

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

1. Golda Faye Fabian My maiden name was Hammell
2. I was born in McMinnville, OR on May 29, 1923
3. My mother was an immigrant from Holland (The Netherlands) and my father was born in Kansas and was of Scotch, Irish, English and German ancestry. His family moved to Bellingham WA when he was 6 weeks old.
4. My family lived in Grand Ronde when I was born, but my mother went to what they called a "lying in home" in McMinnville for my birth. My father was a logger at that time, but after the birth of my younger sister, Clarinda, he decided it was too dangerous a profession for a man with five children so we moved to Sheridan, Oregon where he became a paper carrier for the Oregonian. When I was 13 years old and in the 7th grade, they divided his route and he was transferred to do the coastal route so we moved to Cloverdale. In 1941, my senior year in high school, my parents built the Anchorage Motel in Pacific City and we moved there in March.
5. I started 1st grade in Sheridan in a two story school house. I had polio when I was about 3 years old and as a result, I had to have surgery on my Achilles tendon when I was in 5th grade. I wore a brace on my leg until we moved to Cloverdale and remember when we had fire drills I was so embarrassed because some of the eighth grade boys had to carry me down the stairs! When we moved to Cloverdale, it was nice to have the school all on one floor. The seventh and eighth grade shared one room which was hard for me to get used to at first, but I learned a lot because I would listen to the eighth graders while I was doing my home work so when I got in the eighth grade it was very easy for me. My teacher was Mr. Reilly and he disciplined by being very sarcastic and had nicknames (usually not very nice) for everyone. One heavy set boy he called "Lardo" and one girl who was quite ungainly "Tanglelegs". As for me, he called me "Dutchess" because I was very blonde and when he asked if I was a Swede I told him "No, I'm Dutch". I didn't like him at all and felt very sorry for the students when he got down on them. I graduated from there in 1937 and Nestucca Union High School in 1941. I remember my high school days as very happy days, I liked school and was active in Booster Club, Girls Activity League, Glee Club, Debate Club, and the band. We had a very small band and an instructor came down from Tillamook once a week to give us our lessons. I played trumpet but was never very good at it, but when the instructor couldn't make it to the games, I sometimes led the band. I later attended the University of Miami in Miami, FL and majored in accounting. I was going on the GI bill as I had been in the Marine Corps (See Military Service Information). My GI time ran out 12 credits short of my receiving my degree and since I had three children at that time and very limited income I did not graduate.
6. Significant events? That's a tough one. I had a very happy childhood despite the fact that we were in a depression for much of the early part and did not have much money, but no one else did either so it didn't seem to matter. We made our own amusement; played card games, dominoes, Chinese checkers and the like in the winter and tag, hide and seek and various other games in the summer. Since we were quite poor, in Sheridan we had to pick strawberries in the early summer, then hops and prunes in the fall to help pay for our school supplies. In those days, we had to buy our own school books and with five children in the family that got quite expensive. However, I don't remember that we minded too much and when my Dad got off his paper route he would join us and we would all sing while we were picking. We all had good voices and were taught to harmonize at an early age. The other pickers would sometimes join in and it was very nice. Being in the Shriner's Hospital for Crippled Children from Oct through Jan of '34 and '35 was quite an event for me. The worst part was being away from my brother and sisters...I was so homesick! I also remember the Tillamook Burn and how ominous the smoke and ashes were. That was when we were still in Sheridan but there was another bad forest fire when we moved to Cloverdale and the ashes were an inch thick on everything. It was so dark in the daytime that we had to keep our lights on. Very scary!
7. I had the usual household chores while growing up. We had to make our own beds, help with dishes, housework and gardening. We always grew a huge garden and canned everything we didn't eat. Also, when dad had the paper route, sometimes the people didn't have the money to pay for the paper so he

would take any kind of food they could give him that we could "put up". Sometimes he would bring home bags of peas or corn, bushels of clams from Nestucca Bay, a nice big salmon or a quarter of venison (deer). We never asked if it was caught legally...that was none of our business! My brother had to keep the wood stove going all day with the boiler of jars of goodies being processed. We girls had to prepare the foods to be canned, with the more hazardous jobs (slicing corn off the cob or cutting up the meat) going to my mother and oldest sister. It was always in the summer time and we would rather have been playing but we knew if we didn't work we wouldn't eat so good in the winter. My sister Adeline liked to bake cakes and pies and I did cookies and bread. I also did a lot of stocking mending, embroidering and crocheting.

8. Go ahead and laugh, but my first choice of a profession was to be a lady lion tamer. I loved cats and always had one or two as pets and taught them tricks such as begging, rolling over and "dead kitty". Since that was not a dignified profession for a woman, I was also interested in medicine and started reading books along those lines at a very early age...I remember reading Paul de Kruif's "Microbe Hunters" and "Why Keep Them Alive?" at about the 5th or 6th grade. The librarian thought I was taking them home for my older brother or sister....biology and science were my favorite studies in school but I was also very good at typing (I won a few typing contests I was in) and bookkeeping. Our curriculum was very limited back then. I wanted to take Chemistry but they didn't offer it in my senior year which was the only year you could take it. I graduated from Nestucca (Go Bobcats!) with a GPA of 4.0 and was Valedictorian of my class. I went to Seattle to live with an aunt and uncle and baby sat their two girls in the daytime and went to Comptometer School at night. I got a job in the payroll department of Boeing Aircraft and from there went into the Marine Corps in March of 1944. While in the Marines I married a Marine from Columbus, Georgia and went to live there after the war where we operated a grocery store, then later moved to Miami where I attended the University of Miami. I came back to Oregon in 1956 with my three children and worked the rest of my working days as a bookkeeper.
9. I was never very athletic because of my polio so I became a "bookworm". I was an avid reader and read far beyond my grade level. I disdained the Bobbsey Twins and other popular books of that era and read mostly non-fiction...usually about medicine. As I mentioned before, we played a lot of cards and board games but I was never very fond of them. I got a microscope as an eighth grade graduation present and spent many hours with it. I also acquired a photo developing set and camera (a Box Brownie...it cost all of \$4.00...a lot of money back then) and developed my own pictures. I wanted a chemistry set but my mother put her foot down about that. I guess she was afraid I would blow the house up. I took tap dancing at Tillamook, played guitar and sang. Two friends and I (Dixie Turner and Margaret Todd) formed a trio (ala the Andrews Sisters) and sang at many of the local functions. Dixie also played trombone and Eileen McGinnis played saxophone and I played trumpet in another trio, but we had a very limited repertoire so played mostly for our own amusement...usually at my house much to my mother's dismay. What we lacked in skill we made up for in enthusiasm. I also had a quite large stamp collection and most of my spare change (there wasn't much of that) went to buy stamps. We earned spare money at Cloverdale by peeling chittum bark and cutting foxglove leaves which some of the drug companies bought to make medicines. In July and August we picked wild blackberries and the canneries from the valley bought them to make jams and jellies. It was hard work but we wanted the money.
10. I remember my mother as being the disciplinarian of the family and it is a good thing or my dad would have spoiled us rotten. Mother also was a good housekeeper, made most of our clothes until we were in high school and taught us to sew. She also was an excellent cook and insisted that we help with the cooking so we could also learn. She came to this country from an impoverished childhood in Holland and loved America. I always said she had red, white and blue blood running through her veins and she taught all of us kids to appreciate the good things we had and to love our country. She purchased the Horseshoe Cafe (so named because it had a horseshoe shaped counter) in Cloverdale when I was in the eighth grade and ran it successfully until my senior year when she sold it and used the money to help build the motel at Pacific City. I hated working in the restaurant because it kept me from doing a lot of

things with my friends, but she always saw to it that it did not keep me from any of the school activities. Since she had only the equivalent of an eighth grade education she felt it was very important that we all do well in school. My father...there are so many things I remember about him. He lost his right hand in a logging accident when he was about 21 and married my mother when he was 33. She was a widow with two small children but he loved children and they had three more, Adeline, me and Clarinda, in that order. There was never any difference or partiality shown between Tena and Bert and the three of us. My dad was very musical but due to the loss of his hand (he had a hook in place of it) there were few instruments he could play, but he loved music and saw to it that we all had lessons on various instruments. After we moved to Cloverdale I had Spanish guitar lessons, Adeline learned Hawaiian guitar and Clara played banjo and mandolin. At this time Tena was out of school and living in Sheridan and Bert was not interested in music. My dad and mother both had beautiful voices and taught all of us to sing...many an evening in the summertime we would sit out on the front porch and entertain the neighborhood, some of whom would pick up their own instruments and join us. Those were wonderful times. My dad was also scrupulously honest and woe be it to the child who told even a fib. The worst punishment my father could give me was to look me in the eye and say "Honey, I'm disappointed in you." I guess because he was handicapped, he felt he had to do anything he attempted better than anyone else. He could do anything anyone with two hands could do...he built most of the Anchorage Motel in Pacific City including the plumbing and inside finishing. He became very active in civic affairs and was President of the South Tillamook County Chamber of Commerce in the 1940's. He was the force behind our getting a band in the high school and even hired the teacher to come down from Tillamook to teach us. If any of the kids missed the school bus who lived around Neskowin, "Pop Hammell", as he was known by them, would pick them up on the last leg of his paper route and bring them to school. I suspect a lot of them missed the bus on purpose! He also was instrumental in locating a source of water for Pacific City and campaigned vigorously for a bond bill to get the system installed. He always felt Pacific City had a great potential and would be amazed and delighted at how it has grown and prospered. He was a wonderful father and I feel very fortunate to have had two such great parents.

11. I don't really remember my parents ever giving me any advice...they just set a good example and expected us to follow.
12. My favorite song? The Halls of Montezuma would have to rank up there on top. ("Once a Marine, Always a Marine"). Another is "Whispering Hope" which my parents and us sang in harmony. The words have so much meaning and even in today's unsettling world situation they bring hope for a better tomorrow.
13. Whom do I most admire? That is a tough one. In the world of politics, I would have to say I admire our president, George W Bush for the way he is guiding our country and the fact that, although at times he is putting himself in harms way, he insists on being seen in public and going about the country's business. It must take an enormous amount of fortitude to do that when he knows there are many people out there who would like to kill him. On a more personal note, I have some Women Marine friends who, despite having many physical ailments, are always willing to lend a hand when I ask for a volunteer to do something. I am active in the Women Marines Association and do the newsletter for our Chapter here in Portland. These ladies use walkers or canes to get around, insist on remaining independent and living alone, yet they are always cheerful and uncomplaining and willingly pitch in to help make slippers for the Veterans Hospital or clip coupons for the service families overseas...anything that is within their abilities to do. I truly admire them.
14. I think I have covered most of the other things you had listed in my dissertation above. I hope I haven't been too "wordy" and have contributed something of value towards your project.