

About this Issue

Louis Sowa

This issue features The retirement of Fred and Donna Anderson. The “Modern Homesteading” is a repeat from the May 2005 TRN.

A Machinist Road to Success

It was June 1951 I had just graduated from high school. The Korean war was still going on. Mare Island Naval Shipyard in Vallejo California was offering a four year machinist course. I enjoyed working with tools having already at age 16 rebuilt the engine in my 39 Chevrolet coup. I signed up for the four year course at the shipyard. It would be four weeks of work and then the fifth week would be college classes. Mare Island was located 45 miles from home. I was able to share the ride with others who also worked at the shipyard. The pay was ninety cents an hour.

The first few weeks we were shown the inside and outside of the machines we would use, lathes, milling machines, drill presses, grinders and electric hand tools. Our first jobs were in shop 36, this shop was used for making and repairing parts. At times we would board ships to disassemble and repair parts such as firearms. These firearms were four inches in diameter, the bullets measured 3 inches in diameter. Metal lathes, grinders and hydraulic equipment were also on board for us to use.

In 1953 the Korean War ended,

us students continued our training until the four years had ended, receiving our diplomas. Shortly there was a lay off at the shipyard, the graduated students were laid off.

I was offered a job at Kaiser aircraft near Richmond, California Here we operated 2 and 3 spindle N.C. tape machines. The fixtures used to machine the parts we were working on were bolted to an angle plate ready to machine. These 12 feet tall very precise vertical and horizontal milling machines were about 30 feet long. The operators job was to charge the tools and metal parts to be machined.

In a short time I was hired back to Mare Island, In 1968 having worked at Mare Island for 15 years we moved our family of 3 children to Gaston, Oregon, just south of Forest Grove.

I sold my commercial salmon fishing troller which was anchored at the Bodega Bay Harbor for nine years. The largest salmon I caught weighed 60 lbs. My son navigated the boat at age 9 and onward, while I bated the hooks and pulled the fish in from the rear of the boat. Our farm in Gaston consisted of a horse for each girl 2 cows, grain fields and 20 hives of bees. We extracted the honey and the Tektronix employees bought it.

In 1983 word spread that a lay off at Tektronix could come soon. We than sold our farm and moved to a 160 acre old homestead near Enterprise, Oregon.

Modern Homesteading

By: Mrs. Fred L. Anderson, Jr.

It was a Sunday in February 1980. The children were gone from the nest, creating an almost unbearable stillness at our farmhouse. Thoughts

of moving on seemed attractive. Yes, tomorrow I’d stop by the United Farm Agency and pick up a real estate catalog.

Five months later we were standing on an old abandoned homestead of 1888 in the northeast mountains of Oregon. Many hours of dedicated labor would be needed

to make this land come alive again. The land consisted of 80 acres of timber and 80 acres of pastureland. The old shallow hand dug well seemed only fit for animal use. Power lines ended six and one half miles away.

In 1984 we left our farm and city jobs to try and restore this old homestead. We moved our belongings into a 40’ x 22feet pole building we had built on our vacations. Our living area at one end was 12 feet x 22 feet with a shallow loft above with room enough for a bed and dresser. A used 12inch x 22inch wood burning trash burner was used for cooking and heating. Rainwater was collected in buckets placed under down spouts and then strained through a two-gallon metal milk strainer fitted with a replaceable cotton filter. The strained water was then poured into a 50 gallon heavy black plastic barrel. This barrel had an opening on the top of 16inches for

easy access and cleaning. A sturdy screw on lid fit tightly. Rainwater collected from metal roofs was not used for drinking or washing green leafy vegetables. Water collected from well-settled snow can equal nearly 3/4 of a gallon of water from 1 gallon of snow. Perhaps almost a ton of snow has been melted during a winter here.

During the first 8 months we were able to make enough lumber from

our dead pine trees to build a 40 feet x 22 feet enclosed barn, a 20 feet by 20 feet shop and a 10 feet x 10 feet root cellar. These projects took many hours a day six days a week. We always rested on the seventh day. That first winter temperatures dropped to a low of -34 with a total of 12 feet of snowfall. Parts of every day were spent removing snow from walkways, buildings and work areas. Quickly we became very strong and healthy. Layering our clothing for warmth we were able to work outdoors each day. To keep the cows' water from freezing in their tub we placed the tub in another wood tub surrounded by straw and placed it in their barn. Mounting old snow skis on a wood wagon we built, helped to pull buckets of water from the old hand dug well 700 feet away. Caring for cows at this 5,000 feet elevation during winters is difficult. We noticed Red, an 8-month pregnant cow trying to deliver her calf early and coming feet first. Having no phone and two feet of new snow on the road Fred anchored a piece of plywood on top of the 3 point hitch on the tractor for the veterinarian to sit on for the two miles in from the highway, while I found a bright red knee high sock and stretched it over the spotlight on the tractor for a taillight. Thanks to the kindhearted bovine doctor rushing to the scene little Annie survived weighing in at only 26 lbs. The kind doctor declined his perch on the plywood, gave his vehicle all the power it had and raced up the hill.

During the summer of 1986, we laid the foundation for a log house 43 feet x 34 feet We quickly found peeling dead lodge pole pine logs took a lot of muscle power. A flat was cut on two sides opposite each other, leaving two remaining sides to remove the bark with drawknives. We found we could only process nine logs a day. Each log became a special piece of a puzzle to be used somewhere in a house that was to be our home. Using a small chain saw worked well for cutting the mortise and tenon at each intersecting log. The floor joist and inside walls were log, creating even shrinkage throughout the structure. Fred became the chief source of pow-

er for seating the logs, except for the small chain saw. Kitchen and bathroom cabinets were created using left over tongue and groove pine flooring we had made. Allowing sometime for the structure to settle, permanent windows replaced temporary ones made of four millimeter plastic sheeting. Our electrical power for the house is supplied by batteries, which are charged by photovoltaic panels.

Going into town was difficult for the first couple of winters and because of this we rarely went. However, on these days Fred would push or ride a bicycle over packed snow for the first two miles to the highway then another four and one half miles to where our pickup was stored for the winter. Exchanging the bicycle for the pickup he'd drive the four and one half miles back to pick me up. Coming home the process was

reversed. We'd then fill my backpack with groceries and strap it on my back. The first mile home was uphill and difficult. Walking in the snow with a heavy load tested our ability to put forth much energy. Darkness came early and we dared not stop for fear of losing momentum and never again being able to gain it back.

Looking back in time we don't really seem to have any regrets of moving here. I've found it best not to contemplate what might have been had our choice been different. I do miss the sound of hot water swishing in the dishwasher and of seeing hot steam rising from under the lid on the washing machine and the clicking sound as clothes tumble and dry to a soft perfection gives one great satisfaction in a job well done.

The delight and feel of crisp white uniforms early in the morning cannot be forgotten. It's probably well to remember what Wendell Berry advises, "Be careful when you choose your hardships". Perhaps someday someone will come and replace us here never really knowing the efforts put forth in striving for perfection. Taking time now to observe these seven buildings, having made all the lumber used, I realize the conscious awareness and care only a proficient machinist by trade could achieve. How

does one measure success and happiness? Can there really be happiness at the end of life's rainbow? Is happiness the free feeling of being safely tucked away on this mountaintop to work or rest as you please? The Joy of seeing cougar run free through the meadow and the songs of the coyote in the evening bring delight and enjoyment to one's self. Those who succeed must have a strong commitment to gain something special for themselves, to a way of life you believe in, and letting nothing come between you and that goal. Looking now out across the garden over the deep snow, carrots and sweet parsnips wait to be dug and enjoyed. Soon new life will appear everywhere. Red rhubarb heads appear and asparagus spears stand tall like many marching soldiers. Strawberry blossoms tell of sweet treats to come, shelves heavy with jams and sauces. Perhaps success and happiness is a combination of all of these things and they can be enjoyed by anyone who just takes the time to look for it.

You may contact us at: Mr. & Mrs. Fred L. Anderson Jr

PO Box 624

Part 2 Story by Donna

Fred's activities here on this land have been interesting. Using a chain saw with the alaska mark 3 attachment worked well for cutting all the lumber we have made. A stand for this attachment to ride along on was made out of 3 2X 6 by 20 feet long boards, plus a sturdy wood stand at each end to hold everything up and level. We'd then lift or roll a log onto two old tire jacks raised these jacks up to meet the chain saw. Parts of each tree not used for lumber were cut up into firewood. Perhaps as much as 30 cords of firewood have been cut per year. Each piece was split with a 10 lb. splitting maul before we bought a gasoline powered wood splitter. Many hours have been spent maintaining our 100 acres of trees, also trimming trees and selling logs to lumber mills.

Perhaps the 43 foot ridge beam for our log house has been ,the biggest

challenge. We cut this tall pine tree down one half mile from home, rough cut the outer layers off using a long wood plank for the chain saw to ride on as the saw trimmed it. We then jacked up each end of this long log, backed our flat bed trailer under it for an interesting ride home. After letting this beam dry for two months we raised it onto our old 1956 lawn mower roller, we had secured on the last stacked log, tied a rope around that end and pulled it across the second floor ready to be lifted again to ceiling height of 19 feet. It took about 3 years to finish building the log house. Seven buildings have been built using all the lumber we made from our trees.

To locate water we used two 20 inch copper wires bending one end 4 inches down for a handle. To locate an under ground stream of water, walk slowly over an area free of any buried pipes or debris, holding the copper wires straight out in front of you, walk slowly. You will feel the rods start moving up and down, then come to a stop. Count these bounces. Each bounce equal one foot down to the flow of water. To check this, walk over your garden hose the water running through it. The rods will bounce 4 time plus one slow bounce as it stops, always facing the way the water is running. Move the hose facing a different direction to check again. I've found that very few people have this ability to locate water. If this method works for you and it doesn't for a friend, have the friend use the rods in the same way stopped over a flow of water. You take hold of their wrist careful not to touch the rods and within a couple minutes the rods will bounce. Perhaps this has to do with how much electricity is in ones body which is produced by exertion to it point of application in a line to the moving flow of water below.

We want to encourage those of you who are retired or retiring soon to locate a place away from busy cities so you can enjoy the fresh air, nature and a simple way of living with daily exercise to maintain your strength, creating a healthy body as the last of our years come to an end.

By Fred and Donna Anderson
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Enterprise, OR 97828
Phone number incase you want to contact us is (541)398-1821

Missing Byline in Last Issue

In the last issue of the TEK RETIREE NEWS, an article about a Tek Field Engineer's visit to Newburgh Air Force Base, New York, had the byline left out. Some readers did notice. The visit is a portion of a memoir, '[A Chameleon Oscilloscope Career](#)' by Bob Beville, under the Contributed Stories tab, in website www.tekretirees.com. (This is similar to the credits of the motion picture "Saving Private Ryan". Cheers bartender Ted Danson's name was left out.)

A Chameleon Oscilloscope Career

The VintageTEK Museum website has posted the Bob Beville's memoirs entitled <A CHAMELEON OSCILLOSCOPE CAREER>. It is an interesting read. Here is an excerpt...

A FBI agent phoned the office. He wanted to meet with whomever called on Griffiss Air Force Base, Rome, New York. That was me. I arranged an appointment, meeting him in the Officers Club there. Among other missions, he explained, this was a logistics base, a warehouse stocked with a variety of items and equipment ready to be shipped out to other bases. A number of 581 scopes had disappeared from a loading dock. Shown a catalog, I explained this scope was not operational without a plugin. He wanted me to be on lookout for any of them. "Sure will"... (FILE THIS FOR LATER).

Picture



Fred's commercial salmon fishing boat

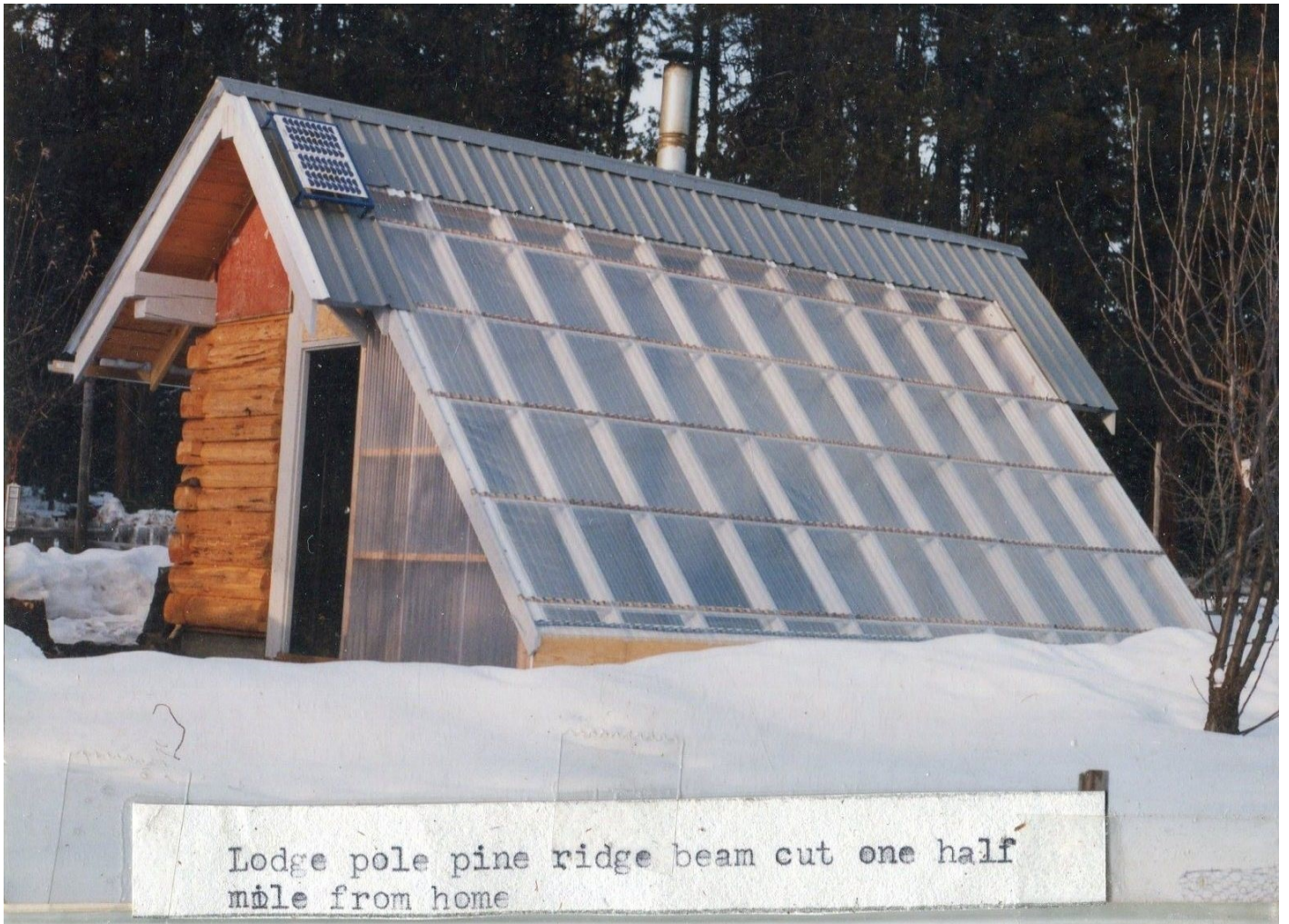


4 car garage

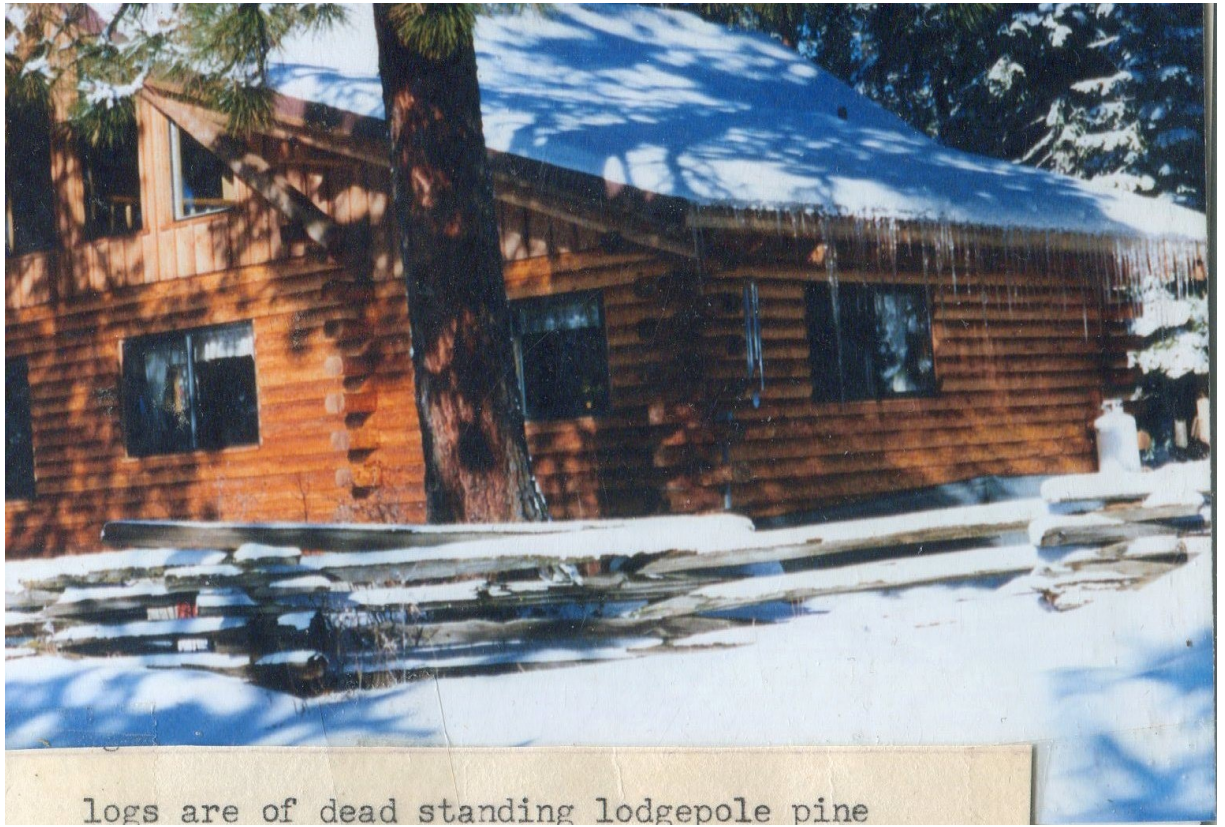




view from our living room Homesteaders cabin 1888



Lodge pole pine ridge beam cut one half
mile from home



logs are of dead standing lodgepole pine



All this lumber cut from our trees using our 045 still chain saw



Fred using the alaska 3
chain saw mill to make
a large upright support



Our garden vegetables



My Life on the Dry Side

Donna Anderson, Woodland owner in Enterprise, Oregon

The chain saw seemed to scream as it slid down this log cutting a 2x8 inch board to be used on Fred's shop. We had just sold our farm on the west side of the state hoping to enjoy more sunshine and less rain on this east side.

This land has many dead lodge pole pine trees which we could use for lumber. Words cannot fully express the joy of walking through our forest among the many tall pines, fir, lodge pole and spruce trees. The squirrels running and bouncing along the forest floor planting trees as the y drop seeds from their mouths. Occasionally a surprised bear runs up a tree, telling us to hurry along.

Sitting in our living room just now as I write this, admiring the many beautiful lodge pole logs we peeled using our draw knives. Then remembering the long hand drill sinking deeply into each log and still further into the log beneath making ready for the 10-inch long spikes.

Electric power lines end six miles away.

The beauty of the tongue and groove pine kitchen cabinets matching the floor beneath is beautiful. Looking up high sits a 43-foot ridge beam that we cut from a ponderosa pine tree a half mile from home. One cannot forget cutting the tall tree down, loading it on our

8x9 flatbed trailer sideways for an interesting ride home.

Looking back in time now, we wonder at how we could have cut and milled all the logs into lumber used in these seven buildings without help. Perhaps our desire to always finish what we have started has helped us to succeed.

Fred, a skilled machinist of 30 years, could be the answer. Without his knowledge, life on this land here would be impossible.

However, there were times of stress remembering well as Fred fills my backpack with groceries, the climb up the hill in the snow with a heavy load for the first mile, but then the joy of reaching the top and then an easy walk the last mile home.

And back over west remembering well our three children, the girls loving their horses, our son busy with his studies, eager to become an engineer, Fred busy planting crops, milking a cow or two, extracting honey from his 29 hives of bees. A long trip to work each night. Up early Monday, a rush to work in busy traffic, hoping to find my favorite parking space empty, holding tightly to the hand rail as I hurry down the steps of the courthouse.

Yes, Life is different on the Dry Side.
Donna

How's your life on the dry side?

Bob Parker, Extension Forester Baker/Grant Counties

Life is different on the Dry Side of Oregon. Woodland owners here are proud of our lifestyle. We would love to hear your story.

One contributor's story will be shared in the next issue of this publication.

Share your story by email: bob.parker@oregonstate.edu.

Or mail to:
OSU Extension Baker County
2600 East Street
Baker City, OR 97814

You can also submit online at: extension.oregonstate.edu/baker

We look forward to hearing from you. Please feel free to call with any questions. 541-523-6418



Fred & Donna build this log house using all the lumber cut from the trees on their property
1986-1989

picture of the Woodlark Mountain from our living room window. Photo taken in 1988
children in summer
wife's car
1988



Fred & Donna
Fredy shows their first baby bear June 1990. 88



Fred & Donna Anderson 541-398-1821

Death Notices

Bateman, Glenn –
d1/20/2020

Cowen, Clarence
“Gene” -d1/17/2020

**Heintz (Fosket), Re-
becca’Becky’ –**
d2/15/2020

**Heintz (Fosket), Re-
becca Lou –**d2/15/2020

Holmes, Katherine
Jean –d1/10/2020

Jacobs, James Willis –
d6/11/2019

Morris, Loeta M. –
d4/21/2020 @Tek21.23
years

Moore, John Sylvester
–d2/10/2020

Primmer, Delores
‘Lolly’ Tiffany –
d2/7/2020

Rehkopt, Laurie –
d3/15/2020

Robin, Neil –d4/16/2020

VintageTEK Hours

Friday - 10am to 6pm
Saturday - 10am to 4pm
Other times by request

Tek Retiree News c

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TRVP Web Page: www.tekretirees.com

TRVP Office Hours: Thursdays 10-3

CALENDAR

Engineering Breakfast

Wednesday 8AM Beaverton/
Hillsboro area. Lively discussion all
subjects. For details contact Steven E.
Rice pacemakerpete@hotmail.com

Previous Tek-Employees Luncheon

11:30 a.m. 2nd Monday monthly
Peppermill Restaurant
17455 SW Farmington Road #26B
(Corner of Farmington
& Kinnaman Rd)
Aloha, OR 97007
Details: Annetta Spickelmier
503-312-8825

Redmond Breakfasts

8:00 a.m. 1st Monday monthly
Shari’s Restaurant; Redmond, OR
1565 SW Odem Medo Way
Spouses welcome
Details: Nick Hughes 541-548-1201

Ex-Tek Radio Amateurs

Weekly on Friday
Time: 5:30 PM
Place: Round Table Pizza
10070 SW Barbur Blvd
Portland, OR 97219
Phone 503-245-2211

Tektronix – customer care center (800) 833-9200

(This is the main contact for Tek Retiree Benefits. You need this if changes are made to any of the following contacts.)

Select option 6 – Tektronix Benefits resource
Tektronix pension plan or cash Balance questions
Call AON **800-580-7526**

ADD and Life Insurance - call Alight **(800) 964-7985**
(Answered by recorder. Leave a message)

401K Plan questions – call Fidelity **(800) 835-5092**

Problems: please let TRVP know. (503) 627-4056. Last modified 4/27/20