

## About Dad (grandpa Cap Jessup)

(Updated on 12/05/2021, after he passed on 12/04/2021, and again 01/08/2025)

You know, I was thinking about it the other day (April 2021), if dad passes away what would I say during any memorial or obituary or whatever you call it? And why wait for the worst to happen when there are things that could be said now just as easily as later. That which follows could be pages long; or something like this...

A lot of folks live simple lives. They grow up in a simple world. So... they end up living a simple life. Dad is a good example of a simple person, who lived a pretty simple life. And, lucky for us, he had a pretty good heart too; when you think about it. Like everyone else he wasn't perfect. But, he was a good man.

He grew up during the "depression" and his family got by on a one earner income, which his father (we called him grandpa Cap too) was able to bring home; while grandma Jessup ruled the roost and watched out over dad and his brothers. Rumor has it that, now and then, they might have given some food to a homeless hobo that came knocking on the back door from the train tracks running nearby during that period in U.S. history. Eventually dad's family settled in Chemult, OR where we grandkids also spent many summer breaks from school and where my own son, Jason, almost decided to come into the world as well. That's another story for another day.

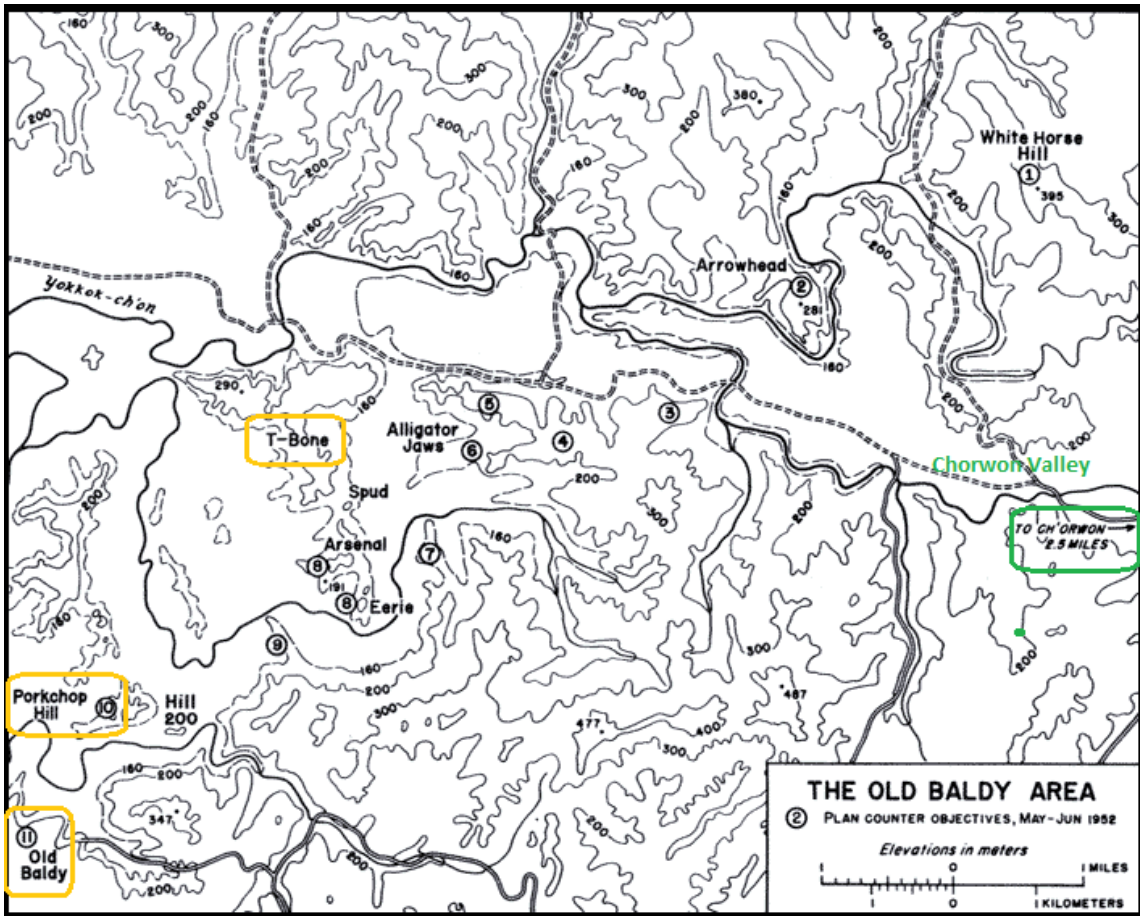


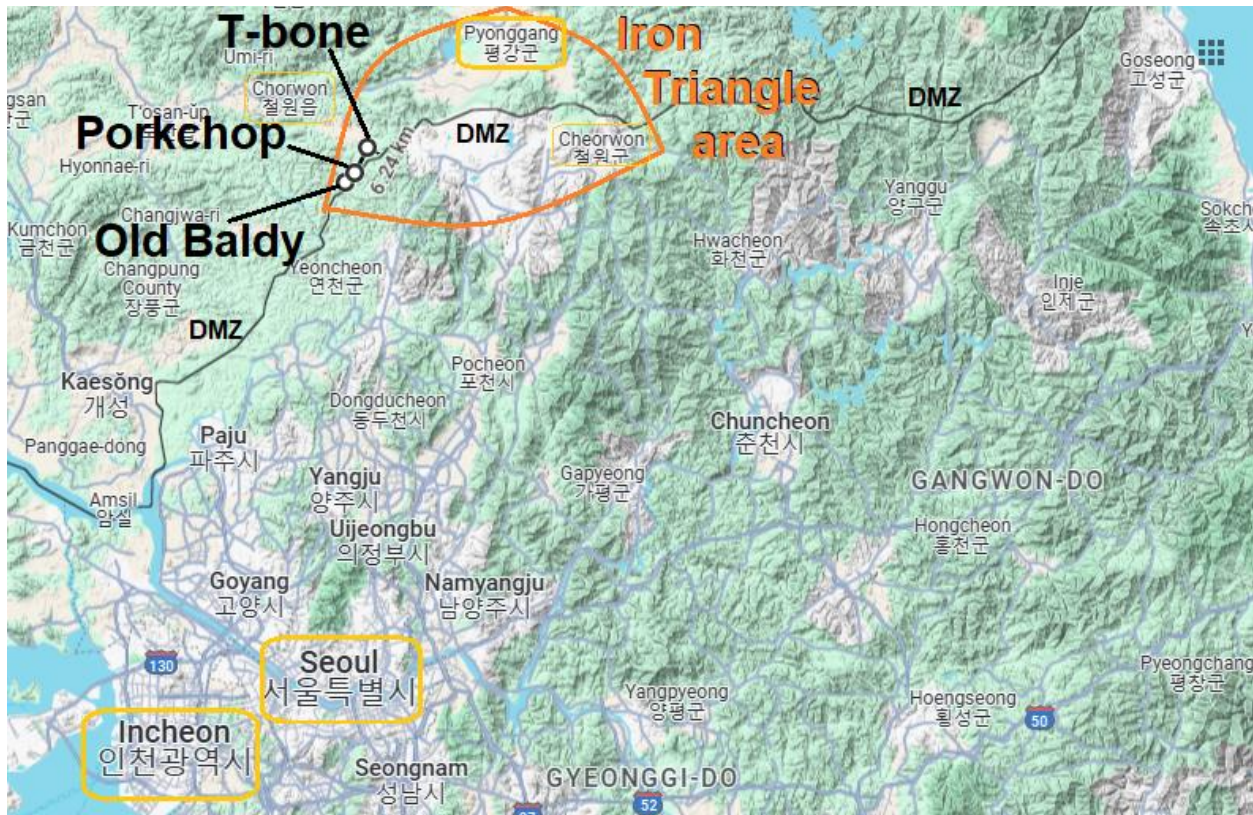
Grandpa Cap

& Grandma Jessup

As I said before, Dad, his brothers and parents lived a simple life, and he and his brothers went to small schools in small towns, and eventually dad got his high school education; even after almost dying a couple times along the way (luckily Dad seemed to have 9 lives). They didn't have Obama No Care back then. And, from what I gathered, he only managed a quarter or two in college before he got married, joined the Army and went off to fight in the Korean War. He told me a few war stories over the years, now and again (the last time we chatted on 11/28/2021), about what he did there as well; NOT a simple part of his life. Here are some notes he started but never finished...

Landed with the 45th in Inchon South Korea Dec, 1951 and went up to the main line January 3rd as a recon observer, doing the job of a 2nd Lt., and was always stationed on different hills in what was called the (IRON TRIANGLE) [Chorwon \(Cheorwon\) Valley](#) (T-Bone hill, OLD BALDY). I gave artillery support to a South Korean Division, Turkish battalion, Philippine battalion and of course the 279th Regiment of 45th Division when they were on line. I got to go back to 160th B battery three times, for couple days, to get a shower and to sleep on a cot instead of on the ground up on the hill. Out of 5+ months, we only had an officer for about 7 days; just me and Cpl. Stillson...





Somewhere along the line, probably before that war, he worked for Oregon state driving a snow plow in the winters, or he pumped gas, or he might have worked on a farm to earn some money. Men used to do things like that, back in the days when their country was in the habit of fighting for the freedom of others all around the world, and before the “progressives” in this country became Marxist socialists who can’t find anything better to do but march, and cry, and protest about everything in the streets of our great country (usually against freedom and for lawlessness and anything but universal or EQUAL rights) like they do now days.



Anyway, dad got married to a good woman somewhere along the line as well; and mom and he had a couple of us kids, myself and Carolyn, and added a third one, Connie, a little later on. Getting married and then having two or three kids was more the norm in the later 60’s and early 70’s when Truman, Eisenhower, JFK and Johnson were President. Now days it’s single parents and abortions that rule the roost. Pretty sick culture if you ask me.

When dad got home from the war he figured out how to become an Oregon state cop (probably easier to qualify for then than now days, with red tape everywhere) and soon after that he became a

Pendleton, OR city cop too; eventually dad became a lieutenant and supervisor over some patrolmen who all too often had their own ideas about “human rights” that didn’t sit well with dad. He taught some law enforcement classes at the local community college in Pendleton, OR also.



All us kids grew up in Pendleton where a cop might barely earn enough money to buy a small house with two or, later on, three bedrooms, once #3 came along, and we kids learned to sleep on bunk beds, which we thought was just fine back in those days.



Mom and dad were happy even if they only had one black and white TV, one phone and one car; a used car usually. Dad bought a little 50cc Honda scooter once so he could ride it to work during the summer or take me, riding on back, to Little League ball games.



As a family we did lots of things together. We went to roundups in the summer, or mom would keep score at my ball games while dad might umpire or help coach the teams I was on. We made out OK as a one income family. Carolyn got into swimming and we went to school and got our educations. During the summers we all managed to have fun or we went to visit relatives; same thing during the holidays. That was a typical life a family had, in a typical house, with typical things like a Nash Rambler or a 1957 or 1962 Chevy or a VW Beetle to drive us to wherever we needed to go.



Well, sooner or later the shit hits the fan and dad resigned from his job as a cop. I was in 7<sup>th</sup> grade. So, what did dad do? He had a family and responsibilities. So, he got a job working as a steel worker, a union guy, in an aluminum plant in Troutdale, OR. And he managed to get a VA home loan, I'm guessing, and to buy us a new house in Gresham, OR (which was closer to the Day clan on mom's side of the family).



People think going from a cop's job to a steel worker job is a piece of cake. Well, it wasn't. Dad worked rotating shifts and the job was like working in hell, as far as I was concerned. I know, because eventually I joined the old man working in that plant from hell myself, several summers, and again later on when I ran out of money to go to college in Salem or at U of O. I found out, the hard way, that any job was better than that job. So, to help make enough money to pay for a lot of my college, and so dad would not have to pay as much, after mom and dad divorced and the sisters moved to Reno with mom, we both worked at that Troutdale plant sometimes, to make a living.

After their divorce, dad was the kind of guy that lived in a two bedroom apartment with his sophomore high school son; while mom and the girls lived a little bit better life, in the nicer house he gave up so his daughters would have a decent roof over their heads. Thanks to what he gave up things worked out better for mom than dad after that.

We, dad and I, lived close to my high school. That's how he made sure I could finish my education while he drove his one and only car, the only thing he really owned for a LONG time after the divorce, back and forth to work every day. Mom watched out over the girls. Dad took care of me... until Carolyn came back from Reno to live with us again and he had to get us a three bedroom apartment instead. In other words dad did whatever it took, and as best as he could, on a single, hardworking parent's income. And, because he was a good role model, I did what I could to earn some money on the side and eventually help to pay for my own college education too, once that time came along. In 1973 or 1974 I went to live on my own to see **IF** I was mature enough or not. Eventually my sister, Carolyn, after finishing high school in Reno, still lived with dad, if I recall correctly... but it's all a haze to me now days.

Dad and Carolyn (a straight A student, swimming champion, track star and cheer leader) lived in Gresham, I lived in an apartment or dorm at Mt Hood college, and mom, Connie, and Ray continued life in Reno or wherever. Sooner or later, mom and Ray moved back to Boring, OR and we kids could start spending time together again.

Somehow, not long before or after that, Carolyn started going through her eating disorder issues and she decided to skip the college idea, something none of us have ever been able to figure out how to deal with to this very day; another long story. But we were, and still are, all alive.

I went to Mt Hood college first, then a college near Salem, OR. However, becoming an Art Teacher did not pan out. So, I moved back to Gresham and camped out with Dad once again. Then I got shot in that robbery one night, after I had decided to change my college plans... once again. Because my left hand was paralyzed, dad would come home from work, make us some dinner and maybe cut my steak into bites for me, so I could eat it. I never learned how to type. So dad would even help type up my college paperwork for me. He always supported us, as long as we gave it the old college try.

I remember, one day, when Carolyn drove some professional wrestler (supposedly) she was living with nuts; dad had to go talk him out of killing himself with a pistol. Dad used to do things like that when he was a cop also; some guy would threaten suicide or to kill someone else, maybe with a shot gun, and dad would have to save their life by talking them out of it. Most cops now days haven't got enough guts to save people's lives. Instead they kill people and try to figure out how to stop a riot the leftists start as a result. And, more often than not, the so called Black Lives Matter or Antifa movements are more than happy to start riots and destroy cities in the process. In the "old days" Marxist organizations like that would get their asses kicked. But not now days when the demoncraps are backing them all the way. At least dad's generation had the country's best interest in mind vs. what we are leaving behind for our kids now days.

I'm not sure exactly what dad's point of view was or what went through his head while being a single father all those years, or after he met Marie and got married again; and after working his ass off just to have a simple, and what seemed to me like a pretty unrewarding, life (although, come to think of it, he has seen as much or maybe more of the world than I have). But, one thing I know is that working at that aluminum plant gave me a LOT of incentive to graduate from U of O and become a software engineer instead. The next 25 years, after I got married and started having my own kids, and I managed to work a fairly decent desk job in Seattle, I was glad I had a better life than he probably did.

Dad kept on working in "Reynolds hell" until Reynolds got bought out by Alcoa... or he worked, one time, as an Investigator tracking down folks who failed to pay their child support, during the time the plant shut down and people got laid off for a while, when the economy was not that good. Dad lived through the Johnson, Nixon, Ford and Carter years, when people had to deal with high inflation (ring a bell?) and high interest rates, and when Iran took all those American hostages. And he lived through the Reagan years when people could be free once again and get back to work and make a living. He/we got to see men walking on the moon and people getting killed in Vietnam, etc. And he lived through the Bush, Clinton and Obama years when government could never be depended on to do anything right (ring a bell?). Dad made a living and he managed to rent an apartment or maybe buy a condo and own a car or two.



That was about it. Nothing fancy. Just a simple life, thanks to a LOT of HARD work. And nobody really helped him that much to pay for almost anything he managed to own. You might say he was/is a dying breed. Now days most folks have to have two \$100K annual incomes to get all the material things they want to keep them happy. Dad, on the other hand, seemed happy enough with a car, a TV, a roof over his head, some food on the table, clothes on his back and maybe a bowling ball.

Besides bowling and watching sports on TV, the one habit dad did get into (besides smoking when he was younger) was buying a lot of different cars over the years.



Somewhere along the line, buying a new car, every now and then, got into dad's blood. Connie and I never could quite understand it because it didn't seem like a smart way to spend a person's money; by buying a new car, at a loss, every couple years. Maybe it is a male thing. Maybe a nice, new car gives a guy a feeling of freedom while he's driving down the road in one of the best countries left on the planet, thanks to guys like him. Maybe it was his way to enjoy life when a guy got a chance to get out of the house and he happened to drive someplace after spending a few days watching brain-rot TV all day, every day. Who knows? But, the way I figure it, if that's all it took to make a simple guy happy, to buy a new car every now and then, and that was a way for him to enjoy his life, or what was left of it, well maybe that wasn't the worst thing in the world after all.

Bottom line... I gave up trying to talk him out of owning a nice new (hopefully American made) car, every now and then, a long time ago. God knows, he didn't have a lot of other things in life he could brag about. Father knew better than I did what made him happy. So, if he was happy that way, living his simple life, I wasn't going to try and change his mind.

As dad aged he got to be more of a "pill", as Connie said. It was frustrating sometimes having arguments with him over seemingly illogical issues. But, dad had a lot more things going on in the plus column, in my mind, than the minus column. And that's why it wasn't hard at all for me to tell him, "I LOVE YOU" when we last talked at Legacy Emanuel Medical Center in Portland, OR a few days before he passed on.

And, I guess that's what I think about the old man... for now anyway. Except, maybe if there are pearly gates up yonder dad was be able to drive through them in another new car.

## **Before Dad Passed We Asked Him What Some of His Memories Were?**

(Also updated on 12/07/2021 after he passed on 12/04/2021)

The following notes were some things dad came up with, some of which may have been touched on above.

Email to dad...

Dad,

Will you please jot down or maybe send me back a few emails with some of your best (or worst or whatever) memories.

Thanks,

Chuck

I started off telling him these examples to get the ball rolling:

- (1) I remember the time we went to Spring Training in AZ together, and
- (2) I remember how you used to take me to Little League practices on the back of that little Honda 50 you had in Pendleton, and...
- (3) I remember once when a friend and I were climbing up the [rocky cut in the road](#) (Hwy 395), near our little yellow house there in Pendleton, one day and I got stuck near the top and you just happened to come driving home and saw me stuck there and you came and lifted me to safety before I fell back down (you probably don't remember that one but I do), and...
- (4) I remember the time you were directing traffic at the Pendleton Roundup and I got lost in the grand stands and could not find mom, after going to the restroom, and there you were out in the street and you saved me again, and...
- (5) I remember the first time, and the last time, we went deer hunting together near Chemult and I shot that buck (twice) and you had to kill it for me – and show me how to dress it out – because I was such a screw up that day, and...
- (6) I remember the day Jason was born and how you drove us to Eugene where he came into the world.

Those were just some of my memories, and reasons, when I probably bonded more with you than mom. I guess that's what they call "father son bonding".

**Here's what dad managed to send back....**

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I'll try...

Remember most of what you have listed [above].

Remember you sledding and losing you glasses and Pat getting pissed at me for me taking you to look and finding them. She was always covering up for you kids.



At the dinner table I finally saw you were not wearing your glasses, so asked how come, and Pat kind of blew up. She was going to cover up the fact you lost your glasses. Hell we couldn't even afford the new glasses to start with.

I also remember the first time you played Little League baseball wearing your new glasses. You hit your first home run and said, "Gee dad, I saw the ball great."

Remember several of your home runs in little league and high school and summer ball in Gresham too.

Remember you breaking a window in a house down the street from the yellow house and coming home right away to let me know; got it fixed just before a good rain storm hit (right thing for you to do). It wasn't a cop's house, the cop's house was on down the street, can't remember his name, but you played some with a kid from that house. Tom Melton, I think, was Tommy Melton, maybe the kid who lived near the house with the broken window.

Also remember being in our car, just you and me, and spotted a DWI driver a couple of blocks from the Police Department. I arrested him [off duty] and took you and the prisoner into the booking room and, after putting the guy in the lock up, took a picture of you against the booking wall that shows the height of arrested jerks (still have that picture somewhere).

Remember taking Christmas vacation to Cupertino, CA so I could visit with Donna Jean/Maxwell and you staying with Dick and Wanda and your cousins and...

Remember the terrible snow storm north of Redding, on our drive back, and then after leaving Weed (where I was born) there was that black ice all the way to Klamath Falls. You decided you wanted to drive because you thought I was driving too slow and then, when I pulled over to trade seats with you, you almost fell on your ass walking around from the passenger side to the driver side. Once you got going, you couldn't get over 20 mph without sliding off the road.

Remember the deer you missed with that bow and arrow (you later gave to Jerry) when I tagged along to help you out. How you missed that buck was unbelievable, it was only about 25 yards away. [I was nervous with my old man watching over my shoulder – LOL]

Remember us camping out along the Umpqua River and a man taking you fishing and then he and his wife having us stay for dinner; they had left home back east (maybe Maine) and were traveling the states in their 5th wheel trailer and pick-up.

Remember you playing flag football in school at Pendleton. You usually played quarterback. But, you ended up playing split end that day and catching pass for a touchdown at this one game when the Pendleton high school coach happened to be watching that game and he said, "There is my split end when he gets to high school." He didn't know you were my son (made me real proud).

Maybe more later.

Dad

BTW. That Pendleton High coach's name was Don Requa. He was Oregon High School Coach of the Year in 1985 (perhaps 2 times). I remember you telling me about his comment. Must have been when I was in 6<sup>th</sup> grade or about 1965. Hard to believe he was still coaching in 1985/86, 20+ years later.

<http://oregonsportshall.org/timeline/don-requa-coaching/>

I always regretted not being able to play on his teams. Imagine what he would have done had he coached a Gresham team. The Gresham FB coaches probably couldn't have held up his jock strap. If you can read the fine print on the plaque in the photo, at the above link, you will also find out he flew B-24's as an A.F. 1<sup>st</sup> Lt Co-pilot during WWII in the Pacific. Bet you had no idea he was a bomber pilot on top of everything else he did in life.

[https://www.oregonlive.com/pacific-northwest-news/2015/07/statue\\_of\\_former\\_pendleton\\_hig.html](https://www.oregonlive.com/pacific-northwest-news/2015/07/statue_of_former_pendleton_hig.html)

;^)  
Chuck

Yes, I knew he was an officer in the AF, we both talked some about our military life, not much, but some. Also remember Bob Lilly was a great football player, made all state. He was a transfer student from Texas his senior year and he only played a year for Pendleton. That team got beat by Reynolds High in the semi-finals playoff in a close game.

Dad

Click on this link.

[https://www.oregonlive.com/pacific-northwest-news/2015/07/statue\\_of\\_former\\_pendleton\\_hig.html](https://www.oregonlive.com/pacific-northwest-news/2015/07/statue_of_former_pendleton_hig.html)

THEN click on the photos at the top of the story to see all 7 of the photos.

THEN scroll all the way down to the bottom photo and tell me which of the names at the bottom you know; in particular the names of the committee members who organized the statue creation.

A few of the names ring a bell for me, but I can't recall if they were on my LL teams or were close friends of the family or what. You tell me.

Now you went and started it.

LOL  
Chuck

Dean Fouquette was on a Little League team you played against. He was small for his age and threw the big curve ball. He later became all-state in 3 sports; in baseball, basketball and football from Pendleton High. I knew him and his folks well. His mother told me that she always wanted me to be the umpire behind the plate because I could always follow the curve ball for a strike. There are other names I remember, but not sure, there were a lot of Temple's in Pendleton back then.

Dad

More...

Remember being near 4 yrs old and trying to keep up with brother Dick. He ran across the street and dumb me, not looking, I ran after him and got hit by a car. Luckily the bumpers in those days were pretty high and knocked me for a loop. Of course the guy stopped, picked me up and took me to the front door. And Mom opened the door, took me in and put butter on my swelling forehead. She never even checked with a doctor. This was in Weed, CA.

Also in Weed, remember the first talking movie we saw (the jazz singer with Al Jolson).

Remember the first time shooting a basketball in Marysville, CA. I was 7 years old and a neighbor's son took Dick and me to the Armory (his dad took care of the building), and we started shooting baskets. It wasn't long and I could make underhanded free throws. Got so I fell in love with the game.

Remember moving to Chemult, during November 1938, and we spent the first night in the old hotel (Dick and Ginny later bought and operated). I was in the fifth grade and started school the next day in a two room school house with one teacher for five grades. Dick road a school bus to Crescent where they had a junior high and a high school, in a two story building. The next year we both rode the bus to Gilchrist to a new school 1st through 12<sup>th</sup>. I was in the 5th grade then. I started playing in the school band, played the trumpet (started playing in 3rd grade and played until I left for the Army in 1950) and was pretty good. Our 6th grade basketball team (me, Dick Vantassel, Eart Anderson, Walter Bodman, Carol Guddat) beat the Jr High team three times that year. Dick, Earl and Carol all dead now. Walter joined the Army and served in the 2nd world war and Korea and retired as a full Colonel and the last I knew of him, he was living in a small town just south of Ft Lewis, WA. I had lunch with him about ten years ago.

I was told by some co-workers at work one Friday about Mike Kinnear's dad, the photographer in Gresham, getting a new color TV. We, friends of Mike's, would go to his house and watch Star Trek in color. I had to ride my bike across Gresham on Star Trek nights. Pretty sure Star Trek started out in color when it debuted on September 8, 1966. But once the Kinnear's got that color TV I bet we kids put a lot of pressure on you and mom to get us one too?

Anyway, that was a big deal back when I was 12 or 13 and was going to Jr High (7<sup>th</sup> or 8<sup>th</sup> grade)... just like the first talking movies must have been for you... until we finally got our first color TV too.

Chuck

Got our first color T V after the divorce (1969), maybe 1970.

Also, remember when I sold the trumpet to make my last payment on my first new car (Oldsmobile), just before leaving for Army October 1950; sold the trumpet for more than I paid for it. Got it (the trumpet) in Portland when mom and I went to Portland from Chemult. It was [Conn trumpet](#), the best made (at the time) and used my own money. The trip didn't cost anything because we had passes on Southern Pacific Railroad. We could travel anywhere free. Left the car with mom and dad, then when Pat and I got married, on March 3rd, 1951, dad paid me for the car with enough money to go on our honeymoon trip and get a ticket back to Camp Polk, LA. After Pat finish school and was getting her allowance from Army pay, she moved in with the folks.

Back in those days, working for the Oregon Highway Department, I never saved any money, spent it as fast as I got it. That's one reason Donna Jean (latter Maxwell... see above) broke up with me. She stated that if I didn't start saving instead of spending everything I made, then goodbye; and I said, have a great life, goodbye.

I remember back to 1944, when my girlfriend, Bonita Lockhart, drove my [1932 Model B](#) Ford coupe into the Gilchrist mill pond. The car didn't need a key. It just had a switch and Bonita drove it from the school to her house or the drug store at times. Well this one day she got pissed at me for paying attention to Joyce Griffin.

Luckily there was not too much damage. She didn't drive it in the pond too far or she wouldn't have been able to get out. We only had to clean the front wheels, she only got the front in the pond. It took about a week for me and Frank Thomson to change the oil, and then the front wheel bearings and drain the muffler. Dick had left that car to me when he joined the Navy. Had a fuel pump (first for Ford) and gas tank in rear instead of up over engine. The color we had was Black.

### Bowling...

Had one official 300 game (got a ring for that one), one non-official 300 game, and at least 200 games of 279 or better. I missed by a strike a couple 299s, 298s, 297s, etc. Had eleven strikes in a row a few times. Highest 3 game series was a 786 (279, 279, 228). I always wanted to roll an 800 series.

That was the end of dad's memory notes. Funny what people remember sometimes?