

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

(I'm not sure exactly when Bob Vogel sent this story of his life to Nestucca Valley Middle School during their Heritage Project when students and staff worked to learn about local history. He wrote it when he was almost 94 years old which would have been in 2011. I am so impressed with Bob's recall of events and details! And I'm impressed that he typed "My Life" on his computer.

This story was one of many hundreds of stories and thousands of photos that were provided to NVMS. Looking back I can see that it was a sort of deluge of information from wonderful people. But many of those stories, photos and other information are still being discovered and formatted to be shared with the public.

I have worked for weeks at the end of 2022 and the beginning of 2023 reformatting and editing Bob's writing. He wrote well! But all I had to work from was a .pdf copy. The print on the pdf was 44 pts. which is huge, and there were 174 pages. The story had to be copied off of the pdf, pasted into a new word processing document and painstakingly reformatted line by line as it absolutely would not allow formatting of more than 1 line at a time. In addition to other formatting issues every sentence had too many spaces between each sentence and often between words. All I'm saying is that this has been a long process.

HOWEVER, as I read and reread Bob's story I continued to grow in admiration of a life well-lived. I am so very grateful that this man took the time, two months, to capture in writing many of the important memories in his life and then to take the time and effort to send a copy to the Nestucca Valley Middle School Heritage Project. Dean Bones db 13 January 2022)

At the urging of friends, I am going to attempt to narrate some of the interesting, at least to me, events in my life, beginning when I was born to Herman W. Vogel and Helen I. Vogel. I should add that Dad's parents both emigrated from Germany and Mom's parents were from Scotland.

From the tiny bits of information that I remember I believe that dad's parents came to the U.S. through Ellis Island and then to Wisconsin where three brothers and one sister were born, but the circumstances regarding his move to Eastern Washington were always unclear. Mom's dad migrated from Scotland to Canada and then to Cavalier, North Dakota, where mom was born. They lived with an uncle who was the Customs Agent at the US/Canada border. They lived in a 'sod shanty' with walls made of blocks of bunch grass sod and had a thatched roof.

The details were rather sketchy but Grandpa (mom's dad) decided to explore the 'west' and somehow found himself in the midst of Chief Joseph's Nez Pearce Indian tribe. He ended up in the Big Bend country in Eastern Washington near Spokane where later, my mother and her mother joined him and mom's two sisters and a brother were born.

My grandmother died shortly after this and grandpa lived with us until he passed away several years after we had relocated in Tillamook County, Oregon. I was about five or six when he died, but remember him well—the 'handlebar mustache and the pipe and Prince Albert tobacco.

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Journalism and writing was not the least bit interesting to me when I was in school, but anything related to science was, so please bear with me.

My life began on September 29, 1917, when I was born on a wheat ranch at Davenport in the Big Bend country of Eastern Washington. In that country they spoke of the size of wheat land in sections, rather than in acres, but I don't remember the size of Dad's ranch. Of course in those days everything was done with either horse power or by mules. I remember dad favored mules for several reasons, and one was that an overheated horse would drink too much water and too fast, which often resulted in a case of Colic, but a mule seemed to be much more intelligent and would only drink so much at a time.

If I remember correctly there were mainly two methods of harvesting grain and probably the oldest was with a binder, which cut the grain and tied it into bundles which were hauled to the stationary threshing machine, which was run by a steam engine fueled with straw. The other method was with a combine' which cut and threshed the grain in one operation; however it required an enormous amount of horse power.

Dad sold the wheat ranch when I was just a few years old, but I do remember when my cousin and I were out watching the threshing operation and the engineer blew the whistle on the steam engine which scared us and we ended under a bundle wagon.

We had a 1919 Dodge touring car, and the folks decided to drive to Brawley, California, to visit Dad's brother Walter. Uncle Walt managed a grain warehouse for a large company and am guessing, but I suppose he hoped to have dad as a partner. Probably the extreme heat in the Imperial Valley in southern California put an end to the plan, and we ended up on a dairy farm in Tillamook County, Oregon.

Later, we learned that Uncle Walt had purchased the grain business and three warehouses from the former owners, and now was in business in Brawley, El Centro and Indio. After several years he had built the project into a successful business and was able to vacation in the summer to avoid the terrific heat in the Imperial Valley, so usually came to our place for several weeks. In many ways he and my Dad were alike - keen mind and the ability to memorize. He, as was my Dad, a long time Mason and I'm certain that my interest in Masonry, and eventually becoming a Mason, was the direct result of my admiration of these two men. Our political thoughts and beliefs were about equal and we both enjoyed 'talking politics' until I lost him to cancer.

The farm in Tillamook County was 160 acres with a two story house. There also was a dairy barn and milk house, and a horse barn—all old buildings. My mother was a school teacher, so being fairly close to a school house (two miles) was important to her.

The livestock consisted of about twenty head of mixed breed dairy cows and two small horses, one of which was 'balky', so one of the first things my dad did was to somehow get enough cash to buy a nice team of Percheron draft horses, and as the years went by, he built up a quality dairy herd.

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By necessity the dairy was a family enterprise and I learned at an early age to help with a variety of chores and of course milking the cows and taking it to the cheese factory took priority. A milking machine was in the barn and was called a Hinman—it was really primitive but at least better than milking by hand. The milk was hauled with a Model T Ford the two miles to the cheese factory at Oretown.

My mother's father was with us but died a few years after the move. He was a nice old guy, and he and I got along really well.

Several years later my mother's sister and her husband, aunt Grace and Uncle Kenneth Dick and two daughters Ellen and Marian (Tudy) moved from eastern Washington and came to live with us. I never knew what the financial arrangement was but all got along well.

The 160 acre ranch the folks purchased had a number of old spruce stumps, some of which interfered with mowing and other chores, so dad used dynamite to blow them open which made them much easier to burn. This was the period prior to the invention the 'electric' cap and the dynamite was primed with a cap and fuse. The cap, or primer, was a long slender copper tube with one end filled with powder and the other end open for the end of the primer fuse. The 'book' probably said to use a crimping tool, but Dad hadn't read the book so used his teeth.

Of course this whole operation intrigued me, so dad gave me lessons on how to handle dynamite and prepare a load. This was probably a wise move because he made a guess that sooner or later I would try it by myself, and the result could have been a disaster. One day neither of us saw mom watching and I crimped a cap with my teeth. When she saw this we both received a lecture! After she left I remember Dad saying, "We better not ever let her see you do that again."

On the fourth of July all the dairymen, in order to give the cheese makers a longer afternoon, would milk early. This particular year I got the idea of waking the neighbors so had my cousin help me carry an old car battery up the hill, and we placed it behind this large spruce tree. Electric primers had been invented by this time so I used three sticks of dynamite and tied them together with the cap inside. I connected a long rope and fastened the wires and tossed the rope over a limb.

The next morning, the Fourth, we got up before my folks and rushed up the hill and touched off the blast. It tipped us over and limbs and spruce needles nearly covered us. Dad came storming out of the house and along with a few adjectives told us that we nearly blew all the windows out of the house! Later I heard that the blast was heard as far as three miles away!

GRANGE

In the 1920's the roads were primitive, and in the wet season a trip to town going by horseback or team and wagon was much safer than attempting it with a car. Now known as US Hwy 101,

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it ended three miles south at Neskowin and to go to the Salmon River country and Lincoln County you went horse back or walked.

The Grange Hall, in addition to being used for Grange meetings, was the place for different board meetings, school plays at Thanksgiving and Christmas, and Saturday night dances. My mother was an accomplished pianist and played for the dances, but she also was a devout Scotch Presbyterian. At the stroke of midnight the dance was over. I was quite small, probably three or four and they wrapped me in a blanket. I slept on a bench until it was time to crank up the Model T Ford and go home.

When I think back and attempt to remember those Grange meetings, the social part and the pot-luck lunches were equally as important as the discussions about farming, and in Tillamook County farming meant dairy.

The Grange Halls were usually large buildings which were used for basketball, and once a week movies and other special events.

The folks went to very few movies, but I remember one called the *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and the part of Quasimodo was played by Lon Chaney.

More about the Oretown Grange Hall - occasionally the crowd would be treated to an exhibition dance called the Charleston, by two brothers named Jode and Frank Etzweiler. A few of the ladies were not pleased and I remember the word "vulgar" was mentioned!

There were very few in the neighborhood who were not members of the local Grange and some who later became members of the State Grange, so when I became old enough I also joined. Before I knew what was going on I had been elected to the office of Lecturer. I had absolutely no idea of what the position entailed, but soon learned that I was responsible for arranging the program for each meeting. I refused to take the office a second time!

An interesting item - my mother played for dances in the early days ,and years later I did the same thing. I had been playing a tenor saxophone in a dance band in Tillamook thirty miles away. About this time period both our neighbors, Bob and Dorothy Parks, contracted polio at the same time. Bob was transported to Portland and died in the 'Iron lung'. Dorothy recovered to the point where she could get around with crutches. But she spent most of the time in a wheelchair.

I first checked with the Master of the Grange and then contacted three other musicians, Mrs. Fred Lewellan who played piano, Jack Sutton who played trumpet, Ray Gardner who played drums, and I played tenor sax. We rehearsed, and with some of the popular songs of that time, played to a full house dance crowd and all the money went to Dorothy, who was most appreciative. I don't remember how much was taken in, but all was given to Dorothy.

We made an agreement with the Grange to play on a regular basis for 60%, and this continued until a few trouble makers showed up so we just stopped playing.

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Years later after we had moved to Talent we became active in the Phoenix Grange and every year helped with the spaghetti feed. It was well advertised and hundreds came. Virginia and I made the sauce. We started with about 35 pounds of hamburger, and with all the ingredients; we had about 16 gallons of sauce. It was quite popular, and a number of people asked for the recipe. But we really didn't have one - it was a 'taste and add' procedure.

SCHOOLS

It was a number of years before electricity was available, so the only source of light was from a kerosene (coal oil) lamp or lantern or candles. In the evenings, after supper, my mother would read to me, and somehow she had found enough money to buy three books - "Treasure Island," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Alice in Wonderland." The first two were interesting to me, but I wasn't very much interested in the last one. Along with the listening to the stories, I learned the alphabet and the "Palmer Method" of writing, so when I started school I watched and listened to the other first graders attempting to learn what I already had been taught. The first few weeks in the first grade were almost what could be described as a living nightmare. I was an only child and the neighbors were not close, so had I never been around any other children. We had one teacher for all eight grades.

The schoolhouse with a playground was on a hill, and thinking back there must have been an enormous amount of horse power and man power used to level the area.

It was an all eight grades in one room type of school and probably not such a bad idea as the younger kids were able to take advantage of the older ones' recitation.

On one side of the school house was the playground which consisted of a swing and a teeter-totter. On the other side was a small ball field of red clay and since the soft-ball was actually soft, we seldom hit it out of the field.

The outside steps led up to the porch where the bell-rope hung and inside was what they called an ante-room. It had a cabinet for our lunch pails and a sink with running water, and an aluminum dipper which was used by all.

The water source was an open spring on the neighboring dairy farm and we shared the water with the herd of cows. When cows disturbed the small rock dam around the spring the teacher would send someone up there to repair the damage so the inlet would be under water again. To the best of my knowledge, there were no illnesses traced to the water supply.

The building was heated by a big wood stove and from the school room a small door opened into the wood storage room. The school district paid to have wood cut and delivered. The little bit of cash was welcome for anyone who had wood to cut. There was a metal shield around this big heater and in the wet season it was used to dry wet coats. Most of the time I walked the two miles, so the folks made sure I had a raincoat and rain hat and boots. It was quite a contrast to the way the school bus system works today!

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During the grade school years we had a variety of teachers. Most were very poorly trained and probably felt fortunate to even have a job! One teacher, Mrs. Davis, took the whole school to her house to listen to Herbert Hoover's inauguration ceremony. Few people could afford radios so this was a special event. The ceremony wasn't particularly interesting, but the radio intrigued me. It had two dials and emitted squeals and other noises when being tuned to a station. In the fifth grade the teacher came to the house and he had a conference with my folks. I had no idea of what it was all about, but suddenly I had skipped a grade. And this happened again, so I actually had graduated from grade school in six years!

It was a huge mistake. I didn't weigh one hundred pounds and was less than five feet tall, so my first year in high school was just plain hell! Some of the upper class guys were grown men and they made my life miserable. The teachers didn't seem to be concerned.

After 2 more years I had grown nearly a foot in height but was still quite slim. Football was my favorite sport, so I turned out. Of course I was put on the 'scrub' team which was okay, But in my junior and senior years I wasn't picked for playing in any home game, and now is as good time to explain the reason: When the formation of a high school district was being discussed, among other subjects was the location for the new building. Of course the businessmen in Cloverdale wanted it in town, but my folks were quite vocal and thought the best location was across the 101 highway from Elma Johnson's farm. (Incidentally, that is now exactly where the Cloverdale grade school is located).

There was a certain amount of hostility, and to this day I am convinced that pressure was brought, and the football coach was told not to play me in any home games. However I was allowed to play in enough games away from home games to earn a letter. At the Taft game received mention in the paper for having made the most tackles, and in the Wheeler game I scored a safety. I had earned my football letter!

My junior year was interesting - I was chosen to play the lead in the junior class play, and sang in the operetta. I took the standard classes but excelled in Physics. I had two injuries, one of which never did completely heal. It was a ruptured disc in my lower back and the other was caused by contact between my knee and a rock on the football field. The covering of my knee cap was peeled off, and flap was hanging down on my upper shin. Someone took me down to Dr. Brown's office in Cloverdale where I waited for hours. I was on crutches for some time but finally completely healed.

My senior year was rather uneventful, but during the junior and senior year a classmate named Bob Cross and I had become very good friends. The fall after graduation he enrolled in Linfield College. My folks had a serious discussion and decided that there would be enough money for me to also go to Linfield.

During the four years of high school, I was in school with three guys who later became quite famous. In high school Buford "Bud" Mitchell lived with our neighbor and worked for his room and board. After he graduated he began with a used Dodge flat bed truck hauling railroad ties

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and ended up owning Mitchell Bros. Freight Lines, which was nationwide. Ross Dollarhide married the neighbor's daughter and later became a world champion rodeo rider. Kenny Reusser later learned to fly and was s famous decorated Marine fighter pilot.

This story wouldn't be complete without mention of Johnny Craven and our relationship during high school and later. We both were in the class of '37, and during our junior year we were picked for parts in the Junior Class play. His home was on the way to the high school, so he rode with me to play practice. We always drove by the home of a bachelor and his dog, and the dog loved to chase cars. I had rigged my car with a Model T coil and a switch that enabled me to give a terrific shock to anything that touched the car.

One night we decided to have some fun, so when the dog came after the car I stopped. He came around the car growling and stopped at a rear wheel and raised his leg. At the same time I turned on the switch. The shock flipped him over on his back, and he made a loud noise! The lights in the house came on so we left. After that, each night he would start to charge, but as soon as he recognized my car he would rush back to the house.

We were in the same Civics class, and one of the tests was to write a page on each of three subjects. We both put it all on one page and left the room. One of us had a package of firecrackers in the locker, so we tied an oily string from the bottom of the stage curtain to fuse and lighted it. The explosion that followed created some attention, but we were not called to the office and nothing was said. But the next report card had the word 'Unsatisfactory' in the attitude column.

After graduation, John joined the Air Force and became a B-17 pilot. At the end of WWII he was ferrying his bomber to a base and decided to detour over Cloverdale. He rattled the windows in town!

During my junior and senior years my attitude could probably be described as poor, and for some reason I never did quite understand, one of the English teachers named Ruth McCorkle asked me to come to her office. It wasn't a lecture but more like a pep talk. She told me she had been watching me and was convinced that I was capable of, "really making something out of your life." She wasn't a hypnotist but left me with a completely different attitude. My grades were average but she convinced me successfully, that I was capable of a much better average, and I give her credit for the encouragement that resulted in a higher grade average and that enabled me to be eligible to enroll in Linfield College.

I was the last one to enroll - tuition was \$150.00 a year and board and room \$30.00 a month. I finally got my classes arranged and ended up taking a four-hour course in Bacteriology, and a five hour course in Zoology. These were both classroom, and lab-type subjects. Of course there were required subjects such as 'art appreciation' and 'music appreciation'. That didn't do much for me since I was more into 'swing', Glenn Miller, and Goodman-type music!

Bob was in the journalism school and I spent most of my time in one lab or another, so we didn't really see much of each other.

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Bacteriology was most interesting, and I earned top grades in both class and the lab. It was the study of non-pathogens and involved a great deal of drawing, mainly the different parts of a cell. The next year would be all about pathogenic bacteria.

In the zoology class we began by dissecting an angleworm and making plates (drawings) of the parts. It was surprising to learn that there are so many parts to just a worm! There were only two projects for the year; the second was about the same procedure with a frog. We learned the names of all the bones and muscles, and it seemed we made hundreds of drawings.

During the break between terms someone told me that my name was on the bulletin board, so checked, and it said I was to check in at Dr. Stout's office at a certain time. Dr. Stout met me, and Prof. McNabb was also there. My knees were trembling, and I had a 'frog' in my throat as didn't know what to expect. They welcomed me and asked me to sit down. They looked at each other, and I imagined that they were trying to decide which one of them was going to give me hell. Anyway, I think I remember it was Dr. McNabb who started the conversation by saying that they understood that I planned to go on and finish at Pullman at the Veterinary school.

After that I felt slightly relieved, and then one of them said that they had been going over my records and asked if I would consider another year at Linfield and then going to pre-medical school and finishing with an M.D.!!!!

I remember that as if it had happened yesterday, and when I walked out of that office my feet were about ten feet off the floor. Some of my friends were waiting to learn what had happened and I remember this so well - every one of them seemed happy for me, and I received all kinds of congratulations. I could hardly wait to write a note home telling my folks what had happened.

A short time later a letter came from home telling me that a recent blood test of the herd showed eight cows tested positive for Brucellosis (contagious abortion) and a later test showed several more. It was a requirement that all cows testing positive must be slaughtered, so this put an end to my college!

Despite the heavy class and lab schedule I had time to make friends, and one was special. His name was Eugene Nye, and he was an accomplished pipe-organist who had a music scholarship. In addition he received cash for playing at different churches and also for memorial services.

He played regularly at the Presbyterian church so was allowed to practice there, and I went with him one day. He let me play the pipe organ. A tune called 'Wah-Hoo' was popular then, so I played it on that pipe organ! My mother was an accomplished pianist and had attempted to teach me to play, and succeeded only to the point where I had learned the keys and the "C" scale and a couple others. But I wasn't able to concentrate and had lost interest.

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While at Linfield I also met and became friends with another farmer's son named Kenneth Jernstedt. He learned to fly and eventually ended up in the Marine air force.

Obviously my college career was over, so after I came home, my folks and I spent our spare time discussing plans for the dairy, both for the present and also the future. Sometime during this time period I decided to learn how to treat milk fever since we were experiencing more and more of it as the average production of the herd, due to a great deal to selective breeding, increased. Milk fever occurred only at calving time, and the result was paralysis and death if not treated immediately.

At calving time the system suddenly produces a large volume of milk which contains calcium. The sudden drop of calcium in the blood causes the problem. The old primitive treatment was to inject air into the udder to slow the milk secretion, but carelessness in sanitation usually caused a serious udder infection.

By this time science had discovered that the sudden drop in blood-calcium was the cause, so they developed a calcium-glucose formula which injected directly into the blood stream through the jugular vein solved the problem. However time was critical, and the closest veterinarian was thirty miles away. I was determined to learn how to use this new treatment.

The local drug store had the solution and the needle and tubing, and it was only a short time before we had another case of milk fever. I had seen the veterinarian do this procedure several times and felt quite confident, but I was unable to find the vein! I was just sick, but sometime that night I wondered if I would press against a certain place in the neck it would cause the vein to swell. The result was what I had hoped for, and inserting the needle was quite simple. We injected the solution quite slowly, and before the bottle was empty the cow was attempting to get on her feet.

How the word got out, I'll never know but soon there were neighbors asking me to treat a 'down cow'. I just didn't have the heart to turn them down and soon started buying calcium-gluciate by the case. Both our veterinarians were close friends, and I worried.

Soon we had a cow with 'hardware disease' - she swallowed a nail or piece of wire. This required surgery and while the veterinarian was there he casually remarked the he heard I was treating milk fever cows for the neighbors. I knew that sooner or later this was going to happen, so I said, "Yes I was." I could hardly believe it when he said that he was pleased as it saved him a sixty-mile round trip, and there was plenty of work closer to Tillamook.

As an afterthought he told me he could sell the solution to me for much less than I was paying at the drug store. He was aware that I was interested. So he described the surgical procedure to remove the nail and asked if I would be interested. Of course I would, so I followed his instructions and proudly showed him the 'hardware' I had removed.

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Later, our house burned, and we spent some miserable years living in the 'converted' two-car garage while we built a new house. In the following years we increased the number of dairy animals, built three silos and purchased another tractor and silage equipment.

On the radio I had heard a saxophonist in the Rudy Vallee band play an exhibition tune called 'Saxaphobia' so I began to make plans to buy a saxophone. Sears had a variety, but I ordered the least expensive one which was an Alto (E flat). I think it probably took most of a year to finally get it paid for.

It arrived in the mail, and I could hardly wait to unpack it and begin playing it. Playing isn't exactly the word since I had no idea of how to make it sound like music! I tried just blowing into the mouthpiece and it produced a sound similar to that of an angry animal. Somehow I discovered that there was a way to press the reed between my lower lip and my teeth and this made a sound faintly resembling a musical tone. Hours of practice and finally I was able to play music.

Then I discovered that the sax was an E Flat instrument, and it was necessary to transpose to the key of 'C' in order to play sheet music. So saved my money and finally had enough to purchase a beautiful 'B' Flat Tenor (made by Martin) sax. It had a gold body and the keys and bell were silver.

Eventually I tried out for a place in a dance band that played at the Fairview Grange Hall in Tillamook and was hired and played there for about a year, but it was a thirty mile trip,. By the time I got home it was early in the morning, and milking time began at four AM.

I had dated different girls starting in my junior year, and there were several other girls over the next few years, but nothing serious. One evening, probably a Friday or Saturday, Carl Redberg, a friend, stopped and asked me to go roller skating at Ocean Lake in what is now Lincoln City. I was reluctant so he suggested flipping a coi - heads I go, and he called it heads. Many years later he told me that it actually was tails, but I went and on the way we picked up Gerald and Virginia Bauer.

The skating was uneventfull but somehow coming home Virginia and I ended up in the back seat. When we were back at her home I asked her for a date the next Saturday night, but in the middle of the week her brother called and said she had come down with the flu. So we postponed the date until she had recovered.

A short time later we began dating steady, and many of the dates were to the dance at Ocean Lake where they usually had a 'big band' from Portland. Quite often it was Dan Golden's band, and we were acquainted with him so that made it even more enjoyable. We dated for about a year, and I suddenly realized that by gosh, I was in love! We talked about marriage, but Virginia was reluctant as she felt an obligation to stay home and help on the dairy. But I finally won, and we were married on June 1, 1945, in the Presbyterian Church in Cloverdale.

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Virginia's father, Alfred had a history of heart problems, and passed away in 1946, the year following our wedding. He was buried in the family plot in the Tillamook Odd Fellow's cemetery. This left Virginia's brother, Gerald, and their mother Rose to operate the dairy, and after several years they decided to sell and Gerald then moved to Salem. Gerald immediately was hired by the Salem Post Office.

Years later, after I had been transferred to Southern Oregon we received a call saying that Virginia's brother, Gerald, had suffered a brain aneurism and was critical. The doctors recommended brain surgery which aided one condition, but a blood clot developed and created a new problem.

With the help of therapy, and typical German stubbornness, Gerald slowly recovered to the extent that he drove and conversation was no problem. As years went by however, he suffered a number of mini-strokes and on October 31, 2009, he finally gave up and was buried in the Belcrest cemetery in Salem.

On April 26, 1951 I had completed the three degrees of Masonry and became a Master Mason and years later became a Shriner.

I won't go into the details, but shortly after we were married we met Glenn Stewart, and later his wife, Mary. Like me, Glenn loved hunting, and our first hunt together was to the Ochoco forest east of Prineville. We came home with venison and for the next thirty or more years we hunted and fished together. Glenn was just recently discharged from the Army and is one of the guys who survived the landing and invasion at Omaha Beach. He didn't talk much about it but did tell me that during that invasion he saw guys falling all around him and didn't think he would survive. Several nights, after we had gone to sleep in the tent, he would have nightmares and seemed to be reliving the invasion all over again.

We lost him to Alzheimer's and Mary to pancreatic cancer.

Glenn was a NRA member and was entitled to bid on Army surplus Springfield rifles. I asked him to try for a 'serviceable' 30-06 for me and we were surprised when a new rifle arrived. I modernized it and hunted with it for years. Eventually however both Glenn and I upgraded to semi-autos. He chose a Remington and I got a Browning.

About this same time we met their friends Bill and Jean Crawley, and with the Stewarts, enjoyed many parties and fishing trips. We lost Bill a number of years ago but we stay in touch with Jean. Long before we met them Bill had a service station in Salem, and felt more secure with a .38 special S&W police revolver. I am now the proud owner of that same gun.

Much of our courtship was done by horseback as we lived only three miles from each other, and it was less than half an hours ride either way. Virginia had an Appaloosa gelding named "Chips", and he was probably the best all-around riding horse I've ever ridden. He had been 'cattle-broke' in the John Day country in eastern Oregon, and after she had him a while he was recognized as special.

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At the County Fair a friend asked Virginia if he could borrow Chips to enter a reigning contest. He made all the rest of the field look a bit like plow horses! My horse, Poco, was claimed to be a descendant of a famous Quarter horse named Poco Bueno, and he was almost an equal to Chips.

We made many lasting friends by being involved in the riding club. During the summer weather we had fun days with all kinds of contests and picnics, and in the bad weather there were dances and parties.

We built a 'milking parlor' and passed inspection to be a 'Grade A' dairy. Now our milk was hauled to the Grade A plant in Tillamook. There was a premium paid for Grade A milk. There were five members on the Grade A board of directors, and I was elected to represent the 'South end' and served until we sold the dairy.

Prior to converting to Grade A, we hauled the milk to the local cheese factory at Oretown. I had been elected to the board of directors and was chairman when a dispute erupted between the union and our cheese maker. I never understood why they all joined the Teamsters union, but I met with the business agent from Astoria to try to resolve the problem. It was a short meeting - the agent said, "I don't give a G/D if your factory goes broke." This tended to reinforce my opinion of unions, especially the teamsters.

Ironically, after we sold our dairy we went to Alaska, and I worked as a heavy equipment operator and had to join the union!

Preparing for the trip was quite an experience in itself. My uncle and aunt, Mom's sister and her husband, Aunt Grace and Uncle Kenneth Dick, had been up there the year before, and he said he was sure he could have the superintendent hire both my dad and me.

He was able to confirm this so we prepared for the trip. They had a '50 Olds and ours was a '51, and we both had good tires. The trip was close to 3,000 miles with at least two thirds of it gravel. The only road was from Salem to Spokane, to Idaho, to B.C., and then to Calgary and Edmonton and on to Dawson Creek. We had no problem with roads to this point, but then we were on a muddy road which eventually turned into gravel. And then we soon ran into tire trouble.

We had been warned to take extra tires and tube repairs, and we soon learned why. From there to camp at mile 1411, we had a total of 12 flat tires. Dad and I would work most of the night patching tubes and pumping up the tires with a hand pump!

There is no way to describe the dust. This was after the rainy season, and the road grader kept the dust on top of the road. This was before the days of CBs, so we tried to keep each other in sight, and the second car was in a continual cloud of dust.

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

Finally we were there - mile post 1411 on the Alaska Highway! That was 1411 miles from Dawson Creek, and we had driven over 1,000 miles to get to Dawson Creek! Aunt Grace and Uncle Kenneth greeted us and showed us where the showers were located.

We were amazed at the 'camp' - a small commissary, post office, shower house, a huge shop, a well with the best water one could imagine, and tent houses for the employees. Until we got our own tent houses we all slept with the Dicks, Virginia and I on the floor!

Rogers & Babler had the contract to build fifty miles of road between Tok and Delta Junction. It was a JV, (joint venture) with Rogers Construction out of Portland doing the crushing and grade work, and Babler Bros. out of Redmond, Oregon, doing the paving. This road was a fifty mile dirt trail when we began and when finished that fall it was a paved stretch of highway.

All newcomers to Alaska were referred to as 'Cheechacos' and were warned about a moose in the road. They owned that country, and it wasn't wise to honk the horn and expect the moose to relinquish the right of way. Those who failed to heed the warning usually had a smashed windshield and dented car for a remembrance.

My first job was operating a DW-10 earth-mover. One of the 'old hands' took me out the first trip and then I was on my own. But he didn't tell me that the power steering wasn't responsive unless the engine was kept revved up, so on my first trip I ended up over the bank. That just brought laughs from some of the crew. I soon became proficient and most of the time ran wide open and one day the superintendent stopped me and said "Keep it up Bob, you are makin' me money."

It is a 'self-loading' machine that held 10 to 12 yards, but actually was far from being self-loading. They were under powered, with a Cat. D-6 diesel engine, so we always used a D-8 for a 'push cat.' 'Big Bill' was the push cat operator, and for some unknown reason seemed to enjoy pulling the cat up to about a foot from the rear of our scrapers and with full throttle, hit the 'stinger'. Taking care of equipment was important to me and this seemed unnecessary, so one day I had about half a load and kicked the hoist lever into neutral which buried the can and killed his engine. I expected trouble so was ready, but he just climbed out on the track fired up the starting engine, and nothing was said. But he was quite gentle from then on. Later on we became good friends.

We had had two tractors on the farm so it took very little time to become accustomed to the DW. It was considered the 'money-maker' on the job, so we were expected to run wide open. Management called it a 'money-maker', but it also was referred to as an 'idiot wagon' since only an idiot would subject his body to the punishment the thing could inflict.

During the summer my back was giving me so much trouble I finally went to the superintendent, McInroe, and told him I would have to quit. It was 3,000 miles back home, and I did this after much discussion with Virginia. But apparently Howard was pleased with the work I had done and offered me a job as 'oiler' on the rock crusher night shift. My pay on the 'rig' was \$3.58 1/2 an hour - ten cents more than the Cat skimmers and ten cents less than the shovel operator. To

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

go to oiler paid the same as the Cat skimmers, so I felt very lucky and even more so when I became acquainted with the crusher boss. He was a "Pollock" named George Belinski, and working with him was really a pleasurable experience. During the season one of the Cat mechanics, Lowell Hoffman, and I developed a friendship which lasted until his death.

We had been told that there was a road to Circle City which only a few miles from the Arctic Circle, so about the 20th of June Virginia picked me up as soon as I got off work with lunch and clean clothes. We drove the 162 miles on the Steese highway to Circle City and arrived there at midnight just in time to see the Midnight Sun.

We were surprised to see the vegetable garden at the Hot Springs and rather amused to notice that there were a dozen or so cars there but everyone was inside the roadhouse enjoying drinks which were probably The Alaska cocktail, 'seven-seven' which was Seagram's Seven and 7up.

Not far from the road something got our attention, so we stopped to investigate and found it to be the carcass of a large Arctic Wolf. And only a few feet from the wolf was a bright colored device which, we learned later, was called a 'wolf-getter.' It was baited and when the animal attempted to eat the bait the device exploded filling his mouth with cyanide and death was nearly instantaneous.

This was prior to the radical 'animal rights' group which was responsible for the formation of the animal protection act, but these wolves were not looked at kindly by the Alaska natives as they preyed on moose and caribou which the natives largely depended on for food supply.

The Arctic wolf is very close to twice as large as the grey wolf that the government has reintroduced into some of our northern states including Montana, Idaho, and now even in northeastern Oregon, but they are inflicting untold damage on the wildlife, and it defies reason. But these predators are protected!

This was north of the 'tree line', and we knew that there was a huge herd of Caribou that was called the 'Barren Land Herd', and on the trip back to Fairbanks we were fortunate to see the migration of thousands of these animals.

Closer to Fairbanks we stopped and watched one of the largest gold dredges in Alaska operating. It was on floats and probably at least five stories high. They had created a lake in the small river which was deep enough and large enough to float this huge machine. It seemed to be processing everything down to bed rock and this passed through the gold extracting section and the remainder went the opposite direction and maintained the dam and the lake.

PERSONAL NOTE: We have been told by friends that this dredge is no longer operating, and I strongly suspect that this could be the result of some 'government' regulation regarding silt in the downstream.

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011

b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

During the first year the oiler on the day shift had a terrible accident. His glove, or sleeve got caught on a conveyor belt and wrapped his and around the head-roll. He lost his arm and was lucky to not have lost his life.

Lowell had his new car up there, and one day late in the season he and the 'Wop', Frank Gasperri, picked up Virginia and me. As we were riding he suggested that we all go moose hunting. The plan was to drive to Wasilla, which was the end of the road and then take the train (Moose-Gooser) to Talkeetna where Lowell was acquainted with a bush pilot named Don Sheldon and also the couple who owned the Talkeetna Road House. We all stayed at the Roadhouse and soon Virginia, who was and is an excellent cook, found herself in the kitchen with Carol and Verna Close. Talkeetna was just a small settlement, and in a few days we had made friends with most of the people in town. They seemed happy to meet 'strangers'. On Dec. 2, 1951 Don Sheldon took us hunting and we were fortunate to get three moose. Two were average size, but one was huge. Lowell and the Wop said he was ours since we had family up there, and they were both single.

This was about five miles from 'town', and Don flew us out and back and hauled all the meat to town in his Super Cub. This was about Dec.2, 1951, and the temperature was about -30, so by the next day the meat was frozen solid!

We gave a front quarter to Carol and Verna and a loin to Don, and when we put the meat on the train it weighed 650 pounds. It was frozen solid and we took it to Moose Pass where my folks lived, and intended to stay there for the winter. We hung the meat in the shop, and when the weather warmed dad cut and wrapped all of it and stored it in a frozen food locker in Seward.

The 'plant' was powered with a V-12 supercharged Caterpillar diesel engine, and it powered the generator which ran the entire plant with 440 volt electricity. There were other contractors in that area - M/K and Peter Kiewit, and their operations looked like junk compared to the Rogers outfit!

We had three main crushing units which consisted of a Telsmith jaw, two Pioneer rollers and numerous screens and conveyors; all in all there were thirty-two switches which must be activated in proper sequence and the same on shutdown. George was a great teacher and before many days he had me able to start the plant and do the 'shut-down' by myself.

After we shut down in the fall Howard gave me a helper, and I was to stay and get the plant ready to go the next spring. It involved changing the dies in the jaw crusher and other repairs and maintenance that couldn't be done while we were operating.

A situation involving the company and the union occurred about the time the termination dust' (snow) threatened to end the season. The union contract required that the shoveloperator must have an oiler with him, and in this case it did make a little sense. In case a cable broke, the shovel operator required help to replace it and if he was operating on soft ground the oiler would move the mats. Because we were behind schedule the boss sent the shovel operator

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

out alone on Saturdays to help make up time and also to avoid paying the oiler overtime. The oiler had a legitimate 'gripe' so he went to the union business agent in Fairbanks. But he and the boss spent the evening in the hotel bar, and the oiler was fired the next Monday!

When we were ready to head out of Alaska for Salem the Wop asked if he could ride out with us. He lived at CleEllum, Washington, so it wasn't too far out of the way. We filled the tank and said good-bye to the folks and friends and headed for Dawson Creek. Days later we arrived there shortly before dark and filled the gas tank.

Anyone familiar with that country never passes a service station without filling up, and while there we asked if the road was plowed and kept open during the night. We were assured that the road over the pass would be clear so we headed south, but we saw no snow plow. Finally we passed it, parked! Snow was getting deeper, but we decided to try to reach the summit. Soon we were pushing snow but finally saw lights, and it was a road house. They weren't happy to see us at that time of night, but rented us a couple rooms with no heat!

Finally we arrived at the Wop's home about midnight Christmas Eve. The Italians need very little excuse to have a party' but Christmas Eve was special, and they treated us like family. It was a late dinner, and we never did know but suspect that it had been delayed waiting for the Wop and us.

About the dinner - I remember that it was spaghetti and wine, plenty of wine! They called it 'Dago Red', and I suppose wine snobs would roll their eyes, but it was the finest wine I've ever tasted! These people must hate to see a wine glass half empty as after two or three sips it was full again!

Uncle Kenneth and Aunt Grace lived in Vancouver. They had come out earlier. We had been on snow since leaving Moose Pass and finally ran out of it at the top of the Mary Hill grade. I couldn't stay awake any longer so Virginia drove the rest of the way to Vancouver, and we arrived there just at daylight on Christmas morning.

Aunt Grace had a beautiful Christmas dinner, and it was good to have that trip behind us! Later we drove to Salem and spent the winter with Lowell and Aunt Meg, Mom's sister.

We visited friends, but I had developed a hernia so I had that repaired. It took what seemed like a month to completely recover. Then, I was hospitalized for at least a week with a hernia repair, and after a few days Virginia received permission from the head nurse to show the hundreds of slide pictures that she had taken while up north. They brought in a table for the projector, and we showed the pictures on the wall of the ward. There were other beds in the ward, and all were thrilled to see something they had only heard of. The nurses on the floor took turns watching the show. They all imagined that it was a frozen wilderness year around, but we had pictures of picking wild cranberries, wild flowers, and pictures of Virginia and her friend doing a barbeque of a young bear.

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

While I was recuperating from the hernia surgery, and it seemed to take most of a month, we visited friends and attended numerous parties. And the word had circulated that we had the slide show of Alaska, so we were asked to go to different schools and many other gatherings. In the fifties very few of our acquaintances had been to Alaska, and most knew nothing about the country.

By the way, the Sitka rose is a beautiful flower, so we brought a small limb home. It took root and thrived and is still growing and blooming here in Talent.

The winter seemed to pass quickly, so we began preparation for the trip back to Moose Pass. On the earlier trip we learned a costly lesson that it was much better to drive on snow than on the gravel road, so we left Salem with that in mind! The trip was uneventful, and when we arrived at Moose Pass we found the folks OK and that Dad had the moose meat all cut and wrapped and frozen.

That year the contract was to build a road from Moose Pass to Fifty Mile on the Seward Anchorage Highway, and because the plant was on the edge of town the company didn't furnish a camp. But we were fortunate to find a nice cabin. It had a stove and sink in the kitchen/dining room/living room and a small bedroom and outside privies. We carried water from the office which was next door.

While we were living in Moose Pass the dock workers in Seward went on strike, and this created a crisis. The majority of the "dirt stiffs" on this job used Copenhagen, snoose, and when the dock workers struck no freight was unloaded, so in a matter of a few days we all were out of snoose. But finally the strike was ended, and Virginia was asked to make a special 'run' to Seward for a supply of Copenhagen. It was packed in ten boxes to a roll, and she came home with at least a dozen rolls. The job resumed normal operation!

The chain of command started at the top with Ray Rogers, who owned the company; then Charlie Depuois was the top foreman with his son "Bing" next.

Thanksgiving had arrived, and the crew had gone home with the exception of a few of who for various reasons were left there. Charlie was one who remained, and Virginia had made a Thanksgiving dinner and invited Charlie to join us. He seemed really grateful, but shortly after we were seated he said he had to excuse himself - something about 'snoose' and drowning!

He was back in a moment, and we all enjoyed the dinner and Charlie's company.

Moose Pass was our 'home' until the job ended and we boarded the Baranoff at Seward to make the trip across the Gulf of Alaska and to Seattle. But that is another story!

There had been over six feet of snow, but there was only a couple feet when we arrived, and one of the first chores was to be sure all the diesel engines were OK. Everything was pretty much in order with the exception of a couple cats, and vandals had removed the gas caps on

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011

b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

the starting engines. The gas tanks were full of snow. We simply opened the drain valve and poured anti-freeze in the tank and the next day the tank was empty and dry.

Living in Moose Pass (population about 100) was much different from being in a camp 100 miles from Fairbanks. We had Estes Bros. store and service station, a post office and railroad station. Also, there was a professional photographer. Mr. Reed also was a jeweler, and my folks had him make a tie clasp for me using Alaska gold nuggets and Alaska jade.

Soon we were ready, and Howard told me they were 'short' and asked if I would drive a scraper until they got more help? It sounded like a question, but in reality it was simply an order. Soon however, I was back as crusher oiler on the day shift.

Living in Moose Pass was pleasant; only about five miles from Seward and about 100 to Anchorage. We had a milder climate but much more snow in the winter. Seward wasn't a city but did have a variety of stores and businesses, one of which was unique and startled us when we heard about it. It was operated by two girls, Geri and Teri, and apparently they were never bothered by the authorities.

During the summer there were two serious accidents. The first happened to my Dad. His job was loading crushed gravel into 'belly-dumps', and he got his hand caught in a conveyor. Before help came the metal lacing in the belt had had torn up his hand quite badly. Howard called me, and we got him to the hospital in Seward where they did first aid. But the next day he and Mom were sent to a hospital in San Francisco, where they were for some time. The doctors did a miraculous job of skin and flesh grafting, and eventually he had nearly one hundred per cent use of the hand.

Later that year Howard hired someone out of the union hall who claimed to be 'cat-skinner', so the crusher boss told him to start the little D-2 Cat and clean up around the crusher but for #*@\$ sake don't run into the 'horse' that supported the sixty foot conveyor stacker belt. Shortly after, I was in the shop repairing something and heard a loud crash. So I rushed outside, and sure enough that is what he had done. The conveyor was on top of him and the Cat, and it had forced his head down. One of the steering clutch levers had entered his mouth and protruded near his ear. By this time a D-8 skinner had seen what was going on and had his Cat there and picked the conveyor up so we could help the guy. But the big plastic handle on the end of the lever refused to allow us to pull his head loose. I always carried a couple wrenches in my back pocket and had one that fit the nut, but there was a lock nut. So I had to rush to the shop for another 9/16 wrench. In the meantime he was yelling and swearing and passing out and coming to again.

We finally got the handle removed and his head free, and to this day I'll never understand why he wasn't killed. They took him to the hospital in Seward, and we never saw him again!

The remainder of the summer was pretty much uneventful except that we were told that the unions and owners were 'negotiating' a new labor contract and finally learned that they, the unions, had made demands that required Rogers & Babler to radically change our working

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

hours. For two years we had been working ten hours a day, and, of course, that gave us two hours of O/T each day. The company owners had no choice but to cut to five eight hour days. I had been happy with going on overtime after four days and sometimes an eight hour overtime day on Saturday, but this changed the situation. We decided to go back to the States permanently. This was all because of the Teamsters, Heavy Equipment Operators, and Laborers unions.

Now we began making plans for the trip home, and because we had traveled the road three times we decided to take a leisurely and relaxing trip on one of the Alaska Steamships. During the summer Virginia had somehow become acquainted with the ticket agent for the Line, and it sounded appealing. So she arranged for tickets and also arranged to have the car put in the hold instead of on the deck.

A group of our friends had arranged for a Bon Voyage, Farewell, and Goodbye party. I'm not going into detail, but it was a typical Alaska party and difficult to describe to anyone not familiar with that custom.

Somehow, after the party we made the trip to the S.S Baranof, and I woke sometime in the forenoon and for an instant thought I was on one of those wild rides at the State Fair!

I staggered out on the deck (third deck) and couldn't believe what I saw! This was the Gulf of Alaska, and it was standing on end. I learned later that the wind was 100 knots steady and gusts to 115 knots. I was hanging on with both hands and made my way back to our stateroom. I found Virginia sick, very sick! I didn't feel well, but I wasn't nauseated. The ship would roll from side to side and then end to end, and I staggered out on the deck again in time to see the bow go completely under water. The cars that were tarped and tied down were under many feet of green water. I was thankful that our car was in the hold.

We were told that during the trip across the Gulf of Alaska, only one couple came to the dining room, and by a strange coincidence the four of us were at the same table during the remainder of the trip. We learned that they, Ray and Betty, owned a sport fishing fleet at Oceanside, CA, and also that Ray was a Brother Mason, and more about them later.

I'm not positive but we were in that storm two or three days, but remember that we were a day and a half behind schedule arriving at Sitka. It is impossible to describe the feeling when we rounded the end of that mountain and saw the lights of Sitka. In a matter of probably half an hour the Gulf had changed to what seemed like a slow moving river.

From the time we entered the Inside Passage until we reached Seattle the food service and super quality of the meals was always really special. The three regular meals were what one would expect in a five star restaurant, and we were treated to a buffet at ten PM.

Virginia began to gain back some of the five pounds she lost crossing the Gulf.

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011

b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

During the trip through the Inside Passage one night was set aside for the Captain's ball. Captain Burns was very much opposed to drinking so alcohol was forbidden. However some of the crew members were aware of the situation and had visited a shoe store and obtained some empty shoe boxes. They had discovered that a bottle of whiskey fit nicely in the box, and this made it possible to have 'private' parties in state rooms. I had completely recuperated from the 'going sway' party at Seward, and we were invited to join the festivities. So it turned into a really fun night.

As we entered the Narrows section of the Inside Passage we were told about a hazard called Ripple Rock. It was twin rocks which were not visible, but the tide must be high enough for ships to clear these obstructions which were responsible for over 100 ships sinking and many lives lost. Later, divers drilled caves in these rocks, and in these caves they placed a million and a half pounds of ammonium nitrate. The explosion cleared the channel.

With the exception of when we were in the Queen Charlotte Sound, the water was calm and we were only in the Sound an hour or so. We made quick stops in Ketchikan and Juneau and had time in Ketchikan to walk past the famous Red Dog saloon. In Juneau we made the short trip to see the Capitol and also the Masonic Temple.

There was some excitement when we docked at Ketchikan. Captain Burns was attempting to make up some of the time we had lost crossing the Gulf and came in just a little too 'hot'. It appeared to us that the ship had stopped, but when it bumped the dock, piling snapped off and planks flew in the air! The Baranoff wasn't a large ship but was 373 ft. long and had a displacement of 8900 tons.

We finally arrived at Seattle, the end of the voyage, and remarked that this had been our first 'cruise' and definitely the last.

My uncle's brother met us at the wharf, and when the car was docked we loaded our luggage and spent the night with them. The next day drove to Salem.

We moved in with Lowell and Aunt Meg both of whom were working. Dad and Mom had been there since he was released from the hospital in San Francisco, so it was "one big happy family", and we all really did enjoy the situation.

In the meantime Dad had found some property east of Salem which interested them. It was 17 acres on McLeay Rd. and had one old house which dated back to the 1880's.

As soon as we got settled at Aunt Meg's I began looking for a job and hoped to find one which didn't require union membership! When we were on the dairy we used Surge milking equipment mostly purchased from the dealer in Salem, and I stopped in the store to get reacquainted.

It was a father and son operation, and both wanted out. Eventually we bought the business and operated it for about fourteen years. With the business we had a franchise for three

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

counties, and it required time and mileage to get acquainted. Eventually we became familiar with most of the roads in those three counties.

PERSONAL NOTE:

Doing this narrative has brought reminders of events that occurred and conditions which existed in the early part of my life.

This is 2011, and if one listens to the news media we are in a depression, but compared to the Wall Street Crash of 1929 in many respects it is far from being that serious. Practically overnight in '29 quality stocks became worthless, it was reported that some men who had been wealthy, were so depressed that they jumped out of windows in tall buildings. "Bread lines" formed in most of the large cities and many people actually starved.

Living on a dairy farm of course, we were never hungry, but money was almost non-existent! Milk to the local cheese factory was the main source of income, but we always had a flock of dual-purpose chickens and one or two hogs - one for raising a litter each year. We always had plenty of meats - pork, beef and occasionally chicken and, of course, eggs.

Dad, being a German, was an expert at curing hams and bacon and making and seasoning sausage. My mother made the casings for the sausage from washed and bleached flour sack material, and they resembled a tube sock. When stuffed with sausage it was about a foot long and two or three inches in diameter. After the sausage was ground and seasoned it was put through the grinder again with a spout attached for filling the bags. I remember that the curing seemed to take forever, and then to the smokehouse where I was put in charge of the fire. There was lots of smoke but very little heat, and we attempted to find crabapple wood, but we used alder as a last resort.

Preserving food by freezing was unheard of then, so we were limited to canning or pickling. Very little of a pig or beef was wasted, and with a hog there are really only two kinds of lard - the back fat and any other excess fat. Then there is the "leaf lard" which is inside the carcass in the kidney area and is sometimes called "kidney fat". The housewife takes special care of it after it is rendered and used it for pie crusts and in other baked foods. And in my opinion pie crust made with lard is far superior to one made with the commercial shortening.

In the early days the tallow from the beef had a number of uses - everything from candles to grease for the wagon wheels and home-made soap which was made in a large cast iron kettle. The lard and tallow was put in the kettle along with a can of lye and about ten or fifteen gallons of water. This was hung from a tripod with space below for a fire.

After this boiled for hours it was allowed to completely cool, and the soap, which had risen to the top, was about two inches thick and was cut into squares and this was the laundry soap.

Pickled pigs feet and head cheese were special treats, and only a German knew how to make them.

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011

b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

We had various sized earthenware crocks which were used for food preservation and storage. Some of these were for sauerkraut, dill pickles, eggs in 'water glass', fried hamburgers and sausages covered with melted lard and probably other foods that I can't remember.

All these projects were handled between 'chores' - milking the cows, cleaning the barn, feeding the cattle and pigs and chickens, and in the summer, making hay for the oncoming winter. And we always raised a large garden with nearly all the produce which would thrive on the coast.

Freezers were unheard of, so canning was the only method of food preservation. We had a twelve quart Wear Ever aluminum canner, and it was used for nearly everything the garden produced.

If there was any money we made a monthly all-day trip to Tillamook for the necessities. The main reason it was an all-day trip was because of the ten miles of road from home to Cloverdale which was dirt and some gravel, and during the wet season there were about two miles of mud. Usually someone with a team of horses was at that section and would pull our Model T through the mud. This road eventually became interstate Hwy. 101

Our necessities were few - sugar which came in a burlap bag with a cloth liner and flour in a 49 lb. cloth bag. We did have service from both the Watkins and Raleigh 'peddlers', so Mom bought her extracts and spices from them. We never heard of 'artificial' flavored vanilla or lemon extract!

Those were the 'good old days', and I'm certain that the younger generation couldn't even imagine living under the conditions in which we were raised.

AND ANOTHER OBSERVATION:

In the days when we were young crime was almost non-existent. We heard about murder, but that happened in the 'big cities'. Bank robbers were usually shot, and if they did escape were soon captured and hanged. We never thought about locking the door at night. In fact, there probably weren't any keys. Kids played outside until dark and women could walk down town in safety.

There was no such thing as unemployment insurance. We just went out and found a job! Shacking up, and sleeping together was unheard of, so actually it wasn't a bad era in which to live!

And, there wasn't the ACLU and a host of governmental agencies whose single purpose seems to attempt to stifle private enterprise. With the help of the NEA (teachers union) havoc has been wrecked in what at one time was probably the best educational system in the world.

Okay, back to the store we purchased in Salem:

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

The store faced a busy street, and it also had a back door which opened on the alley. Part of the store and shop was rented to a bulk milk tank dealer named Orville Taylor who, as we became acquainted, became one of our very best friends. He was retired from the navy as a Chief and had been in charge of the refrigeration and air conditioning in a submarine.

We learned that the dairy industry was slowly undergoing a transition from the single milking machine and 10 gallon cans to milk pipelines and refrigerated bulk tanks.

During the first years our business remained with the single unit machines and working in the shop. Other dealers shipped vacuum pumps to us to be repaired and that helped pay the rent.

We knew very little about pipelines, but one dairyman came to the store and ordered one. We read the catalogs and were able to get it installed and working, and he and I were pleased by the way it operated. But compared to the modern ones now, it was really quite primitive.

As time went on we became acquainted with other Surge dealers in western Oregon, and one, Mark McKenzie, became a life-long friend.

One of our customers was a Jersey breeder, importer and Jersey show judge, and since we had also been Jersey dairymen we naturally had much in common. One day while visiting the dairy he showed me one of his prize bulls. I seldom was without my camera, so I took some pictures of this beautiful animal and later had them developed and printed and gave him a copy. He later showed me the current issue of the Jersey Review with this picture on the cover page. Rex insisted on paying me, but I told him I was so proud of the picture that I really owed him.

Rex Ross had been asked to judge the state Jersey show in Provo Utah, and invited Virginia and me to accompany him and his wife, and he insisted on paying all the expenses.

We remembered hearing about the Smoot family from Utah, but had no idea that we would be staying in the family home, which was built by U.S. Senator Reed Smoot (Smoot-Hawley bill), in the 1800s. As we had heard about Mormon hospitality, and it was true. They treated us like special guests!

Rex was judging the Jersey show at Provo, but he had arranged different short trips for us. One was with the local brand inspector to show us the Golden Spike Monument where the Central Pacific and Union Pacific railroads met in the 1860's.

The inspector was friendly and actually took the place of a professional tourist guide. We learned that he would have been called a "Jack Mormon" because he enjoyed a cigarette and a cup of coffee! We visited the Mormon Tabernacle which is a huge building with wonderful acoustics.

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

We watched the judging, and by observing Rex and visiting with him later regarding some of his placements, we were surprised to learn just how much we didn't know about dairy cattle judging. We realized why he was a nationally respected judge.

Shortly after the Canadian trip Rex was asked to judge a Jersey show in Canada near Vancouver and once again asked us to go with them.

Virginia hadn't been feeling well, and the trip was anything but pleasant for her so when we were back in Salem we saw a doctor who diagnosed the problem as heart trouble. But the medication was not helping, and in fact she continued to lose weight and strength and became unable to even walk without help.

A customer was in the store, noticed that she was weak and asked a few questions. He said he knew a doctor who might be able to help her. The doctor's name was Dr. Schneider, and he told me later that after one look he knew what the problem was and what to do about it. He ran some tests, and said that she had a hyper-active thyroid. He said he would order some 'medicine' from Oak Ridge, Tennessee. It arrived soon, and we were at the office and learned that the 'medicine' was radioactive iodine.

The nurse wore some kind of protective gown and handed Virginia a ladle with a long handle. In it was a glass of what looked like water but was in fact a measured amount of this radioactive iodine.

She followed this with a prescribed number of drops of plain iodine each day for a certain number of days. More tests followed, but each day her strength was returning and began to generally feel better. Dr. Schneider saved her life!

We had assumed that these trips were in appreciation for the picture of Rex's prize bull, and I'm sure it was. However while driving on the trip home he began subtly asking about our plans and commenting that their son was not interested in the dairy farm nor the Jersey herd. Finally he offered to turn the dairy over to us.

This was an offer that one could only dream of. A modern barn with all labor-saving equipment available at that time, and of course his herd of nationally known prize Jerseys.

Years before, while we were on the dairy in Tillamook County, I had injured my back (herniated disc), and it had never completely healed. So I wasn't anxious to get into a situation where I could re-injure the back. We gratefully declined the offer. Several years later Rex suffered a stroke which affected his speech, and finally one day he went to the shop with a pistol and ended it.

We always wondered!

I must make a comment about one of our dairyman customers - His father had been a banker and this guy inherited a fortune but was frugal to the point where it was ridiculous. His barn

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

was nearly 100 yards from the house and to save wiring he drove a copper rod in the ground at the house and another at the barn and used the soil as the 'ground'. He continually wondered why the motor at the barn was always too hot to touch,

The large Co-op in Portland had the majority of the dairymen as shippers and was in the process of fazing out cans and going strictly to bulk tanks, and Orville had a salesman who kept him busy installing these tanks.

One day, and I don't remember how the subject came up, he asked me if I would be interested in helping with the installations. He was an expert in the refrigeration field but hated the electrical part of the tank installation, and I was familiar with 110, 220 volts, magnetic switches and 3 way switches, etc., so it developed that we made a good team.

We encountered some odd situations - one where we were to move a tank to a new location, and the tank was wired direct (no disconnect); so I found a dry board, stood on it and clipped one wire at a time. Orville wouldn't watch!

We installed several Surge pipelines but I never was completely satisfied with the cleaning cycle, and one day a friend from Medford stopped 'for a visit'. The Medford Surge dealer was probably the most active in the country and had the same concerns. He also was in the process of leaving Surge and going with a new dairy equipment company called 'Chore-Boy'. For anyone not familiar with this equipment these pipelines were supposed to be designed to 'clean in place', (CIP).

Our friend Ken offered to take us to Medford and demonstrate this new pipeline system, and when we saw it operating I was impressed. It was a glass (Pyrex) line, and in the wash cycle the detergent water rushed through the line with enough force to shake the building. To me it was the answer to what a cleaning cycle should do.

We sold and installed a number of these Chore-Boy systems while we yet had the Surge franchise. Our relationship with the Surge Co. was already strained, and I knew that as soon as they learned that we had changed systems our franchise would be cancelled. So every time we ordered supplies from them we would double the order so we could supply our old Surge customers.

In the meantime we had read our contract, and in it was a provision whereby they could come into the store and reclaim everything with a Surge label on it. So we took it to our lawyer and asked his advice. He said apparently they had all the options. I wondered about us making out a bill of sale to Virginia's brother giving him ownership of the contents of the store which we did, and he said, "Go for it,"

Not many days later Ned Bailey, from the company, stopped and came in with his clip board and was planning to inventory all the Surge-labeled merchandise. But when we told him we were not the owners, and that the contents of the store had been sold, he was speechless and

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

left the store. He stopped by the next morning to say goodbye, and it was quite evident that he hadn't slept well!

We sold a number of these Chore Boy pipeline systems in various parts of Western Oregon, but mostly in the Willamette Valley and Tillamook County. One which brings memories was east of Tillamook, and I had hired a helper with an Econoline van. We finished the job on Columbus Day 1962. We loaded all the tools including my electric pipe machine and started for Salem, but we noticed that there was a strong wind. As we drove, the wind became stronger, and at one point near Rickreall the wind was coming from the right side and would tip the van to the extent that I could feel the right rear wheel spin. Afterwards we talked about the trip, and both were sure that the load of tools in the van kept us upright. When we arrived at West Salem power lines were across the streets, and a pole with a transformer fell in front of us. But we finally made our way across the bridge and on to home east of Salem. Later all the news media referred to it as the Columbus Day Storm.

Another interesting installation: This was a new dairy close to Salem and was owned by a millionaire who owned an electrical wholesale business, but his divorced wife lived on the farm. This was an elevated stall and pipeline job, and he had purchased a herd of Jerseys that always had been milked in a 'flat' barn so were frightened and reluctant to go in the new stalls. The owner's son drove in just as we began the milking process. This was a long story but his idea of helping was to back up against the rear end of the cow and push her into the stall. It doesn't require any imagination to visualize what occurred - he was wearing the expensive suit he wore at the office and soon it was covered with 're-cycled grass', and his shoes must have been nearly full also.

Finally we, Virginia always helped, got them pretty well organized and while we were cleaning up after the evening milking, the lady came in and had with her a bottle of whiskey and said, "I brought a bottle and two glasses - one for me and one for your wife. You boys can drink out of the bottle!" She was a very dignified lady and reminded one of Margaret Thatcher, so this was even more humorous.

And here is another memorable installation: This was at Mt. Angel and was another elevated stall and pipeline job. It was a father and son partnership dairy, and one evening while we were finishing the father disappeared for a few minutes and returned with a bottle of homemade pie cherry wine. The women in the family had pitted pie cherries and saved the juice for wine. He placed it on the floor near the milk tank and, without thinking, dragged the water hose too close and it tipped over and broke. He just smiled and went to the house for another bottle!

When I was delivering some supplies to a customer in the Mt. Angel area the making of homemade whiskey was mentioned, and I told him that I had all the equipment in the shop which would be needed to manufacture a still, but to be honest I was afraid of being caught. He assured me that it was safe, and as an after thought said "Any time you want to borrow my 'kittle' you are welcome to use it."

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

Another time I stopped to visit a friend but he wasn't home, but his son, who was a grown man, invited me to come in. My friend had recently purchased a gallon of 'white lightning' from someone in Woodburn, and we wondered about the 'proof' compared to the legal stuff. So we poured a tablespoon full of the Woodburn product and one of Seagram's Seven and lit them. We were surprised to see the fire in the Seagram's burn for just a short time, but the other one was practically all gone! He had paid ten dollars for the gallon!

One of our customers usually came in at least once a month for supplies, and it was 'his day' in town. He enjoyed a good cigar which he smoked down to a short stub, and then he would knock all the hot ashes off and chew the butt! I'm not going to comment!

Mark McKenzie was the service man for the Medford Chore Boy dealership, and eventually we became acquainted. It evolved into a life-long friendship.

Years earlier we had made a trip to the Steens Mountains in Central Oregon and were impressed with the grandeur of the mountain. Elevation is 9,600 ft. with a good road to the summit. We learned that Mark and his wife Ferol had, over the years, spent much of their vacation time in the Steens and Fenchglen area and that Ferrol's uncles had homesteaded on one side of the Steens. In the following years we both had travel trailers and together spent our vacations in that area. Ferol's family grew up in this country, and during the Indian trouble two of her cousins were killed by some marauding Indians on property near Diamond, which is now owned by Alan and Jen Otley.

Some time in the mid-nineties Mark and I were visiting, and he mentioned that he had recently seen his brother Red and had been invited to go to Colorado with Red on his annual elk hunting trip. Red had told him I was also invited. Of course I was thrilled with the idea and immediately began making plans.

When the day arrived we drove to Red's place in Red Bluff and loaded Red's truck and trailer with four 4-wheelers and all sorts of camping equipment and supplies, and we headed for Paonia, Colorado. Soon after we left Reno we noticed snow along the road, and soon it was on the road.

Red's trailer was 20 feet long, and we were on packed snow when all of a sudden the trailer went sideways. But Red did some really skillful driving and kept us on the road. We arrived at Grand Junction about noon and purchased our licenses and tags and a huge amount of supplies and then arrived at Paonia after dark. We were fortunate to rent the last motel vacancy.

This was to be the last bed we would sleep in for the next ten days. Red had been here a number of times, so knew exactly where to park the rigs which was about five miles out of town. The camp was to be about four miles up in the mountains so the scooters' were loaded with the things we would use first. We made a number of trips to get all our gear to the camp site, and in the meantime

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

Mark and Red and I were clearing about a foot of snow off the area for the tents.

By dark we got one of the tents set up and even had a stove going, and the next day had the other one up. The first one was the sleeping tent for the four guys, and the other was for cooking and eating. Mark and I had a small tent to ourselves also with a stove. One night the temperature was minus 30 degrees! We had tables and stools and folding cupboards, and the next day Mark and I had a professional looking kitchen with room for the others to sit and eat.

It was an interesting group - Red was a logger, Steve a CPA, Howard, a sand and gravel company owner from Susanville, a computer instructor from the high school and a life guard from S. California. Mark and I completed the party and did the cooking. At night we put out the breakfast and they prepared it themselves. We had a self-service lunch (sandwiches etc.) but a full dinner which consisted of meat, potatoes, canned vegetables, and some kind of desert. Our water was melted snow heated on the round wood stove.

One night I thought I heard rain on the tent roof, but in sub-zero weather it doesn't rain, so I put my boots on (We slept with most our clothes on.) went outside and saw about six inches of powdery snow on the tent roof. I got Mark up, and we got it off our roof and then woke up the other guys. Another hour or so and the weight would probably have caved in the tents.

Mark and I hunted part of the time but were mostly busy tending camp and cooking. After several days Red got his bull, but got in late with it, so he and I dressed it out by lantern light and about midnight the coyotes were there and the howling woke up the camp. One of the other guys got his elk, and after nearly two weeks we were all ready to call it quits.

One morning Red said he thought it had frozen hard enough so he could get his truck up the hill to camp which would save many trips with the scooters. This plan worked, and finally we were loaded and headed down hill but had no idea of what that thawed clay was like. Finally we got the chains off and headed west. We stopped at the first large town and got motels and showers and a nice dinner and drove then non-stop to Red bluff, California, and for me the end of an experience of a lifetime.

,Now back to the Otley's. We met them in the 1980's and became close friends. Alan died from cancer later, but Jen is still alive and is the boss of what was an 800 cow ranch. They leased a large amount of grazing land from the BLM and over the years much of it has been 'designated' as a monument" and no grazing is allowed. So consequently the size of the herd had to be adjusted. Note that this has allowed the grass to grow and mature so devastating fires have occurred.

Due mostly to the sagging economy, and partly because there were fewer dairies, the dairy equipment business was gradually slowing, but Orville's refrigerated bulk milk tank business was stable, and more and more he depended on me for assistance. One summer he had a vacation planned, but there were two projects that were a concern. One day he casually told me that he

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011

b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

was leaving on vacation and where these jobs were located. One was to move a tank from the coast in Lincoln County to Salem, and the other was a new installation.

The first was moving the tank so I left early, and fortunately there was power in the dairy. So I pumped down the system (pumped the Freon back into the receiver tank in the compressor) and loaded the 500 gallon tank, compressor etc., drove to Salem, installed the tank, and had it in operation before dark that night.

Over the years I, like most men, experienced several frightening situations, one of which was with Orville. He had a little 13 foot ski boat with a 75 horse Mercury outboard and suggested that we go over to Depoe Bay and try deep-sea fishing. He was a retired submarine veteran and had absolutely no fear of the water. I went along. All went well until we started back to shore, but while we fished, the motor was on slow and fouled the plugs. For years I have had nightmares of looking back and seeing those huge swells pick us up and thrust us forward and finally shoot us under the highway bridge to safety.

While we were still in the dairy supply business we had an interesting experience with a man who said he intended to be a customer. He was from the Newberg area and said he was interested in new dairy equipment. I noticed that he was driving a new Chev. pickup. I have no idea what made me slightly suspicious so one day I drove to Newberg and instead of going to his dairy I went to the Chevrolet dealer and asked to see the owner. I showed him this guy's name and asked if he knew him. He uttered a string of expletives that would make a blacksmith blush and proceeded to tell what happened. It was about the new pickup. This was the story: The guy ordered the truck, and he had taken delivery. While they were doing the paper work he put the total amount in greenbacks on the table. I didn't learn the details, and the company owner was still puzzled as to how it happened, but the guy retrieved the money, and drove away before they were aware of anything being out of order. I didn't check any further!

It was during this period that we somehow became acquainted with a couple and actually became life-long friends. Harvey was the plant manager of a small jam and jelly cannery and always ate lunch in the diner which was next door to our store, but eventually the owner had a problem with the IRS and spent some time as a guest of the government.

Harvey was unemployed, but only for a short time, so he studied and passed his real estate salesman's license exam. He saw an opportunity to enhance his commission income by buying old homes, renovating them and then either renting them or just selling. He was aware that as I had lived on a farm I had plenty of experience so suggested that we work together.

During this time we purchased a nice-looking house, but it required considerable inside attention and also there was no carport. One day Harvey suggested that on Sunday morning we would use sledge hammers and break out the curb to make way for the driveway to the planned carport. We were hard at work when a car stopped and a man came over and asked if we had a permit for this job, and the answer was obvious. He told us he was the building

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

inspector and to be in his office in the morning. We learned later that he was on his way to church when he stopped.

The morning newspaper was always delivered to the store, and I usually glanced at it before going to work. This particular morning I saw an article saying that the local dairy inspector had died. He had been our competitor, and his business had arrived at the point where he couldn't pay his bills. So he quit, applied, and was hired as the new inspector. He had arrived at the parking space at the Ag. Building but died in his car. After I read this I phoned Virginia at home and told her I should apply for this position. A few days later I found the correct office in the Ag. Building and introduced myself to the Assistant Chief of the dairy section of the department. He was gracious and asked about my connection with the dairy industry along with other questions, and accepted my application. It was several weeks before I was asked to go to the office and be interviewed, and the meantime one of our wholesale parts suppliers from Portland told us that I had been hired to be an inspector for the Food and Dairy section of the State Dept. of Ag. About a month later I was informed that I had indeed been selected, so I arrived at the office at the proper time, and the Chief of the Food and Dairy Section of the department introduced me to the different people with whom I would be working.

My immediate boss, or as I was told, my 'supervisor' was Norwegian, and I immediately liked him. He came from the milk processing side of the dairy industry, and in the Air Force had flown enough missions in a B-17 bomber and had spent the remainder of his service time on the ground. I couldn't possibly have asked for a better supervisor.

On the first day on the job I accompanied him to the coffee room in the basement of the building. I learned that part of the daily routine was to have coffee before beginning the day's work. He introduced me to the staff and all were gracious and friendly.

The next several weeks were spent with Al visiting some of the dairymen and becoming acquainted with the managers of the various dairy processing plants. Al explained the items on the 'inspection' sheet and what constituted a violation. The dairy form was not entirely unfamiliar because our Grade A dairy in Tillamook County had been under similar inspection. However the processing plant inspection was altogether different but extremely interesting. At that time there were two types of dairy plants; one was referred to as a manufacturing plant and the other as a Grade A bottling plant, and there was a striking difference partly in the construction and equipment in the plants, but more importantly the source of milk used in the particular plant. Of course the milk supply for the Grade A plant must be produced on a Grade A dairy farm.

At this time there were eight or nine inspectors in the State and, of course I was unaware of the situation that the inspector whose territory included Jackson, Klamath and Lake counties was being considered for replacement. The day before Thanksgiving Al told me that the Southern Oregon inspector had 'resigned', and I was being transferred to Klamath Falls. This didn't make our Thanksgiving dinner more enjoyable.

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

The following Monday I was in Virgil Simmons's office and told him I didn't want to live in Klamath Falls. Actually I was bluffing since there wasn't a surplus of jobs, but he later told me that he had made a trip to southern Oregon and found that the majority of my work would be in Jackson Co.

The Dept. paid for a motel this first month, and we were able to purchase a mobile home and locate a suitable park. I gradually became acquainted with the dairymen and industry people. With this, Al was most helpful.

In my area the old ten gallon milk can was obsolete and milk was handled entirely in refrigerated insulated stainless steel bulk tanks and hauled by tanker truck. The drivers were all licensed to sample milk, so each month this was done. I shipped these samples in a refrigerated container to the Salem Lab. The lab tests were primarily for bacteria and a 'high count' prompted an immediate visit to the dairy to determine the cause.

My previous experience on the grade A dairy in Tillamook County was a tremendous help, and usually the problem was easily located. Another advantage I had was that I had grown up and operated a grade A Dairy in Tillamook County, so consequently was able talk the same language.

Previously to this time the department had promulgated rules to provide for the production and bottling raw milk which was sold in glass gallon jugs. The sanitation and bacterial count was much more closely watched than that of the 'raw for pasteurized' producers. But eventually someone with two or three cows would decide to sell his surplus milk to the neighbor, and that went well. But as soon he had a dozen cows and a route this is when I became involved. Usually a C&D (cease and desist order) would solve the problem, but on several occasions it was necessary to file a complaint, and the District Attorney and the sheriff solved the problem.

An amusing occasion - a member of an old-time family was 'jugging' milk from a small herd, and I asked a friend to purchase a gallon there. The sediment test was definitely not white, and when I went to the district attorney he looked at it said, "Take it away, it's making me ill!"

He took care of the situation, but the story ended a year or so later. The County Agent was a friend and had called a meeting of the farmers and others interested in agriculture, and had invited me as guest. This same man was actually a member of an old pioneer family and was well known, so Earl introduced him to me and in loud voice he said, "He had me arrested and I don't like him." The people who heard this had a big laugh and Earl was embarrassed!

Ginger Rogers owned a section of Rouge River frontage a part of it had been converted to a dairy farm. There were buildings for the renter and another house where Ginger's mother lived, and there was a one lane road from the highway to the ranch.

After completing the regular inspection of the dairy I was on the way out on this road and met a car, so I pulled over to make room for the other car. To my surprise Ginger Rogers was driving, and she smiled and waved to me! I had seen most of her movies and thought she was the

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

prettiest girl in movies, and here she was waving and smiling at me. Thinking back I suppose I was in shock!

One of the dairies in the Klamath Falls area had been purchased by a man from California, and he had an 'attitude'. During a normal winter they have severe cold and the cow yards are frozen solid, but this particular year was much warmer. His cow yard was knee deep in muck. I wrote a warning and gave him the legal amount of time to comply, but he assumed that it would be as it was in California. I wrote out a suspension which required him to ship his milk to a manufacturing plant rather than Grade A. I was told that he immediately saw his lawyer who told him to go home and clean up his #** mess! Later he told me that this was the best thing I had even done for him and that it had taken an hour off his milking time because of so much less time required to clean the cows.

There were many similar events and my work was pretty much routine, but did require much time spent on the road. So the department hired another inspector to take care of the Klamath and Lake County work. This worked out well.

Occasionally there were food complaints to be investigated. One such complaint involved a bottle of Coca Cola which had in it a 'foreign object.' At that time I had been a 'camera nut' for years, so took several pictures of the bottle. And during the conversation with the couple who had purchased this bottle the 'camera club' was mentioned. They invited us to attend the next meeting, and this is how we met Howard Glosser. This was in the days of black and white and on the farm I had done some film developing. But Howard had a dark room, enlarger and actually was a professional. We became members of the Camera Club with the impressive name of 'The Southern Oregon Photographic Society'. Later I was elected to president. We had many of the same interests as Howard and our friendship continues to this day.

Howard was employed by a huge fruit growing and gift packaging local company named Harry and David and had begun at the very lowest paying job and worked his way up until he had his own office and was in charge of the accounting and also computer programming for that particular department.

About this time period home computers were being promoted, and eventually we got one. At first we were scared of the thing! Compared to the modern one it was quite primitive, but we have been able to update several times. The one I am using today is number six! Each new one is more complicated than the previous one and Howard had always been eager to help. Several times a virus has infected the machine, and he always had been able to find and remove it.

It is now 2011, and the country has been in a depression for several years. H&D has been sold and resold several times and now is in the hands of a group of speculators whose only interest is the "bottom line". So a number of the higher paid people were given the 'pink slip'. Howard is in his late 50's so isn't able to retire, and prospective employers are looking at mostly younger people and not taking experience into consideration.

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

Howard had been, and continues to be one of our best friends, and we wish him the very best.

We never knew, but assumed that it was either the legislature or the department who decided that all the inspectors were to be registered as Sanitarians, and a college degree would be one of the requirements. That would eliminate me. However there was an exception if the person had enough college credit hours in science and related subjects, and I had more than enough so that crisis was ended.

I began to sense that within the department there was a negative attitude toward business. Of course this was during the Ralph Nader era, and a new director had been hired who had an attitude. Example: During a routine weight check at the local milk plant I found one lot of short weight cartons of milk, so I required them to repackage all this milk. I phoned my supervisor with the report, and he seemed elated, and made the comment that if it would be in his power he would give me a raise.

Several chain grocery stores had outlets here in southern Oregon and also in northern California, and it became quite obvious that the inspectors there resented having dairy products from Oregon on the shelves of their stores.

I happened to be in the plant here in Medford when they received a truckload of milk that was being returned from Eureka because of alleged short-weight. I had my state sealed milk scales with me, so the plant manager and I weighed hundreds of cartons of milk and all were legal.

While we were having lunch I asked Dexter if he knew whether the California inspector weighed the cartons or measured the contents. He phoned the Eureka plant manager and was told that it was a volumetric test. I asked if he had warmed the milk to the required temperature of 68 degrees before measuring and was told that he did not. I had my volumetric set with me also so we checked volume and all cartons were legal fill. The California inspector was not happy for being in the wrong.

The work went along pretty much routine for a number of years but that anti-business, pro-consumer attitude continued to exist. But I had the advantage of being 250 miles from Salem.

During this time Gov. Tom McCall appointed me to the Sanitarians registration board. This board was responsible for examining and approving or rejecting applications for registration as sanitarians. I served that term and then was reappointed by Governor Straub.

We learned that a supervisory vacancy had occurred in Salem, and we all were being considered for that position. I immediately let it be known that I was definitely not interested, but Elmer, from Coos Bay was. Finally they hired two kids fresh out of college who eventually were referred to as the 'gold dust twins'. Their popularity ended in the Salem office.

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

Finally I had enough years with the Department and was old enough to retire, but I was soon hired by a private company to do quality control. On one occasion the manager of one of the stores saw me in the store and had the meat department manager wrap a large beef roast, and they presented it to me and said it was in appreciation for at one time, locating the source of a problem for them.

Retirement felt good! It not only felt good, but gave me more time to spend at home. We raised a large garden and had a variety of fruit trees, and since we also had a wood stove for heat, I obtained a wood cutting permit and found a grove of Lodge Pole Pine near Union Creek. Some of the trees were 120 feet tall with no limbs the first fifty feet. I cut and dragged them out. cut the wood into firewood lengths and split the blocks. Virginia loaded the truck. We were able to get a year's supply of firewood there.

All these years my mother and her two sisters Grace and Meg lived in Salem, and we were there most weekends. Quite often Virginia would be there for a week at a time. We had sold the 16 acre farm with a life-contingency clause, so mom lived there until she had a fatal stroke.

We hired a professional to do an estate sale so that was taken care of in one day.

Meg had a stroke years before which affected her right side, but she was mobile with an electric scooter. She died at 100 and Grace was 105.

Aunt Grace's son Ken's life was a success story. He joined the Navy after high school and enrolled in the electronic training school. Ken was super intelligent and learned everything the Navy had to offer, so after he had served his 'hitch' he finally was employed by IBM and retired from that company. During this time while he was living in Montana he had married a girl from Eastern Montana. Her name is Barb, and we have never known of a more devoted couple. Eventually they were transferred to Austin, Texas, when they purchased a lovely home. Several years later Ken developed terminal lung cancer, but Barb continues to live in Austin. We keep in touch on a regular basis.

After we had lived here in Jackson County for a short time Virginia began searching for some property and eventually found two acres which we purchased and still own. One of the property lines is the irrigation canal so we had an unlimited supply of water without any time schedule. We planted an orchard and soon learned about this type of soil locally referred to as 'black sticky'.

Sometime in the mid-eighties I began to notice an unusual tiredness but attributed it to my age. However a physical showed a problem with my heart. I remembered that even when I was in high school the doctors told me that I had a 'heart murmur', but then I had no idea of what that was and wasn't even concerned. Now I was told that the murmur was actually a damaged mitral valve and more tests were suggested. I had echo-cardiograms, ultra sound tests, and they put me to sleep and ran a camera down my throat to take pictures of my heart from a different angle. Then I had a cardioversion and an angiogram. After all this it was determined that the mitral valve should be replaced.

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

My cardiologist, Dr. Patterson, and the heart surgeon, Dr. Folsom had a conference, and I learned later that they were considering my age, The valve was damaged to the extent that they decided to proceed; so on Feb. 26, 1999, they did 'open heart' surgery, replaced the valve with a 'pig valve', and Dr.Folsom closed a hole that they had discovered between two chambers of the heart. The surgery lasted slightly more than an hour, and during this time I was connected to what is known as a "heart-lung" machine which does the breathing for the patient and also keeps the blood circulating. The doctor used some sort of a saw and split the breast bone so that the heart cavity was exposed. Then an incision was made in the heart, the mitral valve was removed, and the replacement put in its place.

Some time later I watched on TV this whole procedure done in the Cleveland Clinic, which is where my doctor trained. Probably the most critical part of the surgery is having the 'new valve' secured in place without a chance of a leak.

When the surgery was over they left a drain tube in this area with the opening just above my naval, so now I have two belly buttons! Of course I had no idea how long I was 'asleep' nor how long I was in CCU, but I do remember being back in my bed and feeling wonderful. To the astonishment of Virginia, the nurses and doctor and I suppose everyone watching, I walked down the hall and back and had a big breakfast.

The next day however, the bottom fell out and I wasn't able to get out of bed without help, wasn't able to eat and felt so bad I didn't care what happened. It was then that we learned about "Mended Hearts" which is a national organization composed of people who have had heart attacks or cardiac surgery, and is dedicated to assisting in rehabilitation of people in my situation. At first it was words of encouragement, and this was extremely important because in my case at least, depression and despondency were my worst problems, but they, and I guess "they" were the doctor or cardiologist and nurses who wasted no time in taking me to the heart 'rehab' center in the hospital. This was a special section with a variety of exercise machines, heart monitors, and well-trained nurses who were dedicated to this type of practice.

For some time I was pretty much wheelchair-bound and wasn't even able to stand in a shower. I spent some time on an exercise bike but mostly on the treadmill, but before the exercise began I was fitted with a heart monitor and checked and checked also while on the machine. Then I was ejected again during the cooling down period.

Virginia and I made a number of friends there and two of the nurses yet remember us.

All this time I felt just plain 'rotten', but about a month later I woke up one morning and told Virginia that I was hungry, and from then on we were able to see an improvement almost daily.

To me one of the surprising things about the surgery was the absence of any pain during the healing process - not even where they sawed the breast bone in order to spread it. This was in February and it took most of the year before I really felt back to normal.

Written by Robert Lohrene Vogel in 2011
b 29 September 1917 d 9 January 2018

I'd be remiss if I neglected to remember some of our old friends! Rod Cozad was a boyhood friend of Virginia's dad when they both lived in Canyon City. In the 1960's Rod introduced us to a Fort Rock rancher named Rube Long who later became quite famous as a speaker and also as an author. Years later Virginia and I were in the Fort Rock area and saw Rube out on the desert. We had his book "The Oregon Desert" with us, and he seemed pleased to autograph it for us.

Rod was acquainted with the Hamley Saddle Co. at Pendleton, and I had him order a special saddle which I gave to Virginia as a wedding present.

In the late 1960's when we were at a Surge Company meeting we became acquainted with Ken Damon. Later we went on a camping trip with the Damons and it was our first visit to Frenchglen and the Steens Mountain. When we bought the Surge store in Salem we actually bought Orville Taylor with it. He had retired from the Navy as a Chief Petty Officer and had been in the submarine service through the war. He was a refrigeration specialist. He had invented a special type of milk cooler which was sold in Western Oregon. He and his wife made many vacation trips together with us and one took us as far as across the Mexican border to Tijuana.

His wife had more than her share of faults and later divorced Orville, but he later married Bev. They traveled the US in a large motor home. Finally he developed cancer, and after a long battle passed away in the Veteran's hospital in Portland. Bev asked me to do the eulogy, and I couldn't do it. But did write it, and another friend read it.

Before being transferred to Southern Oregon I had been told that here was a blind dairyman there. At that time the Department had made a provision that allowed raw milk to be sold in gallon glass jugs directly from the farm and Tony White was one of this group. He and his wife Beverly descended from immigrants from the Azores and had a large family.

Tony was fourteen when he was bucked off a horse and the fall damaged the optic nerves. He gradually lost sight in both eyes. Watching him during the milking process and the way he was able to move was amazing. They had a concrete walk from the house to the dairy. It had no railing, and someone watching him go one way or the other would almost swear that he had perfect vision!

His family consisted of all boys except for one girl, and as soon as she graduated she went on to beauty school. As time went on the boys began to leave, and this made a change necessary. So Tony converted to a refrigerated bulk milk tank and shipped to the local processing plant.

About this time Beverly developed cancer and passed away, and Tony discovered that he had prostate cancer. He heard about a treatment which was made in Minnesota, and he began following the instructions for how it was to be used. This was over twenty-two years ago, and he is OK yet.

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He has remarried and Marcella was from a miserable marriage - abuse and all the rest of it, and it is really a pleasure to see how happy they are. He has sold the dairy and retired to a mobile home park, and we occasionally go out to dinner with them.

I can depend on a phone call each morning at six o'clock - "just checking in." He did the milking and knew the names of all the cows, and somehow he could recognize the symptoms of any ailment and give instructions for treatment.

The "juggers" were more closely scrutinized than the shippers to the pasteurizing plant, but Tony's milk samples were always well within the legal range.

At one time there were at least a dozen "jug" dairies in my area, but labor and feed costs have driven them out of business.

I had between twenty and thirty Grade A dairies to inspect, and at present there are two remaining in Jackson County. Here again, feed costs, high cost of labor, more high-priced equipment, and the re-zoning of farm land which resulted in higher taxes has had much to do with his change.

When I was transferred to southern Oregon there was a dairy processing plant in Lakeview, two in Klamath Falls and two here in Medford. And there was a cheese factory in Central point and the Blue Cheese produced there is nationally famous. The Central Point Cheese plant was owned by Tom Vella, an Italian who also owned a plant in Sonoma California. He also owned a grape vineyard and a winery.

Some of the equipment in his plant here in Oregon was obsolete, and I was aware that USDA people made a survey periodically so suggested that some changes would be required. For about five minutes he ranted and raved about the 'government' trying to put the 'little man' out of business, and then he put his arm around my shoulder and said "Let's go in the office and figure out what has to be done". Later I learned that Italians have a slightly different temperament, but are really great people.

Now any surplus milk is transported by tanker truck to either Roseburg or Portland. Here in Jackson County the tankers were owned and operated by Roland (Rollie) Holmes, and in Klamath County by Cloyd Johnson and his wife Norma who was an expert truck driver, and as the years went by we all became good friends.

One of Rollies drivers, Everett Zemke, and I became acquainted. He was the driver who made the Portland trip when the supply here was greater than the demand, and usually it required a truck-mounted tank pulling a four wheel tanker trailer, and occasionally Everett would ask me to ride with him.

The diesel truck was fitted with a thirteen speed transmission and Everett was an expert at shifting. On several trips Everett asked me if I would like to drive, and since we were empty it

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didn't worry me except that I never did have a truck driver's endorsement on my license. Luckily there never was a problem.

Southern Oregon, and especially the Rogue Valley, is considered by many to be the 'banana belt' of Oregon, and the result has been the gradual influx of foreigners, mostly from California, most of whom are quite wealthy. Many have built expensive homes, some of which could almost be referred to as mansions.

This has dramatically increased property values and that has had an adverse affect on farming.

I told myself, when I decided to write a story about my life, that it probably would take not over a dozen pages, and it would be finished in a hour or two. Now I am at page 86 with 19,000 plus words, and it has been about two months since I began!

Thinking back over the past ninety plus years has refreshed my memories of some of the good things that have happened to me in these ninety plus years. There have been countless friends, but my Dad stands out above all. He had all the qualities that I admired - honesty, patience, an extremely sharp mind and above all a sense of humor.

Virginia is 'the love of my life' and has taken wonderful care of me through, as they say, 'thick and thin'! There have been innumerable illnesses and physical ailments. Probably the most serious was in 1999 when our cardiologist and heart surgeon determined that it would be necessary to remove and replace the mitral valve in my heart.

Virginia was my day and night nurse. The shock of the surgery and being on the heart/lung machine left me so weak I wasn't able to dress myself and couldn't even stand up in the shower, and all this time Virginia was there by my side assisting me both physically and mentally.

After this type of surgery depression is not uncommon and with me it was a very serious problem. I could eat but very little and of course lost weight. I am 6ft. 2 in. and normally weigh about 160 pounds. I don't remember how much I lost but was really 'skinny'! It must have driven Virginia frantic attempting to prepare something that I could eat, but the problem with depression remains.

With Virginia's wonderful friendly disposition and ability to easily meet people, we have made a huge number of friends and it would be next to impossible to list all of them.

Virginia's cousin, Lillian Altenberger and I were in high school together, but she married and moved to Michigan where she raised a large family. Marilyn, one of the daughters, worked for, and retired from United Air lines and married a design engineer from Ford company in Michigan.

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We became reunited about ten or fifteen years ago and have been in contact ever since. "Mare" or "Mo" is 'computer sharp' and has been invaluable in helping put this together. It would have been impossible to complete without her assistance!

For a number of years Uncle Kenneth and Aunt Grace's son, Ken, was the only relative who seemed interested in keeping in touch with us, and that was OK. Ken and Barb lived in Austin, Texas, but usually came west at least once a year to visit aunt Grace and Virginia and me.

Ken spent a hitch in the Navy and had something to do with radar and electronics, and when he was discharged his first job was installing TV antennas. To say the least, it wasn't very challenging, so he applied for a job with IBM and was hired. He worked his way up and eventually became one of the top people at IBM. Ken passed away a number of years ago, but we keep in touch with Barb. He was a motorcycle enthusiast and eventually owned a Honda Gold Wing. He enjoyed 'cross country', but it came close to costing him his life.

One day while riding in the open country he saw just ahead of him what appeared to be a shadow but instead was a hole. The front wheel dropped into the hole and Ken went over what they call 'the high side' and ended up in the hospital for several months with a broken pelvis and then bone infection.

However, as soon as he had completely recovered he was back on a 'bike'.

One relative I must not overlook was my dad's brother, Uncle Walter Vogel. As I mentioned earlier, he was in the grain business in Brawley, California, and quite often would come to our place on the coast, to visit and also to escape the summer heat in the Imperial Valley. Eventually this became a tradition and each summer we looked forward to his visit.

He had a remarkable memory and had learned all the unwritten work in the three Degrees of Masonry. Two of his favorite poets were Robert Service and also James Whitcomb Riley.

Some of what I have written is, I'm certain, dull and uninteresting to a reader, and there are many more events that occurred during my life which are similar. Therefore I will conclude with some personal thoughts.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was President when I first was eligible to vote, and he was popular for a time. His 'make work' programs such as the WPA were an effort to end the depression which was blamed by the media and Democrats on Roosevelt's predecessor, Herbert Hoover.

To this day I am convinced that Roosevelt blockaded Japan from oil and metal imports in order to force them to go to war to survive.

Going to the movies was a treat, but I remember seeing the 'Movietone news' with Lowell Thomas showing the slaughter of hogs and other farm animals. A large steam shovel made a deep trench, and the National Guard slaughtered the animals and filled the trenches. These were animals that had been raised for milk, beef and pork! It was nearly unbelievable. This was Roosevelt and Henry Wallace's plan to raise the price for the farmers. However in the

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meantime thousands of people were starving. And most of us remember the 'giveaway' of the Panama Canal to the Chinese by Jimmy Carter.

Groups I choose to call radical environmentalists have managed, during the past twenty years to obtain powerful positions in government and as a consequence the timber industry and farming in general have been seriously affected. The salvageable logs in the aftermath of a forest fire are left to rot and make fuel for another fire. Huge acreages in the San Joaquin valley, at one time raised garden produce to feed half the country are now idle. One of these people claimed to have seen some variety of a burrowing mouse and then proceeded to get it listed as 'endangered'.

Wolves have been introduced in the northern mountain states and are a severe problem for the cattle and sheep ranchers and the elk herds are in serious trouble due to the wolves killing the spring elk calves. I have a theory concerning this entire movement, but tht is for another day!

Now, we have a man who came from being a union thug organizer to the U.S. Senate and suddenly became a millionaire, and President. Some claim he is eloquent, but without his 'reader boards' that could be questionable. Now he is President and has assumed the role of dictator! He has appointed about 40 'tsars' who are accountable to him alone, and no one knows what plans for the country are being made behind the closed doors.

Now for my opinion: I suspect that the World Bank. the Rothschilds and Rockefellers, the Fabians, and Bilderbergs, with supporters such as George Soros and Obama and others have one thing in mind, and that is to force the United States to becoming just one more segment in a 'One World Government.

I am a registered Republican so consequently watch Fox most of the time and hear the commentators tell us how unpopular Obama is and that he will be a 'one term' president ,but, and I sincerely hope that I am wrong, at this date I fail to see how he can be removed. When one looks at all the free food, housing, subsidies, and not only that but close to 50% of the work force is made up of local, county, state and federal employees, most of whom will vote for him. If there happened to be re-count, and this has happened previously, residents of cemeteries have been known to climb out of the casket and vote. Of course Obama would never tolerate this sort of thing!

At my age, close to 94, one counts each day a special blessing, but I hope to be here to see the news on that special night in November 2012.

It has now been about 2 months since I began this life story. And it's time to say . . . "That's all, folks!"