at about the same time I made my first purchase. I also started a small savings account and that was the first check that I wrote every month. I also had strong support from my wife.

I purchased another place in the Dufur Valley that joined me for \$89,000; 160 acres irrigated. I found that I had more irrigated land than I wanted; too much work. So I sold it to Rick Cantrell for \$125,000.

After retiring from farming I rented the place for a few years. We finally decided to sell them all. We got good sales as the price had gone up because of inflation. We carried the contracts ourselves at a very reasonable interest rate. We sold the Wilhelm Place to Gene Underhill and the old McLeod Place to Mike Filbin.

Masil and I divorced after 30 years plus of marriage. About two years after that I married a very pretty young widow in Dufur, Roseanna McCullough, November 25, 1983.

We took some of the money and became one of the founders of a small bank, which had done nothing but grow from one bank to more than 22 branches. It was the best financial investment that I had made at that time. When the recession hit it turned out that it wasn't as good an investment as I had hoped for.

My Rose and I sold our house in Dufur and moved to a nice relaxing rental place in The Dalles. We look at each other in our retirement place and agree that God has been and is good to us.

### **A RAMBLING ABOUT PAUL AND I**

I never realized how much Paul and I helped each other and how much we were alike. We helped each other in land deals and exchanged work.

One year we both purchased new dress suits. The first time we wore them in the same place, we realized they were exactly alike, color and all. We also unbeknownst to each other, had purchased new pickups, same make, same color, same horsepower and both set up to pull our 31' Airstream trailers.

My brother Paul came down with cancer. I would go up to his place, only about three miles, and we would visit about old times. I wished we had recorded those talks. His memory was much better than mine and now that he is gone I am struggling to remember and get things in proper sequence; it is not easy. How I miss him.





## **Discovery Center and Wasco County Historical Museum**

I was sworn in as Wasco County Judge in January of 1983.

One of the responsibilities of the country court is to promote economic development in the county and its area. There had been a concern expressed that the county did not have a county museum.

Three young men came into my office one afternoon: Dan Durow, Mark Hollowaty, Rod McKee to talk about the very thing we had been thinking about. Dan said, "We need to stop some of those billfolds that are going up and down the freeway." Maybe a county museum or something relating to the Oregon Trail.

The county court decided to appoint a committee or a task force to study their suggestion. We appointed about ten people with the instruction to meet as often as they deemed necessary and at the end of six months come to the court and give a report I attended most of the meetings. At the end of six months if they wanted to continue on the committee, fine, if not, we would appoint someone else.

We appointed at least two committees. About that time there was talk of forming a national scenic area in the Columbia River Gorge, and if it was formed there might be some federal money for a convention center and an interpretive center.

The Gorge Act was passed in 1985, but it had nothing in it about money for the states involved. An Oregon Trail center in The Dalles would be great, but there was no money for that either.

The last committee that we appointed eventually became a formal organization called Citizens of the Columbia Gorge. I was President, Brett Wilcox V.P., Jill Durow - treasurer, and Carolyn Wood - secretary.

We felt that there needed to be some pressure put on congress to ensure some funding. I told Dan Durow that if he would write a presentation, I would go to Washington D.C. and present it to the Interior Committee of which Senator Mark Hatfield is a member.

The day I made the presentation it just so happened that Senator Hatfield was not present. I, we, were discouraged and disappointed. The good senator later read the presentation and carried the ball to have 5 million for the convention center to be in Washington and 5 million for an interpretive center in Oregon.

The legislation passed, so the race was on by each Oregon county: Multnomah, Hood River and Wasco to have the center. Located in their county, the 5 million for the Interpretive Center was to go to the Forest Service, and it would be their responsibility to build and operate it. There never was any desire shown by Multnomah County to have a center, so the race was on between Hood River and Wasco County.

The Gorge Act included the forming of what was to be called the Gorge Commission with representatives from three counties on the west side of The Gorge: Skamania, Klickitat and Clatskanie, and on the Oregon side Multnomah, Hood River and Wasco. The final decision on the placement of both the Interpretive Center and the Convention Center was the responsibility of the Gorge Committee.

It was the responsibility of our appointed committee to study different possible sites for the Interpretive Center. They studied several and finally zeroed in on one about two miles west of The Dalles. The problem was that it had three separate owners, Dale Jones and his wife had a fairly new home on one parcel, and there was an operating concrete plant on another, and the third was owned by the Fruit and Produce League. There was a fourth owner, Marion Taylor, her property was really not a must in our overall plan. It was a good thing that it wasn't because she was reluctant to sell her property as she had visions of building condominiums on it. As it turned out, because of the land use planning, she would not have been able to build.

When our committee finally decided on that particular site, they decided that in case it was chosen by the Gorge Commission and to show that we had done our homework, we should have options on the three most important parcels, but had no money for that purpose.

I got a call from Bill Dick, an attorney whose office was across the street from the courthouse. He wanted me to come over because he had something he wanted to tell me. Bill said that there was a person in Wasco County who wanted to leave some money for a county museum. He said that this person was going to leave the majority of her estate for that purpose and he assured me that it would be a sizable amount of money. To say the least, I was on cloud nine.

As this whole thing unfolded we became more aware of our lack of money. With the support of our committee and a business person in The Dalles, we decided to have a fund raiser. It would be invitations, but open to the public. We had a dinner at the Shilo Inn, and it was very well attended. I was to make a presentation explaining our plan and our need for money. We thought of having a basket for donations at each table, but the consensus was we needed to get pledges from the people. It worked, and we raised over \$90,000!

There were many pledges from both businesses and individuals. At one time I had over committed our money by \$64,000. I told Rose if all else failed we might have to give a large a donation. But the people came through with their donations - what a relief.

A few days after that the city manager came to my office and said the city would give \$100,000, a very generous gift. Things were really starting to come together.

Bill Dick called again. When he called, needless to say, I dropped everything and went to his office. He said this person would give \$500,000 to purchase land with the understanding that there would be space for a county museum. With his money in hand and the other pledges we felt that we had enough money to pursue options on the concrete plant, Merle Henkle, and the Dale Jones property. I got an option on the concrete plant with an eventual price of \$500,000, a decision the mystery donor criticized me for making. I knew it was too much, but we were putting a thriving venture out of business. There were buildings on the property. I asked the road department if they could use them. They said they couldn't, so, to save money on removing the buildings, I gave Mr. Henkle salvage rights. I wrote the agreement myself instead of getting an attorney, which I should have done. He even took the pump out of the well. I was disappointed with his greed and mad at myself for not getting legal help. The \$500,000 was 2.4% higher than the county appraisal.

The Jones property was the hardest one for me. They were retired, had built a new, modest house, with a large swimming pool for his wife, to exercise her severe arthritis condition and a large pond Mr. Jones had stocked with fish. The price that he wanted was exactly 2.4% over the county appraisal, just a coincidence. I made several trips to their place, and each one got more difficult for me and I am sure for them also. I finally drew up an option agreement, this time with legal help.

I took it out for them to read and hopefully to sign. Dale read it and threw it on

the floor and said why would he sign it without any money I told him that when he signed it there would be money. He signed it and I was very relieved. I keep using the term "I" in these negotiations: it was the decision of the citizen's group to do this negotiating, but I did most of it with the very able help of Dan Durow.

December 21, 1988

The meeting to make the final decision as to which county was to get to build the museum was held in The Dalles. We felt quite confident that Wasco County would get it. Some of our committee were so sure that they purchased champagne to celebrate the occasion. They even took the wires of the bottles ahead of time. As the meeting drew on and even before the final vote was made the champagne got warmer and warmer and occasionally a cork would pop. It helped relieve the tension. The vote was finally made and Wasco County was the winner. Then the champagne flowed.

Now the rubber met the road. We had options on the property, the Forest Service was the recipient of the 5 million dollars. We now had to purchase the property and start the planning process. We eventually acquired the fruit and produce property.

As I mentioned, Mr. Henkle had salvage rights, but there were several large slabs of concrete, the floors for his buildings, and much of the offal from the concrete plant that had to be removed.

It was not long after the building removal that Jim Ellett, a local contractor, called me to have breakfast with him. He said that he would donate up to \$100,000 worth of his time and machinery to totally dispose of the concrete and totally clean up the property. In the meantime, and before he did the work on the site, he had applied to the Gorge Commission for a permit to develop a piece of property he owned on Brown's Creek for the building of a housing development. The plans were good and it would have been a nice addition to The Dalles area. It being partially in the site view of the gorge the Gorge Commission turned it down.

I had a fear that since Jim's proposal was turned down he might not come through with his offer to clean up our site. What to do. I wrote a letter to Mr. Ellett telling him how sorry I was that he couldn't complete his planned project. But I knew that he was a good, honest man and reminded him that ours was not a Gorge Commission project but one of the citizens's of the area. I heard nothing more from him until I was informed that he had moved equipment to the site and had started work. His original plan was to haul the material off from the site, but he suggested that he dig a large trench and bury it. That proposal was all right with me. He did the total removal and smoothed the whole area so you would never know there was ever anything else there.

Jim Ellett was one of the most honest and public-spirited person I have ever known. He just moved in, did his job and moved out. No fanfare at all.

There were several months between the time that the area was cleared and the actual construction began. I knew that to keep the pond full I would have to go to the site at least twice a week to turn the pump on and again to turn it off. The pump was in a small building, surrounded by a concrete wall. I had to climb down a ladder to get to it. They said the spring was on the other side of the highway. Sometimes when the pump was running, The Dalles County Club would call and say the water level in their well was dropping, so I would go in and turn it off. The watermaster, Larry Tole, said they were just imagining the water level dropping as our spring and their well were not on the same aquifer. Living in Dufur, I traveled 40 miles round trip every time I went in. So I accumulated several hundred miles during that time. I also would turn the water into a pipe that went to the shrubs in the parking lot. This had to be done because the pump had been removed from the well. I never could figure out why the water never got to the shrubs. I finally detected a break in the pipe. I talked to Bob DePriest in Dufur and he sent a man and backhoe in, dug it up, and repaired the pipe. He donated the cost of that.

The secret of the mystery donor became known when Ernest Kuck passed away. He left his entire estate of 9 million for the building and operation of a Wasco Museum 1 million on to his wife. The majority of his estate consisted of tax-free municipal bonds and two ranches that were yet to be sold. U.S. National Bank was the custodian of his estate.

In his will he left instructions for the forming of a committee to oversee the building and operation of a museum, in perpetuity. The county court was to appoint three members of which one was to be an attorney. The city was to appoint three members, and one must be a member of the Wasco County Historical Society. The seventh member was to be the trust officer from the U.S. National Bank.

The member of the first board of directors for the Kuck Wasco County Museum were myself (William Hulse), Gladys Sufert, Frederick Kramer, David Huntington, William G. Dick, James J. Week, and Dave Forncrook from the bank. I was the first President of the Board.

The original intent of the board was to build a separate county museum. In the planning project it would be separate but have a covered walkway to the Discovery Center. With more planning it was decided to build one bigger building, with the museum on one side and the Discovery Center on the other and a common entry area in the center.

We had more meetings than I can keep track of. Meetings in the Forest Service office in Hood River, meetings in The Dalles. The majority of these meetings were before we had hired an architect or contractor. After one of the meetings in Portland, Brett Wilcox reported that since the contracting regulation were different and more liberal for non-government entities than for government agencies, we could get more for our money if the \$5 million which went to the Forest Service was granted to the

Citizen's Group. This was something that had never been done before. With the support of the Forest Service and the strong leadership and support of Senator Hatfield, it was accomplished. This meant that the Citizens for the Gorge would be the owner of the official Columbia Gorge Interpretive Center. This action put a terrific load and responsibility on the Citizen's Group. Not only the responsibility of building it, but also of operating the facility.



The first executive director of the Citizen's Group was Scott McFarlane. He helped in fund raising and grant writing. We received grants from Meyer Memorial Trust and the Murdoch Trust as a result of his writing ability. We later had Bill Lamarch and Carolyn Sheton. Carolyn was involved with the building planning and construction. All three of these people contributed a lot toward fund raising and construction. They were my right hand people.

During the long planning process I had the privilege of working with very capable and helpful employees of the Forest Service: Sandy Mendoca, Roberta Hilbruner, Jergen Hess and Art Caroll. The group that were involved in the planning and later the operation of the facility were the Citizens for the Columbia River Gorge, the Forest Service, Wasco County, The Gorge Commission and the Kuck Trust Board.

We had what I called a pre-construction celebration with speakers from all of the entities involved. Our guest speaker was my good friend and true supporter of the project, Senator Mark Hatfield.

The architect was Thomas Hacker and Associates, and the building contractor was Walsh Construction.

I attended many of the meetings with the construction people, the contractor and representatives from the Citizens and the Forest Service. I took pictures of the construction from start to finish. I put them in an album and gave it to the center.

The grand opening was May 24, 1997, twelve years after the first study group was appointed. It was attended by at least 1000 people. The program consisted of speeches and recognition of all of the groups involved, and again, our guest speaker was Senator Mark Hatfield.

The first director of the center was Margaret Lane, followed by Carol Morten, Mike Perry, Bill Lamarch, Ken Karsminski, and our present director, Carolyn Purcell.

This has turned out to be longer than I had anticipated, but when a person gets started, memories flood in and I am sure that I have omitted many things.

I want to especially thank Dan Durow for all of the help and support he gave me and to the overall success of the project.

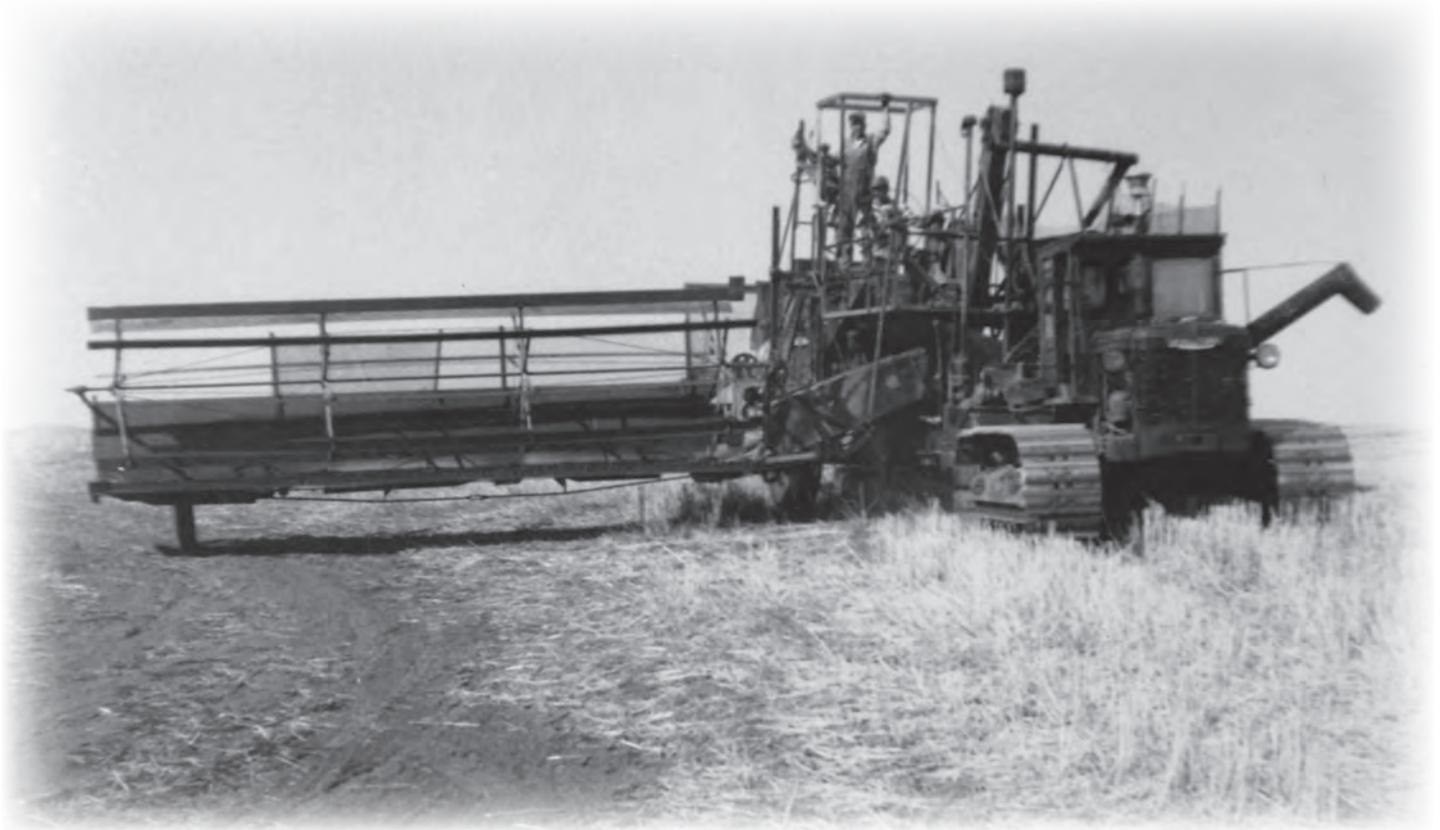
This would not be complete without mentioning the fund raising efforts and success of Gene Adkison. The walking paths at the center would not have been blacktopped had it not been for Gene's efforts.

My dear wife Roseanna was always very supportive of the project and my efforts. We, Rose and I, put well over \$240,000 of our own money into the project.

It was a very rewarding experience for me, although I am somewhat disappointed with the number of visitors, and that the people in The Dalles never gave it their whole-hearted support. I talked to the mayor and he said, "Well, you know, its not in The Dalles." The city did put in the sewer and water system which they still maintain. The land is in the county's name, and they maintain the access road and the roads inside the project area.

Brett Wilcox was very supportive of the project. He was on the board of the citizens for many years. His counsel was always timely and good. He and his wife, Mary, gave in excess of \$750,000 towards the project and he still supports the center very generously.

I was involved in the project for 23 years. Because of declining health, the result of age, I resigned from both the Citizens and the Kuck Founding Board. We still support it monetarily, and we go out for lunch occasionally. It gets more difficult for me all the time. I am not complaining. It has been a good project for me and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Time passes on and it is in the hands of younger people now.



## WHEAT AND ME

Wheat farming has been in the Hulse family for more than 100 years.

My grandfather, O.P. Hulse, made his first wheat land purchase in 1898 and there has been wheat land ownership in the family since that time.

I became a full time wheat farmer at the death of my father, R.P. Hulse, in 1939, and continued as an active farmer of wheat and livestock for more than 40 years.

I did not attend college because of the death of my father. My brother, Paul, and I had to take over the farming in the spring of '39. Had I gone to college, it would have been to Oregon State. In years passed, it was called Oregon Agriculture College; and even now it is the closest to an Agricultural College than any of the other schools in Oregon.

I did depend on O.S. U. for information about new wheat varieties, weed control and cultivation practices. My favorite wheat breeder and consultant was E. A. Jackman. This was in the early 50's. Later, I had some wheat grass experimental plots on the

old McLeod Place, which Mr. Jackson wanted to see. After we had checked the plots, we had invited him to have lunch with us. This was in the summer of '56.

As we were driving down the lane to my home, we could see the wheat field on the hill behind our house; it was my first crop on the Wilhelm place. The wheat looked like it was in severe stress from lack of moisture. It was a dry year, but not so dry as to have caused my problem. When Mr. Jackman looked at it, he said it looked like the stubble had been tilled after harvest the year before. He was right; Mr. Wilhelm had disked the stubble field. Mr. Jackman said it was best not to disturb the stubble because each standing straw acted as a wick to take moisture down into the soil. To this day, I still give money to the E. A. Jackman Foundation at O.S. U.

I later had the privilege of being the Master of Ceremonies for a program after the Annual Cattleman's Dinner. Mr. Jackman and Rube Long were the guest speakers. Mr. Long was a good friend of Mr. Jackman and was a cattleman in the High Desert in south-eastern Oregon. It was a real privilege and pleasure to have those two old friends reminisce about experiences they had together.

E.R. Jackman, Bill and Rube Long

During the winter of 1926 a group of farmers met in Moro, Oregon. This was a period of tough times for wheat farmers, over production and low prices.

They did not say, "What can the government do for us?" but "What can we do?" This meeting resulted in the formation of the Oregon Wheat Growers League. It was and is one of the most successful commodity groups in the U.S. F. B. Ingles of Dufur was the first President.

In the spring of 1945, E.A. Jackman, Extension Crop Specialist at O.S. U. contacted the Oregon Wheat League with the suggestion of taxing all wheat produced in Oregon 1/2 cent per bushel. He also alluded to the formation of an Oregon Wheat Commission. The officers of the Wheat League realized there was a need for market development and many other things they could not afford to pursue. Also, they didn't have the personnel to accomplish those or any other tasks. The Wheat League recommended the forming of the Oregon Wheat Commission. The League members went to Salem and persuaded the State Legislature to form the Oregon Wheat Commission. This was the first such commission formed in the U.S.

Oregon was the first group to promote foreign market development. They realized that it was too large an undertaking for one state.

In May of 1959, Oregon, Washington and Idaho formed, Western Wheat Association for the purpose of marketing white wheat in the Asian rim countries. Montana later joined the group.

In 1958 three state, Nebraska, Colorado and Kansas formed a marketing group called Great Plains Wheat, Inc.

Many other states formed wheat associations and after a few years, all of the states agreed to form a National Association of Wheat Growers, with an office in Washington D.C.

I listed these organizations, so that when I mention my involvement with them, it will give a little background of who they are.

Being interested in wheat and being a producer, I joined as a Life Member of the Oregon Wheat League. I was also was aware of the county wheat organization and I eventually became an officer. The year that I was President of the county groups, we had our Annual Meeting at Cherry Park Grange Hall in The Dalles. We had invited a person who had just returned from a trip to Pakistan, where Oregon had a wheat promotion project. It was Frank Tubbs from Pendleton. His talk really spurred my interest in Market Development. Frank and I became very close friends and were on the Oregon Wheat Commission at the same time. We later formed a very informal golf group, including Glen Christiansen, Dick Skiles and Bill Jaeger. We called it the "Goodbye Ball Club". We had caps, sweatshirt and balls made with our club name on them. Glen was the only good golfer, the rest of us just tried to keep from embarrassing ourselves. We got together at least two times a year.

Now back to the main subject! Through my involvement in the county organization, I accepted an appointment from the State League on the Youth Activities Committee. This involved me in the Livestock shows in Union County and Wasco County, which were sponsored by the Oregon Wheat League.

Merle Huston and I attended the State Wheat League Convention in La Grande, Oregon. While we were there, Pat Kaseberg and Milt Morgan asked me if I would be willing to be an officer in the State League, if elected. I was elected as the Secretary. This was in the fall of 1964. One year later, I was appointed on the board of Western Wheat Association and on the Personnel committee.

We had a program in India promoting the use of white wheat in their diet. The program was funded by Western Wheat Association and the U.S. Department of Agriculture. It was to be reviewed by the U.S.D.A. and a member on the board of Western Wheat. The trips were rotated between the Member States. It was Nebraska's turn. They were then a member of Western Wheat. Irv Frea was the one who was in line

to go. It was corn harvest time in Nebraska and his wife didn't want him to be gone during their harvest season. I was next in line. I had only 24 hours to decide whether I could go. My harvest and seeding were complete. I discussed it with my wife, hired man and my brother Paul. They all said to go. I guess I wasn't as important in my farming operation as I thought I was.

I realized afterward, that it was somewhat thoughtless and selfish of me to be gone for 30 days, leaving my wife and two children at home. It all worked out. They made it fine without me and I had a good productive trip.

I departed Portland, Oregon on 1/18/89 for Washington D.C. I met the rest of the team, Paul Miniman F.A.S., Bill McGregor, Western Wheat board member from the state of Washington and Robert Blake, a private consultant.

Something about the other team members:

Paul Miniman had been an Agricultural Attaché in three or four foreign countries. He was a very reserved, practical person, very efficient, but was a typical Washington Government Diplomat.

Robert Blake was a private consultant. He had traveled extensively in the Southern European area; so much that when we deplaned in Paris and Rome, the airline people knew him by name. He was a consultant for the production of oranges and orange groves. He was the originator of Sun Kissed oranges; very interesting person. He always carried his briefcase. We asked him why he did that. He said "You know when you travel you sometimes get diarrhea and sometimes you get constipated, so I always carry three things: pills to start it, pills to stop it and a roll of t-paper to take care of it while it is here".

Bill McGregor was from the McGregor Land and Livestock family. At one time they were the largest owners and producers of sheep in the northwest. They imported the Basque men from Europe for their shepherders. He had a remarkable memory. We would always get a list ahead of time of the people that would be attending our meetings and social affairs. He would sometimes come into my room to review the list. It was rare that he would miss even one name and who they represented. I truly enjoyed traveling and getting to know these men.

We were briefed thoroughly about the wheat programs and customs of the India people. We received all of our shots, passports updated and departed November 20 for India via Paris, Rome, to New Delhi. We were met by Allen Hunt, who was the County Director for Western Wheat; also Pat Kandra, who was a native of India and number two man for W.W.A. We stayed at the Ashoka Hotel. It was owned and operated by their government.

The food was spicy hot and the water was not very safe to drink. By the time we left India three weeks later, I got used to the spicy food, but never got used to the water.

When I woke up the first morning, the music was typical India; very similar to “Snake Charmer” music. I looked out the window and saw women putting their laundry out to dry by spreading it on the lawn between the buildings.

I will not bore you with all of the details. We visited flour mills, grain storage, bakeries and many areas where the students and many adult women were trained to use U.S. white wheat flour. They took us to a place where they made ice cream. We got there a little early and were looking through their plant. We saw a large vat where they nixed the ingredients. It was stainless steel. The vat was empty except for a rat that was trying to climb out. They then served us some of their ice cream. It was very good, but it took some real concentration after seeing the rat in the mixing vat.

We went from New Delhi to Ahmedabad, Bombay, Bangalore, Madras, and Calcutta. The cabs were always small, old and needed repairs. Very often you could watch the road going by through a hole in the floorboards. On our way from the airport to our hotel in Calcutta, we went through an area that was having a riot. I don't know what it was all about, but we were held up in traffic for at least an hour. We were very relieved to get to our hotel.

The four of us had one last meeting together. We had all written notes of all our meetings. We turned them over to Mr. Blake who was to put them all together, write a final report and let us review it before the final publishing; which we did.

Mr. Bell and Mr. Miniman left us in Calcutta. McGregor and I went on to Hong Kong, the Philippines, Taiwan and Japan. We were briefed about our programs in all of those countries. McGregor stayed in Japan a few days. I flew to Hawaii, arriving with no luggage, which I didn't recover until I was home for a week, and then the suitcase that had the gifts I had purchased for my family never did arrive.

My term as an officer of the Oregon Wheat League ran out in the fall of 1968.

I was appointed on the Oregon Wheat Commission in 1970. It was a five year appointment. At the end of that time, I was appointed for another five years.

During my time with the Wheat League and the Wheat Commission, I made many trips to Washington D.C. The main thrust of these trips was to secure federal funds for research in soil conservation, funding for Foreign Market Development and for the Extension Service.

Sometimes there would be seven or eight people go to an appointment with a Sena-

tor or a Representative. I always felt that we could get our point covered better with no more than three. I finely got that point across and we would rotate being the lead-off speaker. That worked very well.

I remember one meeting we had with Sen. Wayne Morris. His time with us was very limited. When we went into his office, I noticed eight or nine briefcases behind his desk. While we were talking to him, his aid came in, took a briefcase, opened it on the Senator's desk and in a very low voice was telling him about his next appointment. I was amazed at the Senator's ability to listen to his aid and carry on a very intelligent conversation with us.

We used Al Ullman's office; I think it was in the Longworth building, as a gathering place to figure out who was going where, and a place to relax for a few minutes. One time he asked us if we would like a tour of the Capital dome, of course, we said yes! We went over to the Capital building; a guide met us and took us up through the inside of the dome. We didn't go to the very top, but to the ledge just below the very top. He took us through a small door, which led outside onto this ledge. What a beautiful view of all of Washington D.C. and the Capital buildings.

I made many trips with people from Oregon and from other states. One trip was with Jack Falenhouse from Idaho and Tex Brown from Washington. They were both over six feet tall and we were always in a hurry. I felt just like a little kid, having to take about two steps to their one. Needless to say, I was always out of breath when we arrived at our meeting place.

The position of Chairman of the Wheat Commission had not been rotated as was normal in other organizations. Floyd Root had been chairman for six years and Wilton Morgan for three years. It was the consensus of the new members that it should be rotated. Glen Christiansen, Dick Skiles and I decided to try to change it. The "privilege" of making a motion to accomplish that was delegated to me. The motion carried and thus a rotation went into effect allowing no more than two consecutive years as Chairman. Needless to say Root and Morgan were not pleased.

Some members of the Wheat League and the Wheat Commission made trips to Oregon, Mexico to view the largest wheat breeders' project in the World. Our grower organization contributed money to that project. Dr. Norman Borlog was the director, and it was through his efforts to this project that the Green Revolution to help feed the Third World Countries was developed.

Dr. Borlog made frequent trips to the many states that helped finance his projects. On one of his trips to Oregon, he was at Frank Tubbs ranch in the Athena area, someone asked him where he thought the best and most productive wheat land in the world was. His response was, it is right here. As I said, that was the area where

Frank Tubbs farmed.

To digress a little, Frank Tubbs was one of my favorite people, totally honest, excellent thinker and just a good true friend. My other favorite was Fritz Clausen of Dufur.

I truly enjoyed my years on the Wheat Commission. We had a lot of fun but when it was time for business, we did our best to represent the overall wheat industry.

The organization of the National Association of Wheat Growers was structured so that the position of officers would rotate between the member states. I don't remember what year it was that I got a call from the Chairman Roy Davis of Nebraska informing me that it was Oregon's turn to start a person through the chairs and he was hoping that I would be willing to put myself up for election. I was not too excited about taking on that responsibility. I called Dick Skiles to see if he was interested. He said he wasn't, as were many others that I called. Before we left to go to the convention, I told Dave and Mary (my son and daughter) that I had been asked to be Oregon's candidate. I told them that if I was elected, I would be gone from home more than I ever had in the past and I wouldn't like that.

I was offered the opportunity to start through the chairs, but they had another person that would do it if I turned it down, Don Woodward of Pendleton, a very good man. As I was going to my room, I passed by a room where the officers were having a meeting. I said to myself, do I want to spend the next four years involved in endless meeting after meeting? I called Don and told him that I was backing out and the slot was his; a wise decision. Don was a good officer and I got to stay home more with my family.

A short time later the Oregon Soil Conservation Committee had a vacancy. I was asked to make myself available for that appointment, which I did. I went for an interview in Portland. I was in a wheat meeting in Salem when I got a telephone call saying that I had been chosen for the committee. For some reason, at this time, unknown to me, I turned it down. If I had taken it, I would have had to resign from the Wheat Commission, and would not have had the opportunity to be involved in the formation of U.S. Wheat Association.

As I have mentioned, there were two wheat promotion organizations, Western Wheat and Great Plains Wheat. They both had offices in Washington D.C. and many of the overseas countries; which were actually a duplication of efforts and a waste of money.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture had for several years been promoting the idea of just one Foreign Market Organization. Oregon appointed a committee to study this proposal. Frank Tubbs and I were on that committee. Frank was a Western Wheat

officer and was against the proposed merger. I could see the hand writing on the wall. I felt that it was going to happen eventually. I was not in favor, Frank was not, for some reason I was taken off the committee.

It was finally decided to have a meeting with all of the organizations involved. I was no longer a member of the committee or of the Oregon Wheat Commission. It was a closed door meeting, so I was not allowed to even listen to the discussion. After about two hours of discussion, they decided to merge the two wheat promotion organizations, elect a new slate of officers, one from each of the three wheat producing areas. Who would Oregon name as a candidate” Earl Pryor said, Bill Hulse has the time. He never said anything about my ability.

Montana named Ed Kyle as their candidate. Ed was a very good man and had worked long and hard for the wheat industry. I felt in my mind that Ed would be elected. To my surprise, I was elected as a candidate for representing the old Western Wheat Organization. There being only three candidates, one from each of the three producing areas, I suddenly became aware that I was going to be an officer in the new U.S. Wheat Organization. Ole Sampson from North Dakota, Harell Ridler, from Colorado and myself. Ole was elected Chairman; I was elected Vice Chairman and Harell Ridley Secretary-Treasurer. Things were moving too fast for this old boy from Tygh Ridge.

It was then the responsibility of the new board to hire a president for the all new organization. It was agreed at our first meeting that we would not hire either of the Presidents of the two former organizations.

Our Executive Committee advertised the position, and received several applications. Some of them were really off the wall. We narrowed it down to two, Gene Vickers, who was a one time employee of Western Wheat and Larry Montgomery, a total outsider.

The voting structure in the new organization was weighted. The states that constituted the most monies which were determined by volume of production held the most votes, but in the Executive Committee, it was one person, one vote. I favored Vickers. I had known him for a long time and he was well grounded in foreign market development. Montgomery had no foreign market experience. The majority felt it would be better to hire someone completely outside of the organization. Montgomery was hired. I did not vote for him.

I got ahead of my story. It was several months between the merger and the hiring of a new President. During that time, Ole Sampson was acting President for about one and a half years.

Ole didn't spend much time in the D.C. office. I wanted to learn more about this organization, so I made several trips to the D.C. office.

It was not long after Montgomery was hired that I and many of the board members realized that we had made a mistake. I made two trips with him to our Asian Rim offices. In all fairness to him and not setting myself up as an expert, I realized that he had no concept of the overall goal of U.S. Wheat Association.

I took it on myself with the blessing of many board members to garner enough votes at our next board meeting to either ask for his resignation or terminate him. It took a lot of telephone calls to the member states to accomplish it. I made the majority of the calls from Montgomery's office in D.C. as I would go back there when I knew he was going to be gone. Kansas was the hardest to convince. Montgomery was from Kansas and they had the most votes. Adrian Polansky was chairman of their Growers' Organization, a very sharp young man. After many phone calls to him, he finally pledged Kansas's vote. I hung up the phone and said to myself, "I got him"; meaning the vote to terminate. Remember, I was only the Vice Chairman, while all of this was going on.

The Annual Meeting of U.S. Wheat was held in Denver in early August of 1980. I had not been doing this without the sanction of the other two officers. I had informed Chairman Ole, before the meeting that we had the votes to ask for a resignation and if that didn't happen, then he would be terminated. Ole said he would handle it. He handled it very well, he got the resignation.

When the new officers were elected, I was elected Chairman, Harell Ridley, Vice Chairman and Milo Schanzenback, Secretary-Treasurer. I was also appointed Acting President until a new one was hired. I was to get \$100.00 per day, to cover air travel and room.

I had our Secretary get me a plane ticket to D.C. and also make a room reservation. My flight didn't leave Denver until late afternoon, so I dress leisure, jeans, boots and no tie. When I arrived in D.C. my luggage didn't show up, so my first day in the office as their new Chairman and Acting President was with jeans, boots and no tie.

When I woke up that morning, I curled up in a fetal position and said, "My God, what has this old guy from Tygh Ridge, one room school, no college education, gotten himself into?" I prayed for wisdom.

I got up, had breakfast and went to the office. To my surprise and pleasure, I was welcomed with open arms and a cup of coffee on my, the President's, desk.

At that time we represented thirteen states, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Minnesota,

Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, Texas, Washington and Wyoming.

We had thirteen offices, Portland, Oregon, Washington D.C., Casablanca, Manila, Taipei, Rotterdam, Mexico City, Cairo, Tokyo, Seoul, Hong Kong, Beijing, Santiago, Singapore and New Delhi, with a budget of over 12 million. We had about 130 employees.

My first day in office, I called a total staff meeting. I explained to them the change of officers, the resignation of Montgomery, and that I would be the Acting President until a new one was hired. I asked for their cooperation and patience and fortunately I received both.

I stayed in the Washington Hilton when I came to D.C. before I became Chairman and President. Since I was to become a so called resident for a few months, I stayed at the Old Washington Hotel, just two blocks from the White House.

I made many trips overseas to our foreign offices. I visited all of them except the one in Santiago. I will say more about my trips later.

I made a practice of bringing flowers to someone, Ladies, in the office once a week, also took them, one at a time, to lunch.

I called one of the member states each week to keep them up to date on what was going on in D.C. and to update them on the progress of hiring a new President.

We, the Executive Committee, advertised for applicants to fill the vacant President position. We received many, but it was easy to reduce it down to four which we wanted to interview. It has been 26 years since this all happened, so I don't remember the names of all of them and I guess it doesn't make any difference anyway.

The two top applicants had both been through chairs of the National Wheat Growers Association. One was the Executive Director of that organization; the other was in the office of the Secretary of Agriculture, one from the State of Washington, the other from Texas.

When we met for the interviews, they asked where my application was. Bless their hearts, I said I wasn't interested and I wanted to go home to Dufur. Winston Wilson from Texas was chosen. He was my favorite all along. He took office the middle of December, relieving me as Acting President, but I was still Chairman of the Board.

Rambling totally out of sequence of my trips, as I said before, I made several overseas trips while I was Vice Chairman. Chairman Ole Sampson would never take the

time to do any sightseeing. I felt that it would relieve the pressure of so many meetings if we would take a little time off.

On my first trip to India, we had an overnight stop in Paris. I hired a cab to take me to the old Roman Coliseum. As you know, this is where the early Christians were held and then later were eaten by lions. It was a very touching experience for me to be able to see the actual place where this horrible, sinful act took place.

I purchased a cup of coffee from a street vendor. He asked how much milk I wanted in it. I said I didn't want any, not knowing that it was just pure coffee brine and had to have milk added to make it drinkable. It took quite some time for this old boy from Tygh Ridge to learn some of the habits and customs of some of the foreign countries.

On my first trip to Cairo, Egypt my hotel room was facing the Nile River. The first sound I heard that morning was the sound of the one-cylinder engines on the river boats. It reminded me of the old movies with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn chugging down the Nile River. We didn't do any sightseeing on that trip, not even to the pyramids.

The second time I was there, I was Chairman and Acting President, so I had a little more authority. I told the people at our first meeting to get the work done by noon because we were going to take the afternoon off.

We took a cab out to the Great Pyramids. I climbed up the inside of the pyramid. I was amazed at the size of the stones which formed a room about 20' x 30' with at least a 12' ceiling. The floor and the ceiling were made of two stones each, the ends were one stone and the sides were two stones. It is hard for me to imagine how they moved stones that large. Of course, there were thousands of slaves working on them. When we started back to town our taxi broke a fan belt. It took over two hours to get it fixed. Egypt never was a large purchaser of U.S. Wheat.

On my first trip to Korea, Ole was Chairman. At one of the dinners there was a fish in a rack in the center of the table. After many toasts with, I think it was sake, the host took his chopsticks and plucked the eye out of the fish and gave it to Ole to eat. He later told me if they ever give you one of the eyes, don't chew it. The host always had a young lady for each male guest. They would help us with the food and drink. They were great people to toast most anything. I never was much of a drinker and always had the fear of making a fool of myself. I finally commented to my young lady that I didn't want to drink that much, so she put a bowl on the floor between us. I would tip the glass to all the toasts, fake drinking it then she would pour the balance into the bowl. It worked very well.

When I was Chairman, I was in Korea again. When we went to dinner, yes there

was the fish, eyes and all. I remembered what Ole had told me. I did not chew, just swallowed, all went well.

From the way I have been writing, you may come to the idea that these trips were all fun and games. We always reviewed the programs for that county and made plans and budget proposals for the next year. Some of them were for regional planning. We might have the county Directors from four or five offices to do long range planning for the whole area.

I went on a one person trip to Hong Kong and then on to China. We had an office in Hong Kong and that office also handled programs in Mainland China.

We, Fred Schneider, our County Director and I, went from Hong Kong to Guanjou, China by train. The restroom on the train consisted of a hole in the floor. Fred insisted that I have breakfast on the train. I never had seen eggs look the way they were. I would have eaten them had it not been for the disparaging remarks Fred made about them. Fred was one of a kind, fun loving, but he sure knew how to do business with the Chinese. He now lives in Wilsonville, Oregon and has cancer.

As a young person in school, I read about the Great Wall in China. One afternoon, after we finished with what we went there for, program reviews, we took a cab out to the Great Wall. That was a great thrill for this little old guy from Tygh Ridge.

I was in the Philippines to attend a Planner's Conference for that area. We stayed in a hotel in Manila. They told us to stay in our rooms after dinner. Do not go out on the street after dark. One night I heard many gun shots and people running around the hotel. I got up and put a chair against my door. The next morning, I learned that there were two people killed in the street in front of our hotel.

They took us by helicopter to Corregidor, where one of the biggest battles of that area was fought. We saw the bunkers where many of our soldiers were killed; bullet holes were everywhere. It was very sobering, but sure made me proud to be an American.

I was going to a National Wheat Convention in Phoenix, AZ. I had relatives who lived in Dickinson, North Dakota, so I left home two days early to get to Dickinson. I had to fly into Pierre, South Dakota and take a plane to Dickinson. My luggage didn't show up at Pierre. It was a small terminal and I told the girl at the ticket counter not to forward my luggage as I would be back there in two days. I told her that when I got back, I wanted my luggage to be sitting in the middle of the floor; and it was!

I flew to Dickinson where the husband of my cousin met me. They lived 12 miles out in the country and they were having a blizzard. We made it fine to the nice, warm home of my cousins Gladys and Delrey Webster. She was my first cousin on Mother's

side of the family. When I got out of bed the next morning, it was 30 degrees below zero and snowing. He took me back to Dickinson with his four-wheel drive pickup. My flight back to Pierre wasn't until late afternoon. The power was out at the airport, so I didn't get out until about 8:00 p.m. We flew in a small plane with no heat, but we made it and yes, my bags were sitting in the middle of the airport. I sure was glad to see them; then caught a plane to nice, warm Phoenix.

Sometimes my schedule would get quite hectic. I went to a Planner's Meeting in Mexico City. This meeting included the Portland office, Washington D.C., Mexico and South America. I was to go from there to a meeting in the Philippines. The airline flights out of Mexico are very often not on time. It was eight hours late, which put me into Los Angeles just after my flight to the Philippines, had departed. I had to stay overnight in L.A. This delay caused me to be 24 hours late for my planned arrival in Manila; also it meant there would be no one to meet me at the airport. The secretary in D.C. for some reason, unbeknownst to me, had not put the trip to the Manila office on my travel schedule, but it did have the hotel and room number of Jim Hutchinson, who had gone directly from D.C. to Manila. I called his hotel. The phone rang and rang and finally Jim answered. He had just left his room, but heard the phone ring and came back and answered it. Had he not answered, I would have been in the Manila airport with no one to meet me, no address of the office and no telephone number. God is good. It all worked out.

Some of the earlier trips were made while I was a so-called resident of D.C. We also received many invitations to receptions up on Capital Hill and some Embassies. We tried to attend all of them. I went to a few, but other staff members took the pressure off by attending the ones I didn't want to attend.

During one of my first trips to D.C., Winston Wilson who was at the time with the Secretary of Agriculture Office and I were invited to the State Department building for a reception for President Ford. We listened to his talk and then had the opportunity to have a one on one with Secretary of State Alexander Haig to try to impress on him the importance of the wheat industry in the overall structure of World Trade, Public Law 480 and the Food for Peace Programs.

I also attended a function at the White House east lawn, when President Reagan made peace with John Stockton over some strong disagreement they had; very interesting.

Jim Hutchinson and I went to Chicago to meet with a group from Taiwan and especially to meet with Chairman Mao, who represented the flour and baking industry in the country of Taiwan. We knew that he was going to ask U.S. Wheat to help him build a bakery training school in Taiwan. Jim, having been in that part of the world, warned me that he would be very persuasive.



Jim was right. I met one on one with Chairman Mao and by the time it was over, I had committed \$150,000 from U.S. Wheat.

When I got back to D.C., I got on the phone to the Wheat Commission of the member states and after many calls, I did raise the money. The Secretary of Agriculture office called me about a trip Secretary John Block was taking to Beijing China to be involved in the opening of a new flour mill.

It was partially financed by the United States Department of Agriculture and the Wheat Growers through U.S. Wheat. They invited representatives from wheat, soy bean, corn and cotton to accompany Secretary Block on the trip. The trip was not just to open to flour mill, but to give all of the commodity representatives the opportunity to make a presentation to their purchasing people, telling about our respective commodities and were allowed to make a sales pitch.

We departed in an Air Force plane similar to Air Force One, but not as fancy. Secretary Block and his wife had their own private area. The rest of us, including four Secret Service personnel, had very comfortable accommodations; much better than any flight I had ever been on.

We had a fuel stop at Elmendorf Air Force Base in Alaska. During the flight, we were invited, one at a time, into Secretary Block's quarters to visit with him about our respective commodities. We all stayed at a government owned small hotel, with an armed guard out front at all times. Secretary Block rode in a limo, the rest of us in a bus, although I had the privilege of riding in the limo one time.

Secretary Block and the four representatives of commodities were all present at the opening of the flour mill.

We were given a guided tour of the Forbidden City, also had a State Dinner in the Great Hall. That is the one that has the long, red carpet leading in and up the stairs; quite impressive. We also visited Tiananmen Square.

Winston Wilson and I took a trip to Nigeria to survey the possibility of building a baking school. We looked at several pieces of property. They were still covered with brush and vines, no electric, no water and no sewer. It would have been run out of the Casablanca office. The country was in such turmoil with riots and travel being interrupted by armed police, that it just wasn't a place that we felt would be a good investment for the wheat producer's money.



Chairman Miso presenting an award to me.



We then went to the Rotterdam office to discuss the possibility of having programs in Russia. We decided against it. We also saw the Hage, the Center of World Courts, toured tulip fields and wind mills.

Believe it or not, I did spend a lot of time in the office in D.C., although I did attend several State Conventions. I had a security clearance badge, which made it much more convenient to go to the Capital and the Senate and House buildings.

I went up to Senator Bob Packwood's office. He was not a strong supporter of agriculture and foreign market development. While I was in his office, the bell rang indicating there would be a vote in the House Chambers. He invited me to go with him, although I wouldn't be able to go into the Chamber with him. We took the underground tram over to the Capital. John Glenn was in the seat in front of us. When we got to the Capital building, we had to wait for the elevator. Senator Packwood introduced me to some of the other Senators, one of which was Bob Dole. He said, "I remember you, we were on the same program out in Kansas". He was right, what a

memory he had. When we got to the door of the Chamber, there was one of his aides waiting for him. Packwood asked the aide, "How do I vote on this bill?" The aide said, "You vote yes on this one and then Senator So and So will vote yes on your bill". It is no wonder that sometimes our Congress seems ineffective.

My term as an officer in U.S. Wheat ended the fall that I was elected Wasco County Judge, "1982". About a year after I had taken office as Judge, I received an invitation from Chairman Miso of Taiwan to attend the opening of the new Bakery Training School in that country.

It was the one that I had committed and secured funding from our producers to help fund that project and it was a very good and rewarding trip. As I said, I was no longer an officer in U.S. Wheat, but Chairman Ridley included me in the rest of the tour. We made stops in the Philippines, Hong Kong, Guangzhou (Canton) and Beijing.

My involvement with growing wheat and promoting sales and consumption of U.S. wheat has been very rewarding. I always enjoyed driving a tractor, cultivating, seeding, harvesting and marketing.

During my 20 years involvement with wheat organizations, it was interesting that



when one door would close another would open. They never seemed to overlap, but came along at just the right time. God is Good!

I always have and always will think that the wheat industry did more for me than I did for it.



On the Great Wall of China with Paul Miniman, Robert Blake, Bill McGregor, Pat Kandra and two flour millers

# AIRPLANES AND FLYING ADVENTURES

I am 89 years old, sitting in our little apartment in The Dalles, with not much to do but reminisce. Memories of things we did and the good times we had are very important to those of us that are up in years. I thank God that I am still coherent enough to remember and able to jot down some of these things.

My first interest in airplanes was when I was about 10 years old. I got an erector set for Christmas and was able to make different things with it. My favorite was an airplane, I also envisioned myself as a wood worker and made an airplane using a short 2 x 4 for the body and an old barrel stay for the wings. Needless to say, it was very crude but it did resemble an airplane.

The flight of Charles Lindberg intrigued me, and I later saw the "Spirit of Saint Louis," his plane, in the Air and Space Center in Washington, D.C.

I had wanted to take flying lessons for a long time, but just never got around to it

Tom Hix, who was a neighbor, stopped by one day and said he wanted me to go to The Dalles with him. I didn't know that he was going to take a flying lesson from Larry Moore. I went with them, and I was hooked. Before we came home, I signed up for flying lessons. It was February 6, 1964. Larry was a very good instructor: patient. He had to be with me. I took the majority of my lessons in a Cherokee 140, and some in a Cherokee 180. I wanted my wife at the time, Masil, to take lessons also, so that if something happened to me while flying, she could take over.

Lessons for both us were per hour. It was costing quite a bit, so we decided to purchase a plane of our own. We did just that and bought a Piper Tri Pacer with a Lycoming 150 engine on September 15, 1964. I don't remember how much we paid for it, but in retrospect, with the cost of the purchase, having to buy a license, annual checkup- and fuel it would have been less expensive to keep renting. But we had the pride of ownership: Big deal.

We both studied and took our written exams. I passed by the skin of my teeth. Masil didn't pass by the same margin. It was interesting; my exam was on flying the same route I had been studying.

We both continued our lessons until we soloed. When we were ready to solo, Larry Moore, the owner/instructor would go with us for two or three touch and goes and then get out and tell us to make three good landings and come in. When Masil did hers, she just kept on after her three landings: Larry said he thought he might have to shoot her down! He finally got on the radio and told her to come in. She said the

reason she didn't come in after three was because she didn't know if they were good enough! She never pursued her flying career any further.

I continued and did all of the maneuvers: spirals, stalls, climbing turns, descending turns, cross wind landings, no power landing, planning for forced landings, cross country, some instrument flying and all the rest that was required for the final flight test. When I took my solo cross country to Yakima, Sunnyside, Arlington and back to The Dalles, Larry never told me to confirm any of my landings at the airports, so I didn't have any proof I had been there. He took mercy on me and signed me off anyway!

I took my final flight test at Yakima. When I landed, I didn't secure my plane: in other words, I didn't tie it down, an act I was reprimanded for. I had to take a written weight and balance test which I was not forewarned of, although I did muddle through and passed. During my actual flying test, I did everything to the check pilot's satisfaction. When I came in for my final landing, I was too high, so to get rid of the altitude I did what is called a slip, and it worked: I made a good landing. He asked me where I had learned that maneuver. I told him that when you learn how to



fly in The Dalles, wind gusts, cross winds and just plain air turbulence are routine and you learn a lot of tricks of the trade.

I flew the Tri Pacer more hours than any other plane we owned. It was a four place with a luggage compartment. The ratio of horsepower and a fully loaded plane was very marginal.

Tom Hix and I took Tom Phillis to Klamath Falls to pick up his son from school. Tom Hix and I went for a cup of coffee while Tom went to get his son and baggage stowed in the plane. I foolishly didn't check the amount or the weight of his luggage. When we took off, it was a good thing there was a long runway, as we barely cleared the cornfield at the end. It was a good lesson for me! I always checked the weight and balance after that.

Tom Hix and I flew what we thought was a direct flight from The Dalles over the Cascades to Salem. Our compass heading was wrong and we didn't come out over Salem. We finally looked up the frequency and called Eugene and got our bearings and made it to Salem. It is interesting how similar towns look at 8000 feet.

I truly enjoyed flying the Tri Pacer. I took many people for rides: friends, relatives, and many kids for their first ride.

I was in the Dufur barber shop one day at the same time Bob DePriest was there. He was a pilot also. Bob was in the machinery and fertilizer business in Dufur. We went through high school together and were good friends. Over the years we had made many odd ball trades and purchases. Before we left the barber shop I had traded my Tri Pacer for fertilizer. Sounds crazy, but it was a good trade for both of us.

I purchased a Piper Cub with a Continental 85hp engine from Johnny Roberts of Hood River for \$1500. The Cub was a fun plane to fly. John Stanek said he liked to fly in them because they can go slow enough that you could jump out without hurting yourself. A more than slight exaggeration.

It has been so many years since I made these purchases and trades of airplanes that I can't remember all of them. During my flying years I owned a Tri Pacer, a Cub, a Super Cub, Cessna 172, Cessna 170, a Citabria, and ½ of a Cessna 182 Skylane.

I think I traded my Cub in on the Cessna 172. Many years after I got rid of the Cub, Rich Kortge called and asked if I had ever owned a Cub. I told him that I had. He said he had just purchased a Cub that the logbook showed that I had owned. I checked the plane's number in my flight log and yes, it was the same plane. I finally got up enough nerve to ask him how much he paid for it. He paid \$30,000, but it had been completely rebuilt. From 1966 to 2005 it had increased \$28,500 in value. I should

have kept it! Oh well, so it goes.

I purchased a nice, clean Super Cub again from Johnny for about \$3500. It was a well-kept plane with a Lycoming 115hp motor which gave it a bit better power to weight ratio than the Cub. Just like the Cub, it was a two place, front and back, with controls front and back. Stick, throttle, and rudder pedals.

I used it a lot to check water for cattle and fences. Wayne Sigman, a neighbor, had cattle range on the breaks of the Deschutes River. He asked me several times to fly it to check fences and water. It was so steep and rugged that I would sometimes have to tip the plane on its side to get a good look. His pasture bordered the river, and one time I was all the way down by the water and had to put my plane into a full power climb to come up out of the gorge. I looked up, and to my surprise, the hill was steeper than my climb! I hurriedly did a 180, gained speed and took another route out. Then I made it fine, with no problems.

I will relate two trips when I got weathered in and had to leave my plane and come back later to get it.

I flew to wheat meetings in Pullman, Washington in my Cessna 172. The weather was not too good going up. Every time I looked out the window during the meeting, it was snowing, and by departure time there was 5 inches on the ground. I left the plane, and got a ride to Pendleton with Frank Tubbs, then took a bus home. Ten days later, Mugs Fargher flew me up to get it.

Pat Kaseberg always said, "if you want to get someplace on time, drive and leave early enough to have time to change a flat tire."

The other time I had to leave the plane, I had flown to a tri-state wheat meeting in Seattle. I had filed a flight plan to land at Felte Field in Seattle, about 5 miles east of Boeing Field. I got permission to land at Felts, but was landing at Boeing Field. I was justly and severely reprimanded for doing that. The weather totally socked in and I had to leave the plane there. I had Bob Depriest fly me up to get it. I filed a flight plan to The Dalles, got take off permission, followed the instructions, and was very glad to get out of that congested area.

I was flying to Spokane to a wheat meeting, and instead of flying direct, I decided I would use the road as my guide. As Yogi Berra said, "When you come to a fork in the road, take it." I did, and I realized I had gone the wrong direction. I landed in Chewelah, got chewed out, got gas, got my proper compass heading and continued to Spokane. No more problems on that trip.

The minister at Dufur Christian Church, Harry Atkins, was helping with a church

in Baker City. A good friend of ours, Charley Nelson, passed away, and Harry came home for the funeral. He needed to get back to Baker by 7pm for the church service, and asked me to fly him there. I filed a flight plan direct to Baker, not knowing that there would be many miles with no radio contact. I did plot the course with a compass heading. I got very concerned about where I was until I looked down and saw the piles of dredging for gold in the Sumpter area. I knew I was close, and I finally got a radio signal from the Baker OMSI. It was not on a hill, but was behind one, and going east the signal didn't come in until you were in sight of the airport. I stayed all night and had a good trip coming home over LaGrande and Pendleton.

Nephew Mike Hulse was attending college in Ontario, Oregon. He came home one weekend and I volunteered to fly him back to school. I filed a flight plan to Ontario, Pendleton, and home. Niece Carmagene went with us, and we had a nice flight. After delivering Mike at school, we were headed home, stopping in Pendleton for fuel. I called Pendleton for clearance to land. We were flying into the nice, warm sun and I dozed. Carmagene noticed, and said, "Uncle Bill, are you asleep?" Yes, I had dozed off for just a second, no problem. I stayed awake for the remainder of the trip.

Masil and I flew to Redmond one Sunday afternoon; we stayed too long and it got dark before we got home. Her father, Basil Harrison, was working for us at the time. He realized it was getting dark, so he drove up to our airstrip and sat at the far end with his lights on. I knew the elevation of the airstrip, so I told Masil to read the altimeter to me. There was a power pole at the east end of the strip that I wanted to be sure to clear. She kept reading out the altitude and when I was sure we were past the power pole I did a slight slip to lose altitude and made a good landing. I would not advise anyone to depend that much on the altimeter. Although I knew the altitude of the field, we were gone for five hours and the barometric pressure could have changed enough to change the altimeter two or three hundred feet. It's a good thing the Lord keeps us safe.

Another time Masil and I were going to fly to The Dalles. I had a broken latch on the engine cowling of the 172. The cowling was similar to the hoods on old model T Fords: hinged in the middle, with two latches on either side. I was going to order a new lath. We had only gone two or three miles when the one good latch came unfastened, letting that half of the hood flop up and down. I had a fear the whole hood might come off, and if it did it could easily come through the windshield. What to do. I could have landed in a stubble field. I told Masil to duck down below the dash, so that if it did come off it wouldn't hit her. I slowed the plane to just above stall speed, and thank God the hood settled back in place. I went back and landed on our own field. I learned a good lesson: never fly when you know something is wrong with your plane.

I was going to Pendleton for a wheat meeting. Larry Kaseberg of Sherman County

asked to go with me. Just to see something different, I was going to go to The Dalles, fly up the river to Biggs, then up to Larry's place. The Dalles had quite high but dense fog, but I saw a hole and decided to go through it to get below the fog. That didn't work; the hole stayed in the same place, but I was going at least 80 mph and the hole wasn't very wide. I immediately was in no vision fog. I glanced at my compass, went into a 180 degree climb, and came up out of the fog. I never tried that again. I went cross country, picked Larry up, and had a nice trip.

On one of my trips to Pendleton, I filed my flight plan, climbed to my altitude, and looked at my fuel gauges: they both showed empty. I knew I had fuel, because I had just topped off the tanks the day before in The Dalles, although I had not visually checked them. I immediately called Pendleton to say I was going to be landing with both gauges on zero. I gained altitude, just in case the motor died. I made it fine – good landing, and taxied to the repair shop. They said the lining in the tanks had come loose and was touching the sensor for the gauges. I spent the night to give them time to correct the problem. I never did know exactly what they did, but I do know they charged me several hundred dollars. It worked, because it never happened again.

My last plane was a Citabria. It was the most difficult plane of all to control on the ground. On both takeoff and landing you had to keep pumping the rudder pedals vigorously to keep it straight.

I enjoyed flying all of the planes that I owned. My two favorites were the Super Cub and the Cessna 172. The Super Cub was a tail dragger, and I tried to land touching the tail wheel first, then down on the main gear. It didn't work, but it was fun to try. I liked the smooth, 6 cylinder engine in the 172. It was always music to my ears when I would throttle back and hear the hum of that smooth running motor.

I flew several times over the top of Mount Hood, and each time I would have to circle two or three times to gain enough altitude. When I got to the top, I would throttle back and try not to have to change it to land on my strip in Dufur Valley. Sometimes it worked, and sometimes it didn't.

I was harvesting on the Wilhelm Place, which joined a place Gene Underhill was harvesting I was chatting to him on the CB, saying I was thinking about selling the ranch. I said, "Why don't you buy my ranch, and if you do I will throw in my airplane?" About a week later Gene called to say he was interested. After many more meetings, we agreed on a price and the terms. Gene's memory was good and he said, "How about the plane?" I said, "Well, I was on the radio, so God and everyone heard me say it, yes the plane is included." When I told my wife about it, she said, "Well, that's one way to get rid of the plane."

I landed on John Robert's strip in the Hood River Valley in my Citabria. I mentioned how difficult it was to control on the ground, as I went to takeoff I got out of the clipped part of the runway and out into the tall grass. I couldn't get up enough speed to takeoff. At the end of the runway there was a steep bluff with the river below. My mind flashed to the newspaper telling about my accident and death. For some reason I pulled the throttle and went back to the runway, pumped the rudder pedals violently, and made a good takeoff. God was sure with me on that one, as he has been all my life.

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I was flying a new 180 that belonged to Larry Moore. As I came in for a landing I said, "I don't know if I can make it." I kept saying this on final, not really listening to myself or paying attention to my son's reaction beside me. When I looked over, poor Dave was scared to death and covered in hives. I went around, only this time I talked to Dave the whole time, telling him what was happening and that this plane was just like the other one I knew how to fly, only with more horsepower.

Dave remembers me learning to fly so that I could go to Salem to visit more often, and bring him home, but that didn't work out because of weather and transportation between the school and the airport.



Lorraine Hood Hulse

# My Wives and Children

*Some of the things I will relate in this chapter have also been in some of my previous writings.*

I courted my first wife, Lorraine Hood during all of her high school years. She graduated in 1940. I tried to get her to marry me at that time but she wasn't quite ready. She took a course in court recording, which wasn't interesting enough to complete. She got a job at the tuberculosis hospital in The Dalles. Later she got employment in the camera department at Maier and Frank in Portland. She stayed with her sister Dorothy and her husband George Richie. She worked there for about a year and finally took me up on my marriage proposal. We were married February 27, 1943 in a small church in The Dalles. My mother Mary Jane and her parents George and Molly Hood were the only people that attended our wedding, Of course Lorraine and I were there. No frills but the knot was tied just as tight as if we had we had a big wedding We spent two nights at the new Heathman hotel in Portland, but didn't take a honeymoon trip because of the lack of money.

Our first home was an old house on the McLeod place that my brother Paul, her brother Charles Hood and I had cleaned up and made livable, no electricity, no bathroom just a chemical toilet that had to be carried out and emptied. My first task was to dig a hole for a septic tank lay the pipe installed flush toilet and a bath tub. We lived there until Octavo 1944. We then moved to the home place to be with mother because my brother Paul was in the Army. It was no easy for Lorraine to move in with her mother in law but she adjusted very well. Lorraine drove truck in the field during harvest. I had built a small bulker for the combine, so we could handle the wheat in bulk instead of sacked. On level ground we would unload on the go. She would drive the truck close to the combine, about three or four inches from it and travel the same speed as the machine was going. It wasn't easy for her because she had to gauge the distance and speed by watching in the rear view mirror. She got real good at it, no spilled grain and never hit the combine

She was a very good, loving and loyal wife. It was not all work, we visited her parents in Tygh Valley and her sister in Portland. Went to movies and parties with High School classmates. Lorraine's health was always good. But in early November she complained about headaches. They continued to get worse, so I took her to the hospital in The Dalles on the morning of the 14th of November. When they admitted her they started different tests to try to find the problem. I called her parents. Her brother Charles, nicknamed Slim, came in to keep me company. The doctors said

there was nothing I could do, so we got a hotel room. About 9 that same evening I got a call from the hospital, saying that she had polio, and was being taken to a hospital in Portland. We followed the ambulance. When we got there, they said she had died on the way. Oh GOD. My sweetheart was gone and I wasn't there to hold her hand or to kiss her goodbye. Had I taken her to the hospital sooner she might have lived. I will never know.

We had her funeral at the Dufur Christian Church, She was a member and a Sunday School teacher. When I last saw my beautiful Lorraine lying in the casket, I wished I could die and go with her. The undertaker asked if I wanted her rings I wanted only the engagement ring, but left the wedding ring as she would always be my wife. I had the diamond put in my Masonic ring. The funeral procession from Dufur to The Dallas was the longest saddest trip I had ever taken.

I will never know where she was exposed. We had gone to a movie in Portland the previous week and to a party the same week. She really didn't want to go. There was a person who attended the party that had just recovered from a bout with Polio If he was still contagious, that could have been a possibility, but no one else got it. I carry a guilt feeling. If we had not attended ether of those events she might have lived a good full life. I just hope to see her again in the Hereafter so I can tell her I am sorry. And tell her that I still love her to this day. If you love someone be sure to tell them, it might be later than you think.

My brother Paul,with the help of the Red Cross was able to fly home for the funeral. Time was short for him and he had to fly back to his base in Fort Knox, Kentucky. Paul wanted his car, so Slim Hood and I took it to him. We were both grieving from the loss of our wives. We then went to see Gertrude, a cousin of mine, in Wilmington, Ohio. Gertrude Coleman was a first cousin of my dad. We stayed there for a week. While there we purchased an older Nash car and headed for New York City. We had no idea where to get off the freeway and where to find a hotel, Finally Slim said, "Lets turn off here." Luck was with us, there was a hotel right in front of us.

We registered, went to our room, looked out the window and to our surprise we were within a block of the Rockefeller Center. We stayed two days. The old car had a column shift which would malfunction and would get in two gears at once. To correct it one of us had to get under the car and to fix the problem. I always drove in town Slim was the one to get under the car. Thank God it never did it in heavy traffic. We went on down the east coast to Key West, Florida. We had a flat tire and had to stay there for two days to get the tire recapped. We continued on west, but we had a blowout in Texas as I said it was war time and you needed script to get a new tire. We talked a service station into selling us a tire. When we got into California I went into a bank to cash my last travelers check. The bank was very busy so to save time I signed the check before I got to the counter. That wasn't the right thing to do. He

said he couldn't cash it. I put my hand on the counter to take the check back and he saw my Masonic ring. He asked if I was a member. I said yes. He said that he was also a member and cashed my check.

We went on to Klamath Falls where Slim lived, sold the car and took a bus home. When Paul and Coramae came home from Paul's stint in the Army, they told me about a girl from Redmond, Oregon who was in nurse's training with Coramae named Masil. They tried to set me up on a date with her, but I just wasn't ready to start dating, I was still grieving the loss of my Lorraine.

About 12 months later I decided to take a look at this Masil Harrison. I liked what I saw. She was in the nurse's cadet program and spent six months at Madigon General Hospital in Tacoma Washington. Then she got employment at Salem General Hospital in Salem, Oregon. I did most of my courting while she lived in Salem. Its along way from Dufur to Salem. We were married in January of 1947 in Salem. We didn't have a very long honeymoon. We went to Newport then on south to Crescent City, California, then up through central Oregon on our way home.



Danny and Dave

Our first home was in the old McLeod house on Tygh Ridge. The adjustment to married life was not easy for both of us, but with determination and love we made it work. We were not able to have our own children, so we pursued adoption. Our attorney, Celia Gavin of The Dalles, was aware of our desires. She knew of a young, unmarried girl that was going to put her child up for adoption. Miss Gavin assured us that the background of the parents was good. It would cost us only the hospital bill which was a less than \$300. The child, a beautiful, red-headed boy, was born August 30, 1945.

Masil and I were at my mother's house in The Dalles. Miss Gavin brought him from the hospital and laid him in our arms. What a joyful time that was. We named him Danny Leroy, but we usually called him Dan. He was an easy baby to raise, very little fussing, and in a good mood most of the time. We moved in the spring of 1952 from the McLeod Place to a small acreage in the Dufur valley. I had purchased it from Harold Jones.

We didn't want to raise an only child. Our attorney Miss Gavin advised us to apply to the Albertan Kerr Home for children. They placed children in foster homes and also for adoption. Our goal was adoption. We had to fill out many forms: family background, financial condition, and our long term family goals. We had to give them three references. They also came to our home for personal interviews and to inspect our home. We were finally accepted.

Then came the waiting. After about six months they informed us that they had a newborn baby boy which we could have if we still wanted another child. We said yes, but had to wait about three weeks before we could get him. When we went to Portland to get him, we of course took Dan with us. He was excited that he was going to have a brother. The room in which they took us had a toy box in the corner which caught Dan's eye. When they brought the baby in, Dan took one look and went back to the toy box. We named our new, beautiful baby boy Dave William.

It was not an immediate adoption, as they would make another home visit which went well. It took about six months before the final papers were signed. Dave was born on August 10, 1953. Dave wasn't as easy to raise as Dan. Dave always seemed to have a cold or at least we thought it was a cold. We didn't take him out much for the first year. Our family doctor said that he might have allergies and he was right. We took him to a specialist in Portland and found that he was allergic to many things: household dust, cat hair, cattle hair, and many grass pollens. He prescribed shots and an inhaler. That made life easier for him and us also.

When I said that he wasn't as easy to raise as Dan, I meant because of his allergies, he took a little extra care and time, but it was all worth it. Dave was a more loving baby than Dan. Dan was more independent, as a hog on ice. When Dan was about

four years old we noticed him walking around the yard acting dizzy. We didn't know what was causing it. Masil happened to look out and saw him sniffing an empty gasoline barrel which caused him to be dizzy. Needless to say we told him not to do that again, and I made sure the empty barrels were capped.

Dan wanted a lamb, so we got him one. He put a rope on it and led it around and around like a dog. We had a loading dock to load machinery on a truck. There was a truck backed up to the dock. Dan led his lamb onto the truck bed and tied him there. The lamb wanted to follow Dan so he jumped off the truck but the rope was not long enough for him to reach the ground. You guessed right. The lamb choked to death. Dan cried for quite some time, but he soon got over it. He was the kind of a child that had many things on his mind - so many things that he didn't dwell on any one very long.

One time when we were haying, my brother Paul was playing with Dave in the hayfield. Paul covered Dan in a pile of grass hay. Dave had a severe reaction to the pollen in the hay. It was one of the worse reactions he ever had, confirming the fact that he was very allergic to grass pollen. It really frightened us. Paul felt terrible, but of course he was not aware of his problem. We sold the small place in the valley to my brother Paul and moved about a mile farther up the valley to the Wilhelm place and a larger area to in 1956. It was a larger farm with more buildings and a larger area to play. The boys wanted a horse, so we purchased a Welch pony from a man in Newberg, Oregon. I should have been a little leery of him because when we went to get him he was untied in the barn and was dragging his tie up rope. I learned that he would nibble at his rope until it would come untied. One of the corral gates had a sliding latch. He learned how to slide it and get out of the corral. We purchased a small saddle for him and he enjoyed riding him when we were changing pastures with the cattle. One time Dan put his hand through the fence to pet him and he bit him to the extent that he had to have stitches. I sold the pony back to the person I had purchased him from, at more than a slight loss.

We later purchased a very gentle kid's horse from a farmer in Antelope, Oregon. The boys named her Quentin. I don't know the name of the game they played. One of them would come riding down the hill toward the house; the other one would be hiding. When the rider came by he would jump out and shoot the rider, who would then slide off as if he was dead. The horse would stop and just stand still until the dead rider got up, then they would do it again and again and again.

I purchased a horse from a neighbor, Wayne Sigma. He was a very large horse, so we of course named him Big Boy. One time I had been riding him to check the cattle. Dan saw me coming and ran out to meet me. Of course he wanted to ride, I helped him on and was leading him and for some reason, the horse spooked, jerked loose and ran toward the barn. I yelled to Dan to jump off which he did. He landed on

his forehead which developed into a very large, black and blue swelling that took several says to go away. Needless to say I never let anyone else ride him; he was a one-person horse.

One fall during deer hunting season, Dave, Dan and I took my 270 gun and drove up the valley. We didn't see a single deer. When we came back to the ranch, we were going to drive up in the field. While I was opening the gate I heard the bolt on the gun being moved, which put a shell in the firing chamber. I thought, "Oh God, no." Dan pulled the trigger, the dust and smoke erupted in the cab, Dave was standing on the seat and I could just see the gun being under his chin. Thank God it wasn't. The end result was two scared and crying kids and Dan peed his pants and of course a hole in the top of the pickup.

Dan being the oldest and always getting into things he shouldn't. For example, we had an 8 Ford tractor which he learned to drive. We were harvesting on the west end of the Wilhelm place, quite a distance from the house. He decided to drive the tractor out to where we were. The road was very dusty. In a narrow place in the road the dust overtook him and, yes, he drove off the road. Thankfully he jumped off before it went over the bank, resulting in a very scared kid and a very dented tractor.

He always wanted to drive the pickup. We were going up to the meadow to change sprinklers and he was sitting on my lap steering the pickup and you guessed it we met a state policeman, he turned around, stopped us and by that time he wasn't sitting on my lap, but he gave a ticket anyway. The ticket cost me \$40 and I also got a good talking to, Dan was afraid they would put me in jail; he never asked to drive on the highway again. Being the oldest, Dan went with me more than Dave. One time when we were in Dufur someone said there was a kid on the roof of the hardware store. I looked up and yes, it was Dan, I told him to get down. I went around to the back of the store. He was climbing down a ladder which had one rung missing. How he ever made it up there I will never know.

Both of the boys liked guns and they liked to play cowboys and Indians. As Dan got older, he wanted a gun to go bird hunting. We bought him a BB gun but it wasn't powerful enough, so we got him a pump-pellet gun. We had a tree windbreak west of the house which made a good place for him to hunt. I remember one time he came in with nine birds in his pocket. The amazing thing was that one of the sights was broken off, yet he could still shot all those birds.

In the winter of 1956 it was so cold that Fifteen Mile Creek froze hard enough to safely skate on. We got skates for all four of us, I would feed the cattle early and we would go skating about 4:30. It was a good family time for all of us together. The boys were both a delight and a blessing for us, but they were very different, Dan was more venturesome. Dave was quieter and didn't get into as much trouble, although, once,

he and another boy put two geese in the lobby of the post office. What a mess. They were lucky that weren't fined for messing up government property.

We always took a few days off between harvest and seeding, most often to the coast so the boys could play in the sand. We sometimes went deep sea fishing. The first time we took both boys out of Depoe Bay, Dave got so sick that he actually turned green. That was the only time he got sick.

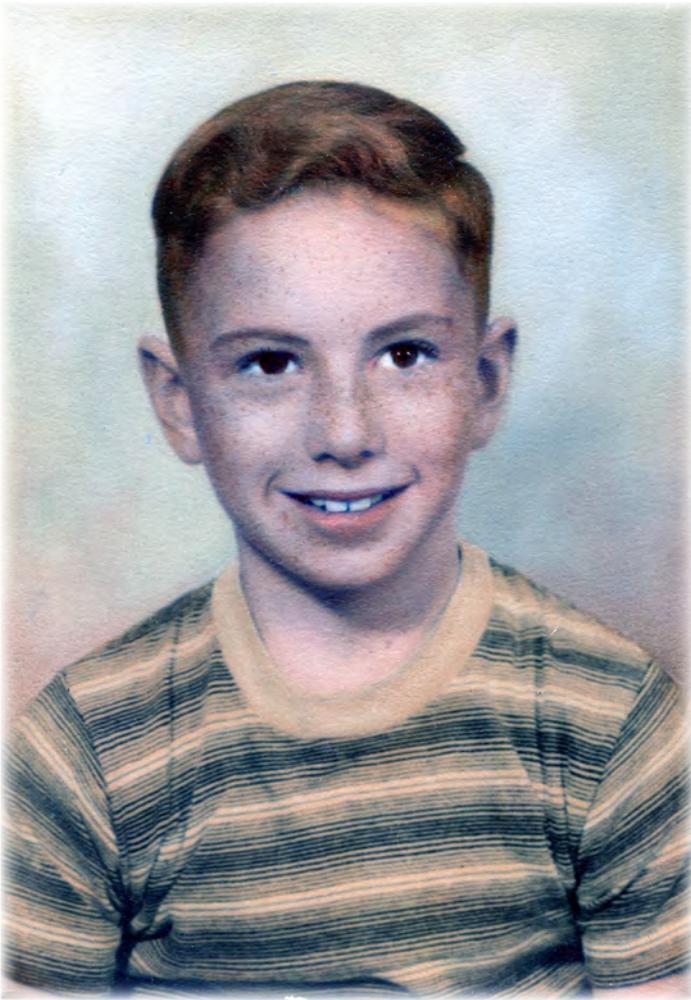


Masil, Danny & me.

# BLASTING CAPS

The last trip all four of us took together was in 1960 after harvest and before school started. We went to the coast then on south along the coast we stopped at the crazy house which is near Ashland, then on south into California, just far enough so the kids could say they were in California. When we stopped at the inspection station, Dan rolled his window down and said “We have come down to visit your country”, just as if it was a foreign country. We then went up through Bend and on home.

We also went to the Oregon Caves. On the way the boys were arguing and fighting, I told them if they didn't stop I was going to give them a spanking, They didn't stop. I stopped, made them get out and pull their pants down, I took my belt off and told them to bend over. They pleaded with me and said they would be good. I took them at their word, and their word was good. No problems for the rest of the trip.



Danny and Davey.

The next day was Labor Day and the church was having its annual picnic at Bear Springs. We chose not to go as we had just gotten home. I wanted to go up to the Glavey place to check the moisture for seeding. The boys wanted to go. I had traded a model H Farmall tractor to Bob Depriest and was to deliver it to his lot in Dufur, so I decided to take it as we were going through Dufur anyway, and yes Dan wanted to drive it which he did. Dan also wanted to take one of the Teanhara boys with us. Thank God I told him no.

They wanted to play in the old building at the Glavey place while I went up in the field I had just finished checking for moisture when I heard a loud explosion. I immediately feared something was wrong. When I got back to the buildings I followed my instinct to the old shop. I was right. They were on the floor. I carried them out and laid them on the grass. I then went for help, first to the Hendrick's Place but they weren't home; then to the Fargher Place. Thank God Mary was home, but she couldn't come until she found someone to take care of her daughter. When they came, Mary came with me. We put the boys and Mary in the back of the pickup, and took them to the hospital in The Dalles. I called Masil and she came in,

There was nothing we could do but Pray. I was so distraught that they had to give me a tranquilizer. Dan was injured the worst as he was standing in front of Dave. They had found a bright, shiny can and decided to open it. It contained old blasting caps which exploded when they opened it. We lost our red-headed Danny Boy two days later.

The funeral was one of the saddest days of our lives, but we still had our Dave. He was in the hospital several days before we could take him home. He had several scars on his face, one eye completely gone and the other severely damaged. His eye doctor was Donald McDaniel. When Dave first came home from the hospital, he had some vision in one eye. We got large flash cards for him, and we tried to play catch, but his vision just kept getting worse. Dr. McDaniel finally said there was nothing more he could do for him, and sent us to a hospital in St. Louis, Missouri which specialized in retina and other eye problems. We were there for about two weeks. They found a small fragment of copper shell casing in his eye, which eventually caused him to lose that eye also. The last thing Dave saw before he completely lost his vision was a Sigmoid puppy we had gotten him and Multnomah Falls.

The adjustment was hard for him and also for us. It was a Godsend that Masil was a nurse; she never got as shook about the situation, or at least didn't show it as much as I did. He was at home for about four months before we enrolled him in the school for the blind in Salem, Oregon.

That also was hard on him as well as us. He was only 7 years old. He had attended the Dufur school for one year. We tried to bring him home on weekends. During the

fieldwork season, Masil would go and get him, and we would both take him back. It was tough on all of us. When we would leave Salem we couldn't say anything for several miles for fear of crying.

He eventually got so he could ride the bus to Portland and we would pick him up there. We took our trailer house to Lincoln City and would sometimes pick him up and we would spend the weekend at the coast. Dave was a good friend of Jim Bohnam and we would sometimes take Jim with us when we went to the coast. I wanted the safest mode of transportation I could get. I purchased a new Cadillac and had Goodyear Life-guard tires put on. That car was carrying the two most precious people in my life at that time, my wife and our Dave.



It was especially hard for Dave; he had his emotional problems: torn books and saying that we were going to bring his horse to Salem. We had several conferences with the principal. Dave attended the school in Salem through the sixth grade. While Dave was attending school in Salem, we decided that it would be best to not raise Dave as an only child. Our preference was a child about 3 or 4 years old. We didn't want to go through the diaper thing again.

We contacted the State agency of Children's Services. After short time they said they had a 4 year old girl. Just what we wanted. She had been in several foster homes, had been adopted but had been rejected by her adoptive parents, and was returned to children services in the Newport Oregon office. They set up a time and place for us to observe her, without knowing we were there. It was in a park in Newport. She was a friendly little girl and it wasn't long until she came over to us, so we got a good opportunity to observe her close up. We decided to start the adoption process, which took about 4 months.

We picked Mary Anne up at Newport in 1962. She sure helped to fill a void in our lives. As I have said, she was a very friendly girl and would go to anyone, which was something we had to watch very closely. When we would be gone for any length of time we would have Masil's parents come down to stay. Invariably Mary would get sick before we would leave.

It took us quit some time to figure that out. We final realized that she had a fear that we wouldn't come back. She had no sense of security in the first four years of

her life, it took a few months for her to feel secure. We finally convinced her that she was ours to keep.

Dave went to school in Salem through the sixth grade. He wanted to attend the Dufur school and we sure wanted him to be home. The principal in Salem said it would be good if the Dufur principal and his seventh grade teacher would come to Salem for orientation and spend part of a day blindfolded. Mr. Parrow and Mr. Baumgartner did that, bless their hearts.

Dave then finished grade and high school in Dufur. He and Mary walked to the highway to catch the bus. Mary was very helpful to Dave; a very good sister. It was not easy to raise a blind child. We had to show tough love to keep from spoiling him and also to prevent him from feeling sorry for himself. We always told him that he could accomplish anything he put his mind to and he is a very self sufficient and successful person.

As I have said Dave was an easy boy to raise, but he did get into his share of mischief. On Halloween he and one of his friends put two geese in the lobby of the post office. What a mess it made. Rose's husband was the postmaster and I will never know why he didn't make the boys clean it up.

Mary also got into her share of trouble, in school and with her wild driving. She and Mary Linn McCullough got a job at the cherry growers in The Dalles. They had planned to work in the morning, then go to a show in the afternoon. That didn't work; they were too tired. It wasn't as much fun as they thought it would be.

One day Mary Anne took our car to work without our permission. She drove too close to a pickup that had a camper on it. She hit one of the camper jacks, tore it off and it flew up and tore a hole in the rag top of the car. It took quite some time to get the whole truth. We made our Mary go to the owner of the camper and apologize and offer to pay the damage. It was a good lesson for both of the girls.

We got a horse for her and she used to go riding with Laurie McCullough. Family is important She also rode with her cousin Sherrie from Redmond.

Dave got interested in short-wave radio. With the help of a friend, we set him up with enough equipment so that he could visit with many people. He made many friends through the radio. They both took piano lessons; Mary from a nun in The Dalles and Dave from Dorothy Roth, also in The Dalles. It took many trips, and lots of time, but it was all worth it. Dave also took up guitar and they both had very good singing voices.

I have gone from Dave to Mary and Mary to Dave, but will now bring Dave up to the

present, then Mary Anne. He graduated from Dufur High School in 1978. He attended Northwest Christian College from 1971 to 1974, in music, pre law and psychology. He then attended Western Oregon College at Monmouth 1974 to 1976, majoring in Social Service Corrections. Then he went to the University of Northern Colorado in Greeley. He graduated in 1977 with a Masters of Arts Degree in Special Education with an emphasis in Vocational Rehab Counseling. At long last that was the end of his formal education. I thought that he was going to be a professional student.

Dave's first employment was with the State of Oregon as a rehab counselor. He and his wife then started their own business, *Brail Plus*, which they still operate. Dave was gaining weight, so to give himself something to do, and to keep his hands out of the candy dish, he took up knitting. It was quite an undertaking for a blind person. He has done very well and has made beautiful sweaters, scarfs, and a shoulder warmer for me. Dave is now knitting a small blanket for his new and yet unborn second grandchild. He also wrote and copyrighted a book called "The Touch of Yarn; a Beginner Knitting Primer."

As I have said, Mary came into our lives at just the right time. Dave was in school in Salem and our house seemed very empty. Our Mary Anne sure helped to fill the void. She was an average student and she chose not to participate in many of the school functions, although she did sing solos at some of the programs; very nice.

She graduated from Dufur High School in 1976, and moved to an apartment in The Dalles that same year. She was employed as receptionist at the Health and Welfare Office and later as a Nurse's aid at Columbia Basin Nursing Home - this was in 1976 thru 1979. She married Richard Plinth that same year. Her daughter Dana was born November 19, 1979 and her son Ryan was born February 25, 1981. Her husband Richard was killed in a tragic accident November 15, 1982.

She attended Treaty Oak Community College 1984 - 1986 working toward a Certificate in general secretary and word processing with a GPA 3.4. From 1986 to 1989 she was receptionist at A. O. Northwest Lab in The Dalles. They hired people whose goal was to better themselves. They came to the college and offered her the job, which she accepted.



Mary Ann

of

In 1988 she moved to Packwood, Washington. 1988 - 1989 she was a receptionist at Naco West Rainier Park, where she received a customer service award for excellent customer service skills. 1988 - 1993 receptionist at USDA Forest Service in Packwood, Washington. 1993 security guard at Naco West Rainier Park. 1993 - 1994 she was a cashier and ski tech at White Pass Ski Resort. 1994 reservation and host at High Valley Country Club in Packwood, Washington.

In 1994 she moved to Coeur d'Alene Idaho. 1995-2001 worked at Safeway as a courtesy clerk, helper clerk, checker customer service and Variety manager, 2001 to present, Fuel Station Manager. She married Douglas A Brown 8-18-2001. He also works for Safeway and is a fine man and we are proud to have him in our family. It was not easy for Mary to raise two children alone. She and we are proud of the way they turned out. Mary says, "Despite all the hard knocks, life has been good." She has two grandsons and a granddaughter on the way.

Some people have asked if a person can love an adopted child as much as one born of your own blood. The answer is definitely yes. When you raise a child, whether from a week old or four years old, they are your children. I never did think of ours of adopted. They are our children and I couldn't love them more.



# Houses, Farm Buildings and Ramblings

The first house I lived in was on the Roundeau place or what we called the home place. It was originally a log cabin, it was later inclosed with regular lumber and was also added on to make it a 12 room, two storey house. It ,has two bedrooms,kitchen, dining room, living room and parlor on the ground floor. The upstairs has five bedrooms, and what we used to call the long room, it has a sink and a space for a cook stove and was used one time by Sidney Baker and his wife Velma and newborn baby. Sid was Clifford Bakers father and Tony Bakers grandfather. Each of us three kids had our own room, although Paul and I slept together until we got big enough to sleep alone.

My sister Janet had the only room with a clothes closet, the others had hooks on the wall. Our Dads Grandfather lived with us and he occupied the same room all the time he was with us. This was long before we got electricity, wood cook and heating stoves, coal oil lights, a 3 hole out house, but we did have running water. Dad later built a bath room, with tub, sink and a flush toilet. That bathroom was the greatest thing since the invention of the wheel. The house had a stone foundation which was very unstable it kept sinking and we had to keep jacking it up. The only heat upstairs was from the two flues from the two downstairs wood stoves, but for it's time it was quite comfortable. Mike Hulse's daughter, Chelsea Gibson and her husband live there now.

The farm has one of the most complete set of out buildings of any place on Tygh Ridge. They consisted of a bunk house, chicken house,one car garage, 24 stall mule barn,cow barn,hog house, granary, shop, woodshed smoke house and wash room combined in one building, milk house and storage rooms combined, a three seat out house and a concrete cellar with a building over it. My Dad did the washing when he was not working in the field and also made baking powder biscuits for breakfast Now back to the buildings. All of the building except the mule barn and the granary were originally painted red with white trim. The granary had four bins with a driveway in the center. These were the days before electricity, to fill the bins you had to use a scoop shovel or a very inefficient gas powered paddle elevator.

My Dad let a neighbor Earl Davis senior put some grain in one of the bins and offered him the use of old paddle elevator, but he said it was to slow, he could do it faster with a scoop shovel. He was a very powerful man, He could put a full 50 gallon barrel from the ground to the back of a truck. He was the father of Earl David Jr., the developer of the Pine Hollow community.

The next house and buildings were on the McLeod place. The house was very old and had not been lived in for many years. We fixed it as best we could to make it livable

It had a kitchen, dining room, living room, one bedroom and a room for a bathroom on the ground floor, also one bedroom upstairs. When the wind blew it was so drafty you might think someone had opened a door. We eventually put new siding on it. It also had a half basement with an outside entrance. There was a spring next to the house with a pitcher pump but no water, but there was a spring and spring house about a quarter mile up in the field which had water all but in the summer months, It was piped into the house.. There was a woodshed, storage room and wash room all in one building . A chicken house a small machine shed and a large horse and cow barn combined. I later built a small granary, a shop, two steel grain bins and a feed shed. The shop was built from lumber salvaged from the old Harmony School house which all of us Tygh Ridge kids attended. I purchased it on a sealed bid for \$125.00 and hired Charles Hood to tear it down. I also built a lean to machine shed next to the barn.

The next set of buildings were on the small place in the Dufur valley. The house was small , two bedrooms, kitchen, bath and living room, it also had a screened front porch which we later had closed in and made part of the living room. It also had a concrete cellar. Some one left the door open and a skunk made his home in it for several days before we could get him out, and it took even longer to get the smell out. There was a barn for milk cows on one side and horse stalls on the other side, we hand mixed concrete and poured a feeding pad to keep the cattle out of the mud. There was a small building used for a granary, and a connected two car open carport.

The next set of buildings were on the Wilhelm place. The house was the newest of any house we had lived in, it was built in 1938, so you can see that it was not new , only new to us. It had two bedrooms, bath, living room, and kitchen dining room combined and screened front and back porches. It had a full basement with shower and laundry, oil furnace with only one heat outlet up stairs. We later put in a new furnace with perimeter vents and an air purifier. We closed in the back porch and made it part of the living room we also glassed in the front porch and installed a baseboard heater, it made a warmer entrance and a better place for Dave's dog, "king", We totally rebuilt the kitchen, new plumbing, stove , dishwasher and new birch cabinets. We also poured a concrete patio on the east side of the house, a barbecue area. We made a room in the basement for Dan and later for Dave, it also gave him space for his short wave radio gear.

The barn has a space for two milch cows and another partitioned space which we used for first calf heifers, the rest was for hay storage. When Mr. Wilhelm roofed the barn, he nailed the metal roofing in the grooves which caused it to leak when it rained, we took all of the roofing off and turned it over thus curing the leaking problem. We later made the hay storage area into an 8 stall farrowing area with heat in the floor and a manure pit in the center. There was a small shop building with

attached space for two cars, two small steel grain bins and a small wooden granary, We later put up two 12 thousand bushel steel bins and three 1 thousand bushel bins for seed wheat also a 30 by 60 steel building for a shop. We used that building for grain storage until the payments for storage paid for the building. We converted the small wooden granary into a feed mixing area, for pig feed and cattle feed as we later put in a 200 head beef feed lot. I mentioned converting the barn into a farrowing area, but we had no building for weaning or fattening.

I hired the Tailor brothers, Virgil and Happy to build a six section building with sloping floors and a manure pit, it also had feeders the full length so we could fill them by just driving the feed wagon along the front without going into the building. The weaner pigs started in pen no one and as they grew they were moved till they got to pen eight then into the truck, then on to market, we marketed about 400 hogs and 300 fat cattle per year. Later Gordon Gibbs and Bill Tidwell constructed another building to use as a weening and growing area. We had a manure wagon which we used to spread the manure in the fields

We had purchased an acreage from Harvey McAllister, which was originally the Andrew Dufur ranch, It has a large house, 5 bedroom, kitchen, living room and a room upstairs that the old timer used as a dance hall. It also has a chicken house and a large pole building for hay storage.

We rented the Bob Heisler farm which had a full set of buildings, house, shop, and a barn feed shed combined. It was an older three bedroom house which we used to house hired men and their families.

After we rented the ranch we purchased a house in Dufur from Lynn Baxter. It was on a 100 by 100 lot, three bedrooms, kitchen, dining room, living room and one and a half baths. It also had a two car open front carport and a full basement, with only one room partitioned off, a small area for food storage. Laundry facility was also in the basement. I later, paneled the walls and partitioned it to make two smaller rooms, one was carpeted and a wood stove the other I used as a wood working shop. We also has an area dug out to make another carport and wood storage area. Rambling, when Reffet dug it out he hit the old septic tank which unfortunately was not empty, it ran all the way down main street, had to be hosed off, what a mess, fortunately we weren't home.

We had a lot of improvements made on the house. The mpane windows, new Arizona sandstone face on the fireplace, new carpet, a large deck with benches all around the outer edge and a hot tub. We later had a garden window put in the kitchen above the sink. Outside we had a storage shed made for yard and garden tools, Underground, automatic yard sprinkler system, new side walks, new fence front and back and leaf guard eve troughs.

We also changed from oil heat to a heat pump with electric backup.

Rambling again, Rose and I were sitting at our breakfast area looking out the window, facing our neighbors to the south. To get from there back yard to the front he had to go between his house and our new fence. It was muddy and also about an inch of snow. When he attempted the trip, he slid down into our fence. To make it worse he had his son hook onto the back of his pickup to pull him backwards, it didn't work, his rearview mirror caught in the fence and took out about half of the fence between us. Fortunately he had good insurance, and all went well. They were good neighbors.

Rose and I had been discussing when and where or maybe not move at all as we grew older. The responsibility of the upkeep of the house and yard seemed to be getting greater all the time, although we did have a cleaning lady and help from Merle Keys and son in law John Zalaznik in the yard, it still was not as gratifying as doing it our selves. We had our names put on the list for a place in Sun Ray Terrace in The Dalles, We were 27th on the list. After 18 months our name came up, the unit was no 19 which had windows only front and back. A friend of ours Pete Slusher was in poor health and before we had signed for number 19, he died, leaving a unit with both front and back and two side windows available, much, much lighter, after some discussion we got number 1. "Pete" God rest your soul.

We had to wait two months for the management to refurbish the apartment. Rose's children helped to dispose of stuff we had accumulated over the years, they also packed, hired a moving van to move us, placed the furniture, clothing and everything else. Later Kathy came in and spent three days putting things away and hanging pictures. We can never thank them enough for all the help. We could not have made it without them. There are 20 units in this 55 and over complex .

It has 200 hundred less square feet than the house in Dufur. Living room, laundry and storage room, kitchen, dining area, two full bathes, large cloths closet and two bedrooms, one of which we use as an office We are close to shopping and to the hospital. There is a care center across the street and a cemetery close by. It is a great place for Rose and I at this time in our life, and we truly enjoy it.

GOD IS GOOD.

# Tractors and Farm Machinery



*This epic might repeat some things contained in some of my previous writings.*

When we moved from Sherman County, Dad had a tractor. I can't remember what make it was; I know that it was pre-1920 so I think it was a wheel tractor. The first one that I remember was a Best 30 Crawler. Best, then Holt, were the forerunner of Caterpillar. Dad purchased it from Brick Smith, who lived in the Kingley area. Mr. Smith didn't like it. I don't and I will never know why Dad thought he would. But Dad was a progressive person. He had the first combine and the first crawler tractor on Tygh Ridge. Back to the Smith tractor...

Dad drove it home; it moved about one mile per hour. The first time he plowed with it, he had a problem with the motor. I don't remember what the problem was, but he was repairing it in the field. He was putting the piston back in and adjusting the crankshaft bearings, slowly turning the motor to get to the next bearing, to his surprise and shock the motor fired, putting the loose connecting rod thru the side of the block, making a hole about the size of a persons hand. Fortunately it went through the cast iron part of the block. He got some high-powered metal adhesive and put the piece back. It worked and all was well for the time.

Dad soon found out that it was less expensive to farm with mules. I think he traded the tractor for more mules. He used moldboard plows, spike tooth harrows and a weeder that had a blade about 10 feet long. The depth was regulated by stepping forward or back on a board, which was attached to the weeder. This was the forerunner of the rod weeder.

His next tractor was a model M Allis-Chalmers crawler. It burned gasoline, but it could be diluted with stove oil to decrease the cost of fuel. It was rated at 20 horsepower, and would pull a 3/16s plow. Three sixteens means three plow blades, sixteen inches wide, making the plow width forty eight inches. Compare this to the new tractors of 500 horsepower that could pull 12/16s . My brother Paul and I used the model M for a few years after Dad passed away. We then looked at a used RD6 Caterpillar and a TD40 International. These tractors were larger and would pull 6/16s.

We traded the model M for the TD40. It was a diesel, which started on gasoline then switched to diesel. It was a good tractor, but as with all machinery, it had its problems. It was hard to start, had brake problems, bearings in one final drive and had a burning desire to jump of its tracks. We finally traded it for a new TD 14 International, a much better and more powerful unit. When they delivered it, we started the motor and the vibration of the motor caused it to slide on the steel bed of the truck until one of the tracks was on the truck and the other on the ground. I will never know why it didn't upset.

The person that delivered it got in the seat and pulled the steering clutch lever on the side that was still on the truck, while Paul slowly drove the truck foreword, when the truck cleared the tractor it came down with a thud that could be heard for a mile. Then all went well. Paul and I used that tractor until we dissolved our partnership. In the division Paul took the TD 14 and traded it for a new Allis Chalmers crawler tractor, a smaller unit, which better fit his needs, I purchased a used 4G Caterpillar. It was one of the first models in the D4 series. We then each purchased other farm implements to give us a complete set of farm machinery.

Before we divided our partnership, we purchased a John Deer baler and a New Holland swather. I did the swathing and Paul ran the baler, at one time he bailed 2800 bails without a miss. I purchased an International level-land, self-propelled combine and Paul bought a Massey Harris level-land combine. Back to the tractors. I later traded my D4 for a new TD9 International. What a disappointment. At first it never developed the power that it should have, and after many trips to The Dalles with the fuel pump, they found that it had a spring in the fuel pump for the next size smaller tractor. They installed the correct spring and all was well. I never did like that tractor because I was a died-in-the-wool Caterpillar fan. I later traded it for a new D4 C Caterpillar. I had many tractors after that, but the D4 Cat was always my favorite.

I was custom farming the Fraley Ranch, which had two separate fields, which necessitated moving my tillage machinery. I eventually purchased enough spring tooth and rod weeders, put them in different fields so I didn't have the task of loading and moving them. This, of course, was before all of these implements were put on wheels to make them easier to move. When we purchased the Wilhelem Ranch,

the machinery was included: an old RD6 and a number 36 John Deer combine. I traded the tractor for another, older D4, which I then traded for an older D6. I don't remember what I did with the combine but I think I traded it in on a 95H John Deer hillside self-propelled combine. I finally ended up with a 95H and a 6602, diesels, both hillside models with air-conditioned cabs.

I did not realize that I did that much machinery trading, and I am not done yet. I later purchased a Case four wheel drive tractor, which I traded for a 7020 John Deer four wheel drive, these wheel tractors were good on level land, but not so good on steep ground. I finally ended up with two D4 crawler tractors and one D6.

I did less trading of tillage equipment. I had a 9 bottom moldboard plow, 2 John Deer rod weeders; one 20 foot, one 30 foot; and one 30 foot spring tooth. All of these were on rubber tires and were made so they could be pulled lengthwise. I could move them from one farm to another without loading. We also had a full set of haying equipment: John Deer baler, New Holland swather, hay elevators and a small Massey Ferguson wheel tractor. For feeding hogs and finishing feeder cattle, I had a roller mixer feed mill powered by a Model M Farmall tractor.

I sold all of my equipment when we rented the ranch in 1976. The set of machinery was very adequate to farm the 1600 acres of dry land and the 200 acres of irrigated land.

We go to son Kevin's, who farms the old Macnab property in Sherman County and many acres of rented land. The equipment that he has is so large it is mind boggling to this little old guy from Tygh Ridge: 500 horse power tractors, 70 ft. drills, 2 big red combines and many other large tillage implements, but he farms 3 times the amount of ground than I did. This is the end of this dribbling which more than likely will not interest anyone but me...W.L.H.

# Dufur Christian Church and Me

My parents started me in Sunday School very young; they must have thought I was going to need all of the religious training they could give me. I found a diploma showing that I was being promoted to the four-year-old class, Opal Benedict was the teacher IN 1914. She said that when she told the story of the lost lamb that I cried.

I continued to go to Sunday school and when I got old enough, I attended an organization called Christian Endeavor, it was held on Sunday evening, at that time they had evening church service. I was baptized when I was 12 years old, so at the time of this writing, I have attended this church 86 years and have been a member for 74 years.

Two of my wives, Lorraine and Masil, became members and were Sunday school teachers. I had many teachers during my grade and high school years. My first Sunday school teacher in high school was Andrew Whitten. He was a good teacher. When one of us would miss a Sunday he would ask, "Where were you last Sunday? That really didn't go over to well with me. I later had his brother, Harry Whitten, as a teacher. When one of us would miss a Sunday he would say, "I sure missed you last Sunday." That was a much nicer way of reminding you that you had missed a Sunday.

The two young men, or kids as we were at that time, that attended school with me were Bob Depriest and Merle Huston. When we got in high school we would go to Sunday school and then sometimes skip church and cruise the gut through Dufur, all three blocks of it. Big deal!

I was not very active in the church until Harry Atkins became our minister. He was a very energetic person.

The parsonage that was furnished the minister and his family was a very old, poorly insulated and only two bedrooms. After long deliberation and a very long fund raising effort of which I was chairman, we finally gathered enough money to build a new one, we didn't want to tear the old one down as it still would make someone a good inexpensive home. Frank Huston purchased it a very fair price with the understanding that he had to move it. He got Bill Steuber to help him, they jacked it up and put round logs under it, they would roll it until a log would appear at the back of the house, they would then take that log to the front and continued that procedure over and over to move it one block to its new place. It made a very comfortable home for them. Merle Huston still lives in it.

Reverend Atkins wanted to build a tennis court, to attract more youth to the church, we built it but it wasn't as successful as we had hoped, and it also proved to be an

expensive obstacle when we built the new church.

I was Sunday school superintendent, elder, and deacon in the old church, but not all at the same time. The old church that I speak of was truly old. It had a typical high steeple with a bell, which when it was rung it shook so bad that the old timer feared it would come tumbling down. Fred Bohlander was a member of the church, the board asked him to take it down, and he asked me to help. It had four 6 by 6s, one in each corner. We undertook sawing them partially through and then pull it over, we had taken the big heavy bell out earlier. That thing was stronger than we thought. We had to saw the posts completely through before it could be pulled over. What a crash.

As I mentioned before the church building was very old, there was about 20 steps up to the sanctuary, there was an indoor incline but very steep. The congregation voted to build a new church building, but we first had to raise the money, and yes I was again chairman of the finance committee.

Raising the money was a large task: the goal was to have half of the money raised, which would be \$150,000 before we would start building. We finally met that goal. The next problem was to dispose of the old building, some of the old timers, and I hasten to add the more conservative member wanted to manually tear it down, that would have been a big undertaking. Three of the younger members, namely, Bob Depriest, Paul Hulse and myself wanted to hire someone to demolish and dispose of it. Bob knew a person who he thought could do it. He contacted Jim Ellett. He came out and looked at it. After a few days he said that he would implode it, not with explosives but by wrapping a cable around it causing the lower floor to collapse and the upper floor then would fall straight down into a pile, He would then run a large crawler tractor over it to break it up and then haul it away, and clean up the mess for \$1500. Paul, Bob and I each put \$500 to have him do it. We finally convinced the old timers to our way of thinking. It was interesting to watch him adjust the cable and to large ring, to get it in the right place, He then hooked the cable to a large tractor, pulled it tight, backed up to adjust the cable, when he was satisfied that it was in right place, he pulled without stopping and everything worked as he had planned, our old Church was just a pile of rubble in middle of the street, he cleaned it all up as he said he would and all was well.

Harry Whitten was chairman of the board during the planning and building of the new church. An architect was hired and later a person to be the lead carpenter. It took many hours of volunteer labor. I hired the O'Brien boys to work for the summer, they were the boys of the O'Brien triplets. The minister Harry Atkins would call and ask if I could spare a day to help at the church, which then would be another, and another, and another. It finally came to the point where I could have them for a day or two. I hauled the majority of the lumber, sheet rock and many other building supplies from Portland. They were purchasing these materials through Lee Wilson who owned the Dufur Lumber and Hardware. I was taking a load of market cattle to

Portland ever other week. I would call Lee to get a list of what they needed; I would then stay over and bring it back the next day. My wife Masil and I pledged in our own minds to contribute at least 10% of the total cost of construction, with labor, mine, and my hired men, and cash, which we did. When it was completed and dedicated on October 18, 1964 there was still several thousand dollars of indebtedness. My brother Paul was Chairman of the board at that time. Two times Masil and I challenged the congregation: we would give a certain amount of money if they would match it. It worked. We did that two times and Paul presided over the mortgage burning in 1968.

The planning, financing and construction all took place between 1961 and 1964.

My involvement in the new building included, Sunday school teacher, elder, deacon and board chairman. I also attended an adult Sunday school class until 2009 when we moved to The Dalles. We still go out to church most every Sunday. We would also take Dorothy Depriest with us. She played the piano, in the old church and the new one, for many years, she still plays while communion is being served. She now lives in Flag Stone retirement center.

The Church has always been an important part of my life, not just the church building, the Christian fellowship and the teaching of Gods word was and still is the most important part of church attendance. I have had many heart-breaking experiences in my life, but through it all God HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME.

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# Trips With My Family

I hope I don't repeat to the point that it gets boring. We tried to take a week off between haying and harvest, then another week after harvest and before seeding. Any long trips were taken later in the fall. This didn't always work but that was our goal.

We went to Breitenbush Hot Springs at least three times, with the Bob Depriest family, the Lee Wilson family Paul Hulse family and Fred and Hazel Miller. We all had either motor homes or trailer houses. We would park our rigs in a circle, like the pioneers, around a central campfire. Bob always took a large piece of iron to put over the campfire. He always made hotcakes for breakfast. They might be burned on one side and always had an abundance of pine needles, but no one ever complained because if you did you had to cook the next meal.

The kids would go fishing; the women sometimes went shopping in Detroit. The men would sit around and reminisce and then take a hot bath and a massage. The masseuse was a blind man with an excellent memory. He would recognize us just from our voices and call us by name. One time Jane Depriest went to bed early and locked the trailer from the inside, and yes the keys were inside. We yelled, rocked the trailer and even tried to crawl in through the baggage door. After all but upsetting the trailer, she woke up and unlocked it.

The road going into the campgrounds was gravel. I don't know how it happened but a rock hit and punctured a hole in our gas tank. We had no way to fix it. Shirley Wilson suggested we try chewing gum; believe it or not it worked and held till we got home and repaired it.

We also went to Leaman Hot Springs at least twice, with the Wilson Paul Hulses and the Depriest families. There was a large warm swimming pool but no hot baths. We all had RVs of some kind. When Lee Wilson was setting his trailer up and before he had all of the jacks under it, Shirley was in the trailer and walked toward the back end, which caused the trailer to tip backward, and started to role down the hill. Lee jumped on the front end and got it stopped. You would have to know Shirley to even imagine the yelling and screaming she did. When the trailer stooped she came out the door like a shot out of a gun.

There were many older people down at the pool. When I saw all of the wrinkles and loose flab on their arms and body I said to myself I will never let myself get like that. Little did I know that what ever I did to prevent it. It was going to happen and it did in a big way. I hate to look in the mirror. We always enjoyed our outings just before harvest.

Most of our after-harvest trips were to the coast. We would sometimes take our

harvest crew for a deep-sea fishing trip, but most of the time it as just the family, ether fishing or just doing nothing.

Now to our longer trips. I feel sure they will not be in the proper sequence. But no one other than the ones on the trips will know the difference, so there is no harm done. I will be relying on other people's memories when I write about some of these trips, especially son Dave.

December 1965 trip to Disneyland in our car. Masil, Mary Ann, Dave and I. I don't remember where we stayed the first night, the second night we stopped in San Leander to visit Masil's brother, Lyle, and his wife and family, daughter Kim and son Bobby. We spent Christmas day with them. Kim was not in the best of moods, something about the Beatles and some kind of sweetener being taken off the market and really didn't want to have anything to do with her parents. She did turn out to be a very good person.

We drove on down to Disneyland and stayed at the Disneyland Hotel. We then took the monorail over to the park. We rode many of the rides, the teacup with Mary Ann and the Matterhorn with Dave sitting on my lap, trying to explain what we were doing. We all had a good time together as a family. We also went to the Knotts Berry Farm. The highlight there was gold panning. Dave had a little vial of gold, which he saved for a long time. On the way home we stayed at San Louis Obispo and went to the Hearst Family Castle where we took the bus up through the wildlife park. Dave got to touch the keyboard that played the carillon bells. We all remembered the gold tiles in the swimming pool.

We then went up the coast highway. I tried to call my cousin Waldo who lived in Walnut Creek but to no avail. Then up through the redwoods, then cut across the mountains, went through Redmond and on home. One of the problems, Dave was learning to play the trumpet and he practiced to the point of distraction to the rest of us. He also had the habit of chewing cinnamon toothpicks. I tried one but they were much too hot for me. I have mentioned Dave much more than Mary; she is 5 years young and not quite as venturesome. Good trip and a good time.

Our next trip was to Washington D. C. From Dave's memory bank. March of 1968.

*Both Mary and I went. Mary celebrated her 10th birthday there. We went to the Flag Ship restaurant where Mary, as was her habit in those days, ordered soup and HATED IT! The saving grace was the rum buns, hers with a candle.*

*We also went as a family to Ringling Brother's Circus one night, and then watched it the next night on TV in the hotel room. That was one of those "Aha" moments when we figured out that many times it was easier to be in a private place so you could describe what was going on to me. I could ask questions about costumes and the like, and the TV crew focused on highlights rather than you having to select from everything that*

*was going on and know that you were missing something that I might enjoy. Mom, Mary and I toured Arlington Cemetery, the Smithsonian, the memorials, the White House on Mary's birthday, the Congress, the FBI training center (I think you were there), the Bureau of Printing and Engraving, and the Library of Congress. Also, we went to that Middle Eastern restaurant with Tom, Rhoda and Julie Vaughn where the waiter hovered over Julie, the pretty young lady, and almost ignored our table. He followed us outside because you hadn't tipped him and you told him he didn't earn it and should be ashamed of his behavior. (One for the old man!) The meal was great, though. It had the salad dressing that all but blew your head off with the sourness that made your mouth just go nuts with water. I also seem to remember that we met you at Congress and took us into some of the offices to meet folks and we watched congress in session. Seems like Wayne Morris from Oregon was speechifying when we were there with his big booming voice. The last note on that was that I had to take algebra homework along and Mom helped me write up my answers as we flew back, since I had ignored the stuff that I hated while we were there.*

*1976 just after I had finished up my degree at OCE, now Western Oregon. It was with Tack Tours. Okay memorable highlights. We were flying out of Seattle and Shirley W. noticed that there were sure a lot of flames coming out of the engine on her side. The pilot then stopped taxiing and we sat there for repairs for a long time. United was on strike, so our plane, I think Northwest or Hawaiian, was just packed. And, we got out just ahead of fog problems at Seattle that we heard about as we sat on the beach in Honolulu. It seems like that trip we ran into an attendant from The Dallas who knew us. We landed on Oahu, and stayed right on Waikiki beach.*

*The first morning when you figured out that our buffet breakfast was outside "with those damn birds". We in the family weren't sure how you would react. But, you tolerated them so long as they didn't get too close. One of the highlights in Honolulu was a show we went to at another hotel - drums, dancers, flame twirlers, singing - truly a great memory. I think the Wilsons went with us on that one. We also did a bus trip around the island, hitting many of the typical tourist spots. We flew from there to Maui, where I body surfed with Stan Wilson, failing to put on sun guard on my legs "because they'll be under the water", and got that hellish sunburn.*

*That's also where Carol and Shirley really bonded and Mary wandered around trying not to be part of us, looking for people her own age, etc. I think it was there that the other folks who had had United tickets on our trip finally joined us. Maybe that was in Honolulu, though. There was the one couple who had their bags tied on the taxi where they bounced off and she lost heirloom jewelry in the grass at the side of the road. They were also the ones who had the horribly rough flight when the attendants had just served drinks and they hit turbulence that sent people flying along with wine glasses and one of the attendants broke an arm. Okay, back to Maui.*

*You and Mom toured Lahaina while I started feeling the effects of the sunburn and stayed in the hotel. Then we flew to Kauai and stayed in that hotel that was really*

*more like a series of four-plexes. I joined you guys for a few meals and for the chopper ride over the canyon there, and on that boat trip up to the Fern Grotto where the folks sang songs, and couldn't carry a tune. (Vera and I took that same trip a couple of years ago and, lo and behold, they sang beautifully, although the Grotto is closed now because of a collapsing roof in the cave area. And, that's where I realized that even spray on sunburn medicine could still make one hurt like hell, the usefulness of cold baths that still felt like boiling water, and you guys gave me hell for being stupid.*

*We flew from there to the Kona Coast where I started feeling a bit better. We drove down through the volcano in a bus and through the sugar plantation areas. Can't do that bus trip any more without getting really war.... We had fantastic rooms there, all corner rooms if I remember right, that looked one way down into the lagoon for swimming, and the other way out to the ocean and sunset. I think we spent New Years Eve there and it was about the first time I really felt pretty darn good. We flew back into Honolulu and spent two days there before we flew out.*

*The other trips I really remember were the ones we took down to Disneyland. I was in the 7th grade, and it was December 1965. I was learning to play the trumpet and somehow you guys tolerated me practicing in the car all the way down and back. You guys were saints! We stopped in San Leander to spend a couple of days including Christmas Day and Kim's birthday with Lyle, Joan, Kim and little 2-year-old Bobby. Kim was all excited about the Beatles, distraught about some sort of diet sweetener being taken off the market, and really wanted as little to do with her parents as possible.*

*Christmas 1970 with the Wilsons. That was the trip where something went wrong about every 24 hours. First, I was in the Wilson car with Stan playing cards when I noticed that my butt was getting hot, that the seat belt was really warm and mentioned it to Stan. He felt it and then told his dad that something was wrong. We were just climbing the pass between Roseburg and Redding. Lee pulled over and evaluated the situation. He was very calm but very firm that we all get out of the car and stand way back. The crossover tail exhaust pipe that brought the left and right pipes together had blown out and exhaust was blowing directly on the gas tank. We stood there for quite a while, and then Lee opened the gas tank and released the pressure. We all heaved a sigh of relief. He disconnected something or other, and then limped into the nearest gas station. You guys had Sherry with you and we lost contact for several hours. She was near hysteria.*

*We got the tailpipe fixed and joined you guys later that night. The next day we were pulling into Sacramento to get gas when the tie rod on our Caddy let loose. We left it there, parked our trailer, rented a car, and made plans to live in motels for the rest of the trip until we got back there to pick it up. I think it was Christmas Day and the only shop where we could make contact was that black guy and his wrecking yard crew. But we made it to Disneyland. We rented a suite of rooms and you and I slept together while Mom and Mary slept in the other room. The Wilsons stayed in a park*

*nearby and we met up for Disneyland, Universal Studios and some other spots, if I remember right.*

*Highlights for me were the many hours I spent with Stan being independent of parents. Stan would try, in his preteen way, to describe the lovely young ladies he saw around us, but many times he was speechless or tongue tied. On our way home, we made sure to stay in contact with the Wilsons, but we lost them in Modesto, I think. We looped back and spotted them under an overpass. They had blown a transmission cooling line and just bathed their car and trailer in oily gunk, but were safe. We picked up our car and trailer in Sacramento on New Year's Day and you found that you and the owner of the company had something in common - the love of Caddies. That was the last of the problems on the trip, although Shirley suggested that every 23 hours we stop along the side the road and have a prayer session.*

*The other trip I remember with fondness was a motor home trip you guys made with me taking me back to Colorado. Summer, probably June 1977, I was in my Master's program at the University of Northern Colorado and had flown out by myself to find a counseling practicum. I was planning to fly back, but you offered to drive me back. It was really a great time. Mom had found that little collapsible bucket grill that you used newspaper in, and we just sat in a rest area somewhere in Utah and cooked on that darn thing. They were actually pretty good steaks. Also remember that as we went across Wyoming, there was a heck of a thunder/hail storm that we had to pull over for. We all were actually concerned that maybe a hailstone would come through the windshield, but we didn't have any damage.*

*When you got to Greeley with me, Carol and I spent a couple of days running you around Estes park, Trail Ridge Road, etc. Fun days.*

Masil and I took a Wheat League sponsor trip to Hawaii, Australia, then on down to New Zealand. While in Australia, we took a side trip to Perth, where some of Masil's relatives live. It was very interesting. It was hard to understand their brogue and they talked so fast we couldn't keep up. They showed us some of the cattle country and a slaughterhouse where one of them worked. It was interesting because the United States was purchasing beef from that very slaughterhouse.

We flew back to Sydney and joined the tour again. We went to the wheat growing area, very large farms with the most modern machinery. It was very dry when we were there. We then toured their storage and shipping facilities, also toured the Sydney Opera House and took a boat ride to see the big luxury houses that some of the movie stars from the U.S. owned.

On to New Zealand. We stayed with a farm family for two nights. Large, green, rolling hills surrounded us with sheep everywhere you looked. We toured the sheep breeding facility and a demonstration shearing, also a demonstration of sheep dogs herding the sheep. Very interesting. We flew home from there. End of trip.



The next trip was Rose and I to Hawaii. Rose had flown only one time and that was in a small plane at the Sherman County Fair many years ago. To get her nerves under control, we sipped a couple of drinks before flight time; also we were flying First Class, thanks to frequent flier miles I had from my flights for the wheat industry. It all went well; she didn't like to fly but would tolerate it to get to go on a trip. We wanted to stay at the old Royal Hawaiian Hotel, but couldn't get a reservation. We went shopping, spent time on the beach, and also rented a car and toured the island. We toured the Arizona and the cemetery. We had a wonderful time and truly learned to know and love each other.

I knew that I wanted to spend the rest of my life married to Rose if she would have me. It took about three months to get her in the same frame of mind. As you can tell, we were not married when we were on this trip, but please control your imagination, all was on the up and up.

Our next trip was to Washington D.C. The primary purpose of the trip was to present to the Interior Committee an appeal for funding an interpretive center in

the Gorge in relation to the newly passed Gorge Act. We combined business with pleasure. We toured many of the government buildings, the aerospace museum, Mount Vernon that was George Washington's farm and residence, a session of Congress, a visit to the U.S. Wheat office, and had lunch with Winston Wilson - President of U.S. Wheat. I also showed my love where I stayed during my many trips to DC. It was a good trip, and we saw lots of things and eventually received the funding for which I had testified.

Rose and I made another trip to D.C. with John and Janet Mabry. John and I were on county business. The women did the tourist thing during the day; in the evening we toured some of the monuments. The Lincoln Memorial was always my favorite. Our hotel definitely was not one of the best, but there was an Irish pub close by so we survived. I found early on that if you expected to get positive results from your politick-ing, be well prepared, make a good presentation, be brave and hope for the best.

My Rose and I also took a wheat league trip to Hawaii and then on to Australia and then to New Zealand. It was basically the same trip that Masil and I had taken a few years before, although we did spend more time touring the (Darling Downs) wheat growing area. We did much more sight seeing in New Zealand, touring the Maori Indian villages and museums, the hot springs at Rotor and Mount Cook. I took a plane ride up to the glacier. We enjoyed New Zealand much more than Australia. We also took much more time at the sheep breeding and demonstration area.

On our way we spent two nights in Fiji, a very interesting and relaxing place. We took a city tour, which included the nude beach. I was taking a nap on a poolside recliner lounge, when I woke up I turned my head and next to me was a young lady





who was also sun bathing. She was totally bear breasted, and it took quite some time to get my eyes back into my head. I was surprised that it is a very poor island. They depend heavily on tourism. It was sure good to get home; we were gone for three weeks. The trip included about 25 people, from the Middleton area, London, and the Willamette Valley, a very good group to travel with.

Rose and I went to Washington D.C., did a little sightseeing there, and then went to Williamsburg. We truly enjoyed that extremely historical city. We then flew to New York City to join a historical tour. While in New York we attended a play. I don't remember the name, but when the play was over and we went outside, it was raining very hard, Rose was always very timid about hailing a cab, but that night she went out in the street to hail one. The cab had to stop or run over her. It stopped. We then went to Gettysburg and toured the old Civil War sights. It truly made us feel humble, thankful and heartsick to think of the suffering that went on in those battlefields.

Rose toured the Dwight D Eisenhower home and museum while I went to the Civil War museum. We then went north through beautiful mountain areas. It was just about a week early for the leaf tour, but much of the foliage was turning. Back to our hotel in New York, it truly was a very shabby room. It had only one plug-in outlet, which fortunately was under a little table with many bare wires. Oregon's OSHA regulators would have a field day inspecting that room. Then we went home, after a very interesting and educational trip.

Our next trip was to Alaska. We flew from Portland to British Columbia, where we

boarded the Regent Sea, a vessel belonging to the Regent Cruise Line. Our room aboard ship was definitely not a luxury suite, but it had all the necessities and it was always clean. The first morning I looked out of our little porthole window - floating by was a small iceberg and perched on the very top was an American eagle. What a sight.

I will try to list the stops we made and the side trips we took by bus. I know they will not be in the proper order. Then I will go back and try to remember something about each stop. Ketchikan, Sitka, Juneau, Skagway, Anchorage and Fairbanks.

The port at Ketchikan was too shallow for our ship to dock, so they ferried us to town in smaller crafts. One of the first places we went in was gift shop and bar combined. We had not been in the place very long when Rose heard a woman laugh. She said that laugh sounded like Irene Brown and sure enough it was. They had lived in Dufur before moving to Alaska - small world. All of the towns that we visited were surrounded by beautiful, wooded hills. Our memories are not good enough to make a travelogue in this writing, so don't expect too much. We had only a few hours stop in Ketchikan.

Next stop was Sitka, a community with a strong Russian background. It was a very beautiful town; in fact, we thought it was the most beautiful of all the places we visited. Tourism is very important to all of these towns, so they sometimes resemble a tourist trap: lots of stuff for sale.

Next was Juneau, the capital of Alaska. Interesting that the capital was not in one of the larger towns. We took a side trip to view the Mendenhall Glacier, one





of the largest in Alaska. We went on a small boat trip to the very edge of the glacier, where we saw large chunks falling off and into the water. They call it calving. I took a helicopter ride to the surface of the glacier, and it was very interesting: large deep cracks with water running in the bottom. The ice was so old and had been frozen for so long that it has a very blue color.

The next stop was Skagway, It apparently didn't impress us very much because we can't remember much about it. I do have a picture to prove that we were there. Next was Yukon Territory. It was a very interesting stop; to me it showed more of the old time happenings in Canada and Alaska than any of our other stops. We had good entertainment and food. There were old mining camps and a lot of miles on the frozen tundra roads. We also made a short stop at Whittier, where we saw more glaciers and more history.

Rose and I are a bit confused about our bus trips. Confusion, what else is new? We had an overnight at McKinley Chalets. They had a nice program. When we left our room it was about 7:30. Thinking it would be dark when the program was over, we took a flashlight. When we went back to our room it was at least 10:30 PM but there was no need for a flashlight - it was still daylight - what a strange feeling. We also had an overnight at Haley, no entertainment just a good meal and a good night's rest.

When we loaded on the bus the next morning there was mama and baby moose standing in the street in front of the bus. When the motor started, she and the baby ran down the street. There was a river close to the road, and she jumped in and swam across. The calf was following, but it had trouble getting up the bank on the other side. She kept calling to it and it finally made it.

We also took a bus trip through Denali Park. It is a large game refuge. We saw a mama bear and two cubs. The driver said that they more than likely would not survive, as there were many wolves in area. Saw Mt. McKinley up close. Majestic.

The last boat stop was at Anchorage. We hired a taxi and went to the gas pipeline. It

was bigger than I had envisioned it. We spent one night there and then took a train to Fairbanks. The train was an excursion type, with an upper deck observation area. The scenery was terrific: rivers, mountains and wildlife. We were only one night in Fairbanks, then took a plane to Portland, and then drove home. It was a wonderful trip with once in a lifetime history and scenery.

I had always wanted to see the Panama Canal. We were visiting Bob and Jean Nixon and found that they had the same desire. We finally put it all together and met in Fort Lauderdale Florida. We stayed overnight and boarded the Cunard Princess the next afternoon.

The first night out we ran into a storm. It rocked the boat so much that it would slide you back and forth in bed. Rose got so frightened that she crawled in bed with me; it was just a single bed so it was very cozy. I liked it. The rough seas diminished the next day, but they never got so bad that Bob and I couldn't go to the midnight snack. (Bob waiting for the dining room door to open.)

Our first stop was Grand Cayman Island. It was nothing special: beautiful beaches with many opportunities to spend money. These islands are very little above sea level. If the ocean rises as is predicted, they may very well be underwater. Next stop: Jamaica. There was good entertainment: singers, comedians and magic acts. Talent night once per week - Bob and I put on masks and made fools of ourselves. We didn't win a prize. Also on one of the islands was a place where we saw the huge sea turtles, many years old and weighing hundreds of pounds.

Next was the hooking up and going thru the canal. It was very interesting; they gave a very good explanation of what they were doing and also how it used to be done, being pulled thru with mule teams. There is quite a large bay between the canal and Panama City, which was our next stop. We hired a cab and took a good sightseeing trip through town; saw the military base and the port facility, then on to Coats Rice. Bob, Rose and I took a bus trip into town and a tour of the coffee plantations.

It was Election Day, big celebration and many of the stores were closed. We took a train back to the ship, it was quite a ride, Rose had purchased a beautiful cane for me, made from some exotic wood, beautiful, a foolishly laid it on the window sill, we hit a rough spot in and the cane fell out the window: goodbye beautiful cane. Our next stop was Acapulco. For some reason the Nixons and us didn't choose the same hotels, but we did get together for shopping and sightseeing. We then flew to Portland Oregon and drove home. It was a good trip - the Nixon's were great to travel with, the best of friends. Bob passed away about a year ago.

Jeff Macnab, a nephew of Rose's, had been talking about another trip to Scotland and wanted some of the Macnab family to go with him. Jeff was our very efficient tour guide. The group included, Kevin, Kathy, Colton and Darcie. Debbie, Gail

and Linda, who were daughters of Rose's brother Pat Macnab. Also John Krafscic, Linda's husband; Dennis and Sandy Macnab, Jeff and his mother Elda and Roseanna and me. Most of us were on the same flight to London, but we all met there and stayed in a bed and breakfast. We had a good tour of London, including the Queen's Palace, Buckingham Palace, Prince Charles's Palace, Rose in a phone booth, Churchill entrance and his desk in the war room,

We then boarded the train bound for Edinburgh, Scotland. I think the men on the tour couldn't understand why I never carried Rose's suitcase. Kevin picked it up to put it on the train. He sure found out why I didn't lift it. He said, "My xxx Mom, what do you have in it? All of your worldly goods?" It was a beautiful ride through the wide-open country, large green fields and always lots of castles. We made a short stop in Canterbury; the main attraction there were the very old and beautiful churches.

Edinburgh is a large, old but beautiful city. All of the buildings are made of stone. Most of them are blackened with smoke from burning coal. We toured there for two days, partook of the refreshments in some of the many pubs, then rented cars to go to Killen, which was the home of the Macnab clan. We saw the old Macnab graveyard and, the house that is on the old Macnab property. I went to the post office to mail cards. The person that waited on me recognized me as a foreigner, and asked me why we were visiting there. When I said we were of the Macnab clan, all went silent. Apparently some time in the past the Macnabs weren't very popular. Rose and Elda purchased Scottish skirts with the Macnab tartan. In our rental cars, we went to St. Andrews, the home of golf. We later took a tour in the country: beautiful rolling hills covered with heather and we went to Loch Ness, the home of the monster.

Took the train to York and stayed there two nights. It didn't excite me very much - old churches and castles, I guess I was getting tired. We then trained back to London for one night then to Heathrow Airport and then to home sweet home. It was a wonderful trip. We all got along well and Jeff was an exceptional tour guide. I was especially glad that My Rose got to see some of her family history.



**CUNARD**

**PRINCESS**

*going through Canal  
our ship*

**Trans-Canal Cruise 1986**











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**CUNARD**

**PRINCESS**

*Anna Maria & Roseanna*  
*Coffee Plantation*

**Trans-Canal Cruise 1986**

# YUMA

Our first recreational vehicle was a 19 foot Algo trailer. I had always wanted an Airstream trailer but felt that I couldn't afford one. I finally got up enough nerve to start dealing for one with a dealer in Eugene.

We were harvesting the McLeod Place and the wheat was turning out better than I thought it would. I went to the shop, which had a telephone. This was before cell phones. I called Dave Callahan of Cargil to check the price of wheat. To my surprise it had gone up. At last I felt we could afford an Airstream. I then called the dealer and sealed the deal, trading our Algo for a 31 foot blue-streak Airstream. We later joined an Airstream club. Most of the members were older and had done a lot of traveling, including spending the winter in Yuma, Arizona. We decided to try it, but I am getting ahead in my story. The first two times we went in the car and just for a few days. We later traded our trailers for a Motor home. The first trip with the motor home, brother Paul & Coramae went together. We stayed in the same park, but neither of us towed a car. To do any sightseeing we would take tours, unhooking, which was very inconvenient. We had a good time but it was the last time we didn't pull a car.

The next time we went, I had been elected Wasco County Judge. I chose to take the month of February off as my vacation, which I might add, was very much needed and appreciated. We stayed in a very large park with about four hundred spaces. The next year we pulled into the same park but learned they were not renting spaces. Instead, they were selling lots. We didn't want to purchase a lot, so we went looking for a new park. Brother Paul had stayed in a nice park, Sun Vista, so Rose and I found it, parked outside, and walked in to see if there was a vacancy. The guard said they had three and if I would hurry, I could have one. I made a "U" turn in the main highway, went in and got a spot.

We liked the park so we made a reservation for the next year. We got a much nicer spot that year. We didn't know any one in the park, but while Rose was registering us I looked at a list of people registered and saw Norm Nelson's name. I got his address and after we got settled we made contact with him. Norm had owned Nelson Tire in The Dalles and I had purchased many tires from him. He was pretty well acquainted in the park and introduced Rose and me to many people. That was the start of our good times, playing golf and going to a weekly get-together. Lots of fun and games.

The first year our spot was next to the main street coming into the park and was very noisy. The next year we had a choice of spots, and chose one further back in the park. It was a good spot and we had the same place for three years. We finally decided to purchase a park model, which was 399 square feet of living space, plus a



covered deck of about the same square footage and a space to park the car, a small tool shed and space for a barbeque. Water and garbage were provided and the park model was furnished. Space rent started at \$1800 per year. I am getting ahead of my story.

Rose and I peddled around the park looking for places for sale. We wanted to be reasonably close to the clubhouse, but away from the main flow of traffic. We saw one that fitted the area we wanted, but it was an older unit. The couple that owned it was from Canada, and because of health reasons, was selling their place. They were asking \$18,000. We offered them \$16,000; they said they had another offer. We didn't hear anything from them but I would pedal by every day. After about two weeks I noticed they were packing their car. I finally stopped to ask if they had sold it, and they hadn't, so said yes to our offer. We made arrangements for a certified check, signed the paper and completed the deal. It was sad to see them drive away knowing that it was their last trip down south. He was 80 years old, which seemed to be the magic number, as that was the age I was when we decided to sell years later.

During the time we owned it we painted the living area, installed new linoleum in the kitchen and the bathroom, had new outdoor carpet put on the deck and put white lattice along the front as well as a new refrigerator and water heater. I applied for and received a permit to build a wall around the barbeque area, which Harold Erickson, Norm Nelson and I built. We also had concrete poured in our driveway without a permit. When the inspector came to check the fence, he found that we had built 4 feet more fence than we had a permit for, and also gave me a tongue lashing for pouring the concrete without a permit. Every fourth lot has a drain field and cannot be covered with concrete. Fortunately our lot was not one of them, but we had covered the access to the water and sewer pipes. Yes, we had to have a man with a jackhammer take that portion of it out. We then had red paving blocks put in to match the red we had in the concrete. What a mess. I told the inspector that I was from the country and he said "You are not in the country now."

We played a lot of golf on many different courses, had a fun get together every Wednesday afternoon. I had never learned to dance, but Rose liked to dance, so you guessed it: we danced. I got so did enjoy it. After the dance we all went for pizza. We also took two trips to Mexico with the same group of people that we partied and danced with. The bus was called the "Buffalo Bus" and had a buffalo head on the front. P#3 It truly was a dilapidated old bus. On one trip we told the driver that we had a flat tire. He just kept on driving until the tire came apart and broke the air line to the brakes. We stopped at a tire shop, if you could call it that, and had the tire changed. We made the rest of the trip down to Porta Panasca with no brakes; how he did it I will never know. We had a nice place to stay, by Mexican standards. The driver never thought to have the brake line repaired until we were ready to leave, so we had to wait four hours to get it fixed. On the way home, we noticed the bus weaving, Rose looked up at his mirror and noticed that he was asleep! We made sure to keep him awake the rest of the trip.

As I mentioned we played golf at least twice per week. The good golfers wanted to play long courses and the poor golfers, of which I was one, wanted to play shorter courses. As time went by and age took its toll, we all played the shorter courses. The one we played most often was owned by the city. It wasn't in the best of shape and had lots of sand. When we finished we would see who could get to the eating-place first. We didn't speed, but just tried to find the shortest route. Then we had greasy hamburgers and French fries, a good diet for a group of older people. Rose played some golf, but not as much as I did.

Rose has a sister-in-law, Opal, who lives in Phoenix, Arizona We made at least three trips to see her.

We also went on from there to Disney World in Florida and took in all the sights. Our hotel was about midway between things so we didn't have to walk too far. We wanted to go to Cape Canaveral to see where they launched the space shuttles. It was very interesting. We went through the museum and saw the huge machine that transported the shuttle to the launch site. We were too late to get on a tour bus so we had to rent a car and driver to take us. It turned out to be a limousine, and cost us \$400, but it was worth it. My Rose and I truly enjoyed the trip, but I came home with a horrible cold from the Florida humidity.

Rose and I didn't do any sightseeing on our way to Yuma, as we were always anxious to get there, but we made nanny side trips on our way home. The most interesting to me, and I think to Rose, were the beautiful colored rock formations in the Arches State Park. We also enjoyed the area around Sedona, Arizona. We stayed there one time in the motor home and again in our car.

The task of packing to go down, packing to come home, and opening and closing the house became more of a burden than it was worth. When we left in 2001, we packed so that if we decided not to go down again it would be ready to sell. During that summer I got a phone call from the person who had purchased the house next to ours. She wanted to lay paving blocks on her driveway and asked if it would be all right to lay them close to our house. I gave her permission to do that, but in the course of the conversation I asked her if she knew of anyone interested in purchasing ours. She said that she had a friend that might be interested and I gave her our phone number.

A few days later I received a call from that person. I told her where the key was hidden so she could go in and take a look. I also told her that we wanted \$20,000 for it. She called back, said they were interested but offered \$18,000. I immediately told her that I would split the difference, \$19,000. She hesitated long enough to ask her husband, and then said they would take it. I told her to mail me a check and when it cleared I would send her the title. It all worked out, we sold it too cheap, but we had the money in the bank and all was well. Rose and I both missed our little place

and the friends that we had made, but the time comes in life when we have to make changes and that was a good one for us at that time in our lives. Aren't you glad that this is the end.....?

## ***DAVE'S STORY:***

Okay, here's our accident story in full, or those things I can remember of it.

Danny was ten; I was 7. On Labor Day of 1960, just before my 2nd grade and Danny's 4th grade year (he had been held back a year due to reading difficulties), Dad was going up to the Frailey place to look at the moisture depth in preparation for seeding fall wheat.

Danny, as you've probably heard, was an avid hunter. At age 4 or 5 he had his first pump beebee gun. At 7 he got the pellet gun you have. At 8 he was using Mom's single-shot 22, at 9 he got his license to carry a shot gun and hunted his first pheasants with a 4-10 he borrowed from Grant Mead.

I say that because Danny wanted to go up to the Frailey place where there were several buildings to hunt birds, mice, squirrels...whatever he could get his sights on. Mom was reluctant because school started the next day. Danny threw a fit. Danny's won. I threw a fit. I won. We went in the farm pickup with pellet gun in tow.

We got there and fiddled around in several old sheds and around the granaries. Danny spotted the old shop that had a huge heavy sliding wood door. We strained ourselves and got it open. It was a treasure house of nuts, bolts, pieces of pipe, mouse nests. And, Danny found a can of dynamite caps. Both of us could read by that time, but the label was very yellow and scratched up. I could see the word gold on it. We got all excited because it rattled.

The can had a lid on it like a paint can but was the size of a tuna can. Danny set it on the oak plank work bench and put a nail under the lid and started using a piece of pipe to tap on it. I was standing behind and to Danny's left because we were taught as kids that the observer stood on the off side to the hammer being used. I looked over his shoulder to see how he was doing just as the nitro-filled caps exploded.

Dad heard the blast a mile or so back in the field and came rushing to find us. I came to and called out to Danny and we exchanged a few words while we waited.

Suddenly, Dad was there and all I heard was a soft "boys". Next thing I knew, I was lying outside on the dry but clean grass. I felt the sun on my face and knew we were outside. Dad said he was going for help. I heard the truck leave. It didn't seem long before he was back with Mary Fargher who lived just down the road and who was an RN by training. She had called The Dalles hospital and told them to have the ambulance meet us at the gas station in Dufur to get two very hurt boys. She also called Mom and told her that there had been an accident and to meet Bill in Dufur.

(Kathy, I've told this story many times. But writing it down has tears on my face. My Dad is absolutely my hero! He is a man of steel with the softest of hearts.)

They loaded us into the truck bed and Dad laid his beautiful suede jacket over us to keep us warm. Parenthetically, the smell of fine leather is still my Dad's smell.

Mary rode in the back with us. I remember hearing Danny complaining of being cold several times. We stopped in Dufur to meet the ambulance. It arrived after a few minutes. I remember vague voices asking what had happen and Dad talking about it.

Now, the story really becomes Mom's. She is an RN and had worked through the end days of the war.

She joined us in the hospital and spent most of her time for the first three days with Danny whose injuries were catastrophic. Dad came and sat with me during those times. They switched off some, I guess.

Grandma Hulse lived in The Dalles and Dad moved in there while Mom nursed us at night.

Danny died on the third day. Just before he died, he asked Mom how I was. Mom lied to him and told him I was fine. He died thinking I was safe.

And I was. I was in the arms of the most incredible family in the world.

When Dad went home to the Wilhelm Place to check on things, he found the neighbors doing his work. Dad had always been a giver to the community and one to help. He was so touched. I truly think that his giving spirit was reinforced in those days.

It still makes me so sad to think about how awful Dad and Mom must have felt for years. And, yet, they did everything they could to make our home life and my life as a blind kid perfectly normal, challenging, and enlightening. And, Dad was there for many of the key points in my recovery. I had some vision in one eye after the accident until around Thanksgiving, then it began to fade. I had a piece of metal making cozy with my retina. Dad and Mom flew me back to St. Louis to get surgery with a specialist. Since I grow scar tissue quickly and a lot of it, the surgery was unsuccessful.

Dad and Mom took me to the Oregon Commission for the Blind in Portland that January to see what kinds of jobs blind people could do. Remember, I was 7, but they were already trying to set me up for the future. I thought it was the coolest place, especially the bullet factory part of the industries for the Blind. It wasn't until several years later that I learned that Dad swore up and down in the car going home that I'd never work in "a place like that!"

Then it was off to the school for the Blind in Salem. Again, I can't imagine the heart

aches those two had driving back from Salem on Sunday afternoons.

The timing on this might be a bit wrong, but sometime in maybe my 3rd grade year, Dad received a check for a few hundred dollars from an estate of someone I think in Missouri that he had never heard of. The person had died without a will and Dad was a shirt-tail relative. He put the money into a travel trailer that we could use at the county fair and could park at the beach in the winter. Many weekends they would drive to Salem and pick me up and we'd go to the coast for the weekend instead of driving all the way back to Dufur.

One of my favorite memories is of Dad and I walking along the beach and watching the Inn at Spanish Head being built. We'd go wave jumping and running along the beach together and scream and yell like crazy people until we were exhausted. Then we'd go back to where Mom had something to eat for us, Dad would take a nap and Mom and I would go log walking. In those days, many large storms would toss huge logs up in a jumble. Mom and I would walk with her leading and me balancing behind along those logs for hours. It was incredible mobility training for me. She'd describe what was coming up, and we would do it.

One of the things that Dad did while I was at OSB was to get his general pilot license so he could fly down and pick me up when the weather was right. Unfortunately, that wasn't very often. And, truth be told, Dad was terrified of heights and had no idea how he would handle flying. But he took the chance for his son. And, he did fine.

But, the planes we had gave Dad and me another wonderful time together. In the summer early on Sunday mornings he and I would go up to the alfalfa field where we had it parked and take an early morning ride around the country. That was our tie together. I couldn't share the ranch work so much with him because of allergies, so our time during the summers when I came home was pretty limited. Those Sunday mornings were precious.

One of the other things that he and I did together, I think maybe twice or three times, was changing the sprinklers. Sometimes he needed to move the whole set up from one part of the field to another rather than just changing them in a smaller area. So, we'd use the Caterpillar pulling a trailer. I'd get in the cat and keep it going straight and he'd walk along behind picking up pipe and yelling instructions to me to turn a little to the right or left, speed up or slow down. Now I think about that and I just shake my head.

As I think about Dad's life and the incredible challenges he faced and how he just put his head down and "bore into 'er" (his saying), Dad was either going to be a wimp or a tough guy right from the beginning. When he was 6 or so, he fell off a swinging gate up at the ranch where Mike Hulse's daughter lives now. He broke both his arm and his jaw. He still thinks his jaw is a little lop-sided, and as late as maybe my high school years, he talked about when the old doc was going to cut off the cast on his

arm, he accidentally slid the sharp end of the scissor under the cast instead of the flat lip and cut Dad's arm and didn't realize it until he had the cast off and there was a bunch of blood. Then he had knee problems in football (without helmets in those days and he was the center), Lorraine's death, herniated disks with a triple level fusion at age 28, etc.

But, Dad always got it together

*Oh, while I'm thinking of it, my Uncle Lyle, Mom's youngest brother, tells incredible stories of Dad's early years as a farmer/rancher. I know that he'd be delighted to give you a couple of funny anecdotes for your book, a couple of which can even be printed. Let's just say that Dad has mellowed with age. Dave*

"I worked every summer for Masil and Bill, from 1947 until 1951, I was 14 when I started, and did get an education while there. I cherish the time I spent with Bill, in the fields and learning that I was expected to act and work like a man. One story is about the motor on the 51 International Combine we used for wheat harvest. It would never start when it was needed, we had to crank it by hand, and it was a constant source of frustration to us, Bill could turn the air blue with colorful language...that in itself was an education.

Another was we were castrating some small pigs, and he insisted I take my gloves (hand socks as he called them) off, so I wouldn't let a pig slip away, I immediately grabbed a pig, missed and sunk my finger nails into a board edge, and left two of them in the board...I guess he never ask me to take my gloves off again. And there was the time we were building a shop building and he had diarrhea, reached to high to hit a nail, and, yes, crapped his drawers, He was so funny walking to the house for a change of clothes...Bill Hulse was a father figure to me, treating me like an adult, and prepared me for a life I could not imagine. I can never thank him enough for what he did for me and my family.

There are many stories about Bill and I, He taught me about Life, and I was, and forever will be grateful...I have never really told him that face to face."

Lyle N. Harrison

2. Favorite vacation spot -- Breitenbush Hot Springs, Taft at the beach. Fishing when young, sleeping in the sand later.

The 64 flood and his walk from Dufur through heavy drifts to get home for Christmas.

The real combine story -- Settlement between them and insurance company for \$20k the day of the trial. I was there.

Being sick on honeymoons -- the flu with his marriage to Rose; eating bad oysters with Mom. Not sure if there was anything with Lorraine.

Quitting college before he started -- in the registration line when he got to thinking about her and feared someone else would swipe her before he got home.

His favorite time in the fields -- rod weeding or ploughing with the D4 Cat and singing Christmas songs -- especially Silent Night.

Love of Lawrence Welk

Working as a soda jerk at the pharmacy in high school.

Building the granaries in The Dalles with Fred Bolander.

His hatred of all things feathered unless they are on the plate. The cause was Uncle Paul robbing baby birds from Mud Dauber nests on the barn and shoving them down Dad's neck.

Taking Danny and me fishing -- me for the first time -- down in what is now Gene Underhill's place up behind the irrigation dam. He let me bring home my first fish -- a massive 3 incher.

Dad's ticket because he let Danny drive and the state cops caught them.

Dad letting Danny drive the tractor up through the fields past Teaser, the really big hill with grain on top that Dad can show you -- and Danny rolling the tractor. He was 5.

The run-away horse with Danny

Dad's struggle to find a kid's horse for us.

His love of handling the steers in the feed lot.

His pride over the elevator at the courthouse.

His weekly visit into The Dalles to his Mother, never Mom, on Sundays the entire time she was in the nursing home. In the 4 years, I'd guess we'd only miss 1 in 20 except when traveling.



Rose's brother Bob "framed" me on my 70th birthday. Rose's family welcomed me into their's.

