

Death and Memorial Notice

MILTON HERMAN NEBEL

March 14, 1918
February 9, 2010

Milton Herman Nebel was born in Great Falls, Montana, on March 14, 1918, the first son of Herman and May Nebel.

Until the age of 15, his family lived in Neihart, Montana, where his father was the superintendent of an Anaconda Copper Company limestone quarry that was only accessible by rail.

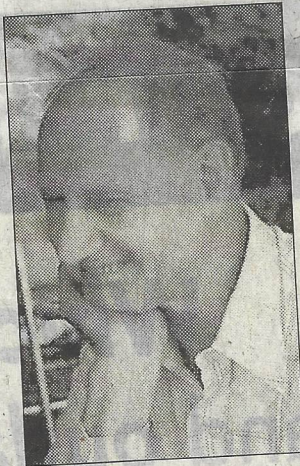
When old enough, he traveled to school on his horse or by pumping the railroad scooter loaded with his seven brothers and sisters.

At his age of 15, the family loaded up all of their possessions and livestock onto railroad cars and moved to his grandfather's homestead in Gardiner. Milton rode along in the cattle car to take care of the stock.

Milton attended Sequim High School, graduating in 1936. The next year he drove the Gardiner/Discovery Bay school bus into Port Townsend, and while there he took math and science classes that were not available in Sequim.

Milton entered the Army in 1942, going ashore shortly after the invasion of Normandy.

While stationed in France, he was an NCO in charge of a heavy equipment maintenance facility. He liked to tell the story that it was his shop that repaired General Eisen-



Mr. Nebel

hower's staff car, and that the most critical piece of equipment was the hand mixer in the rear for stirring drinks, which needed repair often.

Upon discharge from the Army in early February of 1946, Milton went to Oklahoma and married Pauline Agnes Mixera, the love of his life.

He had maintained a correspondence with Polly after meeting by chance in Kansas City prior to shipping overseas.

They were married in Prague, Oklahoma, on February 27 and moved to Port Townsend to settle and raise a family.

Milton worked at Crown Zellerbach mill, spending many years as a powerhouse operator.

Family and his friends remember Milton for his gentle kindness and caring for others. It was not unusual for him to take fresh or smoked salmon and/or vegetables and flowers from his garden to the elderly and needy in

the community.

Upon his retirement from the mill in 1983, Milton took up saltwater fishing. Many can remember Milt and his four-legged companion, Fritz, rowing all over the bay in pursuit of salmon, groundfish and crab.

Milton enjoyed going out and being with his grandchildren when they boated their first fish. It was not unusual to hear stories of Milt taking out kids with no access to the water so they could have a fishing experience and win prizes in the Kids Derby.

Milt always had a strong attraction to the outdoors, and from his mid-teens on he spent a considerable amount of time in the Olympic Mountains on solo trips.

With his family, many long and enjoyable hikes were taken. Many of these were long, extended stays in the mountains which would start on one side of the Olympics and end on the other.

For many years, Milton served as the Scoutmaster of Port Townsend Troop 682. Many members of that troop still recall fond memories of time spent in the mountains or participating in scouting events. Throughout their lives, they have used skills learned from Milton.

Milton passed away peacefully on February 9, 2010. He is survived by his wife of 65 years, Polly; daughter, Margo Munson; son, Jerry Nebel; and grandchildren, Courtney

and Stacy Munson, Cooper Kennicott and Brian Nebel.

Surviving sisters are Betty Cunningham, Delores Tegner, Margaret Smith, Marcella (Midge) Dillon and Judy Christiansen.

His brother, Carl (Bud), preceded Milton in death in 1991.

The family asks that remembrances be made to the Fred Lewis' Scout Cabin Fund, c/o Elks Lodge 317, 555 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368.

No service is planned at this time.

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and evening
star,
And on clear call for
me!
And may there be no
moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as
moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound or
foam,
When that which drew
from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening
bell
And after that dark!
And may there be no
sadness of farewell
When I embark.
For though from out
our bourne of
Time and place
The flood may bear me
far,
I hope to see my pilot
face to face.
When I have crossed
the bar.

Alfred Tennyson