

was with my grandfather's beauty. On the dark side, my grandfather was very violent and would beat my grandmother. She had a metal plate in her head from one of his beatings.

Grandmother and Grandfather came to Seattle from Oklahoma to escape poverty. My father, Robert King Blackwell (Bob), was born in Seattle in 1921. While still less than a year old, his father circumcised him with a penknife. Ill with rickets, scabies and generally in poor health, he his mother, and two siblings were put on a boat by King David for Los Angeles. That was the last his father had to do with the family until the mid-1940s, when he tried to reconcile with them. Liza would not allow it, and King David died in a flop house in downtown Los Angeles. Bob was raised by Ma and Pa Somes until he was five, at that time he was put in "Boy's Town;" his childhood was hell from that point on. At age nineteen, he met my step-mother (Mom), Jean Marie Colclough, and wanted to marry her. She was fifteen, going to UCLA and had no intention of settling down so early.

When my father, Bob, was in the Navy Submarine Service stationed in Providence, Rhode Island, he met my biological mother, Henrietta Ann Clark (Etta). Their marriage was good for 3 years until Bob had to go overseas to fight in World War II. He came back changed, suffering from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). Etta said he would sit down at the kitchen table with a bottle of whisky and drink until it was