

George Everett Lewis

Written by His Wife Berna Lewis - February, 2011

George was born in Roseburg, Oregon on February 11, 1916. His parents had one boy before George. Ralph later died at about eighteen months old. Catherine Maud Rugglos was married to Everett Lewis. They had five more children. One girl only.

We started going together in the fall of 1939. I was finishing up a 3 ½ year course in nursing; he was in his first year of civil engineering school. He did quite well in a tough English Freshman course. As I remembered, his grade was good. George's professor said anyone that got an "A" in his course could make his living writing. George's grade wasn't that good.

We romanced for about 10 months before we married. I was 23. He was 24. I graduated March 12, 1940. By our wedding day, I was a Registered Nurse, doing private duty then. I got pregnant right away. George got another semester of school in. He then quit college.

I had a few days of bleeding. Doc Williams put me to bed. Here I was a trained nurse with a new husband who had to wait on me. I quit bleeding and had a normal pregnancy.

George worked hard as a bus driver in Madison, Wisconsin, working the extra Board. He took great interest in the Union and was the organization's president for several years. George was a good worker in every way.



Meanwhile, we worked on the community projects together. He finally headed a group of men who put in a \$2 million dollar sewage and water system there. He was able to make extra money attending meetings since he enjoyed the project. It made for better health in the area because the sewer and water systems were not good. In the end of our last years there, he and the town Sheriff bought land for a park. Then, in about 1958 he received the offer of a full-time American Federation of State & Municipal Employees job and took it. It had financial benefits over the mechanic's job, but it was hard on our marriage. George was gone so much of the time, including dinner and evenings. I was very unhappy, which was my own fault. I decided to go back to work. Somehow, I felt left out of an interesting life as a nurse. I did a lot of crying. George said about his job "Both of our lives got harder but mine became more interesting." I went back to nursing two nights a week. It, along with church, got me back into being a decent wife and mother. We camped for years for vacations. The children seemed to enjoy our trips too. George and I played cards with friends. They were often over for evenings.

Our third house was a seven bedroom on Regent Street. We hoped to educate all five kids at the U.W. It didn't happen. However, both girls got to be R.Ns. They are still working.



George retired in December of 1978 but went back to work for six months so he could retire at 62. He had 27 years of retirement in which he got to be quite a good carpenter. He had a good workshop, was very good fixing things around the house. We settled into a modified mobile house in North Carolina on land that belonged to Mark. George and I managed the taxes and kept the land up some. We also traveled by motor home throughout the United States, into Mexico briefly. George and I made two trips to Alaska.

My George died of kidney failure on March 30th, 2005. He was quite ill for five weeks.