

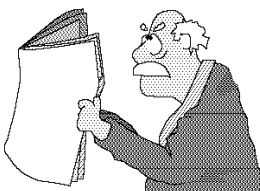
## Wow!

By now, most of you are probably wondering if I fell off the face of the earth. Not quite, but I can see the edge from here. I didn't send out cards last year during the holidays, 'cause I figured I'd be done with this. I didn't quite make my deadline.

It's been almost two years since the last ParkerPress went out, and I'm not really sure what happened. I'm not only one of the best procrastinator's in the business, but I'm also in the advanced stages of the dreaded CRS disease [Can't Remember Stuff <at least that's the PG version>].

So... grab a seat (the typical one), turn on the fan, and read on. Make sure you put the lid down and flush when you're finished.

CDD



## MAJOR CHANGES

NOW FOR THE "BIG NEWS".

The last three months of the last two years since I've sent out a ParkerPress have been "interesting", to say the least.

In September, my living arrangement changed considerably. Laurie, Alyssa and Jasmine are no longer living with me in the house. It's awfully quiet here now, and I miss them quite a bit, but I know there's a reason for everything. Sometime it's just hard to figure out.

Since I don't like change in the first place, and tend to want to change everything at once, I was offered and have accepted a new job. The last four years at StorageTek have been good for me and I've learned a great deal, but the excitement was waning (until the last couple months.)

I received the offer in early October to work for some people I used to work with at Softool. They started a company which focuses on the Technology Transition and Project Management part of implementing Configuration Management in large organizations, which is very close to my background.

The new job involves travel, this time both in the US and Europe, but it will be more limited than it was when I was at Softool. It's a great "startup-type" opportunity, allowing me to work at home when I'm here and see Europe for the first time. I'm looking forward to the challenges a small company always has, although I'll miss the people and the banter at StorageTek.

So... That's the big news, and inside you'll find what you normally see in these issues...

## FEATURES

Wow! .....	1
Major Changes.....	1
News from Broomfield.....	2
Medical Terms Brilliantly Defined.....	2
Events! .....	6
A Christmas Gift, Gone Awry .....	8
James Milton Sherman's History .....	9

# NEWS FROM BROOMFIELD

STEVE, LAURIE, AND ALYSSA

*LET'S SEE, WHERE SHOULD I START... HOW 'BOUT AROUND THE END OF THE LAST NEWSLETTER, SENT OUT NEAR THE END OF JANUARY (HOW IRONIC THAT THIS ONE WILL BE SENT AROUND THE SAME TIME)*

But first, let me talk a little about changes we made “around the house”: Laurie’s “ex” works at an Heating / Air Conditioning company. Since I hate the warm weather, I’d been dreaming about adding an A/C unit since we moved in, and Dave got us a great deal on a high power AC unit, a humidifier (for winter), and an electrostatic air cleaner. We had them put it in around June of ‘96, and spent most of those 100 degree days locked up inside a nice cool house.

With all the fancy landscaping that Gabrielle did (the previous owner) and my knack for having a brown thumb, I decided to pull the herb garden out of the west side of the back yard and put in lawn (in preparation for a bunch of aspen trees). This meant I’d have to water more (which I could never quite get down to a consistent rhythm). So... I shared the rental of a trencher with Gregg and we put in sprinkler systems. I did the work over about four weekends, since I never seemed to have the parts I needed to finish putting everything together. But, it’s working now, and I’ve got a timer taking care of the watering issue. I’ve got a couple more things I still want to do out back, but they’ll happen over time.


Next thing was to finish the area around the new sprinkler manifold. I terraced the side, putting in a “Columnar Blue Spruce”. It’ll look great in a couple more years. I put in four aspen trees on the northwest side of the back yard, all watered by the drip irrigation system. Now all I have to do is plant a large ash (or similar), build a desk, finish the basement, ... Oh never mind, I’m tired already just thinking about it.

Now, to chronology:

On May 25th, I flew out to Loma Linda, CA for Scott’s graduation from the Dental School. We had a great time, and Scott surprised us all with a “tribute” to his new wife during the services. What a guy... He’s now a happy dentist living in Moscow, Idaho, and trying to buy his first house. Now, if he can get those school loans paid off...

In June, Laurie, Alyssa and I packed up the bikes, and headed for Glenwood Springs for a break. We checked into a the Riverside Cottages (we wouldn’t recommend them to anybody.) We spent the weekend taking a hike up to Hanging Lake (Alyssa walked all the way), riding bikes on

*See NEWS on page 3*

<b>THE PARKERPRESS</b>		
ESTABLISHED IN 1991, AND PUBLISHED ON A WHIM THEREAFTER		
		
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: STEVE PARKER	ABOUT LAST NIGHT: GREAT MOVIE	<b>SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION</b>
PUBLISHER: STEVE PARKER	SALES MANAGER: STEVE PARKER	EDITOR: PARKERPRESS
ARCHIVIST: STEVE PARKER	LITTLE HAIRY RAT: TOTO	SOME ADDRESS
THE BOSS: BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN	ADVERTISING: WORD O’ MOUTH	BROOMFIELD, CO 99999
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: STEVE PARKER	PARTY DIRECTOR: DIONYSUS	EDITOR@*****.COM
		<a href="http://www.parkerpress.com/">http://www.parkerpress.com/</a>

the Glenwood Canyon bike path, and soaking in the hot springs.

Towards the end of June, Laurie had a class out in San Francisco. I talked her into making the drive up to Lake Tahoe to meet Mom and Dad at the timeshare, and spend the weekend there. She may have more to say about this in another article.

On July 5th, we took a group to climb Quandary Peak (one of the 14'ers). I thought this would be a good place to see if Laurie liked "climbing", but given that this was the first time up at high elevation for the summer, and she's never done this before, she didn't make it to the top, and I'm not sure if she'll want to try this again. That's OK, 'cause I didn't make it either. I had to drag a friends 90 pound chocolate lab called "little bear" down that mountain. I'll never climb with a group bringing a dog along again.

Two weeks later, Chip and I packed up and headed for the southwest corner of the state to try to climb another 14'er called El Diente. We backpacked into Navaho Lake at the base of the peak, and tried to climb it the next day. We got within about 200 yards of the top when we got to a place we couldn't pass without technical gear. The trip was worth it anyway, just to get out into the high country again.

The next weekend (July 27th) was the Spike-It-Up grass doubles Vball tournament in Lakewood (a suburb of Denver). My normal doubles partner (Shawn) had some back problems, but I found another person and played with him. We didn't break pool, but we didn't do too bad for people who hadn't played together before.

The following weekend brought the Peak Challenge. StorageTek sponsors a local charity who has climbers try to scale most of the 14'ers in the state. We picked one of the more difficult peaks called Capitol Peak. It was a 7 mile backpack in to the base, and we climbed the following day. Most of our group made it, but I ended up having to help somebody in our group who became very uncomfortable at the knife edge. That made me 0 for 3 of the peaks I tried to climb. I still had fun, though.

On August 15th, with Mom and Dad here for Hunters birth (Vicky and Chris Holden), I took a day off, and we (Mom, Dad and I) drove to the top of Mt. Evans. I'd never been up there. This was by far the easiest 14'er I've been on, since you can drive to within 200 feet of the top.

We went to two concerts in October. My first "country music" concert (Laurie's a big country music fan) was Terri Clark and George Strait. It was fun, but I'm still not that big of a fan of country music. We also went to a Jimmy Buffett concert, right after I tore a tendon in my arm while planting a tree in the yard (the spruce tree). It was about 35 degrees out, and I had to keep an ice pack on my elbow, but I still had a great time. Something about beach music...

I spent about 6 hours over 3 weeks teaching a fifth grade class how businesses work as part of the national Junior Achievement program. I had a lot of fun doing this, and will be teaching a similar program to 4th grade in March of this year.

The first weekend of December brought us to Steamboat Springs for the first ski trip of the season with Gregg, Kathy, Chip, Laurie, and Laurie and I. We drove up there through a blizzard reminiscent of the Tahoe storms of the 80's. But the skiing the following day was AWESOME. Nice powder, great skiing (I tried out "shaped/parabolic" skis for the first time).

Thanksgiving was a fairly quiet time here at the house. We had some friends over for dinner, and basically took it pretty easy.

Christmas, however was a slightly bigger affair. We had everybody come out and we all headed for the Holden's new house. We had Mom and Dad, Scott and Heidi, Linda, Mark, Kelsey, Nicole, Adam, Katie, and Christian all fly out, and Laurie, Alyssa and myself headed down to the Springs in a borrowed motorhome. We had a great week with all of us together, and took the first family pictures we've been able to get in the last eight years.

On the weekend of January 17th, I again put on a 45lb backpack, and tried "backcountry skiing" for the first time in my life. I hadn't been on backcountry skis since I broke my face (and Dad's skis) skiing with dad in college days. It was a fairly short trip in (only four miles), and we got to stay in a backcountry hut. It had a fireplace, sinks, dishes, beds, and more (including the infamous USFS 'outhouse'). It was great fun, and taught me that I don't know squat about telemark skiing. I think I want to pursue it anyway, because it's about the only way you can get into the backcountry in winter.

Mom and Dad stopped by again in May, on their way up to Canada for their mission. It was a nice break for us and for them, as they got to see us and the Holdens before leaving the country for a couple years.

I got to go back up to Tahoe for a couple days staying at cousin Julie's house (Thanks, Mark and Julie), and the Laurssons (Thanks Eric and MaryBeth, say "boo" to the kids for me). Steve's wedding was beautiful, right on the shore of Lake Tahoe (congratulations). Since everybody was busy on Saturday, I drove down and surprised the Hogges. It was kind of fun to see their faces when I drove up to the houses.

On July 12th, Alyssa and I went with Chip and a large group of people to climb Mount Evans. This was Chip's last 14'er (the last of 54 14,000 foot mountains in Colorado) and Drews first (his son). Alyssa expressed an interest, and she actually climbed it in it's entirety. By the end of the day, she was exhausted, but just about as proud of herself as she could be.

Just in case Laurie doesn't get to her article before this goes out, her year was FULL of surprises.

As some of you know by know, Laurie left her job as a secretary with StorageTek at the beginning of December for a technical position with a company called Energy Analysts International. This was a great chance to get out of the secretary mentality and get into the world of high tech, but the company turned out to be a bad choice. After only three months, she needed to get out and started her job with Interleaf, Inc.

This was a great opportunity, and where Laurie had wanted to work in the first place. Things were going along great until the beginning of November. Interleaf had a bad year, and ended up laying off 20% of their workforce. Unfortunately, Laurie was one of them. It was heartbreaking to see a job that she had wanted, and actually enjoyed, had to go away. After a couple months of searching and interviewing, she's landed on her feet again at a company called HBO and Company (no, not the cable company). This new job should provide quite a challenge, as she's now the senior support person in her group after only three weeks. We have faith that this one will work out as a great job and great growth potential. She has since been promoted to an Analyst position, and is continuing to impress people all over the company. One good side effect of all this shifting was that her salary since StorageTek has more than doubled. Amazing what the difference between secretarial and technical salaries are out here.

*See NEWS on page 4*

NEWS from page 5

And now, for an Alyssa update: She “graduated” from Kindergarten, graduated from first grade, and is now in the middle of second grade. She’s reading, writing, and starting to do math. I figure it’s only a matter of time before I’ll have to learn “new math” just to keep up. She’s still in ballet and tap, and she’s taken to ice skating with a vengeance, skating at least three times per week. She had far too much energy and drive for the “basic” classes, and after we started her on private lessons, she’s zooming along through the different levels of “basic” skating. She also got rollerblades for Christmas. I’ll never be able to keep up with her now.

I’m still with StorageTek, and things are starting to look up now. I’ve been doing product support for some internal word processing tools for the last year, and it’s something I’m good at, but not what I want to be doing for the rest of my life. We just hired somebody to take over the basic support, which will let me do “back-line” support and get on to the maintenance of an simulation tool written in Smalltalk, and OO language. It’s nearer the “cutting edge” than I’ve been for quite some time, and it should be fun to start learning things again.

STK as a company has finally started on the track back to productivity. We’ve had a pretty bad track record since I got here, but for the first time, we’re exceeding all our goals, and are starting to consistently make money again. This is much nicer than the years that preceded it.

I’ve been happy with the new house, and plan on buying a table-saw with my tax refund check. My old skil-saw doesn’t cut straight enough to be able to build anything serious, and I’ve got alot of things inside that I want to start working on. Maybe a router too. And a

---

## LIST OF MEDICAL TERMS BRILLIANTLY DEFINED BY CHILDREN

CONTRIBUTED BY MARK HOGGE

**ARTERY**-The study of paintings.

**BACTERIA**-The back door of a cafeteria.

**BARIUM**-What doctors do when patients die.

**BOWEL**-A letter like a,e,i,o,u.

**CAESEREAN SECTION**-A neighborhood in Rome.

**CAUTERIZE**-Made eye contact with her.

**COLIC**-A sheep dog.

**D & C**-Where Washington is.

**DILATE**-To live long.

**ENEMA**-Not a friend.

**G.I. SERIES**-Military ball game.

**HANGNAIL**-Coat hook.

**IMPOTENT**-Distinguished, well-known.

**LABOR PAIN**-Getting hurt at work.

**MAMMOGRAM**-A telegram to your mamma.

**MEDICAL STAFF**-A doctor’s cane.

**MORBID**-A higher bid.

**NITRATES**-A cheaper than day rates.

**NODE**-Aware of.

**OUTPATIENT** -A person who fainted.

**POSTOPERATIVE**-Letter carrier.

**RECTUM**-Dang near killed ‘em.

**SEIZURE**-Roman Emperor.

**SONOGRAM**-A telegram to your son.

**TABLET**-A small table.

**TERMINAL ILLNESS**-Airport sickness.

**TUMOR**-more than one.



# EVENTS!

I know for sure that with this issue, I'm going to miss ALOT of events, but in the interest of getting this out without further delay, I'm willing to take the heat (send 'em to me and I'll make "corrections" in the next issue):

## NEW BABIES!

Mark and Linda Hogge brought **Christian Michael Hogge** into the world on February 26th, 1996. He was born at the peaceful hour (at least at a hospital) of 11:48pm. He weighed 8' 10", and was 21" tall (long??)

Rich and Susan welcomed **Maryn Noelle Worhacz** on May 17th, 1996 at 12:39pm. Finally, a mid-day baby... Maryn was 8' 0.2", and 21" tall.

**Benjamin David Hastings** (Rachel and Jeff's first baby) was born on July 18th, 1996 at 9:35pm. He weighed 7' 11", and was 20.5" tall.

**Hunter Thomas Holden** (to sister Vicky and husband Chris) came into the world a little premature this July 23rd at 5' 10" and 21" tall. He's doing great now, and growing like crazy...

**Valeri Jeanne Nix** decided she liked sports enough that she came into Kevin and Marlene Nix's world during the 3rd quarter of the Superbowl this year, after 15 1/2 hours of labor at 8' 11" and 21" tall. For those of you who know Marlene, this is a pretty good size baby. I wonder if she's a Packer fan.

In last years issue, I mentioned that Joe and Amilia Witherspoon had their 2nd baby girl on July 19th, 1995, just a year after their first. They are due again on Feb 3rd 1997. Joe, the number for Family Planning Services in Santa Barbara is (805)681-5170.

Lisa and Danny Gleason have added **Dani Marie** to their family on March 28th at 2:49pm. Dani was 6'2" (not feet/inches, but pounds/ounces) and 18" long.

Scott & Heidi Parker have provided their Weimaraner Annie with a new owner named **Riley Suzanne**. Riley was born on May 8th, 1997

at 10:59am. She weighed 5'7" and was 19 3/4". This is my 10th nephew/niece.

Phil, Sharon, and Kyle Estabrooks have a new member of their family, considerably earlier than expected. **Sean Charles** was born on 9/23/97 at 4:21pm. He weighed 6'1" and was 18" long. After a brief stay in NICU, he's home and doing fine.

## BABIES (STILL IN PROGRESS)

Vicky and Chris Holden are expecting in February '98

Rick and Jodi Jones are expecting twins in February '98 as well.

Linda and Mark Hogge are expecting in April '98

## WEDDINGS!

Bruce Stevens married Tracy on May 18th, 1996.

Danny Gleason married Lisa Piper (Laurie's sister) in Las Vegas on July 13th, 1996.

Steve Lemke and Audra Sugerman were married at Chambers Landing on the west shore of Lake Tahoe on June 20th, 1997.

Kash Mohammadi married Kathleen Marie Rogers on September 13th, 1997 in Santa Barbara

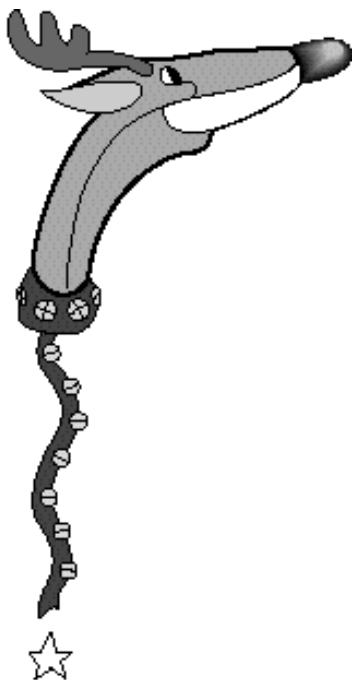
## WEDDINGS (TO BE)

Gregg Lowrimore asked Kathy Mendoza to marry him at a small restaurant when we were all up at Beaver Creek for a MicroBrew festival on April 26th, 1997. Actually, I think that we were there for the proposal, and it was coincidence that there was a MicroBrew festival? Nah... Never mind.

## OTHER EVENTS!

On the weekend of May 25th, 1996, my "little brother" became Dr. Parker. He's now a licensed dentist in the "Western Region" of the United States, and is working in the small town of Moscow, Idaho at an office called Bearable Dentistry. He and wife Heidi are adjusting to their new married life style away from everybody, and are in the process of looking for a house to settle down for awhile...

Carl and Karen Still bought a new "4 bedroom,



2 bath Spanish Style abode with lots of great landscape to care for". Karen also did the Orthopedic specialist certification American Physical Therapists board this year.

They continue to play ball tournaments, and a Gold Division of Volleyball Tournament in the California Red doubles grass court.

Mom and Dad were out in '96, California was Mother Nature. There I all saw it on TV), Lots of trees were

down, including one on the pickup (squashed), a couple on the house (no major damage) one on the electrical / cable / phone lines (the fridge food was gross when they got back home,) Everything is fine now, but it was a little tough for Dad to know what had happened and to be stuck out here in Colorado. Apparently the town looked like a logging camp, with all the trees down.

While they were down here, we took the entire group out in a motorhome (thanks Marilyn and Don) for the first complete family picture in quite a few years. It was like the Griswold Family Christmas. We had 20 of us cruising around the springs, looking for a good place to take a picture. We settled on "The Garden of the Gods" in Colorado Springs.

California got a brief respite from the weather, but I talked to Mom and Dad again on January 28th and it's started back up. Grandma got flooded out a day or two ago when the river overflowed.

They called the Fire Department to pump out the basement, and will be spending some time shovelling out all that nice, fine silt that comes from agricultural topsoil. Mother Nature is going to stabilize this system regardless of what we may think.

Speaking of Mom and Dad, they landed at a small town in British Columbia named Bella Coola on June 14th, 1997. They'll be there for a couple years on a "mission" for the Church. Mark and Linda will be moving into the house for the duration. Their trip was "eventful". If you get a chance, write them. They really miss the daily communication with friends / family.

Their mailing address is:

Elder & Sister Parker

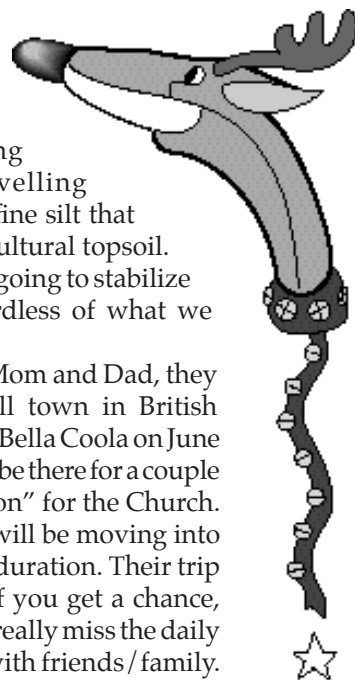
Some Address

Bella Coola, BC NNN-0000

CANADA

I've taken a few trips out to Santa Barbara to help Patty Aubery at Jack Canfield's house (Author of Chicken Soup for the Soul). I've been helping them with computers and networks for years, and they got to another point where I could help them out again for a few days. The three of us took a trip back out there in August for a vacation / work trip. Thanks to Jack for the generosity: He let us stay at his house (while he was in Hawaii) which saved more than a few dollars on this trip.

Chris Holden officially completed his last class of his education on August 14th, 1997. He's understandably elated about this milestone in his life, and looking forward to the next "phase".



# A CHRISTMAS GIFT, GONE AWRY

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

*[editors note: This was intended for the 1996 Christmas season, but since I managed to delay almost 12 months, it is appropriate again...]*

For Christmas this year my wife purchased me a week with a personal trainer at the local health club. Though still in great shape from when I was on the varsity chess team in high school, I decided it was a good idea to go ahead and try it. I called and made reservations with someone named Tanya, who said she is a 26 year old aerobics instruction and athletic clothing model. My wife seemed very pleased with how enthusiastic I was to get started.

## DAY 1

They suggest I keep this “exercise diary” to chart my progress this week. Started the morning at 6:00 AM. Tough to get up, but worth it when I arrived at the health club and Tanya was waiting for me. She’s something of a goddess, with blond hair and a dazzling white smile. She showed me the machines and took my pulse after five minutes on the treadmill. She seemed a little alarmed that it was so high, but I think just standing next to her in that outfit of hers added about ten points. Enjoyed watching the aerobics class. Tanya was very encouraging as I did my situps, though my gut was already aching a little from holding it in the whole time I was talking to her. This is going to be GREAT!

## DAY 2

Took a whole pot of coffee to get me out the door, but I made it. Tanya had me lie on my back and push this heavy iron bar up into the air. Then she put weights on it, for heaven’s sake! Legs were a little wobbly on the treadmill, but I made it the full mile. Her smile made it all worth it. Muscles feel GREAT!

## DAY 3

The only way I can brush my teeth is by laying the tooth brush on the counter and moving my mouth back and forth over it. I am certain that I have developed a hernia in both pectorals. Driving was okay as long as I didn’t try to steer. I parked on top of a Volkswagen. Tanya was a little impatient with me and said my screaming was bothering the other club members. The treadmill hurt my chest so I did the stair monster. Why would anyone invent a machine to simulate an activity rendered obsolete by the invention of elevators? Tanya told me regular exercise would make me live longer. I can’t imagine anything worse.

## DAY 4

Tanya was waiting for me with her vampire teeth in a full snarl. I can’t help it if I was half an hour late, it took me that long just to tie my shoes. She wanted me to lift dumbbells. Not a chance, Tanya. The word “dumb” must be in there for a reason. I hid in the men’s room until she sent Lars looking for me. As punishment, she made me try the rowing machine. It sank.....



## DAY 5

I hate Tanya more than any human being has ever hated any other human being in the history of the world. If there was any part of my body not in extreme pain I would hit her with it. She thought it would be a good idea to work on my triceps. Well, I have news for you, Tanya. I don't HAVE triceps. And if you don't want dents in the floor don't hand me any barbells. I refuse to accept responsibility for the damage. YOU went to sadist school...YOU are to blame. The treadmill flung me back into a science teacher, which hurt like crazy. Why couldn't it have been someone softer, like a music teacher, or social studies?

## DAY 6

Got Tanya's message on my answering machine, wondering where I am. I lacked the strength to use the TV remote so I watched eleven straight hours of the weather channel.

## DAY 7

Well, that's the week. Thank God that's over. Maybe next time my wife will give me something a little more fun, like free teeth drilling at the dentist's.....

---

# JAMES MILTON SHERMAN'S HISTORY

FROM THE SHERMAN FAMILY GENEALOGY, BY VERNON SHERMAN

*[editors note: James Milton Sherman is my Great-Great Grandfather]*

James Milton was the father of Milton Sherman who was the father of Bertha Sherman (Collis) who was my grandmother on my mom's side.

James Milton was born November 26, 1857 at Houghton, Ontario. His wife was Martha Madora Smith whom he called "Dorie". She called him "Milt". They were married at Glenmyer, Ontario, Canada, Christmas Eve, 24 December 1879. Their first child was born eleven months later. Their thirteenth child was born twenty years later.

Martha's father was a Methodist minister for fifty years, and was sixty-one years old when Martha was born. He came from London, England and his wife from the vicinity of Glasgow, Scotland. He died at age 83. They lived on a farm east of Glenmyer at the time of Martha's marriage, having moved there from Walsingham Township.

During the period 1879-81, James Milton and Madora lived at Kingsmill, Ontario, 3 or 4 miles northwest of Aylmer and about 30 miles northwest of Fairground. Their first child, Milton Kellum was born at Kingsmill. In the spring of 1881 they moved to Lumberton, Michigan,

near Big Rapids, and here their second child, a daughter, Alma, was born. They moved back to Houghton, Ontario in the fall of 1883 and here the rest of their 13 children were born, none of them in the same house.

The town of Hemlock, Ontario consisted of three stores, a school, a church and a blacksmith shop. The gristmill was at Vienna, nine miles away. Fairground, Ontario, was the nearby location of the annual township fair and reunion. James Milton soon found need for additional money to support a growing family. He heard great talk of high wages in the Michigan woods and decided to work there during the winter months. About 1884, he left the winter management of the farm to his wife and children and went to the Michigan woods near Oscoda. He is known to have been in Oscoda during the winter of 1885, when his son, Henry Clayton, was born (7 January 1885).

In a letter (dated 13 Oct 1946) to his nephew, Vernon Sherman, Milton Kellum Sherman wrote concerning his father, James Milton Sherman.

"In 1885 he bought the north 50 acres of the

old farm in Houghton Township, and built a 3 room house on it. While the plaster was drying, we went down to Uncle Charles Mercer, and there Arthur was born. We were there for about two weeks. In 1884, J. M. Sherman bought the south 50 acres of the farm, making his 100 acres of land. He had 30 sheep, 10 milk cows, and a good team of mares, also hogs and chickens, and farm tools. The land was swampy, wet and uncleared. Father worked very hard to clear and ditch that land, 'til he got rheumatism and was laid up for three years and six months.

After the doctors got his farm, stock, and tools, they cured him of his rheumatism. He tried hard to recover the farm by working out. But he had a large family to feed, a lot of sickness and five deaths. He worked for 50 cents a day around our neighborhood. It was in Cleveland's administration and times were hard. He finally lost the farm and moved off. After Matilda (the last child) was born, father went back to Oscoda to work. He had worked there some before. We had one old mare left to do our work with. Clayton, Arthur and myself worked hoeing corn for Charlie Beech. We got 25 cents a day. We moved from the Sprag house to a house on the third concession across the road from Moris Fultons. From there we moved to the Priddle house, on the third concession just north of the third side road. While there, we traded the old mare for a little gray mare. She was a good horse. Art and I came to Oscoda and a year and a half later the rest of the family came over and brought the little gray mare with them. From that mare, father raised a mare colt, from that colt he raised three colts, one for your father (Henry Clayton), one for Art, and one for myself.

J.M. Sherman bought 80 acres of timber land at Handy, Michigan, near Mikado, on Pine River. Father, Art, Clayton, and Frank, cut the cedar off the land and sold the land, and bought 180 acres on the west side of Cedar Lake, 5 miles south of Greenbush and 6 miles north of Oscoda. About 1907 he bought a barn of Vern Sharky, of the Woods estate. He tore it down and moved it up

to Cedar Lake to build a home there for himself and mother. But there was too much interference from A and F, 'til father had no home in Oscoda. And finally mother was persuaded to move back to Canada in 1911, just before the Oscoda fire. She was there only a short time, and moved to Detroit with Clarence and Matilda. Also A and F.

In 1913 father applied for a divorce and got it. I think he married Widow Reeves in the spring of 1914. He was living on her farm when World War I started. Her farm was 4 miles north and 1 mile west of father's farm. In 1916 father went to Detroit to work. In late fall of 1917 we both went to work for the Fisher Co. at Detroit plant # 7. He was a sweeper. He worked till the strike in 1921. Then he went back to the farm and moved his (then) wife to Detroit, and with the lumber that he had bought from Sharky, he built the two family flat in Detroit.

His second wife made him sleep in the attic. He got up in sleep one night and fell down the stair well to the basement, about 25 feet, and broke his hip. Several days later the police found him laying a short distance from the sidewalk in the grass and tall weeds near Mack Avenue on Conners Creek Road. He was taken to the hospital and the rest I think you know. The doctor in the hospital told me that father was not crazy, but worn out in mind and body."

James Milton is believed to have applied for his first U. S. papers in 1884 at Tawas City, Michigan. The declaration of intention is on file but bears no date. However, the order admitting him to citizenship shows 17 November 1900 as the date of application for the final papers. Final citizenship papers were signed 19 September 1904 by Judge J. Kennine at Tawas City, Ioscoda, Michigan.

Those Michigan days were of tarpaper, sawdust and forest fires. Lumber Barons came into being overnight by the simple expedient of stealing timber from the boundless state forests. Later, fires set in the "slashings" removed all evidence of theft. What a forest fire did to Oscoda

in 1911 is part of the Henry Clayton chapter in this story. Oscoda was a lumbering town and one of the most active lake ports. Sandy streets were surfaced with Cedar and Tamrack bark. The fresh smell of tar paper and of rough sawed new boards filled the air.

In the spring the Au Sable River ice broke and the "run" was on. The river was choked with logs. A system of river Bayous above the town stored the overflow of timber until the mills could handle it. Floating necklaces of chained logs, known as log-booms lashed timber shipments to river banks and lay in mill ponds. Other shipments of timber came down Lake Huron as huge rafts bound with chain were towed by tugs to mills at the lake shore. Still a third flow of timber arrived via the narrow-gage logging trains creaking and groaning out of the woods.

The ringing whine of the great saws continued 24 hours a day. At 6 hour intervals the blasts of mill whistles told the change of shift.

Michigan was the Nation's lumber pile in those years. It was the country of Paul Bunyon, his famous "talking boots"; the Winter of the blue snow; and his mighty ox, Babe, whose eyes were as big as cartwheels and measured two ax-handles between centers.

In 1910, James Milton Sherman took up farming on a place near Greenbush, Michigan, some 20 miles N.W. of Oscoda. His family remained by choice in Oscoda where Arthur and Frank headed it up. Most of the children were self supporting and when the family moved back to Fairground, Ontario, that same year, Henry Clayton and Milton

Kellum remained in Michigan.

In 1914, James Milton married the widow Reeves. She was a small dark woman with eleven children, many of whom were at that time well grown boys. She was Catholic. They lived first on her farm but later moved to Detroit. In 1934, when a Police Ambulance took James Milton to Detroit Receiving Hospital, all he would tell them was his name and that he was the father of 13 children.

When advised that her husband was critically ill at the hospital, the ex-widow Reeves consulted with her sons (all now able to support themselves) and announced that they were not interested. She refused the hospital's repeated requests that she talk to them and so in a few days her husband was transferred to the County Poor House at Eloise, Michigan where he died 14 September 1934 in his 77th year.

When a person dies in the Poor House and the body is not claimed, the county's procedure is set by law. The cadaver is clothed in a suit of long underwear, put in a rough box, and buried in "Potter's Field". However, James Milton Sherman is buried in Lot 31, Section 10, Forest Lawn Cemetery, Detroit, Michigan, along with his son Henry Clayton. Arrangements were carried out by Henry Clayton's widow and son acting for Henry Clayton. James Milton's headstone reads, "Grandfather".



This article does not reflect the thoughts or opinions of either myself, my company, my friends, or the cat; don't quote me on that; don't quote me on anything; all rights reserved; you may distribute this article freely but you may not make a profit from it; terms are subject to change without notice; illustrations are slightly enlarged to show detail; any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is unintentional and purely coincidental; do not remove this disclaimer under penalty of law; hand wash only, tumble dry on low heat; do not bend, fold, mutilate, or spindle; your mileage may vary; no substitutions allowed; for a limited time only; this article is void where prohibited, taxed, or otherwise restricted; caveat emptor; article is provided "as is" without any warranties; reader assumes full responsibility; an equal opportunity article; no shoes, no shirt, no articles; quantities are limited while supplies last; if any defects are discovered, do not attempt to read them yourself, but return to an authorized service center; read at your own risk; parental advisory - explicit lyrics; text may contain explicit materials some readers may find objectionable; parental guidance is advised; keep away from sunlight; keep away from pets and small children; limit one-per-family please; no money down; no purchase necessary; you need not be present to win; some assembly required; batteries not included; instructions are included; action figures sold separately; no preservatives added; slippery when wet; safety goggles may be required during use; sealed for your protection, do not read if safety seal is broken; call before you dig; not liable for damages arising from use or misuse; for external use only; if rash, irritation, redness, or swelling develops, discontinue reading; read only with proper ventilation; avoid extreme temperatures and store in a cool dry place; keep away from open flames; avoid contact with eyes and skin and avoid inhaling fumes; do not puncture, incinerate, or store above 120 degrees Fahrenheit; do not place near a flammable or magnetic source; smoking this article could be hazardous to your health; the best safeguard, second only to abstinence, is the use of a condom; no salt, MSG, artificial color or flavoring added; if ingested, do not induce vomiting, and if symptoms persist, consult a physician; articles are ribbed for your pleasure; possible penalties for early withdrawal; offer valid only at participating sites; slightly higher west of the Rockies; allow four to six weeks for delivery; must be 18 to read; disclaimer does not cover misuse, accident, lightning, flood, tornado, tsunami, volcanic eruption, earthquake, hurricanes and other Acts of God, neglect, damage from improper reading, incorrect line voltage, improper or unauthorized reading, broken antenna or marred cabinet, missing or altered serial numbers, electromagnetic radiation from nuclear blasts, sonic boom vibrations, customer adjustments that are not covered in this list, and incidents owing to an airplane crash, ship sinking or taking on water, motor vehicle crashing, dropping the item, falling rocks, leaky roof, broken glass, mud slides, forest fire, or projectile (which can include, but not be limited to, arrows, bullets, shot, BB's, straphel, lasers, napalm, torpedoes, or emissions of X-rays, Alpha, Beta and Gamma rays, knives, stones, etc.); other restrictions may apply.

DISCLAIMER

The ParkerPress  
Some Address  
Broomfield, CO 99999

FIRST CLASS MAIL