

# *The Trimble Boys*



ROBERT A. TRIMBLE

# *The Trimble Boys*

BY ROBERT A. TRIMBLE

March 13:09  
Best wishes!  
Bob Trimble



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## *Introduction*

**T**his is a biographical sketch of four Trimble boys, including my father, Charles Garnet Trimble, a missionary doctor sent to China in 1914; me, Robert A. Trimble, one of his two sons born in China; and my two sons, Charles and Gordon.

Included in this work are accounts of my early years in China, during the early takeover of China by the Communist regime; my childhood after returning to the United States in 1927; several trips that my wife, Genevieve, and I took over the years; and some of the challenges and triumphs in my life and our sons' lives. The sketch concludes with Gordon and my return in the fall of 2007 to teach English to the girls at Hwa Nan in China, the college founded by my great aunt, Lydia Trimble.

Although many people impacted our lives throughout the years, due to time and space constraints, it was possible to mention only a few in these accounts.

Special thanks are expressed here for the major contributions made in assembling and editing this manuscript by Cathy Tollefson.



# CHINA





## *Chapter One*

### Gutian to Nanping

**O**n November 15, 1915, I, Robert A. Trimble, was born to Edith Alford Trimble and Dr. Charles Garnet Trimble. My father was a physician sent by the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions to operate the 80-bed Alden Speare Memorial Hospital in Nanping, Fukien Province, China. I was born in Gutian, Fukien, a town near the Min River that flows between Nanping and Fuzhou on the coast. Our family moved from Gutian to Nanping in 1916 when the construction of our new home was complete.

Other Trimbles in China preceded my father, who went by Garnet. His aunt, Lydia Trimble (Fig. 1), first came to China in the 1880s and helped establish a girls school in Lungtien, Fukien, in 1890. Construction of what was to become Hwa Nan Women's College (Fig. 2) started in 1911 on Nantai Island in the Min River, opposite the walled city of Fuzhou. Hwa Nan opened in 1913 with Lydia Trimble as its first president. My father's cousin, Ethel Wallace, first went to China in 1906 and became the dean of Hwa Nan in 1914 (Fig. 1). Fred Trimble, one of my father's brothers and an engineer, was first in Hinghwa City, then helped with the design of Hwa Nan and in 1911 was responsible for its construction. Dr. J. B. Trimble, an uncle and president of Morningside College in Iowa, was very dedicated to the Methodist movement in China and raised significant amounts of money for that cause. Many of these missionaries like Lydia Trimble and Ethel Wallace were deeply committed to China. They were a progressive force, bringing modern education to China and emphasizing the need to teach girls who were largely denied education in traditional China.

Our home in Nanping (Fig. 3) was two stories in the front and three in the back, totaling more than 3,000 square feet. On the first floor were the large



Fig. 1 Ethel Wallace and Lydia Trimble



Fig. 2 Hwa Nan Women's College, 1921





Fig. 3 Trimble home in Nanping

living and dining rooms, a kitchen, food storage, two offices and darkroom, a small toilet and a large screened porch. On the second floor were four bedrooms and one bathroom with a flush toilet. The use of chamber pots in bedrooms was common at that time. In the basement were servant quarters for the gardener and for the cook and his wife, who served as our maid. They had two small children whom we played with, thus increasing our knowledge of the Fuzhou dialect. The house was on about a two-acre lot, protected by an eight-foot-high tamped mud wall topped with roofing tile. There was a large front lawn. In the back of the lot was a large garden planted with a variety of vegetables. The seeds came mostly from Montgomery Ward in Chicago. I remember how excited all of us were when our parents made up the annual order to Montgomery Ward. Besides clothes and household goods, they ordered various household appliances and toys. We received the shipment in about three months.



Fig. 4 Chinese saw mill, 1916

With the lack of any automatic power tools, Figure 4 shows how lumber for all construction was made in those days.

We had complete control of the fertilizer we used in the garden and thus avoided health problems associated with the human waste fertilizer used by the Chinese at that time. Water buffalo normally used in plowing the rice paddy fields supplied us with milk. A large mulberry tree gave us fruit that was small, very juicy and sweet. It enabled us to raise silkworms as a hobby since the mulberry leaf is required by the silkworm for food. The tiny silkworm eggs, laid by the moth on a sheet of paper, were purchased from a Chinese merchant and kept warm in the house. At the right time the eggs began to hatch into very tiny worms and were fed with freshly cut leaves from the mulberry tree. The worms grew for several weeks until they reached more than one-inch long and about 5/16 of an inch thick. At this time they stopped eating the leaves and over a period of days began to spin a silk



Fig. 5 Trimble boys with chickens



Fig. 6 Alden Speare Memorial Hospital



Fig. 7 Min River from our home

thread that they used to build a cocoon that totally covered their body with hundreds of feet of a continuous thread. The worm inside changed into a chrysalis that went into hibernation for several months until it was ready to emerge as a moth. The silk could be recovered by putting the cocoon into boiling water, attaching a rod to the end thread and rolling it out on a spool.

We also had a small orchard of about 15 plum trees. The fruit was eaten fresh and any surplus was canned for later use. It was in this orchard that my brother and I were faced with a very poisonous cobra snake, which appeared quite ready to strike at us. We ran to the house and asked one of the Chinese to kill the snake and bury it. To one side of the orchard was a chicken house with a rooster with 10 to 12 hens which gave us fresh eggs and occasionally a family of chicks (Fig. 5).

Without electricity, we used kerosene lamps for light. There was no central heating, so we used firewood in the kitchen and in the living room fireplaces when needed. The house and nearby hospital (Fig. 6) shared a large hilltop with barracks and a parade ground where soldiers were trained. The Min River was visible from the second floor of our house (Fig. 7) and from the hospital. The cost to build the house was about \$2,500 U.S. and the 8-foot wall protecting the property cost about \$250. Outside of our compound, by the front gate, were the large parade grounds and a bell tower (Fig. 8), which was rung every night at nine o'clock by a monk from a nearby temple.



The Min River was navigable at that time by river freighter boats 20- to 40-feet long with crews of four to eight men. In quiet waters they rowed, while in fast waters they used long bamboo poles to push their way upriver. There was quiet water as far as Minhou, which was about 60 miles upriver from Fuzhou. There were rapids in some parts of the river above Minhou. In areas with particularly bad rapids there would be men on shore ready to sell their services to the captain of the boat to assist in pulling the boat through the rapids (Fig. 9). Upriver from Nanping, where two streams joined to form the Min. Smaller boats with crews of two or three were able to get past the rapids by the use of bamboo poles (Fig. 10). A fleet of large freighters docked at Nanping is shown in Figure 11.

Life expectancy among the Chinese was short. The major health problems for the Americans included insect-born diseases of malaria, small pox and bubonic plague. Cholera and typhoid were transmitted in the water. As protection against flying insects we always had mosquito netting around our beds while we slept, took quinine frequently to control malaria and had periodic shots or vaccinations. We boiled all drinking water, which was piped into mission homes from springs in the mountains. Much of the water for the people in Nanping was taken from wells like the one shown in Figure 12. Sometime in their long history the Chinese realized that drinking hot tea was the right thing to do to avoid many ills from unboiled water.



Fig. 8 Soldiers outside Trimble compound

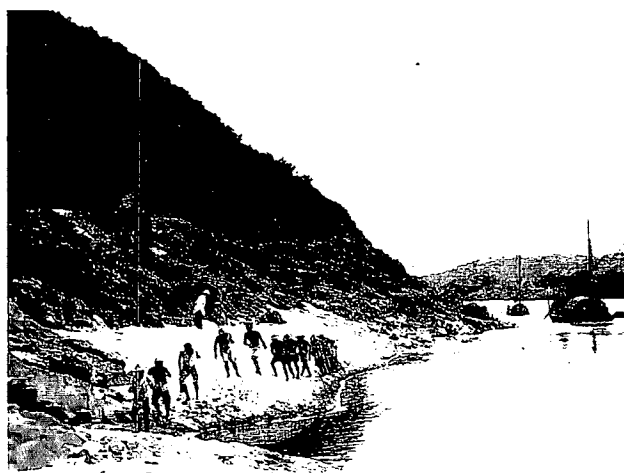


Fig. 9 Boat being pulled up river

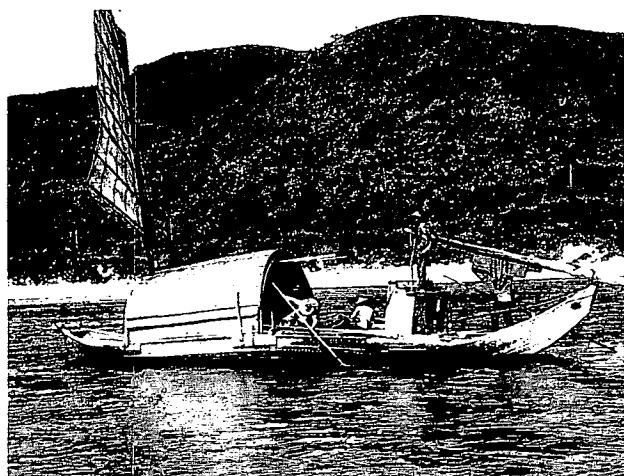


Fig. 10 Boat on the Min River



Fig. 11 Freighters at Nanping



Fig. 12 Nanping water supply

The following is part of a letter written on June 17, 1917, by my father to friends in America.

*"The practice of Western Medicine in China is beset with many joys and not a few sorrows. I think no other phase of mission work gives one the opportunity of seeing The Real Chinaman as he really is. We see him at his best and at his worst and get many a glance into his life that is not always seen on the outside.*

*Li makes a very good patient. He greatly respects his doctor's wisdom and rarely places him in the embarrassing position of asking him to explain the causes for his various symptoms or the why and wherefore of the treatment he is receiving. He is not particular if you give his sickness a name or not. He takes the medicine you give him without a murmur. The larger the dose and the more foul tasting it is the better. Nearly always cheerful, demands little attention and no luxuries. Oh no, he won't follow your directions, that is, not unless his opinion tells him that he should. We repeatedly give a man enough medicine for a week and take special care in telling him just how it should be taken, but alas, he so often comes back the next day that he has taken it all in one dose, that it did him some good and now he wants some more.*

*Most non-Christian Chinese are superstitious. The faith they put in the sayings of their idols and sorcerers is pitiable. A woman came in some months ago with an abdominal tumor of large dimensions. An idol had told her that she had three small pigs developing in her stomach. She*



*believed it and as native medicine failed to get rid of them, she came to us for relief. The opinion they hold of our ability is even more absurd. Not many weeks ago a man came to us on behalf of a friend of his who had become blind. He had heard that the foreign physician had the power to restore sight to the blind by replacing the diseased member with the eye of a healthy dog. Such little operations as pulling a tooth, opening an abscess and the like are little short of miracles to them.*

*Hospital treatment is something entirely new to the Chinese. They don't know what scientific care of the sick means. As far as I can make out the only course of treatment they have is: (1) Stuff the sufferer with medical herbs, (2) Stuff him with food, (3) Rub his stomach, (4) Pound his back. If he is really sick and is an important individual they add another, (5) Call all his friends and relatives in and make as much noise as possible. If this combination won't cure him, let him die. Such important items as surgery, fresh air, baths, diet, elimination, quiet, cheerful surroundings, etc., are not thought of.*

*Our greatest problem out here is that of getting good hospital help. In spite of all our teaching, it is hard for some of them to appreciate that the hospital was built primarily to take care of the sick. Some of them would like to use most of it for the housing of their friends. Not long ago, I had great difficulty in trying to show a woman nurse that the woman's bathroom was not the proper place to keep her chickens. ... But in spite of their shortcomings and imperfect training, they are indispensable to the work. They know how to handle their own people in a way that we never can hope to do.*

*What we do is preach the gospel, teach modern health practices and heal. Last week we performed three major and 11 minor operations. Three outpatient clinics are held weekly. Since the first of the year 7,500 treatments have been given.*

*Yours in His Service, C. G. Trimble*



Fig.13 Patient with tumor



Fig. 14 Patient with large growth



Fig. 15 Patient with breast cancer

Some of the patients encountered by my father are shown in Figures 13–15. While many of the herbs from the Chinese health people were and are effective, they did not have medicines for a number of their sicknesses. Operations of any kind involving the cutting of human tissue or extraction of bad teeth were not known or practiced.

The political scene in Fukien Province during my first five years was quite unsettled with various warlords fighting over control of the country and particularly of the traffic along the Min River. Armed brigands were also a problem. My brother Ed and I played with other American children of the mission and with the Chinese children of the cook and his wife. Every summer to escape the tropical heat, the families of the mission went to Cha Bang, a retreat in the mountains about a one-day walk from Nanping. The latitude there was the same as that of Key West, Fla., and of course, there was no air conditioning.



Fig. 16 Father and Son



Fig. 17 Little Bob



Fig. 18 Woman with bound feet

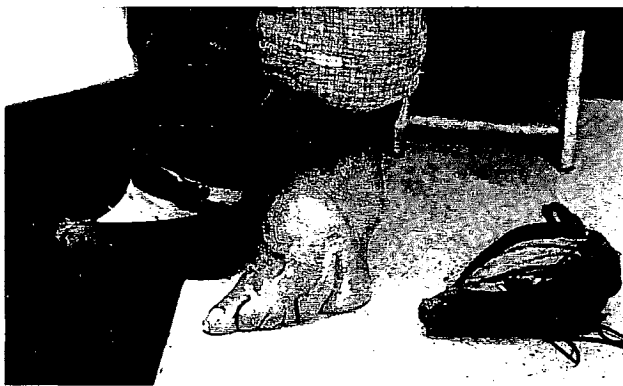


Fig. 19 Bound feet

My brother, Kenneth, was born October 15, 1919, in Nanping.

The pictures in Figures 16 and 17 and following poem about me, were written by one of the missionary women during one of our summer stays at Cha Bang.

*Chubby, smiling little man,  
Dressed in overalls,  
Reckless gymnast, acrobat,  
Disregarding bumps and falls*

*When that twinkle lights your eyes  
Oh you cunning little tad  
Playing jokes on grownup folks,  
Then I know you are like your Dad*

During our early years in China, the practice of binding the feet of very young girls was fairly common among the more wealthy families. There were a number of reasons postulated for this very cruel activity ranging from making it very difficult for young girls to run away from home, to a strictly fashion statement, similar to the present practice of women wearing very high heel shoes. Figures 18 and 19 show the result with a mature woman. This practice was stopped by order of Mao Tse-tung in 1949 when he formed the new Chinese government.

## *Chapter Two*

### Nanping to America and Back

**I**n 1920 the family traveled back to the United States on furlough which was given after seven years of missionary service. We sailed on the *Empress of Asia*, shown in Figure 20 in Yokahama loading coal in wicker baskets for the ship's boilers for the trans-Pacific trip to Vancouver, B.C.

We visited relatives on wheat ranches in Red Deer, Alberta, Canada, where my father grew up and in Worling, Wyo., where my mother's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Alford, lived. It was my first experience with automobiles, railroads and ice cream. We spent several months in the Bronx, New York City, where my father did graduate studies on advances in medicine and my older brother, Edward and I attended school. After the one-year furlough, our family returned to Nanping on the *Empress of Russia* from Vancouver to Tokyo. We took a coastal steamer from Tokyo to Fuzhou, then traveled on a manpower driven riverboat 180 miles up the Min River to Nanping.

Shortly after returning to Nanping, my mother started my brother and my formal education. The Calvert Correspondence School Program from Baltimore, Md., provided all of the necessary materials for each grade through the eighth. We received this schooling until we left China in 1927, and found the transition to public school in America relatively easy. My brother and I received some training in woodworking and piano lessons from others in the mission. Some other missionary families chose to send their children to formal schools in large cities like Shanghai where there were concentrations of English speaking communities.

At that time, the American mission in Nanping offered the Chinese, in addition to a major emphasis on introduction to Christianity, schooling in such subjects as English, history and mathematics from about the sixth grade through high school, with boys and girls in separate facilities.



Fig. 20 Loading coal onto the *Empress of Asia*, Yokohama



Fig. 21 Nanping Methodist family

There were about seven married couples and five single ladies who lived at the mission (Fig. 21). Among the couples were Bankhardt, Skinner, Caldwell, Peterson, Paddock, Toothaker and Steininger. Assisting my father in the hospital was an American business manager and a registered nurse. The single ladies included "Happy" Stafford, who was responsible for running the girls' school.

Russell Steininger, a missionary and engineer, was responsible for setting up a diesel-powered electric generating system for the entire mission. The facility provided power for all the mission homes, schools and the hospital. My father received training in X-ray operation in Beijing and received X-ray equipment at

the hospital in about 1926. His was the only available unit within about a 180-mile radius (Fig. 22).

One of the activities Ed and I enjoyed was the collection of butterflies and insects. We used potassium cyanide in covered tins to quickly kill our catches. We were quite aware that potassium cyanide was a very dangerous poison. In the subtropics, the color and variety of specimens was quite remarkable. Of particular interest to us were visits by Clifford Hillhouse Pope, a member of the Roy Chapman Andrews Mongolian Expedition sponsored by the American Museum of Natural History of New York City. Since Mr. Pope's particular specialty was in the study of frogs, snakes and fishes, he was sent into our area for his



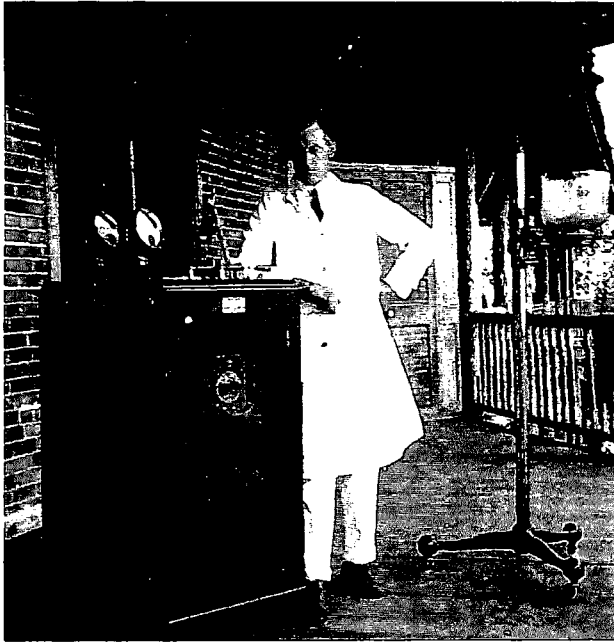


Fig. 22 Dr. Trimble with new X-ray

studies rather than to Mongolia. He set up a camp in the mountains near Nanping and on many occasions took Ed and me with him to the camp where he was collecting specimens. He had with him a Chinese artist who painted pictures of the more colorful finds because color photography was not available at that time. A new species of a frog was named after brother Ed. While there we visited a bat cave and got close to thousands of bats. Mr. Pope was a man in his late 20s and was a wonderful role model for us boys. It was several years later that, while working in the Chicago Museum of Natural History, he was killed by the bite of a rare and very poisonous snake he was studying.

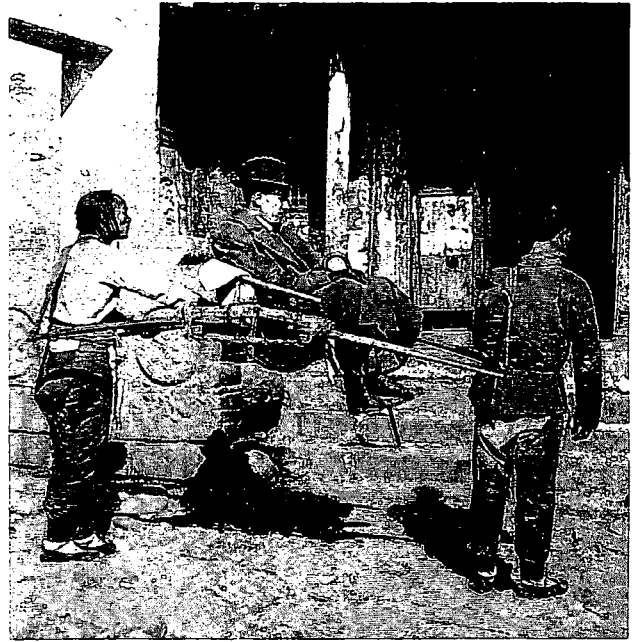


Fig. 23 Father on a taxi, 1924

During the second term we spent our summers in Guling in the mountains near Fuzhou, where many foreign families from that area went to escape the tropical heat. It was about a six- to eight-hour walk from the city. My mother was carried on a sedan chair with two long bamboo poles lifted with two men in the back and one in the front. This was pretty common practice among wealthy Chinese and foreigners who were not able to, or did not care to, walk long distances. Figure 23 shows my father traveling in this style.

Guling was a wonderful experience for us boys. We were able to interact with other children of foreign business people, as well as from other missionaries

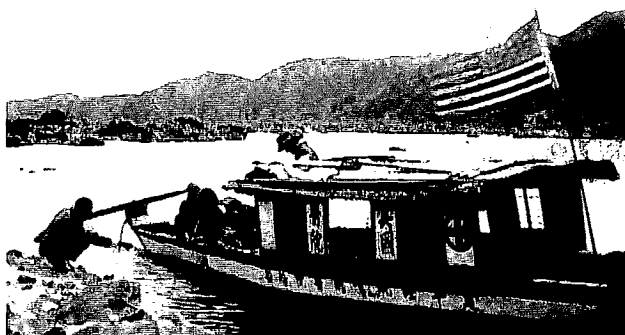


Fig. 24 Hospital motorboat



Fig. 25 Victim of leprosy



Fig. 26 Father at an outdoor clinic

of different faiths. I learned how to play tennis while there and how to swim. By this time I had become quite fluent in the Fuzhou dialect and somewhat fluent in Mandarin. Many years later, when I had forgotten most of the Chinese I knew, I was told that some of the words I still remembered were words that I should not have learned and particularly should not have remembered.

In about 1924, the hospital was given a boat with a small one-cylinder diesel engine (Fig. 24). The boat was used for medical calls up and down the Min River. A large red cross was painted on the side of the boat that often made it safer to go past soldiers or brigands on the shore who were controlling traffic on the river. We boys often went with my father and were always surprised how easily the boat went up river past the rapids. Several times we went about 5 miles down river to a leper colony where treatments were given. The ravages of this disease made quite an impression on us (Fig. 25).

The political climate on a national level in China between 1924–1926 was chaotic. The major players included Sun Yat-sen, founder of modern China, who died of cancer in 1925 and Chiang Kai-shek, a military general who would succeed Sun as president of the Republic of China. At this time, Sun and Chiang's Nationalist Party allied with the Chinese Communist Party in a military campaign designed to defeat regional warlords and unify

China. Chiang launched the campaign in 1926 from Canton (Guangzhou), moving northward through our area in Fukien. The conditions everywhere were unsettled, particularly in the hospital. At various times sick or wounded soldiers from both sides appeared at the hospital demanding help. Figure 26 shows my father dispensing medicine and help in a street clinic.

In late January 1927, the American

counsel in Fuzhou advised all Americans in Nanping to leave immediately due to the threat of conflict between warlord armies and the forces of Chiang Kai-shek. We had about 12 hours to pack whatever we could and leave for the downriver trip to Fuzhou. From Fuzhou we caught a boat to Hong Kong. After a few days, we caught the ocean liner, *President Jackson*, which stopped at Yokahoma and finally arrived in Seattle on February 24, 1927.

*Chapter Three*  
Fleeing Rising Nationalism  
in China Only to Find  
the Great Depression in America

**W**e boarded a Canadian Pacific train in Vancouver, B.C., for the ride to Calgary, Alberta. I remember vividly the beautiful, bright moonlit trip through the snow-covered Canadian Rockies. From Calgary we rode to Red Deer, Alberta, where we stayed with my father's family. The transition from the tropical climate of Nanping where shorts were worn, to the very cold snow in Red Deer with travel in horse drawn sleds, gave me quite a reintroduction to the new world.

From Canada my mother and brothers and I went to Farmington, Ill., where my mother's parents served in the Methodist church. While there, my older brother and I attended the local school until the end of the spring semester. It was in Farmington that I was first teased because of my China background. I remember being called "Chink" by the local boys. I knew nothing about baseball, movie stars or cars. I was determined to become an American as quickly as possible. I tried to forget everything about China including the language.

While the rest of the family was in Illinois, my father got established in Tacoma, Wash., setting up a medical practice and an office on the second floor over a drugstore located at 24th and Pacific Avenue.

When the spring semester was over in Farmington, my father came with a new two-door Chevrolet and picked up us boys for the drive to Tacoma. The highway system across country at that time was primitive with many unpaved, mud roads between cities in all of the states. I remember many times after a rain that we would get mired down. We would be happy if we were in a



Fig. 27 Boy Scout camp

farming area where a man with a team of horses was by the side of the road ready to pull us out of the mud for a price.

Our first house in Tacoma was a rental on the corner of 36th and McKinley Avenue. I entered Gault Junior High School in the fall of 1927 in the seventh grade. In 1928 my parents bought a house at 3632 East G Street, about a block from our first home. I became active in the Trinity Methodist Church, sang in the choir and joined the Scout troop where my father was Scoutmaster. At school, I joined the band and learned to play a baritone horn furnished by the school. I was apparently good enough that I played solo pieces for various groups. I joined the wrestling team in the 85-pound weight class in the eighth grade and the 105-pound class in the ninth grade. Part of my summers were spent at Scout camps. On one Scouting adventure, we hiked about 10 miles with full packs to Mowich Lake in Mount Rainier National Park (Fig. 27). I advanced through the various

levels in Scouting and received the Eagle award in 1930.

In the summer, I picked raspberries for a Puyallup River valley farmer for 35 cents a flat of six boxes. On a good day I picked three flats. With the help of a neighbor, I built a one-tube radio receiver with earphones and was able to listen to KMO radio from Tacoma, KOMO in Seattle and occasionally KSL Salt Lake City, Utah. Radio crystal sets were used that consisted of only a particular type of crystal and ear phones.

My sister, Margaret Jean, was born February 19, 1929.

Dad had an older brother, Albert, who with his wife, Ada, and four children, Ken, Garnet, Gladys and Willen, lived in West Seattle. We visited with them quite frequently. Figure 28 shows our family with my father holding Peggy, my mother, Ken, me, my grandmother, Elenore Alford, Ed and my grandfather, Rev. Jacob Alford.

In the fall of 1930, I entered the tenth grade at Lincoln High School in a college prep program. Lincoln had a student body of about 2,500 pupils and offered a wide variety of shop, music, language, liberal arts, sciences and sports programs. I joined the orchestra and learned how to play the French horn. I was never very good as a French horn player (always in the third or fourth chair), but loved the sounds it made. In the tenth and eleventh grades, I tried out for and made the midget football team, which had a weight limit of



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Although many people impacted our lives throughout the years, due to time and space constraints, it was possible to mention only a few in these accounts.

Special thanks are expressed here for the major contributions made in assembling and editing this manuscript by Cathy Tollefson.







## *Chapter One*

### Gutian to Nanping

**O**n November 15, 1915, I, Robert A. Trimble, was born to Edith Alford Trimble and Dr. Charles Garnet Trimble. My father was a physician sent by the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions to operate the 80-bed Alden Speare Memorial Hospital in Nanping, Fukien Province, China. I was born in Gutian, Fukien, a town near the Min River that flows between Nanping and Fuzhou on the coast. Our family moved from Gutian to Nanping in 1916 when the construction of our new home was complete.

Other Trimbles in China preceded my father, who went by Garnet. His aunt, Lydia Trimble (Fig. 1), first came to China in the 1880s and helped establish a girls school in Lungtien, Fukien, in 1890. Construction of what was to become Hwa Nan Women's College (Fig. 2) started in 1911 on Nantai Island in the Min River, opposite the walled city of Fuzhou. Hwa Nan opened in 1913 with Lydia Trimble as its first president. My father's cousin, Ethel Wallace, first went to China in 1906 and became the dean of Hwa Nan in 1914 (Fig. 1). Fred Trimble, one of my father's brothers and an engineer, was first in Hinghwa City, then helped with the design of Hwa Nan and in 1911 was responsible for its construction. Dr. J. B. Trimble, an uncle and president of Morningside College in Iowa, was very dedicated to the Methodist movement in China and raised significant amounts of money for that cause. Many of these missionaries like Lydia Trimble and Ethel Wallace were deeply committed to China. They were a progressive force, bringing modern education to China and emphasizing the need to teach girls who were largely denied education in traditional China.

Our home in Nanping (Fig. 3) was two stories in the front and three in the back, totaling more than 3,000 square feet. On the first floor were the large



Fig. 1 Ethel Wallace and Lydia Trimble



Fig. 2 Hwa Nan Women's College, 1921



Fig. 3 Trimble home in Nanping

living and dining rooms, a kitchen, food storage, two offices and darkroom, a small toilet and a large screened porch. On the second floor were four bedrooms and one bathroom with a flush toilet. The use of chamber pots in bedrooms was common at that time. In the basement were servant quarters for the gardener and for the cook and his wife, who served as our maid. They had two small children whom we played with, thus increasing our knowledge of the Fuzhou dialect. The house was on about a two-acre lot, protected by an eight-foot-high tamped mud wall topped with roofing tile. There was a large front lawn. In the back of the lot was a large garden planted with a variety of vegetables. The seeds came mostly from Montgomery Ward in Chicago. I remember how excited all of us were when our parents made up the annual order to Montgomery Ward. Besides clothes and household goods, they ordered various household appliances and toys. We received the shipment in about three months.

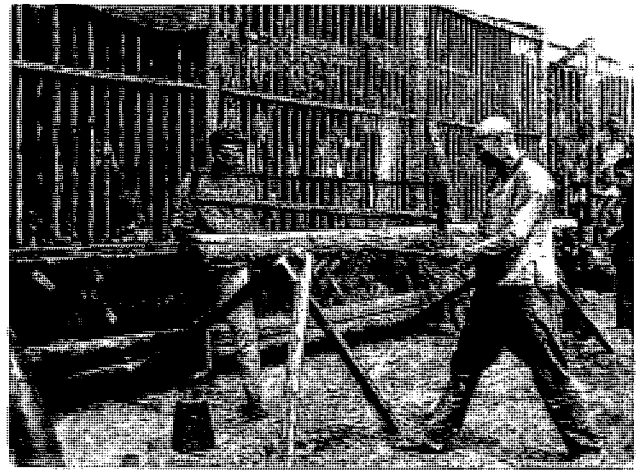


Fig. 4 Chinese saw mill, 1916

With the lack of any automatic power tools, Figure 4 shows how lumber for all construction was made in those days.

We had complete control of the fertilizer we used in the garden and thus avoided health problems associated with the human waste fertilizer used by the Chinese at that time. Water buffalo normally used in plowing the rice paddy fields supplied us with milk. A large mulberry tree gave us fruit that was small, very juicy and sweet. It enabled us to raise silkworms as a hobby since the mulberry leaf is required by the silkworm for food. The tiny silkworm eggs, laid by the moth on a sheet of paper, were purchased from a Chinese merchant and kept warm in the house. At the right time the eggs began to hatch into very tiny worms and were fed with freshly cut leaves from the mulberry tree. The worms grew for several weeks until they reached more than one-inch long and about 5/16 of an inch thick. At this time they stopped eating the leaves and over a period of days began to spin a silk



Fig. 5 Trimble boys with chickens



Fig. 6 Alden Speare Memorial Hospital



Fig. 7 Min River from our home

thread that they used to build a cocoon that totally covered their body with hundreds of feet of a continuous thread. The worm inside changed into a chrysalis that went into hibernation for several months until it was ready to emerge as a moth. The silk could be recovered by putting the cocoon into boiling water, attaching a rod to the end thread and rolling it out on a spool.

We also had a small orchard of about 15 plum trees. The fruit was eaten fresh and any surplus was canned for later use. It was in this orchard that my brother and I were faced with a very poisonous cobra snake, which appeared quite ready to strike at us. We ran to the house and asked one of the Chinese to kill the snake and bury it. To one side of the orchard was a chicken house with a rooster with 10 to 12 hens which gave us fresh eggs and occasionally a family of chicks (Fig. 5).

Without electricity, we used kerosene lamps for light. There was no central heating, so we used firewood in the kitchen and in the living room fireplaces when needed. The house and nearby hospital (Fig. 6) shared a large hilltop with barracks and a parade ground where soldiers were trained. The Min River was visible from the second floor of our house (Fig. 7) and from the hospital. The cost to build the house was about \$2,500 U.S. and the 8-foot wall protecting the property cost about \$250. Outside of our compound, by the front gate, were the large parade grounds and a bell tower (Fig. 8), which was rung every night at nine o'clock by a monk from a nearby temple.

The Min River was navigable at that time by river freighter boats 20- to 40-feet long with crews of four to eight men. In quiet waters they rowed, while in fast waters they used long bamboo poles to push their way upriver. There was quiet water as far as Minhou, which was about 60 miles upriver from Fuzhou. There were rapids in some parts of the river above Minhou. In areas with particularly bad rapids there would be men on shore ready to sell their services to the captain of the boat to assist in pulling the boat through the rapids (Fig. 9). Upriver from Nanping, where two streams joined to form the Min. Smaller boats with crews of two or three were able to get past the rapids by the use of bamboo poles (Fig. 10). A fleet of large freighters docked at Nanping is shown in Figure 11.

Life expectancy among the Chinese was short. The major health problems for the Americans included insect-born diseases of malaria, small pox and bubonic plague. Cholera and typhoid were transmitted in the water. As protection against flying insects we always had mosquito netting around our beds while we slept, took quinine frequently to control malaria and had periodic shots or vaccinations. We boiled all drinking water, which was piped into mission homes from springs in the mountains. Much of the water for the people in Nanping was taken from wells like the one shown in Figure 12. Sometime in their long history the Chinese realized that drinking hot tea was the right thing to do to avoid many ills from unboiled water.

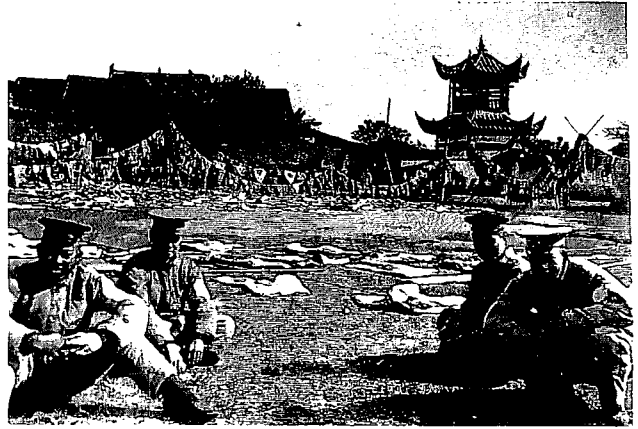


Fig. 8 Soldiers outside Trimble compound



Fig. 9 Boat being pulled up river

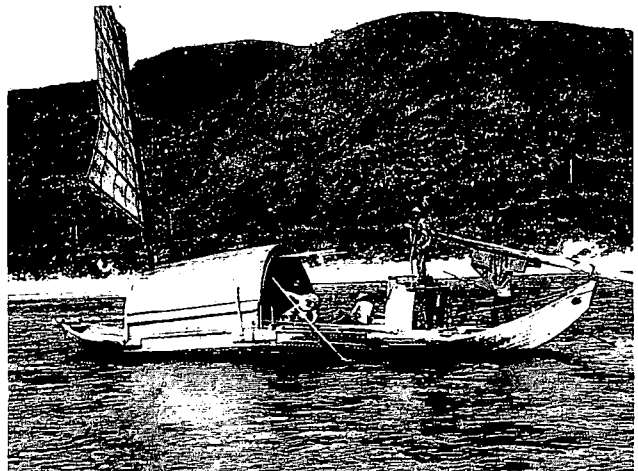


Fig. 10 Boat on the Min River





Fig. 11 Freighters at Nanping



Fig. 12 Nanping water supply

The following is part of a letter written on June 17, 1917, by my father to friends in America.

*"The practice of Western Medicine in China is beset with many joys and not a few sorrows. I think no other phase of mission work gives one the opportunity of seeing The Real Chinaman as he really is. We see him at his best and at his worst and get many a glance into his life that is not always seen on the outside.*

*Li makes a very good patient. He greatly respects his doctor's wisdom and rarely places him in the embarrassing position of asking him to explain the causes for his various symptoms or the why and wherefore of the treatment he is receiving. He is not particular if you give his sickness a name or not. He takes the medicine you give him without a murmur. The larger the dose and the more foul tasting it is the better. Nearly always cheerful, demands little attention and no luxuries. Oh no, he won't follow your directions, that is, not unless his opinion tells him that he should. We repeatedly give a man enough medicine for a week and take special care in telling him just how it should be taken, but alas, he so often comes back the next day that he has taken it all in one dose, that it did him some good and now he wants some more.*

*Most non-Christian Chinese are superstitious. The faith they put in the sayings of their idols and sorcerers is pitiable. A woman came in some months ago with an abdominal tumor of large dimensions. An idol had told her that she had three small pigs developing in her stomach. She*

*believed it and as native medicine failed to get rid of them, she came to us for relief. The opinion they hold of our ability is even more absurd. Not many weeks ago a man came to us on behalf of a friend of his who had become blind. He had heard that the foreign physician had the power to restore sight to the blind by replacing the diseased member with the eye of a healthy dog. Such little operations as pulling a tooth, opening an abscess and the like are little short of miracles to them.*

*Hospital treatment is something entirely new to the Chinese. They don't know what scientific care of the sick means. As far as I can make out the only course of treatment they have is: (1) Stuff the sufferer with medical herbs, (2) Stuff him with food, (3) Rub his stomach, (4) Pound his back. If he is really sick and is an important individual they add another, (5) Call all his friends and relatives in and make as much noise as possible. If this combination won't cure him, let him die. Such important items as surgery, fresh air, baths, diet, elimination, quiet, cheerful surroundings, etc., are not thought of.*

*Our greatest problem out here is that of getting good hospital help. In spite of all our teaching, it is hard for some of them to appreciate that the hospital was built primarily to take care of the sick. Some of them would like to use most of it for the housing of their friends. Not long ago, I had great difficulty in trying to show a woman nurse that the woman's bathroom was not the proper place to keep her chickens. ... But in spite of their shortcomings and imperfect training, they are indispensable to the work. They know how to handle their own people in a way that we never can hope to do.*

*What we do is preach the gospel, teach modern health practices and heal. Last week we performed three major and 11 minor operations. Three outpatient clinics are held weekly. Since the first of the year 7,500 treatments have been given.*

*Yours in His Service, C. G. Trimble*



Fig. 13 Patient with tumor



Fig. 14 Patient with large growth



Fig. 15 Patient with breast cancer

Some of the patients encountered by my father are shown in Figures 13–15. While many of the herbs from the Chinese health people were and are effective, they did not have medicines for a number of their sicknesses. Operations of any kind involving the cutting of human tissue or extraction of bad teeth were not known or practiced.

The political scene in Fukien Province during my first five years was quite unsettled with various warlords fighting over control of the country and particularly of the traffic along the Min River. Armed brigands were also a problem. My brother Ed and I played with other American children of the mission and with the Chinese children of the cook and his wife. Every summer to escape the tropical heat, the families of the mission went to Cha Bang, a retreat in the mountains about a one-day walk from Nanping. The latitude there was the same as that of Key West, Fla., and of course, there was no air conditioning.



Fig. 16 Father and Son



Fig. 17 Little Bob



Fig. 18 Woman with bound feet

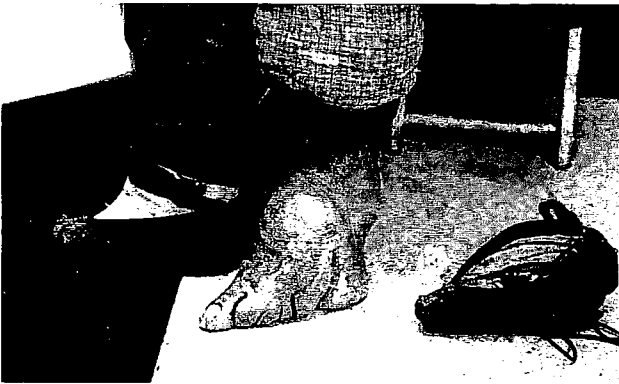


Fig. 19 Bound feet

My brother, Kenneth, was born October 15, 1919, in Nanping.

The pictures in Figures 16 and 17 and following poem about me, were written by one of the missionary women during one of our summer stays at Cha Bang.

*Chubby, smiling little man,  
Dressed in overalls,  
Reckless gymnast, acrobat,  
Disregarding bumps and falls*

*When that twinkle lights your eyes  
Oh you cunning little tad  
Playing jokes on grownup folks,  
Then I know you are like your Dad*

During our early years in China, the practice of binding the feet of very young girls was fairly common among the more wealthy families. There were a number of reasons postulated for this very cruel activity ranging from making it very difficult for young girls to run away from home, to a strictly fashion statement, similar to the present practice of women wearing very high heel shoes. Figures 18 and 19 show the result with a mature woman. This practice was stopped by order of Mao Tse-tung in 1949 when he formed the new Chinese government.

## *Chapter Two*

### Nanping to America and Back

**I**n 1920 the family traveled back to the United States on furlough which was given after seven years of missionary service. We sailed on the *Empress of Asia*, shown in Figure 20 in Yokahama loading coal in wicker baskets for the ship's boilers for the trans-Pacific trip to Vancouver, B.C.

We visited relatives on wheat ranches in Red Deer, Alberta, Canada, where my father grew up and in Worling, Wyo., where my mother's parents, Rev. and Mrs. Alford, lived. It was my first experience with automobiles, railroads and ice cream. We spent several months in the Bronx, New York City, where my father did graduate studies on advances in medicine and my older brother, Edward and I attended school. After the one-year furlough, our family returned to Nanping on the *Empress of Russia* from Vancouver to Tokyo. We took a coastal steamer from Tokyo to Fuzhou, then traveled on a manpower driven riverboat 180 miles up the Min River to Nanping.

Shortly after returning to Nanping, my mother started my brother and my formal education. The Calvert Correspondence School Program from Baltimore, Md., provided all of the necessary materials for each grade through the eighth. We received this schooling until we left China in 1927, and found the transition to public school in America relatively easy. My brother and I received some training in woodworking and piano lessons from others in the mission. Some other missionary families chose to send their children to formal schools in large cities like Shanghai where there were concentrations of English speaking communities.

At that time, the American mission in Nanping offered the Chinese, in addition to a major emphasis on introduction to Christianity, schooling in such subjects as English, history and mathematics from about the sixth grade through high school, with boys and girls in separate facilities.



Fig. 20 Loading coal onto the *Empress of Asia*, Yokahoma



Fig. 21 Nanping Methodist family

There were about seven married couples and five single ladies who lived at the mission (Fig. 21). Among the couples were Bankhardt, Skinner, Caldwell, Peterson, Paddock, Toothaker and Steininger. Assisting my father in the hospital was an American business manager and a registered nurse. The single ladies included "Happy" Stafford, who was responsible for running the girls' school.

Russell Steininger, a missionary and engineer, was responsible for setting up a diesel-powered electric generating system for the entire mission. The facility provided power for all the mission homes, schools and the hospital. My father received training in X-ray operation in Beijing and received X-ray equipment at

the hospital in about 1926. His was the only available unit within about a 180-mile radius (Fig. 22).

One of the activities Ed and I enjoyed was the collection of butterflies and insects. We used potassium cyanide in covered tins to quickly kill our catches. We were quite aware that potassium cyanide was a very dangerous poison. In the subtropics, the color and variety of specimens was quite remarkable. Of particular interest to us were visits by Clifford Hillhouse Pope, a member of the Roy Chapman Andrews Mongolian Expedition sponsored by the American Museum of Natural History of New York City. Since Mr. Pope's particular specialty was in the study of frogs, snakes and fishes, he was sent into our area for his

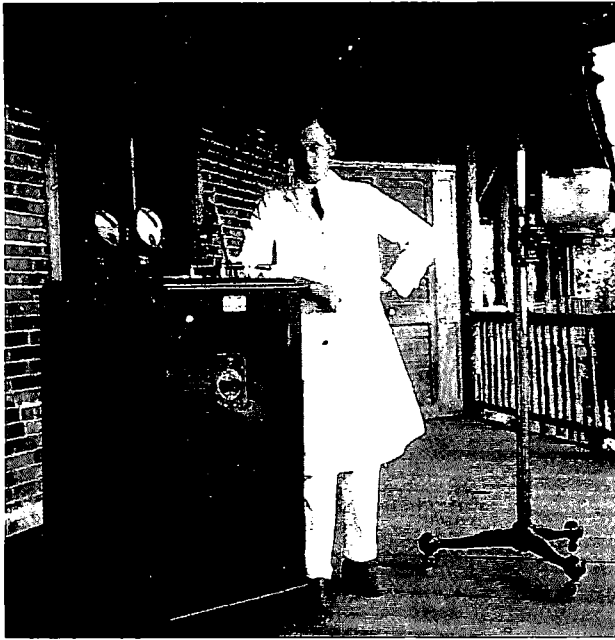


Fig. 22 Dr. Trimble with new X-ray



Fig. 23 Father on a taxi, 1924

studies rather than to Mongolia. He set up a camp in the mountains near Nanping and on many occasions took Ed and me with him to the camp where he was collecting specimens. He had with him a Chinese artist who painted pictures of the more colorful finds because color photography was not available at that time. A new species of a frog was named after brother Ed. While there we visited a bat cave and got close to thousands of bats. Mr. Pope was a man in his late 20s and was a wonderful role model for us boys. It was several years later that, while working in the Chicago Museum of Natural History, he was killed by the bite of a rare and very poisonous snake he was studying.

During the second term we spent our summers in Guling in the mountains near Fuzhou, where many foreign families from that area went to escape the tropical heat. It was about a six- to eight-hour walk from the city. My mother was carried on a sedan chair with two long bamboo poles lifted with two men in the back and one in the front. This was pretty common practice among wealthy Chinese and foreigners who were not able to, or did not care to, walk long distances. Figure 23 shows my father traveling in this style.

Guling was a wonderful experience for us boys. We were able to interact with other children of foreign business people, as well as from other missionaries



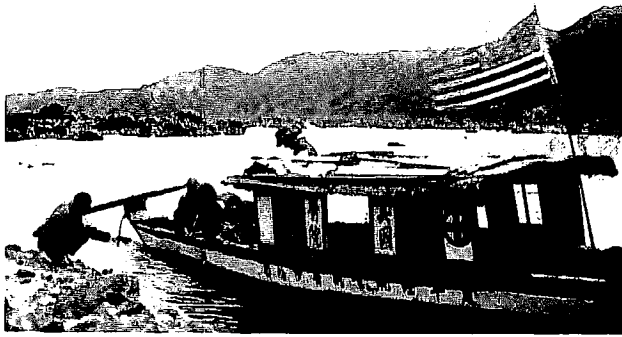


Fig. 24 Hospital motorboat



Fig. 25 Victim of leprosy



Fig. 26 Father at an outdoor clinic

of different faiths. I learned how to play tennis while there and how to swim. By this time I had become quite fluent in the Fuzhou dialect and somewhat fluent in Mandarin. Many years later, when I had forgotten most of the Chinese I knew, I was told that some of the words I still remembered were words that I should not have learned and particularly should not have remembered.

In about 1924, the hospital was given a boat with a small one-cylinder diesel engine (Fig. 24). The boat was used for medical calls up and down the Min River. A large red cross was painted on the side of the boat that often made it safer to go past soldiers or brigands on the shore who were controlling traffic on the river. We boys often went with my father and were always surprised how easily the boat went up river past the rapids. Several times we went about 5 miles down river to a leper colony where treatments were given. The ravages of this disease made quite an impression on us (Fig. 25).

The political climate on a national level in China between 1924–1926 was chaotic. The major players included Sun Yat-sen, founder of modern China, who died of cancer in 1925 and Chiang Kai-shek, a military general who would succeed Sun as president of the Republic of China. At this time, Sun and Chiang's Nationalist Party allied with the Chinese Communist Party in a military campaign designed to defeat regional warlords and unify

China. Chiang launched the campaign in 1926 from Canton (Guangzhou), moving northward through our area in Fukien. The conditions everywhere were unsettled, particularly in the hospital. At various times sick or wounded soldiers from both sides appeared at the hospital demanding help. Figure 26 shows my father dispensing medicine and help in a street clinic.

In late January 1927, the American

counsel in Fuzhou advised all Americans in Nanping to leave immediately due to the threat of conflict between warlord armies and the forces of Chiang Kai-shek. We had about 12 hours to pack whatever we could and leave for the downriver trip to Fuzhou. From Fuzhou we caught a boat to Hong Kong. After a few days, we caught the ocean liner, *President Jackson*, which stopped at Yokahoma and finally arrived in Seattle on February 24, 1927.

*Chapter Three*  
Fleeing Rising Nationalism  
in China Only to Find  
the Great Depression in America

**W**e boarded a Canadian Pacific train in Vancouver, B.C., for the ride to Calgary, Alberta. I remember vividly the beautiful, bright moonlit trip through the snow-covered Canadian Rockies. From Calgary we rode to Red Deer, Alberta, where we stayed with my father's family. The transition from the tropical climate of Nanping where shorts were worn, to the very cold snow in Red Deer with travel in horse drawn sleds, gave me quite a reintroduction to the new world.

From Canada my mother and brothers and I went to Farmington, Ill., where my mother's parents served in the Methodist church. While there, my older brother and I attended the local school until the end of the spring semester. It was in Farmington that I was first teased because of my China background. I remember being called "Chink" by the local boys. I knew nothing about baseball, movie stars or cars. I was determined to become an American as quickly as possible. I tried to forget everything about China including the language.

While the rest of the family was in Illinois, my father got established in Tacoma, Wash., setting up a medical practice and an office on the second floor over a drugstore located at 24th and Pacific Avenue.

When the spring semester was over in Farmington, my father came with a new two-door Chevrolet and picked up us boys for the drive to Tacoma. The highway system across country at that time was primitive with many unpaved, mud roads between cities in all of the states. I remember many times after a rain that we would get mired down. We would be happy if we were in a



Fig. 27 Boy Scout camp

farming area where a man with a team of horses was by the side of the road ready to pull us out of the mud for a price.

Our first house in Tacoma was a rental on the corner of 36th and McKinley Avenue. I entered Gault Junior High School in the fall of 1927 in the seventh grade. In 1928 my parents bought a house at 3632 East G Street, about a block from our first home. I became active in the Trinity Methodist Church, sang in the choir and joined the Scout troop where my father was Scoutmaster. At school, I joined the band and learned to play a baritone horn furnished by the school. I was apparently good enough that I played solo pieces for various groups. I joined the wrestling team in the 85-pound weight class in the eighth grade and the 105-pound class in the ninth grade. Part of my summers were spent at Scout camps. On one Scouting adventure, we hiked about 10 miles with full packs to Mowich Lake in Mount Rainier National Park (Fig. 27). I advanced through the various

levels in Scouting and received the Eagle award in 1930.

In the summer, I picked raspberries for a Puyallup River valley farmer for 35 cents a flat of six boxes. On a good day I picked three flats. With the help of a neighbor, I built a one-tube radio receiver with earphones and was able to listen to KMO radio from Tacoma, KOMO in Seattle and occasionally KSL Salt Lake City, Utah. Radio crystal sets were used that consisted of only a particular type of crystal and ear phones.

My sister, Margaret Jean, was born February 19, 1929.

Dad had an older brother, Albert, who with his wife, Ada, and four children, Ken, Garnet, Gladys and Willeen, lived in West Seattle. We visited with them quite frequently. Figure 28 shows our family with my father holding Peggy, my mother, Ken, me, my grandmother, Elenore Alford, Ed and my grandfather, Rev. Jacob Alford.

In the fall of 1930, I entered the tenth grade at Lincoln High School in a college prep program. Lincoln had a student body of about 2,500 pupils and offered a wide variety of shop, music, language, liberal arts, sciences and sports programs. I joined the orchestra and learned how to play the French horn. I was never very good as a French horn player (always in the third or fourth chair), but loved the sounds it made. In the tenth and eleventh grades, I tried out for and made the midget football team, which had a weight limit of

130 pounds. I played as a right guard (the guy who at the snap of the ball pulls out of the line and leads the way through the hole and blocks the opposing fullback). In those days, high school footballers played both offense and defense. My jersey number was 13. Figure 29 shows me in my letterman jacket. I was elected to honorary clubs, the Hi-Y and the Knights of Lincoln. I was very much interested in chemistry and decided that when I went to college I would major in that subject. I graduated from Lincoln High School in June 1933.

It was in high school that I undertook speech therapy to try to overcome a stammering problem that I had from my preschool days. I remember my father doing some research on the problem while we were in New York and suggesting some possible steps, but with no improvements. Its effect was to burden me with a lack of confidence in any sort of public speaking. While Miss Chambers did help me gain some confidence, it wasn't until some 20 years later while working in Los Angeles that I took a speech therapy program given by the University of California, Los Angeles. This program gave me some techniques for handling the problem and provided me with self-confidence that I could improve.

During this early period in America, my father was very interested in maintaining contact with his family who largely lived in Canada. The Canadian Trimble family tree from the early 1800s follows on



Fig. 28 Trimble and Alford Families



Fig. 29 Bob, 1932

page 25. My father was the seventh son in a family of 13 children. We took a number of trips into western Canada and in the process saw much of the Canadian Rockies, Banff, Lake Louise, Jasper and areas around Red Deer, Alberta. It was on one of these family reunion trips that my Uncle Fred was killed in a fire accident at the family-operated creamery in Red Deer. Uncle Fred was the Trimble who had spent a number of years in China and was responsible for the construction of Hwa Nan. His family of two boys and two girls had a sorrowful trip back to their home in Texas.

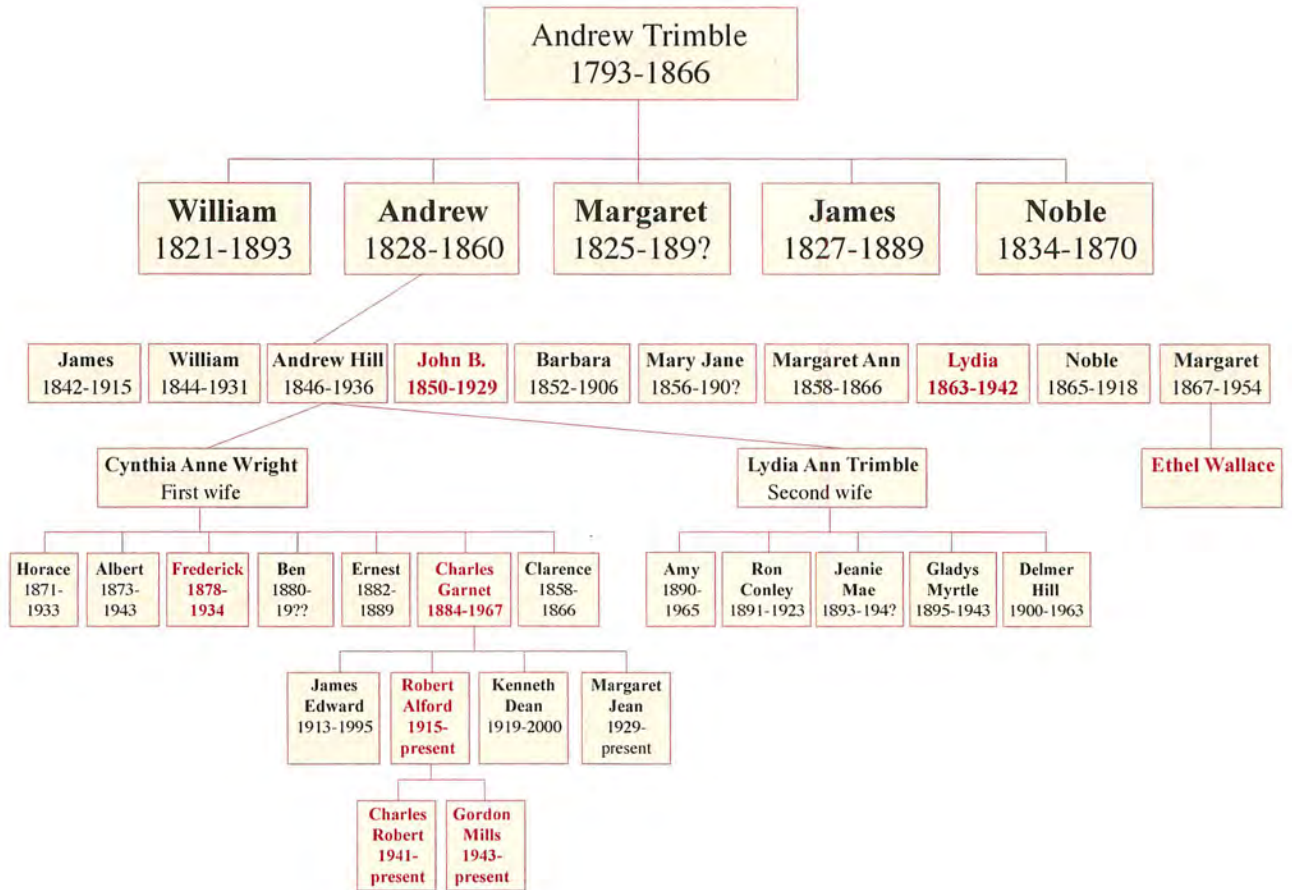
My brother Ed and I had various ways of earning money including delivering papers and yard work. Another activity was cutting firewood. One summer, with Uncle Albert, we cut live Alder trees, hand sawed the trunks into 4-foot lengths, split the logs and piled the split logs into 4-by-4-by-8-foot piles. For this we would be paid \$1 per pile or cord. On a good day I could earn \$3. During another summer, our neighbor was a foreman on a Highway 99 road improvement project between Tacoma and Seattle. For about

three weeks I got the job of being the water boy for the pick and shovel men on a 2-mile section of the project. With a pail of water and a cup, it was my duty to keep the men from getting thirsty. I also had a morning paper route with about 80 customers covering a 5-by-15-block-long area. Every Saturday I would collect 10 cents from each customer for a six-day subscription or 15 cents if they also got the Sunday paper.

One morning I accidentally threw a paper through the front window of the home of a police officer. I went up to the porch and placed the paper into the hole so the owner would have no doubt as to how the window got broken. The officer was reasonable about the incident and we settled for a payment of \$5.

The business recession that began in the early 1930s affected a very high percentage of the American people. My father had many patients who simply could not pay for his very modest charges. The charge for delivering a baby in the mother's home was \$45. On many occasions he accepted fresh fish, wild game or vegetables as payment. We lived very modestly.

## Trimble Generations





## *Chapter Four*

### College of Puget Sound

**I**n the fall of 1933, I entered the College of Puget Sound in Tacoma, a small liberal arts school of about 450 students which had a good science department. Dr. Todd was the college president at that time. The campus consisted of Jones and Howarth Halls, the old music building and a small sports field house.

I was able to get a position as laboratory assistant in the Chemistry Department stock room that paid \$20 per semester (Fig. 30). The Chemistry Department was on the third floor of Howarth Hall. Tuition at that time was about \$90 per semester for children of Methodist missionaries. After my freshman year, I helped students taking the various chemistry laboratory courses, e.g., freshman qualitative, quantitative and organic labs.

At that time we were still living in the McKinley Hill part of Tacoma, some eight miles from the college. Father drove Ed and me to school every morning and often took other students who lived in our neighborhood. I became a member of Delta Pi Omicron, one of the social fraternities on campus. My freshman year was a disaster from a social point of view. I could not get up the nerve to ask any girl to go to my fraternity dances. My social life improved somewhat in the last three years in college.

In my senior year, two classmates and I worked as control chemists for WyPenn Oil, a fish oil processing company. Raw sardine oil (smelly) was converted by a hydrogenation process into clean, solid fat to be used in soap manufacturing or for a major ingredient in margarine (a practice which is now prohibited). We worked on samples of product at various stages of its conversion to ensure they met product specifications. We worked shift work



Fig. 30 Bob in organic chemistry lab at CPS



Fig. 31 Union Avenue home, 1937

and were paid very low wages, but we welcomed the chance to get practical experience. One night I was drawing a sample of hydrogenated oil from a hot reactor when the oil solidified in the valve and suddenly broke loose and sprayed my right lower arm with oil at about 300 degrees Fahrenheit. This was quite a painful experience that took several weeks to heal.

In February of 1937, our home on McKinley Hill was almost totally destroyed by a fire started in an overfilled wood burning stove in the dining room. We moved to 620 South Union Avenue, nine blocks from college (Fig. 31).

After graduating from CPS in May of 1937, I took a job as a paper tester, at 70 cents per hour, for Crown Willamette Paper Company in their newsprint mill in Oregon City, a few miles south of Portland on the Willamette River. In the mill, wood pulp from hemlock and fir was processed through a series of screens and dryers. Finished newsprint, 8-foot wide was produced at about 700 feet per minute. My job was to check the quality of the paper for strength, moisture content and cleanliness. After several months, there was a layoff at the mill and I returned to Tacoma.

## *Chapter Five*

### A New Career in the San Francisco Bay Area

**A**fter an interview in March 1938, Dr. Theodore Evans, a recruiter and 1928 graduate of CPS, offered me a position as a laboratory assistant for Shell Development Company in Emeryville, Calif., at \$130 per month. This company was the basic research laboratory for Shell Oil Company worldwide. Needless to say I was delighted to have this opportunity. In the spring of 1938, carrying one large suitcase, I moved to Berkeley on a Greyhound bus. I found a room in a home on Dwight Way. There was a former Nanping family (Paddock) living in nearby Mill Valley in Marin County. I became reacquainted with them and a cousin of my father (Ruby). She lived across the street with her son, Ralph, who was attending the University of California, Berkeley. I relied on public transportation for getting around. The Red Train (Electric) from Albany through Berkeley and Emeryville to Oakland, and then the ferry to San Francisco, got me to and from work. The train stopped about every six blocks and took about 10 minutes to cover five miles. The ferry took about 25 minutes and the total cost was 65 cents.

My first assignment at Shell was analyzing samples of butanes. One of their research programs was trying to convert normal butane to iso-butane necessary in the manufacture of iso-octane used in high octane aviation and automotive fuels. At that time the only way of determining the composition of the gaseous mixture was by slowly distilling the liquid field sample. This was done by using liquid nitrogen as a refrigerant, then measuring the amounts of iso-butane boiling at minus 10 degrees Celsius and n-butane boiling at zero degrees Celsius. This procedure took about six hours to complete. Present technology can give more accurate results almost instantaneously.

The people at Shell were very pleasant to work with. One fellow in particular, Burton Mills, who worked near me in the analytical lab, was especially friendly. Late one afternoon, he invited me to his place in Berkeley for supper. We arrived at the apartment unannounced and met his sister, Genevieve, who was then asked to prepare supper. I was impressed by the way she handled the situation and that was the start of a lasting relationship. It was shortly after this that I shared an apartment on Walnut Street in Berkeley with Burton and another Shell man. Genevieve shared an apartment close by with a girl who was also attending Cal Berkeley.

We saw quite a bit of each other by going to the dance at the men's gym at UC, Berkeley on Friday nights, or going for walks in Marin County, Santa Cruz, Monterey and other Bay Area parks. On evening walks we would often stop by for ice cream cones. She would get a Love Nest flavor while I would order a Rocky Road! I met her parents who were living in Los Angeles. We traveled to Tacoma to introduce her to my family. It was in Tacoma's Wright Park that I gave her an engagement ring.

After about one year at Shell, in the fall of 1938, I decided to take a leave to enroll at UC, Berkeley, to take upper division courses in chemistry. While there I kept in contact with my boss at Shell, Dr. Bernard Greensfelder. He suggested I study the chemistry of nickel, cobalt, chromium,

molybdenum and tungsten, which were promising ingredients for catalysts in hydrocarbon conversions. I did this along with taking a full load of chemistry courses and working with a postgraduate student making novel organic compounds for testing as insecticides in agriculture. At this time Genevieve and I decided to get married at her parents' home in Los Angeles on December 23, 1939 (Fig. 32). Our honeymoon was spent in Death Valley, Calif., which at that time of year was beautiful. Since I did not have a car, we borrowed my father-in-law's Hudson Sport Coupe.



Fig. 32 Bob and Genevieve's wedding day

I returned to Shell Development on May 20, 1940, at \$150 per month (Fig. 33). My assignment was in the catalyst development group with particular emphasis on the production of toluene (normally a product from the coal tar industry). The development and use of catalysts was increasingly being emphasized by the oil industry to improve and increase the yields of more valuable products from crude oil. Toluene was the starting material in the production of tri-nitro-toluene (TNT-explosive) and was in relatively short supply. The U.S. Defense Department was anxious for additional sources to be found. One of the components in petroleum or crude oil in the boiling range of toluene is methyl cyclohexane, which under the right conditions can be converted to toluene by a process called dehydrogenation. My task was to take the methyl cyclo-hexane containing fraction and find the catalyst mixture and right conditions of temperature and pressure to convert it to toluene. A careful search of patents, particularly those from Germany, was helpful in determining where to start in catalyst composition. After a considerable time and with the background I had in the study of cobalt, nickel, chromium, molybdenum and tungsten at Cal Berkeley, a special mixture of nickel and tungsten sulfides proved to be an excellent catalyst. Following this, time was spent making larger quantities of the



Fig. 33 Shell Oil refinery in Torrance, Calif.

catalyst in pilot unit studies. The decision was made by Shell Oil to proceed with the commercial development of the process at the Torrance refinery near Long Beach, Calif. The construction of the catalyst production facility, the dehydrogenation reactor and toluene recovery units were expedited because of World War II. When completed, the plant was producing 1,000 barrels per day of nitration grade toluene. Several patents covering the preparation of the catalyst were issued to me in 1944 and 1946. I was heavily involved in the initial commercial production of the catalyst and in the trouble shooting studies that followed.

On April 5, 1941, Burton Mills, Genevieve's brother, married Juliet Clawson, a student at Cal Berkeley who was a very talented artist. We had a very close relationship with these two in the years to come.

## *Chapter Six*

### Our New Home in El Cerrito

**G**enevieve and I lived in Berkeley for several months after we were married. A decision was then made to have our first home built in El Cerrito (north of Berkeley) on a quarter-acre hill lot at 751 Balra Drive overlooking the San Francisco Bay. We took out a FHA loan for \$3,000, which represented 90 percent of the cost of the house (Fig. 34). By that time we had a 1928 Ford Model A Coupe that cost \$40. I became very interested in woodworking and attended evening classes in furniture building at the local high school. I made a number of toys for the boys and furniture for the house.

Charlie, our first son, was born on August 20, 1941, at the Alta Bates Hospital in Berkeley.



Fig. 34 El Cerrito home, 1940

I was working in our yard on December 7, 1941, when radio reports announced the attack on Pearl Harbor. My work at Shell associated with making toluene kept me out of military service.

My younger brother Kenneth served in the Army during the war. He was stationed at a shuttle Air Force bomber base in Russia. He achieved the rank of staff sergeant. Edward, my older brother, obtained his teaching credentials from the College of Puget Sound and began teaching in a small school near Chehalis, Wash.

During the war I served as a block warden making sure that houses in our area kept their lights from being visible during air raid alerts and other security activities that were required. Time spent in gardening with vegetables and strawberries and raising chickens was particularly enjoyable because travel during the war was severely restricted. It was about this time that the book *Five Acres and Independence* was published. It suggested that instead of living on a one-quarter-acre lot, we should find a five-acre plot, acquire a milk goat, more chickens, a larger garden and thus be more self-sufficient. Because of the war, the decision to go in this direction was put on hold.

My work at Shell continued in catalyst development. There was much interest in finding an economic process for making a synthetic automotive fuel not dependent on crude oil. The Germans had developed a process (Fischer-Tropsch) by which a

mixture of carbon monoxide and hydrogen passed over a cobalt containing catalyst would be converted into a mixture of liquid fuels. While it was economical for them because of their lack of petroleum sources, their process was not viable for America. Since carbon monoxide was not readily available, I prepared it by reacting formic acid with concentrated sulfuric acid and pumped the gas into high-pressure cylinders together with the correct amount of hydrogen. A catalyst system containing an element other than cobalt was desirable and the subject of our studies.

Charlie, who at that time we called Chic, was quite independent. One day he walked away from home and was confronted by a police officer who asked him what his name was and where was he going. He replied that "I am my father's son" and that he was going to take the train to San Francisco. By that time Genevieve noticed he was gone and contacted the police and Charlie was brought back home by a grinning officer.

Our second son, Gordon, was born on April 27, 1943. It was about this time that we noticed that Charlie had a vision problem. When I stood about 8 feet away, he could not tell which direction my finger was pointing. It was an inherited condition that had a 50/50 chance of being passed from the mother. Genevieve's mother was the carrier and gave it to her, but not to her sister, Virginia. Genevieve's brother Burton had the condition. It affected the central vision with the result of





Fig. 35 Gordie and Charlie

having only about 10 percent of normal sight. After consulting with a number of professionals, we decided that it would be best for Charlie to attend the Berkeley School for the Blind. He enrolled in the fall of 1947. His classmates had a range of vision from those who were totally blind to those with very limited vision. Charlie's condition was borderline but such that regular public schools would not accept him. He learned to read Braille with strong support from his mother. A picture of the boys is shown in Figure 35.

At that time Genevieve's father, James E. Mills, became interested and involved in land in the San Diego County area that was particularly suited for growing avocados. These trees grow best where temperatures range from a low of about 34 degrees Fahrenheit and a high of about 85 degrees Fahrenheit. He knew I was interested in agriculture and suggested that we join him and Genevieve's mother in San Luis Rey Heights, near Fallbrook on a 14-acre property that had just been planted with some 650 Fuerte avocado trees.

## *Chapter Seven*

### From Chemistry to Farming

**A**fter much soul searching it was decided that we would make the change to farming. Part of the decision was based on my questioning of my future role with Shell. Without a Ph.D. degree in chemistry or chemical engineering, I did not feel that I could compete. There was also a lack of confidence in my intellectual capability to handle the work leading to a Ph.D. So in early 1948 we said goodbye to Shell, the Bay Area and many good friends and moved to Fallbrook, Calif., in the San Luis Rey Heights (Fig. 36). One of the benefits of working with Shell was their Providence Plan, which took 10 percent of my wages and matched them with an equal amount in a savings plan invested in mutual funds. This was a nice nest egg, combined with the proceeds from the sale of our house. Both were helpful in starting our new life.

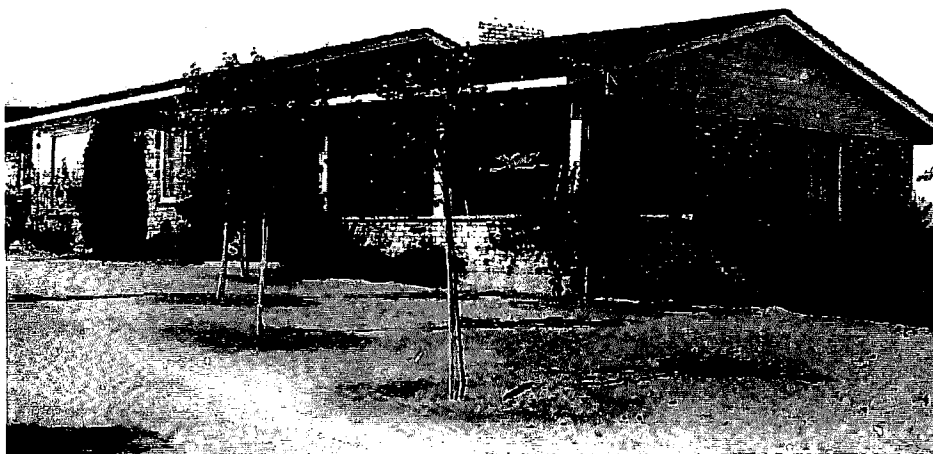


Fig. 36 Fallbrook home, 1948



Fig. 37 Gordon, Genevieve and Charlie, 1946

A heart wrenching concern with the move was that we would be leaving seven-year-old Charlie in Berkeley during the school year. He was very much concerned with continuing his schooling and accepted the separation from his family. Genevieve kept in close contact with him with her letters. The very caring faculty helped by reading our letters to him and helping him write to us of his experiences. By that time it had been determined that Gordon also had the vision condition and would be joining Charlie (Fig. 37).

Genevieve and I immediately started to work organizing a farm. We acquired goats, beehives, chickens and rabbits. Housing for them was built. The goats were for milk, chickens for eggs and meat and rabbits were raised as a cash crop. We started out with about six does and one buck. The idea was that when baby

rabbits were born and reached about two pounds in weight (about two months old), we would call a man who would come by to take the young ones and leave us cash. We eventually had about 60 "working does" and six "happy bucks." Our orchard consisted of 650 two-year-old Fuerte avocado trees. An additional 350 young avocado trees (Anaheim variety) were planted between the Fuerte trees. Later some Hass variety were added. The Haas, because of its better ability to withstand shipping, became by far the most popular variety. The young trees were planted in basins and required hand watering with a hose every week. To learn more about the avocado business and to earn money, I got a job as the accountant for a buyer of avocados in Vista that packed them and sold the fruit to the Los Angeles produce market.

## *Chapter Eight*

### Back to Chemistry Part Time

**A**fter about six months it became clear that it was going to take longer than expected for the avocados to bring in sufficient income to support us. The most logical place to start looking for a good paying job was the oil industry in the Los Angeles area. In the fall of 1949 General Petroleum, a part of Mobil Oil, offered me a position in their Vernon laboratory which supplied technical support for their Torrance refinery and their marketing effort on the West Coast. This work was quite different from the basic research I had done with Shell. After several months working in Vernon, I was assigned to the refinery that was involved in trouble shooting for the many different processes being carried out with crude oils and the large number of products made from them.

About that same time, Gordon joined Charlie at the Berkeley Blind School in the kindergarten class. Genevieve traveled with the boys on a Greyhound bus and got them settled and then returned to Fallbrook where she was near her parents. Generally, our car remained on the ranch. I traveled back and forth by bus on weekends to manage about 1,000 trees and do other maintenance chores, which included helping with the rabbits.

One Monday after a weekend at the ranch, I woke up with a sharp pain in my lower right abdomen. The phone book gave me the address of the nearest doctor. I walked over to his office and lay down for an examination. He told me that I had a bad appendix that needed to be removed immediately. I took a cab to the hospital where the doctor operated. We didn't have a phone at the ranch, so I called a friend in Fallbrook to ask her to explain my predicament to Genevieve. After staying several days in the hospital, we returned to Fallbrook to complete my convalescence before I could return to work.

During the summers, the boys were with us and got involved with a



Fig. 38 Randy and the Boys

variety of activities including milking the goats, playing with the baby goats and with their dogs, Randy, a collie and Spot, a mix and learning to ride bicycles and horses. (Figs. 38 and 39).

Also during school breaks, Genevieve's sister, Virginia Miller and her family came to Fallbrook from South Gate to play with our boys. Her sons, Dale and Dwight, were the same age as our boys. Her children Karen and Glenn were younger.

My work for Mobil was interesting and quite varied. My early activity was determining the activity of the catalysts from the refinery catalytic cracking units, which takes the very high boiling oils from the crude and converts them into lower boiling, more valuable, products. We worked on procedures for improving the quality of the various products from the refinery and determined the yields of



Fig. 39 Down on the farm; Gordie, Spot, and Bob, 1949

products from, and the potential value of, newly discovered crude oils.

After I had been working with Mobil for about a year, they asked to see my birth certificate. Apparently with their government contracts, they had to show that all their employees could prove U.S. citizenship. It turned out that I did not have a birth certificate. It was left behind in the rush to vacate Nanping and could not be recovered under the conditions at that time in China. After a lot of work by my parents, getting testimonials from our American friends and contacting the State Department, a ticket manifest from the *President Jackson* steamship was located in which my father had listed the names and birth dates of his family members. With this documentation, I was sworn in as an American citizen, with several hundred others in a Los Angeles courthouse, on February 29, 1959.

## *Chapter Nine*

### The Boys Attend School in the South

In 1950 we looked for alternatives to the Berkeley school for the boys. The Los Angeles school system had a blind school, as well as a sight-saving program, which provided large print books for those with limited vision. Buses were available to take the boys to and from school. We made the decision to find homes for the farm animals and to rent a place in the Los Angeles area during the week while I worked for Mobil. Then we would return with the family to Fallbrook, about 100 miles, on weekends to attend to the orchard. In early 1951 the change was made, and for the next two and a half years we commuted from Los Angeles to Fallbrook every weekend. The boys went to blind school, Gordon in the second grade and Charlie in the fourth. After about one year, the decision was made by both the school administration and by us, that perhaps the boys should try sight-saving classes—especially since we found that Charlie was reading Braille with his eyes rather than with his fingers. The transition to sight-saving classes was made with no particular problems. At that time, small six-power binoculars were given to the boys to help them see material on school blackboards.

During our stay in the Los Angeles area, the boys were active in the South Gate YMCA with their cousins and attended summer camps. They also participated in YMCA fundraising campaigns by selling soap. In addition they would bring avocados from the ranch and go door-to-door selling them. Every Friday after work we would rush from our South Gate apartment, buy hamburgers and drive to Fallbrook to begin our weekend activities at the ranch. My taste for hamburgers began a steady decline after that.

We raised the question with the school authorities about letting Charlie and Gordon attend regular school. When the Los Angeles school administration was reluctant to allow this, we turned to the Fallbrook schools and got their permission to enroll our boys there. In the fall of 1953 Gordon entered the fifth

grade and Charlie the seventh grade. The transition to regular classes was not easy; they were teased about having to sit on the front row and to read the blackboard with their binoculars. They were determined to succeed and received excellent support from the teachers. And succeed they did.



## *Chapter Ten*

### The Family is Together in Fallbrook

**W**ith the family together year round, the time had come for a major decision. Should I continue to commute back and forth from Los Angeles to Fallbrook? The orchard had developed to the point where significant amounts of avocados were being harvested each year. Not enough money to totally support our growing family, but with some additional outside income it would provide a very attractive life. I was offered the job of running the small water company that provided water to the San Luis Rey Heights, our small community of avocado, orange and lemon growers. "Running" in this case meant everything from managing the pumps for eight wells, maintaining the distribution piping system and the reservoir, reading the meters, billing the customers and keeping the books. While the pay was marginal, it was considered good enough. So, I left Mobil on good terms in July of 1953.

Once together in Fallbrook, the family entered into a variety of activities. The boys and I became part of the local Scout troop. Camping in that part of the world was excellent with many campsites close at hand. Genevieve got involved with the local schools and was elected to the school board in 1956. It was an interesting time for matters concerning the best way to teach reading. The teacher's colleges almost universally were opposed to the phonics method, while most of the critics outside the school system thought phonics was an excellent way for children to learn to read. Genevieve was clearly on the side of phonics and so ran into a lot of criticism from both the teachers and the superintendent of schools. As it turned out, phonics was eventually recognized by most educators as a very useful tool.

I joined the local Lions Club. The orchard was operated with the help of a Mexican farm worker (sometimes the worker was an undocumented immigrant



Fig. 40 Eagle Scouts all, 1957

or a “wetback”). Work with managing the water company was interesting and took a lot of time. In the second year, after below normal rainfall, the volume of well water available dropped significantly and a rationing system had to be put into place. Getting compliance from the orchard growers was possible only by convincing them that I was being absolutely fair with everyone, both the large and small land owners. We managed to get through the water shortage and a new supply of water from the Colorado water aqueduct was brought in.

The boys continued to progress very well in school with the help of some excellent and caring teachers. They were very active in extra-curricular projects, particularly in Scouting. Charlie was awarded his Eagle badge in 1955 while Gordon got his in 1957 (Fig. 40). They both

participated in science fairs and showed real interest in science and technology. Charlie participated and received an award at a mathematics field day sponsored by Occidental College. One of our neighbors had a son-in-law who was a professor of chemical engineering at the California Institute of Technology. After a number of conversations, Charlie expressed to the professor his interest in attending Cal-Tech. The professor who was on the admissions committee told Charlie that when he was ready to let him know.

During the summer, every Wednesday afternoon was beach day. We would drive down to the beach by Carlsbad, have a swim in the ocean and cook hamburgers. We also took a number of trips to the public library in San Diego to get information for schoolwork that was not available in our local library.

## *Chapter Eleven*

### The Hard Facts About Avocados

**I**t was between 1956 and 1957 that reality began to sink in on the economics of avocado ranching for a young and growing family. The variable factors were several: crop yields, crop prices, growing costs and tree diseases. For a retired couple with some outside income, this life was very attractive. However, our holding of 14 acres was too small and the prospects of acquiring more were not promising. There were indications that a fungus disease was beginning to appear in some parts of the orchard that if left unchecked would kill the trees. Yields depended on daytime temperatures during blooming season and prices obtained were quite erratic. I was confident that I could return to Mobil in Los Angeles. The boys were reaching a point where they would need financial help attending college. The decision was made to sell the orchard and for me to return to work in the oil industry.

Whether with foresight or not, from the beginning we did not sell farming as an objective to the boys. For example, to enable Charlie to qualify for a Scouting merit badge in animal husbandry, we got him a day-old male calf from a local dairy. He raised Oscar until he was 500 to 600 pounds. The bull (steer by then) was to be sold to a butcher who paid the going rate for fresh beef. Charlie had a wonderful time with Oscar, took very good care of him and on occasion fed him expensive but appropriate feed. When the day came, we loaded Oscar onto the pick-up truck and took him to a butcher who paid us the going rate for fresh beef. Charlie was astonished and disappointed when he counted the money. It turned out that Oscar's meat only qualified as "canner and cutter" and not as "prime beef" because Oscar was of dairy stock. Oscar about repaid Charlie for his expenses and very little for his time.

An amusing part of Oscar's life with us was when I reminded Charlie that our name was derived from Sir Turnbull, the name given to a poor peasant



Fig. 41 Charlie and Oscar the Bull

in Scotland, who saved King Robert from a bull and was knighted on the spot. I suggested that every morning he take Oscar by the head and bring him to the ground by turning his head. Charlie did this most mornings even when Oscar was nearly full grown (Fig. 41). Raising Oscar was a challenge. On a couple of occasions he knocked over the bee hives and often would break loose. We would get calls from our neighbors that Oscar was staring at them through their window.

In early 1957, the orchard and home were put up for sale. The real estate market in our area was soft at the time and it was near the end of 1957 that we found a couple that very much wanted the place. They were not well off financially, but we gambled and agreed to a sale.

By this time my brother-in-law, Burton and his wife, Juliet, were in Wiesbaden, Germany, where he was with the security service arm of the Air Force. On one of

their visits, Burt suggested that Charlie spend some time with them in Germany before entering college. They were both wonderful role models for the boys and particularly Burt because he shared their vision problem. There was an excellent German language school in Bad Reichenhal near Munich, which was designed for foreigners and one that Juliet had attended. This sounded like an excellent proposal to Charlie, but only if he could accelerate his graduation from high school. To do this he took upper division high school correspondence courses from the University of California, including analytical geometry and German language that could be added to the courses he was taking in Fallbrook. He consulted with the Cal-Tech professor and learned that with his SAT scores, Cal-Tech would recommend that he spend the year in Germany and not worry whether or not he officially graduated from high school.

## *Chapter Twelve*

### Back to the Real World

**M**obil rehired me in their Vernon Laboratories in January of 1958. The boys entered the South Pasadena school system, Charlie in the last half of the twelfth grade and Gordon in the last half of the ninth grade. The school administration had no problem accepting Charlie having skipped the eleventh grade. After graduation in June 1958, he left for Germany and was within a four- to five-hour drive from Burt and Juliet. It turned out that there was a friend of Burt and Juliet's who lived in Munich who made frequent contact with Charlie.

Work at Mobil proved to be challenging with my first assignment at the Torrance Refinery representing the Vernon Laboratory in surveying the refinery operations and providing help in resolving their processing and quality problems. Working at the refinery meant a long commute from South Pasadena through the heart of Los Angeles to Torrance. This was not a particularly fun activity compared with the orchard where work was just outside our door. After about a year I was transferred back to Vernon, which was much closer to South Pasadena, where I was involved with a variety of activities and then with the electrode binder project.

The objective of the electrode binder project was to take a low-value residue from the refinery catalytic cracking unit and, with appropriate processing, upgrade it to a high-value product that would be sold to the aluminum manufacturing industry. In producing aluminum, bauxite or aluminum oxide, ore is fed into a high-temperature electrolytic process. The ore is reduced to the metal when in contact with carbon electrodes. The electrodes are normally made by mixing coke with coal tar. Our objective was to determine whether or not a binder could be produced from petroleum byproducts such as the residue from the catalytic cracking unit. Initial results from laboratory studies were





Fig. 42 From left in 1958: father, Garnet; Edward; Margaret; mother, Edith; Bob; and Ken.

promising. The next step was to build and operate a pilot unit to determine whether production of a binder was feasible and whether it would be acceptable to the aluminum industry. My job was to supervise the pilot unit operations. An essential part of the study was to contact the major aluminum producers, Reynolds Aluminum, Aluminum Company of Canada and Kaiser Aluminum, and get them to evaluate the product from our pilot unit. I became part of a team that contacted them.

Gordon graduated from the ninth grade and in the fall entered South Pasadena High School. He almost immediately joined and became active in the Junior Statesmen, a club that encourages its members to increase their knowledge and interest in democratic government. Little did we realize that many years later

this experience would serve him well when he was elected to the Hawai'i State Senate. He met some very good friends and participated in a number of trips to see government in action, including a trip to the legislature in Sacramento. The club also set up summer school programs at the University of California, Berkeley. Gordon spent part of the summer of 1960 on the Cal Berkeley campus.

All during the period that our family was growing, we took trips to Tacoma, Wash., to see my parents and members of our extended family. At different times we traveled by bus, train or by car. The boys met their uncles, aunts and had fun with their many cousins. On one of our early trips, my father asked if I would consider going to medical school if he paid the costs. His plan was that I could step into his practice after I got my M.D. degree. I

thanked him for his confidence in me, but told him I thought I was not suited for the medical profession.

Figure 42 is a photo of my parents, siblings and me at that time.

Charlie returned from his year in Germany in the summer of 1959 and had many photographs and stories from his trip. After finishing studies at the German language school (Bad Reichenhal), he toured Europe using a Eurail pass and had a great experience. Charlie had applied to Cal-Tech from Germany and was accepted. He started college in the fall of 1959.

Work on the electrode binder project proceeded. Product from the pilot unit was tested by the aluminum companies and reported to be quite promising. In late 1960, Mobil made the decision to shut down the Vernon laboratories and transfer most of the engineering staff to their main laboratories in Paulsboro, New Jersey. In early 1961, Genevieve and I rented a house in Pitman, N.J., which was about eight miles from my likely new place of work. Gordon remained in South Pasadena with friends to graduate from high school before joining us.



## *Chapter Thirteen*

### Life in New Jersey

For a short period after we moved to New Jersey, there was some uncertainty as to where I was going to be stationed; Paulsboro, the New York City headquarters or the Brooklyn laboratory. It was decided that I would work in the Paulsboro laboratories. I was assigned to a group that evaluated newly discovered crude oil. They conducted lubricating oil base stock studies and pilot unit work in the thermal processing of crude oil residual stocks. We then searched for and found what was to be our home for the next 16 years at 429 Lake Avenue, in Pitman, N.J. (Fig. 43).

Before we moved to our new house, two events of note took place. After Gordon's graduation from South Pasadena, we took some time to help him decide where he wanted to attend college. The choice was narrowed to Antioch College in Ohio and Rutgers University in New Jersey. We visited both campuses and after a lot of study, Gordon selected Rutgers, the state



Fig. 43 Pitman, N.J., home



Fig. 44 Bliks, our Keeshound

university of New Jersey, about 80 miles from Pitman. Second, Charlie and his cousin, Dale Miller, who had been accepted to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, urged us to find a dog to keep Genevieve and me company. After quite a bit of searching and consulting, we got a male Keeshound puppy from a breeder in Pennsylvania. This was a Dutch breed trained for controlling rats. His name was Bliksen van Beten or Bliks for short. It turned out to be a wonderful choice. We got quite interested in obedience training and showing him at breed shows. He received many prizes in both activities (Fig. 44).

At one obedience meet, Bliks was in a large group of competitors in the Long Stay exercise. The handlers, including Genevieve, had their dogs in the down position and then walked out of the arena while their dogs were expected to remain down. I was seated with the large crowd in the arena and noticed that Bliks was getting anxious to get up and move. I cleared my throat a little louder than necessary and Bliks turned his head in my direction and immediately settled down.

Work in the Paulsboro laboratories was quite varied and interesting. Although I was not directly connected to the binder project, the product was sufficiently promising that a decision was made to make commercial size batches for large-scale tests. Commercial units in the Augusta, Kan. and in the Ferndale, Wash., refineries were chosen to make these test runs. For the next several years,

my involvement with the project included discussions with Mobil engineering, refinery and marketing personnel, participating in making production runs at the Augusta and Ferndale plants and discussing the potential of the binder with aluminum producers. This work involved visiting aluminum refineries in Arkansas, north of Montreal, Canada, New Orleans and Bonneville, Ore. It was finally decided that while the product was attractive to the aluminum producers, it was not something that Mobil considered suitable as a future product.

Life on the East Coast offered many opportunities to learn more about America's early history and its beautiful countryside. We took advantage of these whenever we had a chance. The New England states were of particular interest and over time we managed to see much of New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, including Cape Cod. Locally, the Pocono Mountains in Pennsylvania provided camping opportunities. Valley Forge in the spring was spectacular with dogwoods, rhododendrons and forsythia in bloom. On many of these trips we went with family or friends. Mel and Louise Henry, who joined us in the move from the Vernon laboratory, were frequent travel mates. They were avid bird watchers and helped us identify the many species. This was the beginning of a long relationship. They traveled with us on a number of trips to Europe, England, Scotland and Ireland, as well as trips throughout the United States.

Charlie and Gordon continued in their college work. During summer breaks they both found jobs. Charlie first worked with Watkins-Johnson Company and then with Hewlett Packard, both in Palo Alto. Gordon spent his first summer with the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena and the second with Mobil laboratories in Paulsboro.

Work for me at the laboratories was varied. One area of work was determining the value of newly discovered crude oils, whether it was from the North Sea, Nigeria, North Africa, off the coast of Australia or wherever Mobil's Exploration Division was working. The objective was to determine the potential yields of gasoline and diesel fuel and whether or not the crude was suitable for the production of lubricating oil stocks. In examining a crude for its lubricating oil potential, we would prepare the appropriate boiling range fraction from the crude and take it through the different processing steps, i.e., solvent extraction to remove undesirable components, dewaxing, then combining the treated fraction with appropriate additives and finally, evaluating the oil in diesel engine tests. The value of a crude for lubricating oil manufacturing was determined by the yields of finished oils and by their performance when combined with standard additive mixes. The potential yields and quality of gasoline, jet fuels and diesel oil were determined for all crude oils.

It was during this period that I was involved in lectures to other Mobil

people on the processes involved in preparing lubricating oil base stocks. The people were generally those involved in marketing company products. Preparation for these talks was quite an experience since I never was comfortable speaking in public. A lot of time was spent in preparing slides, demonstrations and rehearsals with only the slide projector and screen in the audience. The first few talks were not particularly fun, but with time I developed confidence. In addition to giving general talks on techniques in preparing lube base stocks, there were training programs for Mobil people worldwide who were involved in lube base stock production. There were refineries in England, Germany, Italy, South Africa, Australia and two in the United States that had lube production facilities. These weeklong programs were given about every other year in London, England and in Hamburg, Germany. The attendees varied from those who were just learning lube base stock technology to those who were long timers. The meetings gave me a chance to meet and share experiences with some wonderful people from many parts of the world.

I was involved with a very interesting project in 1964 that had to do with evaluating an additive in the dewaxing process. It showed some promise in the lube oil dewaxing, though data was needed to determine whether it could also be used in lowering the pour point of jet fuels and diesel fuels from certain crude oils. Tests in the laboratory were encouraging

and larger scale tests were indicated. The Bremen, Germany, refinery was chosen as the location for further testing. Some of the crude oils processed at Bremen gave products in the jet fuels and diesel fuel boiling range that did not meet freezing point specifications because of unwanted waxes. In the presence of the additive, wax crystals that formed at low temperatures could be removed by filtration. Without the additive, filtration was not possible. In the spring of 1965 I was in Bremen for about eight weeks conducting tests with Bremen personnel with equipment they had assembled. It was a great experience in many ways. We got promising results from our tests. My German improved significantly to the point where I could go into a travel agency and order tickets to London with hotel reservations.

The rebuilding of Bremen city was impressive after the damage sustained during World War II. Expressions of gratitude were received from the Germans for the Marshall Plan, which provided desperately needed help and food. I enjoyed drinking German wine and eating many (but not all) of their foods. Genevieve spent most of this period with Burt and Juliet in Wiesbaden and doing some traveling, particularly to Norway. They also made a memorable trip to Italy.

Charlie graduated from Cal-Tech in June of 1963. He chose to stay an extra year to get his master's degree in electrical engineering. Hewlett Packard offered

him a position in their Palo Alto campus located on Page Mill Road, which he quickly accepted.

Gordon graduated from Rutgers in June of 1966 and entered the Peace Corps. After a training program at then Radcliff College in Cambridge, Mass., he was sent to the Philippines. He first served as an elementary science and math teacher in schools in a rather remote area in the mountains east of Manila in Ilocos. He was then transferred to Legazpi, a city in the southern part of Luzon in the shadow of beautiful Mount Mayon.

My father passed away in October 1966, at age 82, in the retirement home, Wesley Terrace in Des Moines, Wash. My mother, Edith, had preceded him in 1965. They were much beloved by the family and their many friends, in all walks of life. My father was very much a role model for me throughout my life.

Also in 1966, Burt and Juliet moved from Weisbaden, Germany, to Laurel, Md. He worked in Air Force intelligence at nearby Fort Meade. This was the start of many enjoyable times. Juliet was introduced to the bicycle and with Genevieve already proficient, we had many rides along the beautiful C&O (Chesapeake and Ohio) Canal which began in Ohio and ended just outside of Washington, D.C. (Fig. 45).

In 1968 we had our first trip to the American Virgin Islands via San Juan, Puerto Rico. Charlie and Marcia accompanied us first to St. Thomas by





Fig. 45 Juliet, Burt and Bob bicycling along the C&O Canal, 1966

air and then to St. John by boat. Marcia Coburn was a very lovely lady that Charlie had met with a group of HP friends. She was a grade school teacher who had lived most of her life in the Boston area. It was a wonderful trip, which included sailing, snorkeling and beach lounging. It was

on the beach that I encountered stinging jellyfish. I asked the local ranger if there was anything I could do. Her suggestion was that I get a pint of good Scotch, drink all of it and lie down. She commented that it might help reduce the pain for several hours.

## *Chapter Fourteen*

### Visit to the Philippines

**E**arly in 1969, Gordon advised us that a girl from the Philippines had received a position as a nurse in a hospital in northern New Jersey. He said she was probably lonely and would we try to make contact with her. We did and met Queonia, a very lovely lady. Without any background about her, we soon learned that she was the elder daughter of a man who owned a hardware store in Legazpi where Gordon was stationed. Queonia had a younger sister, Sonia, who worked for her father in the store. From this we gathered that Gordon had met Sonia and was seeing her occasionally.

It was about this time that we decided to visit the Philippines to see Gordon, who was in his third year and due to come back to America in August of 1969. When we proposed this, Gordon was all for it. Our trip to the Philippines included a visit to Japan and to Hong Kong. As an aside, Gordon commented that he might be able to arrange for us to see a local wedding to demonstrate how these things were done in that part of the Philippines. We arrived in Legazpi in the early part of June to experience tropical heat. Fortunately our hotel room had air conditioning to which we escaped about every two hours between sightseeing. The area around Legazpi is very beautiful, with rice fields, coconut trees and tropical vegetation and with a view of Mount Mayon, a volcanic mountain with a perfect cone. Truly, it is a tropical paradise.

It turned out that the local wedding Gordon was talking about was his marriage to Sonia! It was an exciting time for all. A number of decisions had to be made, some routine and some challenging. An example was whether or not Scotch whiskey should be available at all tables at the dinner after the wedding or should it be limited to the head table only. It was Gordon who decided that Scotch would be limited to the head table. It was a beautiful



Fig. 46 Gordon and Sonia's wedding, 1969

wedding in a wonderful setting on June 11, 1969. Everyone had a good time. Many members of the Peace Corps associated with Gordon were there (Fig. 46).

We accompanied Gordon and Sonia on a brief honeymoon trip to Baguio, a mountain resort north of Manila. We then returned to the United States while Gordon and Sonia went back to Manila to prepare for their relocation to the U.S.

Gordon had given a lot of thought as to where he wanted to live after leaving the Peace Corps. High on his list was Hawai'i because of its weather and population mix, which he felt would be easiest for Sonia to adjust to. Also, one of his friends from the Peace Corps lived there and described Honolulu with its excellent public transportation network.

## *Chapter Fifteen*

### Travels to Hawai'i and England

In the fall of 1969, Sonia visited us in Pitman, N.J., while Gordon was getting organized in Honolulu where he had found a teaching position at the University of Hawai'i. She was carrying our grandchild at that time and we did what we could to make her comfortable. She returned to Hawai'i and on March 4, 1970, our first grandchild, Robert, was born.

To satisfy our curiosity about the Hawaiian Islands, in June 1970, we decided to tour Kauai, Maui and Hawai'i. We rented a camper at each airport, loaded up with food, drove to one of the beach parks and used the camper for housing, as well as sightseeing. This was the first time that Sonia had done this sort of thing and soon found out that even with young, four-month-old Robert it was enjoyable. It was a great way to see the islands.

In the spring of 1971, I attended one of the weeklong lube processing meetings in London. At the close of the gathering, Genevieve and I rented a car and made a tour of some historic small inns of England. From experience with English cars with the driver on the right side, I had concluded that one needs at least one week of non-driving experience before attempting to drive in England. We started out on a Saturday morning and made our way to Stonehenge, the site of a very ancient massive stone collection in the shape of large circles. There are a large number of old inns scattered throughout England that have six to 12 bedrooms and have fascinating histories. The names of some of the inns we visited included Plume of Feathers in Sherborne, The Castle Inn in Lydford, George and Pilgrims Inn in Glastonbury and De Olde Bull's Head Hotel in Beaumaris. We visited cathedrals and castles in Salisbury, Exeter, Wells, Ludlow, Harlech and Conway in Wales. We wound up our fascinating trip through old England by seeing a Shakespeare play in Stratford.

Also in 1971 Ellen, Sonia's younger sister, arrived in our area to work as a



nurse in Philadelphia. In that respect she was following her older sister, Queonia. To help Ellen get adjusted to life in America, we had the good fortune to have her spend many weekends with us just across the Delaware River in Pitman. We introduced her to the many beautiful areas in the Northeast.

On Aug. 14, 1971, Charlie and Marcia were married in her hometown, Woburn, Mass., where Marcia's parents still lived. I served as best man for Charlie. It was a very lovely happening and ceremony (Fig. 47).



Fig. 47 Charlie and Marcia's wedding, 1971

## *Chapter Sixteen*

### Trip to Alaska

**T**he marriage of Charlie and Marcia made it easy for them to join the family on a visit to Alaska later in August 1971. Altogether there were eight in the party. Ellen joined Gordon, Sonia and Robby for a wonderful adventure. We boarded the M/V *Malaspina* which is part of the Seattle ferry system that serves the Alaska Marine Highway up the Inside Passage to Skagway. The passage is a fantastically beautiful string of bays, sounds and channels—almost completely sheltered from the ocean throughout its entire length.

We left Seattle at 5 p.m. on Friday, Aug. 20, Charlie's birthday and arrived at our first stop, Ketchikan, at noon on Sunday (Fig. 48). We carried complete sleeping gear, which was necessary because we were not able to reserve bunks onboard and slept on the deck. This was quite common practice because many of the other passengers also bedded down on the floor. As an auto ferry, at least half of the passengers lived at the various stops along the way and saved money by not having staterooms but slept either in their cars or on the deck.

From Ketchikan, by prearrangement, we were taken by a small float plane on a 20–30 minute flight (45 miles) to Lake Wilson, a small lake in the mountains east of Ketchikan. The operators of the plane had shopped for food that we would need while in the only cabin on the lake (Fig. 49).

This area is under the control of the National Forest Service who we had contacted and had gotten permission to use. It required two flights to carry the group with the baggage. The cabin was equipped with a stove and other kitchen equipment and enough bunks for all of us. Outside was a rowboat and plenty of firewood.





Fig. 48 Arrival in Ketchikan, Alaska, 1971

Once settled, I got out my fishing gear. I had spent a lot of time in New Jersey practicing my technique to be sure that fresh fish would be part of our diet. With Sonia in the boat as a passenger, I started employing my skills with very carefully selected lures for the trout in the lake. After quite awhile with no action, Sonia asked if I had a fishhook and line that she could play with. I took care of her request and she baited the hook with some baby food and dropped the line over the side. Almost immediately she caught a trout and hauled it in. This was clearly an accidental catch that could not be

repeated. However, the second time she put the line over the side she caught the second fish and then another until she had nearly a dozen 8- to 10-inch fish in the boat. We were tied to the edge of the lake and while I was casting my line into the lake, she looked over the side of the boat and saw fish swimming along the bank. So much for my expertise and expensive gear, but we did have fresh fish to eat.

After the second night in the cabin, the plane came to pick us up for the return flight to Ketchikan. We caught the next ferry for the trip to Juneau, the capital of Alaska. We spent two nights in Juneau,





Fig. 49 Lake Wilson, Alaska, Sonia and Robby



Fig. 50 Glacier Bay, from left: Gordon, Charlie, Pilot and Robby in the foreground

a beautiful city with a lot of history. We caught a floatplane for a short flight to Glacier Bay, a scenic spot where a huge glacier runs into the water (Fig. 50). On the flight we passed over a spectacular mountain range and saw mountain goats and moose. The next ferry took us to Skagway, the gateway to the Klondike gold country where we spent two nights. This town also has a lot of history and is the starting point of a railroad trip into the gold country along the original route taken by miners. We then sailed back to Seattle after a several hour visit to the beautiful town of Sitka, on Baranof Island, originally established by the Russians. We managed to get staterooms on the return trip, which made passage more comfortable. All together the trip to Alaska along the Inland Passage was wonderful.

## *Chapter Seventeen*

### More Travels: Sailing in the Caribbean

#### With Burt and Juliet

**O**n Jan. 20, 1973, Burt, Juliet, Genevieve and I flew to San Juan, Puerto Rico to board the Conrad Line Adventurer for a visit to several of the Caribbean islands and Venezuela. The old San Juan is very photogenic with high walls, cobblestone streets, a huge fort and a beautiful view of the Caribbean Sea. Every visitor should spend some time walking through this old city.

The cruise like most of its kind sailed at night and arrived at the harbor in the morning, allowing the passengers the whole day to visit the port. The city where we docked determined the activity we would take part in. We toured Grenada, a small and very tropical island, by taxi. At Curacao, the home of a very large Shell refinery, we bicycled out to a small beach, swam and had lunch. We docked at a small port in Venezuela and had a bus ride to Caracas, the capital. In Martinique we toured the island and had a close look at an active but quiet volcano. In St. Thomas, in the American Virgin Islands, we took a small boat ride over to St. John and rented a car for a ride around this very beautiful island. Altogether the cruise was very good and relaxing. On board ship we took part in the usual activities including Captain's Night where we donned the required dress clothes.

## *Chapter Eighteen*

### More on Life in New Jersey

**W**hen at home in Pitman our activities were quite varied. I played golf almost every Saturday with Mobil people. While I did not golf well I had fun. My most notable experience was a hole-in-one shot on a par three hole. My shot off the tee was high and short, but the ball hit a large rock in front of a small pond in front of the green. It bounced high and hit a ridge to one side of the green and rolled from there into the cup!

We took day trips on the weekends into the Pocono Mountains about 30 miles west of Philadelphia. There were a number of campsites, lodges, lakes and streams. It was particularly spectacular in the fall with the autumn leaves.

A number of times we were joined by Mel and Louise Henry (Mobil people) who enjoyed the outdoors and were avid bird-watchers. We would visit bird sanctuaries along the New Jersey shores and other areas.

We also took a trip to the Florida Everglades with the Henrys where we enjoyed the local wildlife. At that time the area was in better ecological health than when we visited it several years later.

We took a number of trips into New Hampshire, Mass., Cape Cod and Nantucket Island. One particularly enjoyable trip was by boat to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, from Portland, Maine. This Canadian Province island has a lot of history associated with the early colonists who chose not to side with those who fought in the revolution against the British and fled to Nova Scotia. The capital and seaport, Halifax, was particularly interesting and spectacular.

The state of Virginia also has a number of fascinating early American historical sites such as Jamestown, Mount Vernon, Yorktown and especially Williamsburg. One clear evening we drove into Williamsburg and stayed in a hotel in the old town and woke up the next morning

with about a foot of new snow on the ground. A beautiful sight!

In the summer of 1967, with my sister, Peggy, we drove to Montreal, Canada, to see the World's Fair. Over the years we also attended the World's Fairs held in San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle and New York City.

## *Chapter Nineteen*

### Shaw Island

In 1976 Burt told us about property he had purchased from his father, my father-in-law, on Shaw Island in the San Juans, an island group between the Washington coast and Vancouver Island. His father was first interested in the property because very good friends, the Camerons who we knew in Fallbrook, had moved to Shaw. He had lost interest in the lot, but thought that Burt might be able to make something of it. Burt asked us if we would help him and Juliet evaluate the property for possible future activity and, of course, we agreed. In midsummer of 1976 we went to the island by auto ferry from Anacortes, Wash. The lot was on the north end of the island about 5 miles north of the ferry landing. It was a 1-plus acre beachfront lot on a rocky knoll (Fig. 51). It was pretty well covered with brush and pine, fir, cedar and madrone trees. Our first job was to get a better handle on the layout of the lot, which meant clearing up all the dead wood and fallen debris. There was a lot of it. Charlie came up with a rough layout for a house, which was much appreciated by Burt and Juliet. Burt hired local builder, Skip Bold. After the final plans were completed, Skip started the building process. The house was nearly completed in the fall of 1977 at which time Burt and Juliet moved in. Little did I know then that someday I would be the owner.

As I approached the age of 62, thoughts of retirement took quite a bit of my time. Age 62 was quite a popular retiring age then, particularly for those professionals who had long careers working in large technology companies. It was during this period that computer science was taking off and I wasn't sure that I could adapt to it as quickly as the younger engineers. We decided that California would be the place to move to and Palo Alto was high on our list of cities to live in. Charlie and Marcia lived in the area, and found a nice two-bedroom house on a flat lot close to a small shopping center and not too



far from the Stanford campus. In 1976 the house was purchased and for awhile we rented it out to others. My inclination was that I would get in some form of activity with Charlie, the nature of which would be determined.

Malinda Trimble, the adopted daughter of Charlie and Marcia, was born on August 13, 1977. Her welcomed arrival made a big and wonderful difference in all of our lives. At that time they were living in their newly built house in Los Altos Hills.

On May 4, 1978, I said farewell to Mobil Oil, a great company to work for and a wonderful group of people to be with. My title at that time was manager of the Thermal, Lubes and Light Products Group in the Research Department in Paulsboro, N.J. I had been with Mobil for a total of 29 years.



Fig. 51 Bob and Burt clearing Shaw Island lot

## *Chapter Twenty*

### Back to California

**A**fter a few days packing and loading a moving van, we headed west in our Pontiac station wagon with Taiga, our Samoyed dog. We chose the northern route through Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana into California. Taiga was an excellent traveling companion. We managed to get him into our room each night so he would not have to sleep in the car. Our biggest coup was having him with us at the Old Faithful Inn in Yellowstone Park. We saw parts of the country that we hadn't seen before, such as upper Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and South Dakota (Fig. 52). After motoring for about 10 days, we arrived at our new home (Fig. 53). The van arrived a couple of days later giving us time to get organized.

The first project we undertook was to expand both bathrooms. I managed to do all of the construction work, which involved concrete foundation, plumbing, sewer connection, electrical, tile work, wall papering and painting. All of the work had to be approved by the city of Palo Alto authorities.



Fig. 52 Mount Rushmore en route to California



Fig. 53 Palo Alto home, 2563 Waverley St.

## *Chapter Twenty-One*

### The Start of Trimble Navigation, Ltd.

When we had been in Palo Alto for a couple of months, it became clear that Charlie was about to embark on a business venture in which I could play a part. Hewlett Packard (HP) had been working on navigation technology in two areas. One, the Loran-C system which depended on land based transmitters operated by the Coast Guard on the U.S. coasts and Great Lakes. The transmitters emitted signals that could be picked up by a receiver on a boat up to about 600 to 800 miles away. With signals from two transmitters, the receiver calculates its position. The second program and much more complex, was the Global Positioning System (GPS) operated by the Air Force, which depended on up to 27 satellites 10,000 to 12,000 miles above the earth. With signals from three or more satellites, the receiver could calculate its latitude, longitude and elevation anywhere on the earth's surface.

Hewlett Packard had gone to considerable effort working on these two systems, but decided that they would not continue in their work with the Loran-C system on which they had spent over \$1 million. Charlie heard of this decision and approached HP to see if they would sell their technology to him so that he could set up a company, continue with its development and market the finished product. They agreed on terms of \$50,000, which included all of the prototype designs and hardware. Thus a new enterprise was launched in November 1978.

The first team was made up of three people from HP: engineers Tom Coates and Dan Babitch, Kit Mura Smith, Charlie's administrative assistant and an engineer friend of Charlie's, John Siedhoff. Tom and Dan had worked on the Loran project at HP and were anxious to have the program continued. A 1,000-square-foot office space was found on State Street in downtown Los Altos, on the second floor of an old theater building. I was elected to be the

general handyman and to take care of writing checks and keeping the books. One of Charlie's first projects was to raise money for the company. He was able to find investors from his family and friends, both outside and within Hewlett Packard.

My first construction project was to make a workbench for the engineers. It was an 8-foot-long bench designed like those used in the HP labs. Construction was done at home and when completed the bench was taken to the office building. Much to my chagrin we found that the bench could not be transported up the stairwell to the office. After cutting about 3 inches off the legs, it could be carried upstairs. It served us well and after over 20 years was still in use by Tom Coates. Many of these benches were built. From the start we decided we would not buy new furniture but would get by with used furniture from auctions. I quickly learned when not to raise my hand at an auction.

After about a year in Los Altos, we moved the company to a building in Mountain View located at 1077 Independence Avenue, to accommodate the larger staff and space needed for production of the early model of the Loran-C unit. It was there that the first Loran 10-C was introduced to the sailing community.

A memorable event at that time was working with an all-girl crew that had

entered the Long Beach to Honolulu Trans Pacific sailboat race. The objective was that with our Loran unit, the crew would have a much easier time navigating their boat over the Pacific. It was acknowledged that midway to Honolulu the signals to the unit would be weak or nonexistent. However, it was a wonderful opportunity for us to show the world that this new technology was a significant improvement over the old Loran-A system. The trial for us included helping setup the unit in Long Beach Harbor and then welcoming the crew on their arrival in Honolulu. The girls did not win but did well enough for our purposes. The company's Loran business was off and running.

By 1982 annual sales of the Loran units were about \$1 million. It was at that time that Charlie learned that Hewlett Packard was canceling their development program on their Global Positioning System (GPS). He approached HP and bought the rights to their development model for \$75,000. At that time, only seven of the 24 satellites in the final system were in orbit. The rest were expected to be in position by 1987. The early products could only be used for tasks that did not require 24-hour coverage. Units were built and marketed for land and offshore surveying that needed about 10-meter accuracy, and for accurately calibrating cesium clocks on earth using the readings of the atomic clocks in the satellites.



## *Chapter Twenty-Two*

### Return to China—1983

**I**n the summer of 1983, we welcomed the opportunity to tour China with a group set up by the University of Puget Sound (Fig. 54).

After an overnight stay in Japan, we traveled to Beijing and then to the following cities; Luoyang, Xian, Shanghai, Hangzhou (West Lake), Guilin, Guangzhou (Canton) and Hong Kong. There were 24 of us with then UPS President Phil Phibbs and his wife, Gwen, as hosts and Professor of Chinese History, Suzanne Barnett, as our resident expert. It was a very compatible group interested in learning about China while it was recovering from the effects of the Cultural Revolution that ended about 1977. Genevieve and I were interested in seeing Fuzhou, but it was still closed to significant foreign tourist travel for security reasons, presumably because of its closeness to Taiwan.



Fig. 54 University of Puget Sound group in China



Fig. 55 Temple of Heaven, Beijing, 1983

Beijing was everything we had imagined it would be, very historic with grand parade grounds, beautiful temples and beautiful parks. The streets were very crowded with people, walking and on bicycles. The very few cars and trucks on the city streets appeared to be associated with the armed forces. We were moved around on a bus with a Chinese tour guide who was with us for our whole stay in China, as well as a local guide that joined us in each city.

We were housed in the Diaoyutai State Guesthouse, a former imperial dwelling built over 800 years ago in the western suburbs of Beijing. In 1959 it took on a new look with the construction of 15 villas around a large lake and became the guesthouse for heads of state and other distinguished guests. Former President



Fig. 56 Luoyang Caves

Nixon and Secretary of State Kissinger both stayed there. It was truly a beautiful place to begin our visit to China.

Our stay in Beijing included visits to the Forbidden City, the Temple of Heaven (Fig. 55), Tiananmen Square, Mao Tse tung Hall, the Marco Polo Bridge, the Summer Palace, the University of Beijing, the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall. We saw a number of pandas, both young and mature. Of particular interest were the baby pandas and the obvious care that their parents or grandparents lavished on them. The whole area is a photographer's wonderland.

At that time, the usual mode of transportation for visitors traveling between major cities was by train or by air since major highways were not yet built. Our next stop, after a 400-mile overnight



trip by train from Beijing, was Luoyang at the confluence of the Yellow and Wei rivers. It is now a major agricultural center and an ancient and cultural mecca. The sculptures in Longmen Grottoes along the river bank are spectacular. Thousands of superb 6th-century Buddhas, including a 45-foot image in the lotus position, are carved into sandstone caves (Fig. 56).

Our next stop was Xian, 100 miles west of Luoyang, which we reached by train. It was near Xian in 1970 that a gigantic tomb was found. It was built in about 220 B.C. by Emperor Qin who was credited for unifying China and completing the construction of the Great Wall. The tomb contained 7,500 life-size clay soldiers, buried in battle formation with real war chariots along with weapons of wood and bronze. Each head had been individually modeled—perhaps to represent the various peoples in Qin's dynasty. The clay soldiers are painstakingly detailed. Approximately 500 full-size clay horses are buried with the soldiers. The restoration work is being very carefully carried out and gives the visitor a wonderful picture of this time period some 2,000 years ago.

Xian is one of the important cradles of Chinese civilization. From the 11th century B.C. to the early 10th century A.D., more than 10 dynasties established their capitals there. It is now the capital of Shaanxi Province in the center of the fertile Kuan-chung plain region and has a population of more than 2.5 million people.

From Xian we flew to Shanghai, the major commercial and marine export city in China. It has a fascinating history, coupled with foreign influence, which began in 1842 when it was one of the five ports made as foreign concessions after China's defeat in the Opium War. Shanghai rebuilt rapidly after the years of virtual stagnation during the Cultural Revolution.

We visited a number of places including a rug factory, some museums and the Children's Palace, where grade-school children go after school to attend classes in music and art. They were having a carnival when we were there with all the children dressed in very colorful costumes. Parents and family members were present to enjoy the festivities.

We were bused from Shanghai to Hangzhou, a large city by West Lake, a large, beautiful park. In Hangzhou we visited a very large silk factory where silk thread from the cocoons was taken by placing the cocoons in hot water and then the thread was woven and dyed into finished fabrics in many colors. Large trucks brought the cocoons by the millions from the countryside. This reminded me of my boyhood when we took the tiny eggs, watched the worms emerge and fed them with mulberry leaves from a tree we had. The mature worms buried themselves in their silk cocoons only to emerge several months later as moths who then laid eggs for the next generation.

Our next stop was Guilin where for centuries Chinese artists have painted the mountain peaks along the Li River (Fig. 57). It is truly a beautiful area and a landscape photographer's paradise. We took a cruise boat down the winding river with breathtaking scenes at every turn. Fishermen on bamboo rafts would wave at us. Their "pet" cormorants had strings around their neck to keep them from swallowing the catch. It was in Guilin that we attended an excellent evening music performance in a local hall. In town there was a 300-step climb that gave a wonderful view of the city and the surrounding countryside, peaks and the river.

We were then flown to Guangzhou (Canton), a major city that is on the China side of the border close to Hong Kong. All of our flights in China were on local airliners that provided excellent service.

At that time, most of the airports did not have much traffic, a condition that would change on our later visits to China. In Canton we visited the Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall, which honored the father of the Chinese republic, declared in 1912. Finally, we had a short train ride to Hong Kong where we stayed for a couple of days before returning home.

It was after our trip home and reflecting on our experience that we came to the conclusion that the most satisfying way to contribute to the University of Puget Sound would be by helping to strengthening their Asian Studies Program. At that time we were not yet in a position to do much, but in a few years we could make significant contributions. We even dreamed of the possibility that a connection could be made between UPS and Hwa Nan College, which had been reopened after the end of the Cultural Revolution.



Fig. 57 Li River at Guilin



In 1985 Trimble Navigation was still in the Loran-C business and was marketing GPS units, even though their use was severely restricted because of the lack of satellites. Only seven of the 24 needed were in use. Then in January 1986, disaster struck with the explosion of the space shuttle *Challenger*. Further launches were put off for three years to develop a new rocket booster.

The GPS units at that time were boxes about 2-feet-by-8-inches high and required a fair amount of power. A lot of effort was put into developing a hand-held unit that had only modest power needs. Such a unit was built, and in May 1990 the military ordered and received 1,000 units at \$4,000 each. By that time the complement of satellites was in orbit. When Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, the U.S. military began escalating their orders.

Trimble Navigation was off and running. By that time we had moved its offices to 645 Mary Avenue in Sunnyvale (Fig. 58). I was responsible for facilities, safety and security, as well as for certain financial matters.



Fig. 58 Trimble's Sunnyvale office, 1985

## *Chapter Twenty-Three*

### Gardens in Europe and the British Isles

**I**n May of 1985 we joined Mel and Louise Henry for a flower and garden tour of Europe starting in Holland. Tulips were at their most beautiful in Holland and particularly at Keukenhof Gardens (Fig. 59). In addition to tulips there were magnificent displays of daffodils, narcissus and hyacinths in a 60-acre park among stately trees and tranquil pools. We rode on Amsterdam's famous canals and saw a number of operating windmills. Entering Germany through Cologne, with its 13th-century cathedral, we boarded a Rhine steamer for a trip through very spectacular parts of this great river. There were many vineyards and old castles perched on the steep hillsides.



Fig. 59 Bob  
and Genevieve  
at Keukenhof  
Gardens, Holland,  
1985

From the Rhine we were bused to Heidelberg, the site of the oldest university in Germany, immortalized by Sigmund Romberg in his operetta "Student Prince." We were then taken through the Black Forest region to Lake Constance and to the tiny island of Mainau in the lake. The island estate is Swedish Crown property. The famous and spectacular gardens there are maintained by the family of Count Lennart Bernadotte. Entering Switzerland we were taken through Zurich to Lucerne, the Swisest of all Swiss towns. It lies on the shore of Lake Lucerne. From the top of Mt. Rigi, reachable by cable car, we got spectacular views of the Swiss Alps. At a Swiss peasant's show we were given the opportunity to blow and try to make noise with one of their long horns. Different horns had different notes and were used to communicate long distances through the mountains. We were also treated to a Swiss cheese fondue.

From Switzerland we entered France and spent a night in Dijon where we not only saw mustard fields but were treated to some Dijon mustard! The next day we were bused into Paris to the Hotel Concorde La Fayette, which is near the Arc de Triomphe. Besides the usual sights in Paris and Versailles, we were taken to Claude Monet's famous home, garden and pond. It was truly a memorable visit.

We then crossed the English Channel by steamer from Calais to Dover and were bused to Canterbury in the beautiful county of Kent which is the site of the magnificent Canterbury Church. We then

spent three days in London visiting the Wesley Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society and the famous palace and gardens of King Henry the Eighth at Hampton Court, among other sites. Thus ended a truly enjoyable trip and we then headed back to our respective homes.

In August of 1986 we took another garden tour with the Henrys through England, Scotland and the Wales.

After landing in London we were taken to Stratford where we spent two nights. We saw a Shakespeare play and toured the Cotswolds. Then we went to Coventry, the site of the old cathedral reduced to a blackened shell during World War II. The new cathedral, built alongside it, made quite an impression on us. We spent a night in the old Lumley Castle Hotel in County Durham before going on to Edinburgh, Scotland, for two nights. The city and the area around are beautiful and interesting. In the evening, we attended the large stadium in the shadow of the spectacular castle/fortress listening to a large bagpipe band and other Scottish music and dances. As part of our evening meal, we were "treated" to haggis, a particular Scottish dish made of sheep lungs, heart and other organs, mixed with suet, seasoning and oatmeal and boiled in the animal's stomach. If you didn't know its composition, it is good and rather tasty.

From Edinburgh we rode northwest to Inverness in the western highlands that are kept warm by the Gulf Stream. By train we traveled north from Inverness





Fig. 60 Inverewe Gardens, Scotland

to the famous garden of Inverewe (Fig. 60), which is the same latitude as Sitka, Alaska, but because of the Gulf Stream grows a wealth of subtropical plants and trees. Next we headed south through the lake country (Loch Ness) and went into North Wales and spent two nights in Chester, an ancient city that dates back to the Middle Ages and the Romans in 79 A.D. From Chester we visited several castles and gardens for which Wales is famous. The gigantic castle of Caernarfon, started in 1283 A.D., was particularly impressive. Then on to Bath with its history of curative mineral waters (not particularly tasty) and finally to London where we spent three nights while seeing Kew Gardens, Windsor Castle and many

other sights. At this point we parted from our travel friends who headed for home while we flew to Ireland with the Henrys for a memorable weeklong visit.

When we were preparing for the British garden tour it occurred to us that perhaps we could extend our trip with a visit to the Irish Free State. We had heard that it was possible to rent a cottage in a small Irish village and with a rental car tour the area. Responding to our inquiry, the Irish consulate in San Francisco gave us information on a number of towns where such facilities were available. We decided on the small town of Kilfinane, which is about 24 miles from the city of Limerick. After our flight from London we picked up a car at the airport and carefully drove





Fig. 61 Cliffs of Moher, West Ireland

to Kilfinane. We found our rental about three blocks from the center of town. It was a small, cute two-bedroom house among a number of similar houses across the country road from a cattle farm. We walked into town and shopped in a small store for groceries.

This turned out to be an excellent way to see Ireland. By taking relatively short trips from our base, it was possible to take in many historic sites, lovely green landscapes, seascapes and meet the wonderful Irish people. Figure 61 was taken by the Cliffs of Moher on a particularly beautiful day. We also saw the Blarney Stone but agreed not to kiss it. To do so required one to get into a precarious position that none of us were prepared to do.

One evening we went walking. I was wearing my Irish hat with a narrow brim when we met two sisters. After a little light conversation, I mentioned that we were Americans. They both smiled and said that they were aware of this at least a block away. They then pointed to my hat. Apparently only American tourists wear Irish hats.

## *Chapter Twenty-Four*

### Return to China—1989

**I**n late 1988, along with Gordon and Sonia, we gave a lot of thought to visiting Nanping, where I was raised, and Fuzhou, the site of Hwa Nan College, the women's school where the Trimble family had been involved. This area was slowly opening up to Western tourists after the Cultural Revolution and the easing of tensions between Mainland China and Taiwan. We contacted Creighton Lacy of the Yenping family we knew when we were there. He was now at Duke University in North Carolina and had maintained close ties with China and sponsored a number of group trips there. He advised caution unless we had a good command of the language and had good contacts in both cities. In June of 1989, he wrote advising against our making the trip because of the uncertain effects after the tragic student uprising in Beijing in May and the unknown reactions in other parts of China.

Sonia turned to her half brother, Goo Mo and family who were living in southern Fukien Province in Zhangzhou, a city near Xiamen (Amoy) on the coast where Sonia and her father visited in 1976. Her brother had three children, Li Ying, Ziquang and Ziwon. Li Ying was married to Yu Lui, whose family lived in Fuzhou. This sounded like a perfect solution to our visit to Fukien Province. Her brother thought he might be able to arrange the use of a nine-passenger van and driver to take us wherever we wanted to go in Fukien Province. We were thus able to satisfy the first of Creighton's concerns and were told by Sonia's brother that there had been little or no carryover of the problems in Beijing in this province. The beginnings of our trip were settled!

On October 6 we boarded a ship in Hong Kong for an overnight sail to Xiamen. We encountered the last vestiges of a typhoon on the trip and thus found very few shipmates in the dining room for any of the meals. After a rolling voyage and only minor ill effects, we landed to a royal reception in





Fig.62 Greeting in Xiamen, from left: Yu (Mason), Gordon, Sonia, Sonia's brother, Genevieve, Bob, Li Ying

Xiamen. It immediately became apparent that we were going to have an interesting communication challenge. Sonia's brother and his wife, along with their son and his wife, and their daughter and her husband met us (Fig. 62).

Sonia was born and raised in the Philippines and remembered very little Chinese. Her half brother spoke neither English nor Filipino. Of the children only Li Ying and her husband, Yu, had extensively studied written English and were strongly motivated to master the spoken language, so it was a challenge for all of us. With the use of sign language, pencil and paper and the strong desire to communicate in English, we managed very well. Both Yu and Li Ying expressed a strong interest in visiting America. Little did we know at that time what a wonderful role both would have in the lives of the Palo Alto and Honolulu Trimble.

Xiamen is a major seaport on the south

China coast with an interesting history. It was one of the five Free Trade Zones established in 1842 after the Opium War, and one of the first Special Economic Zones established in 1980 to promote foreign trade and investment after the end of the Cultural Revolution. We spent two nights there visiting temples, parks and taking a boat ride to Gulangyu, a small island in the harbor with a fascinating past. In the late 19th century, it was the site of foreign embassies and trading houses and has the original buildings and many European style shops. It was on Gulangyu that former President Nixon and Henry Kissinger met with Premier Deng Xiaoping. From the top of Sunlight Rock, there is a beautiful 360-degree view of the harbor and Quemoy Island, which is occupied by the Taiwan government. Much of the money that has gone into the rapid expansion of Xiamen came from overseas Chinese citizens. They are out of reach of the communist government which has done little to interfere with these funds.

We left Xiamen traveling northward along the coast, in a nine-passenger Toyota van with a military man who turned out to be an excellent driver. Aboard were the four of us from America, Sonia's half brother, his daughter, Li Ying, and her husband, Yu. We headed for Fuzhou where Yu's parents lived. The trip was expected to take all day with the road conditions at that time. Our first stop was Zhangzhou where Li Ying and Yu graduated from the Hua Chiao University, also known

as the Overseas Chinese University. The government had sent them to this lower rated university because both of their families had relatives who had left China. It turned out that this was a good choice because the university was receiving extra funds from overseas Chinese and thus had better equipment, particularly more up-to-date computers. The highway from Xiamen to Fuzhou was mostly a two-lane road. There was quite a bit of maintenance work going on with rather primitive equipment.

We arrived in Fuzhou in the late afternoon and were housed in a multi-story hotel. It was clean but old, hot and had no elevator. We carried our luggage up three floors. It was clear that hotel modernization had not yet reached this part of China.

The next morning we went to the Hwa Nan campus, which was about five blocks from the original set of three buildings. We met with an administrator, Xu Daofeng, who had studied under my dad's cousin, Ethel Wallace, and of course was quite familiar with the Trimble name. She had an excellent command of English and gave us the present status of the college. It had been made a part of the Fuzhou National University, consisting of four campuses, in 1954. The college was shut down during the Cultural Revolution as were all schools. It reopened in October 1985 on a new site through the efforts of alumnae, overseas Chinese and others. The new campus overlooks the Min River and the city of Fuzhou. We walked over

to the old campus of stone buildings and it was exactly as I had remembered it. The building on the left had the Trimble name carved in stone over the entrance. The new school continues as a privately funded all-girls' school with special emphasis on applied English, childhood education, food and nutrition and clothing and design. It gets support from overseas Chinese citizens and such groups as Amity Foundation, the United Nations Development Program, the United Board of Christian Higher Education in Asia, among others.

While in Fuzhou we visited an old monastery I remembered near our summer mountain retreat at Kuliang. The city has a number of interesting places to visit, including West Lake Park, temples, shopping areas and the Special Economic Zone in the harbor like the one in Xiamen.

After two nights in Fuzhou we motored to Nanping going through Gutian, my birthplace. Nanping was nothing like what I remembered except for the physical layout. It is at the confluence of two tributaries that join to form the Min River (Fig. 63). It was a walled city of about 10,000 people. It is now an industrial city of over 100,000 with only faint traces of the original wall visible. We stayed in a basic, clean hotel on what was the main street next to the river. There were now bridges across the rivers and railroad tracks. The next morning we walked from the hotel, along a narrow street I vaguely remembered, up the hill to the old walled





Fig. 63 Nanping, 1989



Fig. 64 Remains of Stone Wall, Nanping



Fig. 65 At the top of 3,800 Step Park

hospital grounds where there was a new hospital. Also standing there was a giant old tree that I remembered was outside the old hospital gate. After assuring the hospital officials that we were there on a goodwill mission they opened up and were very cordial. We showed them a picture of our old home and they directed us to where it had been. In its place was a new dormitory for female medical students. What a wonderful replacement for our old house!

A view of Nanping from across the Min River shows the old arch of the great wall that surrounded the city when we were there (Fig. 64).

About this time I relayed a Chinese phrase to Yu (san chian bai ba kan) that I remembered from my boyhood. It translated to 3,800 steps, which I thought was related to a park in the Nanping area, and I asked him to explain it. He couldn't, but promised to keep it in mind. A little later while walking along the street he suddenly came to a halt and pointed to a poster. There it was, a poster for a park on the outskirts of Nanping reachable by climbing 3,800 steps! We didn't have time, but promised ourselves that it would be visited on our next trip (Fig. 65). I was amazed that after 62 years it was still there. Another memory that I wanted to connect with was of two pagodas on the hills on both sides of the river, which were visible from the hospital and from our old house. After quite a bit of wandering around, there they were, partially hidden by buildings that had been built in the



meanwhile.

Our next stop was the Wuyi Mountains, a half-day drive north and west of Nanping. Here was a beautiful mountainous area with wandering waterways. We climbed some of the strange peaks and watched people far below on bamboo rafts as they were carried down the Nine-Curve Stream (Fig. 66). There were caves and rock formations that were impressive. Ancient structures and mansions dotted the terraces. When we were there, it had not yet become a major foreign tourist attraction but that was bound to change. It was in Wuyi that we saw a local newspaper reporting a major earthquake



Fig. 66 Genevieve and Li Ying at Eagle Beak

in San Francisco on October 24. After two nights in the Wuyi area we headed back to Nanping and caught a train to Fuzhou on tracks that ran along the Min River. After another night in Fuzhou, we rode back to Xiamen in the van, where we said a fond goodbye to our driver who had done an excellent job. We spent some time with Li Ying's father and mother and sister in their city, Zhangzhou. On October 25 we flew on the Dragon Airline from Xiamen to Hong Kong. Quite by accident, while walking on a major street in Hong Kong, I ran into a friend who managed the Hong Kong office of Trimble Navigation. He gave me details of the very minor effects of the San Francisco earthquake on our plant in Sunnyvale—what a relief! We then toured Hong Kong and headed home on October 28, 1989.

Our family in 1990 is shown in Figure 67. Malinda was 13 years old and attending Castilleja School in Palo Alto, while Robert, 19, was attending the University of Oregon in Ashland.



Fig. 67 Bob Trimble Family, 1990

## *Chapter Twenty-Five*

### Trimble Navigation Goes Public

**1**990 was a good year for Trimble Navigation for a number of reasons. The U.S. Air Force completed the launching of the complete network of satellites which gave the whole world 24-hour GPS coverage. We achieved significant technological advances in five market areas with products in marine navigation, avionics, survey and mapping systems and military systems. Tracking systems were developed which enabled the tracking of buses, emergency vehicles and marine vessels. Perhaps the most gratifying product was the rugged hand-held receiver that was produced for the military and used in Kuwait and Operation Desert Storm. We received letters both from soldiers in the field who were grateful that they were able to pinpoint where they were, and also from parents who wanted to buy the receiver for their son or daughter's personal use in the desert. We received significant orders for this unit from the Department of Defense.

It was clear that GPS had made the transition into the commercial marketplace. The company successfully completed its first public offering (TRMB) which brought in working capital to continue its research and development programs. At that time the company had over 500 employees and occupied eight buildings. I was holding about eight percent of the capital in the company. Most of my funds came from savings and from loans made on an apartment complex in Saratoga that Charlie, a friend and I had purchased a number of years earlier.

On May 29, 1991, Trimble Navigation was awarded the Certificate of Recognition by Gen. William G. Tuttle, Jr. in honor of the company's contribution to Operation Desert Storm. In his remarks, Gen. Tuttle said, "The Trimble

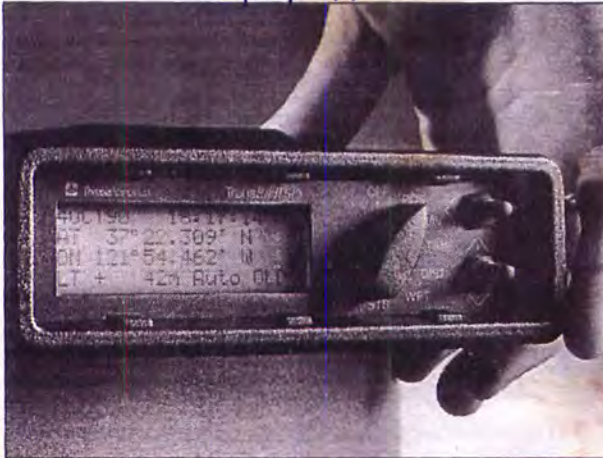


# Business Day

W

The New York Times

2/9/91



Charles R. Trimble, right, is the president of Trimble Navigation, which has contracted to supply 8,000 hand-held Global Positioning System navigation devices to the Pentagon. At left, one of seven possible screen displays on a Trimble TransPak II G.P.S.

Trimble Navigation shows, from top left, the date, the Universal time to a tenth of a second, latitude, longitude, altitude (+42m) in meters, the operational mode ("auto" for automatic) and the relative freshness (old) of the satellite readings.

## War Spurs Navigation by Satellite

Fig. 68 Trimble Navigation makes headlines

Global Positioning System was one of the most important pieces of equipment we fielded in Saudi Arabia during Desert Storm. It was more important than some of the missiles, aircraft and other equipment we employed." He went on to say that "more than any other company in the country, Trimble Navigation was responsible for the successful 100-hour operation that led to the Iraqi defeat." A number of major newspapers ran articles

on the company's role in developing this new technology, including *The New York Times* (Fig. 68). Charlie received a number of awards, such as the National Aeronautic and Space Administration's Distinguished Public Service Medal in August 2001.

One of the more enjoyable parts of my job was coordinating the corporate giving program. This program included both making cash donations to qualifying

charitable groups and giving our small hand-held units to those nonprofit organizations who would benefit from their use. These included Boy Scouts, local bird watchers, conservation and nature groups and schools. My work at the Sunnyvale office, while involving 60 to 70 hours a week continued to be fun (Fig. 69). I tried to maintain contact with other employees by frequently walking through the buildings and offering my help and counsel whenever appropriate. My responsibilities included facilities, security, safety, corporate giving and various financial tasks.

It was about this time that Charlie and Marcia took a sightseeing trip to Africa. One day they crossed the equator and stopped at a village that had a white line painted across the street. The town official who met the travelers, pointed to the line and announced proudly, "This is the equator." Charlie got out his Trimble GPS unit and told the official that actually the equator was about one kilometer up the road. The official replied that Charlie was right but that there was not enough parking at the equator and so they moved the line to a more convenient parking place!



Fig. 69 Bob at Trimble Navigation, 1997



## *Chapter Twenty-Six*

### More Connections with the University of Puget Sound

**A**fter our trip to China with Gordon and Sonia in 1989, along with the earlier China trip with the University of Puget Sound in 1983, the desire to develop a significant program with UPS, involving our connections with China, took on more and more interest. Down deep inside was the wish that somehow Hwa Nan and UPS could be associated in some way. We met informally with then President Phil Phibbs and others in the Planned Giving Office. On May 17, 1991, we signed a Memo of Understanding on the Charles Garnet Trimble Endowed Fund in Chinese Studies. The major directives of this memo were:

- a. The endowment income would be used to benefit the Asian Studies Program by providing financial aid to UPS students pursuing a major or minor in Asian Studies.
- b. Other financial support necessary and appropriate to develop and strengthen the Asian Studies Program.
- c. Undertake studies to determine the feasibility of entering into some sort of relationship between Hwa Nan College in Fuzhou and the University of Puget Sound.

On May 21, 1991, 52,000 shares (approximately \$1 million) of Trimble Navigation stock were given to the University of Puget Sound. That was the start of a long and very satisfying relationship with the university. The proceeds from the sale of this stock were immediately put to use for scholarships for qualifying students in the Asian Studies Program. It was also used to help participants in the Pacific Rim Studies Program, which over a nine-month period visited Mongolia, Japan, Korea, Mainland China, Indonesia and India.

Suzanne Barnett, professor of Chinese history at UPS, contacted Hwa Nan College to explore the possibility of setting up a program to send a UPS graduate to teach English on an alternate year basis. The response was very encouraging and steps were taken to set the program in motion. With Suzanne's help, a formal affiliation between UPS and Hwa Nan Women's College was established. In the

fall of 1994 the first UPS graduate, Katie Showalter, was sent to teach in the English Department. She apparently was well received by everyone at Hwa Nan. She commented that her students were "very endearing. They are wonderful girls." We were very gratified that our dreams were being realized

On September 11, 1992, Dr. Susan Resneck Pierce was inaugurated as the new president of the University of Puget Sound. We were sorry to see Phil Phibbs leave because we had a wonderful relationship with him and his wife, Gwen. However, we continued our friendship with them and we quickly realized that in Susan we had found a new and valued friend.

Presumably in recognition of our support of the University of Puget Sound, Genevieve and I were each awarded Doctor of Philosophy honorary degrees at the graduation ceremony on May 15, 1993.

## *Chapter Twenty-Seven*

### Trimble Family Scholarship Fund

**T**he cost of a college education was becoming a significant financial burden. Genevieve and I had been considering ways in which we could help members of our extended family continue their education. We wanted to develop a program that would give the student a substantial incentive to work hard. An application form was prepared, which with an accompanying letter, provided us with why, what they were planning to study in college, where they wanted to enroll and the funds needed each semester. The money provided was in the nature of a loan with the repayment based on the grades obtained in that semester by the borrower. An A grade is worth 4.0, B worth 3.0, C worth 2.0 and D worth 1.0. A 3.5-plus grade point average would earn the student zero repayment, a 3.0-plus would require a 25 percent repayment, a 2.5-plus grade would mean a 50 percent repayment while a 2.49 or less would mean that the student would owe the total amount of the loan. This plan was announced to the family and the response was quick and enthusiastic.

Our first scholar was Eric Trimble, the elder grandson of my brother, Ed, who enrolled at the University of Washington in January 1992. He was serious and bright and wanted to get a business administration degree. He joined a very responsible social fraternity that provided an excellent atmosphere for living on campus. The second was Chris Johnson, the elder son of Dave and Karen Johnson and grand nephew of Genevieve. He was very bright and mature. He was attending the University of California, Berkeley, majoring in history and aiming for medical school. He was having a difficult time getting classes in biology and wanted very much to transfer to Stanford University in September of 1992. Third was Julie Franklin, a niece of Dave Johnson, who was in De Anza College part time. She was totally self-supporting by

working full time at MacDonald's, but wanted desperately to accelerate her education. With our help she was able to transfer to the University of Santa Clara, an excellent school, in September of 1992. Fourth was Karen Pangilian, daughter of Queonia, sister of Sonia Trimble, who enrolled at Pepperdine University in business administration. Also in 1992 was Neil Pangilian, Karen's brother, who attended St. Mary's University working toward a degree in nursing. The Trimble scholastic resource was off to a good start with many expressions of gratitude from the recipients. The most rewarding aspect of this first year was that all scholars received at least a 3.0 grade point average while several were above 3.75! As we soon realized, not all of those we tried to help were able to take on the challenge we provided and for a variety of reasons did not complete their schooling. The program continued, and in 1996 came under the leadership of Gordon and Sonia.

Gordon had become administrator of the Foreign Trade Zone in Honolulu in May of 1994. This was a \$1.5 million per year operation that, in 1994, had

26 employees. Since Gordon is a fiscal conservative when it comes to state government, he managed to reduce the number of employees in the Zone to 15 with no reduction in the quality of service provided. In this job he had a lot of contact with other parts of the Hawaiian state government. These contacts would prove helpful in later years.

On October 16, 1992, we got the distressing news from Juliet on Shaw Island that Burt had passed away. He had been in poor health and pain for some time, but somehow managed to keep his spirits up. We made a quick trip to be with Juliet for a few days. There was a memorial service held at the Shaw Island community building with a large group in attendance. He was warmly loved and respected by many on the island for his intellectual brilliance and his helpful concern for all he came in contact with. He built up quite a reputation for his tree climbing ability, which he used to install TV antennas for a number of families on the island. He with Juliet had done so much for our family and were both wonderful role models for our boys.

## *Chapter Twenty-Eight*

### More Travels: the Air Force Academy, 1993 and Galapagos Islands, 1994

Over the years, Genevieve and I enjoyed traveling. In June 1993 Hans Miller, a grandson of Genevieve's sister Virginia Miller, graduated from the United States Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. To enjoy the graduation, Gordon, Sonia, Genevieve and I drove through Nevada and Salt Lake City, then south through Arches National Park in Utah and then into Colorado. The weather was beautiful and the scenery magnificent. Of particular interest and enjoyment was Arches Park, which we had not seen before (Fig. 70). It was a photographer's dream with an amazing assortment of sandstone arches, pillars and rock formations. The mountains around the Academy were quite beautiful but very different from those in southern Utah.



Fig. 70 Arches  
National Park,  
Utah, 1993





Fig. 71 Air Force Academy graduation, from left: Sven, Sonia, Genevieve, Gordon, Hans, Kari, Dale, Bob



Fig. 72 Air Force Academy, 1993



Fig. 73 Mesa Verde National Park

The setting, buildings and parade grounds of the campus of the academy also are beautiful. The three-faith chapel (Catholic, Protestant and Jewish) structure is truly world-class. The Hans Miller family and the Trimbles are shown in Figure 71.

The graduation ceremonies were held on the parade grounds, and there were several fly-overs by different Air Force planes. Altogether it was quite a show (Fig. 72). As might be expected, Dale and Kari Miller were very pleased and proud of their son.

After the graduation, we took in the sights around Colorado Springs and headed home by driving south. Our first destination was Mesa Verde National Park, which has magnificent displays of ancient Indian cliff dwellings located in the southwest corner of Colorado (Fig. 73). The Indians occupied this area from about 750 to 1,300 A.D. These dwellings protected them from the elements and their enemies who were on the mesa flatlands bordering the cliffs. The park service has done excellent work in maintaining these areas for the benefit of the thousands that visit the park each year.

From Mesa Verde we drove the short distance to Four Corners, a unique spot where the corners of Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah meet.

Here was a chance to use my GPS unit to determine the exact latitude and longitude of this very special spot. From Four Corners, we visited the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, Zion and Bryce National





Fig. 74 Marcia, Charlie, Genevieve and Bob, Galapagos Islands, 1994

Parks and then back home. Altogether it was a wonderful and satisfying trip.

In July of 1994, Charlie, Marcia, Genevieve and I had an excellent and fascinating trip to the Galapagos Islands, a province of Ecuador located nearly on the equator (Fig. 74). We flew from Miami to Quito, Ecuador and spent the night there before flying the next morning to San Cristobal. The trip was run by Inca Floats of Emeryville, Calif. and in every respect was professionally handled. Our home for the next 10 days was the trimaran, *Lammer Law*. It was 93-feet long with nine double cabins and a crew of seven, including a cook and an Ecuadorian naturalist. Our fellow passengers were quite compatible with some having a good knowledge of the animal life we were about to see. The Galapagos consists of 80 or so islands, rocks and islets of which only 18 have any

significant size and only 59 have names.

We visited six islands, motoring at night and spending most of the day on land seeing an amazing variety of animal and plant life. Some we were familiar with, but most we had not seen live before. On land we were told in no uncertain terms that we were to keep on the clearly marked trails. With the very fragile landscape and the large number of human visitors, to act otherwise would have caused irreparable damage to the plant life.

The Galapagos have animals that are quite familiar and many that can be seen nowhere else. In the oceans there were the familiar sea lions and dolphins in great numbers. They followed our boat and were around us as we were aboard the small dingy taking us ashore. The naturalist was very knowledgeable and went out of his way to provide us with answers to our



questions about the plants and animals we encountered. We saw newly born baby seals being nursed by their mothers. There also were great numbers of the large albatross with their nests in the middle of the walkways sitting on their eggs or with newly hatched young. The blue-footed and red-footed boobies (sea birds) we saw were apparently anxious to have their pictures taken (Fig. 75). There were flamingos and many land birds in the brush and vegetation. On Santa Cruz Island we were treated by getting close to very large tortoises (Fig. 76). The



Fig. 75 Seal and blue-footed boobie



Fig. 76 Genevieve and Tortoise, Santa Cruz Island, 1994

landscapes of the islands were beautiful both from the boat and while on shore—truly a photographer's paradise.

One activity that was fun was working with our GPS unit and checking our boat's progress on the charts with the captain. On one small island there was a large sign that gave its latitude and longitude position (Lat. 00,16.58S, Long. 90,33.0W). Charlie confirmed that the position indicated by the sign was very close to that observed with the Trimble GPS instrument (Fig. 77).



Fig. 77 Charlie and GPS

## *Chapter Twenty-Nine*

### Sailing Down the Yangtze River

**O**n April 27, 1995, the family including Charlie, Marcia, Gordon and Sonia embarked on a very memorable trip through China, which included a trip down the Yangtze River. We decided that we would not be part of a travel group, but instead would arrange to have a Chinese guide meet us in each city and be our guide throughout that city. We located an Asian travel group in Mountain View, Calif., that had connections with a U.S.-China travel service in China. An English speaking guide would meet our party of six at each airport and take care of our needs through that particular city. It turned out that this arrangement worked out very well because in each city we had guides who were very different in personality, outlook and how they interpreted Chinese history and recent events. They all had an excellent mastery of the English language and in most cases were graduates of Beijing University. Gordon had a good time questioning them on their views, hopes and plans. Of particular interest were the different interpretations of the Cultural Revolution. The older ones were more subdued in their comments of the benefits of Mao Tse-tung's actions, while the younger ones were generally lavish in their praise.

Our first three nights were in Beijing, where we had a general tour of the city's historical sites. A van trip to the Great Wall was very much enjoyed. We were blessed with excellent weather and took some good pictures (Fig. 78).

Next was the city of Xian where Genevieve and I visited on our 1983 trip with the UPS group. In the intervening 14 years, the Chinese had done an immense amount of work in tombs outside of Xian, restoring the terracotta army of soldiers, horses and chariots carved some 2,000 years ago during the Qin Shi Huang's dynasty. The three burial pits were discovered between 1976 and 1978 and contained an estimated 8,000 warriors and horses. One fascinating





Fig. 78 Gordon at The Great Wall



Fig. 79 Genevieve and Charlie with life size statues of Qin's warriors, Xian



Fig. 80 Chiang Kai-shek Capture Park, Xian

aspect of the warrior statues was their many different faces representing the many different cultures under Emperor Qin's control. It is clear that the emperors of that and preceding periods wanted their troops by their side. Emperor Qin was different than his predecessors in that he accepted clay statues of his men buried with him rather than their bodies (Fig. 79).

Outside of Xian we visited a park that marks a famous place where Chiang Kai-shek was captured by Mao Tse-tung's forces (Fig. 80).

After two nights in Xian, we flew to Chongqing where we were picked up by people from the ship we were to board the next day and taken to our hotel. Chongqing is very much like San Francisco in that it is built on hills, which may explain why there were fewer bicycles in evidence than in other cities on the plains. This was the home base of the Fighting Tigers during World War II. It was clear that the American forces were well liked. The next morning after carrying our bags down many stone steps to the Yangtze River bank, we boarded the luxury ship, *Victoria III*, which was to be our residence for three nights (Fig. 81). The accommodations were excellent. To take care of the several nationalities that were aboard, translators for each group were available.

The Yangtze River, like all major rivers in China, had been, until very recently, the almost exclusive means of transportation for both people and freight



in eastern China (Figs. 82, 83). It is one of the world's greatest, but most inhospitable rivers (depending on season, floods and rapids). In the 18th century it cost more to ship goods from Shanghai to Chongqing than from Shanghai to London. A major result of the lack of roads, other than foot paths, was the many different dialects that developed across China. In Fukien Province alone, an estimated 250 different dialects were in common use as late as the early 20th century because the vast majority of people did not travel outside of their immediate environs.

Our trip on the Yangtze was outstanding for a number of reasons. The accommodations were excellent, the sights along the shore and the river traffic were exceptional, the stops at the villages on the river were interesting and, above all, the potential effects of the major dam just down stream of the three gorges was the topic of much conjecture and opinions. The magnitude of the dam is mind-boggling. Sun Yat-sen and Mao Tse-tung were early proponents of the project. Its purposes are to control flooding, generate power and to provide water to areas that need farm irrigation. As we rode down the river we could see white marks along the shore several hundred feet up the bank, which marked the upper water level after the dam was complete. The amount of land that would be affected, the number of towns that would be submerged and the amount of farm land that would be destroyed, are questions that are the topics of much discussion (Fig. 84). It appears



Fig. 81 Boarding *Victoria III* in Chongqing



Fig. 82 Yangtze River boat



Fig. 83 Freighter on the Yangtze





Fig. 84 Village to be lost along the Yangtze

that the project is a significant statement of nationalism and self-determination. Chinese authorities are willing to pay these costs while most foreign experts, and some very quiet Chinese experts, consider the projected costs and environmental impact unjustifiable. Chinese officials never comment on Wounded Knee or the Waco, Texas, incidents and are puzzled and irritated by the international interest in the dam that they consider a domestic affair.

We passed through the first locks which were about 40- to 50-feet high and saw how wide the dam would be. When completed the height will be about 630 feet—awesome (Fig. 85)!

Several hours later we arrived at Wuhan, a major industrial city, which was the end of the Yangtze River trip for us. Of particular interest to Charlie was a major engineering university located there. They were very familiar with Trimble Navigation and its surveying



Fig. 85 First locks on the Yangtze

equipment. He was able to spend several hours discussing their programs which involved our instruments.

It was at Wuhan that Charlie and Marcia left us and headed home via Hong Kong. We flew on to Fuzhou with the plan to visit Hwa Nan. We were housed in a fine hotel in the center of the city. It was orders of magnitude better than the one we had on our first trip in 1989. Modernization for the travel industry was advancing at breakneck speed.

I called Hwa Nan and contacted the second UPS graduate who was teaching there, Jennifer Patterson '94, and asked if she could meet us at the hotel. She agreed and in due time I walked into the hotel foyer looking for an American I had not met. I saw a tall girl standing in the corner and soon learned that she was Jennifer. She was about six-feet tall, very blond and pretty. She obviously made quite a statement as she walked through the streets of Fuzhou.

We taxied with Jennifer over to Hwa Nan where we met with the college administrators, most of whom we had met on our 1989 visit. After the Cultural Revolution, the school was reopened in 1984 by Dr. Yu Bao Sheng, the former president of the college, and other Hwa Nan alumnae.

Miss Xu Daofeng, the foreign affairs officer, was at Hwa Nan in the 1930s when my father's cousin, Ethel Wallace, was still at the school. We were brought up-

to-date on their present plans to enlarge the school's programs.

They expressed their gratitude for our support of the school and making it possible for UPS graduates to participate in their instruction program.

Sonia's brother met us in Fuzhou after our visit at Hwa Nan and went with us to Shanghai. We stayed overnight in a state-run guest house located in a beautiful, large park in the city. We left for home the next day.

## *Chapter Thirty*

### Trimble Navigation in Beijing

**E**arly in 1998, Charlie announced that Trimble Navigation would open an office in Beijing and wondered if we wanted to attend the opening festivities. The office would be managed by Wang Ping who had spent several months at the Sunnyvale plant. We had maintained a small sales office in Beijing for several years run by an American from Sunnyvale and the activity had increased to the point where it seemed appropriate to establish a larger office headed by a Chinese who was familiar with the politics of the country.

Ping and I had spent quite a lot of time together. He was very interested in my China background and was particularly fascinated with pictures taken when I was young in Nanping. The photos of my father taking care of sick and injured Chinese people, both those in the hospital and on street clinics, were of special interest to him. His plan was, apparently, to use this information to demonstrate to the people, and to the government, that Trimble Navigation and its founder's family have had a long history of concern and interest in China.

The opening ceremony was set for early June 1998. As soon as they heard of it, Gordon and Sonia asked if they could also go with the understanding that we would be visiting Hwa Nan on the return. Genevieve decided not to join us on that trip.

We arrived in Beijing and were met by people from the office. Also joining us were Trimble personnel from the Sunnyvale and Singapore offices. We were housed in a five-star hotel within walking distance of the new office. On our first day, we were shown the office where Ping had mounted enlargements of some of my China photos, which apparently were generating a lot of interest. We also visited a shopping area that had a large department store with excellent





Fig. 86 Local customer with Charlie, Bob and Wang Ping, Beijing, 1998

merchandise. It was interesting that nearly all mannequins were not Chinese, but rather had white Anglo-Saxon faces. We next went to the Beijing Zoo and saw the usual animals including a wonderful exhibit of a large number of panda bears.

On the second evening there was a large dinner and reception held in our hotel. The guests represented a range of activities of Chinese government officials and business men who all had an interest in Trimble technology (Fig. 86). Ping was the master of ceremony and handled it very well. Toward the end of the program he introduced me as father of the founder of the company, who in Chinese culture

is an important figure. Ping asked me to say a few words. I started off in English saying how happy I was to be at this important meeting and then said I wanted to say a few words in Chinese. With that, using my best Mandarin accent, I counted from one to 17. The reaction was quick and loud. Afterwards, Ping remarked that he didn't know that I could count above 15 in Chinese.

Gordon, Sonia and I went from Beijing to Fuzhou where we met with the Hwa Nan people. After discussing their plans and immediate needs, we gave them a check for \$8,500 to be used to help setup a computer room.



## *Chapter Thirty-One*

### End of an Era

**A**mong different companies, there was a movement toward having outside groups handle different tasks normally done by personnel within the company, such as travel, payroll, stock administration and manufacturing of components. Sometimes complete units were taken over by outsourcing companies. There was a lot of discussion within the company and by the board of directors. Of particular interest was outsourcing the purchasing of components and installation of them into the finished boards and then assembling the boards into the final product. This would take away the purchasing, major soldering and assembling operations from Trimble. Some senior officers in the company, as well as the board of directors, were in favor of such a change within Trimble. Charlie, on the other hand, was skeptical that outsiders would be able to assemble and produce satisfactory products on a timely basis.

There were other areas of disagreements between members of the board and Charlie including, level of research expenditure, number of low-cost consumer products and the number of product markets. These factors all effected rate of profitability growth. Charlie was quite willing to accept a lower growth rate in order to more rapidly expand technology. There was also a disagreement over whether or not Trimble should settle out of court on a frivolous lawsuit brought by an attorney in San Diego over a shareholder stock price issue. Charlie did not want to settle while the board was prepared to settle outside of court.

At the board of directors meeting on August 19, 1998, Charlie was asked to step down as the chief executive officer and president of Trimble Navigation Ltd. He telephoned me with the news after the meeting.

The decision by the board was announced to the employees the next morning by Brad Parkinson, the interim CEO. Brad was a member of the board and had been an active consultant from

almost the beginning of the company's work with GPS. I made the decision that I would stay with the company, if asked, because of my financial and emotional interest in the company and my affection for its people. I was to stay for another year and a half. My office by the president's office was moved to a less conspicuous setting, and my activities continued normally except with less attention to facilities management.

## *Chapter Thirty-Two*

### Mount Rainier and the Wonderland Trail

**I**n the spring of 1999, after quite a bit of discussion, Gordon and I thought it would be appropriate for the Trimble “boys” to undertake a hiking trip on the 90-plus mile Wonderland Trail that circles Mount Rainier located about 70 miles southeast of Tacoma. Mount Rainier is a magnificent 14,400-foot volcanic mountain that rises about 8,000 feet above the Cascade range in Western Washington. This mountain played a significant role in my growing up. I have visited the four corners of the mountain, including many skiing trips to Longmire and Paradise, a weeklong camping adventure with my Boy Scout troop in the northwest corner at Mowich Lake, short hiking trips at Ohanapecosh on the southeast and Sunrise on the northeast corner.

Charlie readily accepted our invitation to join us with a starting date of the first of August 1999. The decision brought about significant changes in our activity. We decided that REI (Recreational Equipment Inc.) would be the provider of most of the items needed for our undertaking. These included good hiking shoes, pack racks, sleeping bags, air mattresses, a tent, a stove and a small, portable water purifier. Without any urging, Gordon took on the task of collecting all food supplies. In preparation for the hike, I loaded the pack on my back, put on the new boots and, on weekends, hiked in the Foothill Park above Palo Alto. For his exercise routine, Gordon hiked up Diamond Head in Honolulu.

On the appointed day we left Genevieve with Juliet on Shaw Island and drove to the southwest corner of the park where we spent the night at a dormitory-like rest stop. The next day we drove into Longmire and talked to the park rangers concerning the conditions of the trail on the west side of the park. The expressed concern was that several sections of the trail were still not cleared because of the long winter and particularly our first segment

going clockwise around the mountain from Longmire. Apparently one of the bridges over a roaring stream had been washed out and had not yet been replaced. Bridges meant, in many cases, only single, long, large logs, of which we encountered several on our journey. We postponed a decision and started our first day. We left our packs at Longmire and drove about nine miles east along the south side of the park, halfway toward Ohanapecosh on the southeast corner. We parked the car in a parking area and hiked on the trail back to Longmire. Our plan was to circle the mountain and pick up the car on the last segment of our trip. The mountain was out in all of its glory and particularly at Reflection Lake where we captured some wonderful photographs (Fig. 87).

After we reached Longmire and had experienced some of the trail, we decided that we would follow the advice of the rangers and not try the first leg but would retrieve the car and drive to Sunrise in the northeast corner of the park. We did this by getting one of the waiters at the lodge to drive me to our car the next morning. I picked up the boys and packs and drove to Sunrise where we parked the car and hiked about three miles to Shadow Lake and set up camp. It was still early in the afternoon so we took a walk to Emmons Overlook and had a wonderful view of the area. While supper was being prepared, a large elk strolled through the campground, which was also occupied by another camping group.



Fig. 87 Reflection Lake, Mt. Rainier





Fig. 88 Charlie and Gordon Mt. Rainier hike

This was our first experience using our new gear. A very important piece of equipment we had was the water purifier. It enabled us to make potable water from a stream, a pond or a lake which we otherwise would not want to drink without first boiling. Everything worked out very well and particularly the food organized by Gordon.

The next morning we packed up and hiked back to the parking lot at Sunrise Park, loaded the car and drove to Mowich Lake on the northwest corner of the Park at an elevation of about 4,930 feet. After setting up camp, we hiked about three miles to Spray Park, which in August was ablaze in flowers. At 5,600 feet we had an overwhelming view of the mountain. We returned to Mowich and got ready for the night.

The following morning we put on our packs and set out for Golden Lakes, which are located on the middle of the western edge of the park, about 20 miles

from Mowich Lake. This hike represented many of the hikes on the Wonderland Trail with a series of glacial valleys where rivers are formed by melting snow from the mountain. The trail on this hike went from the lake at about 4,900 feet, down to the Merced River at about 2,700 feet and then back up to the Golden Lakes, which were at 4,490 feet. The trail had not yet been cleaned up by park trail crews and in a number of places there were rock slides and fallen trees, the going was not particularly easy. Crossing over the glacial rivers was challenging because the bridges in most places were single, large logs (Fig. 88). This meant you either walked upright or slid along on your bottom, which while not elegant, felt much safer! Another complication was our packs. Charlie and Gordon each carried 50 to 55 pounds, while my load was about 35 pounds. On the final two miles before the lake and campground, we discovered that we had not kept track of our water supply, each of us assuming that the other still had a full canteen. We had just climbed about 1,800 feet to a ridge leading to the camp grounds and we were very thirsty. When we reached the top we noticed writing in the dirt from an earlier hiker that said, "can't wait, we are out of water." We hiked along the ridge looking for any sign of water. Finally, about a half mile from camp, we came across a pond with water that in the old days we would





Fig. 89 Charlie and Bob, Mt. Rainier

boil before drinking. However, we were confident in our water filtration system and were soon able to take care of our thirst. Arriving at the campground, we were quite tired but quickly setup the tent and sleeping gear while Gordon cooked us a hot meal. After a good night's sleep we prepared for the hike back to Mowich Lake. This was two days of serious hiking (Fig. 89).

The clouds had begun to roll in and by the time we got back to the lake, mist had started to fall. The decision was made

to pack the car and head out of the park to a small town where we would spend the night in a dry and warm motel. By the next morning the rain was falling steadily and the very easy decision was made that we not complete the hike around the Wonderland Trail, but return to more normal living at Shaw. Altogether it was a wonderful experience. We had hiked about 55 miles over about six days and captured some aching muscles and some excellent photographs.

## *Chapter Thirty-Three*

### Genevieve Is Taken Away

Over several years prior to 2000, there had been a gradual deterioration in Genevieve's health, largely because of painful problems associated with arthritis. In 1998 we lost Prince, a beautiful Pomeranian, that had provided Genevieve with a lot of pleasure both in the house and on walks around Palo Alto. After Prince was gone, Genevieve continued her walks everyday much to the enjoyment of her neighborhood friends, but she lost her interest in traveling, which in earlier times she very much enjoyed. She did not go with me on the latest trip to China in 1999 for the opening of the Trimble office in Beijing.

On the night of January 21, 2000, she had a particularly uncomfortable time and I tried to comfort her. About 2 a.m. I noticed that she had quieted down, but when I checked, she had no pulse. I called 911 and got an immediate response and she was rushed to the Stanford Hospital. She was gone due to heart failure. She was 81 years old.

I was brought home by the officer who had taken me to the hospital. Gordon had been called earlier and when I called again, he said they were catching the next plane from Honolulu and would be arriving in the afternoon. Charlie was away on business and could not be reached.

It was a Saturday morning and I decided that I would go to work to be away from the house. There were a couple of my friends at Trimble to whom I broke the news and who spread the word around the company. I returned home, called more family and friends and then called the Neptune Society to take care of Genevieve.



Gordon and Sonia arrived in the late afternoon. We arranged for a memorial on the afternoon of January 26 at the Sunnyvale Golf Club which is very close to the Trimble campus. About 140 friends attended including, family, neighbors and co-workers from Trimble.

Genevieve had a very positive impact on a number of lives and especially on mine, our two sons and our grandson, Robert. She significantly bolstered my self-confidence and was magnificent and instrumental in helping our boys adjust to their vision challenges.

Figure 90 is one of my favorite photographs of Genevieve, taken in China in 1995.



Fig. 90 Genevieve in Xian, China, 1995

## *Chapter Thirty-Four*

### Life Goes On

**A**fter Gordon and Sonia returned to Honolulu in mid-February, I started projects that had long been delayed—repairing the walls in the living room and painting the outside of the house. There were many cracks in the walls and ceiling resulting from earth movements and time. Between my return to work at Trimble and the repair activities, my time was pretty well taken up.

It was at that time that Yu, or Mason as he is now called, and Li Ying, Sonia's niece, became much more involved in my activities. We had been with them during our travels in China in 1989. Then Gordon and Sonia sponsored them to come to America. They had spent some time in Honolulu before moving to Houston where Mason enrolled in a school and received a master's degree in computer science. They moved to Cupertino in 1997, not far from Palo Alto, where they found employment; Mason with Intel and Li Ying with Trend Micro. They came over on weekends for enjoyable visits and helped with different activities around the house. Their presence was very much appreciated.



## *Chapter Thirty-Five*

### Digs in Israel and Cruising the Greek Islands

**F**or several years I had been introducing GPS technology to some of the professors at UPS by donating small field units, which they used in their field exercises where appropriate. In particular, Douglas Edwards, of the Religion Department and the Archaeology Abroad Program, became interested in our more advanced units which were able to quickly give more accurate readings at their dig sites. He enrolled in some of the training programs at Trimble and borrowed a unit for use at dig sites. He was able to quickly record, with almost millimeter accuracy, the location of a particular find.

The Trimble family was invited to participate in the UPS summer 2000 Khirbet Cana archaeology dig in Israel. This was a month-long exercise open to UPS students and a variety of friends of the university.

We seized the opportunity and Charlie, Gordon, Sonia and I signed up for a week starting July 18. Charlie flew directly to Tel Aviv, Israel, while Gordon, Sonia and I left earlier and flew to Paris where we spent three nights housed in an older hotel in the center of old Paris within easy walking distance of Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower and the Arch de Triumph. This was their first trip to Paris, which was very much enjoyed. We then flew to Tel Aviv where we met Charlie and the UPS folks who drove us about 60 miles to a kibbutz which was to be our home for the next week.

Our group was made up of about 30 students, several guests like us and about 10 staff who worked with Doug Edwards. We were housed in a motel-like setting with small cottages and a cafeteria that could handle about 150 people. This facility in a kibbutz was managed by a very pleasant man who had emigrated from London about 10 years before. We found him to be very sympathetic to the tensions between the Israelis and the Palestinians and anxious that the two groups resolve their differences.



Fig. 91 Khirbet Cana digs, Bob, Gordon and Charlie

The day started with coffee served at 4:15 a.m. to avoid the very hot early afternoon sun. We boarded cars at 4:30 a.m. for the ride to the digs called Khirbet Cana that took about 15 minutes. It was a flat topped hill on the east side of a very dry valley some 15 miles south of Nazareth. We parked in an area part way up the hill. We climbed up some 200 feet to the top and split into various groups assigned to different activities. Our job was to carefully screen the soil within a one-square-meter area looking for items of interest, such as pottery shards or other man-made objects (Fig. 91). After the soil was screened it was wheeled away to the side of the hill and dumped. Interesting objects were classified by location and taken back to base camp for more complete examination. The meter squares had been located by the GPS unit as to latitude, longitude and elevation. Anytime a significant find was discovered, its

precise location, with centimeter accuracy, was recorded with a Trimble Model 40D. The significance of measuring the finds location with our top-of-the-line GPS unit, was that it could be done almost instantly, whereas old methods took much longer. Doug told us that with our GPS he could get done in one season what normally took three or four.

Obviously this made the family feel very happy that Charlie's efforts were contributing to the work that Doug and the university were doing.

We had a breakfast break about 8:30 a.m. down by the parking lot and we returned to work until about 1 p.m. at which time it was getting quite hot and we were driven back to base camp. The new finds were then washed and examined by the experts at the camp while the rest of us had lunch at the cafeteria, showered and rested. In the evening after supper, we all gathered on the lawn and were given talks by Doug and other professionals on the history of the region and on the significant finds of the day.

On Sunday we were given a tour of the surrounding area and saw, among other things, the Sea of Galilee, farming activities and other historic and archeological sites. In an area where there is a shortage of water, one couldn't help questioning the wisdom or rationale of the Israeli farmers doing mid-day irrigation with sprinklers.

The day before we were to leave Israel, we arranged for a guided tour of Jerusalem and then to Tel Aviv where we spent the night.

Our guide was a retired Israeli colonel who spoke excellent English. He gave us an interesting summary of the present status of the political scene in Israel and the relations with the Palestinians. At lunch we stopped at an American hotel in the Palestine area of Jerusalem. After we were seated and our guide had left us for a moment, the waiters, who we judged were Palestinian, came to our table and began a very friendly conversation with us. Shortly thereafter our guide returned. When he saw what was going on, he became very upset and demanded that the waiters leave immediately. He called in the manager and loudly protested the presence of these particular waiters. The reaction of our guide to the Palestinians was so very different from that of our motel manager at our camp. These differences must account for some of the difficulties the Israeli and Palestinians have in reaching any agreement on how to live together. We spent the night in Tel Aviv and boarded our plane to Athens the next morning.

Charlie elected to spend another week with Doug Edwards at the digs. He had already cruised the Greek Islands, which was our next activity.

After landing in Athens, we were transferred to a hotel in the heart of the old city. From the roof of our hotel we had a wonderful view of the Acropolis on

a hill several blocks away. It was every bit as magnificent as I had imagined when I saw pictures of it many years ago. We walked to this historic site that afternoon and again the next morning.

In the afternoon we were taken to the port of Piraeus, south of Athens, and boarded a ship that sailed at 6 p.m. for Istanbul, Turkey, through the Dardanelle Straights, arriving at Karakov the next evening. We toured Istanbul by bus the next day seeing beautiful temples, both Christian and Muslim, gardens, museums and waterways. We sailed from Istanbul at 6 p.m., back through the Dardanelle, arriving at the first island, Mykonos. Over the next three days, we stopped at four other islands: Patmos, Rhodes, Crete and Santorini. We also visited Kusadasi (Ephesus) on the mainland of Turkish Asia Minor. This stop was particularly interesting because it is believed that St. John spent his last days there and because of the excellent condition of the ancient ruins. The islands varied significantly from being rather flat to those that were quite mountainous. Santorini was particularly beautiful. The harbor was in the crater of a large extinct volcano and the village was high up on one side reachable only by tramway. This was the end of a very interesting and exciting trip and from there we headed home.

## *Chapter Thirty-Six*

### Continued Activities with the University of Puget Sound

**T**he Asian Studies Program at UPS and our contacts with it were very rewarding experiences for me and my family. Every spring we had the opportunity to meet with many of the students who were benefiting from the Charles Garnet Trimble Endowed Fund in Chinese Studies. Each year about 12 students receive help from this program, as well as its support for the UPS graduate who is selected to teach at Hwa Nan in Fuzhou every other year. This funding can be used either during the regular school year or for summer studies in Asia. Every year after the donor/scholarship luncheon, we met with members of the Asian Studies faculty who brought us up-to-date on the program in general. Our relationship with the faculty has always been excellent. Among those we interacted with are Karl Fields and Suzanne Barnett.

In early February 2000 Gordon, Sonia and I met with then President Pierce to discuss other ways we could contribute to the betterment of the university. After a number of ideas were tossed around, two possible avenues developed. One would be to establish an endowed chair in Asian studies, and the second would be contributing funds toward the building of a new residence hall. In a May 8, 2000, letter Susan Pierce indicated that there was general agreement that our funds would best be used for a new residence hall named Trimble Hall, which soon would be approved by the board of trustees. In a June 28, 2000, letter she described the proposed hall that would accommodate about 175 students with many different living options (singles in three-, four-, five- and six-person suites), a two-bedroom faculty apartment and a guest room with a private bathroom. Also included would be several small conference rooms and a large meeting room. The new hall would be next to Howarth





Fig. 92 Trimble Hall dedication, 2001

Hall and across from the student union building. The contribution from The Trimble Foundation would be \$2 million paid over a three-year period. Ground breaking for the hall was May 6, 2001, with the dedication of the building on September 6, 2002 (Fig. 92).

The foundation had been set up in 1999 as a nonprofit organization out of Hawai'i with Gordon as president and the rest of the family as officers. The Chinese character given to the Trimble family was included in business cards for the foundation.

The dedication activities were particularly satisfying. A large Trimble family contingent was present. Student residents were enjoying their new homes and giving us their comments of appreciation. The apartment was housing a professor in Spanish languages. The guest room, furnished with beautiful rosewood Chinese furniture organized by Gordon and Sonia, was especially well received. The purpose of this room was to provide housing for visiting guests of the university or for family members of students. The building was organized

with a particular effort made to bringing academic activities into the residence hall. A large meeting/dining room, seating about 100 people, and numerous small seminar or conference rooms would accommodate these activities. As an added bonus a spectacular view of Mount Rainier was visible from the second and third floors.

In 2003 Susan Pierce chose to leave UPS to undertake other activities. We were sorry to see Susan and her husband, Ken, go since we had formed a very wonderful relationship with them, and she had made a significant mark on the university. Susan Pierce was replaced by Ron Thomas and his wife, Mary, who are continuing the strong and effective leadership roles of their predecessors

## *Chapter Thirty-Seven*

### My Goodbye to Trimble Navigation

**I**n the latter half of 2000, I gave a lot of thought to how and when I should separate from Trimble Navigation. I concluded that I would give advanced notice that I was leaving only to my boss and that I would hold a farewell party after the event. On the afternoon of January 31, I went into Mary Ellen Genovese's office (treasurer) and gave her my pass, keys and credit card and told her I was leaving immediately. A couple of weeks before that I had consulted with Gordon and Sonia about my plan and we agreed we would have a Hawai'ian treat (a package of chocolate-covered macadamia nuts) that would be given to all who attended.

A farewell party at the Sunnyvale Golf Course was set for 5 p.m. a week after my departure. A total of about 110 friends from the company were there together with my family. Many kind things were said. I also received a number of best wishes and notes. The following was read at the gathering by Vi Nicholson who would be taking over many of my duties and whom I had hired some five to seven years earlier.

## **A Goodbye to Bob**

*How do we say goodbye to an institution?  
How do we say goodbye to Trimble's heart?  
How do we say goodbye to our hero?  
Where does our goodbye start?*

*Bob—it won't be the same without you.  
You will be much more missed than you know.  
You've given so much to so many.  
You've helped so many "Trimble people" grow.*

*You've helped me learn one can win without fighting  
You've taught me the value of patience, it's true.  
You've been there when I needed new focus,  
Even when I might—ummm kind of argue with you.*

*You've helped so very many others at Trimble  
You kept your heart open to their needs.  
Giving advice, support, a check or a shoulder  
Whatever was called for—indeed.*

*In fact, there are few of us now from "old" Trimble  
That you haven't somehow helped along the way,  
With a hug, or a smile or a handshake  
Or just quietly showing the way.*

*Like the way to one of the buildings, or  
The way to get some equipment in fast,  
Or how to build a workbench much needed,  
The foundation of Trimble's great engineering past.*

*Bob, this room today holds just a few of us,  
Who have come to honor you on this special day.  
There is no one—who's loved any dearer,  
Thanks for being with us... all of this way.*

*All the best for the most wonderful retirement time ever.*



## *Chapter Thirty-Eight*

### Life After Genevieve and Trimble Navigation

**I**n preparation for my activities after Trimble, it occurred to me that getting more involved with Shaw Island might be an attractive activity because it would be an investment opportunity and it would relieve Juliet of the problems associated with putting the house on the market. She had reached the point where it was timely that she join her sister, Barbara, full time in Concord, Calif. She got an appraisal from a local service and on November 17, 2000, I took possession of lot 12, Neck Point Coves, 217 Cameron Road, Shaw Island, Wash., (Fig. 93). The sale was handled by an attorney in Friday Harbor.



Fig. 93 Shaw  
Island home,  
1979

Juliet and I returned to Shaw from the Bay Area in the spring of 2001 for her to get ready to move her belongings to Concord. I had necessary clean-up activities, including cutting up old timbers for firewood and collecting the debris that had accumulated over the years.

I completed painting the Palo Alto house with significant help from Mason and Li Ying and on June 1, 2001, we jointly decided that 2563 Waverley St, Palo Alto, would be an excellent address for the three of us to make our home. It was particularly good for me because they provided wonderful companionship when I was at home and put excellent food on

the table. They would enjoy and take care of the house while I was away which was happening quite often. With my China background it was mentally stimulating to exchange ideas and customs of China and America. It also was fun to introduce them to some of the more complex words in the American language.

They both had submitted necessary formalities to become U.S. citizens by 2007 with the help of their employers. I managed to convince them that they should consider joining the Republican Party when they were eligible to vote to keep up with the tradition established by my father.

## *Chapter Thirty-Nine*

### A Politician in the Family

**I**n September of 2000, Gordon gave up his position as head of the Foreign Trade Zone in Honolulu. He was having major philosophic differences with his boss on the role of the Trade Zone in the state of Hawai'i and decided that after 20 or so years in that service it would be best to leave. He officially retired from state service in August of 2001.

Gordon had an interest in politics ever since his high school days in South Pasadena. In his work at the Trade Zone he came in contact with and became quite interested in the politics of the state of Hawai'i. Starting in late 2002, he spent quite a bit of time as volunteer at the Republican Headquarters in Honolulu and became acquainted with the major players in the Hawaiian Republican party. Hawai'i for a number of years has been a solid Democratic state. Of the 26 state senators, only six were Republican.

To reflect its growing population, a new Hawaiian State Senate district was established with the first election set for the fall of 2002. The new district covered the long-established coastal area from Waikiki to the Chinese area just north of the main business district. It included some 22,000 possible electors. Gordon and Sonia live in this new district. After a lot of thought, Gordon filed for the seat and in April 2002 had his first TV commercial. "Time For Trimble" was his trademark (Fig. 94), and among his campaign proposals was the plea to install a vehicle ferry system between the islands. His family took a very active role in the campaign. His son, Robert, was the campaign manager while Sonia managed the finances.

"Expanding our economy is the only way we will be able to fund over time necessary social programs. Let's stop thinking in terms of you and me---let's think in terms of our extended Hawai'i family. It is possible to improve everyone's life with cooperation."



Growing our Economy from the Inside Out by Working Together.

-Gordon Trimble  
Republican Candidate  
Hawaii State Senate  
District 12  
(Kalihi through Waikeke)

Paid for by Time for Trimble  
1700 Ala Moana Blvd., Ste. 1011  
Honolulu, Hawaii 96814  
Phone: (808) 741-0919  
www.TimeforTrimble.org  
email: gordon@timefortrimble.org



Fig. 94 Gordon, the politician



Fig. 95 Bus campaign, Honolulu

Gordon's major opponent in the primary was a woman who had served three terms in the Hawaiian House of Representatives. The campaign involved sending letters to all his constituents outlining his positions, appearing in a number of neighborhood meetings and participating in several TV debates in which he held his own. In addition, as seems to be necessary in Hawaiian politics for candidates and their supporters, to wave signs asking for support from motorists on busy intersections. We would wave from about 6 to 9 a.m. and from 4 to 6 p.m. Stuffing envelopes and sign waving were my contributions that apparently helped Gordon win in the primary election in

September of 2002. His opponent in the general election was a Japanese lawyer who had served two terms on the Honolulu city council. In a public meeting in the Chinese district, all candidates had the opportunity to present their views with the help of a Chinese translator. Gordon told the crowd that he was the only candidate whose father and father-in-law were both born in China. The reaction from the audiences was loud! A fun part of the campaign was when Gordon hired a bus trolley that some 20 supporters boarded and rode through the district while waving banners (Fig. 95). He won in the general election with 60 percent of the vote. We now have a real live politician in the family!



## *Chapter Forty*

### Charlie Moves On

**A**fter he left Trimble Navigation, Charlie got involved in a number of activities. He continued as chairman of the United States GPS Industry Council with frequent trips to Washington, D.C.

He served on the board of directors of a number of GPS related companies in different parts of the country. He also was elected to the board of trustees of his alma mater, the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. He also served on the board of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

At the urging of his daughter, Malinda, who was interested in scuba diving and water sports, Charlie and Marcia became proud owners of a beautiful 25-acre moon crescent shaped island just south of Marsh Harbor in the Great Abaco region of the Bahamas. This was to become a wonderful place for them to visit almost on a monthly basis.

After spending almost a year in a small office I had found for him near the main buildings of Trimble, Charlie began an association with Peter Lu, the founder of Arbor Vita. This small company was doing pioneering work in discovering and developing products that act on an important new class of drug targets called PDZ proteins. PDZ proteins are critical elements that organize and regulate many signaling pathways. PDZ domains are used in human therapeutics and diagnostics in oncology, neurology and influenza. They are developing antibodies for tests and cures for PDZ-based targets for pathogens in cervical cancer, HIV, hepatitis and bird flu. They have achieved very promising results and are getting support and interest from major drug companies and the FDA. Charlie was giving Arbor Vita management support.

## *Chapter Forty-One*

### A Trimble Returns to Teach at Hwa Nan

**I**n 1989 when we first visited Hwa Nan College in Fuzhou, we saw the original campus and the present campus that was built nearby and occupied when the school reopened at the close of the Cultural Revolution. Gordon told us at that time that someday he would return and teach at the school. That day did come!

In the spring of 2005, we heard that there was a change in leadership at Hwa Nan, a Mr. Benchun Lin. Gordon sent him a letter asking if there was any chance that he could visit Hwa Nan in the fall and perhaps teach English in the fall semester. Since the Hawaiian legislature is in session from January through June, his fall months are free for other activities. Gordon got an immediate response in the form of an application to teach and that Hwa Nan would welcome a Trimble to the campus to teach English to the third-year students. Gordon e-mailed his application and immediately was told to report the last week of August. He worked with a total of 125 girls in business English and conversational English in five classes. Sonia also participated in all classes. One of the classes is shown in Figure 96.



Fig. 96 Gordon with Hwa Nan Class

## *Chapter Forty-Two*

### A Royal Tour of China

**I**n early 2006, Gordon announced that his chief of staff, Christy, had just won the Hawaiian Narcissus Beauty contest and was scheduled to visit five major cities in China together with her court of four princesses and their escorts. This event was put on by the Hawaiian Chinese Chamber of Commerce to foster goodwill between Mainland China and Hawai'i. The cities we visited included Guangzhou, Guilin, Xian, Beijing and Shanghai. Our group numbered 55, 50 of whom were Chinese. We were invited to go because Gordon was the boss of the queen, and both the boss and his father had great interest in China. At each city the queen and her court were welcomed royally by officials of the city. Of the places visited, Guilin was the most memorable because of the beautiful scenes from the boat ride down the Li River and the exciting visit through the tremendous caves near Guilin.

A very important part of our trip was the two days we took away from the tour to be in Hwa Nan for the graduation, which included the classes that Gordon and Sonia had taught in the fall of 2005. I had the chance to revisit the campus, meet the staff and in particular meet the girls that had interfaced with Gordon and Sonia. The graduation for about 1,000 girls was held in a very large room with no air conditioning. Gordon and I had our suits and ties on with very bright lights in our faces with the room temperature in the 90s. We both spoke to the crowd with our words translated by Wang Ling a Hwa Nan graduate who had earned a master's degree from the University of Florida.

I spoke of my China background and ties to Hwa Nan and wished the graduates our very best. That evening we enjoyed a group dinner with members of the administration and about 12 girls who had a special relationship with Sonia and Gordon. The next morning we boarded a van with about eight girls and two staff members for a 150-mile drive to Xiamen where we met Sonia's brother (Li Ying's father) and family. During the drive, two girls at a time sat with Gordon and me. We had a wonderful time helping them with their English and hearing of their dreams and plans.

After leaving Xiamen we flew to Hong

Kong and stayed on the Kowloon side for two nights. At that point we separated into two groups, one going back to Honolulu and our group going to Taipei, the capital of Taiwan.

We found Taipei, to our unsophisticated eyes, to be very similar to the major cities in Mainland China—enormous with respect to population, new construction, horrendous traffic, millions of cars, motorcycles and bicycles. The numbers of 40- to 60-story apartment buildings under construction in the major cities we visited were mind boggling. The changes since our visit in 1983 were hard to comprehend.



## *Chapter Forty-Three*

### Hwa Nan Revisited—2007

**I**n June of 2007, I joined Gordon and Sonia for an Alaskan land-cruise, which surprisingly included the wedding of grandson Robert to Jeanette Willing in Anchorage, Alaska. Altogether it was a fun trip. The train ride to Denali National Park and the sights of Mt. McKinley and glimpses of moose and elk in the vast uninhabited land were most enjoyable. The land part of the excursion was followed by a cruise from just south of Anchorage through the Inside Passage with stops at Juneau and Ketchikan then to Vancouver, Canada.

The major event of 2007 was the return by Gordon and Sonia to Hwa Nan Women's College in late August to teach, in the fall semester, two 30-student classes of third-year students in business and conversational English. I joined them on three occasions, for most of September, two weeks in November and 10 days at the end of December.

We were housed in a large apartment about a 10-minute walk from the campus. Most of the 14 other foreign teachers were in an apartment building next to the campus. All of our meals were with the foreign teachers. The campus was in what I call "old China." The streets were narrow, no sidewalks with small old buildings and with many mom and pop stores. New China I describe as having wide streets and sidewalks lined with many new multistory buildings and with pedestrians of all types, bicycles sometimes carrying a mother and a small child, mopeds, motorcycles, cars and trucks all traveling with reckless abandon. I have resolved to never, never drive a car in China!

Gordon lectured to each of the classes twice a week. Then once a week the girls would get English conversation experience in 10-student classes. Gordon had me participate in the conversation classes by having one girl at a time



Fig. 97 Bob and Gordon with students at Hwa Nan, 2007

come to me while he was talking to the rest. The girl and I would talk to each other in a variety of ways such as introducing ourselves, relating her activities over the last weekend, what she expected to be doing in five years and why she chose Hwa Nan for her college (Fig. 97).

I returned to Palo Alto late in September. Then in November, Gordon was called back to Honolulu for a special session of the Legislature, and I returned to Hwa Nan to help, particularly in the conversation classes. Altogether I met with some 120 girls and gave them a little of my China history, engaged them in conversation and showed them some of my old China photographs.

During the time Gordon and Sonia were away, a trip to Nanping with some other foreign teachers was arranged by Wang Ling, Hwa Nan vice president, and Xo Ping. We drove on the new, beautiful,

180-mile, four-lane-divided highway that passed through nine tunnels, some as long as 5 km in the very mountainous Fukien Province. It is as good as any highway we have in America.

Nanping, as I discovered in 1989, was not at all like it was in 1926. The only scene that I remembered was that of the Min River. We were taken to the new 10-floor glass and steel hospital on the same grounds and view of the river as the original old building. We were very well received by the hospital staff. They had celebrated the 100th year anniversary of the founding of the missionary hospital in 2005 and had pictures of Dr. and Mrs. Skinner, the first doctor responsible for its operation. My father took over the hospital from Dr. Skinner in 1914. I forwarded to the present staff some pictures of the hospital and people taken in the very early years.



One of the more rewarding activities Gordon, Sonia and I indulged in through our association with Hwa Nan was working with girls who expressed a great interest in furthering their education either in China or preferably overseas, such as in Australia or America.

Lin Zhang was a girl in the 2007 class that scored very high in an English-speaking contest in Xiamen and expressed great interest in at least visiting America. Gordon came up with a plan to bring her to Honolulu in May 2008 and put her to work in his office in the state capital for one month. She readily accepted his offer.

Hwa Nan's plans for a new campus, in what is called University City, were well underway when we were there in the fall of 2007. A number of other colleges are already operating in this area on the southern bank of the Min

River in southwest Fuzhou. With two new buildings nearing completion, Hwa Nan is expecting to start operating on the new campus in late 2008 or early 2009. The Trimble Foundation interest in Hwa Nan is concerned with financial help to the students, the time and costs for the English students in the computer lab in the old campus, faculty support and general administrative financial support.

In November, there was a visit to Hwa Nan by Elisabeth Benard, the coordinator of the University of Puget Sound Pacific Rim/Asia Study Travel Program, which is available for UPS students every three years. This nine-month program covers six or seven Asian countries. One of the stops in China has been Shanghai. For a number of reasons the decision was made to replace Shanghai with Fuzhou/Hwa Nan in the 2008 Pacific-Rim Program. The Trimble family and Hwa Nan were quite naturally pleased with this development.



Fig. 98 Bob and Gordon at Hwa Nan, 2007  
TRIMBLE HALL carved in stone above window