Washington County Museum 1

Oral History Interview with Pat Reser 2

3 At: Pat Reser's home in Beaverton, Oregon

Date: November 1, 2012

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Informant: Pat Reser

Winn Herrschaft 7 Interviewer: 8 Photographer: Beth Dehn 9 Transcriber: Ellen Rogalin

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P = Pat 11 B = Beth12

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W: Good morning, Pat.

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P: Good morning, Winn.

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W: Well, I waited for this opportunity for a long, long time. It's going to be one of the highlights of my life . . .

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P: Oh my

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W: ...for the opportunity to talk to you this morning and to learn about the pattern of your life and the opportunities and the experience that made you what you are, which is one of the most beautiful and generous, thoughtful people I've ever known.

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P: Thank you.

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W: So, on that basis I'm not going to ask you direct questions, but I have great respect for your intelligence and I think you can probably better tell your story than we can ask you about it. So, would you being by telling us about your background, your family background, and our origins.

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41 42 P: Okay. My father was born in what at that time was referred to as Austria-Hungary, and of course all of the wars that have taken place in that area since then the geographic names have been changed. He was born in a village that is called See Me High – at least that's the translation that came to us and he, the language that they spoke was Rumanian. But again, boundaries have changed and people would go to war and then they would stay there, so he wasn't really sure where the family originated. His family, though, moved to Canada in 1905. So he was born in 1900, in January, and when he was five the family moved to Regina. There was a community of others in that area - some of them spoke Serbian, some of them spoke Rumanian - so there was kind of a cluster of folks in Saskatchewan and his family moved there.

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48 49 What . . . I know they did some farming at the time and my dad went to first grade, but he was a strong, plucky little guy who could fix things and had a sense of mechanics and so he only went to first grade, and he was needed on the farm. So, he had an older brother who died at the age of 26. He had four sisters. One of them died in her late 20's from TB, but my dad made sure that his other sisters went to school and actually went to college. So he was, he was a supporter from a very early age. And then his dad, my grandfather, actually ended up becoming

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a groundskeeper for the Parliament buildings in Regina, Regina being the capitol of 51

52 Saskatchewan. And so I can remember as young child we would go and visit the gardens One because they were beautiful, but grand-dad had the understanding of horticulture and so that was the kind of expertise that he had.

My mom was born in Avonlea, and that's closer to the border than Regina. Their family moved back and forth. The border existed, but in the farming community it wasn't that hard line and you didn't have to go through the customs piece; you didn't have to go through the customs piece the way one does now. One thing I do remember being told about my grandparents is that when they were farming in \_\_\_\_ in the US, they sold the land, but they didn't underst..., they weren't aware that they could have maintained the mineral rights because oil was found on their property. And so after they moved back to Saskatchewan and had property there, they still maintained the mineral rights. In fact, I had an inquiry from a person in Vancouver trying to locate my aunt regarding mineral rights,

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So who knows where that's going to go. But my dad didn't . . . oh, I need to backtrack; where was I born? (laughter) Sorry about that. My brother was born with \_\_\_\_\_ anomalies, so mom took him back to Toronto for some surgeries, and then they moved back. My dad moved back there, too, and then they moved to Windsor. There was a church that was affiliated with the church that they attended in Saskatchewan in Windsor, so that made sense. I mean from my history that made sense why they would move there, and that's where I was born. But the dampness and what-not – it just, it wasn't home – and so when I was nine months old they moved back to Regina. And so even though Windsor's my birthplace, I only had nine months there.

My sister was born about two and a half years later in Saskatchewan and just before I was, well, about seven, seven and a half, dad said I'm not spending another winter in Regina. So they applied to cross the border and they were going to go to Phoenix. But the okay didn't come, didn't come; finally he said, I'm ... he had a sister who lived in Vancouver, he said I'm moving to Vancouver, found a job, sent for us, and of course at that time was when we got the okay to go to Phoenix, but he already had a job, found a house, and so forth, and we moved to Vancouver.

I actually started school, obviously, because of my age, in Vancouver, excuse me... When I started school in Regina my birthday was October 14<sup>th</sup> and the cut-off date was in September – September 30<sup>th</sup> or 15<sup>th</sup> or sometime in September. So I was put in kindergarten, but in January they moved me into first grade, so I was younger than a lot of the other kids. I don't remember a lot about school in Vancouver. I remember walking to and from, and we had to wear these what I thought were horrible brown stockings because it was so cold in the winter time, and we had to bundle up – you know it took you five minutes to bundle up to go outside for ten minutes and come back in and unbundle. I remember walking home on wooden sidewalks

W: Excuse me, I just want, for curiosity Pat, where in Regina was this?

P: We lived on 2036 Elliott Street and we went to Wetmore Elementary School.

W: Okay, I know it well, thank you.

P: Isn't that fascinating, that the time in Regina was still during the second world war and so I remember hearing my parents talk about the blackouts in Vancouver, because in additional to my dad's sister, my aunt, we had cousins, cousins of my parents who lived there, so we'd hear about blackouts and how somebody forgot to turn, to pull the blink down in the bathroom and they were fined. It was that kind of thing. So growing up there was this uneasy sense of ... I remember one day my sister and I were home alone for whatever reason and mom had taken

my brother, probably to a doctor appointment or something, and came home and it was, I knew it wasn't late, but it was getting, it was winter-y, and it was getting dark, and we hid under the table. My mom always had a tablecloth on, so we pulled the tablecloth down and we hid under the tablecloth, and then we could hear footsteps as my mom and my brother walked down the sidewalk to the back door to come in the back door, and I remember being frightened. So, it's interesting as a young child the images that you retain forever

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Because of fear and not really understanding that in the middle of the country, of the continent, you were not going to have a bomb dropped on you. But nonetheless, between the blackouts and the news, that was a very poignant memory in my mind.

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We took the train across to Vancouver, lived off of Frasier, not too far, went to McKenzie Grade School, Sir Alexander McKenzie, and then went to \_\_\_\_\_\_ High School in that area.

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W: Is it still there?

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P: It's still there, yes, I've been back. As a kid, I remember wanting to organize things a lot. We had the PNE. Pacific National Exhibition, that came to Vancouver every year, and it was a big highlight. It was the state fair times ten. And so we would always, mom would take us, and we'd always come home with something that was fairy-ish - either a fairy hat or something or a wand or a baton or what-not, and then I'd gather the neighborhood kids together and we'd always set up a parade and make flyers and take them to the doors, to people on the street. You know, nobody watched except my parents or maybe my mom because dad was at work, but I can just always remember wanting to organize something. And that carried into school. The year I would have gone into the seventh grade, John Oliver High School was opened and so the old high school building became the ninth grade and part of the earlier old high school became seventh and eighth, so we ended up with kind of a middle school setting and then ninth grade in a building and then 10, 11, 12. They also had what they called senior matric, and so it was like a grade 13, almost like a junior college. But as a ninth grader I was involved in senior choir, which was a really big honor, and there were three ninth graders and four 10th graders in senior high choir and that was to build that infrastructure, so that it would always be there. And I took piano lessons so I played the piano, I could read music and I had a voice at the time. But what was so exciting was we put on operettas and I really, I really loved putting greasepaint on, being in front of an audience, being part of a troop; it was really exciting. I enjoyed that a great deal.

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But, of course, the church affiliation we had didn't really support that kind of activity, so as long as it was in school, part of my choir, it was ok, but I also served as my class representative to the ninth grade and then the tenth grade rep on senior, on the council. And I wanted to organize things. We had to do a fundraiser. And this was an era when a lot of moms baked and it was okay to have baked things at school, so I organized, as a tenth grader, a pie sale and we asked each class to provide a certain number of pies and I found, I talked to the cafeteria people and they provided – I don't know if we had to buy them – but we could buy little paper plates and plastic forks for a penny and then we sold pieces of pie for 25 cents, so we made a pretty good profit that year. So, it seems that organizing and fundraising seemed to be kind of something that came very natural to me, because my mom was a very quiet person.

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She would never put herself forward in a group. My dad would take care of everybody, but he always did it quietly. He just – you need something? You know, I'll help you.

W: Excuse me, Pat, you haven't mentioned your maiden name.

P: Oh, excuse me. I was born as Patricia June Valian, and that seemed to be quite an issue for spelling, so I just learned to say Prince Valiant without the t, and then they could spell it. Or, if they saw it, they didn't know how to pronounce it, so again, Prince Valiant without the t because people were reading the comics in those days and Prince Valiant was one of the comic characters.

 So, when, we had cousins and family in Vancouver and enjoyed that a lot. I loved Vancouver. I loved being in my high school. It was really, I could see myself taking steps that would serve me well down the road. I could see myself taking steps that would serve me down the road. And then my parents decided that they wanted to move to the United States. Again, the church was kind of a thread during this time because there wasn't a church body in Vancouver, but there was one in Portland. And we belonged to a small church group that was called the Apostolic Christian Church, and there were churches in Windsor and Regina, Portland, Cleveland, Phoenix, Mansfield, several in Ohio and so forth. So there were clusters around. But the family really enjoyed the northwest and so my parents decided to move to Portland. And so I came . . . we moved in 54 . . . I came here going into my junior year and my sister was going into her eighth grade.

Where we first moved I was within the Cleveland High School attendance area, so even though we were only there for a while, several months, but enough to get through most of my junior year, I was able to simply take the bus and continue my senior year at Cleveland High School. But when we purchased our home, we were in the Franklin School District and my sister went to Franklin High School and graduated from there whereas I graduated from Cleveland. When I think about my activities and what may have led me to who I am, not may have, but certainly what led me to where I am now, I tended to be more service-oriented than social-oriented, and that's not a criticism, that's just who I am. That's an observation. In Cleveland High School I was on a service sorority, or in a service sorority, but it's, I have to smile because moving to another country there's always inherent risk in not reading the culture well and so, in Canada, if you belonged to a group, every year that group, we would have a pin and the name of the group on it and the year. And so part of what you did to show how involved you were, was to wear a variety of pins. So the first time it was cool enough to wear a sweater to Cleveland High School. I had my little bank of pins and I kept getting these funny looks from people and I, of course, I didn't know how to interpret that. And so I was in the restroom and this gal said "How many guys are you pinned to anyhow?" And I said,

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P: "What do you mean?" She says, "Well, how many guys are you going with?" I said, "Well, I really don't have any boyfriend right now." She said, "Well, why are you wearing all those pins?" And I really didn't understand why, but I realized I needed to remove those pins, and I did, and I never wore a pin again. [laughter] They just stayed in the little jewelry box on my dresser. But it's, that's just the inherency of reading a culture. So I spent a little more time after that just observing cultural behavior in clothing, actions and so forth and didn't have too many more faux pas after that. But, it was a lesson, so it probably also influenced why I, in a group, I tend to be part of the background until I really get a sense of the lay of the land and what's being asked and, you know, what's going on. And that served me well, too. It's not a criticism; it's just an observation of self. But, when it was time to go to college, I seriously thought of going to Kent in Ohio and was actually accepted there, but I knew that wasn't an affordable situation. It was out of state, it was travel, it was room and lodging. It wasn't going to work, but it was still good to know that I went through the application process, I was accepted and so forth. So I applied to

Portland State and actually got a scholarship for my first year. But I was still, it was still within that five-year period during which you cannot apply for citizenship, at least that was the rule at the time. You had to live in the U.S. for five years before you could apply for citizenship. And so they still had me has a, whatever classification it was, but it wasn't a native Oregonian or a Portland person and the tuition would have been more than double. And so I really appreciated that scholarship because it allowed me to go to Portland State. And I got a job at Newberry's, so I worked Monday and Friday nights and all day Tuesday, and that really paid for my books because the scholarship was only for tuition. And so the next year . . . I did not get involved in college life in terms of activities. Between working and doing whatever I was doing at church – I played the organ, I conducted a small women's choir and I taught Sunday school, so that pretty much took care of my extra time.

But there's a really interesting story how I met Al. At the time we had to take math and English placement tests. And I was a good math student, but I was a really good English student, but I was placed in a class that had a lab attached to it for people to better learn sentence structure, grammar and writing. And I didn't understand why I was in that class; how could I have performed so poorly on that test. But I'm 17, I'm not going to go in and challenge authority and say I don't belong here. So we had, within the first or second class, we had to write a paper, and so when I went to class the next day, or the next time . . . Classes at that time were pretty much Monday Wednesday Friday and if you had a lab it was Tuesday or Thursday that made that extra class. And so the professor – you know, I remember two or maybe three professors'

names, but I remember his name, and that was Professor Netboy – he asked me to stay after class and he said, "Why are you in this class?" And I said, "Well, that's where I was placed."

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He said, "You need to go to the registrar's office and demand that they place you somewhere else." Now, maybe had he used other language I may have done it, but for me at 17 to demand that they; I'm sorry, that wasn't going to happen. And then I got to thinking, you know, I must have been placed in this class for a reason – why else would it have happened? So, in that class, among others, AI and his friend Darrel were also there. And they had been – they were GI's, they were through with their service, neither one of them . . . Let me rephrase, because I'm really jumping around here.

In that class there was AI and his buddy Darrel. And AI and Darrel had returned from their service during the Korean conflict. The peace had been signed and so they never really went over; they just finished their time out in the US. And so neither one of them had done a lot of writing while they were in the service. Writing letters home and also, AI's history was such that he went to six grade schools in four different states, returned back and forth, and so there was never consistent education for him. And so his English skills, his writing skills, were not very well-developed. And so they recognized if they were ever going to get through that class, they needed to get someone that they would start dating and they'd get that person to help them write these papers.

I need to backtrack, too. Al had a really wise counselor. He got out of the service in November, so he started school in January. And his counselor asked him, "How much writing have you done since high school?" And he said, "Well, I think I wrote my parents a letter or two" kind of thing. And he said, "I suggest that you focus on classes that would really interest you and don't start your English 101 series until the fall." So that's why he was there at that point in time. But nonetheless, they both realized they needed some help. And then of course when the class was over their plan was: sayonara! And I just chuckle when I tell that story and tell people that that class lasted over 52 years. [chuckle] But one day at class, toward the end of class, Professor Netboy asked if I would stay after the class for a minute, and he asked me how old I

was. I had just turned 18, so I was proud of that number, you know. I said, "Well, I'm 18." He said, "Well, let me tell you that sometimes the GI's prey on the younger students and you just might want to be careful." Well, I'll jump ahead about five years. After we graduated and had two children, we happened to be in Vancouver. We'd gone to Seattle for a business purpose and then, we're this close, I have to take you to Vancouver. So we drove by the house, the park I used to walk through, the school and then, of course, Stanley Park is a given. And we were at Prospect Point and just putting quarters in the viewfinder so we could look out over the bay there, and who should be at the next viewfinder but Professor Netboy and so I went up and spoke to him. Of course, he wouldn't have remembered me. But I reminded him of what he had said to me and how much I appreciated that he cared about his students, but I wanted him to know that his concern was considered but not followed, and that Al and I were married and we had two children. [laughter] So that was kind of fun to be able to share that story.

But anyhow, getting back to college, Al and I – Al wanted to have a food tech minor and it wasn't available at Oregon State [whispering -- ... start again] Al needed a food tech minor and it wasn't available at Portland State, so he needed to transfer to Oregon State. And, of course, I didn't have a car:

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he had a car. That 90 miles just seemed like it was too great a distance. I mean when you're madly in love and you're that age, 90 miles is a long way. And so we thought well, let's just get married and we'll go down as married students. Plus, I was a bonus of 25 dollars a month on the GI Bill. If you were a married student, you got 135 dollars a month; if you were not, you got 110 a month on the GI Bill. So we got married and went down to Oregon State. And... before we got married, we had, we spent a lot of time talking about what we expected from our lives, what our hopes and dreams were, what we would want our marriage to be, our family and so forth, and we kind of narrowed it down to four basic things – that I was going to graduate before we had children, that I would not work in the business, that we, that church would be part of our family life and that we would always give back to the communities in which we lived and worked. And I can't tell you where that came from, you know, a specific thing, I just think it was kind of the logical next step for who he was and for who I was. And we pretty much were able to do all four. Our first child was born 10 days before graduation, but I had completed my coursework at the end of winter term, so I still met that goal. And Marty was born in May and we graduated in June and moved to Forest Grove. And his family, his mom and dad.

I need to kind of do a little bit about Al at this point. Al's life was really nomadic. Al led a very nomadic life. He was born in Topeka, Kansas. They lived in Greeley, Colorado, Wichita, Topeka, Ranier, Oregon, back to Kansas and then they moved the summer he was going into the ninth grade, they moved to Hillsboro. And they lived in a labor camp. He has three younger sisters. Two of them preceded him in death. But the family - he was 15, Lois was 13, Jeanie was eight and Dotie was five when they moved out here. And they lived in the labor camp in Hillsboro and worked the fields until they were able to secure lodging at the Chickadee Motel. And then they . . . the Chickadee Motel was on the site of the current Hale's Family Restaurant, and Al used to tell stories of how he had two pairs of jeans and so when his mom washed them by hand and she would turn the oven on and put the jeans on the open door to help them dry because they wouldn't necessarily dry during the cooler times overnight and that he was not, he was uncomfortable with the living conditions in terms of announcing it, so they kept calling into the office saying we need an address for you. "Oh, I forgot my address, I'll get it" and so he kept ignoring and avoiding, and then he'd get off the bus, the school bus, at a different stop and then walk to the motel, and so forth. And so there were a lot times when he was, well, the whole family, making the best of a situation that was not really ideal but nonetheless. And he tells stories of ... he wanted to play football. He was a fairly big strapping kid.

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> And so he went out for football, but he was using his dress shoes and finally the coach said, "You have to get a pair of football shoes. You cannot wear these anymore." And he said, "I can't afford it." And he said, "Well, you know, if you want to play, I'll give you two weeks to get that done." And so he started collecting bottles and newspapers and so forth and shoes were 12 dollars and finally the deadline came and he didn't have enough to buy the shoes. And so he told his coach, "I was able to scrape up six dollars" and so the coach loaned him six and he went to Penney's and the only pair they had left was size 12. Well, he wore a size 11, so he just stuffed paper in the ends, but he had his football shoes. So Al was a make-do kind of kid from early beginnings and shortly thereafter they were able to rent a house in Cornelius, and so Al's mom started making potato salad and selling it to the grocery stores. And in the meat departments at that time, the meat wasn't pre-packaged. You asked for, I'll take a half a pound of this or a pound of that or could you cut me slice of or what-not. So it was all very butcher involved and pieces weren't pre-wrapped. So she went to the grocer, to the butcher, and asked him if he would consider selling some of her potato salad in one of those long trays that you'd put the green grass to separate things out and for visual appeal, and he did and it went very well. And so the kids were pressed into service at an early time. Before they went to school they either had to help mix potato salad or fill cups or sprinkle paprika on top or put the pickle slice or whatever was needed.

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And so from a very early age Al was always making things work. And from a very early age I was always organizing and making things work, only in a different way. So it really, you know, we really had an attraction in our skill set as well and things that interested us excited us. So after we got – I need to think about this a minute . . . So we graduated from Oregon State and moved to Forest Grove, and I got a job teaching middle school – it was called junior high at that time - in Forest Grove. I was a little bit disillusioned by the whole setting. You know you graduate and you're going to go out there and conquer the world and bring all your skill set to whomever is waiting for you, and so forth, and I was hired by a district that was extremely poor. And there were no textbooks and those that were available were very old. And then of course there's always the culture they know, the other ones know, get in there and grab all the textbooks you can at the beginning of the year and so another seventh grade home teacher took me under his wing and he said, ok, you've got to come with me and this is what we have to do or you're going to be left in the lurch. So, he took me under his wing. But the district was a little parochial in another way. It seems that I got pregnant quite quickly with Michael and so, soon it's obvious and you talk about it. Well, I was invited to the principal's office and it was not considered a good idea for a middle school or junior high to have a pregnant teacher. Therefore, I really needed to submit my resignation.

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W: What year was this?

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P: This was 1960, 1960-61.

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P: So, I did that. I mean how are you going to, I was not of the ilk to challenge authority. If that was the rule then I had to abide by it. So they did allow me to go into January because it benefitted me, my vacation pay, if you will, could be accrued in the next calendar year, which would reduce the taxing. So ... but I've got to tell you this one, too. In that year I applied for my citizenship. And there, in 1960, it was an election year, so you couldn't become a citizen within so many days prior to a national election. But I had gone right into the application process. I had not filled out paperwork that was a declaration of intent. The Forest Grove School District

required that their teachers, if they were not citizens, have that paper, a declaration of intent, in his or her file in their office, and I couldn't go back and get it, so they couldn't pay me until I received my citizenship. Now, would that fly today? No. Would I have allowed it to fly today? Of course not. But nonetheless you are who you are at various times in your life and so I started in August with teacher in-service and so forth, like everybody else, but I didn't get my first paycheck until December because we had to go through the election process and then I became, I got, I received my citizenship after that and then I got my check in December. So we borrowed from his mom until, so we could make it through that time, and just paid her back when I got my check.

So after Mike was born in April. I decided I didn't really want to apply back in Forest Grove, so I applied in Hillsboro. And again, things that, I think young women have no idea of how things used to be. And, so I applied in Hillsboro. I had, you know, a good reference from Forest Grove. They were happy with me and I had my good transcript from Oregon State and so forth. But the superintendent made reference to my two children. He said, you know, "They're not even a year apart." And I had a sense of where he was going. The unanswered question was birth control. And so I thought. I'm not going to let you go there, and in my inexperience I just said, "Yes, I do have two children who are less than one year apart and I'm not Catholic." And so that ended that conversation. I didn't know what else to say. [laughter] And for all the Catholics who might at some point see this, no, I'm not intending any disparaging remark, but it's what came out of my mouth at that time. And so then the next question was, "Well, you know that the taxpavers of Hillsboro pay your salary, but you live in Forest Grove, and so how might that work out for you?" And I said "Well, if it's any help to you, I shop at the Piggly-Wiggly in Forest Grove." . . . So I said to him, "I shop at the Piggly-Wiggly at the Y in Hillsboro. I am supporting the community that's supporting me." And so he seemed to be okay with that and I was hired. But, I worked at Peter Boswell and taught sixth grade and enjoyed that immensely, and then after four years there I was pregnant with Mark, and by now I had gained a little wisdom.

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P: And I had to take a letter from my doctor to the, or provide a letter to the superintendent indicating my due date and that I could not work within a month of the due date. So I explained this to my doctor and he said "Okay, when do you hypothetically want to have this baby?" And so we added two weeks to the due date because I wanted to be able to finish the quarter and provide the grades for the kids. It didn't seem fair that someone coming in, a long-term sub, would be responsible for the grading. So worked within two weeks of my third child and did perfectly fine. But just one year, no four years later, and probably four miles distance, just a different philosophical approach.

I stayed home for 15 years and during that time the girls were born and then I just, I needed to get, I needed something more than just being a full-time mom and, recognizing full-time parenthood is very valuable and it meets many people's needs very well, but for me I needed, I knew I could be a better mom, more supportive mom, if I also had something for me. So I went back to school and over the course of almost three years got my masters in special ed. And then, it was difficult for AI, my going back. You know, "Aren't I providing well enough for you?" That's not the case. I needed something that would more closely reflect who I was. And actually my family, the kids were so supportive of it because I would come home and say "Oh my goodness, this is what I learned today" or what not and they were really excited, especially the girls. They picked up on that, my mom's going back to school. In fact, one of my birthday presents, when I first started going back, was a lunch pail – it was one of those soft lunch pails with a thermos – purple – I kept it for a very long time, and I'm sure it's somewhere, somewhere

still. But the kids were really supportive of that and they were proud to say my mom's gone back to school.

So, I got my degree and then wanted to do something with it, and I had done my student teaching at Beaverton High School. Because I worked, I had taught in the elementary school, I had volunteered for years at Mountain View in the lab workshop and so forth, but I had no experience at the high school. And I know Mark was at the high school, the last thing he wanted to do was see his mother on campus, and the principal who'd been at Aloha High School and who both Al and I had worked on with various parental activities had been transferred to Beaverton High, so I thought that's perfect. He knows me; none of the kids know me, so that's fine. I did my student teaching at Portland State; excuse me. I did my student teaching at Beaverton High School and I finished at the end of -- don't ask me the year. I can't remember right at this minute - but I asked if I could have a, just a conversation with the principal. So I said, "Talk to me about high school" because I wanted to understand the full curriculum of the continuum of school. And so he talked about a comprehensive high school and of the issues they're dealing with and so forth, and he asked me, "What do you like to teach most?" I said, "You know, I'm in special ed, I have all kinds of reading background, but the thing I like most is teaching math." And so he said, "Well, here's the deal." The district was, well, you know, districts always have programs going on and the program that was getting the most attention at the time was competencies. And the kids had to demonstrate competencies in various core classes

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and not just survive by getting a grade. And he said "I'm having difficulty with the kids meeting the competencies in math. I have some discretionary dollars. Would you be interested in it?" Whoa! Math. High school. Where do I go from here? But I'd been involved with Mountain View's middle school math labs and I was so impressed with what they did with math labs. And so in talking with them they gave me a resource in Clackamas High School. So I went out and visited him. He gave me incredible support and information and he said, "Here are my files. Take a copy of anything you want." And he really helped me formulate an idea of how I could deal with high school math kids. And these were not the calculus or trigonometry kids: these were kids who needed to meet; they were bright kids who needed to meet their math competencies. Many of them were English-as-second-language students and so there were just breaks in their education. And so he hired me to teach two classes and he said, "I will not put truant kids, behavior kids or known drug kids, problems in your classroom. These are kids who strive hard and they need their math competencies met so they can graduate from high school." And so armed with that and the information I got from the Clackamas School District. ... I met also the person who was in charge of testing for Beaverton High School had been the teacher I did with student teaching with in Corvallis.

W: Excuse me, was George Russell there at that time? He was a mathematician.

P: George Russell – I came to know him a little bit, like a year or two later, so whether he was there at that time or not I don't know. He may have; our paths simply didn't cross. Yeah, they did later.

So, at the high school I was invited to attend the math department meetings. And so I had first gone to the head of the math department and explained what I was hired to do and the approach I was going to take. And, in a sense I was kind of hoping for a blessing. And I was told, "These are not math students. Don't get your hopes up. Most of them probably will never meet their competencies." And I thought, "Them's fighting words to me." [laughter] So again, you know, there's always an angel in a crowd? There was a math teacher who kind of took me

under his wing and said, "You know, this is something that I do and I have a math Olympics and I do these kinds of things. Anything you want, I'm happy to help you." Now, the interesting scenario going on at the time – I was the head of the Beaverton School District Budget Committee and the Budget Committee, by law, is made up of non-district employees, and so I couldn't be hired until we'd completed our job. And we were so far along into the process that they didn't want me to be hired and have to step down. So what I offered to do was I would go in twice a week to this one math teacher's class who had kind of befriended me and I would simply volunteer. Because I wanted to get a feel for the culture in a high school math class because it's a lot different from elementary or middle school and I needed to understand that. So I volunteered for the month of January and then, of course, the semester was over, and just into February.

## 55:00

 P: And then when that job was done, then I started the next week. But I had everything ready to go and I had requests tests, I wanted an A and B test that could be look at – just raw material and not scored based on age or grade, because I wanted to know what do you know now; when I'm through, what did I help you learn. And so I was provided with that, an A and B test form, and we started in. So based on the time it took to do the testing and spring break and so forth, I had just over three months of teaching. To my delight, the greatest gain was three years and eight months; the smallest gain was one year and eight months, and most of them were in the two, two and a half gain. And so I, you can bet who I showed those results to first (laughing). But as a result of that, what they called the HILS program, High Intensity Learning Program, was put into place in Beaverton following that year. But the principal told me, he said, ... My special education degree gave me permission to teach from grades k through 12, whereas other degrees limit you. But he said, "The reality is I need a track coach and most track coaches either teach history or math. And when I hire the track coach, it will depend on whether I can hire you or not." [break, switch tapes]

## Part one ends here

arose to be head of the Assistance

## Center.

Well, let me backtrack. As a learning disabilities program specialist, I acted as a resource for the teachers who were the learning disabilities teachers in the grade schools, and then that gradually expanded as cuts were being made, to include middle and high schools also. So I did workshops, I provided consultation, I worked, I just worked with them, the LD teachers, to help them to do the job that they needed to do in their schools. And then the Assistance Center became available, or heading the Assistance Center became available and I was moved into that position. And what our role was, was when the resources of a school were tapped out but the educational needs of the student were not being met, then they would call in the Assistance Center team and we would work together to come up with some solution. And again it was an organization listening to all, and I really moved forward in developing another set of skills that had become to emerge.

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