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Ernie Bonner and his Family

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12/08/2003

Ernie Bonner and his Family

From Logan, Iowa to Portland, Oregon--through Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Idaho, New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, California, Ohio and Massachusetts.

Ernie Bonner was born on Dec. 2, 1932 in Logan (Harrison County), Iowa to Orlo Roy Bonner (Dad) and Maybell (originally Mable) Lizzie (Rea) Bonner (Mom). He was the second of six children born to Orlo and Maybell: Robert (Bob), Ernest (Ernie), George, Elizabeth (Betty), Quintan and Brian (in order of descending age).

Over the next few years, we moved through various towns in eastern Nebraska, including Howells and Albion. I also remember other towns (Thayer, Norfolk, Columbus and others) where our relatives lived. Dad worked mainly in print shops, becoming a well-known and expert printer, according to Uncle Ervin. But even though he was sought after, he didn't get paid very well during the depression. *[One story he told: on Saturday afternoon when it was quitting time for the week (unless the press broke down), the owner and Dad would get into the cash register and split what was there, right down the middle! I'm sure there were some weeks when it was very disappointing for both Dad and Mom when so little could be brought home for expenses. Dad was also a good enough musician to play in a local dance band. I don't know how he learned to play, but he could play a lot of instruments (drum was his favorite). He was in a band in Albion, I know, when I was 8 or 9. I remember going down to a local park to see him play one summer. He talked later in life about meeting Lawrence Welk at some of the all-night cafes and restaurants that traveling bands used after performances, when Welk and his band would show up at the same place as Dad and his band.]* I remember quite a bit about Albion, where we lived in 4 separate houses during a stay of about 6 years. I remember getting our first electric train there (for Christmas). I remember watching a friend (not much older than I) rolling some weeds into a cigarette, and smoking it in a field next to our house. And I remember one day 3 or 4 of us sneaking into the back seat of Dad's car before he went to work, and riding downtown in the back, unbeknownst to him (I think). When he got downtown, we jumped out, and got to go inside, meet the other workers, and I remember getting some kind of a treat—candy or something. I remember seeing a car wreck there, and it was so scary that I ran home. I remember the day we all went to the park, and inadvertently left Bob at home. When we

rushed back to the house, there he was sitting sadly on the curb with our dog. Some of the houses we lived in are still standing in Albion. On a recent trip to Nebraska, Chris and I found two, which were definitely houses we lived in, but couldn't for sure find the other two.

We moved to the big city (North Platte) just before the war. I entered the fourth grade there. I had my first paper route there, and my first bike--which I bought with the proceeds of the paper route. My first paper route included the so-called red light district in North Platte in a row of hotels strung out along the railroad tracks in what was then pretty much the center of town. (I knew nothing about the practice of prostitution, and always wondered why the women at the hotel where I delivered papers walked around in their bath robes (or less) in the middle of the day). I had my first date there, in the fifth grade. I got 50 cents from Grandad Rea who was a barber in town so I could take a girl friend to the school carnival. I got my first taste of the excitement of the theater, from the annual summer run of the Hugo Players, in a tent, pitched in a large vacant lot across the street from our house on North 10th (a house which is still there). We got free tickets for helping the crew put up the tent. Betty, our only sister, died there of polio. We actually had a household full of polio. It was so bad, and people were so scared of the disease, that we were quarantined in the house. Dad had to work, so he had to leave the house and not return--but he snuck back into the house every night. (Bob had a real severe case of polio and had to go to Lincoln for therapy. George even had polio twice, bringing him much fame from national newspapers.)

I attended elementary school, junior high school and my first year in high school in North Platte. I remember building model airplanes in the dining room. In fact, George got his first attack of asthma from the smell of the glue. One day, several of us were downtown for some reason, and I stole a 10-cent airplane kit. The experience was so frightening that I will never forget it. I remember competing in the soap box derby, going to boy scout camp, riding my bike clear across town to go swimming in the sand pits 2 miles south of town in the summer (near what is now the Interstate freeway, with motels and restaurants, etc.). I also remember walking 7 miles north out of town every Sunday for a period of time to visit my first serious crush at her farm home. And when I went to high school I remember playing in the marching band and in the jazz band, taking Latin and getting razed because I wasn't big enough to be in high school. I remember going all over town on my bike; once almost killing myself as I sped down the viaduct over the railroad tracks and braked hard to avoid a left-turning car. The

bike slipped out from under me and I went skidding under the front of the car. I was under the bumper of the car when the car stopped. Close! [Dad worked for most of the time he was in North Platte at the local newspaper, but he also worked on the railroad (as a station agent) for awhile, and he tried trucking once, too. I don't know why he decided to try trucking, probably had something to do with money. I remember one night Mom woke me up and sent me down to the newspaper office to help Dad. It must have been after midnight. Dad had slipped and stabbed a screwdriver right through his finger, and could not really use that hand, so he wanted me to help him with my two good hands. The linotype he was working on had to be ready for work in the morning. He was the most diligent man I have ever known. Mom often spent time at the railroad station helping the local Red Cross or other organization feed and entertain troops as they crossed the nation. Did the troops have no food facilities on the train, or were they just sick of army food?]

In the summer of 1947 we moved to Morrill, Nebraska (population 825) where Mom and Dad bought a weekly newspaper, The Morrill Mail. We published our first edition of this paper on August 1, 1947. Dad had a column in that newspaper called, "Beets, Beans, and Bull!" And Mom helped out in the front office. The older boys learned how to print there--Bob learned the linotype and I learned the presses and composition. We lived in the back end of the newspaper shop. [That was where we found a box of old love letters that Mom and Dad wrote to each other before they were married. I remember one particular letter when Mom wrote that she sure wished Dad were there to keep her knees warm the way he did last Saturday night!]. There was no real band, so I played basketball and ran track. Bob played football. (I never could stand the physical pain of some huge guy hitting you head on). The local Rotary Club sent me to Boys' State because I gave the best speech--or, rather, I told the best joke at the beginning of the speech. (Boys' State was a week's stay on the University of Nebraska campus in Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, for one selected representative from each high school in Nebraska. While there we campaigned for political office and learned about politics and government. Girls' State was a similar program). Bob and I (and probably George also) liked being in Morrill. It was a small high school and we got to do things there we couldn't dream of doing in North Platte High, so when Dad approached us with the idea of selling the paper and going to Scottsbluff to get work, we weren't happy. To Dad and Mom's great credit, they put off selling the paper for almost a

year so we could finish high school in Morrill. I know that put them even further in debt than they were, and was a great sacrifice to make for us. I really appreciated it then, and I still do. Bob and I graduated from Morrill High School in May of 1950. There were 15 in that graduating class, Bob and Ernie and 13 others.

February 16, 1950 was the last edition of the Morrill Mail published by the Bonners. Dad and Mom sold the Morrill Mail and we were off to Scottsbluff, a whopping 15 miles away, with a population of over 15,000. Dad worked at the newspaper there, originally. Later on, he got a job at a job print shop. When Bob and I graduated from Morrill, we moved to Scottsbluff. I got a job working at the same newspaper as Dad at night, and went to Scottsbluff Junior College during the day. I was just beginning to see the world, and was fascinated. Needless to say, I didn't study much—mostly hung out with the big boys from the big city and dreamed of chasing girls (I wouldn't have dreamed of actually chasing them!), and worked half the night at the newspaper. After a semester of that, I quit the Junior College and worked for the remainder of the year. But by fall of 1951 I was off to Chadron State Teachers' College in Chadron, Nebraska—first time I was away from home. Again, I got a good part-time job at the local newspaper and went to school part time. I remember only taking Spanish there. Again, not much studying. But I did have a couple of exciting romantic interludes. And, oh yes, another guy and myself tried out for cheerleader, just for a lark—and we won. Then we had to be cheerleaders! I lasted at Chadron only two years.

Got anxious to travel the world, so I joined the Army (specifically, I volunteered for the draft so I would only have to be in for 2 years). But before I got out of boot camp, the Korean War had been halted, and my great chance to go overseas melted away. Instead, I stayed at Fort Riley, Kansas for a year, and then was sent to Fort Carson in Colorado for the second year of my tour. During that tour, our whole regiment hiked from Colorado Springs to Vail, Colorado. I haven't liked camping and hiking since. The Army was a real eye-opener for me, as I had never seen ethnic diversity in Nebraska. There were African Americans (then called Negroes), Italians, Irish, Jewish and others with urban backgrounds and then there were us rural types. It was quite a mix. I left the Army in June of 1955, and moved to Sterling, Colorado where my parents were managing a newspaper and job printing shop. I spent the summer there and then enrolled at the University of Colorado on the GI Bill.

The day I left Sterling for Boulder, with my old Chevy loaded up with all of my earthly possessions (actually, only had the back seat filled), was one of the most exciting of my life. I remember the feeling still. Off to the big university to live the good life and conquer the world. And for the first month or so, it was truly exciting. Then I had to start studying. Actually, after an uncertain start, I did pretty well there. I started in Architecture, then transferred to Architectural Engineering and Business, a joint 5-year degree that was supposed to be the path with the greatest chance for a good job. As usual, I worked part time at the local newspaper to supplement my GI bill check, and went to school full-time. A lot of the time it seemed rough, but now it doesn't seem like it was difficult at all. I got interested in theater there, getting into two campus musical productions (played Scranton Slim in Guys and Dolls). I stayed in rooming houses, mostly, and ate lunch and dinner with other students at a house near campus. When I got to the university, it was as diverse as the Army, but the great differences there were those of income and wealth. And it was the first time I came across individuals who were citizens of other lands.

I met Glenda Louise Prosser in my last year at Colorado, just about Christmas time. She worked at the Boulder Daily Camera where I did. Her parents, Glenn and Carleene Prosser, owned and operated the Estes Park Trail, a newspaper and job printing shop in Estes Park, Colorado. After a whirlwind romance, we married April 16, 1960 in Estes Park, and went on a honeymoon in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. I remember I took a lot of photographs of bridges and mountains and streams and other natural wonders, but only a few of people.

After my 4th year at Colorado, I came across the idea of city planning. I thought that was pretty neat. Why satisfy yourself with the design of just a building. Why not go for the whole city? I took a class in the fall of my last year, and got the bug. So when the new year came around (just about the time I met Glenda), I applied to MIT, Cornell and the University of Washington for financial assistance to go to graduate school in urban planning. I was turned down by MIT, but accepted by the University of Washington, and heard nothing from Cornell. So Glenda and I decided to enroll at Washington. And, as luck would have it, Frank Brown, a classmate of mine, offered me a job working for him designing a prefabricated A-frame cabin using scrap lumber from his father's lumber mill in McCall, Idaho. So we went up to McCall to help Frank for the summer on our way to Seattle to enroll at Washington.

McCall was great--the place where rich people from Boise go to swim for the summer, and ski for the winter. It was a nice little town, with a great little golf course. But our accommodations were the pits! They were free, but they were the pits! We lived in the last of several old cabins on the lake. When we first got there, it was great. Just get up in the morning and walk down to the lake. But before the Summer was out, they had begun construction on a new lodge there and our little cabin got squeezed more and more between the road and the new construction. And to add to that, there was no bath, toilet or shower in our cabin, and only a wood stove for cooking. So we were glad to get out of there before the summer was over. It must have been about the end of July when we finally got word from Cornell. Surprise! They not only offered a scholarship but a part- time research job at the University. So we reversed gears and made new plans, not to go west, but to go east to Ithaca, New York. I have always wondered what might have been but for that change in direction

Glenda's mother gave us her car, and we loaded a trailer on the back, and in September of 1960 we headed for New York. We lived in a basement apartment when we first got there, and were glad to get it. Housing was tight, as it always is around universities and colleges in small towns. Cornell was difficult for me. I did not get good grades there. I did get a good education about banking and housing issues from my research job. And I first worked with 'computers' there, running a huge IBM sorter to do statistical analyses of data series. When money got scarce after a few months, it became obvious that I would have to get a job to be able to support us. And, of course, Glenda was pregnant.

Kathleen Louise Bonner was born March 2, 1961 in Ithaca (Tompkins County), New York. She was born prematurely, so she was real tiny. For some weeks, she could only take about an ounce of milk every hour or so. It was hard to imagine her, with her miniature hands and feet, as the beautiful person she would eventually become. She was a great delight to me, and more engrossing than going to school.

But it was clear that we had to find a solution to our financial problems. So I decided to cut back to part time at school, and get a job downtown at the planning office in Ithaca. This turned out to be a great move. The Director was Tom Niederkorn, a wonderful person and town planner, who helped me understand a lot of what goes on in planning offices to compare with the theory that I was learning up on 'the hill.' It meant that I would be 3 years

getting a Masters Degree, but I really believe it contributed greatly to my career. For instance, I first met Rai Okamoto there, an urban renewal planner from a firm in Philadelphia. And in every class from then on, I knew from personal experience why the methods and practices being taught were sometimes useful, and how they sometimes didn't help that much. At Cornell, I didn't really get into the history and the design, but I did get into the finance and the forecasting methods. In short, I liked techniques of analysis, but was weak in design and history.

In the meantime, we moved from 'the hill' to 'the flats,' and began the 9-month vigil for our second child, Christine Lynn Bonner. Christine was born on June 13, 1963, again in Ithaca (Tompkins County), New York. At the time we were living in an upstairs apartment over a barbershop and grocery store about 10 blocks from downtown Ithaca, on the 'flats' close to Cayuga Lake. The doctors feared that she, too, would be premature, so Glenda was forced to curtail a lot of activity. But as it turned out, she was a healthy, full-term baby, all bubbling and burping and And soon she would join us for the trek back to Colorado.

In my last year at Cornell, I took a planning analysis and techniques course taught by Barclay Jones. This course included material on input-output analyses, my first encounter with this sophisticated forecasting method. Because I was at the time preparing material needed for a comprehensive land use plan for Ithaca, it seemed this method was made to order for planners who need to understand the interactions and effects of economic activity on the range of land use demands in their jurisdictions. And when I learned that an economics professor at the University of Colorado was doing such an analysis on Boulder, Colorado, I immediately wrote and asked if there were room on the staff for me. He seemed interested in having a person trained in urban planning on the team, so he agreed to hire me part-time on the NASA-funded research project, and he got me a part-time job teaching in the Architecture Department. I finished all the requirements for my Masters degree at Cornell in the summer of 1963, just hours before we headed west to Colorado. I did not distinguish myself that much at Cornell, but I did get myself into the planning profession.

In Boulder, we lived at the faculty housing complex--probably the best housing for a family I have ever lived in. Kathleen and Chris ranged widely about the safe, interior court of the apartments, and there were a lot of friendly people as neighbors. I enjoyed the research

project, and eventually was a co-author on the final report. During that research, I met Charlie Leven, an economist from Washington University in St. Louis, who suggested that I go on to get a PhD in economics. In fact, he helped me get an NDEA fellowship to the University of Pittsburgh to do just that.

So in the summer of 1965, Kathleen and Chris and Glenda and I headed off in our little Volkswagen beetle to the steel city on the Monongahela River in western Pennsylvania. At the University I had the luxury for the first time in my life of going to school full time, without having to work at another job to support ourselves. I majored in International Trade, Economic Development and Quantitative Methods. I even had my own office at the school.

When we first lived in Pittsburgh, we lived in public housing a short distance from the University. This experience demonstrated clearly why we did not want to be poor and without hope like many of the people there. I will never forget the struggle it was to live in that place. I know a lot of my growing liberal sense of economic injustice got a good watering there. We moved (at some considerable financial sacrifice) to a more suburban area called East Hills in our second year there, where the kids had a large open forest to run in and we had a brand new 2-bedroom town house. Compared to the public housing accommodations, that was heaven. We had great neighbors—Weldon and Faye Williams and their three children. And I had a 20-minute commute to work—with a colleague at the University down the street. I got good grades. I finished all of my course work and passed my qualifying exams. And I began my dissertation—on the migration patterns of black households in major American cities. At Pittsburgh I got a good education in computers, in the philosophy of science and in economics, something that would help me immeasurably in the years ahead.

It was sometime in 1966 or 1967 that we met and became good friends with Norm and Virginia Krumholz. Norm had graduated from Cornell as I had, and was in Pittsburgh working for the Pittsburgh Planning Department. He and I were soon to get into a lot of trouble together, but that must wait . . . In the Spring of 1968, I got a call from Ved Prakash, a friend and colleague from Cornell, about the possibility of teaching urban and regional planning at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, Wisconsin. I visited Madison, talked to Ved and to Leo Jakobsen, then

the Chairman of the Department, was offered the job and accepted. And before I finished my dissertation Kathleen, Chris, Glenda and I were back in our Volkswagen beetle, this time heading west to Wisconsin.

We started off on the wrong foot in Madison by being forced into the only available home we could afford, which was across the tracks from Madison proper, close by the Oscar Mayer Weiner plant in an industrial area. The railroad was close to the house, and Chris and Kathleen used to climb into the waiting box cars to play. Good thing I didn't know what they were doing! There were some wonderful places to live in Madison, near lakes and forests, but we were not able to find a place at our price. I didn't like the petty politics I saw among the university faculty. And I never did get over my perception that my lack of intellectual prowess would not cut it amidst all those brains. And then Glenda fell in love with William Clark, one of the professors at the university and we separated in the summer of 1969. (At the end of the fall term in 1969, Glenda left with Kathleen and Christine for California with William Clark, who was to teach at UCLA).

I sorely missed the kids, but I also really enjoyed being single for the first time in 10 years. I had lots of girl friends, and I could spend a lot of time at my job, which I did. The students were great; particularly those in a special class we designed and conducted during that fall term. But after spending 10 years of my adult life trying to become a professor in a major American university, I realized that I was not the least bit interested in becoming a professor or in being at a major American university. During that fall, I finally gave up on my PhD dissertation and the idea of ever getting a PhD. I also made plans to go to Chile at the end of the Fall term, to work at a research institute there for a friend of mine from Pittsburgh. And then Norm Krumholz called me from Pittsburgh and asked if I would like to go to work for him--he had just been appointed the Planning Director of Cleveland by Carl Stokes, the first black mayor of a major American city. Obviously, I said yes, and in January of 1970, I headed to Cleveland.

Cleveland was fun and exciting. I was Chief Planner in charge of comprehensive planning. Our job was to develop a comprehensive plan for Cleveland. We also got a lot of interesting assignments on transportation and housing. And we even recommended that the city buy the giant private electric utility. We eventually produced a body of work, the Cleveland Policy Plan, that gained national attention for its emphasis on equity and justice, rather than

land and development. (This plan, some 25 years later, was designated a National Planning Historic Landmark by the American Planning Association).

I visited Finland on a visiting professorship during the summer of 1970. Kathleen joined me, and got a real crush on one of the Teaching Assistants there (a guy named Kaj). I had a diagnosed heart attack (it turned out to have been pericarditis) in San Diego.

And Cleveland was where I met Lynn, my second wife. We met at a class at Case Western Reserve University in the fall of 1971. She was a student there, getting a social work degree. I was a visiting lecturer, on why crime was a 'rational' enterprise in Cleveland. After the class we made plans to meet at City Hall and talk about her project there, social indicators for the city. We both fell in love quickly. And on May 31, 1972, Ernie Bonner and Lucy Lynn Guilbert Bergstrom got married in Cleveland (Cuyahoga County), Ohio. Lynn had a son, Dirk Bergstrom, born on Oct. 6, 1966, from her previous marriage to Toby Bergstrom. We lived at the corner of Cedar and Belvoir in University Heights, Ohio, which was Lynn's apartment before we got married.

Carl Stokes left office at the end of 1971, deciding to call it quits after 2 terms in the mayor's chair. The new mayor was a so-called white ethnic named Ralph Perk. Ralph was a nice guy, and a bit of a populist, but he somehow didn't appeal much to me as a Mayor. So, although Norm was always a great boss, and we were making great progress on the Cleveland Policy Plan, in the Spring of 1973, I started looking around for a new job. A friend of mine at Cleveland State University happened to mention to me that his aunt in Milwaukie, Oregon had told him that there was a new young mayor in Portland, Oregon who was looking for a planning director. I wrote immediately and was contacted by Bill Scott in the Mayor's office. We made plans to meet in Los Angeles so we could size each other up, and we both liked what we saw. I did apply for the job, beating out 2 other candidates. And in September of 1973, Lynn and I headed west on the Canadian National Railway for Oregon. Dirk arrived soon after by plane.

The job as Planning Director for Portland was much more responsibility than I had ever assumed before. I worked very hard, over long hours. It was in those years, during the seventies that the groundwork was laid for the City of Portland that everyone touts today.

You can find out more about this period of my professional life from my Planning Journal, to be published soon.

My Father, who had since moved to California, died in 1974, of complications from a gall bladder operation, in a San Jose hospital. He was a great guy. He was smart. He was inventive. He worked hard. He was 100% supportive of me over his entire life. I miss him a lot.

By the middle of 1978, I had had enough of the hurly-burly of land use planning, and left the city to strike out into something new.

We moved to our first house--on the east side of Portland (2836 SE Main)--in 1976, and stayed there for 20 years. Lynn got involved in some interesting challenges. She ran the first successful tri-county campaign for a zoo tax levy in 1976. And she joined the Tri-Met Marketing Department in 1977. While I was leaving the city to pursue other interests in 1978 (and wasn't able to promise the same level of household support), Lynn signed on as a staff assistant to Commissioner Connie McCready, and brought in the bulk of the funds we needed to run the household. I worked as a consultant for awhile, but wasn't too successful. I wouldn't really get well financially until I got the job of advising Rogers Cablesystems on their successful bid for the cable television franchise in Portland.

In 1979, Kathleen graduated from University High School in Los Angeles, and would go on to UCLA for two years. I was appointed in 1979 to the Metro Council, an elected regional governing body in Portland. I ran unopposed for the remainder of the term, then won in a general election for a full 4-year term. Over my term of office, I held the chairs of the Transportation and Recycling Committees, and the position of Presiding Officer. As part of my run for the office in 1981, David Kish organized a golf tournament called the Ernie Bonner Classic to raise money for my re-election campaign. That golf tournament continued into the late eighties, with well over \$10,000 earned for various local charitable causes.

In 1980, Lynn went to work for Don Clark, the County Executive for Multnomah County. And I invested in a solar energy firm--a distributorship for Grumman solar water heating products. Lynn made a lot of good friends and a lot of money for the next 3 years. I made a lot of friends as well, but I lost a lot of money in the solar energy business.

In 1983, at Gregg Kantor's urging, I went to work for Bonneville Power Administration, where I worked as a marketing program manager and analyst until my retirement on April 1, 1995. In 1982 Lynn went to work for the Jewish Federation of Portland. She ran the Portland-Multnomah County Public Safety Commission from 1984 to 1985, and in August of 1985 she began her job at Kaiser. She was laid off at Kaiser in 1996 and began preparations for a new career as a paralegal. She was re-hired by Kaiser a few months later, retiring in 2001 to work part-time as a legal assistant to an elder law attorney.

I started my interest in video production in 1980 as a consultant to Rogers Cablesystems. A trip to Toronto to see how community access TV worked got me fired up. I took a class taught by Don Zavin in Portland, and then in 1983 I organized a cable access production group called Metro 7. Once the first Portland Cable Access studio was built (on SE Foster Rd. in 1983), Metro 7 began producing shows. In the spring of 1984, I produced a one-hour show featuring interactivity on the cable system and starring Bud Clark, then a candidate for Portland Mayor. I won a national prize for that show; and Bud won the Mayor's seat. I went on to produce a variety of cable access shows, from the Bud Clark Show to steam railroad shows to the Ben Linder Memorial Telethon to The Rubber Chicken Show to a show Nicaragua by Nicaraguans (for which I received a second national prize). Later, I was on the Mount Hood Cable Regulatory Commission and the Portland Cable Access Board.

Kathleen and Chris and I traveled to Europe in the fall of 1985--from Paris to St. Emilion to Nice to the Italian Riviera to Florence, then to Lyons and Paris and to London. We spent a month all told, and had a great time, cruising the old country in a 'Super Cinc' rental car. Then in the spring of 1986, we packed up again and went to Nicaragua--Kathleen for a week and Chris and I for 2 weeks. While there we interviewed (on camera) government, church, media and business people on the situation in Nicaragua at a time when our country was actively trying to undermine the government there. It was informative, at times dangerous, and always exciting. I used the videotapes produced there in a series of monthly shows on cable access tv--which won the national award for community producers mentioned above.

Lynn's parents died within a few months of each other in a retirement home in Cleveland, in 1982. Lynn's Dad was an ardent collector and restorer of (now valuable) antiques as well as

a skilled craftsman. Her Mom was a social worker. Her influence is still felt around here when Lynn wonders out loud why she does this or why she feels the way she does. Ernie's Mom died in October of 1993, after a brief stay in a nursing home in Burlingame, CA. She was a woman before her time, a feminist when no one knew what that meant yet. I'm sure she would have been surprised to know that her son, Quintan, would follow her in death in just a few short years—in 1996 of a massive heart attack.

My older daughter, Kathleen, married Tick Houk on July 3, 1989 in Los Angeles, and they bought a house in Culver City the same year. They have had two children: Ernie Houk, born Feb. 27, 1992 in Santa Monica Hospital; and Carly Houk, born Aug. 4, 1994 in the same hospital. I am now known as 'Papa' around the Houk house. Kathleen worked until 1992 at TGA Enterprises in Los Angeles, as their Office Manager. She now works full time raising the children. Late in 1998, Kathleen and Tick and their young family moved to Los Gatos, CA. Tick Houk designs integrated circuits for Linear Technology in San Jose, CA.

My younger daughter, Christine, graduated from University High School in Los Angeles in 1981, went on to the University of California at Santa Cruz for two years, then on to the University at Berkeley where she graduated with a degree in Resource Economics in 1985. After a few years in Los Angeles, Christine moved to Portland, and has established herself as a successful real estate broker here. She has been on the Million Dollar Producer list every year since 1992, and in 2002 she was the top producing realtor for the Broadway Office of Hasson Co., a local realty company. She and her partner, Lee McKnight are co-owners of their very successful real estate business.

Lynn's son, Dirk Bergstrom, graduated from Cleveland High School in Portland in the spring of 1985 and went on to graduate with a chemistry degree from Williams College in Massachusetts. He worked for a time in the San Francisco area as a chemist, then in a job doing on-line data and literature searches for Stanford Research Institute, and now as a web expert for Juniper Networks. He was married to Lori Mavar in 2000 at a wonderful winery in the hills above Palo Alto, California, and live in Mountain View, California.

Lynn and I had our 25th wedding anniversary party on July 27, 1997. We served champagne and chocolate, to everyone's delight, and we premiered a 12-minute video I had produced about our lives with a special emphasis on our lives together.

In recent years, I have spent time on the City Planning Commission and as a volunteer with the Park Blocks Foundation, and Riverfront for People, an organization that is working to remove the interstate freeway from the Eastbank of the Willamette River ("Free the Eastbank"). Over the last 5 years I have interviewed over 60 local participants in city planning during the seventies in Portland, and maintain a web site devoted to the history of Portland planning at: <http://www.pdxplan.org>

In 1998 and 1999, I traveled to the United Arab Emirates in the Middle East to work with the Dubai Municipality on their framework plan. An account of his experiences on that visit is included at the web site noted above. Following one of my stints in Dubai Lynn and I met in Rome for a visit with the Krumholzes. We went on from there to visit Vienna, Prague and Budapest for a few days.

I was recently deeply honored by receipt of the Urban Pioneer Award Portland State University.

About a year ago, I was diagnosed with paraganglioma, a rare and relatively slow-growing form of cancer. During my early days after the diagnosis, I was particularly concerned that I would not have enough time to get everything on my 'to do' list done before I died. Since then I have gotten reports that suggest that my demise is not so imminent as I originally thought. I have also come to the realization that I don't have to get a lot more done. I have already done plenty for one person in one lifetime. I offer this account of my life as evidence of that.

Ernie Bonner