

is now a part of Portland State University. It is called "Old Main". We lived in a housekeeping room on SW College Street between 5th and 6th Avenues. I think the big, old house is gone now.

When summer school was finished we moved into our rented house. Mrs. Dutton moved in with us. She had spent the summer visiting various friends and relatives in the Portland area, especially Uncle Albert Smith (Skook). His wife had died the preceding summer.

I have two vivid memories of that year in the rented house. The first was the way Dorothy labored to restore the finish on our beautiful, round, oak dining table. She spent weeks getting off the old finish, scraping and sanding the surface and finally applying many coats of finish. The result was a thing of beauty, of which she was, and rightly so, very proud.

The other was that Dorothy became very ill with erysipelas. Lacking anti-biotics in those days, we kept her badly swollen nose covered with an evil smelling black substance, perhaps on the order of tar or creosote? She was out of school 3 or 4 weeks. As they couldn't get a substitute, the school was closed. She lost no pay and didn't have to make up the lost days of school. I don't recall ever seeing her so dispirited, not being able to stand the sight, smell, or thought of her huge, black, smelly nose!

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Insert. This incident, in the summer of 1936, should have been on page 227. It was while we were visiting my parents on their farm. (Damn this typewriter.) We had just gotten settled in nicely when Dorothy received a telegram from her Aunt Agnes saying that she, Mrs. Dutton, and Auntie's long-time teacher friend, Miss Viva Hammond, were driving in the latter's car to the San Francisco World's Fair. They would like Dorothy to come, too, right now. She could ride with them, free, paying only for her own meals and room - and Auntie would lend her the money. As Louise was living in San Francisco, Dorothy could stay with her, while their mother stayed with her brother, Claude who also lived there. When the others returned home Mrs. Dutton would remain with Louise, spending the winter with her.

It was too good an opportunity to miss. Next day, I took Dorothy to Hermiston and put her on the train to Portland. They had a great time. Dorothy kept a log of their trip, showing, mostly, the exhorbitant prices that were being charged for such things as meals and rooms - like \$1.50 for dinner and \$6 for a room!

I stayed on at the farm until shortly before school was to start then went back to join Dorothy who had returned to their home on 81st. A few days later I went on to Scappoose to seek living quarters for the two of us. Before I found anything, the temporary job came up for Dorothy, as a domestic at the Weinsteins' - as already recorded.

\* \* \* \* \*

Returning to where we were - We left Scappoose when school was out in the spring of 1939. After 4 years there I saw no indication that our principal was thinking of leaving. I had waited long enough, and went looking for a job as principal, finding one at Cornelius, and another one room school for Dorothy at Seghers, some 3 miles south of Gaston which is 5 miles south of Forest Grove which is 3 miles west of Cornelius where we would be living, only 11 miles for her to drive - all on paved highways.

We had enjoyed Scappoose, making friends and having an occasional trip to Portland (20 miles) for dinner and a movie, or for a Saturday for shopping, and lunch at the Orange Lantern Tea Room, or a Sunday visit to one of Mrs. Dutton's many friends or relatives who were scattered throughout the area, from Salem to Vancouver. We could have lunch for 35¢, dinner or a movie for 50¢. Gasoline was 20¢.

Our continuing affluence finally took us to a Chevrolet new car dealer where we traded in our 9 year old model A Ford on a brand new, 1939, grey, 2 door, 6 cylinder Chevy which cost \$900. Were we ever proud!

Continuing our extravagance, we took our new car on a maiden cruise to Bellingham, Washington where we attended summer school. We lived in a basement housekeeping room, taking school sponsored sight-seeing trips every Saturday - until the last one which was to climb Mt. Baker, a 9000 feet, snow-capped peak, some 20 miles away. That trip required special clothes and equipment which we didn't have and couldn't afford to buy or rent. That lack of money may have saved our lives. As the climbing party neared the summit a great avalanche crashed down the mountain side, sweeping most of the climbers with it. Six of them plunged into a crevice and perished. Four of the bodies remain on the mountain to this day.

On the 4th of July we boarded the tour ship, CANADIAN PRINCESS?, crossed over to Victoria, B.C. where we saw the famous BOBBIES (policemen), had tea and crumpets at the Empress Hotel, and ate our first ever fish and chips. As the crossing took about 4 hours, it was late at night when we got back to Bellingham. The boat trip was beautiful - islands, mountains, water, water, everywhere, and at night, myriads of lights and reflections. I remember that Dorothy then weighed 108 pounds, the lightest I ever knew her, except once two years later when she weighed 107.

At Seghers School, 1939-41, I think Dorothy had 15-20 pupils - nice ones from good, rural families. Few details of her work there have lodged in my memory. As at Willow Bar before, and Riverside afterward, Dorothy was their last teacher. When she left these schools they were unable to find a replacement, so consolidated with the nearest town school and closed their own doors forever. All 3 school buildings are "long gone", at least from their sites.

Our two years at Cornelius were similar to those at Scappoose. We continued running to Portland for our fun. But now we had Noble and his just married wife, Oma (Casey) Davis Dutton for frequent visits. They were living in Vernonia, where Noble was teaching, and they passed through Cornelius on their way to and from Portland. As Mrs. Dutton lived with us, we often had Sunday dinner together, at home or in a restaurant.

After two years at Cornelius I was disillusioned with teaching - haggling with the school board over money, as well as with problem children and parents. When I was offered a \$5 a month raise for my 3rd year I went, in disgust, to Portland in June, 1941 and got a job the first place I stopped - the Oregon Journal newspaper - as a rural auto carrier in the Sheridan-Willamina area, some 50 miles southwest of Portland. They guaranteed that I would earn at least \$200 a month, nearly double what I had been getting.

(Note: as I have lost my proof-reader you will see more errors.)

So, off we went to Sheridan, seeking a place to live. Fortunately, as usual during the summer, Mrs. Dutton went to visit friends and/or relatives, thus easing our task. The only thing we could find for immediate occupancy was a small, one-bedroom apartment in the middle of town, directly over a tavern. The juke box blared long and loud, day and night, especially with the latest hit, YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE, MY ONLY SUNSHINE, which, after a time, became very annoying.

Again, Dorothy found a little, one-room school about two miles west of town. Standing beside the river, it was called RIVERSIDE.

She rode my paper route with me until school started. Sometimes she even accompanied me on my soliciting and collecting trips. At other times she explored the town and outlying areas by foot. On warm summer evenings we would walk along the Yamhill River which bisects the town, watching or feeding the ducks, other birds, and fish. Often, at dusk, before wending our way homeward, we would stop at a soda fountain on the river bank and finish off the evening with a lemon coke, or a Green River, or such.

One awfully hot day we took off our shoes and sox, waded out into the river up to our calves and sat on big water-worn rocks, cooling ourselves until it was dark and cooler.

Because of my night-blindness she insisted on going with me to deliver my Sunday papers, as that was done between the hours of 1:30 and 7:30 a.m.. About half way through the route, around 4 a.m. we stopped at an all night restaurant at Valley Junction for coffee and , and to use their plumbing.

Needless to say, she had trouble staying awake. Although it was difficult, she gamely stuck it out - until, in mid-winter she came down with a cough, sore throat and fever. Her mother and I insisted that she not go. Thus, finding that I could get along without her, she quit going with me.

Dorothy was quite happy with her small, new school. As at Willow Bar she could take her little group of pupils along the river for nature study and physical education. I took her to and from school - except in good weather when she sometimes walked the two miles home.

After about six weeks in the apartment we found a large, old house to rent. It had living, dining, one bedroom, bath, attached wood shed and garage on the first floor, with two bedrooms upstairs. Mrs. Dutton had the downstairs bedroom. Noble, Casey and their one year old David, not to mention Auntie, came to spend Christmas with us. Little David took his first steps to reach the Xmas tree. As in our earlier homes, heating was by wood stoves.

On Christmas morning I surprised all of them by taking them out to the garage and showing them our brand new, green, 1942 Chevy which I had slipped into the garage after dark Xmas Eve. This one cost \$1100. Noble couldn't wait to try it out.

World War II was raging in Europe, creating a great demand for newspapers. I prospered, earning more than twice what I had been getting in teaching. Then came Pearl Harbor, and we were in it, too. Restrictions were placed upon the use of tires and gasoline. Delivering newspapers was declared nonessential, as they could be delivered by mail. So, I was out of a job in the spring of 1942.





At Cannon Beach  
in the early 40s.

Ruth Matlock Dutton  
David Dutton

Dorothy and Ken





As jobs were becoming more plentiful, we decided this was a good time to get a job in Portland. Dorothy and her mother took me to Portland, leaving me in a cheap sleeping room on NE Union Ave., near several working class restaurants. They then returned to Sheridan in the car. I found a job right away, one I could get to easily by walking.

When school was out Dorothy and Mrs. Dutton came to town. As usual in the summer, her mother went to visit friends and relatives. Two of Auntie's teacher friends were gone for the summer and let us stay in their apartment on SE Belmont & 28th Avenue. By the time school started we had found an apartment of our own at 635 NE 23rd Avenue just north of Sandy Blvd.. Mrs. Dutton came back to us. We gave her the bedroom while we slept on a hide-a-bed in the living room.

Finding that I wasn't earning enough to support us, even with Louise's contribution for her mother, I went to work in the shipyard where the pay was much higher. I rode to and from work with a young couple from Texas - in the back of their little truck.

After staying at home a few months Dorothy became bored and restless. As more and more women were going into war work, she decided to join their ranks. Spurning the ROSY THE RIVETER jobs, she took an office job where she could wear a dress, sit at a typewriter and be a lady. She rode with the same people as I, except that she was privileged to ride in the front seat with the owners, while I sat in the back on a hard, cold bench, in the dark.

After working 7 consecutive days, we had the 8th day off. So, each week our day off came a day later in the week. When it came around to Saturday we got Sunday off too. By pooling our gas rations and not driving we could save enough coupons to go to the beach or mountains occasionally.

Dorothy hadn't wanted a baby, saying that we were too poor. But in September, 1943 when I received my military draft notice she immediately changed her mind, wanting to become pregnant before I had to report. Should I not return, she wanted a baby to remember me by. We took a vacation at the beach, had lots of fun, but got nothing more than a severe sunburn.

When I received my induction notice Louise transferred from San Francisco to the Barnes VA hospital at Vancouver in order to be near her mother and Dorothy while I was gone. In March, 1944 when I finished my basic training in New Orleans and was transferred to Headquarters Training Division, Dorothy came to New Orleans to be with me and, hopefully, to become pregnant. Louise came and lived with her mother in our apartment, riding to work with a co-worker. Our letters from that era are in a box here in our study, facing imminent destruction.

Doris ? , a girl who worked with Dorothy wanted to go to Dallas, Tx to marry her fiance, Crit Huston, who was in military training there. So they drove our car, bringing two other women with them as far as Los Angeles. Dorothy got to New Orleans in less time than it took me to go by train. They traveled virtually all day and night, taking turns driving and napping. As public transportation facilities were so crowded, they had no trouble getting enough gas rationing coupons. Doris and Crit(He is a physician) are in McMinnville and still good friends.

We had arranged to meet in the lobby of the St. Charles Hotel about 6 p.m. on a Wednesday in mid March, 1944. I was fairly climbing the walls in anxiety when she arrived about 9 in a pouring rain. She bounced in, beaming with elation and smiling from ear to ear. It was wonderful. She had become too sleepy to drive and had stopped to nap. She was very lucky in finding the hotel. First, she found the street, next a parking place, then got out, looked around and discovered that she was parked within 100 feet of the hotel entrance. I had already rented a housekeeping room at 1417 N. Claiborne St., within walking distance of downtown.

Next morning, I having gone to work at the army post, she was in town exploring by the time the shops were open, It being March, she wore a warm coat, of course. When I got "home" that evening the first words I heard were, "Hey, it's hot!", words which would be repeated endlessly over the next 8 months, by both of us.

After she explored the town Thursday and Friday, we continued that pastime together Saturday afternoon and Sunday. (I had to work Saturday until 1 p.m.).

On Monday she started looking for a job, finding one in the office of an airplane factory, "ordering screws, nuts and bolts," she said. She worked near the airport and the army air base, with convenient bus service to work.

Soon afterward my outfit was moved to the air base, right next door to her place of work. Only a chain link fence separated her grounds from mine. Often we brought our lunches from home. Sitting against the fence, we would eat and talk together, even touching through the fence.

Dorothy could never accept the heat. Sweating from head to foot, she would fill the bath tub with cold water, submerge herself in it and stay until the water felt warm. By the time she got out and dried herself she would be as hot and sweaty as before.

We tried sleeping on the balcony, but there were too many insects. The best we could do was lie, naked, on the floor against the screened doors which separated the living room and balcony. One hour each day - from 5 to 6 a.m. - was almost comfortable. Just when we were sleeping comfortably we had to get up.

One Saturday night we had dinner in the fancy, air conditioned Roosevelt Hotel, loitering over drinks and snacks until 4 a.m.. It was wonderful. When we stepped outside the air still felt as hot as an oven. We had danced some, too, but not that new-fangled one, the jitter-bug.

All of our good times were in spite of the incessant heat. The frequent thunder showers would cool the air a bit - as long as the rain fell. When it stopped, the heat would resume at once, and it would be even muggier than before. We were uncomfortable until Thanksgiving.

A young soldier and his bride of a few weeks, in the room adjoining ours shared our kitchen and had dinner with us on our balcony - at twilight when the heat was beginning to subside a bit. She and Dorothy shared the cost and the work. In fact, she did the shopping and most of the work, as she didn't have a job.

We would stay on the balcony to 1 a.m., swatting at and spraying





Our balcony and housekeeping room  
at 1417 N. Claiborne

We and our next door neighbors



Ralph Goldie Dorothy Ken



Dorothy - N.W. Georgia  
1944

Picking cotton



Chickamauga Battlefield

Covered bridge  
near Atlanta





244-C

New Orleans - 1944  
Playing Soldier



mosquitos, drinking ice tea or iced rum and coke while the Andrews sisters, on the radio, blared the song, RUM AND COCA-COLA.

As darkness fell, the 4 of us would often get into our car and drive 35 mph - the speed limit during the war years - with the car windows opened wide and the side wings turned to deflect the oncoming air more forcibly upon us to make it seem cooler.

Since I've already chronicled these times in considerable detail in my previously written autobiography, I will now concentrate on Dorothy's role in them.

Despite her suffering with the constant heat, Dorothy enjoyed New Orleans. This was mostly because it was so different from any place she had been before. Aside from the ever present heat, perhaps the 3 greatest marvels to her were: the preponderance of blacks; the water level of the Mississippi River being higher than the land along side it; and the burial vaults being above ground because of the high water table.

Perhaps her happiest - certainly her most comfortable - time was my 2 week furlough which we spent in the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina near Ashville in the last half of September. The weather was ideal - warm, sunny days and cool, crisp nights. We tramped and drove about the countryside, over hardwood forested hills and grass covered vales, lounging in the sun, and sight-seeing in Ashville.

When we were "chasing ancestors" 25 years later, we learned that Dorothy's Matlock, Ballard, and Ramsey ancestors had spent a generation or two in that area in the late 1700s and early 1800s. Had we only been interested earlier!

Upon returning to New Orleans the last of September, it seemed as hot as when we had left.

As Dorothy had shown no symptoms of pregnancy we decided to check into the matter. Finding that I checked our ok the doctor got busy checking Dorothy, giving her hormones and blowing out her tubes.

About Thanksgiving I went into the army hospital to await discharge for my newly discovered eye defect. Shortly afterwards Dorothy began to have strange symptoms - sore throat, loss of appetite and finally nausea. She couldn't eat or go to work. With me gone, our landlady had to try to care for her. I managed to get an afternoon pass to check on her. The doctor came and pronounced her pregnant. I appealed to the army hospital doctors for help. They had her brought to the hospital and placed in a ward not far from mine. I went to see her several times a day. I can't remember just what they did for her. But after ten days or so they said she was well enough to leave the hospital. Again, I got a half day pass, and they took us back to our housekeeping room in a jeep. Our landlady promised to look after her.

A few days later my discharge came through - December 14 - and I came home and cared for her myself. The doctor said she couldn't travel for at least a month.

As she became better we began to enjoy life again. At long last, it was no longer hot - just comfortable. The doctor finally said she could travel - but slowly and gently, stopping at the first



sign of fatigue or discomfort. I think it was January 17, 1945, shortly before noon when we started for home in Portland. The first day we traveled only 50 miles, the second 100. After a time it was 150, and finally 200. After stopping to visit Dorothy's relatives in Los Angeles and San Francisco, we were at home in Portland February 4.

Upon our return Louise moved back into the nurses' quarters of Barnes VA Hospital at Vancouver. A few months later she transferred to Fort Lewis, and in early 1947 she went to Japan where she was a court recorder in the War Crimes Trials. When they were finished she transferred to the Army Engineers in Okinawa.

We settled back into our apartment with Mrs. Dutton, as we had been before I went marching off to war. Dorothy was soon over her nausea, and for the next 4 months - until she became ponderous - she was, perhaps, the happiest I ever knew her to be.

The baby was scheduled to arrive about July 1. When July 21 came and nothing had happened - except constantly increasing discomfort for Dorothy - the doctor ordered her to take castor oil at bed time. She did - and began having abdominal pains about 3 a.m. We - Dorothy, Louise and I - were at the hospital by 4. About 7 o'clock they sent Louise and me home, saying that Dorothy was having digestive rather than labor pains - and that nothing would happen before noon. About 10 a.m. they phoned us to say that we had a new baby girl, Linda Gail, 7 pounds and 21 inches long.

Our pediatrician was a 50 year old woman of the old school - feed them every 4 hours, nothing but water between feedings. No matter if the baby did cry. Dorothy didn't have enough milk to breast feed her. Linda did cry, loudly and almost continuously, it seemed. When her feeding time finally arrived the baby would be so exhausted from crying that she would fall asleep after a few swallows. It's a wonder she survived. After several months of this, despite the doctor's orders to the contrary, Dorothy started feeding Linda when she was hungry. That stopped the crying.

But it was too late to save us from eviction from our apartment. The owners had had so many complaints from the other tenants that they finally evicted us. As the city's population had increased 40% by the influx of "war workers", housing vacancies were virtually non-existent. Fortunately, my employer, the county assessor, was able to get us into one of the temporary public housing projects, built especially for the war workers. It was located between Sellwood and Milwaukie. The flimsy house had two bedrooms. We were back to stoves again - and our first experience with coal as fuel. Dorothy hated it. The fires were too hot, or went out. She could not even keep her own hands and face clean, much less the house and baby.

Nevertheless, we had Dorothy's family there for Christmas. Mrs. Dutton, of course, lived with us. In addition there was Aunt Agnes and Noble's family, now consisting of himself, Casey, 6 year old David and 1 year old Pamela. We had a fine dinner and a most enjoyable afternoon and evening. Auntie came with Noble. They went home about 7 o'clock.

About 3 a.m. the phone rang. I answered but heard only groans and garbling. Realizing that it was Auntie - long a sufferer of heart trouble - we called her doctor who called the hospital and

an ambulance. We also called Noble, asking him to go to Auntie's to let the people in and to see if he could help. Her apartment was on N.E. Glisan at 25th.

For more than a week she seemed to be recovering. Then she took a turn for the worse and died January 13, 1946 at age 74. Her loss left a big hole in our family structure, especially for Mrs. Dutton who was now alone, without siblings. Even Cousin Lena and Aunt Tote were gone as were nearly all of her old friends. No longer could she go on extended visits with relatives and friends. Even Louise would soon move to Ft. Lewis, then to Japan. Nor could she again meet them in town for lunch, shopping, or a movie. In fact, she soon became too feeble to go to town on the trolley, alone.

In the spring of 1946 my employer was able to get us into a better home. Although still public housing, it was newer and much better - a 3 bedroom dwelling in an attractive development 1 mile below St. Johns. It has now been gone for more than 20 years. The house had an automatic hot water heater and a range and oven, both fueled by electricity. There was also an oil fired space heater. We bought an electric washing machine with a power wringer. There was a supervised play center and other activities for children. There was also a double sink in the kitchen - a shallow one for washing dishes, etc. and a deep one for washing clothes. Dorothy bathed Linda in the shallow one until she was big enough to move into the deep one. That left the shallow one for John when he arrived. Dorothy would bathe both of them at the same time, letting one play while she washed the other. When John was old enough to sit up alone she would leave both of them alone to play in the water, sometimes for a half hour.

The neighbors on one side were an older couple who both worked. They pampered our kids with candy, pastries, nuts, and, most of all, with turkey. Every month or so they would bake a turkey, call our kids over, ply them with food, then send them home with a huge turkey leg. They became good friends. After we had moved away and she had died, Nick used to come and visit us.

On the other side was a couple our own age - Ed and Helen, and their son, Johnny, some months older than Linda. We became quite close, especially Dorothy, Helen and the kids. They ran back and forth from one house to the other, especially Helen. She seemed to be in our house every day and came in handy for us more than once, and most importantly when John was born.

As when she was pregnant with Linda, Dorothy was quite ill during the early months of her pregnancy with John. Again she was in the hospital for a time, and in bed at home for a time afterward. Casey, who lived a mile away in St. Johns, kept Linda and Mrs. Dutton during the day. I left them with her each morning, picking them up on my way home at night.

After Dorothy was back on her feet it was more difficult for her than it had been with Linda, not only because she now had another child to care for but also because she was heavier and more ponderous with John.

The morning of John's birth, Tuesday, December 16, 1947, Dorothy wanted me to stay home from work. She complained of a severe back ache. As her back had been aching before I didn't think it was necessary and went to work.



About 10 o'clock she called me at the office, asking me to hurry and take her to the hospital, as the baby was about to arrive. I rushed. Some half way home I met Helen in her car, honking and waving at me. By the time I got turned around, to the hospital, found a parking place, then the maternity ward, John had already arrived. They had got there barely in time. So, I wasn't with Dorothy when either of our children was born, lamentably.

Like other kids, ours had their little misadventures. One day, hearing John screaming, Dorothy dashed out and found him dangling by one foot from a small tree. His foot was wedged in the fork of two branches and he couldn't get loose. Linda was looking on, obviously agitated, but silent. After lifting him down Dorothy asked Linda why she hadn't tried to help him.

"Because", she snapped, "he deserved it!"

One afternoon when Linda and Johnny were about 4 years old, Dorothy and Helen suddenly realized that they hadn't seen nor heard the 2 kids for quite some time. They called. They searched. They went about the area asking neighbors. They got in Helen's car and drove about the neighborhood making inquiries. Then they called the police - all in vain. Finally, they called Ed and me, the fathers. It was now late afternoon and the kids had been missing several hours. We finally found them - sitting in a 3 foot culvert that ran under a road. They were chatting happily and fondling the rocks they had found. They were so happy with their new, secret hiding place and couldn't understand why we were all so upset.

In good weather, for an outing, Dorothy would sometimes walk the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile to the grocery store, pushing John in his stroller while Linda walked or rode her trike. Occasionally, they would visit Casey and Pam, or vice versa. Or Dorothy would leave them at the community center for an hour or two, giving her a chance to relax for a bit.

In the winter of 1950, while we were snowed in, Mrs. Dutton caught a bad cold which developed into pneumonia. Dorothy had to call an ambulance to get her to the hospital. Another time, her mother climbed up on a chair, fell off and broke her arm.

It was here that her first symptoms of senility appeared. One day while lying in bed reading (which she did a good deal, often falling asleep) she called for Dorothy to come. She thought that moving shadows and reflections were animate things.

The next stage in her progression was to pace the floor, often muttering, over and over, "I want to go home. Oh, my, I want to go home." By "home", she meant the home of her adolescence and young adulthood, on her father's farm at Noble. Or, in the night we would hear her calling, "Papa, oh, Papa!" But most of the time she was her usual cheerful self - interesting, enjoyable company.

One fine, autumn day in 1948 Dorothy was in the yard hanging out the clothes. Ten month old John (whom we called "Billy" to avoid confusing him with the ever present neighbor boy, "Johnny") was tethered to a nearby post, as he was already walking and trying to run away. Linda was playing. Suddenly, Dorothy was reeling. Her hand, holding the open clothespin, couldn't make the pin meet the line. Then she was swaying. "My God," she thought, "I'm having a heart attack.!" Then she heard Billy crying, Linda screaming, dogs wildly barking and finally she saw that the ground was shaking,

the post tilting, and she knew it was an earthquake. Clutching the children to her, she sat on the ground in terror. Although the "shake" was over in a minute or two, her own shaking continued much, much longer. It was the worst earthquake we've ever had here. Fortunately, there was no major damage in the area.

During the 5 years we lived at Parkside Homes we had one extremely hot summer and one equally cold winter. The hot summer was 1947 when the temperature was 100 degrees or above for at least a week. Once, at midnight, it was 100 in our living room. It didn't help much to lie on the floor next to the screen doors. We finally learned that the house could be kept cool, or relatively so, by placing a water sprinkler on the ridge of the roof.

Our worst winter ever was 1950 when the record low temperature of -2 degrees was set. On January 5 and 6 we had about 14 inches of snow which stayed until February 18. For 3 or 4 weeks the temperature was never above freezing. In the northeast suburbs, snow drifts reached the eaves of the houses, some even up on the roofs.

Our thin-skinned, lightly constructed, temporary war houses were not at all weather resistant. We kept the range and oven going to keep the kitchen from freezing. We placed a portable, electric heater in each bedroom. And we dressed like polar explorers, even when we were inside! Icicles 5 feet long hung from the eaves of our house. When, at last, the warm, Chinook winds came, our kids went bounding about the yard, shouting, "Chinook. Chinook". The neighbor kids soon joined in, although they didn't know what they were yelling about.

In the fall of 1950 Linda started to kindergarten at the old Sitton School, a few blocks toward St. Johns. It, too, has long been gone. After coming home the first day she asked Dorothy if she could bring her new friend home with her after school, to play. Dorothy, glad to give her permission, was more than a little surprised the next afternoon when Linda appeared, beaming, with a frightened little black girl in tow. Linda's preference for black, however, proved to be short-lived.

Although wanting in the worst way to buy a home, our efforts were hampered by our fear of making a horrible mistake - chiefly, "getting in over our heads." Having recently come through the great depression, we feared that the rampant inflation that was going on might turn back into deflation, leaving us with a loan that was higher than the house would be worth, and that our wages could tumble to a point that we couldn't make the payments. The memory of the Dutton house haunted us. Even so, we did sign up two deals, both of which fizzled.

In late 1945 we signed up for a 100% GI loan to build a 1200 square foot, 1 story and attic house with full basement, fireplace, garage, 2 bedrooms and floored attic on a half acre at Maplewood, near where Lewis and Clark College stands. I forgot to mention an automatic, oil-fired furnace. The construction cost was to be \$6900, with a provision for another \$200 should inflation continue at its present pace.

The GI appraiser's report stated that, although he recommended the approval of our loan, he feared that our proposed home would be a slight overimprovement for the area. That was so frightening to me that I withdrew my loan application. A few years later we



we looked at the proposed site again, finding that the area had improved significantly. Our proposed home would have blended in well.

Construction costs were rising rapidly. In the fall of 1948 we signed another proposal - this time for an 856 square foot, one story and attic house without basement or garage, or fireplace, for \$8500. Then a carpenters' strike stopped construction for 6 months. By the time the strike was over we had cooled on the plan. And costs had increased so much that the builder was happy to call the deal off.

Our third attempt succeeded. On December 13, 1950 we signed up to buy a home that was under construction, about one third complete, on the northeast edge of the city, not far from where Dorothy had grown up. It was at 9124 N.E. Broadway - 960 square feet, one story, no basement nor fireplace nor garage, 3 bedrooms, for \$8750. Again completion was delayed by a strike. We moved in March 31, 1951, assisted by Noble and a rented truck.

All in all, our five years at Parkside Homes, below St. Johns were very happy ones. We and our friends and siblings were young and active, with young children. We visited, had picnics, went to the parks, beaches, mountains - enjoyed ourselves and each other. For most of that time, Dorothy's two brothers and all four of my sisters were living here, also our two mothers. Even the latter were happy, with children, grandchildren and friends abounding nearby. My autobiography has more detail, e.g., the 1948 Vanport Flood, (often called the Memorial Day Flood), and our 1949 auto accident in which Dorothy received a severely sprained ankle, our car was damaged, and we were all badly shaken and frightened.



Dorothy Mrs. Dutton Louise  
Linda 1947 Cannon Beach





Margaret (Hammill) Geer  
Dorothy (Dutton) Hammill  
1947-1949 St. Johns



Mrs. Dutton Dorothy  
1946



John Dorothy Linda 1949  
by clothesline post  
Park in background

## OUR FIRST VERY OWN HOME

As my autobiography deals in considerable detail with our lives, I will now, in finishing Dorothy's biography, concentrate on her part in it.

In a short time we were living comfortably and happily in a well furnished, attractive, orderly new home. How she did it, so quickly and easily, I'll never know.

The lot upon which our house was built had been used as a dumping ground for rocks and boulders by the builders of earlier adjacent houses. Our lot had sloped upward to the rear. In making a level spot for the house the bull-dozer had pushed the excess dirt and all of the boulders to the rear of the lot, making a rather high, steep slope, with the rocks and boulders at the foot.

In making our yard we formed a terrace half way up the slope. It extended entirely across the lot. Choosing large boulders with one flat surface, we wrestled them into position, with the flat side up, thus making steps from the yard up to the terrace - 3 sets of steps - at each end of the terrace and in the middle. At one end of the terrace was a large fir tree with a long, large, low-hanging branch that formed an arbor. Of course, our kids and those of our next door neighbors built a tree house in the tree.

With the help of relatives, friends and neighbors we wrestled those boulders all the way up the slope, forming a rock garden. One of the boulders was too big to move and too near the surface to leave. We dug under it until it sank below the ground surface far enough to permit top soil over it.

Dorothy - and even the kids - helped me in the yard, removing rocks and sticks, grading, leveling, then planting - trees, shrubs, flowers and grass.

Rocks, rocks, millions of them, of all sizes, from pebbles to huge boulders weighing half a ton. In the back yard at the foot of the terrace I dug a pit, some 6x4x4 feet in size, using the dirt to grade the front yard. By the time our yard was ready to plant that pit was filled with rocks. Oh, the countless hours and days we worked, getting that yard finished. The lawn and shrubs were in by the end of October. The rock garden wasn't finished for another year. Dorothy slaved in it for several years, enjoying it most of the time.

For a year or so Mrs. Dutton was quite a help with the kids and to a lesser extent with the house work. She read to the kids and helped us watch over them. But she gradually became less dependable.

When school started that fall Linda was in the first grade. She was already beginning to read. Both kids had loved books and stories since infancy. Linda walked with the neighbor kids to school at Glenhaven School, NE 81st and Tillamook Streets, about 13 blocks.

Dorothy started John to nursery school. He was nearly 4. She and a neighbor woman alternated in taking John and the neighbor's boy to the 3 hours a day school, held in a church basement.

The next year, 1952-53 both kids walked to Glenhaven - John in kindergarten, Linda in the second grade. The following year a new school - Jason Lee - opened its doors at 92nd and Thompson, only about 5 blocks from home.



As we were pressed for money, Dorothy took a job in the fall of 1952 - in the county recorder's office - hours 9-5, 5 days a week. Most jobs then were 8 hours a day, 5½ or 6 days a week. She hired a woman to come daily from 3:30 to 5:30 to help Mrs. Dutton manage the house and kids from the time they got home from school until one of us got home from work.

When summer came, Dorothy took the kids over to my sister, Dorothy, every morning, picking them up in the evening.

After working nearly a year Dorothy had to give up her job, as her mother had become too senile to be left alone. First, she got on the wrong bus to come home and got lost, after being in town. Then she began to wander away and get lost. She tried to leave the house at night, tried to kindle a fire on top of the electric range burner, tried to follow a man down the street, thinking that he was "Papa". She came out to talk to me while I was watering the lawn, stood under the sprinkler and said it was odd that rain should be falling while the sun was shining.

The last straw was when she thought that she was my wife and the children were mine and hers. Dorothy was an intruder who was trying to deprive her of her home and children. That was more than Dorothy could take. We began looking for a nursing home for her mother. It was incredibly difficult for Dorothy to face this, virtually alone. Noble was in Chicago, Louise in Okinawa. Maurice was of no help at all, seldom at home, his whereabouts usually unknown. She and her mother had always been so close - working, talking and laughing together like sisters rather than mother and daughter.

After searching several weeks we selected a nursing home for her. What an ordeal it was for Dorothy to leave her there. Even so, it didn't work out. They couldn't pacify her. She kept trying to get away. Finally, they asked us to come and get her.

Desperate, we sought professional advice. Doctors, clergymen, social workers, even a judge, were unanimous in recommending that we have her committed to the state hospital. That ordeal was even more trying for Dorothy.

Mrs. Dutton spent the last year or so of her life there. When we visited her she would show great pleasure in seeing us. But she didn't know who we were - only that we were familiar to her. Nor could she talk coherently.

It was so tragic that she should spend her last days, like this, in Salem, where she had attended school at Willamette University as a young woman, where she had lived so happily near Bush Park from about age 8 to age 14. Indeed, her grandfather, William Tyndal Matlock's first home in Oregon was on an 1848 provisional land claim where the state hospital now stands. She died there, 27 October 1954, age 83.

I mentioned earlier that overhanging fir boughs formed an arbor in one corner of our back yard. The second marriage of my sister, Ellen, - to Dan Harris - occurred there 27 June 1953. Getting ready for it was a hectic, exciting time.

As our garage was just being constructed, its exterior presented rough, unpainted subsiding, hardly suitable as a back drop for a wedding. The exterior shakes, already painted, were there, stacked



in neat bundles. My brother, Milt, brothers -in-law, Byron Miller, Carvel Wilcox and Gordon Geer, along with the soon to be brother-in-law, Dan Harris, and I - pitched in on the morning of the wedding and had those shakes on the one side of the garage which was exposed to the area where the wedding was to occur. It was a fine wedding, a beautiful setting, with John as ring bearer and Linda as one of the bridesmaids, along with her girl cousins. That marriage, nearing the end of its 33rd year, is still going strong.

Never one to be long idle, especially in her younger days, Dorothy, in 1952, started taking evening classes through the Oregon Department of Higher Education's Extension Service. Those classes were held at Lincoln High School, now OLD MAIN at Portland State University, usually one night a week while I stayed at home with the kids. She took summer classes, too, taking the kids with her and enrolling them in summer school at the old (Abernethy?) School which was within a block or two of OLD MAIN. It had a swimming pool and other activities which Linda and John enjoyed, including tennis, if I remember correctly.

While taking those classes Dorothy found herself in the geology class of Dr. Ruth Hopson, a single woman about her own age. Through Dr. Hopson she learned of a group THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF THE OREGON COUNTRY, called "Gee Sockers". That group was very active, having many field trips to study geology, as well as lectures, a library, and weekly luncheon meetings which were held at the old Y.M.C.A. on 6th and Taylor Streets.

We started going on some of their field trips which we thoroughly enjoyed, especially Linda and John. Dorothy and I sometimes attended one of their evening lectures, engaging a baby-sitter. In the summer Dorothy would sometimes meet me at the Y.M.C.A. luncheon. A few times she brought the kids, too.

The kids enjoyed most those field trips which entailed camping out. On the trail, they would usually be found hard on the heels of the trip leader who was often Leo Simons. As children were not often found on those trips, they made quite a hit with the members most of whom were our age or older.

When we got home from those trips the trunk of our car was usually well stocked with rock specimens, all shapes and sizes. One of them, full of leaf fossils, weighed some 30 pounds, and I lugged it more than a mile. Dorothy couldn't bare to leave a specimen behind. When our garage was full of rocks I started piling them behind it, then scattering them around in our rock garden.

In the late 50s we became less and less active in the geological society. By 1960 we had virtually stopped, partially because we were getting older and less active, and partially because our kids were developing interests of their own, interests which didn't include us.

Upon retiring we resumed going to the luncheon meetings occasionally. The members remembered Linda and John better than they did us, invariably inquiring about them, especially the seemingly ageless and omnipresent Leo Simons and the steadfast Dr. Hopson, now the Widow Keene.

The last time we saw Leo, not very long before his death, he asked about Linda and John. Although well into his 90s, he still saw in his mind a 7 year old girl and a 5 year old boy, hard on his

heels on the trail. Shortly after Dorothy died I received a sympathy card from Dr. Keene in which she reminded me what a fine person Dorothy was and how she had enjoyed our children on those field trips of yesteryears.

In the spring of 1955 Dorothy began to think of returning to teaching. A shortage of teachers had developed. Teachers salaries were increasing rapidly. John would be in third grade that fall. If she could get a teaching position in the primary grades, not too far away she should be able to be home by shortly after 4 p. m.. Our older neighbor girl could stay with our kids for an hour or so, until Dorothy got home.

Just from curiosity she went to see the county school superintendent who, also from curiosity, took her name and address. A few days later a man dressed in a suit and tie was at our door to interview her about teaching first grade in his school. He was the principal at Holbrook, on the Columbia River about half way between Portland and Scappoose. He left her a contract to study - \$4000 a year, more than 4 times the amount she had received when last teaching, 14 years before. She signed it.

On the strength of our soon to be greater income we bought a small, used piano and started the kids on piano lessons. Now, 31 years later, that piano is in John and Sue's home in Salem, and their two daughters, 9 and 13, are taking lessons.

Dorothy continued her evening and summer classes, completing her work for a bachelor degree in the fall of 1958. In June, 1959, some 27 years after we first graduated from Monmouth, she and I received our degrees there, in cap and gown, before the admiring eyes of our 13 and 11 year old children and my sister, Margaret, and husband, Gordon Geer.

With her mother gone, Louise in Okinawa and Noble in Chicago, Dorothy was virtually without family. On the other hand, for much of the 8 years we lived on Broadway, my mother and all 4 of my sisters lived nearby. (My father and Roxie's husband, Julius, died in the 1940s). Dorothy was fairly enveloped by my family while without any of her own about. She couldn't help but feel lonely.

She left for work about 8 a.m., locking the house and leaving the kids with our neighbors until 8:30 when their kids and ours went to school together. The neighbor kids were 2 and 4 years older than Linda. Again, after school, ours would stay with the neighbors from about 3:45 to 4:15 when Dorothy got home. Usually she would pick them up and take them to the store with her. When I got home about 5:30 they would be there, getting dinner and practicing the piano or doing home work. All were happy. The kids liked school and had an ample supply of friends.

With Dorothy working, there was less time, energy and interest for the rock garden. Caring for it was no longer fun. It was work - increasingly.

Dorothy talked more and more of enlarging and remodeling the house. Its design called for dining space in the corner of the living room, adjoining the kitchen. But we used that space for our Hi-fi and the piano, eating in the kitchen. The laundry was in the opposite end of the kitchen, just inside the back door. It seemed that the washer and dryer were always going while we were eating. The noise was distracting, even annoying.



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Dorothy  
1956



Noble Dorothy Louise Mrs. Dutton  
~~1924~~ N.E. Broadway - 1951  
9/24





Linda John Dorothy  
At the coast - 1953



Veva

Kathy Ken Linda John  
1952 - Where?



Veva Dorothy - 1952  
Building a rock garden



Dorothy John Louise  
1954 - After it's finished



About every 3 years Louise came home on leave. Each time she had 2 weeks or so to spend with us. Her first 3 or 4 trips across the Pacific were by ship - military transport. After that she flew, also by military airplanes. Each time she bought us something valuable - a television set, our first; a rug; a watch; a piece of furniture; clothes, a sewing machine, etc.. Twice she lent us money to help pay for a new car, thus avoiding the high interest rates charged by banks.

As our children approached adolescence we felt the need of a larger house, with a family room where they could be alone with their friends. First, we thought of building a house in the same neighborhood. Unable to find a suitable building site nearby, we began looking for a house, one with a fireplace, family room, dining room, and laundry room. As time passed we became increasingly serious in our looking. Finally, in July, 1959, we bought this one, 1905 N.E 77th Avenue.

Having so much sweat and emotion in the Broadway house - our first very own home - we couldn't bring ourselves to part with it. So, for 14 years we rented it. As the years passed it became an ever increasing responsibility. And our emotional attachment for it had waned. In 1973 we sold it for \$17000, having paid a total of \$10,800, including the cost of garage, storm windows and doors, screens, grading and landscaping.

We paid \$15,950 for our "new" house which was 11 years old. We spent another \$500 or so installing a laundry room in the basement. A similar amount was spent on storm doors and windows. Although it had all the requirements we had established for our next home, it was and is adjacent to the Union Pacific Railroad and to the Interstate Highway # 84. Before signing the purchase agreement, we sat by the tracks in our car for several hours to listen to the trains go by, to decide whether they were too noisy to be tolerable. We decided they were not. But we didn't hear one go by when we were in the house. Nor did we hear the "monster train" at all.

Had we been inside the house when that 10 p.m., 100 car, 4 engine freight train came struggling up the gulch, trying to gain speed after leaving the downtown station, we probably would not have purchased the house. In the living room you couldn't carry on a conversation while that "monster train" was passing by. As Dorothy said, "It sounds as if it were coming right down our hall."

Because of that train, Dorothy would not invite company to come in the evening. In the past few years that train has become much smaller and quieter. That came too late, though, as we were out of the habit of evening company. Maybe we're just getting too old and lethargic.

Now, since Interstate 84 has been reconstructed and widened, a 10 feet high concrete sound barrier has been erected between us and them, reducing the noise and pollution somewhat, especially from the trains.

Soon after we moved here Dorothy changed schools, moving from Holbrook which was some 20 miles from home to Columbia which is less than half as far. It is on the south shore of the Columbia River, a mile or so above the Interstate 5 bridge. During her 5 years at Columbia she taught 3rd grade but preferred first grade.

Despite that nightly monster train, Dorothy's first ten years here were very happy ones. Our two children were first in Madison High School, where they were happy, finishing with high honors. Both attended local colleges, Linda at Reed, John at Lewis and Clark. Here, too, their scholastic records were creditable. During those ten years our home teemed with young people and activity.

Linda, in her senior year, November, 1966, married Tom Roper, a Reed graduate who was attending graduate school at Harvard. She completed her Reed work while attending Harvard, herself.

For most of his junior year, John was in Yugoslavia, as a guest, foreign student. In the summer, when he had finished his term and was to embark for home, he met Linda and Tom in Vienna and toured Italy and Spain with them before returning home. Linda and Tom had been attending a kindergarten experimental class in Germany.

From the 80 acre, forested place of our friends, Chet and Zelda Streckenbach on Horstine Island in Puget Sound, near Shelton, Washington we brought Oregon Grapes, sallal, trilliums and trees, including pine, vine maple, dogwood, and mountain ash - and transplanted them in the borders of our back yard. They grew rapidly, soon giving us shade and beauty.

Dorothy greatly enjoyed working in the yard which soon became so pleasant and attractive that our friends and relatives began coming here for picnics and yard parties, and family reunions. This continued for a number of years before beginning to dwindle as the family and friends scattered and we became too old and infirm to promote it. Perhaps the final blow was the death of my mother.

Dorothy also enjoyed helping maintain the house, painting, etc.

Several of our trees finally became so large that we had to remove them - including the pine and an apple tree.

There was one exception to Dorothy's ban on evening company - her sewing club's bi-weekly meetings. They met in each other's homes, taking turns as hostesses. Until about 1975, as some of the women worked, they met in the evening, with Dorothy taking her turn. The first time they met here, they virtually went into shock when that monster train came roaring down our hall. After that they joked about it as they, somewhat gingerly, awaited its arrival.

The group was composed of women who had long been friends, most of them since high school and a number of them since grade school. They all visited, while some of them sewed, mended, crocheted, or knitted. A few made no pretence of handwork, coming simply for the visit, and possibly the refreshments which capped the gathering.

After all of them had retired from their jobs they held their meetings in the afternoon. As the years thinned their ranks they met less and less often, with fewer in attendance, until they were meeting only once or twice a year. I think they have now given it up entirely, as so few are able to get out. Now and then two or more of them go out to a restaurant or to one another's home. It seems a pity, as they used to enjoy their meetings so much.

A year or two before we moved here, Dorothy had benign but potentially malignant lumps removed from both breasts.

She had had minor bladder problems for years. And now her doctors feared cancer of the cervix. Shortly after moving here,



she had a hysterectomy. At the same time, the surgeons turned her bladder into its proper position and anchored it there.

The shock of this major surgery didn't fade entirely away for a year or more. Although her bladder function improved, her energy never again reached its former level.

It was about this time - in the late 50s and early 60s that she began gaining weight and developing high blood pressure. She was never completely successful in fighting the former, while her doctors were even less successful in controlling the latter.

Also, during this period, with our two adolescent children demanding less attention, time, and energy from her, Dorothy's many interests widened and deepened. Because of her lesser strength, my failing vision, and our kids' loss of interest, we never again resumed our geological field trips. While Dorothy had long shared the highway driving, she had relied upon me to take over on the narrow, rough mountain roads so often encountered on those trips. When I could no longer trust my vision for that, she tried but found it too difficult. That was the chief reason that we quit going on those trips.

She began, or, rather, resumed, sewing, crocheting, and knitting. And, for the first time, she began to collect things. especially paper weights and dinner plates. And going to garage sales and flea markets.

She joined the AAUW (American Association of University Women). Their meetings were at night, often in suburban areas without street lights. On rainy winter nights, driving was too difficult. Moreover, they began pressuring her to take assignments and offices. Learning of a literary section whose meetings were in the afternoon, she transferred to it. Again, they were soon asking her to make oral and written book reviews and to take offices..

Next, she joined the OHS (Oregon Historical Society) which is so big that it asked her to do nothing but pay her membership dues. She got more than her money's worth from reading their quarterly magazine.

Then she learned of another organization for which she was eligible and in which she held a special interest. It was the SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF OREGON PIONEERS. To be eligible for membership one has to have a direct ancestor who settled in Oregon before it became a state - 1859. Dorothy was eligible on two sides - the Matlocks who came to Oregon in 1847, and the Newbill-Talberts who came in 1852. We attended their monthly meetings - held in the afternoon - as often as we could. They always had a speaker - usually an interesting one - with something worthwhile to tell about early Oregon. And they served coffee and cookies afterward! As they made no demands upon Dorothy, we attended their meetings as long as she was able.

Her most enduring interest, up to this point, was in genealogy - "hunting" ancestors. Quite incidentally she got herself, my sister, Roxie, and me "hooked" on that fascinating pursuit. About 1967, with fewer demands upon her by our children, and with her evening and summer classes finally approaching their ends, she suddenly and surprisingly found herself with some spare time. She had never found time to finish our kids' baby books. Now was her chance. Getting them out, she had soon entered the easy information.

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Linda, 1966, age 21  
Walla Walla, Wash. at her  
cousin, Phyllis' wedding



John, 1966, age 18, 1905 N.E. 77 Ave.



But in the back of the books were forms for information on ancestors.

In order to complete them she had to find new information on both our families. She called my sister, Roxie, to see if she could help. In trying to do so, she too began seeking information. Before I knew it they had me working on it too. Soon we were all 3 hard at it - writing letters, searching old telephone and city directories, newspapers, historical societies, genealogical libraries - everywhere. We were "hooked" - avid ancestor hunters.

Dorothy and I joined the Oregon Historical Society and the local genealogical society, which we found, much to our surprise, had a sizable library, and had been operating for ten years or more. We were there so much that we were asked to serve as receptionists, or librarians one day each week. We did so for several years, until my vision and Dorothy's heart began fading. While we weren't busy helping others we could pursue our own elusive ancestors. Each of us, in turn, was asked to serve as vice president which would mean that we would be president the following year. Neither of us felt up to it, and had to decline. Come to think of it, we were also asked to serve as editors of the geological newsletter which we had also declined.

When we first started accumulating data we kept it in notebooks. But we soon had alphabetical files and a filing cabinet to keep them in - filed by surname, of course. Dorothy, though, continued to rely chiefly on notebooks. She has six huge ones crammed full - one for each main surname. She has a similar number of smaller notebooks containing more general notes, letters, stories, etc.. Even so, most of the space in our two filing cabinets pertains to her families. I sent all of my Fuller stuff to a cousin, and am looking for someone to whom I can send my Hammill data. Perhaps I'd better start looking for someone who would take Dorothy's, too.

After skimming the cream from our local genealogical sources, we began looking for greener pastures. Perhaps half a dozen times we went to Seattle for 2 or 3 days of searching. Their public library has a quite extensive genealogical section. Once or twice we stayed with my sister, Ellen. The other times we stayed in the old Hungerford Hotel adjacent to the library. Several times we went by train which was lots more fun and relaxing. We surely enjoyed having dinner in the dining car on our way home, gliding along the edge of beautiful Puget Sound.

Perhaps 5 or 6 times we went to Salt Lake City where the Mormons have one of the most complete collections of genealogical material in the world. Each time we stayed 5 to 10 days. Once, in 1973 when our first grandchild, Katie was born, we had Louise and our friend, Zelda, with us and toured the Grand Canyon, Zion, and that other famous, nearby National Park, the name of which I can't recall. In the foothills, just east of Salt Lake City we found a restaurant which had the best strawberry pie you ever tasted. In the 5 days we were there we all gained 5 pounds!

Another time we took a ten day trip to Los Angeles to get a photo of Dorothy's great grandfather, William Tyndal Matlock. A cousin had it, and permitted us to bring it home and have copies made. On the way down we visited our friend, Odelpha, at Manteca, also spending a night and day at Yosemite. We returned up the coast, enjoying the warm, November weather and seeing all the sights.

Our biggest trip was in the summer of 1970 - 71 days - across the midsection of our country to the east coast, then north to Boston, and back through the northern states. In Kansas we found, 3 miles south of Clyde, the old Dutton homestead where her grandparents settled in the early 1870s, and across the road - the lonely grave of her grandmother, 43 year old Mary Cornelia (Howland) Dutton, and in the old village of Miltonvale the graves of her grandfather, Daniel Benedict Dutton and his second wife.

I forgot to say that we bought a new Buick Skylark especially for this trip. Without its air conditioner we couldn't have gone.

On to Pettis County, Missouri where we found Dorothy's Newbills' and Cragheads' tracks. And farther east to Fulton County\*where her Cragheads first settled after leaving Virginia. Then south then west to Lawrence County where we ran down some of her Matlocks. Then east and south through the Ozarks (very beautiful and hot), then east, across the Mississippi to East Tennessee where we ran down Dorothy's main branch of Matlocks, and farther east into North Carolina, near Asheville where we found data on her Ballards and Ramseys, then north through the Cumberland Gap into southwest Virginia where we tracked down some of my own hillbillies, then east again into Bedford and Franklin Counties where Dorothy's non-Dutton ancestors had lived during the late 1700s and early 1800s, then east to Lunenburg County where they had lived during the mid and late 1700s, then east to the coast where they had been from the late 1600s to the mid 1700s. Then north to Rockingham County, Virginia and to Washington, D.C. where my Hammills had come from, and my Soules, after leaving New England.

As Noble had to go to the hospital with heart pains while we were in D.C., we stayed there longer than we had intended - 8 days. Then to Philadelphia where John (our son) lived while attending graduate school at the University of Pennsylvania. During the summer he was working at nearby Princeton, N.J. on a research project. Over the weekend he drove us through New York City and to Boston where Tom and Linda were - he attending Harvard graduate school, Linda similarly engaged at Tufts University, nearby. After 3 days exploring Boston and Cape Cod, John went back to Philly and Linda went west with us two days, enjoying greatly helping us track down Dorothy's Dutton ancestors around Stowe, Hartford and Norwich. We drove around Dartmouth College where Dorothy's Grandpa Dutton had gone to school. Then Linda returned to Boston by bus, as we continued on west, pursuing Dorothy's Matlocks and Ballards into Indiana and Illinois. Thence on home via Glacier National Park. It was a great trip but we were surely glad to be home. Louise had stayed in Washinton, D.C. with Noble, nursing him back to health. She came home some 6 weeks later by air.

In our ancestor hunting we began encountering more and more "dead ends". Naturally, our interest waned until we ceased hunting altogether. Finally we gave up our membership in the local society.

Backing up into the 1960s, Dorothy arrived at school one morning, faint and breathless. The principal called me at work. I called our family doctor who went to her at once. He found that she was hyperventilating, too much oxygen, not enough carbon dioxide. He gave her tranquilizers and had her breathe into a paper bag. For

\* Wrong, it was Fulton town in Callaway County.



some time afterward she took mild tranquilizers and kept a paper bag handy. There were no apparent lasting effects.

In 1961 her brother, Maurice, died of a heart attack in the local VA hospital. He was 64. This was his 2nd or 3rd heart attack. His had been a wasted, tragic life. He had abandoned his home, his wife, and his daughter.

Dorothy's last hobby, begun about 1978, when our ancestor hunting fizzled out, was egg decorating. It began simply enough - painting easter eggs for the grandchildren. Rather than painting them in one solid color she began decorating them, with various colors, designs and materials. As her results improved, her interest grew. Then she learned of a group called THE EGG ARTISTS OF OREGON. It held monthly luncheon meetings not far from our home. She joined it about 1980. She and another new member became close friends, getting together 1 day a week at each other's homes to decorate eggs, chat, and eat their brown bag lunches. It became one of Dorothy's firmest friendships.

While the others decorated their eggs to sell, Dorothy did hers to admire, refusing to sell them. Finally, she had a display cabinet filled with them. In the last two years of her life, as her health failed, she worked at her egg decorating less and less. And the sessions with her friend became shorter and less frequent.

Dorothy's driving record is enviable. In 50 years of driving, not one reportable accident, and only one citation, received under almost incredible circumstances. It was on a summer Sunday in Washington State. Their highway patrol was focusing on cars with Oregon license plates. They were trying to catch Washington car owners wearing Oregon plates which which cost about 10% as much as Washington plates. Although living in Washington those cheaters would simply apply for an Oregon license, giving an Oregon address.

Traveling slightly below the speed limit, as usual, with some 80% of the cars passing us, she was in the middle of telling us something as we climbed over the brow of a hill and started down the opposite side. Inattentive to her speed for just a moment as we changed from uphill to downhill, our speed crept above the limit for only a very brief moment. Nevertheless, we were whistled down and cited. That night, in reading the paper, we saw that the Washington Highway Patrol was having a drive against cars with Oregon license plates.

#### LOUISE RETIRES

In 1962, at age 55, after 33 years of U.S. Civil Service, Louise retired. On her way home - to Portland - she took a year touring the world and the United States. Upon reaching Portland about Christmas, she stayed with us for a while before renting an apartment and getting a job. She wanted to save some money and to work under social security in order to become eligible for social security benefits in addition to her Federal annuity.

In 1965, tired of working and her hum-drum life, she joined the Peace Corps for a two year hitch in Turkey where she worked in an office pounding a typewriter, just as she had at home. After completing her term, she returned to Portland, rented another apartment and got a part time job. By 1970 she was eligible for social security benefits. She began working less and less, finally stopping altogether. Then she began eating more and gaining weight!

When Louise returned from Okinawa in 1962, she bought us a new, green, wool carpet for our living and dining rooms and hall. Now, some 24 years later, the rug is still there, looking almost presentable. When she returned from the Peace Corps she bought us a large console television set and a big, new, refrigerator.

She rented a one bedroom apartment in the nearly new, downtown high rise apartment project, called Portland Center. She lived there some 15 years, until she suffered a stroke, January 2, 1985. Since then she has been living in an adult foster care home. Unfortunately, that home is ceasing operation and we have to find another suitable place for her. She wants to have her own home again, which is natural. But is she capable? She is determined to try it. Though doubtful of the outcome, I can't keep her from giving it a try.

After Dorothy taught 5 or 6 years at Columbia, that school was annexed to the Portland School System and was designated a middle school which has no primary grades. As she wished to continue in the primary grades, she transferred to the old Kennedy School on N.E. 33rd Avenue, a few blocks north of Killingsworth. After teaching there 8 years - 29 years altogether - she retired in 1974, at age 64. That was one year short of the time required to give her full retirement benefits.

But the fun was gone from teaching. And she was afraid of the ever increasing number of abnormal children who were being taken from special classes and placed in standard classrooms. That made the regular classroom teacher's lot ever more trying and ever less fulfilling. Moreover, the old Kennedy School was being closed permanently. She would have to transfer to another school, with a new principal and staff. She had had enough.

After one year of carefree retirement and relaxation, Dorothy began having chest (angina) pains. Our doctor gave her nitroglycerin pills to take if the pains returned. If they continued or became severe, she was to rush to the hospital.

A few days later, while we were in Salem with John's family for Mothers' Day, May 10, 1975, the pains returned and became severe. At 3 a.m. we rushed her to Emanuel Hospital in Portland. John drove, with Dorothy leaning against me in the back seat.

After the pains were gone, they gave her an angiogram which showed several blood vessels in the heart to be partially obstructed, but none so badly as to require heart surgery. Better results, they thought, could be obtained through the use of medication. She was in the hospital ten days, improving steadily with the help of the medications. The doctors emphasized weight loss through dieting, and strengthening the heart through exercise - walking.

By the end of August she had lost 22 pounds and was walking nearly as well as I. She was doing so well that we decided to attend her Newbill family reunion in Yakima, Washington, some 200 miles east and north of Portland. Although accustomed to attending reunions of my family, this would be the first for hers.

We checked into a motel Saturday afternoon, rested, had dinner, got back in the car and located the park where the reunion was to be held, and at dusk when it was cool, took a leisurely walk around Yakima's downtown area.





We, Linda & Mayflower II  
Plymouth, Mass. 1970



Our 41st anniversary 1975



Sarah 9 days old Oct 1973 Chicago  
Curt, Dorothy & Baby Sarah, Linda 1973

On Sunday we arrived at the reunion early in order to meet Dorothy's Newbill relatives as they arrived. They were fine, friendly people who were glad to meet some new "cousins". We aroused further interest after telling them of our family research and giving them some early Newbill family history which was new to them. We agreed to come to future reunions if possible.

Our cardiologist wanted Dorothy to increase her walking speed until her pulse rate reached 100. Next morning it was cool and fresh - just right for walking. Before starting home we took our daily walk. Dorothy walked faster and faster, trying to get her pulse up to 100. Before reaching it she had a sudden, severe angina pain which subsided only after she had taken several nitroglycerin pills. After a while we walked slowly back to our motel. Taking it easy, we got back home without further difficulty. Never again could she walk as far or as fast, nor could she stay as rigidly on her diet.

Our two children became so concerned about her health (and mine, having had heart bi-pass surgery two years before) that they held a reception for our 41st wedding anniversary - in September of that year - fearing that we would never survive until our 50th.

The ensuing Thanksgiving we took a two week trip to southern California, with Dorothy doing all the driving, of course. We visited friends and relatives, spent a day and night at Yosemite, went to Disneyland and Knox Berry Farm, drove up the coast in beautiful, shirt sleeve weather, taking in Hearst's St. Simeon mansion, Carmel, Pebble Springs, Big Sur, Monterey, Stanford University, a day in San Francisco, and on home via I-5, a fine trip. Although Dorothy seemed much improved, she was never again as strong as before that angina pain suffered in Yakima.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### GRANDMA HAMMILL'S APPLE SAUCE

Never was a grandma more adored by her grand children than was Dorothy. That was especially true of her granddaughters. Whether meeting at Grandma's house or their own, they hugged, kissed and snuggled against her, wanting to talk to her and to be talked to by her, telling her their little stories, secrets, and riddles.

She, in turn, had and did everything for them. At Grandma's house, once off her lap, and away from her momentarily, they would head for the candy jar - sugarless, of course), their jewelry drawer, filled with a dozen or more strings of cheap, colorful beads, of all sizes and lengths and colors; or to the basement where their dolls and doll beds were, and bringing them up to the living room. (I forgot the doll clothes); or to the Fisher-Price toys, or to the 3 shelves of children's books, or to the strawberry or raspberry bushes, the apple tree, or to drag the tricycles up from the basement and out to the sidewalk, or the skates, or jump-rope. Or they would "dress up" in the old adult clothes and shoes that Grandma saved for them. Or, with permission, they could have milk, juice, ice cream, or cereal. Sometimes they would ask the neighbor kids to come up to play.

The best of the "goodies" was the chocolate puddings that Grandma always had ready for them in the refrigerator, in little, decorated pot de creme dishes.



They loved for her to read to them at bed time. In the car, it was a great privilege to sit by Grandma, or better still, to sit on her lap.

One of their greatest joys (when we stayed over night at their house, or they at ours) was to climb into bed with us. After playing a while they - with Grndma's help - would roll me out of bed. They preferred this at our house, for our bedroom had oak floors rather than carpets. And I made a bigger "ker plunk" when I hit the floor!

Their favorite summer excursion was to ride the bus to Auntie's apartment in town, put their swim suits on there, then play in the water of the big, public fountain. After tiring of that they would be hungry. Changing back into their clothes, we would all walk over to the nearby Denny's restaurant for lunch - hamburgers, fries, soft drinks and ice cream - for them, not for us.

But Grandma's widest fame arose from her apple sauce. With apples picked - in part - by their own little hands from Grandma's very own tree, pared and chunked by any available adult kin, cooked, flavored, and canned in quart fruit jars by Grandma's own hands, the fame of "Grandma Hammill's apple sauce" spread rapidly into larger family groups and finally into the Salem Public Schools. Granddaughter, Katie Hammill, took a quart of Grandma's apple sauce to school for "show and tell" and tasting, after which Grandma was besieged for her apple sauce! Or, at least, Katie was besieged at school.

\* \* \* \* \*

My autobiography attempts to describe Dorothy's life through mid mid 1983. Subsewently, it is interspersed in this chronicle. So, there is no point in repeating further, although I'd like to add some closing comments.

We had 51½ happy years of marriage, preceded by 4 years of courtship. The degree of tranquility increased with the years.

Our youthful attraction for each other followed us to the end. Although not demonstrative, each recognized in the other our mutual, tender affection. I don't pretend that we never disagreed or had cross words. But the disagreements would lie buried until forgotten, and the cross words would be forgiven. If we hadn't "made up" by bed time, we did so after going to bed. We would talk it over then kiss and make up. I can't recall a time when we went to sleep while still at odds.

In recent years, as our age and infirmities increased we became more and more aware of our need for each other - emotionally and physically. By word and deed we increasingly displayed our love and appreciation for each other, in private, of course. Without saying so, we were acknowledging our mutual realization that our years of happiness together were approaching their end.

Dorothy wanted so much for me to go first, so that I would not be left alone, blind. So long as she was fairly well, I felt the same way. But in the final months, when her strength and breath ebbed, I felt the opposite, for she would have had to go to a nursing home.



Our Golden Wedding, Sept. 29, 1984  
Ken and Dorothy (Dutton) Hammill  
Ken, age 75; Dorothy, age 74.



Although I came to realize that the end was approaching - and she must have, also - neither of us ever acknowledged it to the other, not even on that last, horrible day.

When she was in the hospital in March, 1983 we heard an intern say that she had congestive heart failure. Not knowing the full meaning of that term we nevertheless, then knew that it was serious.

Then I began to see in the paper and on television statements that made me begin to realize that it was a progressive thing. Just before she went to the hospital the last time, I read of a study in a Veterans' hospital to test the effectiveness of a new treatment for congestive heart failure. The subjects of the study were all men in their 50s, had congestive heart failure, but were ambulatory and fairly active when the study began. Even with the promising treatment 40% of them had died within 3 years. Then, I knew. I hid the article to keep Dorothy from seeing it.

In those later years I began to regret that we hadn't bought a larger, better home for her to enjoy - and a new car 5 or 10 years ago. But we can't go back.

Our greatest comfort in these last years, aside from each other's companionship, has been to watch the development of our two children and their spouses, and our 5 grandchildren. Through them and their progeny, our spirit and blood will live on, unless destroyed by the pollution or violence created by the foolishness of mankind. And we hope to live on - if only for a tiny bit - in their memories.

\* \* \* \* \*

About the end of October, 1984, a month or so after our golden wedding, Dorothy's problems began to mount. First, Louise was sick, then she had a stroke, the ordeal of finding her a foster care home, and vacating her apartment - all of this over a period of some 3 months - sapped her strength and spirit.

During 1985 I think we managed only 3 trips; one in the spring to meet our Washington cousins for Sunday dinner at Mary McCrank's restaurant near Chehalis - and 2 trips to Salem to visit John and Sue's family. She wasn't able to walk much or to participate in her egg decorating activities to any significant extent.

We intended to spend Christmas with John and Sue, as usual. On December 8 and 9 Dorothy exerted herself, trying to get ready for Christmas early, rather than putting it off until the last few days as was her custom. Christmas meant a great deal to her, and she always went all out to celebrate it. Early in the morning of December 10 she was awakened abruptly by the jumping, racing and skipping of her heart.

She got up and sat in her easy chair. I had her take her morning pills earlier than usual, along with two tylenol tablets. Presently, she felt a little better. Although her heart slowed down and smoothed out some, it was still too fast and irregular.

Fortunately, she had an appointment with her cardiologist that morning. After some breakfast she said she was able to drive to his office. I went with her. The doctor was with her quite a while. Then, while she lay, resting, in a patient room, he came out and talked to me. He said he was considering sending her to the hospital, and asked how I felt about it. I said it was up to him.

He said that he was adding a medication which would slow down her heart further and make it less irregular. "Let's give it a try at home," he said.

He had asked Dorothy whether we had any plans for Christmas. She told him that we usually went to John's in Salem, but she didn't think she was up to it this year. He said that if it meant a lot to her she should go, "---for you never know," he said.

In his talk with me I told him that Dorothy had been pushing herself too hard the last few days, and I wondered if that might have been the cause of these new symptoms. He didn't think so - thought that it was simply the next stage of her heart's deterioration.

As we had already told John and Sue that we weren't up to coming up for Christmas, we let it stand that way. It was better that we did, for she really wasn't up to it. And it was her own decision, made without any help from me.

Although not nearly as well as she had been, we thought she was some better during the latter part of December. She drove us out to lunch a few times, taking Louise along sometimes. She let her best "egg" friends come to see her - even tried to work some on her own eggs. But she tired quickly and had to give up. We even went out to New Year's dinner.

Her next doctor's appointment was on Friday, January 3, 1986. Although feeling unwell, she again drove to the doctor. Again, I went with her. He said that she was about the same except that she had symptoms of a bad cold and that her blood pressure was quite high. He gave her some samples of a new medicine which he hoped would bring her blood pressure down.

We drove to Rose's for lunch. She was listless, without appetite which was unusual for her. At home she sat quietly in her easy chair, wishing it was a recliner. She read a little, but mostly sat with her head lying back against the back of her chair, with her eyes closed. In late afternoon she complained of a headache for which I gave her tylenol. By bedtime she was beginning to feel sick at her stomach. Suspecting the new medicine for both the headache and the nausea, we discontinued it.

She had a bad night and rose early next morning, Saturday. Her head still ached. She was still sick at her stomach. Then she started having chest pains for which she took nitroglycerin. Intermittently, she would think she was getting better, then change her mind and think she was worse.

In the afternoon I called the doctor. As he had the weekend off, his partner was taking his calls. He said that she needed to take more nitroglycerin. She did, and it seemed to help. After another bad night I called the doctor again next morning, Sunday, January 5. He said to give her even more nitro. We did, and again it seemed to help the chest pains but not her headache nor her nausea. About 3 p.m. I called again and told him that our plight was unbearable, that she had to go to the hospital. He said to bring her which we did, by taxi, arriving at the hospital about 5 o'clock.

For at least an hour they did nothing but take tests and readings, with her pain continuing. Finally, about 6:30 they began giving her morphine and I don't know what else. By 7:30 the pain was abating.



She was put on IVs and a catheter, confining her to her bed.

Her improvement was slow but steady. On Tuesday evening they took her off the catheter and IV and said she could get up. Next morning they told her she was going home, although she was barely on her feet, her food, and her plumbing was barely functioning. When she went to the doctor a week later he said she still had a bladder infection. They sent her home on Wednesday, our doctor's day off. Had he been there he might not have permitted it. The hospital blamed Medicare for the early dismissal. But, as Medicare had begun paying hospital flat fees for different cases, we suspect that the hospital rushed her home short of Medicare's allotted time, thereby saving the hospital some money.

\* \* \* \* \*

I just found a letter in one of Dorothy's notebooks that she had written to baby, Sarah, 1973. As I wish to include it, but can't find a more suitable place, I am inserting it here. It is in pencil.

Sarah

1973

"When you were born, Sarah, your parents were living in a big, old 2 story house at 5410 Blackstone, in Hyde Park, Chicago, with Maggie and her daughter, Mabel. When we came up the steps onto your porch we could hear them clattering down the hall, growling, lunging at the door, and barking furiously. We knew at once that they were fierce and would fall on us slavering and biting great chunks out of us. That they were huge as well as fierce we had no doubts. If your father hadn't been with us I'm sure we would have headed right back for Portland. Your dad unlocked the door with a laugh, said, "Maggie, Mabel, calm down." Both dogs, only medium sized, sniffed at us, licked our fingers, and trotted back to the kitchen.

"Your mother was standing at the head of the stairs waiting for us. The noise of the dogs had let her know we had arrived. We couldn't wait to see you, only 5 days old. 'Where's Sarah?' we asked, expecting to hear you crying after the dogs' noisy welcome. Your parents took us to your room. Still no crying. There in the middle of your crib was the tiniest little bundle ever, hardly noticeable under the covers. You were sound asleep and didn't wake up for an hour or two when you were hungry.

You were such a good baby. At first you woke up once or twice in the night to be changed and fed, but very soon you were sleeping 5 hours between feedings, and then all night. What joy for all 3 of you to get a good night's sleep. Your mother didn't sleep all night until she was about 5 months old.

"Well.

"Grandpa and I lived at 1905 NE 77th Ave Portland Ore 97213 when you were born. We waited until you and your mother were home from the hospital and then came to your house to stay until your mother could manage the stairs several times a day. The doctor let you come home from the hospital with your mother even tho you had jaundice. Every morning your father bundled you into your bassinet and took you back to the hospital for a treatment under special lights. This went on for about a week or so. Then you were fine." (That's all. I don't know if it's finished or unfinished.)

\* \* \* \* \*

KH.



Louise Casey Ken Dorothy

July 1985

Note: There is one later photo of Dorothy,  
taken just two weeks before she died.  
Unfortunately, it did not turn out well.



After getting home from the hospital, it was a week before she was fully back on her feet, and another week before she could do much. "Meals on Wheels" brought us our lunch, which was a BIG help. Friends and neighbors came to see her. Her two best "egg" friends came several times, bringing food.

In February, when Linda was here for a week, we stopped meals on wheels. Linda drove us and Louise to the hospital to see Chuck Schmidt, Dorothy and Nobles's friend since 4th grade. This time it wasn't his heart. They had found that he had terminal cancer. While Linda was here we ate out a lot. Dorothy was well enough that we didn't resume meals on wheels when Linda left. As Dorothy was driving again, we continued eating out, often.

But Dorothy wasn't strong, needing ample rest. She didn't attend meetings, went out seldom and only for a brief time. In mid February and again in mid March she went to the doctor who thought she was about the same, or even a bit improved. Her friend from grade school, Jo Boyington, came again, and Verna, her best egg friend came several time.

On March 19 Louise's friend, Jeanne Kirt, took the 4 of us to Sweet Tibby Dunbar's for lunch. We were unable to attend the wedding of my grand niece, Sheri Corn, in Salem on March 22. On the 27th Dorothy had to cancel a luncheon date with two of her ex-teacher friends as she didn't feel up to it.

I missed one. Going back to Sunday evening, March 23, my family met at the downtown Red Lion for my sister, Dorothy's 70th birthday dinner. Dorothy drove, ate well, and enjoyed the live harp music, as well as the food and good fellowship. Snapshots were taken. If I can get one of our Dorothy I will include it here. It would be her last photo.

On Friday evening, March 28, Dorothy began having chest pains. Nitroglycerin saused them to abate, but they kept recurring. I called our doctor, finding again that he had the weekend off, with his partner taking his calls. He said that if we gave her the nitro oftener she would not be too uncomfortable to wait until Monday when she could see her doctor.

As she had a bad night I called the doctor again in the morning, Saturday, March 29. He said to meet him at Emanuel Hospital's emergency ward at 11 a.m.. We went by cab.

After examining her, taking tests and an EKG, he said that he thought she would be alright until Monday. After another bad night I called the doctor again next morning, Easter Sunday, March 30, telling him that she had to go to the hospital. He agreed. We arrived by cab between 10 and 11. They got the pain to abate somewhat, but couldn't stop it entirely. With the help of morphine she managed to get some relief but was far from comfortable. That condition continued through Monday.

On Tuesday, April 1, the pain was gone, and she began to feel better. Continuing to improve she was up on Wednesday, had a shower Friday. Saturday morning she had a shampoo as well as a shower. John came to see her as he had several times before. It was her best day. She was in high spirits, bubbling with good cheer and freedom from pain. The doctor said she could go home Monday. Cheryl and Al came to see her. She told them, "I'm too young to feel like this."

She received in the mail pictures from all her grandchildren in Evanston, Illinois, except Sarah. She didn't want to dash off just any old thing on the spur of the moment. She wanted to take time to make something worthwhile. Clark, her 4 year old brother, sent a mass of bright colors. Joe, her 9 year old sibling sent a drawing of the "Challenger", NASA's space craft. Sarah was 12½.

John brought her pictures drawn by Kate and Jane. Nine year old Jane's was of herself, picking strawberries, and of Grandma jumping rope, to show how good she hoped Grandma would soon feel. Kate, nearly 13, drew a street scene, with houses, to demonstrate her newly found mastery of "perspective" in drawing.

Next day, Sunday, April 6 she wasn't so well, had a minor chest pain which a nitro stopped. She was lethargic, quiet, tired, almost depressed. We were both discouraged. We had an arrangement that she would call me at home before she went to bed - which she had been doing. If she didn't, I was to call her nursing station to check on her.

That night, when she didn't call, I called her nurses. They said she had been transferred back to cardiac intensive care and transferred me to that station where I was told that she was having severe chest pains which they were fighting with morphine, among other things. I debated whether I should take a cab and go back to the hospital. I called John who said I wouldn't be able to do anything. It would be best for me to take tylenol, go to bed and try to get some sleep. I called Linda too then went to bed, slept poorly, waking often. I wasn't surprised when the phone rang at 5:30 the next morning.

Thus began the longest, most trying day of my life. But, compared to the ordeal Dorothy suffered, it would have been only a fleeting moment of minor pain.

The call was from one of the hospital doctors. He said that he had just called our cardiologist who requested him to call me. Dorothy, he said, was in severe pain which they were having difficulty controlling. Her condition was critical.

Despite efforts to hurry, I took a slow, deliberate shower then began to realize that I was "dragging my feet". I called Linda before she started to work, telling her that I would call again after reaching the hospital, when she was at work. Next I called a cab, then John, before he left for work. He said he'd come.

Arriving at the hospital about 8 a.m., I found the curtains drawn around Dorothy's bed. A nurse said the doctors were with her. I called Linda at her office. She had decided to come on the first plane she could get, wearing her office clothes, and bringing no luggage.

I found Dorothy uncomfortable, restless, constantly trying different positions which included laying her head against my neck and shoulder. Frequently asking for a sip of water, she kept murmuring over and over, "Oh, my" "Oh, dear." In vain, I tried to sooth and comfort her. Every few minutes a nurse came in to take readings or administer something. That gave me a chance to get away for a bit. John came about 10 o'clock and began taking turns with me.

My niece, Wendy, a nurse, on duty in a nearby ward, was a



God-send. Very fond of Dorothy, she kept dropping by to see her. Before and after her shift, at lunch time, and during her work breaks she sat with Dorothy, giving John and me much needed relief.

Our doctor came. After checking Dorothy he talked with me. Although her condition was grave he still had hopes that she could "turn the corner" and come back, as she had before, several times.

About 2 p.m. I followed the nurse from Dorothy's room after she had waited on her and asked her if something couldn't be done to alleviate Dorothy's suffering. She said the only way was to increase her dosage of morphine which they didn't want to do, as it would further weaken her heart. She suggested that I call our doctor.

I did so. He thought she still had a small chance. But if they further increased the morphine her heart would probably give out. I said, "Isn't her condition progressive - terminal?"

He said, "Yes, but we don't know when."

I said, "Why prolong her suffering? If she did improve, it would only be to face the same situation again, perhaps in a very short time. Far better to increase the morphine and let her go sooner and easier."

"Alright," he said. "I'll tell them."

In a few minutes the nurse was in with another morphine shot. By 3 o'clock Dorothy was in less pain but was growing weaker. She was quieter, more at ease. Her "Oh, my. Oh, dear." had changed to "I'm pretty sick, pretty sick."

Louise and her foster mother came about 3:30, after being to see Louise's doctor. Louise went in to Dorothy, briefly. Sue, John's wife, came, too. I don't remember whether she saw Dorothy.

When the nurse came in to wait on Dorothy again, perhaps about 4 o'clock, I left her bedside, never to see or hear her again.

Sue went to the airport to meet Linda. Wendy, her shift over, came to take her turn with Dorothy, along with John and me. John came out looking obviously badly shaken and said Dorothy had asked him to leave. I construed that to apply to me as well and didn't go back in. Wendy and the nurse were with her at the end. She was unconscious the last half hour or so. Linda's plane was late, and she didn't get there in time. The end came at 5:20.

Louise and Wendy went home. While Linda and Sue got Dorothy's things, John and I saw that the hospital had all the information they needed. The 4 of us started home, stopping at The Village Inn for dinner. We found ourselves talking loudly, breathlessly, along with laughter and tears from pent-up emotion.

Dorothy and I had agreed to have small, private memorial services at her mother's grave, in the old Clackamas, Pioneer Cemetery. Neighbors, close friends, and relatives would be invited. There would be no public announcement. We decided to have the service Friday, April 11 at 2.p.m..

We stayed up late, planning, telephoning, and drinking wine to make us relax. I slept fitfully, waking and chastising myself for not having been with Dorothy at the end. Of course, she would ask her child to leave, wanting to spare him the ordeal of watching his mother suffer. But she didn't mean to exclude her life-mate

whose place should have been at her side. Had I been stupid, or just cowardly? That question will long haunt me.

The death certificate shows that she died of cardiac arrest ten hours after the onset of her ordeal which would have been about the time I arrived at the hospital. It was a horrible ten hours for all of us.

My brother, Dick and his wife, Dena, drove up from their home in Loma Linda, California, arriving about noon Thursday. staying with me until Sunday. On Thursday afternoon they drove me to take photos of the old houses in Montavilla and Gregory Heights, where Dorothy's grandmother had lived, and where Dorothy grew up.

On Friday, during our memorial service it was cold and blustery, with a little rain. After Dick, a minister, had given the memorial address and a prayer, I gave a brief resume of Dorothy's pioneer families who had settled on that very spot in 1851. In fact, her great grandfather, William Tyndal Matlock, had donated the land for this old cemetery - the oldest known grave - that of his own daughter - in 1864. I cut my talk short because of the weather. One person asked if I had that history written down. A number of others said they enjoyed my talk and would have liked to hear more.

Linda left on Saturday, Dick and Dena on Sunday.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### HER PLACE AMONG ACQUAINTANCES, FRIENDS AND RELATIVES

Earlier in this biography you saw in Dorothy's own words how she admired her mother as the most refined, cultured, real lady she had ever known. Her esteem for her maternal grandmother was almost as great. Her paternal grandmother died in 1873. In her later years, Dorothy, herself, grew to laudable proportions in those same attributes. Her presence had a beneficial effect upon the behavior of those about her. Women tended to be more lady-like. Most of them admired her, while a few, perhaps, showed a trace of envy. Men seemed gentler and more gentlemanly.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### WHAT OTHERS THOUGHT OF HER

Verna, one of her closest friends, told me, "I loved her more than I can possibly tell."

A young, black, male hairdresser who had been cutting Louise's and Dorothy's hair, after asking Louise about her, said, "--- she was one fine lady."

Her chiropractor's office called, saying that Dorothy had left her scarf there. We went by to pick it up, Dorothy staying in the car while I went in to get it. The chiropractor asked how she was. When I told him not very well, he said, "That's too bad. She's a real lady."

Everyone - neighbors, grocers, the yard man, even waitresses and our mail carrier asked about her.

When our family doctor retired - about 1982 - he told me that he considered one of his worst professional failures was his inability to reduce Dorothy's weight and blood pressure.

When her dietician telephoned to see how Dorothy was I told her that she wasn't very well. "I'm sorry," she said, "She is a great lady."



Our family doctor's long-time nurse, after inquiring about Dorothy, said, "She's a lovely person."

One of her cardiologist's nurses said, "Dorothy is so strong." His other one said, "Dorothy is tough." His receptionist said, "She was always so brave and cheerful."

Among my 71 sympathy cards, all but about ten of those who knew her well made complimentary remarks. I am very pleased that so many held her in such high esteem. The following are quotes from those cards.

"---- the grand person she was."

"--the beauty that Dorothy contributed to this world."

"--such a remarkable, intelligent, interesting woman."

"--I was afraid to open your letter, having loved her all those years."

"--What a wonderful marriage and life you and Dorothy had for so many years."

"--She was such a wonderful person."

"--What a dear little person this world has lost."

"--We enjoyed knowing her. She was such a lovely person."

"Of all the people I've known, she was one of the warmest & happiest."

"Dorothy's memory will always be with me."

" She was such a special lady."

"The news of Aunt Dorothy has touched us deeply."

"Dorothy was a wonderful person and will never cease to be."

"Dorothy was special and put a special touch on things."

"Both of us loved and admired her greatly."

"Aunt Dorothy was a wonderful woman. I admired and enjoyed her so much."

\* \* \* \* \*

In our last years and months together Dorothy and I found ourselves telling each other, with increasing frequency, how fortunate we had been in having each other.

She was so brave and cheerful during those last weeks, never complaining, never mentioning death. Every few days she would sigh and say, resignedly, "Well, anyway, I'm glad I'm not pregnant."

THE END

\* \* \* \* \*

EPILOGUE

For the first 5 days after Dorothy died someone was here with me. Then, alone for the first time on a permanent basis, I found some surprises in myself. I had been relying increasingly upon Dorothy to tell me what she saw outside, especially the activities of the birds, cats, and neighbors. Now, I found myself making tours of inspection, describing to Dorothy, aloud, what I saw and heard.

Seeing something in the paper that I thought would interest her, I would catch myself starting to read it to her or tell her of it.

272-A



Our home, 1905 N.E. 77 Ave.  
1986 photos, with me in front.





After dozing or being deeply absorbed in something, and suddenly coming to myself, I catch myself barely in time to keep from calling to her.

Immediately after the memorial service people began asking about my plans for the future. I told them I would stay here for the present, at least - until I decided. But within a few weeks I was beginning to realize that I couldn't stay here, alone, indefinitely. Not only would I be unable to maintain the house and grounds, I would also be unable to properly care for myself, indefinitely. It is increasingly difficult to find things - even to find my way about the house and yard. Reading is ever more difficult, as are my daily walks to the store as well as finding my way about the store and finding the things I want in the store. Soon, I may have to accompany a neighbor in going there.

Within two months of Dorothy's passing I had decided to sell the house. Linda and John, along with friends, neighbors and my siblings, agreed that it was the thing to do. Consequently, a real estate broker's "For Sale" sign now adorns our front yard - after being our family home 27 years. During that time Dorothy and I grew from middle to old age while our two children have grown from adolescence to the brink of middle age.

Now came another jolt. Louise's foster home announced that they were closing and all their residents would have to move. Louise and I will try to find a care facility which will be suitable for both of us. We would have separate units, of course. She could help me get around and also help me with our paper work. In addition to helping her with that I could also help her manage her affairs.

The combination of problems - the loss of Dorothy, Louise having to move, and having our home up for sale - was too much emotional stress for me. I developed butterflies and nausea in my stomach, became abnormally emotional, was losing sleep and weight.

Linda and John grew concerned about me. She called oftener, talked longer, trying to reassure me. John went further, taking it upon himself to look for suitable places for Louise and me to live. He found 3 highly recommended places that we had overlooked. When he has a day off he will take us to see them.

After ten days or so of anguish we learned that Louise's foster home was not closing - merely changing hands. Louise can continue living there if she wishes. Right away my emotions began to settle down. Now, a few days later, I seem to be entirely over it - my old self again. I will be 77 in a month, Louise 80 in 5 months.

Fate is, indeed, fickle. To ease Dorothy's yearning for her own raspberry patch - as at her childhood home - we set out a number of bushes some 5 years ago. For two years they did well. Then the berries became few, small, crumbly, lacking in flavor and juice. The leaves drooped and became yellow. This year, with Dorothy gone, they did just as badly.

A few years ago one of our climatis plants died out completely. The other one came to be all leaves and vine, with one or two flowers blooming on the outside of the fence where we couldn't see them. We decided to dig it up before the next growing season.

But we forgot it - until one day we noticed that the vine was growing vigorously and was half way up the fence. When I asked her

if I should cut it down she said, "Oh, no, you might as well let it go, now."

Shortly after her death I glanced out the window and was amazed to see dozens of large, bright, white climatis flowers, so thick as to hide the vine.

A few days later, upon going to fill the bird bath, under our bathroom window, I was even more amazed to see 3 beautiful, purple-brown climatis flowers smiling brightly at me from an 18 inch high plant - where there had not been so much as a leaf for several years.

And, after being conspicuously absent for several years, the \*robins are back. I began to see them and hear them while Dorothy was in the hospital. Ironically, it seems, I just looked out the window and saw one, its ear cocked for the sound of a worm, standing under our "For Sale" sign.

\* The first few years we were here the robins had a nest in the camelia bush just outside our living room window.

And, "Thanks, Dorothy, for the memories."