



James Milo Perry

November 27, 1929 - January 24, 2018

James M. Perry (88) of Chelan passed away at home on January 24th, 2018. Jim was born on a leased wheat ranch west of Berea, Box Butte County, Nebraska on November 27, 1929 to Rex and Ruth Perry. Jim was the second oldest of 8 children. His childhood was spent on various farms throughout Nebraska and Arkansas until drought forced the family to relocate to California in 1943. As Jim wrote:

“Having a substantial quota of gas ration stamps for the now defunct farm activities, all that could be loaded, piled in and on the 1933 Chevrolet flatbed truck with sides and canvas over the top, along with enough room for the now family of nine. With a lot of planning and careful packing the household goods and tools were loaded so that there was room for the seven children to ride in back. We left northwest Arkansas in August of 1943, like the Grapes of Wrath. Oklahoma City and west on Route 66, over Tehachapi Pass to Bakersfield, and north on Highway 99 to Turlock, California.”

His High School years were spent working at various agricultural, warehouse, construction and trucking jobs. He joined the Californians Motorcycle Club of Modesto after buying a B-33 350cc BSA single cylinder motorcycle. There were many poker runs, mud runs and slow races (the winner being the one with the best balance and slowest time over a 100 yard or so flat straightaway).

Jim served from 1947 to 1953 as a member of the California National Guard. After missing the 1952 summer camp due to elbow surgery, the local draft

board rejected his guard deferment and he was drafted in February of 1953.

“All of my prior civilian work was in construction or transportation, so one would have thought Engineers or Transportation would have been a shoe-in. I still don’t know if it was testing, my age (23+) or size, but Uncle decided I needed to be in a Military Police Unit.”

After basic training at Ft Lewis, Jim was sent to Ft Lawton, Washington. This was the main shipping point for Korea bound troops in 1953. Jim was assigned to Seattle Armed Services Police. Detached from Ft Lawton and assigned to Pier 91, 10th Navel Headquarters where Armed Services Police Detachment was barracked. He was assigned to provide security on passenger trains departing daily from Seattle. It was during this time he met the woman who would become his wife.

“I left Seattle the end of March for Korea, some 12,000 men and double crew on an old Liberty single stack ship converted to a transport that had been in the mothball fleet. It was a dirty, rusty cloud all the way to Japan. Half the water system broke down the second day out so it was just enough fresh water for boilers in the mess hall. Salt water showers for 29 days. It was 31 days to Sasebo, Japan, then a nice clean fast 2 stacker, to take us to Korea. I was assigned to town patrol in Pusan, Korea, the only city of any size in Korea that had not been occupied by the North Koreans or Chinese. A city that prior to the war was approximately 50,000, and was swollen by refugees and UN troops to about 2 million.”

“Four of us E4 corporals from the Seattle ASPD had been promoted to patrol supervisors or desk Sergeants. Because of the breakup of the infantry units up north, our replacements were mostly regular army sergeants, who were then not allowed to be put on standing post or walking post, and mostly couldn’t be trusted as drivers. This was the orders from the company command, a retired Calvary officer, a Lt Colonel bucking for Bird to wear on his collar and a bigger retirement. Anyway, after the easy job in Seattle, I wound up being supervisor to this mess for 144 days without a day off. Was I happy when the word came down I was on the rotation list to the land of the

Big PX!”

“Thirty days later, Seattle came into view along with the Fire Boat welcome. After docking, we were detailed to remove the boxes of records to dock side. By the time I had made a second trip within a few feet of my future wife while being unable to even acknowledge her presence, a newspaper reporter figured out what was happening. He contacted the press officer who came aboard and escorted me down the officer’s gang plank to meet the waiting group, Elizabeth, her family and friends. The arrival was duly noted with a picture and article on the front of the second section of the Seattle Times”. After Jim and Liz were married on February 26th, 1955, they settled in San Jose, California where Jim attended San Jose City College in Criminal Justice. Jim was hired by the City of Santa Clara Police Department in December 1959 and served in the Patrol division and as a Motor officer. In 1966, after being assigned to desk duty after an on-duty motorcycle accident, Jim went to work for Hogan Stained Glass Studio in Los Gatos, California learning the Stained Glass craft.

In 1971, Jim and Liz moved their family up to Issaquah, Washington and opened Perry Stained Glass Studio specializing in Church windows, both new and repairs. They ran the Studio together with their son Jim for 44 years until their retirement to live in Chelan Full Time. Both Jim and Liz were very involved in the Stained Glass Association of America with Jim being instrumental in the creation of the SGAA Reference and Technical manual. Jim was known by his family as “Pest”, a name given to him by his Granddaughter Sara because he kept stealing her ice cream. It fit and soon everyone called him “Pest”. He was full of “Pest-isms”: “It will feel better when it quits hurting”; “Look what the cat drug in”; “There is nothing in a vacuum to ache, you have a skull cramp”; “The Boogie man will bring you back when it gets daylight and he finds out what he took”; “Go to sleep kid, just close your eyes and your mouth at the same time”; “Don’t go away mad, just go away”; “You won’t melt, acid only dilutes”. He loved children and was always teasing

them. All of the kids were called “not-boys” or “not-girls” at one time or another. He would often start a story to kids “mixed up””Time upon a once there were pee little thrigs”

Jim was a project manager and helped construct the Columbarium at St Andrews where he will be inurned. He commented “I wonder if this counts as digging your own grave”?

Jim is survived by his wife Elizabeth of 63 years, their son Jim (Roxanne) Perry of Issaquah, daughters Susan (Kerry) Schutz of Mossyrock, Diane (David) Anderson of Keaau, Hawaii, Granddaughter Sara (Cyrus) Bowthorpe of Cle Elum and Great Grandchildren Colton & Cheyenne.

A Celebration of Life will be held on Sunday February 25th at 10 am at St Andrews Episcopal Church, 120 E Woodin Ave, Chelan, WA. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to:

St Andrews Memorial Fund, PO Box 1226, Chelan, WA 98816

Or

Journey Home Rescue, 630 Valley Mall Pkwy #268, Wenatchee, WA 98802

Tribute Wall



“ *Precht Rose Chapel and Barnes Chapel created a Tribute Video in memory of James Milo Perry*



Precht Rose Chapel and Barnes Chapel - February 23, 2018 at 08:02 PM

BN

Lovely tribute to a very special man!

Beverly Nitz - February 24, 2018 at 11:26 AM



“ *James Milo Perry*

January 29, 2023 at 08:49 AM

BM

“ *Liz, I'm so sorry to hear of Jim's death. Patsy and I share stories of his crazy sense of humor, his not being able to stop climbing that Damn scaffolding, and his passion to do each thing better than the last job. But mostly we remember his passion and love for you and the love the two of you shared with us.*

He is with God.

Bob Markert

Bob Markert - February 11, 2018 at 12:41 PM

KE

“ Jim, you are gone too soon! Although I only new you less than a decade I enjoyed every visit, every story, and every caper we shared. I am thankful I met you and even more thankful now that I have all of the wonderful memories to enjoy into the future.

Your Cousin,
Ken Whitehorn
Eagan MN



Ken - January 31, 2018 at 08:39 PM

 Robert
Buhl

“ You were always a pleasure to do work for , and just to talk to.Farewell old friend. You were a great man!

Robert Buhl - January 31, 2018 at 02:09 PM

BL

“ I will always remember Jim's quick wit. He was never without a comeback line! He may have, at times, seemed a little rough around the edges; but, his deeply imbedded and genuine kindness was just under the surface. I will miss you Pest.

Bill Larson - January 29, 2018 at 01:17 AM