



James Russel King DVM

October 15, 1921 - June 22, 2013

We are grieved to report the passing of James R. (Doc) King, World War II pilot, veterinarian, rancher, and family man.

Doc was born the second of three sons on October 15, 1921 in White Butte, South Dakota. In 1923, his parents, Ward and Ella King, relocated with other members of their family to Kingston, Washington where they purchased a 160 acre "stump ranch". It was here he and his brothers spent their childhood, learning the values of initiative, work, and commitment that so many of his generation knew.

At age 19 he enlisted in the Army Air Force and was sworn in as aviator cadet on March 11, 1942. After completing flight school, he was commissioned as a 2nd lieutenant and assigned to fly the much heralded C-47 Dakota. He was eventually assigned the 36th Squadron, 316th Troop Carrier Group of the 9th Air Force. During his military career he flew over 1000 combat hours. His group dropped paratroopers, evacuated the wounded, towed gliders, and flew re-supply missions in the North African, Mediterranean, and European Theaters. Of note, He dropped troopers at St. Mere Eglise on D-day and Nijmegen during operation Market Garden.

With his discharge as a 1st lieutenant in December, 1944, Doc began the next stage of his life by promptly marrying his sweetheart, Dorothy Randolph, of St. Louis, Missouri. In the fall of 1945, he took advantage of the educational opportunity offered by the GI Bill, by entering the School of Veterinary Medicine at Washington State University.

After graduation in 1950, he took his family back to his home town and established what was to be a thriving large and small animal veterinary practice in Poulsbo, Washington. Three children, Jim, Gary, and Mila, eventually were born. Doc practiced in Poulsbo for 32 years then retired to operate a part time veterinary practice in Chelan, Washington. At the same time, he and Dorothy also owned and operated a 100 head cattle ranch on Upper Joe Creek near Manson. Finally in 1995, they sold the farm and practice to re-retire to a small acreage near Omak where they built a home, raised alfalfa and a few head of beef cattle.

After Dorothy's death in 2009, he sold the Omak property to settle in at Apple Springs Assisted Living where he spent much of his time with family and friends.

Doc died after a short illness at Colonial Vista Retirement home in Wenatchee on June 22, 2013.

So who was this man we called Dad, Grandpa, Great Grampa, and Uncle? In the eyes of his family he was revered. His family was his pride and he let them know it at every turn. He was a quiet and modest man who enjoyed good humor. He made every child feel special and important, teaching them the value of work and the joy of play in the outdoors. He was a man who saw only the best in others (well maybe not always, as some politicians earned his ire), He had friends but few if any enemies. He was a law-abiding good citizen. He had ethics in his business and personal dealings. He enjoyed nature. He was a doer who did not wait for others to lead.

For fun he liked to fish and hunt. Salmon fishing was a weekly ritual. Each Thursday, he would close his practice and travel the short distance to Point No Point to fish the wily salmon. An excerpt from a local news paper sport page fishing report read as follows "Leo Studach of Point No Point Resort reported only one angler on the water yesterday. Doc King caught 15 and 17 pounders and lost a big one ". When his good fishing partner, Archie Webster, passed away, Doc was concerned that Archie would have the River Jordan fished out before he got there.

Doc enjoyed many different organizations. He was past master of the Kingston Grange, member of the Trailblazers horse club, Kingston Gun Club, a square dance club with Dorothy, and was active in the Okanogan Fly Club. He was of the Catholic faith.

Doc was preceded in death by his beloved wife, Dorothy in 2009. He is survived by son Jim King and Jim's wife Pam King in Omak, son Gary King, Seattle, and daughter, Mila Hart and her husband, Paul, in East Wenatchee. He is also survived by five grandchildren, Steve King, Wenatchee, Barbara (King) Scheer, San Francisco, Ben Hart, Spokane; Elizabeth (Hart) Hirsch, Wenatchee, and Heather (Hart) Ray, of Port Angeles, eight great-grandchildren, and family friend, Mary King.

To view his online tribute go to: www.HeritageMemorialChapel.com .

Arrangements are in the care of Heritage Memorial Chapel, East Wenatchee.

Tribute Wall

“ JULY 7, 2013

DEAR DAD;

I KNOW YOU WOULD FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE WITH ALL THE FUSS WE ARE MAKING OVER YOU TODAY BUT JUST SETTLE IN, COOL YOUR HEELS AND ENJOY THE SPIRIT OF YOUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS. I HAVE WRITTEN THIS LETTER SO THAT WHEN OTHERS ASK WHAT KIND OF A MAN YOU ARE, I WILL HAVE GOTTEN MY THOUGHTS TOGETHER FOR A GOOD ANSWER.

FIRST OF ALL, I KNOW THAT YOUR LIFE WAS PRETTY SMOOTH. I'M SURE THERE WERE A FEW BUMPS ALONG THE ROAD BUT, ALL IN ALL, YOU GOT THROUGH PRETTY WELL WITH FEW DISAPPOINTMENTS AND REGRETS. WHY ELSE WOULD YOU HAVE SAID FOR THE LAST 10 OR SO YEARS THAT "I AM JUST AN ORDINARY MAN WHO HAS HAD GOOD LIFE AND WOULD NOT CHANGE ANY OF IT." BY THIS YOU I BELIEVE YOU MEANT THAT YOU ENJOYED LIFE TO ITS FULLEST, WERE SUCCESSFUL IN BUSINESS, HAD A GOOD EDUCATION, SAW THE GOOD IN OTHERS, HAD A GOOD WIFE, AND ABOVE ALL, WERE PROUD OF YOUR FAMILY. YOU OFTEN SAID THAT YOU WERE JUST LUCKY. MAYBE SO, BUT I ALSO SUSPECT THERE WAS MORE TO IT THAN THAT. TELL ME IF I AM WRONG.

I DO BELIEVE WHILE LADY LUCK DID PLAY A PART IT WAS ONLY A SMALL PART. THE MORE LIKELY CASE WAS THAT WHEN LIFE PRESENTED YOU WITH ITS FEW AND RARE OPPORTUNITIES, YOU DID NOT HOLD BACK BUT GRABBED ON TO THEM IN ORDER TO BETTER THE LIVES OF YOU AND YOUR FAMILY.

MOST NOTABLY, YOU HAD THE COURAGE TO STEP UP AND TO JOIN THE MILITARY DURING WW II INSTEAD OF BEING DRAFTED AND LETTING THE US ARMY SET YOUR COURSE FOR YOU. INSTEAD, YOU OPTED FOR THE MORE DIFFICULT CHALLENGE OF BECOMING AN AVIATOR. LADY "LUCK" HELD THROUGHOUT YOUR TOUR OF DUTY WHERE YOU LOGGED OVER 1000 COMBAT HOURS IN THREE THEATERS OF

OPERATION WITHOUT BEING KILLED OR INJURED. NEVER MIND THE DYSENTARY IN NORTH AFRICA. YOU WOULD HAVE TO HAVE BEEN VERY COMPETENT TO FLY A C-47 TROOP CARRIER AND DELPOY PARATROOPERS; TOW GLIDERS, FLY RESUPPLY MISSIONS, MOVE CARGO, AND OTHER ASSIGNED TASKS. I WAS PROUD WHEN YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE OFTEN CALLED UPON TO FLY EXTRAORDINARY ASSIGNMENTS LIKE TRYING TO SEE IF A C-47 COULD LAND ON AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER OR TOW NOT TWO GLIDERS BUT THREE. I AM SURE MEMBERS OF THE 82ND AIRBORNE DIVISION THAT YOU DEPLOYED AT NIMEGJEN WERE VERY HAPPY WHEN YOU DECIDED TO GIVE THEM A FIGHTING CHANCE BY DROPPING THEM IN A SAFE PLACE BEHIND A HILL AWAY FROM THE DIRECT FIRE OF A GERMAN FLAK TOWER EVEN IF IT DID MEAN EVER SO SLIGHTLY ADJUSTING THE ASSIGNED DROP ZONE.

UNLIKE TODAY, THERE WAS NO TALKING HEADS TO SPIN THE WWII SOLDIER'S STORY. YOU LIKE MOST WWII VETERANS, DID NOT DO A LOT OF TALKING OR BRAGGING ABOUT YOUR SERVICE. YOU SIMPLY KEPT QUIET ABOUT THE EXTRA ORDINARY THINGS YOU DID UNTIL I WAS ABLE TO DRAG YOUR STORIES OUT OF YOU MUCH LATER IN LIFE. I KNOW YOU LOOKED BACK ON YOUR MILIARY CAREER WITH PRIDE AND AN APPRECIATION FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN TO FLY, SEE THE WORLD, AND MAKE MANY NEW AQUAINTENANCES... AND, NOT THE LEAST OF WHICH, TO MEET MOM. I AM SURE THIS EXPERIENCE HELP YOU SIZE UP WHAT YOUR NEXT STEPS IN LIFE WOULD BE.

AFTER MUSTERING OUT, YOU HAD MORE "LUCK". YOU NOW QUALIFIED FOR THE GI BILL, AND YOU USED IT BY CHOOSING ANOTHER DIFFICULT CHALLENGE BY STUDYING TO BECOME A VETERINARIAN AND SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETING THE COURSE OF STUDIES AT WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY. DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU WERE ALSO THE FIRST OF THE KING LINE TO OBTAIN A FOUR YEAR COLLEGE EDUCATION?

I DO NOT BELIEVE THESE TWO OPPORTUNITIES (THE WAR

AND SUBSEQUENT SCHOOLING) HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH LUCK. I THINK YOU WERE OF THE CHARACTER THAT RISES TO THE CHALLENGE. BUT THE WAR AND YOUR CHOOSING VET SCHOOL WERE PIVOTAL IN ESTABLISHING THE PATH FOR THE REMAINDER OF YOUR LIFE.

YOU HAD OTHER BITS OF GOOD "LUCK" . YOU HAD SEVERAL SUCCESSFUL INVESTMENTS WHICH GAVE YOU WEALTH BUT NOT RICHES. YOU ENJOYED GOOD HEALTH PARTICULARLY AFTER YOU QUIT SMOKING THOSE PALL MALLS. YOU HAVE HAD MANY A GOOD FRIEND. YOU HAVE HAD MANY GOOD FISHING AND HUNTING BUDDIES AND YOU HAVE A FINE REPUTATION.

HERE ARE SOME OTHER THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT YOU.

- YOU WERE THRIFTY TO A FAULT.... YOU THREW NOTHING AWAY. JUST ASK THOSE OF US THAT TACKLED THE JOB OF CLEANING YOUR SHOP WHEN YOU MOVED TO APPLE SPRINGS. I REMEMBER WHEN HELPING YOU BUILD YOUR VET CLINIC IN POULSBO. RECALL THAT YOU GAVE ME THE

- JOB OF PULLING NAILS FROM PREVIOUSLY USED LUMBER AND STRAIGHTENING THEM FOR REUSE ON THE CLINIC. A FAVORITE SAYING OF YOURS THAT HAS STUCK WITH ME WAS "WASTE NOT WANT NOT FOR YOU MAY LIVE TO SEE THE DAY YOU HAD THAT NAIL YOU JUST THREW AWAY..."

- YOU KNEW HOW TO "FARMER FIX" BROKEN ITEMS AND WOULD HAVE PUT RUBE GOLDBERG'S BEST MACHINES TO SHAME WITH SOME OF YOUR OWN INVENTIONS.

- YOU WERE NEVER SO SMART AS TO OUTSMART YOURSELF.

- DAD, I AM SORRY TO SAY BUT YOU COULD NOT TELL A JOKE. INVARIABLY YOU WOULD START OUT OKAY BUT, ALREADY THINKING OF THE PUNCHLINE, WOULD BEGIN TO LAUGH UNCONTROLLABLY AND THE JOKE WOULD FIZZLE. IF IT IS ANY COMFORT TO YOU, I HAVE THIS SAME TRAIT.

- YOU ARE A SENTIMENTAL OLD COOT AND WILL EASILY CHOKE WITH EMOTION. ME TOO.

- YOU WERE CONFIDENT WITHOUT SHOWING ANY HINT OF SELF IMPORTANCE.

• YOU WERE A FISHERMAN WHO FISHED WITH A FLY LONG BEFORE IT BECAME THE CURRENT RAGE. I CAN RECALL BAMBOO RODS AND THE GUT LEADERS YOU KEPT MOIST IN MOM'S OLD COLD CRÈME JARS AND THE GAUDY FLIES YOU TIED. YOUR FAVORITE FLY PATTERNS WERE "MEAT IN THE POT" AND THE "ASSASSIN". I HAVE TIED A MEAT IN THE POT FOR EACH OF OUR GUESTS TODAY. AND I THINK STEVEN WILL HAVE A STORY ABOUT THAT FLY AND YOU AT CHOPAKA LAKE MANY YEARS AGO. YOUR BEST GIFT TO ME WAS TEACHING ME TO FLYFISH WHEN I WAS ABOUT 6 YEARS OLD. REMEMBER OUR TRIPS TO BUCK LAKE? WHILE YOU ENJOYED TROUT FISHING, YOUR LOVE OF FISHING FOR SALMON, OR AS YOU CALLED THEM, SALMO - AMERICANUS, TOPPED ALL OTHER FISH.

DAD, I KNOW YOU LOVED THE BEAUTY OF NATURE. IT IS YOUR SPIRITUALITY. WHEN I SEE A GREAT SUNSET OF MAYBE EVEN A WHITETAIL FAWN UNDER MY TREE STAND, I WILL THINK OF YOU.

I AM SENSING THAT YOU ARE STARTING TO FIDGET A BIT, SO I WILL END THIS LETTER NOW. THANKS YOU FOR ALL YOU HAVE DONE FOR ME.

I WILL SEE YOU AN HOUR BEFORE THE LOW SLACK,
SON #1

PS I COULD USE YOUR HELP THIS FALL DURING THE RUT. IF YOU COULD MANAGE TO HAZE A FINE WHITETAIL BUCK IN MY DIRECTION, I WOULD APPRECIATE IT.

Jim - July 08, 2013 at 02:49 PM



“ *This is the story of the cat and the owl. And in the real world it proves that all encounters in the wild are not favorable to all participants.*

Late in December about Christmas time in the year 2000. Archie Webster and I were fishing at the north end of Omak Lake for Lahatan cutthroat when Archie spotted a Bob Cat on the shore. The cat was apparently walking the shoreline searching for food. As it happened the cat was going in the same direction and speed as we were, and we were about 100 yards out from the cat. As we traveled along I steered toward to shore then I noticed a large bird in the water flapping his wings . It seemed to be very close to shore. After about a quarter of a mile we were about twenty yards from the cat and so I shut the motor off.. We identified the bird as a Great Horned Owl. Of course the Cat saw the Owl and prepared to attack. By this time we had drifted to within ten feet of the pair and neither animal seemed to notice us or the boat. We were awed and surprised that the wild animals would allow us to get that close. Both animals were staring at each other, the owl was warning the cat with a sharp snapping of his beaks, we were so close that we could plainly see the light gray color with a very light tinge of greenish yellow in the cats eyes. I am proud of the bravery that Archie showed as he grabbed for our fish landing net, I do not know who or what he was going to net, but unfortunately or maybe fortunately, the decision was solved when the cat jumped in the lake and grabbed the owl by the head and neck, and smartly bit the bird many times rapidly, and killed the Owl and like the fox in the fairy tale, slung the owl across his back and climbed up the mountan out of sight.

OI Doc King

July 08, 2013 at 02:47 PM

JL

“ Russ took my parents and I salmon fishing and he and my Dad were joking about not having to see anything to do with trains (Dad worked for the railroad) out there on the water. Some time later a barge came by loaded with railroad cars. I think that was the highlight of the day especially since fishing was not very good that day. It is a memory I will never forget.

Janice Lay - July 05, 2013 at 02:33 PM

JL

“ I was very surprised and sad to read about Dr King. He was my cousin, my father --Alvin Golden was Ellas brother. It has been many years since seeing Russ (that is what I knew him as many years ago.

I was surprised and sad to read about Dr King's passing. We were cousins; my dad-

Alvin Golden was Ellas brother. It has been many years since seeing Russ, probably 1954 or so in Kingston and then once at the clinic in Chelan over 20 years ago. I had looked for him since then, but was told he had moved back to the coast. I also live in Omak, hard to believe we were so close. Please accept my sympathy at you loss.

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Janice Golden Lay - July 05, 2013 at 02:20 PM

RB

“ As a staff member (cook) at Apple Springs, I was sad to hear the passing of this fine gentleman. He was always ready to tell us how fine his meal was and was so polite, taking the time to look into my face while talking about his meals or anything in particular. I will miss his presence.

Renae Bigelow - July 05, 2013 at 12:30 PM

GK

“ I will think of him often and be inspired.

Dad was a good human being, a great role model for kids and grandkids, an independent thinker and an active participant in life.

He lived life his own way.

We should all be so fortunate.

Gary King - July 02, 2013 at 10:00 PM

RK

“ Those lucky enough to have known him, were very fortunate. Those even luckier who called him Dad, Grandpa, Brother, Husband, Uncle and friend were truly blessed.

Our sincere condolences to all the family.
Rick & Terri King

Rick & Terri King - July 02, 2013 at 02:59 PM



“ Grandpa would often joke around with his grandkids. In fact, I think his delightful sense of humor is something I will miss the most. I remember one time when my sister Liz and I were teenagers in Omak visiting Grandpa and Gram Gram. We were sitting on their couch talking, when in the room walks Grandpa with a big grin on his face. He came over and plopped himself down on the couch in between Liz and I, looked back and forth between us and said, "Here I am, a rose between two thorns!" . We laughed so hard, and are still laughing to this day!

June 28, 2013 at 06:34 PM



“ I feel so blessed to have had Grandpa in my life. He was truly an amazing person. So much fun to be around, so vibrant and full of life. His sense of humor and endearing personality made for some wonderful times and lasting memories. I can't even begin to comprehend how much I am going to miss my fiddling buddy, role modle, and hero. Love you Grandpa, and thank you for all that you have done for this family!

Heather Ray - June 28, 2013 at 06:20 PM