

EARLY BIRD WEEKLY



NewbergRotaryEarlybirds.org

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Last week was another flash round of mini classifications.

Shelley Kolb, born in San Francisco, is the youngest of three girls. Mom was a nurse (and sewed all the girls' clothes), Dad was an FBI agent. Both were lieutenants in WWII.

The girls were raised to be self reliant, honest, hard working, high achieving, and have a good education (so you'd have something to fall back on ... you know, in case your husband drops dead).

Dad came home from work one day, "I'm used to giving a poor bum a dime (translated to today ... give a dollar to an old homeless guy). But a young, healthy guy? No way."

Shelley is 5' 8", which is great as an adult. It sucks as a twelve year old. She picked up the nickname, Jolly Green Giant. Aren't kids



just the funniest little things.

Dad also instilled loyalty to SF Giants (hmm, is there a pattern?). She got to see Willy Mays and Barry Bonds play. "I know he was a jerk, but he was our jerk."

The Beatles in '64. Then there was Ringo and his drum set. That was the coolest thing. So she decided to take up drums. Partly though, to

be honest, was because her parents wanted her to take up the flute.

She would end up majoring at San Jose State with a graduate degree in percussion, advanced drumming, "a very useful degree."

She played with San Jose Symphony and worked as a freelance musician. Love it as she did, struggling musician gets old and the symphony folded.

Her drumming degree wasn't a big draw in Silicon Valley so the only thing she could come up with was sales.

Mark punned later that sales was a perfect fit for companies wanting to drum up business [badabum psh].

Headhunters tried to discourage her saying 50% of people fail at sales. But give a starving musician a 50% chance of succeeding? Get out of the way!

She started at Motorola. Being the only woman on the sales team she got seated near the receptionist so she could fill in for her. But the guys were actually great.

Most of her sales career was with LexisNexis when law firms were spending \$5,000/

head for legal library. Her early years were behind the scenes of a young Silicon Valley watching these companies grow up. Apple, Intel, and Cisco Systems.

Bill and Shelley bought a vineyard in Newberg after she retired. Bill likes to grow out his white beard to volunteer as Santa.

They like camping, she's okay with heat and AC. And Shelley is a true crime buff.

She likes pickle ball, singing with George Fox Community Choir, raising and selling pinot noir grapes, and loves their COVID dog. And loves Early Bird Rotary.

Ted Crawford grew up in the western edge of Utah near Bonneville Salt Flats. He used to be blonde and had hair.

His graduating high school with his class of thirty people.

His first higher ed was Weber State with a degree in physics, did ROTC and six years in the National Guard as a Special Forces officer with chemical warfare as his specialty. Then seven years in the environmental industry in a radio active waste landfill and destroying chemical weapons.

He's been in Dundee for 18 years after moving to Oregon for Willamette University's Law School and Atkinson for an MBA.

He also has a masters of science in public health from Univ of Utah so he could stay in environmental work as an [industrial hygienist](#).

He's been working in patent law starting with Intel his first five years. The last five have been with [Compass IP Law](#) where he bought shares and practices law.

If you didn't know it, patent attorneys have to pass two bar exams in state and national and have a background in biology, chemistry, physics or computer science.

Ted was also Dundee's mayor from 2011-14 and got to be part of the demo crew making Don Meredith's house/grape effigy a fading, distant memory.

His wife, Tammy, and their dogs Zoro and Zeus.

Why is Ted here? Myrna Miller dragged him here 11 years ago. He keeps coming because of the work we do around us.

Hobbies: 20 marathons (best time 3h 18m, the top 20% for male runners), including the Boston Marathon, and he's a big [pelaton](#) enthusiast.

Q: How did he meet Tammy?

A: He was set up on a blind date. He had figured out where she worked and checked her out first. The rest is history.

Frank Douglas was born in Alabama but his parents moved them to Oregon before he had a chance to get Hank Aaron's autograph.

The family was very poor and moved a lot after moving here. The first home that lasted a few years was Meier Dairy Farm in Boring, OR. It was a great experience as a child even though they lived in a shanty of a shack. At age 3-5 it was a mansion. The back of the house rested so much higher it felt like a second story. They had cows and a donkey.

Eventually they moved "downtown" Boring where he attended Boring Elementary which wasn't boring at all. One memory is walking down the hall in 7th grade getting pummeled on his back. He spun around and reacted. He still feels bad that he punched a girl in the face.

That was one of two fights of his life. The other he didn't even participate in but just got beat up.

After hitting the girl he's sitting in Principal Naas' office, crying, waiting for his parents to show up. Everyone gets there, he tells his side of the story, they're talking to other kids, and they just let him go.

He went about his life and kinda forgot about it. Years later he finds out she had been bragging about taking boxing lessons and all of Frank's buddies dared her to prove it. He became the lucky target.

Frank has been married twice. His youngest son, Calvin, is a freshman at Newberg High. His goal right now is to get him through high school. He's not interested in relationships right now.

Frank's dad had a series of girlfriends when he was growing up and doesn't want to put his own son through that.

When asked if he will ever marry again he says he's not interested in pursuing Larry King's record (8 times). In fact, if he were to get serious with a woman again, and start thinking about getting married, I'm just gonna buy her a house instead.

Frank has two other kids, a 38 year old son and 33 year old daughter, living in Homer, Alaska. The son in law is a commercial fisherman building custom homes in the off season. They have a beautiful home on the hill overlooking Kachemak Bay.

Winter in Homer runs from October to March and their driving speeds are much higher than his comfort level.

Career: when still in high school someone talked him in to joining the fire department's auxiliary. It was good for him being surrounded by solid mentors. Looking back

he sees how easily he could have gone south with one bad decision and hanging with a different crowd.

He didn't see fire as a career. He only wanted to play baseball. He got a letter from PSU. Next thing you know he's at Portland State, but not because he was interested in a college degree. "I'm not interested in learning, that's just not the way I was brought up. But I am interested in playing baseball!" Especially with the home field being Civic Stadium.

He got in to a decent program in athletic training. They told him he could play baseball and be in that program.

The head of that program would later tell him he had to quit baseball. Frank thinks this person thought he'd never make the team so wasn't worried about the empty promise.

So he quit athletic training and stayed with baseball. At the end of his junior year he had been approached by military recruiters to compete after his senior year in fighter pilot school in Pensacola. That was appealing to him.

He got a call around the same time from an old mentor recruiting him to become a firefighter in Zig Zag. He chose Zig Zag and was hired six months later as a full time firefighter in 1980.

He stayed in firefighting for 37 years.

It has come with a price, however, working through PTSD which drags him down at times. A thing he only mentions publicly because friends have destigmatized it for him enough to at least mention its existence.

After Hoodland (Zig Zag) was Lake Oswego FD for twelve years. A big change moving from rural career/volunteer to suburban with a full complement of career firefighters.

He still lived on the mountain so could volunteer with Hoodland while full time at Lake Oswego.

He has had a lot of experience delivering critical care. The stretch of Hwy 26 between Sandy and Government Camp is solemnly referred to as Blood Alley.

It did get better after escape ramps were constructed so runaway trucks could use soft gravel to stop their descent instead of vacationing vehicles.

In '93 he left LkO for a fire chief position on the coast at Nestucca Rural Fire District. Bought a great house just off the beach.

Every job before? Personnel problems were like 5% of the job. There? It was like 85% of the job!

The superintendent of public schools in

Lincoln City told him, "Dysfunctional people migrate west and pile up on the coast."

"I get a call from one of the six stations. "You gotta get over here, chief." I shoot over there, ..."

The 13-speed RoadRanger tranny of the 3,000 gallon water tender, was in pieces on the floor. An 18 year old volunteer decided it wasn't shifting right so tore it all apart. Then a friend showed up, "Let's go elk hunting!" "Oh, okay!"

"Guess what, Chief? Radio units are missing out of the ambulance and these other two units."

Well, you can't go elk hunting without radios!!!

He attended a conference at Sun River and there was a flier on the desk recruiting for Newberg Fire Department. They were transferring the ambulance from the previously city-owned hospital (acquired by Providence) to the fire

department.

That flier opened the door to the last 21 years of his career.

In his early years here the department struggled with staffing and budget. Rural fire customers were paying 46¢ per \$1,000 per year for emergency services. Hardly enough for a cup of coffee a day.

When he started he was told, by the way, you're going to be joining "a club."

He joined City Club for a few years. Doc Bailey invited him and Frank was among the first recruited by charter members.

A down side of three decades in emergency services? You hang with those same people too much. Rotary introduced diversity of careers and passions to his life.

2009-10 was his time as President. The club was growing and he wanted to be a little different but not kill growth. He introduced a Paul Harris Fellow medallion for good his club members had done in the community.

Ken Austin Jr. often complimented Frank's commitment and effort to his term.

Q: Where do you get your material and tell us the story about the friend's new car.

A: "Oh, yeah. That's actually a true story. So my neighbor's all freakin' out. I went over to see what's wrong. He had just bought a brand new vehicle."

Frank, "What's wrong?"

Neighbor, "There's this button here that says rear wiper. I'm afraid to push it."

Yup, that's the perfect end to this newsletter!

