



“My Opus” - A Family History

By

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Written 2012-14

Chapter 1 - My Ancestors

My father, Louis A. Jacobsen, was born July 19, 1885, one of 12 children, in Charter Oak, Iowa. His real name was Ludwig, but he went by both Lou and Lew.

His Father was Christian Antone, born during 1852 in Tønder, in the Schleswig region of Denmark (north of the town of Deezebull, now in Germany). His mother was Mathilde A. Hendricksen, also born in Denmark. I have a picture of her brother's grave stone, and his name is spelled "Henrichsen".



My grandparents came to the U.S. separately and met in Iowa where the Henrichsens (being related somehow to the Jacobsens) had established themselves, and they were married



in Iowa in 1874. I have been told that a great many Danes settled in Iowa. I also have a picture of their gravestones, labeled "Vater" and "Mutter". His dates of birth and death are

labeled in Danish, but when she died three and a half years later her dates were labeled in English.

In 1999, my cousin John Jacobsen (Uncle Aug's son) went to Europe and reported the following: He spent some time in the village of Niebull-Deezebull, which he describes as "10 miles below the Danish-German border, near the west coast of the peninsula". He visited the Niebull church, and found that Christian's mother had died in 1904 in Deezebull. Her name was Anna Sophia Jansen. Her father was Christian Jansen and her mother was Gönke née Andresen. She was married 2 July 1837 to Carsten Hansen and they had three children. Christian Jacobsen was her fourth. John found no record of a marriage between Anna Sophia Jansen and August Vogart Jacobsen, and her death record was under the name Hansen, not Jacobsen. Family scandal?

Family lore has it that she took up with an August Jacobsen after her husband Carsten Hansen died. I heard that after my Grandfather Christian Jacobsen came to America, he lived with one of his "Hansen" siblings, so there must have been a good relationship. Family lore also tells us that Christian left for the U.S. to avoid being conscripted



Sophia and young Christian, date unknown, and smaller child unknown.

Today, Christian's birthplace of Tønder is in southern Denmark. His Mother's birthplace is nearby in Niebull-Deezbull, in the north German state known as Schleswig-Holstein.

During the mid-1800s, the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein lay just south of the Kingdom of Denmark. Although ruled by the Danish King, they were separate states. The populations spoke both Danish and German. After Denmark became a democracy in 1849, it offered similar freedoms to Schleswig and Holstein under the Danish Constitution. The German speakers rebelled, and Prussia invaded to support them. Ultimately Denmark prevailed in a settlement reached just months before Christian was born, in Danish-ruled Schleswig.

Hostilities resumed during 1864-65, and this time Schleswig and Holstein were annexed by Prussia, which was not a democracy like Denmark. Christian subsequently emigrated to the U.S., on the vessel "Erin" from Liverpool to New York, arriving 12 June, 1869.

Following the First World War a plebiscite was conducted by the victorious Allies, resulting in the return of the Danish-speaking portion of Schleswig (including Tønder) to Denmark.



Christian with his mother, Sophia Jansen, on a return visit to Schleswig, 1900.



Tønder



Tønder is a Danish town along the Southern border of Denmark, with a current population of 7,595. It is the administrative seat of Tønder Municipality.



into the German Army. He came to the U.S. in 1869, before Ellis Island was established, because he had relatives here.

Some years ago, my friend Ann Ingham and I went to an ElderHostel program in Denmark, and we visited the two towns where our ancestors had come from. Hers were from Schleswig Holstein on the other side of the peninsula. On the visit to Niebull-Deezbull, I found some records in a city hall, and found the church, probably the same church John visited, but it was under construction and the minister was on vacation. I have some photocopies of a page from the actual document of the record book used to note the dates every boy was born, and that



This is a copy of the lost photo.

has some of the same information. The town is near the German border, and over the decades at different times was part of both countries, depending on which war was going on. I had a picture of the house my grandfather grew up in, and took it to Denmark to try to help find the house. But I was not able to find it. In all probability it no longer existed, and I lost the picture anyway.

My recollection is that Christian tried farming for a while, but after suffering a leg injury he had to give it up. He then



From Lower Left clockwise: Al, Louis, Charlie, John, Art, August, baby Oscar in the middle.

worked in a bar and my impression is he owned it. One day, the Lutheran minister from his Church came by to say he should not be operating the bar, because it was not a good influence for the kids. From what I heard, the kids were never allowed in the bar anyway. Christian's response was to quit the Church. Dad never went to Church, either.

Christian and Mathilde had 4 girls and 8 boys. Ludwig was the third. I



Christian and Mathilde.

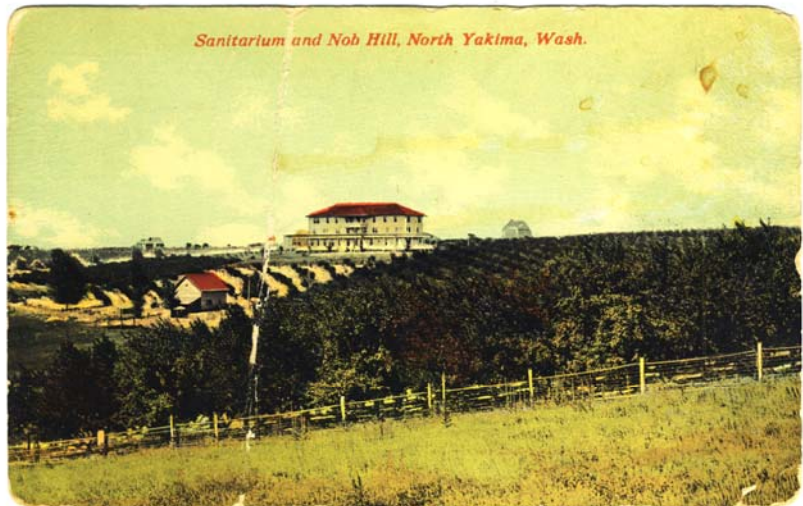
know they lived in Charter Oak, Iowa, but I'm not sure for how long.

Dad was born there, but one brother was born in Mapleton, about 40 miles away. (There is also a town of Schleswig nearby!) Dad and his brothers really liked baseball so they, being only 8 boys in the family, recruited one of their cousins to complete a team. They played semi-pro ball around Iowa, and eventually Lou was scouted by the Chicago White Sox. Unfortunately players were not taken as good care of as they are today, and Lou pitched a game the day before the tryout and threw out his arm. That

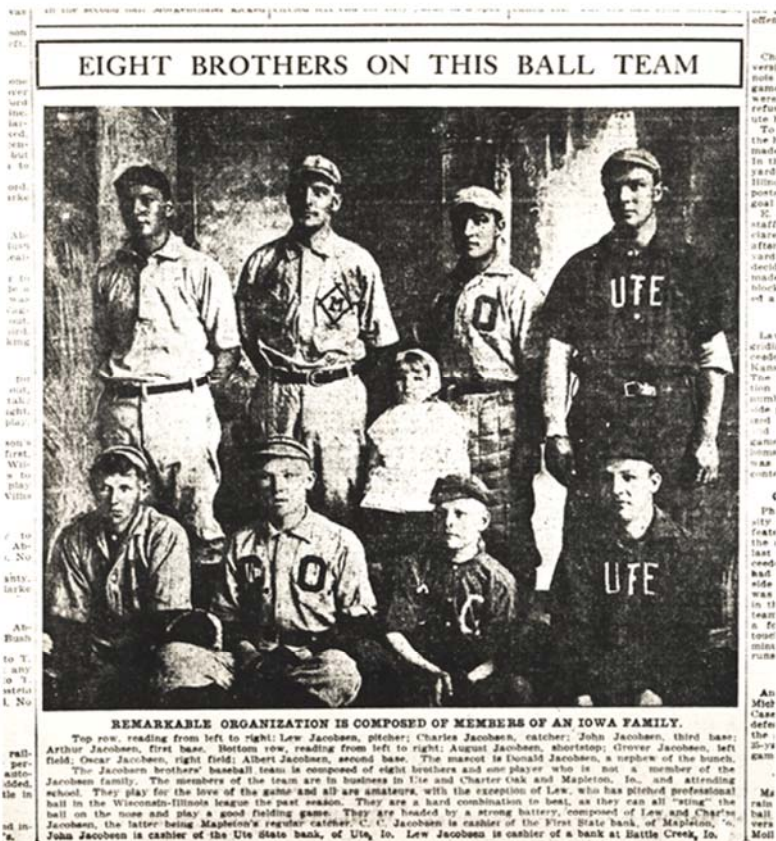
was the end of his professional career, although baseball remained one of his passions. He even showed me how to keep score! Somewhere about that time he went to college, but I don't know where.

Eventually Dad was talked into going to Yakima, Washington, where he bought into an orchard. Included here are several post cards he sent to his girlfriend

Elma from Yakima. One morning he awoke to a tragedy: it was spring of 1911 and an early season frost destroyed all the blooms; therefore no crop. About that time his Mother passed away (October 23, 1911), so he gave up the orchard and returned to Charter Oak. Thus went any possibility of my being a native of Yakima, but it was close.



The land shown in this postcard from Lou may very well include the present site of our house, at 2801 Shelton Avenue, in Yakima.

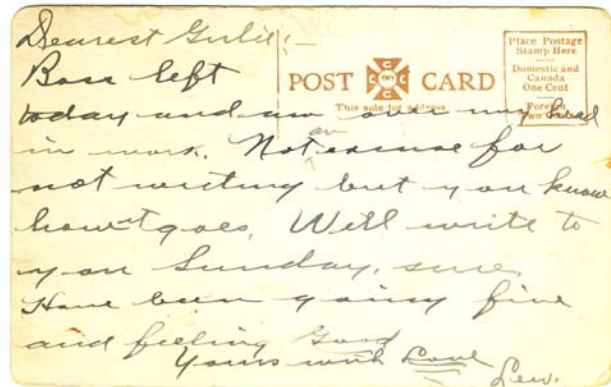


From the Ute, Iowa newspaper sports page (date unknown). Lou is up-per left.

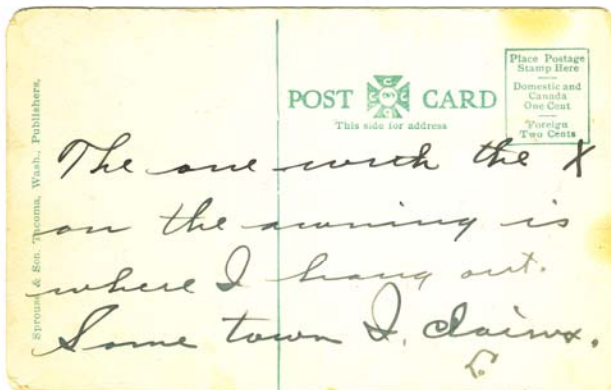
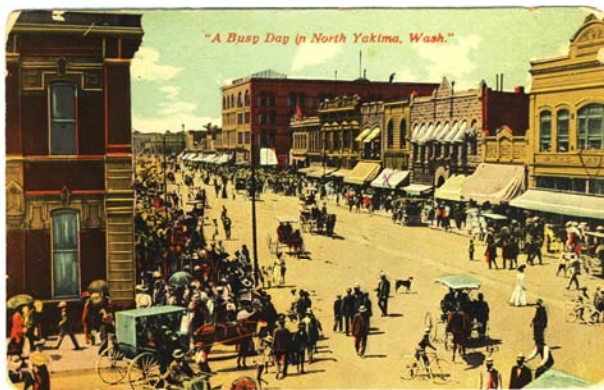


Lou playing baseball in Racine, WI, circa 1910.

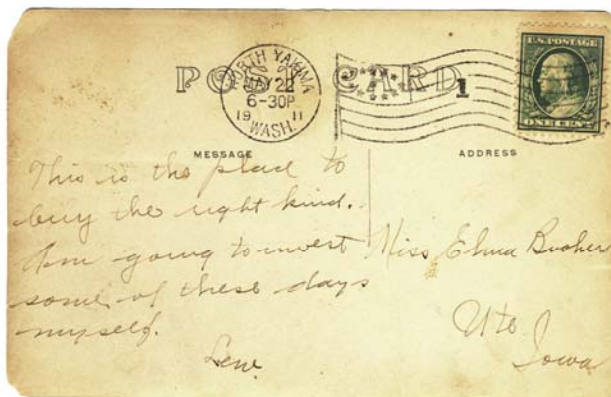
Yakima Postcards:



Postcard from Yakima Northern Pacific Train Depot on Front Street, message from Lou to Elma, but no date or postage. "Dearest Girlie: Boss left today and am over my head in work. Not an excuse for not writing, but you know how it goes. Will write to you Sunday, sure. Have been going fine and feeling good. Yours with Love, Lew."



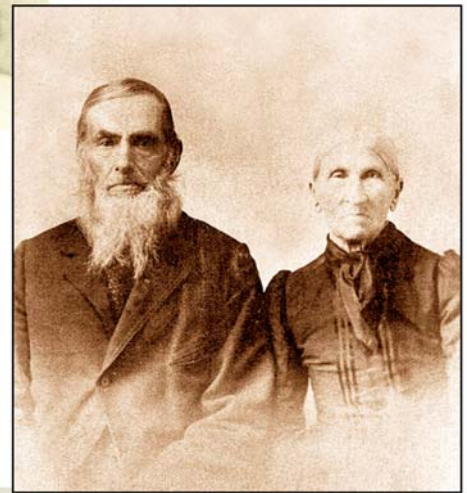
Postcard picture of downtown North Yakima, probably Yakima Avenue; contains message from Lou to Elma, but no date or postage. "The one with the X on the awning is where I hang out. Some town I claim. L."



Postcard from North Yakima Jewelry store, called Ackenhausen and Co. from Lew (Ludwig) to Miss Elma Booher (Mimi) in Ute, on May 22, 1911 (a year and a half before they married). "This is the place to buy the right kind. I'm going to invest some of these days myself. Lew."



Above: Grandmother Ruhamy in a Briggs family portrait: Back row: Aunt Addie Clark, Ruhamy Booher, Louise Briggs (unmarried), Aunt Sarah Jacques (Addie Miller's mother). Front Row: My Great-Grandparents, Robert and Susan Briggs (parents of the 4 daughters).



Right: Pictures of my other Great-Grandparents, Hanna Amanda (Danford) Booher and Peter Henry Booher. The portrait below was taken in front of their home on Peter's 80th birthday, June 17, 1900.

My mother, Elma Booher, was born September 23, 1886 in Ute, Iowa, one of four children. Her parents were Josiah Booher and Ruhamy Briggs Booher (whom we knew as "Grandma"). I don't know much about her parents. I am really sorry that I never asked her about those kinds of things. I have a picture of Ruhamy and her family. They look very prosperous and dignified.

I have a picture identified as showing Peter and Hannah Amanda Booher, who were apparently the parents of Josiah Booher. My recollection is that Booher was a Dutch name, but one of our relatives has a document tracing his ancestors to Germany.



I have a newspaper article from the time of Ruhamy's death, indicating she was viewed as one of the early pioneers of the Ute, Iowa area beginning in the 1870s. The article indicates she was born in Columbus, Ohio in 1860, and her parents, Robert and Susan Briggs, had begun farming at the edge of Ute in the early 1870s. She married Josiah Booher in 1881, and they also farmed nearby and apparently lived their lives in or near Ute. Interestingly, Ute was about half way between the towns of Charter Oak and Mapleton, in which my father's family lived.

My mother's brothers were Wallace and Bob, and her sister was named Addie. My uncles Wallace and Bob both were dentists, and Bob had a son (my cousin Bob) who became a doctor and a well known cancer specialist. Aunt Addie lived in Iowa and South Dakota, and I remember visiting her in Rapid City in 1963.

Right: Early Booher Family Portrait -- Robert Booher, Elma B. Jacobsen, Addie B. Chase, Wallace Booher.



Below: A later Booher Family Portrait - Back: Bob, Josiah, Ruhamy, and Elma; front: Addie, and Wallace.



Last Rites Performed For Beloved Pioneer

Brought Back Home for Burial In St. Clair Cemetery

Beautiful St. Clair cemetery was the recipient of the mortal clay of one of the community's most beloved pioneers Sunday afternoon when Ruhamy Booher was tenderly laid to rest beside her husband, Josiah Booher, who preceded her in death in 1917. Laid to rest in the home cemetery, in the home community where she had lived the greater part of her long life. Laid to rest among those many other hardy pioneers who made up the life, the betterment of this community beginning back yonder in the misty past of the 70's.

The deceased was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Briggs who settled down on the farm at the northwest corner of Ute in the early 70's. Across the road from their home was Ute's first business places, a blacksmith shop and general store. In 1881 she was wedded to Josiah Booher, and for many years they made their home on a farm northwest of town. After moving to Ute they resided in the cozy home now occupied by J. S. Hartigan. It was here the fine family of two boys and two girls grew to maturity, graduating from the local school and participating in all social activities of the community. The two sons were members of the town band until college claimed their entire attention. The Booher home was always open and a friendly invitation to its hospitality extended. Church and community social events were frequent in this hospitable home, where the father and mother were not only interested in those of mature age, but lent congenial environment to the young folks.

Ruhamy Briggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Briggs, was born at



Ruhamy Briggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Briggs, was born at Columbus, Ohio, July 20, 1860, and died May 5, 1938, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. H. Chase, in Des Moines. She moved with her parents to Iowa about the year 1870, settling near Missouri Valley. Shortly thereafter they located at Ute, remaining here the greater part of her life. In the year 1881 she was married to Josiah Booher. To this union four children were born: Dr. Robert P. Booher, Logan, Iowa, Mrs. Addie Chase, Des Moines, Iowa, Mrs. Elma B. Jacobsen, Miles City, Montana, and Dr. Wallace J. Booher, Missouri Valley, Iowa. All the children were present at the services. Early in her life she united with the Church of Christ at Ute, and until death claimed her she was a devoted christian.

Mrs. Booher was loving and kind in disposition, making friends among all she met, and always ready to render service to those in need. Besides a host of friends she leaves to mourn her passing, two daughters and two sons, nine grandchildren, and one sister, Mrs. Reese Clark, Miles City, Montana.

Short services were held here Sunday afternoon at the Henning Funeral Parlor, attended by many old friends in this community.

Grandma Ruhamy Booher
was born July 20, 1861. She
died May 6, 1938.

My mother had no job that I'm aware of. I do remember something about teaching school, but probably not as a career, since she married dad at age 26.

They met in a romantic way, at least according to the tales they told us: Elma was horse-back riding with her cousin, who tended to enjoy pranks. He spooked her horse, and she was having a difficult time controlling him when along came what turned out to be her hero, my Dad. He was able to stop the horse. They were each involved with some kind of relationship, but liked what they saw better, and eventually married on October 24, 1912 in Ute, Iowa.

Next, someone told Lou and Albert, his younger brother, about the free land in Montana, offered by the Milwaukee RR. By whatever reasoning, they decided to go. All their belongings were moved onto a railroad car and shipped to Vananda, Montana. (Look it up!) By this time Lou and Elma had a toddler named Ruth. I find it hard to imagine my delicate Mother going along with this, leaving her fairly civilized home to go to a fairly uncharted wilderness, but go she did. Vananda was hardly a town, but there was a furniture store and a school building. Lou had a building built for the Vananda State Bank, and proceeded to run it.

Meanwhile Al and Jess (his wife) took probably less than one look at their options in Vananda and went to Great Falls, Montana, where Jess became the first female radio personality in the state and Al started a farm equipment business (John Deere) which he had for 17 years. He once gave Doug a toy John Deere tractor. They then moved to Spokane where they lived the rest of their lives. I remember playing with their son, Jim, in Great Falls when we were both quite little. Thus Montana received two talented persons to help in its expansion.

Meanwhile Elma was trying to live in a rustic cabin with said toddler. She became pregnant again and produced a son, Louis Jr.



The Vananda Bank, at its original location in what is now a ghost town. This picture was taken in August 1999, before its move in 2003 to Forsyth, where it became part of Montana history. Abandoned school in background.





Top: Closeup of the photo on opposite page, of the claimed homestead in Vananda, MT, 1916. From Left to Right: Jesse (Al's Wife), Elma (in the window), Art, baby Gwendolyn Clair, Martha (Art's wife), Lou, Ruth (at age 3, her back turned, reaching up to Lou), and Al. Not shown in this closeup, but shown in the full shot of "The Claim", page opposite, was their dog.

Center Left: a different view of the cabin.

Right: Mimi taking care of niece Gwen, and first daughter Ruth.

Bottom: an interior picture of the cabin Lou and Elma and Ruth lived in at Vananda, MT. Wall furnishings included a "Charter Oak" pennant, and one from "Nebraska City".



Mimi on left, possibly with sister Addie. Date unknown. Gives credence to the stories that she shot rattlesnakes!



A picture of Lou at age 35, taken a year before Thelma was born. He is plucking a chicken at his aunt's farm



Yes, that's Mimi in the front seat. We have no information about this picture, but the side of the plane says "Aero Miles City Club".

Below: Mimi with baby Ruth. This may have been at the Vananda house shown on opposite page.



Below: Picture dated 1918, probably showing Mimi, her mother Ruhamy, and her infant son Louis Jr.



That was in 1918, when the country was overcome with the flu epidemic. Six month old baby Lou contracted it and didn't survive. Imagine the grief! They never did figure out how that happened, because none of the other family members got it, that I knew of.

Meanwhile Lou was building a decent house, one of few in the "big city". I have an old picture of that house, and one taken relatively recently, and it still seems to be a substantial house.



The "new" Vananda home. Right is from 1922. The picture below right was taken on a nostalgic trip Thelma and Glennis took during the 1980s.

Thelma was born in this house.



Left: Sister Glennis as a toddler, at the Vananda house.

Right: Grandma Ruhammy visiting Vananda, here holding baby Thelma.



Chapter 2 - My Childhood

In 1922, I was born in our house in Vananda. No hospitals around there. Why it took four children to come up with the name I have, I don't know, but Elma plus Louis became Thelma Louise. Eventually I learned to accept the Thelma part. I thought it was not a little girl's name. The family moved into the new house. Children were 3 by that time, Glennis having been born 3 years before me, and Ruth having the good fortune to move to Vananda at about age 3. I remember Mother telling us that she could never let us go outside to play until she went out with her rifle and cleared the yard of rattlesnakes! As far as I know none of us were victims of the snakes.



The Lewistown house where Jacobsens lived in 1926.

Her last child was Bob, born in 1926 in Lewistown. I don't remember living there but I do remember when our Grandmother Ruhamy came to help our Mom. She didn't stay very long, as I recall.

Vananda never expanded because the RR never went in that direction but went south across to Miles City, and on across the state. Consequently Vananda businesses folded. The furniture store went to Forsyth, and soon after Lou took a job in Great Falls in the bank there. From Great Falls we moved to Lewistown, where Bob was born, and then to Forsyth where Lou and Bob Ross started the First State Bank of Forsyth. Residing in the back room was a huge stuffed buffalo, which we were always impressed by, and we always liked going to visit. We lived in Forsyth while I was in the 1st through 6th grades.

The Great Depression really hit in 1932, I believe. Anyway, I was still in elementary school. I remember coming home from school and finding Dad home – in the middle of the day? That was when the government closed the banks so that people wouldn't make a run and take all their money out. It was also a time when the banks were foreclosing on farms, but that was one thing Dad refused to do. I don't remember how he got away with that, but for a long time after I remember farmers bringing produce to our house as a show of gratitude and it continued after Dad died.



This Portrait of Lou Jacobsen is still in the Range Rider's Museum in Miles City, MT, because as President of the First National Bank there, he was among the important figures in the history of Miles City.



Left: L.A.Jacobsen's "Forsyth State Bank" circa 1930. He founded and owned this during the early 1930s with Bill Ross.

Right: This picture of Thelma is identified on the back as taken at "18 months".



Thelma, age 6, and brother Bob, age 2, taken in Forsyth.



This Portrait of Elma Booher Jacobsen ("Mimi") was taken during 1941.



Oldest Sister, Ruth.

Below, Bob was pictured in the family's touring car, in 1929.



After we moved to Forsyth I met Margie Gray, who turned out to be my very best friend. She was an only child, so her parents took me along as a companion to her when they went places. We were probably 2nd graders when we went on a trip, and I was sitting in the back seat behind Mr. Gray. Unfortunately, I got car sick and couldn't talk loud enough to get anyone's attention. So yes, I threw up all over the front seat, as well as Mr. Gray! Years later Don Erickson and I decided to go to Forsyth to see the Grays who by this time were both living in a retirement facility. We found their room and spent several hours catching up. During this time Mr. Gray had stayed off to himself and didn't enter into any of the conversation until all of a sudden he said, "You threw up on me!". Obviously, the experience had more of a devastating effect than any of us realized.



Thelma's 15th Birthday, August 2, 1937, with friends Betty Kennett (middle) and Margarette ("Margie") Gray (right).

We rented a house in Forsyth. Then, during my 7th grade, Dad was transferred to Livingston, one of the entrances to Yellowstone Park. I think we went to the Park at least once while we lived there, and the geysers are still a vivid memory. How often do you see an Old Faithful?

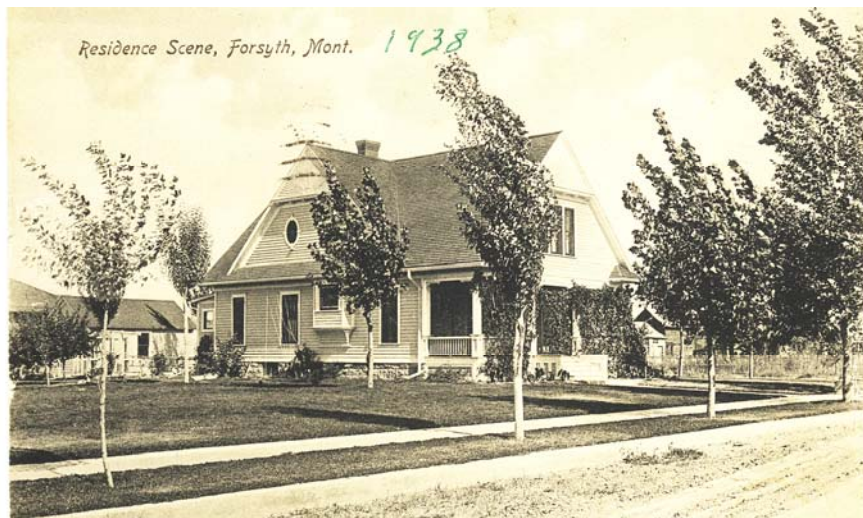
In Livingston I remember a time when Glennis was taking piano lessons. I was in pre-school, but Mother sent me with her. One day Glennis realized she was chewing gum – a no-no to say the least. She didn't want to throw it away, so she put it behind my ear. Then she put my hat back on my head. Needless to say, I lost some hair when Mother discovered it and had to cut to get rid of it.

We spent only 1 year in Livingston, after which we moved to Miles City in 1935 where I lived until college. We did live all over Montana because of Dad's association with the national bank system.

Interestingly, my mother's cousin Josephine Clark, also lived in Miles City. (Josephine's mother Addie is pictured on page 7.) Josephine was married to Lou Grill, who was Editor of the Miles City Daily Star. He was also interested in Indian affairs, and was adopted by a local tribe. I remember him once



Thelma, at age 15, with Glennis, age 18.



Left: The Forsyth house was built by Dr. Hanie as his residence. The L.A. Jacobsen family moved in around 1928. By the time Lou sent this postcard in 1938 to Glennis, they were established in Miles City. Before buying this house, they lived just across the alley, to the left of the picture. Behind the right-most tree, was a stone block, used to get up on a horse to, with a ring to tie a horse to. Unbeknownst to their parents, Glennis and Thelma used to climb out the back window onto the roof of the back porch.



Above: The Miles City house that Lou bought is now recognized in that town as a classic example of the Craftsman Style, designed by a well known local architect. Both Ruth and Glennis were married in front of the fireplace.



Right: Thelma in front of the house, 1942.



Below Left: Thelma's oldest sister, Ruth, believed to have been taken in 1931.

Below: a young brother Bob.



Oscar, Lou, and Al Jacobsen, October 1946. This is in front of Lou's house in Miles City, 2119 Main Street, as the brothers prepared for a last trip to visit their sister Carrie. She died shortly after their visit.

driving Glennis and me out to an Indian camp (probably Crow) near Forsyth. I think I was in about the 6th grade, which would mean we still lived in Forsyth. The thing I remember most about the camp, was that they were drying fish on clothes lines. Long strips of it. I also remember teepees. I remember there often were Indians in Forsyth, walking down the streets and sorting thru the alley garbage cans. We kids were always frightened to see them but they never harmed anyone and Lou Grill was really fond of those he met.

Dad had a lot of heart problems, as did every one of his brothers except Al. He was young when he died at age 66, and my Mother spent a lot of time taking care of him when he became bed ridden. I went to Miles City to help her, and was staying with Dad one night to give her some rest. He didn't talk at all and in fact was sleeping, or so I thought. Suddenly he sat up, threw his covers back, and said "I hope you don't mind." I can still see the big smile on his face, as he looked straight ahead and laughed like he was glad to see someone. Then he laid back down, and died. It almost seemed as though someone had come to guide him to wherever he finally went.

Dad died on Ruth's birthday, November 6, 1951. Elma died a day before my birthday, on August 1, 1968. Glennis was with her, and reported that just before she died her face looked younger, and had a look as though she recognized someone.



Elma and Lou, at their Miles City house, 1940s. Note Lou's cigarette!

Well Known Miles Citian Died Today

Lewis A. Jacobsen, 66, long-time resident of Miles City, passed away at an early hour this Tuesday morning at his home at 2119 Main street.

He had been ill for the past several years.

Born in Iowa on July 19, 1885, where he was reared and educated, and where he played professional baseball, he came to Montana more than three decades ago, and to Miles City in 1935, at which time he was connected with the First National Bank.

He leaves his wife, three daughters and one son, including Mrs. Ruth Stevens of Laurel, Mont., Mrs. Glennis Erickson of Miles City, Mrs. Thelma Marshall of Dayton, Wash., and Robert L. Jacobsen, besides five grandchildren.

Three brothers and one sister also survive. They are C. F. Jacobsen and A. H. Jacobsen of Los Angeles, Calif., A. C. Jacobsen of Spokane, Wash., Mrs. Hans Gasch of Mapleton, Iowa.

The body is at the Bray's Mortuary from which announcement will be made, following arrangements, of the holding of funeral services.

HELPED LOCAL TEAMS

L. A. (Jake) Jacobsen, who died early this morning following a lengthy illness, was particularly interested in American Legion baseball during his Miles City residence. Although it meant considerable drain on both his time and his health he had devoted much effort to the development of Miles City Legion junior pitchers. Himself, a pitcher in the days when professional baseball was a rugged sport, "Jake" taught the local chuckers the tricks of the trade for many years, and was instrumental in the many state titles won by local boys.

Final Rites for Late L. A. Jacobsen Conducted Friday

Final rites for the late Lewis A. Jacobsen were held Friday afternoon from Bray's Memorial chapel, with the Rev. John B. Fitz of the Presbyterian church officiating. Mrs. Etta Wyatt was in charge of the music.

A large number of beautiful floral pieces were sent to the chapel, each bearing a token of condolence to the members of the bereaved family.

Masonic Brethren conducted the graveside rites held in Custer county cemetery where burial was made in the family lot.

Active pallbearers included I. H. Rodgers, D. A. McRae, J. E. McCourt, J. E. Cahill, James P. Lucas, and Arthur Glenn McRae. The honorary pallbearers were all the members of the Legion Junior baseball teams with and for whom the late Mr. Jacobsen acted in the capacity of coach, generally, and for the players who occupied the pitcher's mound.

The late Mr. Jacobsen was a native of Charter Oak, Iowa. After completing active participation in professional baseball, he came with his family to Montana to engage in the banking business more than thirty years ago. Coming to Miles City in 1935 he was connected with the First National bank, remaining for several years. He continued his residence in the city until his death last Tuesday morning following an illness which, during the later weeks of his life, confined him to his bed.

Throughout his career in Miles City, the late Mr. Jacobsen renewed his interest in athletics by actively associating himself with the members of the American Legion Junior baseball teams in his capacity as a coach, a labor which contributed to the successes attained by the Legion Juniors throughout the years.

Surviving in the immediate family circle are Mrs. Jacobsen, wife and mother, three daughters, Mrs. Ruth Stevens of Laurel, Mont., Mrs. Glennis Erickson of Miles City, Mrs. Thelma Marshall of Dayton, Wash., and one son, Robert L. Jacobsen of Miles City who served in the Navy during the second World war, and as a reserve within the past year. Five grandchildren also survive. Other relatives include three brothers, O. F. and A. H. Jacobsen of Los Angeles, Calif., A. C. Jacobsen of Spokane, Wash., who attended the services, and one sister, Mrs. Hans Cosh of Mapleton, Iowa.

A sister of Mrs. Jacobsen, Mrs. Louis Chase of Rapid City, S. D., was also in attendance at the final rites on Friday.



Mom and Dad, in front of the Miles City House, 1940's.

Chapter 3 - College, Marriage & The War

While in high school I became very good at shorthand and typing, planning to become a secretary, and I received several awards: one for typing 80 words a minute on a manual typewriter and another for taking shorthand at 120 words per minute. Can you talk that fast? I graduated from Custer County High School in 1940 and worked for 2 years with the county agent (N.A. Jacobsen by name and no relation although he said we were probably from the same tree) before going to WSC (Washington State College, now Washington State University) in the fall semester of 1942. The only reason for going to Pullman (I had no scholarships) was because I had a cousin named Gwen who was a daughter of Uncle Art, married to Bill Harvey, a professor there, and I thought it would be nice to know someone there.

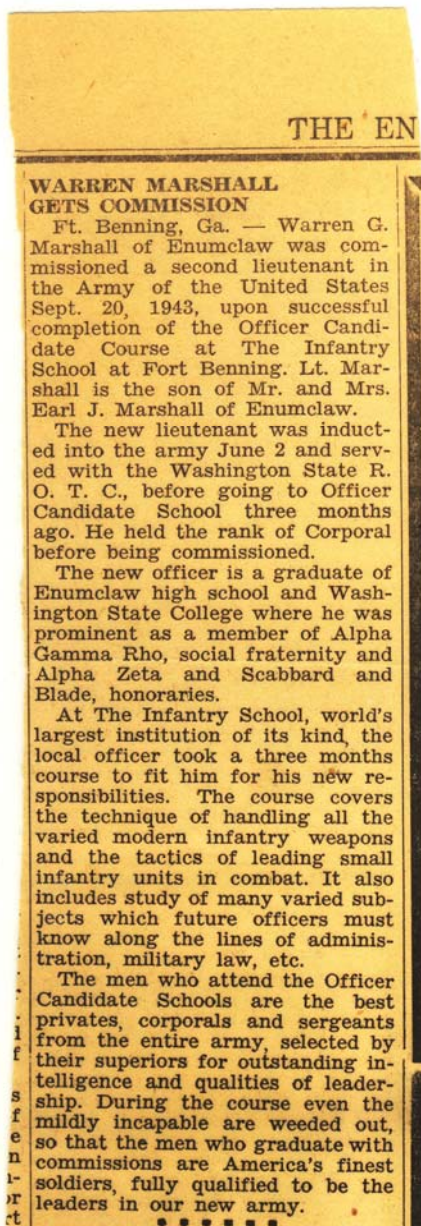
At WSC, I pledged Delta Zeta sorority and lived in that house for the year I was in college. Shortly after Christmas that year I went home for the break because my sister Glennis was being married to Don Erickson, and I was her bridesmaid. Upon returning to school, I met Warren in an interesting way. I had been working in Bill Harvey's office (in the college agronomy department) all year but on this particular day Mr. Marshall came to that office looking for the girl who had been there last year. I guess he didn't know she no longer worked there. And there I was in my cute blue sweater, and by March I had his pin, and by April I had his ring, all strictly unintentional on my part of course. Warren was doing the pushing, and apparently I was willing.



Walking up the path to the Delta Zeta House, at WSC in Pullman, 1942.

Alpha Gamma Rho's (AGR), Warren's fraternity, had a tradition which called for a newly affianced member to sing a serenade to his true love. Since Warren couldn't carry a tune, one of the brothers stood in for him, and one evening there was a gathering of AGRs under a window at the Delta Zeta house, and we all enjoyed the performance. I must admit that's why I never learned French. I hardly went to class, since Warren had free time then, and I did need to get to know him better.

He was graduating in the spring of 1943, and went immediately to Officer Training School at Ft. Benning, Georgia, although he did get time to go to Miles City and meet my parents. It was an immediate happy feeling all the way around. In the fall of 1943, I had planned to continue college and had enrolled for the second year. I had even moved back to the Delta Zeta house. But one evening I got a phone call from Warren who was by then assigned to the 4th Infantry Division and they were practicing invasion tactics in Texas. It was



Wedding portraits. The well worn photo of Thelma is the one Warren carried through the war. It was taken in front of the house they rented in Tyler, Texas, and Thelma is holding a bouquet of roses.

Left: An article from the Enumclaw paper, which probably was sent by the Army to Warren's local newspaper.



Right: March 19, 1944 "V-Mail" Postcard from WGM to TLM, with censors' stamp signed "2nd Lt. Warren G Marshall" in his handwriting. Sender's address is shown as "Co. H, 2nd B[atallion], 8th Inf." with an APO return address (Army Personnel Overseas). So he would have been about to move to England, or already there. He was with Co. H throughout the war.

The graphics include "AGR" and "DZ" (in Greek letters), along with "March 19 or Feb 19". This was sent on March 19th one year later, and commemorates their pinning a year earlier on March 19, 1943.

an urgent call, asking me to go to Texas and marry him. I think the reason for the urgency had to do with insurance and beneficiary claims should he not come back from the War. Without even considering the consequences, I said yes and immediately un-enrolled in college and went to Miles City to make plans.

Mother participated immediately, even telling me she would go to Texas with me, which she did. Our train deposited us in Tyler, Texas which is east of Dallas and not far from Louisiana. Tyler was near Camp Fannin where we made contact with Warren, and we were informed of the plans he had made. While Mother and I were staying in a hotel before the wedding, I noticed that most of the employees were colored people, which I rather expected. My gentle little Mother, however, had never lived where there were many. Iowa and Montana were hardly interesting enough for them to migrate to, from the South. She made no comment about our black maid, but I noticed she re-scrubbed the washbasin and bathtub before she used either. No comment. She just did it that way. I thought it was pretty funny.



Our wedding date was October 23, 1943, one day before my parents' 31st anniversary, which was October 24. Can you imagine making such a sacrifice for a child? I mean for her to leave her husband on their anniversary to go to who knew where with her child. I have always had special feelings for them, and love them even more.

After Camp Fannin, Warren was assigned to Ft. Jackson, near Columbia, South Carolina. I followed him, and I remember the fantastic meals served there. I suspected they were getting the soldiers fattened for the kill. He eventually headed to Camp Kilmer, in New Jersey, from which they embarked for Europe. I went to New York City, hoping that we'd have a chance to see each other, which happened only a couple of times.

The 4th Division was scheduled to invade Europe via France, Warren's 8th Infantry Regiment being the first unit of that Division to go ashore at Utah beach on D-Day, which they did without losing a man. Incredible! Warren was about one of the only combat officers to "travel through Europe" and return home pretty much physically unscathed, although it took quite awhile after he became a civilian again to stop having nightmares.

About the time the 4th Div. left the U.S. for England to prepare for the invasion, Don's ship was docked close to New York City, so Glennis was living and working there, waiting for him to get into NYC so they could be together, if only for a weekend. Remember it was war-time, and that's what we wives did -- wait.



Left: Colorized Wedding Photo of Warren and Thelma, October 23, 1943.

Miles City, Montana, Sunday, November 14, 1943

Society News

Miss Jacobsen Weds Army Officer In Ceremony In Texas

At a candlelight ceremony performed on Oct. 23, 1943, by the Rev. Mr. McCauley, chaplain, at Camp Fannin, located near Tyler, Texas, Miss Thelma Jacobsen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Jacobsen of 2119 Main street, became the bride of Second Lieutenant Warren G. Marshall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl J. Marshall of Enumclaw, Wash. It was a double ring ceremony which took place at eight o'clock in the evening. The bride wore a dark green dress with matching accessories, and carried a bouquet of white roses and gardenias. The bridesmaid was Mrs. Agnes Peterson of New York City, who wore a beige suit with harmonizing accessories, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. Jacobsen, mother of the bride, wore an orchid. The bridegroom was attended by his college classmates, Lt. Gordon Embush of Seattle, Wash., and Lt. Bill Kiloh and Lt. Levy acted as ushers. A reception was held at the couple's apartment immediately after the conclusion of the wedding ceremony.

Mrs. Marshall is a graduate of Custer county high school, and attended Washington State college at Pullman where she was an active member of the Delta Zeta Sorority. Lt. Marshall attended Washington State College from which he graduated, and is a member of the Alpha Gamma Rho Fraternity.

Lt. and Mrs. Marshall departed later on a trip to New York City and the east coast, after which they will reside in Florida.

WEDS ARMY OFFICER AT CAMP FANNIN, TEX.



Mrs. Warren G. Marshall

Mrs. Marshall, before her marriage to Lt. Warren G. Marshall at Camp Fannin, Tyler, Tex., was Miss Thelma Jacobsen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Jacobsen, of this city.

Mary I. Johnsen Becomes Bride Of Frank B. Althaus

The marriage of Miss Mary I. Johnsen and Frank B. Althaus, both of Miles City, was solemnized at the

Below: Thelma and Warren on top of the Dixie Hotel in New York, where Uncle Oscar ("Oc") and Aunt Karin stayed. Aunt Karin's dog is also in the picture. The back of the picture identifies this as on "Honeymoon" in November 1943. Soon after, Warren went to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, and Thelma and Glennis took a room at "The Dixie".



Glennis and Don on the roof of the Dixie Hotel.

As I said, I went to NY City also, and lived with Glennis in a hotel room in the Dixie Hotel, across the street from Uncle Oscar Jacobsen's bus station. He was my father's youngest brother. His bus went from NYC south to Florida. His brother Grover owned part of the bus line, the route that went between New York City and Chicago. Later the bus line was sold to Continental Trailways, and Uncle Oc moved to California, and Grover was involved with Continental Trailways. I remember once visiting Uncle Grover in Chicago, and his dog, a tiny bull dog, would climb up on his shoulders and lay around his neck!

Somehow I got a job with the Army Transportation Corp, and made friends with a co-worker, who was eventually transferred to Washington DC. There she was able to keep me informed about where the 4th Div. was, and what they were doing, which of course was illegal, sort of, because information like that was not made public. Thus I knew that the D-Day invasion had happened on June 6, and that the 4th was the invading force from England across the English Channel to France. It was a stormy day, and Warren said that most of the guys were seasick. How they ever won Utah Beach is a mystery to me. (In 1997, Doug, Justin and I travelled to France to see where that all happened. See p. 48.)

Don's ship being docked a short distance up the coast allowed him to come into NY quite often. Of course he wanted to stay with us, the only problem being we had only a daybed to sleep on, the kind which had to be folded down at night and back up in the morning. This worked well for Glennis and me because we each had our own half. When Don came, however, being the "good guy" he insisted on sleeping in the middle: "The most uncomfortable part of the bed". You can imagine the jokes about that, for a lot of years. The three of us liked to go up on the roof of the hotel and enjoy the view: there was the Times Square Building and even the Empire State Building.

I spent one and a half years of World War II in NYC, learning to live in a big city, even how to travel by subway. Walking home along Broadway one evening I felt a hand on my shoulder, and looked up into the face of a high school friend. We proceeded to go into the Dixie Hotel bar and spent the evening reminiscing and generally catching up. I was not a drinker, but I ordered a Scotch & Water. The bartender said "How come a young girl like you is drinking Scotch?" I didn't care much at that point. While I was in NYC, I saw several friends and cousins who had stopped to see Uncle Oscar. One of my friends was Irving Newhouse, who had been in the AGR fraternity with Warren. He became a Washington State Representative in 1967, and later a distinguished state Senator, serving about 25 years as a legislator. During his first year he invited me to join him as his aide, but I had my hands full with Baby David.

So I enjoyed my time in New York, probably more than Warren did in Europe. When we found out the war was over in Europe and we were going to be able to go home, Glennis and I started going to the theater and saw several Broadway shows. We also spent time with Oscar and Karin Jacobsen thus getting to know those relatives from our Father's side of the family.



Left: Warren with Jeep, somewhere in Europe, probably just before returning home. Note the short hair.



Below Left: Note the name painted on the side of the jeep: "The Dixie", probably after the hotel where Thelma lived.



Warren on left with mustache, in the Black Forest, Germany, WW2. Probably during the winter of 1944-45.

Above Right: Warren's Eighth Infantry Regiment was the first to land by sea on what was called Utah Beach, early on D-Day. During the night, Airborne infantry had parachuted in further inland, behind the beachhead.

Right: An article, probably from the Enumclaw paper, announcing Warren's promotion to 1st Lieutenant in Normandy. His Regiment was part of the Fourth, not the First, Infantry Div. The Fourth, which included the 8th Inf. Regiment, led Gen. Patton's Third Army across France to Paris, and were the first American Army Division into Paris, then the first into Germany.

Honors Awarded Infantry Outfit, 3 Paratroop Units

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25. — The War Department today announced awards of battle honors to the Eighth Infantry Regiment, together with three parachute infantry regiments—the 505th 507th and 508th—for "outstanding performance of duty in action" in the invasion of Normandy.

The Eighth Infantry Regiment, which made the initial landings on the beaches in the VII Corps area on D-Day, was cited for "storming prepared beach defenses, clearing causeways and driving inland in the face of severe enemy artillery, extensive sniping, rocket and small-arms fire" and for its "courageous, determined drive for three days and nights without a letup."

The paratroop regiments, which dropped on the Cotentin Peninsula shortly after 2 AM on D-Day, were cited for action June 6-9 in the vicinity of Ste. Mère l'Eglise, which was captured by the 502nd, Merderet River, LaFiere, Amfreville, Chef du Pont and Douve River.

WARREN MARSHALL PROMOTED IN FRANCE

1st Lt. Warren Marshall, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, has been recently promoted from 2nd to 1st Lt. in Normandy, France. He is with the 1st Division.

4th Inf. Div.

Ivy Leaf Division, First Unit on German Soil, Closes 199-Day Contact With Wehrmacht in Rhine Chase

WITH THE 4TH INF. DIV.—After 199 days, ending March 9, in continuous contact with the German army, the 4th Inf. Div. closed a chapter that carried it through some of the most famous battles of the present war.

Starting on August 24 with the headlong rush into Paris, which they liberated the next day, the 4th's men never lost sight of the grey-uniformed Wehrmacht until they had it on the run towards the Rhine.

Included in the nearly seven months of grinding up Nazis were the mad dash across northern France and Belgium and liberation of such towns as Chauny, St. Quentin, St. Hubert, Bass, and St. Vith. The doughs never stopped their eastward drive until they had bowled through the Siegfried Line. The 4th Division was the first unit to enter German soil, on September 11.

History has recorded their successful but bloody "Battle of the Hurtgen Forest" and their magnificent stand before the city of Luxembourg in those dark days of December when, according to Lt. Gen. George S. Patton jr., "a tired division halted the left shoulder of the German thrust into American lines and saved the city of Luxembourg."

From that action the Ivy Leaf Division men went to the offensive, crossing the Sure River and eating into the bulge the enemy had built up. Switching to the St. Vith sector, they fought their way through the Siegfried Line in exactly the same place they had pushed through in September; this made four times they had passed through the maze of steel and concrete that was once considered almost impregnable. In this last surge they captured such highly fortified towns as Brandscheid, Bleialf and Prum.

CHAPTER 4 - POST WAR, BABIES, PREPARING FOR AGRIMANAGEMENT

Glennis and I came back to Miles City in the spring of 1945, to wait for our husbands to return. Warren made it to Enumclaw in August or September. I met him there: we were together once again. It was the first time for me to meet his family, and we stayed at the farm for several days. Warren had brought some champagne from France. His Mother, Ida, didn't drink, so his father and he and I drank it. Warren had lost his watch somehow during the war, so he confiscated one from a dead German soldier. His Mother, Ida, would hardly look at it, let alone touch it. It belonged to a Nazi!! His division was scheduled to invade Japan, but Japan surrendered before he had to ship out. So the war was over for all of us.

I've tried to remember what happened after that, but I just don't recall it all. I sort of remember having Thanksgiving at Miles City and Christmas at the farm in Enumclaw, and by spring or summer we were back in Miles City, where we were staying with my parents while I was first time pregnant. Warren worked for a County road crew while preparing to return to WSC that fall to work on his Masters degree.

The next big event in our lives was the birth of our first-born – Douglas Craig – who was born in Miles City on September 25, 1946 -- part of the first wave of baby boomers. Doug wasn't even close when Warren had to go back to school, so it was again my Mother who stayed with me in the hospital waiting for the big event. Based on what the doctor figured, we thought the baby was about 6 weeks overdue, me sitting on his poor little head all the time. He came out so wrinkly I told the nurses they could take him back. They were shocked, and assured me that he would look better soon. So I took him home, where we were to wait in Miles City, until Warren could find living quarters in student housing and the baby and I were stronger. While I waited for what seemed like too long, I had a visitor. N. A. Jacobsen came over to see what I had produced. I again mentioned that I thought Doug wasn't the pink little cherub I had expected, he said, "Thelma, Babies are like shoes. You have to take them out of the box before they can shape up." And of course that's what happened. He turned out to be one of the cutest ever and was thus the rest of his life (which he is still working on).

It was thanks to the GI Bill, which paid college tuition for returning service men, that Warren and I were able to return to Pullman (WSC) where he enrolled to get his Masters Degree in Soils Science. We were one of many returning soldier couples going back to school, and I still have some of the letters he wrote me in Miles City while he was searching for housing and furnishing our first home. Two of the couples became close friends – Bob and June Hausenbuiller and their sons Bobby and Brian, and Lois and Bob Ramig and Franklin. So there we were, all 3 couples, in the student housing with 3 toddlers between us. Doug wasn't even a year old yet, and living in that housing was quite an experience. There was no lawn -- just dirt,



Don Erickson in Navy Uniform and Lou Jacobsen, 1945, during a smoking break outside the Miles City house.



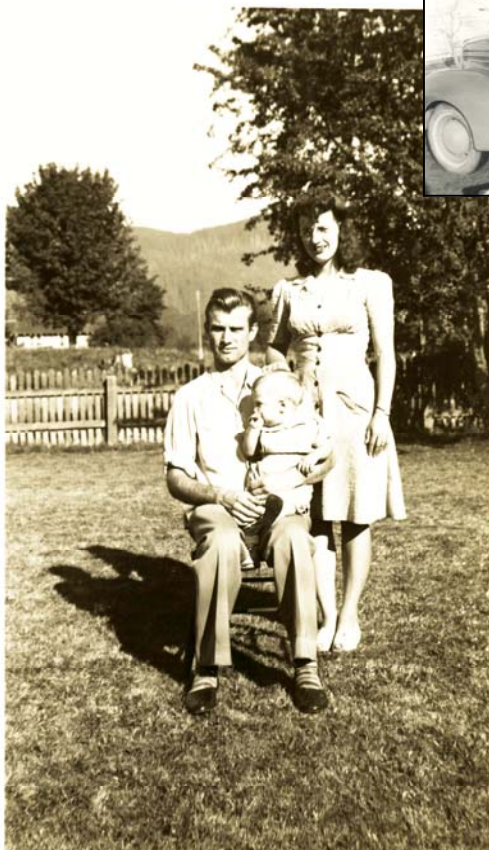
Elma Jacobsen, early 1950s.



Thelma meets Earl Marshall at the Enumclaw farm, late 1945.



Left: The First Car! Warren bought this old coupe from Ruth Stevens' father in law, around Thanksgiving of 1945. Thelma and Warren drove it to Enumclaw for Christmas. This photo shows Warren packing up to leave, in January 1946.



Left: Warren, Doug, and Thelma at the Enumclaw farm, March 1947.

Right: Doug's baby picture, taken April 1947.



unless it rained. Fortunately our kids didn't have to play outside, but we did take a couple of picnics down to the river, where they could at least sit on a blanket. The good old days!!! By the time David and Ginger went to WSU there was lawn -- green grass.

When Warren finished his Masters Degree he got a job with the Green Giant Co. in Dayton, Washington where we eventually bought our first house. And what a house it was: one of the oldest ones built there. But we did have good neighbors, especially Verla and Ed Rouse. Our house was originally a small 2-story, but had been added on with a dining room, kitchen, bath, another bedroom, and screened side porch. Warren's father, Earl, came over to help him do some fixing up, and found square nails, and wall paper in layers that created round corners instead of square ones.

Small town living in contrast to big city living is hard to describe. Dayton was divided into newcomers and old settler families, with very little socializing between them. In spite of this we found some other newcomers and even wound up in a dance club. It's just something you have to get used to in a small town. We remained friends for a lot of years, with those other newcomers, most importantly Ed and Verla Rouse and their 2 darlings: Wayne who was the same age as Doug, and Audrey Lynn who was 3 years older than the boys. Verla and I did the women's social scene together. I even became a Girl Scout board member, and we also joined a sort of homemaker's club.

Then on November 1 of 1950, Lora Lou was born, thus barely missing being a Halloween child. My Mother had come to Dayton to help me. Halloween night we had gone to dinner to a friend's house -- all having a wonderful time. The next morning I began having a few cramps, and I thought it was the beans that we had had for dinner the night before, so I ignored them and even had a few friends in for coffee. By the time Warren got home for lunch it was time to go to the appointment I had with my doctor, so we left Mother and Doug at home. The doctor sent me right to the hospital and Lora Lou was born about 2 AM. Mother was furious. "Why didn't you tell me? I came out here to be with you after all". But she certainly was helpful with Doug and they came together to see the new arrival. She had lots of black hair, and was truly a beautiful baby. By this time Doug was 4 years old, and was quite entranced with his little sister, as we all were.

By the time she was three she was singing songs, her favorite being Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer. She sang it all, including the last line: "you'll go down and hear a story!"

Thus I remember living in Dayton for 5 years until Warren left Green Giant, because the company headquarters was being moved to Minnesota. At that time Warren met Ed Knettle and together they started a farm consulting company in Walla Walla they called Columbia Agricultural Service. They were able to help wheat farmers increase their yields to take advantage of the high prices that accompanied the Korean War.



Warren with Baby Doug at Pullman. This is behind the Marshall unit in the College's married student housing.



Doug in a Miles City picture marked 1948.



Merry Christmas & Happy New Year
1948 Christmas Card.



Mimi holding baby Lora Lou at the Dayton house. The back of this picture says "1 month".



Lora Lou's Baby Picture, July 1951.



Above & above right: Lora Lou on the front porch of the Dayton House.



Right: Playing with Rouses' dog Buck.



Right: Columbia Agricultural Service letterhead.

COLUMBIA AGRICULTURAL SERVICE
FARM CONSULTANTS
311 NORTH SECOND TELEPHONE 3432
WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON



The four of us in front of the Walla Walla House, at 1303 East Tillamook. Probably around 1953.

We bought a house that was on a corner, and was the biggest one on the block, and even with a flat roof we had no problems there until one rainy day we noticed water dripping down a kitchen window. But the floor plan was great. It had venetian blinds so I never bothered to get drapes. LL was in kindergarten there and I noticed that every paper she brought home with a house drawing on it showed the house with curtains at its windows. Talk about impressions!



A friend introduced me to the Walla Walla Little Theater, and I spent several years with them as a volunteer in the props department.

Columbia Agricultural Service had helped fulfill a need for more wheat production during the Korean War, but the War and the company lasted for a relatively short period, after which Warren became a salesman for a company called GlassHeat that made electric heat panels. We later installed some in the basement of our Yakima house. But GlassHeat turned out to be less worthwhile than expected, so in 1956 he took a job in Yakima with a regional office of Shell Chemical Co. as an agronomist covering the Willamette Valley in Oregon. We had the choice of whether or not we moved to the Willamette Valley, but we decided to stay in Yakima, for which I have been most grateful.

One of the things we first learned about the Yakima Valley was the huge number of hop yards. We took drives to familiarize ourselves with the area and remarked about all the hop yards. LL couldn't remember "hops", so she called them "jumps".

At the time Warren went to work for Shell the company policy was 3-year assignments only. So we rented at first, until we decided that Shell probably wasn't going to transfer

Warren. In looking for a satisfactory house to buy in Yakima, we still were careful to choose one easily resellable. We finally found a wonderful house at 2801 Shelton



Ave. that has been perfect for 5 family members down to just me alone. We moved in during the summer of 1959, having paid \$19,000 for it! But it has only a single car garage! Thus one car was always parked in the street. One night, thieves tried to steal the car-buretor from under the hood, but we think our dog Ike barked, and the car was saved.

One result of our choice to stay in Yakima was that most weeks Warren had to leave every Monday and not come back until the following Friday, which meant I was pretty much responsible for our 2 children.

We started our camping career (vacations and some weekends) with slim equipment (an old Army surplus pup tent and a grill for an open fire), which gradually increased as years went on. We mostly stayed in the Cascades but went to the Oregon coast once in a while. One memorable trip to Oregon consisted of rain for at least 4 days. LL was about 4, and Doug 8. At Cannon Beach, we had a miserable time. Our pup tent was supposedly a 4-man one so Warren decided he and Doug (the big guys) would sleep in the middle and LL and I (the small ones) should sleep on the outside, right against the outside wall of the tent. With rain all night she and I were soaked by morning. We all helped break camp, and I looked around and saw LL sitting on a suitcase looking so damp and bedraggled that I had to laugh. Her Father saw her also, and asked, "LL, do you like camping?" Her answer: "Yes, but not much." Just about my feelings at the time. We bought a big tent before our next outing.



"Friends and Neighbors". We have been very fortunate over the years to have great neighbors on Shelton Avenue. To the right in this early 1960s picture were Sam and Sara Dumbolton, who lived just east of us, and to the left Jim and Gwen Doak, who lived just to our west. Today, the Doaks' daughter Gwen and her husband Monty Perry live in that house, and they have been very helpful and very kind neighbors as well! Sam Dumbolton was a semi-retired civil engineer, and Doug worked for him doing survey work while he was in high school. When Sam couldn't mow any more, Warren began mowing his lawn. Today, Dave and Diane Veley live in the Dumbolton house, and Dave is kind enough to mow my lawn!

Another memorable camping trip was with the Rouses to Yellowstone Park. That was before bears were taken to other areas of the park, and we saw lots wandering pretty close to the campground. We had had pancakes with syrup for breakfast one morning and were just cleaning up when we saw a mama with a cub coming through the camp area. Needless to say we rapidly finished the cleanup. But one idiotic mother gave her little daughter something to feed the cub! The mama let them know that you don't get between her and her baby.

Our second trip to Yellowstone was even more exciting. We went by ourselves. We did all the usual things: watched Old Faithful erupt and walked around the other geysers and hot pools. That was fun, but about the most memorable thing happened after everyone was asleep one night. We set up camp making sure all the food was in the car except for a cooler with nothing in it but 2 empty root beer bottles, so since it was empty we left it under a tree, where we thought it would be



safe. However, sometime in the middle of the night we had a visitor. We heard him breathing heavily while shuffling around the tent (very thin canvas, I might add). Doug tried to figure out a way we could all safely get to the car, but couldn't figure out how to get the car unlocked and the doors open before the bear got us. In the meantime the bear found the cooler and successfully ripped the lid cleanly off – making enough noise to wake up the whole campground. The man in the tent next “door” hollered “Hey, a bear has your cooler”. Warren hollered back “I don't care, he can have the damn thing!!” The bear decided there wasn't anything interesting in our cooler and wandered off. He was very considerate in one way. He did such a neat job ripping the lid off, the lid still fit and the side clamps still worked. So we were able to use it for the rest of the trip, and I still have it!

Doug began playing summer baseball after his fourth grade in Walla Walla. When we moved to Yakima Lora Lou was in the 1st grade, and Doug in the 5th, where he started playing baseball seriously. He continued until he was out of high school. He was a good

Warren stepped up to fill a coaching vacancy one summer, for the team that Doug (lower right) played with for many years. Probably 1962.



batter as well as pitcher, and his grandfather would have been proud of him. I remember spending many a cold afternoon wrapped in a blanket, watching him play.

He and his teammates played pickup a lot, often on the hospital lawn. He was hurt during a touch football game on the hospital lawn, and got a broken jaw. He was able to walk into the emergency room and was treated and home before I got home from work. That was how I got my blender – so I could feed the poor darling through his wired up jaw. His features took a lot of beatings, because he broke his nose playing flag football in a high school PE class, and again playing flag football in college.



Lora Lou and Doug at the Yakima Train Station, as Mimi was leaving from a visit to Yakima. Probably 1963.



I was working for a beauty school at that time, at their front desk, as well as for Bob Jones at Norkem. At one time I was working 3 jobs, which takes a bit of doing to be at the right place at the right time. Warren and I joined The Formal Dance club and met a neat group of friends: Tom and BA Hall, Roy and Donna Johnson, Paul and Dottie Farley. We spent many fun evenings in Halls' basement. They had a good dance floor and a bar set up, so how could you not have fun? I still have some of the formal gowns from the dances, though now going nowhere.

At the Norkem office on South 3rd St., which later became the first Agrimanagement offices.



1962 Family picture with beloved dog Ike. "He was a good dog!"



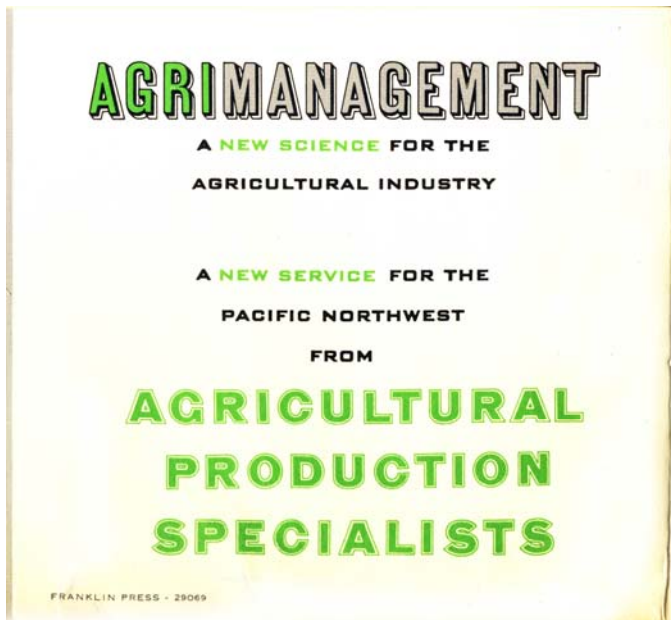
25th Wedding Anniversary, October 23, 1968.

In the fall of 1965 Warren left Shell when they decided to move out of Yakima. (They had their offices in the Larson Building.) We knew Bob Jones, who had started a subsidiary of Norkem called Agrimanagement, along with another agriculturist, back in 1964. The partner went out on his own in Milton-Freewater, so Warren went to work with Bob in Yakima.

Later, Warren and Bob purchased Agrimanagement from American Cyanamid, which had bought it from Norkem. Warren had more agronomic experience than Bob, who was a plant pathologist, so Warren was able to reshape the soil fertility and irrigation service programs and turn the original idea into something that has lasted for nearly 50 years. Bob eventually decided to do something else, so around 1970 Warren and I bought out his interest.

This is how we worked it: Warren took care of the field work, and I took care of the office. Our bookkeeper, Virginia Gable, has remained a friend over the years. We had hired an entomologist, and 2 more agronomists. Plus there were several samplers hired during the summers. Thus summer became a chaotic time, to say the least.

Agrimanagement gradually became computerized during the late 1960s and early 1970s. Doug and Warren spent hours together, thinking through how to automate the graphical presentations for the printed reports, and Doug programmed them for processing at a local bank's computer. Later, we were one of the first companies in Yakima to get our own computer (about 1975) and it was a far cry from current laptops to say the least. It had its own room, and took up almost all of one of the walls. The data was stored on huge 15 inch disk drives (which, Doug recalls, stored only 2.5 Megabytes each).



Above: Thelma and Ginny Gable weigh cans containing soil samples.

Left is from some early Agrimanagement promotional material, probably mid- to late-1960s.

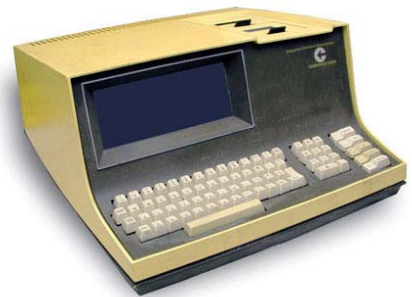
I did learn about data processing from the computer, but nothing else. We hired a young man for the computer processing department. Unfortunately, he had difficulty telling others how to use the system. He and Doug wrote the programs, to automate the procedures and logic that Warren established. Those programs remained in use for many years, and to a great extent formed the basis for more modern software which David and Phillip have updated for use today.

David is now purchasing the company, from Don Jameson who was one of our early hires and later bought the company. David's son Phillip now works for him. Third generation, yet!!!



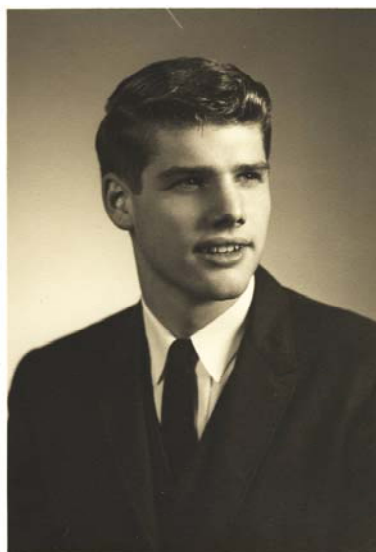
Above: Thelma behind her desk, probably around 1970, at the Agrimanagement Office on South 3rd Street. Her IBM Selectric typewriter is behind her.

Below: The first Agrimanagement computer (1975) was a Datapoint 2200, like this:



Above: The Marshalls drove Thelma's new Pontiac Tempest across the snowy Rocky Mountains to Billings, for Christmas 1962. Above, family picture at Glennis' house.

Right: High School Graduation Pictures of Doug (1964) and Lora Lou (1969).



Chapter 5 - David Comes Along

On June 9, 1964, our third bundle of joy was born, David Warren Marshall. I went to Doug's high school graduation on June 5 and I'm sure I was the most pregnant mother there, because four days later David was born. Thank goodness for Lora Lou because Doug went away to college in September 1964 and Warren was still traveling. I felt like a loner, alone with a tiny new baby at age 41. But David provided much joy for his family. One of our neighbors told me that when Warren was telling them about his new son, if he hadn't had ears his grin would have gone all around his head. Warren

was truly happy with that little kid and we have all been glad we had him.



David's baby picture, January 1965.



My friend Jeanne Crawford was editor of a small newspaper, and one day she told me she was looking for appropriate pictures for the Valentine's Day edition. We hit on the idea of using David. He didn't care that he was eating raisins instead of chocolates!

LL and I did a good job with him – we were agreed that we wouldn't have a little spoiled brat and we didn't. The one problem he had is very memorable. When he was in 3rd grade he was outside playing with the neighbor kids running behind the shrubs in the back yard. A branch swished back at him and caught him in the left eye. The eye pupil turned up and down, which was a clue that something was wrong. He went immediately to see our neighbor, Dan Lennox, who had been a nurse before he became administrator of St. Elizabeth's



Hospital, and Dan sent us immediately to Dr. Lundblad, our eye doctor. Dave spent one night in the hospital (the trauma had caused the retina to start detaching) and the next day I drove a blind little boy (his eyes were both bandaged even though only one was damaged) to Portland, Oregon where he met a specialist surgeon who was able to save his eye. The doctor later said he'd never had a patient who asked more questions than did David.

Then again in high school he called me one afternoon to say the other eye was showing the same symptoms of a detached retina, so again we went to see Dr. Lundblad who sent us to Seattle, and again the eye was saved. Any time thereafter that Dr. Lundblad examined David's eyes he just shook his head and said, "You are one lucky guy."

When in 1971, Lora Lou decided to get married, four-year old David was very upset when he heard she was going to live in Kansas, because Toto said they had tornadoes there and so did the Wizard of Oz. It wasn't easy for the rest of us to see our darling daughter move away, but she was happy, and said in all the time she lived there she never saw a tornado.

In 4th grade David began riding the bus from school to the office, and with Doug sometimes there writing computer programs, Dave was soon immersed in computers also. That has stuck with him ever since.



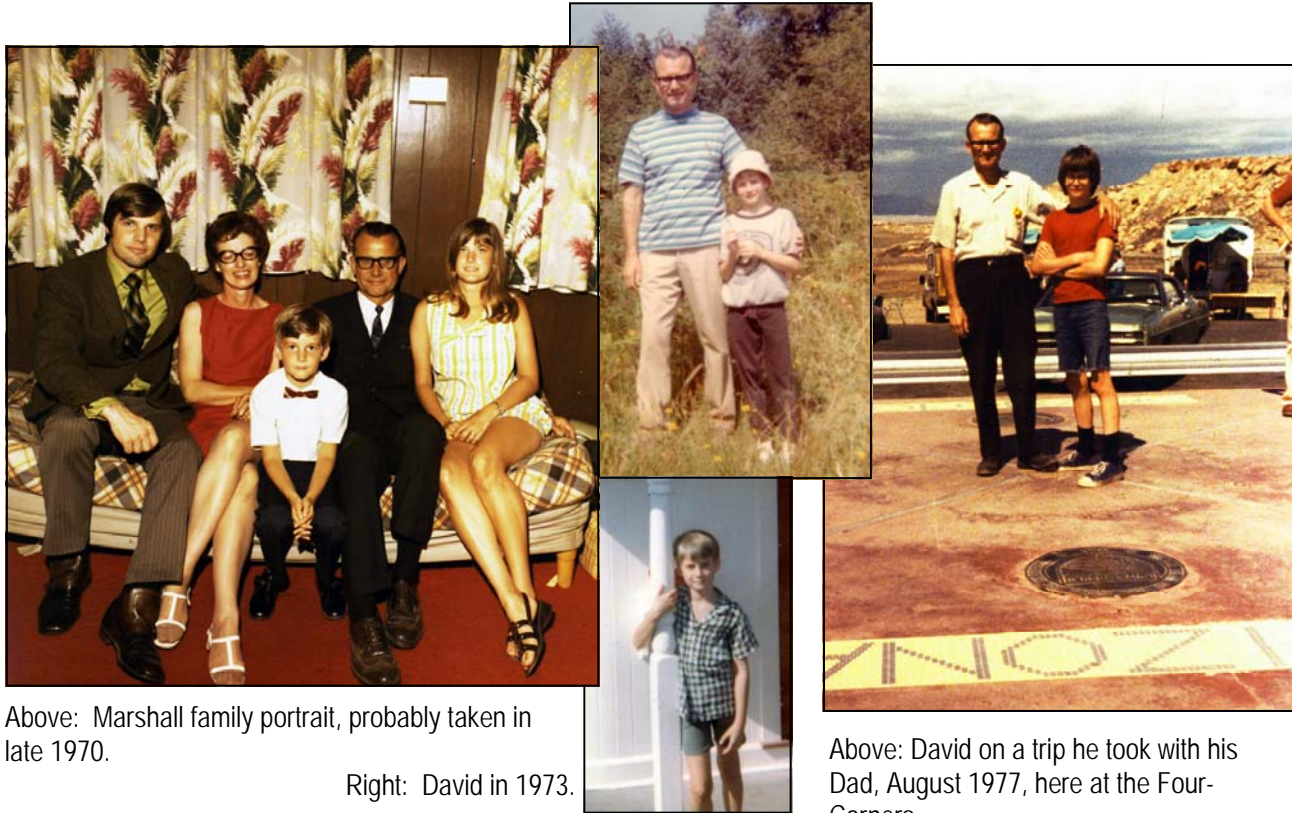
Thelma sewed matching pajamas for David and his father (1966).



David visited his Grandmother in 1967, at her Billings nursing home. Here, they share some diabetic cookies that Thelma had made.

One day he came in to the office one afternoon and I was in the middle of typing a report. He came to give me a hug and I said, "Just a minute, honey." He said, "Don't turn away from Love, Mommy."

David grew up to be a very compassionate, caring, thoughtful man. An example happened very recently when he and I went to visit Roy Johnson, who was in the last days of his life. When we walked in Roy was mad as could be: he was sure something was wrong with his phone because he had been trying to call his mother to tell her he was alright and not to worry



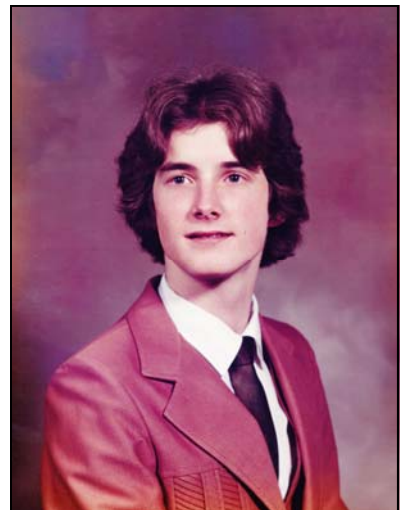
Above: Marshall family portrait, probably taken in late 1970.

Right: David in 1973.

Above: David on a trip he took with his Dad, August 1977, here at the Four-Corners.



Left: David's school picture in 1976.
Center: David on Mothers' Day, 1982.
Right: High School graduation picture, 1982.





Above: Elma poses with her family. Left: Thelma, Bob, Elma, Ruth, and Glennis at Ericksons' (probably early 60's). Right: Bob, Elma, Ruth, Glennis, and Thelma (probably 1966 or 1967). Elma died in 1968.



In a bi-plane, during 1974 trip to New Zealand.



Christmas Vacation 1970: Jim Gillespie visits Yakima to meet Lora Lou's family.

about him. He thought we should call the phone company! After David talked to him and he calmed down a bit Dave said "Don't worry about it Roy. I'll go find your Mother and give her your message." He then left and was gone quite awhile. When he came back he said to Roy, "I talked to your Mother and gave her your message. She said thank you. Now I won't worry. Tell him I love him." His Mother had been dead for a lot of years, but Roy was comforted.

CHAPTER 6 - TRANSITION YEARS

In the Spring of 1973, Warren was diagnosed with cancer. He had had a physical in the early fall of 1972 and was supposed to get a routine chest X-ray as part of that, but he put it off until after the 1st of the year. The doctors told him that if he'd had the X-ray when he was supposed to, the tumors may not have been large enough to detect, and his treatment would not have been as successful. Glennis and Don were visiting at the time of the diagnosis, and asked to take Dave back to Billings to give us a chance to face facts and decide what we wanted to do. That did help us a lot, and David enjoyed his vacation with his relatives!

Warren began treatments for the cancer and I must say he didn't let it slow him down. He had to take a shot every Friday, and when he got too busy to remember, the doctor's nurse would call and tell him in no uncertain terms, "Get over here!" We were even able to take a trip to Spain with Feitushes and Johnsons. Each of us carried a vial of medicine in our suitcases so Warren could be sure to have what he needed when he needed it -- every Friday. All he had to do was find a doctor to inject it, which worked out pretty well. The ones he found knew exactly what it was and therefore knew how to administer it, although one would not inject it like a shot so Warren had to have it like a transfusion, much to his annoyance because it took all afternoon. The next year we went to New Zealand with the Johnsons, equipped with medicines. Warren and Roy both being agriculturally inclined, they farmed New Zealand style.

Thus we had 2 good trips with good friends for 3 years. Then the cancer took over again and Warren began to slowly go downhill. By May of 1978 it was over. LL happened to be home as was Doug, so the 4 of us did our grieving together, with the support of our friends. Warren was the first of our group to die, so it was something of a heads up for the rest of them. It also brought our family even more closely together, and it remains so to this day.

Since I was unable to run the field part of our company, I sold it to 4 of our professional people plus Doug, who continued to help while working in Seattle. Warren had arranged for the sale before he died. So this left me with a 14-year old and no need to work.



New Years Eve 1975. Thelma is wearing a pendant which was a present from her father, a Jack of Hearts from the 1909 World's Fair in Seattle.



Warren took this picture of Thelma (right) with Roy and Donna Johnson, at the southern 45th Parallel in New Zealand.



CHAPTER 7 - WORLDWIDE EXPERIENCES

Shortly after Warren's death, Glennis called and asked if I would like to go to England. Of course I would! That was the beginning of my "travel period". Jeanne Crawford introduced me to the Elderhostel programs and I was off.

I traveled with Jeanne and Ann Ingham, and Florence Randall, to name some. Florence was a delicate little lady, cute as could be, but she felt she



With Jeanne Crawford at the Bird Sanctuary near Toppenish.

needed more attention, so she said "Oh shit" quite a lot. She and I took a cruise along with a friend, Richard, whom I had met through Elderhostel. His roommate was an older gentleman (Henry), with a keen sense of humor. Dick and especially Henry felt inclined to take care of Florence, which meant he was with us quite a lot. One day Florence said to me, "Thelma, I am going to the bathroom." After she left Henry said, "For a woman who says Oh Shit as much as she does, wouldn't you think she could be more specific?" That was in 1989.



With Ann Ingham at Palouse Falls.

Besides doing a lot of traveling during those years, I did volunteer work for the Larson Gallery and Warehouse Theater, which gave me the opportunity to meet many local artists, like Leo Adams. I helped the Theater's propmaster, Fred Fontanilla. Fred and his partner Bob Plumb became good friends, and have been very good to me over the years.

Here is a sort of list of my Elderhostel trips, as well as a few others. It looks like I never stayed home, doesn't it?

- | | |
|----------|---|
| 1980 | Went with Glennis to England (right). |
| 1981 | Went to Florida to catch a Carnival Cruise with Betty Vergine. Went to Cape Kennedy Disney World and through some of the Florida Everglades. Didn't see any crocodiles, though. |
| Feb 1982 | I took an Elderhostel program by myself at Central Washington University in Ellensburg. The subject was the Chimpanzee studies by Dr. Fouts. They were taught to communicate by using sign language. Washoe, the female and the first one of their original study group, was there at the time. Look her up on the internet!! |



Washoe, the first non-human to learn to communicate using American Sign Language.

Feb 1983 La Paz, Cabo San Lucas, & San Diego with Betty by bus, yet. It is a really beautiful place in Mexico and has since been built up so it is now where a lot of people go in the winter.

Jan 1983 Went to Hawaii with June Johnson. She played golf and I drove the cart.

Mar 1983 Went to Tahiti with Betty Vergine.

In 1984 Went to Hawaii with June Johnson.

In 1985 Went on Gala Mediterranean cruise with Betty (see the two pictures at right).

July 1985 Driving trip to see Lora Lou in Wichita, Kansas and back, by way of Minot, ND with Verla & David.

Aug 1985 Went on a cruise to Scandinavian & Russian fjords with Betty.

In 1986 Elderhostel trip to Sheldon Jackson College in Sitka with Jeanne. James Michener was there at the same time, researching for his book "Alaska". He even had his meals with us. He would only talk to the men, though, not the women. The campus area was filled with totem poles done by various tribes.

Jan 1987 Went on a cruise to The South China Sea & Hong Kong with Betty, June Johnson & Florence. One day, after we'd left Hong Kong, in the middle of the South China Sea, I was using my hair dryer when the lights on the ship suddenly went out. Betty rushed out into the hall & said to the 1st steward she saw "My roommate was using her hair dryer & the lights went out. Did she do it?" It turned out the problem was in the engine room, not in my hair dryer, and the whole ship was dark. As a result, our menu was considerably changed because they needed to use the food from the freezers before they spoiled. We were out there for several days before we were rescued.

I also went to Japan with Glennis and Lorena with a side trip to China mainland not long after it was opened to tourists again, but quite awhile before the Tiananmen massacre which happened in 1989. I remember being impressed by the men's suits; they all looked alike – no originality in their design.

Mar 1987 Joined Jim & Lora Lou in Las Vegas. Jim had a convention, so he invited me to act as a companion to Lora Lou. Can you imagine inviting your Mother In Law on a trip with your wife? He did say, "but we won't be in the same



room” We went to Liberace’s Museum, did a lot of people-watching, and saw a show with Debbie Reynolds & Donald O’Connor.

May 1987 Elderhostel to Great Britain with Jeanne & Ann. After the Elderhostel program we managed to see 6 theater productions in 3 days in London. The Elderhostel was about the canals of Great Britain, which were the main means of transportation and shipping for quite a long time. We were favored with a short trip on one and learned there are a lot of gates that you have to open to get anywhere.

June 1987 Ray Stevens & I explored the Oregon Coast.

Jan 1988 Went to the Super Bowl in San Diego with Maureen & Larry Cox and 2 couples from Arkansas, then to Pro Bowl in Hawaii. Our seats were way up high in the stadium and didn’t seem very steady when I felt them sway! Maureen had worked with Warren at Shell Chemical.

Feb 1988 Went to Hawaii with June Johnson.

July 1988 Went by Elderhostel to Peninsula College in Port Angeles with Jeanne. We saw hundreds of eagles catching & enjoying fresh salmon who were going up the river to spawn.

Sept 1988 Went on a cruise with Betty to the Scandinavian capitals, even St. Petersburg (which was still called Leningrad), where we saw the armed soldiers all around, but especially on the docks. Photo at right shows the two of us with Hans Christian Anderson, in Copenhagen.



In 1989 Elderhostel to Great Britain with Florence.

March 1989 Cruise down the east coast of South America, as far as Rio de Janeiro. We arrived on a Sunday and all the shops were closed but somewhere we saw the beach at Ipanema, which was also closed because of some health problem in the water. There was no traffic and no people that we saw. But I remember the statue of Christ which stands on a hill near the port, and is the first thing you see as you enter the country.

July 1989 Ferryboat to Alaska with Colleen Gillespie & Jeanne Crawford & Megan (Jeanne’s granddaughter). (See Grandchildren Chapter, p. 51).

Sept 1989 Went on a cruise through the San Juan Islands with Florence, Glennis & Don.

Nov 1989 Steam engine ride from Yakima to Cle Elum with Kasper (Lee Semon’s cousin).

- In 1990 Elderhostel with Jeanne to Packwood, WA to study Mt Rainier. The only day we saw Mt Rainer was the 1st day. After that, it was clouded over so those who had come many miles to see it, never did. The people who ran the program considered it “their” mountain & were very proud to show us her hidden trails.
- Feb 1990 Palm Springs & Tucson with Betty.
- May 1990 Attended 50th class reunion in Miles City.
- Jan 1991 Palm Springs with Kasper — if he had a first name, he never used it!
- Mar 1991 Trip to Tucson with Betty.
- May 1991 Elderhostel with Betty to Australia & New Zealand. Her birthday was one of the days we were there and she got to plant a tree.
- June 1991 Trip to Palm Springs with Kasper. We were able to watch Arnold Palmer play in a golf tournament.
- Aug 1991 Cruise to Caribbean.
- Feb 1992 Elderhostel to Catalina Island with Florence. There are still buffalo herds on the island, left over from when they made movies there.
- July 1992 Trip to Central Oregon with Justin (See Grandchildren Chapter).
- Aug 1992 Elderhostel with Ann to Denmark to explore our Danish heritage – hers & mine. After the Elderhostel, we rented a car and drove to the Lego factory. The park in front of the building was constructed entirely from Legos including Indians on horseback, cowboys with their cattle and a larger than life statue of Hans Christian Andersen. It included landscaping & everything else you could think of. Our last stop was in Copenhagen where we saw the little mermaid in the harbor. She really is little.
- Oct 1992 Elderhostel to Vancouver Island with Jeanne.
- Feb 1993 Monarch of the Sea cruise to Caribbean with Bob Plumb. A really good time, each of us doing our own thing, and having a dining table with 2 gay guys who were really fun. Fred was supposed to go with Bob but couldn’t because of business, so Bob asked me. We had been friends for a long time, and we were even able to share a state room without any problem. Of course it really made a good story.



Aug 1993 Cruise up Columbia River with Jeanne & Ann to celebrate our birthdays (right), even past Hanford, which is pretty much closed down – no need for plutonium.



Nov 1993 Elderhostel to Ellensburg with Ann to check on the chimps 10 years later. Roger Fouts wasn't at any of the Elderhostel programs, because he was too busy running the entire program. That was a disappointment, because he had been so interesting ten years earlier. The chimps had a new compound, which allowed them to be outside.

April 1994 Elderhostel in Japan with Ann. She had received two airline tickets to Japan, and invited me to go with her. We had a ride on their fast railroad train, then again on the slower one. Bragging, maybe?

Sept 1994 Sioux City to a family reunion, where I met my 80 year old cousin Helen Jacobsen, the survivor of my Uncle John's family. Did I mention that on Christmas 1933, that family was leaving Charter Oak to visit relatives elsewhere? As I understand it their daughter Helen didn't want to go because she wanted to spend Christmas with her then-boyfriend. Uncle John said, "Since you are so grumpy you probably wouldn't be any fun anyway so stay home." In those days cars did not have heaters, and windows tended to fog over because of the moisture from the passengers. Anyway they were at a railroad crossing with fogged windows, and started across not hearing the train. The whole family was killed. We heard about it on the radio in Forsyth, and I remember Dad going to the funeral in Iowa. This was the first death of any of his brothers.



Transcript of the section pertaining to the Jacobsen Tragedy:

Snow which accompanied the bitter cold was credited with three deaths.

...

Car Skids Into Train

Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Jacobson (sic) of Toledo, Ia., were unable to stop their automobile near Scranton due to ice highways and their car crashed into a train. Both were killed. Their son, John Jacobson Jr., 20, student at the University of Iowa, died in a hospital at Boone at 2 p.m. Tuesday.

BOONE (AP)—An inquest was ordered Tuesday into the death of Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Jacobson (sic) of Toledo, Ia., who were instantly killed Christmas day when their car was struck by a North Western Railroad train near Scranton.

Their son, Jon (sic), 20, a student at Iowa State University, received fatal injuries. The Jacobson automobile was carried by the train for a quarter of a mile and was virtually demolished.



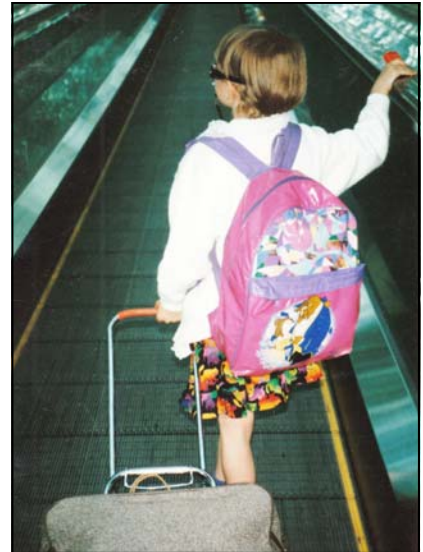
?? 1994 Elderhostel to Sun River in Oregon with Jeanne. Stayed in very nice condos.

Nov 1994 Trip to Bali with Gert. Each of the small towns had its own specialized artist.

Feb 1995 Cruise to Portugal.

May 1995 Colorado Springs to Colleen's graduation. I took little Megan with me, and she especially enjoyed the moving stairs in the Denver airport (right).

July 1995 Ann and I drove through Oregon and wound up at Lake Tahoe visiting our friend Dick. We went to Las Vegas one day where I found a slot machine that just wouldn't quit. Ann and Dick dragged me away before I was ready, but I did have fun with it.



Aug 1995 I went to visit Marcia Leeman in Michigan and Ohio. We had met on a cruise to Russia and she was terrified to be in that country with all the armed soldiers everywhere. So I comforted her on the tours and we became friends.

Sept 1995 55th class reunion in Miles City. There Ben and I got re-acquainted and that got to be pretty interesting.



Visits with the two remaining family members, Bob and Glennis.
Above: July 13, 1992. Right: date unknown.



- Oct 1995 I met Ben in Butte. I hadn't been there in a lot of years, but there are still examples of the former mining days.
- Jan 1996 Billings with Glennis. Our brother Bob had died the month before (December 5th).
- Feb 1996 Billings with Glennis and then to Las Vegas with Ben.
- Mar 1996 Singapore to visit Gary Irving. Went to a zoo where we saw a stupid tourist feeding chocolate to the golden monkeys. Gary was enraged, and in no uncertain terms told the man he was killing the monkeys.
- April 1996 Billings to Glennis's funeral. She died 4/11/96 of heart trouble. She had had breast cancer, and so did Carolee.
- May 1996 Trip to Colorado Springs to see the Gillespies with Doug where we celebrated his 50th birthday along with Dave & Ginger. I wrapped up for him a baseball bat which had been given to Doug by Aunt Addie and Uncle Lou Chase when he was born. Lou Jacobsen (LAJ) had a baseball that he got from an American Legion team that he coached. LAJ wanted to make sure that his first grandson got that baseball. Addie and Lou were in Miles City the year I was pregnant with Doug. Uncle Lou said that if this baby was a boy and got the baseball, Uncle Lou would buy the bat to go with it.
- June 1996 Lake Chelan with Ben.
- Aug 1996 Colorado Springs with Ben.
- Sept 1996 Elk Watch near Billings with Ben and some other friends. I didn't tell them about our Elk feeding program, because there were so few elk going somewhere in Montana, comparatively speaking.



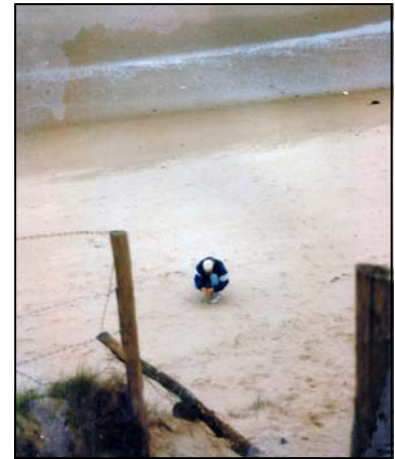
Mar 1997

Two weeks in France with Doug and Justin, with the primary goal of retracing the route that the 4th Infantry Division had taken from D-Day on to Paris. We took Justin so he would know what his grandfather had done. But first, after landing at Paris, we drove to Calais in the North of France and followed the coast down to Normandy. We stopped at the American Cemetery at Omaha Beach, and rather than putting our valuables in the trunk, we just locked the car. We returned to find a window broken and everything stolen, including Doug's passport. He got it replaced at the US Embassy in Paris. I had to swear that he was my son and that he had been born in the U.S.



On their first day in Paris, Justin took this picture of Thelma and Doug in front of a museum known as Les Invalides. Napoleon's remains lie under a huge dome constructed to hold his tomb.

Further along the coast from Omaha Beach, we visited Warren's landing spot at Utah Beach. Justin scooped up some sand from the beach, which I still have. Doug had brought maps from a book on the landing, and a copy of a list of each place the 8th Infantry Regiment had set up headquarters through the War. That allowed us to follow the route of Warren's regiment, which we did all the way from the landing beach into Paris. Also, the grateful French nation had set up markers along the roads followed by the Fourth Division from Utah Beach to Paris, marking "La Rue de la Liberté". The 4th Division was given the honor of being the first American Division to enter Paris, in late August of 1944. Warren said people lined the streets and offered wine and food to the soldiers as they passed by.



Justin at Utah Beach, collecting a souvenir of sand.

It was a most interesting trip. We usually stayed in local homes which were operating as B&Bs. One was a four hundred year old Chateau that the Nazi Army told the owners they wanted for a headquarters. The owners proceeded to get help from all their neighbors and they moved all the furniture out, hid it, and left the house completely empty. The only damage from the war was a bullet hole in the mantel. I stayed in the "new" wing, constructed in the mid-1800s, while Doug and Justin stayed in the older main section.

Sept 1997 Elderhostel to Germany and Italy, sort of with Dick Teubner. I only met him there, but we have kept in touch ever since.

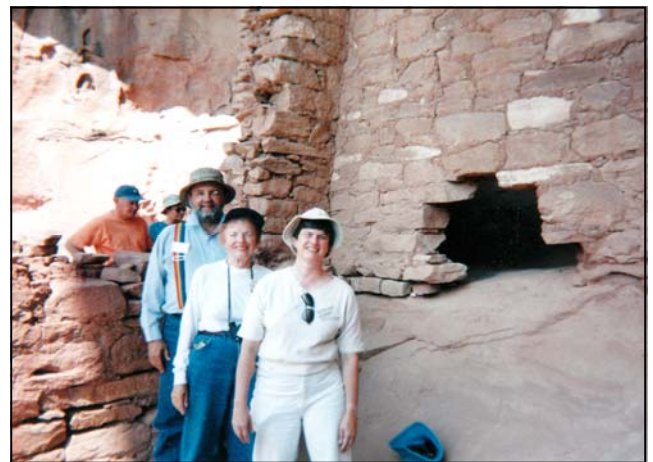
Oct 1997 Billings with Doug to visit Don. His health was deteriorating and he had moved to a retirement home.

Nov. 1997 Elderhostel -- floating classroom -- to Alaska with Jeanne. Education all the way about the areas we passed through.

Nov. 1997 Colorado Springs to visit LL.

Feb 1998 San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, with Ann to visit Gary Irving. My first visit to Mexico proper. Stayed in the apartment where he was staying, so we had our own room (his).

Aug 1998 Elderhostel to the 4-corners of Utah, New Mexico, Colorado, and Arizona with LL and Jim (right). Learned a lot about the Anasazi tribe and their culture there.



Oct 1998 Bodega Bay Elderhostel with Jeanne, Ann, and Jean Enbusk. It is sitting on an earthquake fault line!

May 1999 Billings.

June 1999 Colorado Springs with Phillip.

July 1999 Elderhostel at Warm Beach in Stanwood with Jeanne Crawford.

Sept 1999 Elderhostel to Florence Italy with Jeanne and Ann. We didn't stay in Florence, rather in Montecatini, considered the spa capital of Italy. Jeanne and I took a day off and went to the home of Pinocchio. And that was really fun.



April 2006 Billings, with Doug and Dave driving, to see Don one last time. Don took us to Laurel where Glennis and Carolee are buried. Don is there now.

CHAPTER 8 - Children Grow Up

In 1971, Lora Lou married Jim Gillespie in Yakima, having met him on a wagon train in Kansas during the summer before her senior year in high school. Her father walked her down the aisle. The Gillespies lived in Kansas and Colorado, which meant we did not get to visit as often as we all would have liked, but she always stays in touch. She now lives in Colorado Springs.

Lora earned an AA degree in horticulture from Kansas State, and then a BS degree in Industrial Technology (materials management) from Wichita State University. That is a lot of fun because “WSU” means Washington State to the rest of us!

During the time David was an undergraduate at the real WSU, studying Communications, he met Ginger, who turned out to be his wife. They were married in the Tri-Cities in August 1986, and proceeded to produce 3 adorable children -- Megan, Phillip, and Jefferson -- over the next 10 years. Later David went back to WSU and earned a Masters Degree in Agricultural Economics. He has put that degree to good use working at Agrimanagement.

Doug earned degrees in Economics and Law from the University of Washington, which has always led to fun “Apple Cup” game rivalries.

On October 12th of 2002, Doug and Michell were married in the architecturally renowned home of my friend Leo Adams, which is on the Yakama Indian Reservation. Their reception was “done up” by Fred Fontinella. Today the two of them are semi-retired owners of a retail office and art supply store on Orcas Island, in the San Juan Islands, where they built their dream house. Doug has no children, and seems quite comfortable with that. But a third member of their household is a beautiful white Golden Retriever, the English style of Golden Retriever, named Savannah. She is a “shop dog”, meaning she goes to the store every day and welcomes all the customers.



Lora and Jim with her Grandmother Ida in this wedding photo, August 14, 1971.



The Marshall side of the family at David's Wedding, August 16, 1986.



Doug and Michell at their rehearsal dinner.

CHAPTER 9 - Grandchildren

I now have five grandchildren to brag about, and over the past year I became a Great Grandmother!

Lora Lou and Jim had 2 adorable children. Colleen Renee Louise Gillespie was born June 1, 1977. Justin Marshall James Gillespie joined the family on October 5, 1980.

David and Ginger have had 3: Megan Elisabeth Marshall (born February 19, 1987), Phillip Warren Marshall (born June 25, 1990), and Jefferson Douglas Marshall (born December 15, 1994). Phillip was named after his two grandfathers, and of course Jefferson also received a family name.



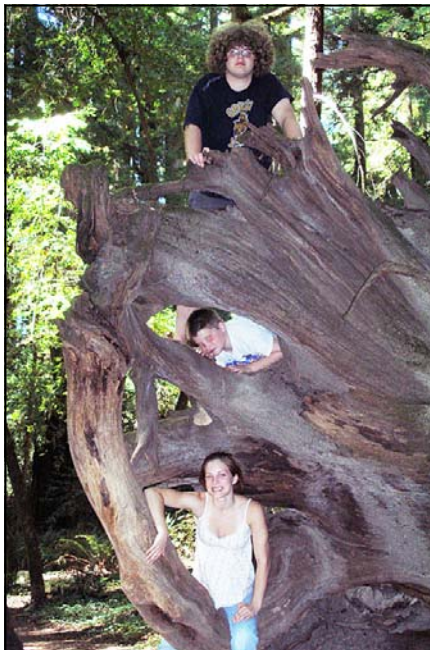
With Lora's Children, June 1982.



With David's three children, April 1995.

In 1989 Jeanne and I each had 12-year old granddaughters — Colleen and Megan. She had the bright idea for us to take them on a cruise to Alaska. What a great trip. One thing we learned was how to spot eagles in the trees: look for golf balls because that is how their white heads look.

When Justin reached age 12 in 1992, I took him along the Oregon coast and back through Central Oregon. He was fun to travel with, also, and he tried very hard to be



helpful. So much so, in fact, that he locked us out of the car one morning, which required a locksmith to save us.

Megan and I took a trip together, too — to Colorado Springs for Colleen's graduation in 1995. Phillip joined me on a trip to Colorado, in 1999. I regret that it never worked out for me to take that special sort of trip with Jefferson.

So far, three of my five grandchildren have gotten married, and I have been lucky to be able to attend all three weddings:

December 2008 - Megan and Travis' wedding at Naches, Washington

May 2012 – Colleen and Larry's wedding at Denver, CO

April 2013 – Justin and Bree's wedding at Lake Tahoe, NV



Megan with new husband and her brothers, at her 2008 wedding.



Family Portrait at Jefferson's Graduation from high school — Thelma's sixth descendant to graduate from Eisenhower High. June, 2013.



Left to right: Jefferson, Phillip, Thelma, Justin, Megan, and Colleen. December 2007. Photo credit: M R McDonald.

CHAPTER 10 - The Story Continues . . .

I started writing this memoir more than two years ago, while spending some time in Colorado with Lora Lou following Colleen's wedding. She let me use her computer, which was an interesting learning experience just by itself! Lora jokingly called it "your Opus", and the name quickly stuck.

This "Opus" has become a wonderful family project. When I returned home, David set up one of his older computers in my home office. He went through a lot of our old family pictures, and scanned them for Doug to use in laying out the pages. Lora was able to help over the internet, contributing pictures and commenting on what we had found. David had help from two cousins, and even made contact with some distant relatives! It's been fun for all of us to rediscover the old pictures, and then try to select the ones to include here. I really regret that Warren was not able to see all that has occurred over the past 35 years. He would be very proud, I am sure of that.

Each time we worked on the project, we'd remember new things to add . . . and each new draft contained more and more pages. For example, during these past two years that we've been working on this family history, I've become a "Great Grandmother" and I certainly wanted to include that! Colleen presented me with my first great-grandchild, Eric Marshall Rathbone, born on June 23, 2013.

Then on February 9, 2014, Justin and Bree also had a son, James Justin Gillespie.



With her first great-grandchild, Eric, who was 4 months old when he visited Yakima during October of 2013.



Four generations! Justin and his new son "JJ" visited Yakima in March of 2014.

There is so much more I could say in this memoir, I really don't know where to stop. But there is one last story that I want to end with, about someone who is like a daughter to me, and that is my neighbor Gwen Perry. When we moved into my house, she was about four years old. She and Lora Lou were friends in school. After she grew up, she married Monty and went away. But later, she inherited the house she had grown up in. After she and Monty came back, she and I made a pact: I'd be her Mom, and she'd be my daughter. I have gotten much the better of that deal! She has been so helpful, especially as my physical challenges have become greater. And she has been a wonderful person to talk with.

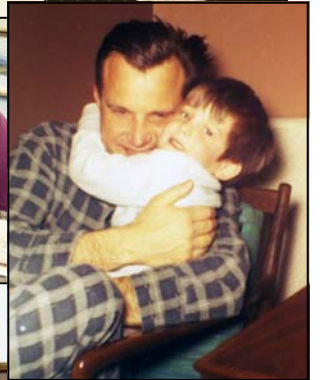
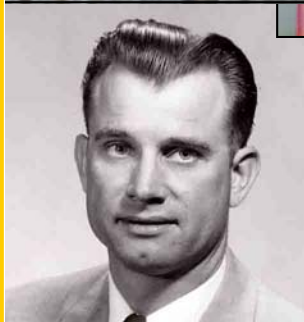
Now I'm retired from most everything, but still pretty much alive at nearly 92 years of age. (How did this happen??) It has been a lot of brain strain to remember my life so long ago, even with the input from Doug, Lora Lou, and David, but I feel better for having done it. I hope my descendants will enjoy this Opus.

– June 10, 2014.

The End, so Far



On August 2, 2013 (her 91st Birthday), Thelma posed in her "office", at the computer she used while working on this memoir.



This memoir was completed in June of 2014, for distribution to family members and friends on the occasion of Thelma's 92nd birthday on August 2, 2014.

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