

A busy space station after SpaceX arrival

BY MARCIA DUNN

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CAPE CANAVERAL, Fla. — The International Space Station's population swelled to 11 on Saturday with the jubilant arrival of SpaceX's third crew capsule in less than a year.

It's the biggest crowd up there in more than a decade.

All of the astronauts — representing the U.S., Russia, Japan and France — managed to squeeze into camera view for a congratulatory call from the leaders of their space agencies.

"In this tough situation around the world, I believe you have brought courage and

hope for all of us," Japanese Space Agency President Hiroshi Yamakawa said from his country's flight control center, referring to the global pandemic.

A recycled SpaceX capsule carrying four astronauts arrived at the space station a day after launching from NASA's Kennedy Space Center. The Dragon capsule docked autonomously with the orbiting outpost more than 260 miles above the Indian Ocean. The hatches swung open a couple hours later, uniting all 11 space travelers.

"Man, it is awesome to see the 11 of you on station," said NASA's acting administrator,

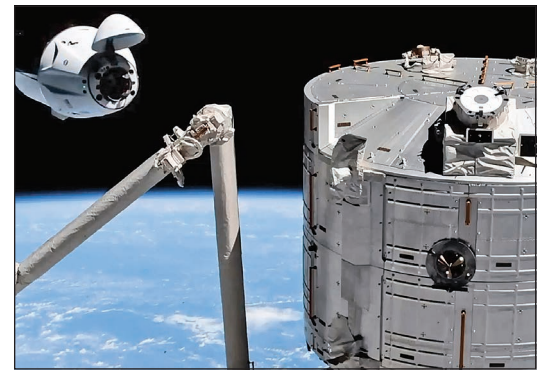
Steve Jurczyk. He noted that this will be the norm, now that SpaceX is regularly flying crews.

The newcomers will spend six months at the space station. They'll replace four astronauts who will return to Earth in their own Dragon capsule Wednesday to end a half-year mission. NASA deliberately planned for a brief overlap so the outgoing SpaceX crew could show the new arrivals around.

Although this was SpaceX's third crew flight for NASA, it was the first to use a vehicle that's flown before, an essential part of Musk's push to the moon and Mars. The Dragon

capsule was used for SpaceX's first crew launch last May, while the Falcon rocket soaring Friday hoisted crew two in November.

It was the first time two SpaceX crew Dragons were parked there at the same time — practically side by side.



The SpaceX Crew Dragon spacecraft, left, approaches the international space station Saturday.

NASA

OBITUARY

Patty Pauline Russell

May 15, 1918 - April 19, 2021

Patty Russell went to be with our Lord on April 19, 2021 in Bend, Oregon. She was born in Cotton City (now Eloy), Arizona during the Spanish Flu epidemic and died in Bend during the COVID-19 pandemic.

Her parents, Otis and Jessie Jordan, were cotton farmers from Erath County, Texas, who moved to Cotton City in 1916, four years after Arizona became a State. Her dad cleared the land and planted cotton on what was desert land that had never been cultivated. Plowing was done with horses, and rattlesnakes were plentiful. Cotton prices were high during World War I, but they dropped to only 10 cents a pound when the war ended. Her family, including her older sister, Edna, left Cotton City and homesteaded west of Casa Grande,

Arizona, with the intention of planting cotton. However, there was no water in Casa Grande at that time and, after proving up on the homestead, the family moved to Glendale, Arizona, where they could get water from the Salt River to grow cotton.

Patty graduated from Glendale High School in 1936 and attended the University of Arizona for a year, where she played on the all-star girls' softball team. Afterward she attended business school and went to work for the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Phoenix before and during World War II. She married her hometown sweetheart, Arthur Halbrooks in 1942. He joined the Army Air Corps that year and was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant. He became a bombardier on the B-17F Flying Fortress and was assigned to the mighty 8th Air Force, based at RAF Chelveston, England. The unit began bombing German targets in November 1942. On January 13, 1943, his aircraft was shot down by German anti-aircraft fire over the railroad yards at Lille, France. The bomber, one of a strike force of 72, crashed in Pollinkhove, Belgium, killing all 10 crew members. Patty and Art had been married less than five months.

Patty continued to work for the FBI, where she was awarded the Certificate of Honorable War Service by J. Edgar Hoover. Meanwhile, her parents moved back to the homestead in Casa Grande after the war, when decommissioned submarine engines allowed the farmers to drill wells and pump water to their cotton fields.

Patty met her second husband, Harlan (Russ) Russell during the war, but she would not remarry until Art's death was confirmed and the war was over. They were finally married in September 1946. Russ had farming experience, and cotton farming was in his blood. When Patty's father died in 1948, Patty and Russ moved to Casa Grande, where Russ became a full-time farmer. He experimented with water-witching rods and, with them, drilled a second successful well, which provided much needed irrigation for the cotton fields. The water-witching rods are still in the family.

Patty and Russ raised three daughters and participated in all the rich social life that small-town Casa Grande offered. Patty was a member of the Cotton Wives, the Oasis Garden Club, the Eastern Star and the Casa Grande Valley Historical Society. When the community built Hoemako Hospital in 1952, Patty became an auxiliary member. Russ died in 1984 doing what he loved, raising cotton. They had been married for 37 happy years.

Patty lived a long and fulfilling life. Beloved by her family and a wide circle of friends, she was known for her kindness, generosity and great sense of humor. She celebrated her 100th birthday on May 15, 2018, at Touchmark retirement community in Bend, Oregon, surrounded by her children, grandchildren and extended family. She is survived by her three daughters and their husbands: Susan and Art Gilbreth of Sunriver, Oregon; Barbara and Jim Linam of Tucson, Arizona; and Carol and Tom Donohoe of Bend, Oregon. Also by five grandchildren: Josh Linam and his wife, Hattie, of Tucson, Arizona; Russ Linam of San Diego, California; and Natalia, Amanda and Claire Donohoe all of Bend. Patty had one great-grandchild, two year-old Jonas Linam, of Tucson, Arizona. She is also survived by a niece, Joan Malouf and her husband Rick of Scottsdale, Arizona, and their daughter Amy and her husband Danny of Scottsdale.

Patty will be buried beside Russ at Greenwood Cemetery in Phoenix. The family wishes to express its appreciation for the many kind condolences and for the kindness shown by caregivers at Mount Bachelor Assisted Living Facility and Heart and Home Hospice of Bend. Arrangements are entrusted to Niswonger-Reynolds Funeral Home of Bend, Oregon. Guestbook comments can be made at niswonger-reynolds.com.



Thomas "Tom" Richard Littlehales

January 13, 1944 - March 16, 2021

Tom Littlehales was born in Portland, Oregon on January 13th, 1944. He grew up in the Portland neighborhood of Eastmoreland near Reed College and All Saints Episcopal Church, where the family attended. It was a "Father Knows Best" kind of childhood, when he made many, many lifelong friends.

In high school, in addition to the usual sports, Tom sang in the choir, with a beautiful bass voice. He was a cast member of the annual musicals and Gilbert & Sullivan operettas.

He graduated from Cleveland High School in 1962, and went on to University of Oregon, becoming an avid Duck fan to the end of his days. He joined Phi Delta Theta fraternity and was in three singing groups: University Singers (where he met his future bride, Margaret), Madrigals, and a folk quintet called the "The Bitterlicks."

Tom graduated in 1966 with a degree in history. But he was really a Renaissance man, having taken as many literature and science classes as history. His favorite classes were astronomy and meteorology, which began a lifetime hobby of studying the moon and the stars, and the weather.

It was the Vietnam Era, and knowing he would be drafted, he enlisted in the U.S Army and spent one year at Fort Knox, Kentucky, graduating from Officer's Candidate School as Second Lieutenant, Armor. He returned to Eugene to marry Margaret Elkins on August 5th, 1967, and two weeks later reported for duty at Fort Huachuca, Arizona. He and Margaret spent two years there. In addition to other duties, Tom ran the Leadership Preparation Program; and earned medals for the post commander in pistol shooting, volleyball, and parachuting. He received an invitation to join the Golden Knights, the army's elite parachuting team, but he turned down the offer because he did not want to make the army his career.

Tom and Margaret left Fort Huachuca, Arizona the day man walked on the moon: July 20th, 1969. They returned to Oregon and settled in Portland where Tom began a career in sales, beginning in management for the J.C Penney Co. and then on to Snap-On Tools, Industrial Division. He continued skydiving into his forties, playing volleyball through his fifties, and renewing his passion for downhill skiing.

The greatest event in his adult life was the birth of his daughter, Tonya Rae, in 1972. By the age of three, he had her skiing in the winter and backpacking in the summer. They had many adventures, and some misadventures, in the wilderness areas of Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson and the Three Sisters.

In 1994, the year Tonya graduated from Colorado College, Tom and Margaret moved to Bend to be near Margaret's aging parents. Shortly thereafter Tom joined the Mt. Bachelor National Ski Patrol, and was an active member for 25 years. The last few years he "took off his cape" and worked behind the scenes, organizing the ski patrol aid stations for Pole, Pedal, Paddle.

The end of May 2020, during the COVID-19 shutdowns, Tom took a fall and sustained a wound that would not heal. One complication led to another over the next 10 months; and culminated in a trip to St. Charles Emergency with heart and lung issues. He was admitted to ICU on March 12th, and died Tuesday morning March 16th, with his wife and daughter at his bedside.

Tom will be remembered for his sense of humor by a vast number of friends. He was quite the cook, and had his own cookbook of secret recipes. He was a voracious reader of fiction and non-fiction. Of late, his favorite non-fiction was *The Boys in the Boat*; and fiction, *All the Light We Cannot See*. He was an inventor of all kinds of gadgets to make a task easier. His wife often accused him of trying to reinvent the wheel.

Tom loved his neighborhood and neighbors of Sunrise Village. He was Christmas Lights King in the winter, and Osprey Nest Sign Maker in the summer. Tom was a grandfather figure to many of the children. It was not unusual to see a deck full of kids surrounding Tom on any given summer day. He was very involved with Margaret's piano studio. He listened to the students' progress with a critical ear. If he complimented them, they knew they deserved it. He was so proud of his daughter as he watched her train to be a competitive long distance runner, among many other accolades.

Tom will also be remembered for the love of his dogs, all ten of them in almost 54 years of marriage. He is now reunited with eight of them. He left the last two behind to take care of Margaret, and keep her company.

Deep in December it's nice to remember

Without a hurt the heart is hollow.

Deep in December our hearts should remember,

And follow...follow, follow, follow, follow.

(Tom's signature song: Try To Remember, from "The Fantasticks")

Tom was preceded in death by his father, Dr. Charles Edward Littlehales; mother, Catherine Sewall Littlehales; and brother, Judge Charles Paul Littlehales. Tom is survived by his wife, Margaret Elkins Littlehales, and daughter, Tonya Littlehales (Geof Hasegawa) of Bend; sisters Julia Reid (Russ) of Mercer Island, and Mary Thorsted of Bend; sister-in-law Patti Benson Littlehales of Newport; nieces Jodi Littlehales (Mike Tighe) of Newport/Seattle, and Jennifer Littlehales of LA; nephews Dennis Kirkpatrick (Jill and son, Jack) of Seattle, and Todd Thorsted of Portland; and first cousins John, Henry, and Lewis Littlehales.

The family wishes to thank the Robert Maxwell Veterans' Clinic staff, and the St. Charles Emergency and ICU medical teams for going to bat for Tom, alas in a losing game. Tom's family and friends were very grateful to Mt. Bachelor National Ski Patrol for honoring Tom with a Final Sweep on April 3rd.

Contributions in Tom's name may be made to Central Oregon Humane Society (61170 SE 27th, Bend, OR 97702); or to Mt. Bachelor Sports Education Foundation (2765 NW Lolo Dr., Bend, OR 97703).

A Celebration of Life will take place on August 5th, 2021, at the Sunrise Village Lodge from 4:00-7:00PM.

