



## Robert Harold Scott

September 17, 1920 - January 10, 2021

Robert Scott was born September 17, 1920 in Austin, Minnesota to Harold Scott and Della Kaus. The middle child between Shirley, born in 1918 and Richard in 1935.

In early 1935, Harold and Della purchased a 142-acre farm on the Cedar River. Their farm consisted of general farming with dairy cows, Spotted Poland China hogs, feeder pigs, horses, chickens, 50-75 sheep for the wool and lambs for the meat market along with the grain and feed necessary to sustain them. Robert worked on the farm for about 6 years with his Uncle Walt, brother Richard and other family members until he moved to Seattle. Sometime in '40/'41, Robert moved to Seattle where he worked at Boeing as a riveter, assembling B17's. Toward the end of World War II, Robert joined the US Army from 1945-46. In 1948, Robert re-upped as a member of the Army Air Corp where he refueled planes. His military career took him to Okinawa, Japan in the Army and then onto England while in the Air Force where he met Patricia Davis, the daughter of a Royal Merchant Marine Pharmacist, Val Davis, and his wife, May.

Robert and Patricia married in 1951 in England. In 1952, Robert Walter was born in Liverpool and soon after, the family of 3 moved stateside to Albuquerque, NM for 6 months before leaving the Air Force. They then moved back to the farm in Austin, Minnesota. After the birth of William John in 1954 in Austin, they moved to Washington state. Dad worked for Dick Staples Dairy in Auburn and Pacific Car & Foundry in Renton. We lived on the West Valley Highway in Auburn where David Harold was born in 1959. In 1962 Dad and Mom bought a shy acre of treed property on Hazelwood Hill in Auburn above the Green River. The land featured wildflowers, a huckleberry bush, ferns, a hazelnut tree, a dogwood and a cascara tree, a giant cottonwood, a holly bush, and plenty of alder and big leaf maple. Herr Lumber was contracted to build a two-story home with an unfinished daylight basement. A natural spring-fed well was dug on the upper terrace of the front lawn. Dad immediately built the kids a sturdy, fantastic tree house where our imaginations were fueled and we had many adventures and "fern spear" fights. Michael Charles was born in 1966. We were living the American Dream!

Dad finished the basement with a bedroom, work bench, a dancefloor with black and white tile and mini bar with bar stools for entertaining. There was also bench seating with storage against the wall. A half bath and laundry room were installed. He also built a

smaller back deck with a cantilevered rail connecting to the larger side deck that also served as a car port. Dad then built a fence on the side of the house bordering the one neighbor.

The family enjoyed tent camping from Kalaloch on the rugged Pacific Coast to Ohanepecosh at the base of Mount Rainier. There were rivers and lakes to swim, fish, and boat in and trips to British Columbia. Dad always had time for his kids; staying up late helping with homework and fishing, camping and scouting. Dad was always ready to offer a sympathetic ear or fatherly advice when we had a problem.

In the Summer, Bobby and Billy would catch the “Berry Bus” that Tok Chihara drove up on Hazelwood Hill to collect day pickers for his strawberry fields in the valley. Tok knew where he could gather a crew and one morning stopped at our house and beeped his horn. Dad called for us downstairs and we answered we didn’t feel like working that day, which didn’t go over well with Dad. “You get up and get out there and pick berries for your fellow man!” Dad bellowed. We scrambled to get dressed and got out there!

As a farmer, being a handyman was a necessity, something Bill never acquired. 50 years later while attempting, and failing, to accurately hammer a nail into a piece of wood, he can still hear Dad commenting from decades ago, “What are you trying to do? Scare it in?!”

Dad spent more time on the banks of the Green River untangling our fish lines than fishing himself. I don’t know if he even got his line wet, but he was spending time with his kids. Sunday was his day of rest and he relaxed in his recliner with the Seattle Sunday Times and sometimes took a well-deserved nap. Often, he would whip up some chocolate or butterscotch pudding or take the family for a day trip or putter at his work bench. School mornings, there was hot oatmeal or cream of wheat, pancakes, French toast, or cold cereal. Grape Nuts were pre-measured one quarter cup in our bowls when we arrived at the breakfast table and when questioned, he would curtly reply, “You don’t need anymore than that!” I guess they were expensive.

In the late 60’s and early 70’s, Dad never missed an opportunity to embarrass us when driving past some long-haired youths on the sidewalk. He would roll down his window and call out “Hello Girls!” while blowing a kiss and waving with a feminine motion. All we could do was slink down in our seats.

Oh, let’s not forget his sense of humor. It was not uncommon in a pet shop to see him pointing excitedly into a fishless tank exclaiming “See?! See?! There’s another invisible fish!” as children gathered and strained their eyes saying “Where, where?!” and Dad’s finger appeared to follow an invisible fish. “Right there!”

As his four boys left home, Dad enjoyed spending time with friends and traveling around the country in his motor home and visiting family out of state. Dad passed on his work ethic, gift of gab and talking to strangers, his sense of humor and his love for the Pacific Northwest. Robert H. Scott leaves behind four sons: Bob, Bill, Dave and Mike, 8

grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren. His brother Dick and his family live in Minnesota, his niece Beverly and her family live in Arizona with more extended family scattered from Southern California, Oregon, Utah, TX and throughout the Mid-West.

A Memory from his son Billy: His greatest prank, he perpetrated on Billy and his fear of Bigfoots and things that go bump in the night. Our property bordered acres of undeveloped woodlands and foot trails meandered through the forest toward youthful adventures or childhood friends' homes. Overstaying a visit and with dusk fast approaching, Billy was returning wide-eyed and highly attuned to every twig snap and every rustle in the bushes. As Billy fearfully crossed onto the back wooded half of our property, the snaps and rustling seemed to intensify. Now if anything was going to get Billy, it would be just before he broke free of the tree line, or so he imagined. The glowing porch light illuminated the back cement steps leading up to the small curtain-windowed door that was never locked since there was no crime to speak of on the hill. Terrified, Billy broke into a mad dash like he had on numerous occasions and had perfected the leap over the steps and land with hand on twisting doorknob and spill into the safety of the house – except this time it was LOCKED! Frantically Billy twisted and pushed at the knob in disbelief while fearfully looking over his shoulder expecting the hairy beast to be upon him. Glancing up in a panic at the window, there was Dad peeking out from the curtains, laughing. He had seen Billy through the upstairs kitchen window running out of the woods and rushed downstairs to lock the door.

A Memory from his son, Michael: Dad and I began a “fishing weekend” every year to Swofford Pond and then to Ike Kinswa SP. One of those years, we camped along Swofford Pond in his RV with his 12' Sears aluminum boat. I was using my favorite 1/16 oz bronze Panther Martin lure as we trolled up and down the lake. Dad wasn't catching any but I was! As I would reel in the trout and Dad would lean over to scoop it up with the net, I would laugh out loud and say, “Thanks for taking me fishing Dad!” The first and second time, Dad had a sense of humor but after the 4th & 5th times.....he wasn't having it any longer and as I reeled in ANOTHER HUGE trout, he leaned over with the net, I was laughing and saying, “Thanks for taking me fishing Dad!” as he calmly brought the fish into the boat, took the hook out and with the skill of a seasoned veteran, smoothly pulled his pocket knife out, leaned over the side of the boat and cut the line and my favorite lure went “plop” into the water. My mouth dropped open as he calmly folded up his knife and put it back into his pocket and showed me a slight smirk. I didn't catch anymore after that but we enjoyed frying them on the Coleman stove beside the lake.

A Memory from his niece, Beverly: Uncle had a car, every Friday night he would go dancing in Austin. He had to pass our house on the way to and from Austin. He had an “uggah” horn that he sounded on his way to town. He never sounded the horn on the way home — we never know what time he returned to the farm.

\* A VERY special, "THANK YOU" goes out to Vivian at Tacoma Lutheran Retirement Center for her excellent care and for going above and beyond to ensure our Father was comfortable in his twilight years and especially through the COVID-19 lockdown as well as his last days. We can never THANK YOU enough for the compassion you showed to our Father. He thought very highly of you. YOU are truly one of a kind !

In lieu of flowers, a donation In Memory of Bob may be made to  
The American Diabetes Association, <http://www.diabetes.org>

Share your memories of Robert and condolences to the family by visiting the tribute wall.

To ensure the health and safety of our community, we are following all guidelines set by local, state and CDC officials. Please contact the funeral home with any questions.

# Events

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**JAN Gathering**

11:00AM

**20**

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Willow Room - Celebration of Life Building on the grounds of Mountain View  
Memorial Park

4100 Steilacoom Blvd SW, LAKEWOOD, WA, US, 98499

# Comments

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“ Cousin Bob... I truly wish I had known you longer, but am thankful that I got to meet you & spend a little time with you & Mike. I will always cherish the family history you shared with me. You will be missed.

Mike, Debbie, & the rest of my Scott cousins... I'm so very sorry for your loss. My condolences to all of you. Losing a parent is hard. Hold your memories close to your heart & let them comfort you as much as they can. It sounds like you had a happy life with your dad. :)

Georganne (Clarence Scott's granddaughter)

Georganne Chan - January 21 at 01:04 AM



“ Thank you very much !! Dad and I enjoyed meeting and having dinner with you and Mark when we came through !!

Michael - January 21 at 10:54 AM

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“ I feel blessed to have known Mr. Scott and his family. I spent countless hours with him. He shared so many stories and memories of his family with me, he loved them so much! We walked the halls together when he could walk, and when he couldn't we went on w/c trips around the patios. We looked for hummingbirds, and even found one of their nests, that really intrigued him! We watched the Seahawks together as well as Judge Judy! He was funny and had a sarcastic sense of humor that I can relate to. We talked about bargain hunting and had planned on going to the Helping Hands sales if they ever re-opened! We talked about gardening and fishing and his camping trips and travels. He was a handyman and could figure out a solution to anything that needed fixing in his space, improvise! He saved everything just in case he might need it and he was so organized! A place for everything! I got to spend his birthday with him, wasn't the party we talked about for months but I think he enjoyed himself! We did the best we could under the circumstances! He had a huge and was always thankful. It was a privilege and an honor to be there for him. He enlightened my work life and he will be so missed!! My deepest, deepest condolences to his family ... Vivian.....

Vivian Spitz - January 19 at 01:57 AM



“ Thank you Vivian. Such kind words. Our father thought the world of you. Again, thank you for being there for him during these past months.

Michael - January 19 at 10:15 AM

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“ We had a great visit with Uncle in 2018. Dad likes to share articles with his family as well, must be a Scott tradition. They both enjoy sharing stories as well. Cheryl Lilley my Dad is Richard Scott.



**Cheryl Lilley** - January 16 at 11:26 PM



“ =)

**Michael** - January 18 at 01:32 PM



“ I am getting alot of compliments on the obituary so I would like to thank my brother Bill for doing such a wonderful job on our fathers obituary. Thank you !!



**Michael** - January 15 at 08:17 PM



“ My 2nd Dad..I will forever remember you I loved all of the articles and cards you sent me throughout the years. And I have heard so many beautiful stories and memories of your life with all your sons. I will miss you.



**Debbie Qualley** - January 15 at 08:04 PM



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**Michael** - January 18 at 01:32 PM

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“ 32 files added to the album Robert H Scott - Life Photo's



**Michael** - January 14 at 11:55 AM

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“ 16 files added to the album Robert H Scott - Life Photo's



**Michael** - January 13 at 05:10 PM