

# Transcripts of Personal Remembrances at Bob's Memorial Service

compiled by John Minck

## Memories of Bob Grimm

by Carl Cottrell

May 2, 2015

I first met Bob more than 60 years ago when we were beginning our careers at Hewlett Packard. Bob made many contributions at HP, but today, I choose to talk about my personal experience of Bob, my lifetime friend.

First of all, I've known and worked with many engineers during my life, but I've never met another one with the innate curiosity of Bob. Not only was he interested in how all things worked, and why, but he would ask questions until he got an answer. If he didn't get an answer from someone who ought to know, he would search elsewhere until he found the answer he was looking for.

For example, because of his great interest in helping to make the Tech Museum a success, his curiosity led him to museums all over the country, learning about their best practices and what worked and what didn't, and he brought that information back to the Tech.

The ball machine outside the Tech is truly unique. He had seen one elsewhere and so, curious as usual, he looked up the men who design and build them. Bob thought everyone should have the opportunity to see one in action and that's why it's there for all to enjoy.

On the fun-loving side, Bob was a member of a small group of HP friends who went on an annual houseboat cruise in the California Delta for some 47 years. Each member of this motley crew had a title and a specific task to perform while aboard. Bob's title was "Libation and Library Officer" or the L&L for short. His job was to see to it that the crew never went thirsty and reading materials were always current. I can report that for 47 years, we never ran out of anything. In typical Grimm fashion, he plotted a graph of our consumption over all those years, noting that as we aged the consumption went steadily downward and steadily toward the less volatile liquids.

Bob knew many variations of poker and he delighted, each year, in teaching us a new and exciting poker game. If the betting of a round was waning, Bob would nearly always bet another dollar to stir up interest and increase the pot. Thus, we came to call him "Bet A Buck Bob" and you know, in the end, we didn't mind giving our money to the Bank of Bob because he was a gracious winner who loved to play poker and who made it fun for all of us.

Once, one of our crew tripped and fell, and suffered a scalp wound which required stitches. So, in the middle of the night, Bob and I called ashore and arranged for an ambulance to meet us and take us to the little river town of Isleton, where a country doctor met us in his office. As soon as the stitching had begun, Bob, the ambulance crew and I, stood around the table watching the doctor work. Of course, Bob's curiosity kicked in and he asks, "What kind of stitch is that Doctor? Is that thread catgut or something else? The doctor patiently answered all Bob's questions. Then Bob turned to the ambulance driver and asked "you work for the town?" "Yes, we do." "You have a city council here?" And so the questions continued until the sewing was done and we were on our way, much to the relief, I'm sure, of the ambulance crew and the doctor. I'm also confident that with Bob's new knowledge of surgery, he could do the stitching himself next time it was needed.

As most of you know, for many, many years, Bob devoted a great deal of his time, money and effort to making the annual Los Altos Parade of Lights a success. A few months ago, Bob took a couple of us old friends to see all the floats where they were stored. He proudly showed us how the floats were powered and a host of other technical details. His greatest pleasure was demonstrating an air-driven calliope mounted on the front of a float. Bob had long thought that a real parade would not be complete without a calliope, and so he located a manufacturer in the Midwest, the Parade committee purchased it, and Bob installed it. And so, in the years to come, when you attend the Parade of Lights and, long before you can see it, you hear a calliope joyfully playing, "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town," join me in thinking of it as an annual tribute, and a salute to Bob for all he has meant to his community and to those of us who were so very proud and honored to call him friend.

## **My Good Friend, Bob Grimm**

by Al Bagley

Bob Grimm and I met about 65 years ago, when we were both new engineers at the Hewlett Packard Co. Both of us came from small towns.

We found we had many common interests.

We bonded.

For many years we hiked, camped and went fishing together.

But:

My first major incident with Bob was when I was trying to take a picture of a trout I had just caught.

I had everything lined up and ready for a nice shot, when I saw that a dime had been put in the picture.

There was my grinning friend Bob. Who had decided that ethics was of great importance, even on fishing trips.

I put my camera away. Who wants a picture of a five-inch fish.

When Bob married Marion, it was a great day.

It was a great day for Los Altos, too.

She became very interested in the history of this area and studied it in great detail. Bob was intrigued with the intensity of her new hobby, but dismayed by her comment on the lack of material or facility for such study.

You guessed it. Bob was not much for dismay, especially of a lack of something. Our town now has a much better library and a history museum besides. We are the model for other cities in that regard.

Bob continued to invest in things that helped people generally.

He looked for more - and found it.

His inherent love of people never wavered.

It defined him.

When you walk into the backyard of the Tech museum, tap on the fender of the John Deere tractor there. You will hear it slowly start up and finally get rolling,

You are hearing a love song from Bob Grimm

I have now forgiven Bob for his discourteous act with that dime.

After all he was only twenty-five years old at the time.

## **Grimm Remembrances**

May 2, 2015

by Roy Lave

We meet at a time when there is a large hole in our lives. Death is a part of life, but that fact is more difficult when the death comes at an unexpected time, and we don't have a chance to say goodbye. This day, we are sharing our memories in hopes of easing the pain from the hole.

This is a party Bob would have enjoyed, but it would have embarrassed him to have it be about him. Son Mike said he'd be standing back, watching everything and looking for something to fix.

### **The Philanthropist**

For he was the "go-to" guy for the community.

Have a task requiring common sense and the ability to cut to the core of any issue? Hope he'd have the time—he usually did.

Need donations for any worthy cause? Ask Bob to share the wealth that came from astute real estate investments he made with Dave Kline, with other friends and by himself. Typical of his preparation is that he took a real estate broker course at Foothill College to be a better real estate investor.

Want to start a Community Foundation? Ask him to join the five that launched the Los Altos Community Foundation.

Refurbishing a house for the Foundation home? Ask him to buy a room. He won't want his name on the room but will suggest it be called "my room" after the private room at Mac's Tea Room. In lieu of naming, we hang a picture of him gazing at Marion from their early courtship or early married life. About the picture, he told me he thought he was the luckiest man alive that Marion chose him.

Need to save the local live theater? Ask him to join the task force to save the theater.

Need lights for the theater? Just ask.

Marion asked him to help fulfill her dream of a history museum in Los Altos. It's built.

Need help building something for a community activity? Join him in the community workshop – his garage.

Need to hold a community event? His backyard or his living room was the venue.

Need a large vehicle to haul something for an organization or take a family vacation? Ask to borrow the Suburban.

Often you didn't have to ask. He loved to buy things he decided were needed. From the small – a tool box and tools for the Community House; to the larger – an audio system for Foundation events. Ask him to set it up for events. Done

He loved to buy things for his friends as well. As a housewarming gift for our house at the beach which is intended to resemble a lighthouse – he gave us four brass lighthouse door knockers. We only have two outside doors but apparently wanted to give us a choice.

### **Councilman**

Looking to elect an exemplary councilperson? He's Bob -- thoughtful, probing, analytical, compassionate, fair, honest, hard working and he never let his ego get in the way of good decisions and good process.

Need a little humor in city governance? Just give him an opening. Your might be at the Council's traditional Christmas dinner at Chef Chu's and open your fortune cookie to read:

"People living on a flag lot have a way out."

"Chop sticks are a non-conforming use."

"Setbacks have a way of keeping people apart."

"A rotating mayor means a dizzy council."

When the City of Palo Alto was wondering how to preserve it's hallmark tree -- El Palo Alto -- wait, Bob will offer to buy the tree.

Need an objective means of cutting off long winded speakers at city council meetings? Bob will have a timer made at the H-P lab he manages. Of the box, he said for its simplicity it was the most expensive, non Beta electronic device ever made.

Don't understand the consent calendar used at city council meetings? He will explain that it's an appointment between two consenting adults – and he wants to be one of them. His humor sometimes had a bawdy side.

When the Los Altos City Council discussed what we should call each other, his answer was, "Call me just plain Bob." Of course, there was nothing plain about Bob.

Need a snack to go with the drinks you're having with council members and spouses in the basement of BeauSejour after a council meeting? Bob will bring the popcorn maker.

### **Other**

Need a member of the construction oversight committee for the new high school? Bob will squeeze that bond money so that you are able to expand the list of improvements.

Need a treasurer for the alphabet soup of ballot issues for good causes and good candidates for the last four decades? Send the checks to 1001 Parma.

Need a buddy to visit a hardware store – even in China? Bob's with you – he never met a hardware store he didn't like.

Need a player to fill the poker table? He's the man. Need entertainment at that poker game? Ask him to bring a video from his collection.

Having a medical procedure Bob had before you? He'll show you the timeline of his treatment and the results on a spreadsheet which will have, as on all his documents, his initials RAG and the date in the upper right hand corner.

Need a friend who is caring, loyal and generous? It's my privilege to have had such a friend.

**My Los Altos Friend  
Robert Alan Grimm  
1926 to 2015**

by Art Carmichael

**Colleague/Associate/Playmate**

**Companion**

**Confidant**

**Conferee**

**Comrade**

**Cohort**

**Crony**

We met in 1976, both campaigning for Los Altos City Council. There were five or six running, including two incumbents, with three open seats. Both of us were elected. We came from different activist groups, but with the same ethical & business practices, a long and trusting friendship had begun. Soon a threesome with Roy Lave was formed.

This led to beer and popcorn following the council meetings, but folks wanted to rehash the meetings, so we moved on to different locations. Some didn't have popcorn, but that didn't bother "Can-Do Bob," he brought his own popping machine.

The council meetings started to drag on and on, cutting in on popcorn time, which led "Can-Do Bob" to invent a 'speaker's time clock' straight from the HP Labs. It's sitting on the table in front of our speakers today!

We enjoyed this popcorn down time so much, the wives decided to join us. Marion, being a travel agent, led us to travelling ideas. First, the British Virgin Islands, where Bob and Art were diving partners, along with Roy and Penny, who were diving partners. We all became certified open water divers and our first dive was down 110 feet to the wreck of the Rhone.

Next to the Pacific and the Great Barrier Reef, Micronesia, Palau, Peleliu, and the sunken wrecks of World War II, where we decided swimming with so many sharks in this area, was not that macho!

Along the way we visited;

New Zealand.....Australia.....Papua New Guinea....the Philippines.....Guam.

Now to other side of the world....Africa

Botswana.....Victoria falls.....Kruger.....Johannesburg.....Capetown

And all on Rovos Rail. Mr. Rovos spent millions on his old rail cars. There were only three very large cabins available, so we drew names out of a hat....1<sup>st</sup> Lave, 2<sup>nd</sup> Carmichael, 3<sup>rd</sup> Grimm. Bill Preston, a fellow traveler from Palo Alto, stood up and declared "There is a Los Altos mafia!!"

**Toys**.....well the 3 mayors did have some!

First the Lave's bought a beach home at Pajaro Dunes, then the Carmichael's built one and not long after the Grimm's bought one.

The Fremont Fire District folded, so we bought their remaining engine.

Then Los Altos Fire's 1947, 1000 gallon pumper was being sent to auction, but the firemen loved it for their fire brigade rallies. It was the main engine that fought the Whitecliff Supermarket fire, but it had no synchromesh and the modern day fireman, don't know about double clutching!

Now we have two, so Robert Alan Grimm who initialed everything as "RAG" but preferred to be called "just plain Bob" said let's donate it and that we did.

### **Express**

A bus remodeled for traveling.

We went to Forty Niner games, the Stanford Cal game in Berkeley, Napa wine tasting, the Crosby Clambake Golf tournament in Carmel, river rafting in the mother lode, but when there were no more capable drivers, just plain Bob says, let's donate it! And that we did, to the Red Cross for a mobile disaster command center.

### **778Xray**

Convair 240, a retired airliner would go where commercial planes don't fly.

Fishing in Canada and Montana, fishing in Mexico (no commercial flights to Baja yet)

Marian says women don't want to go fishing, let's go to Mardi Gras.... But that's a very long flight. Sing-along piano bars were very popular at that time. No problem "Can-do Bob" installed a piano and we sang all the way.

### **Worked hard for the community**

Festival of lights was floundering, one of its founders, Jack Huston, my campaign manager, asked "Can-do Bob" for help, and its savior was born!

We need more lights, we need more sound, we need to go from batteries to inverters and then to the next generation's quiet generators.

Need good storage, need a warehouse, so need money, "Can-do Bob" solved that problem, used his own money, which he did for a number of other community projects.

Need to create excitement, so need new floats, when traveling on an upper Mississippi river boat, it had a calliope and friend Fred Vertel played it. "We need one of those in the festival of lights parade," said "Can-do Bob." Troy Underwood of Rancho Hardware fame (Bob knew all the hardware store owners), told Bob that the Cambria parade, on the California Central Coast, had one in their parade. He invited Bob and I down to their summer home in Cambria, to watch that parade, at the end of the summer, which was a few months away. By the time we visited that parade, Bob had already commandeered a calliope for the Los Altos parade and was telling the Cambria Lions Club, how they could improve theirs!

On that same river trip, we visited the Underwood Farm in the Midwest. There was only room for one guest in the brand new million dollar computerized harvester. You guessed it, Bob's eyes were popping out of his head so far, they chose him. The operator said he had never been asked so many questions in such a short period of time. That's our Bobby G, he did admit it was a little different than walking behind a mule in his early days.

### **Another can-do community project**

The Los Altos History Museum needs a 1930 Los Altos model city layout, that includes the rail road and electric street car line running through it. With this, the Vertel friendship was formed as they are proficient model rail roaders. They invited Bob, and Bob invited me, on a tour of outdoor garden model railroads.

When viewing in front of the Vertel's, on that tour, we saw sitting there a Canadian National Maintenance rail car. We said, "Let's get one of these things and ride the rails!!!" Why not, some of our country's finest have ridden the rails!

Well, there it is ladies and gentlemen, on my right. (down on the display floor)

Grimmsy and I have logged many miles, from the Canadian Rockies, the State of Alaska, the U.S. Rockies, Victoria and Vancouver Island, and have seen some natural beauty, that others just don't get a chance to see.

During all those hours together, we talked a lot, especially when he could turn up the volume on his head set. He said I want to live life to its fullest, rounding third base and racing for home plate. He did just that.

We have worked hard together and we have played almost as hard, my friend, my associate, my colleague, we have traveled far and traveled well. We were on the high plains of the Serengeti filming wildlife, when a mini tornado called a dust devil, came through our camp and took him away.

His father was a Lutheran minister and I am not sure, just how much Bob listened, but this one parable he may have. "Amen, Amen I say to you, remember that thou are dust and onto dust thou shall return." The minister's son completed this one. Amen, we will miss him!

## **Bob Grimm: The Heart of The Tech**

by Peter Giles,

President and CEO of The Tech Museum of Innovation, 1986 - 2005

Dear family and friends of Bob,

When Tony Ridder and I called on Bill Hewlett to ask him to serve on board of The Tech in 1986, Bill recommended we approach Bob Grimm, who had just retired from Hewlett Packard.

The Tech Museum had been announced two years earlier with much fanfare when then Mayor Tom McEnery and the City of San Jose announced a major financial commitment. But after several false starts and high profile board resignations, enthusiasm for the project had waned and the future of a Silicon Valley tech museum was in doubt.

I called Bob and we met. He asked me, "Where is there something you are trying to do here?" I said in Toronto, at the Toronto Science Centre. He said, "I will go there and have a look and get back to you on whether I can help."

Bob returned from Toronto a few days later, having met with everyone from the CEO to the exhibit builders and maintenance engineers.

He said, "I'll help."

The first task was to convince the media and the public that The Tech was alive and happening. Enter the first Tech Challenge. Our one program person, Jan Berman, an industry volunteer, Greg Brown, and Bob Grimm launched the first Tech Challenge with twenty students. Last week more than 2000 students competed in the 28th challenge.

Bob and I then visited with Bill Hewlett to propose "the Garage," a start up museum. We had great ideas. We had a video. We had funding from Bill Hewlett and some others.

One small problem. No one on the staff had the necessary project management experience to convince funders that we could successfully execute.

Once again, enter Bob Grimm. He quietly volunteered to become the full-time, unpaid volunteer Garage project manager. We opened The Garage two years later, in 1990. We were on our way — again, with a lot of help — but the indispensable man was Bob.

To be successful the Garage needed a "hook" outside the building that would attract and fascinate visitors day and night. Enter the Ball Machine, arranged and paid for by Bob, symbolizing the fun of technology.

Bob understood how important volunteers would be to the future of The Tech. He played a major role in shaping, with Julie Rose, what became The Tech's successful volunteer program. For over twenty five years, Bob was the inspiration, heart and example of the volunteer program at The Tech. Officially, Bob was the Exhibits Committee Chair of The Board. In reality, Bob's fingerprints were on every aspect of The Garage—and its exhibits: Figuring out how to make a pool table sized chip, to demonstrate how a computer chip works, how to make a clean room fun, and how to layer thousands of phone books on floor to ceiling iron rods to illustrate the amount of data in a double helix DNA.

Bob knew that for The Tech to be successful, we needed a good work shop. He worked closely with our engineers to set up a shop and furnish it with equipment and tools, paying for much of it out of his own pocket. Bob understood it was important to up the commitment level of everyone—especially his peers on the board of directors.

Enter the Bob Grimm challenge. Bob said he would contribute an annual gift 10 times the median annual gift of the board—up to a maximum of \$100,000 — provided every board member gave. For two years, Bob sat at board meetings with his poker face as board chair Ed Zschau said: "We can't let Bob keep any of the \$100k he has on the table." The Bob Grimm challenge was a big success--by getting others to increase their commitment.

Getting to the Big Mango Tech proved to be harder than we thought. Bob took the lead in hiring and mentoring a new generation of exhibit developers and designers. He partnered with Peter Anderson, then a leading light of science museums, to help us overcome the skepticism of the City that our exhibit plans were not yet worthy of a world class building. And then, there was the IMAX. Bob became an expert in IMAX films and projectors.

Bob and Wes Wenhardt worked together and created a successful IMAX theater launch and operating model.

Bob would be the first to point out that he did not do all this alone. The Tech Museum was not just his legacy. It belonged to all of us—staff, board, volunteers, donors.

And that is the genius of the leadership of Bob Grimm — In his quiet, no nonsense way, he made us better than we were. He made us believe we could do it when there were far more doubters than believers.

When Bob talked, we listened. When he was silent, we wanted him to talk. We wanted Bob to trust us. We did not want to disappoint Bob, no matter what.

When I got the call from Terry Krivan that Bob had passed from a heart attack in Africa, I was stunned in grief and disbelief. And then I began to reflect on Bob's legacy at The Tech.

Bob's legacy is in the thousands of children's faces, pressed up against the glass panels of the ball machine every day.

Bob's legacy will continue in future Tech Challenge teams. Bob Grimm's most enduring legacy at The Tech will be to inspire the innovator in everyone that walks through these doors.

And why did he do it?

Bob thought Silicon Valley deserved something like The Tech, and, because Bob Grimm did not want kids growing up in the shadow of the leading technology companies of the world to miss the fun of technology.

And, because in helping build The Tech, Bob himself had a whale of a lot of fun. What a man! What a life! Thank you Bob's family, on behalf of all us who worked with Bob in building The Tech, for sharing his life with us.

## **Bob Grimm – Celebration of Life**

by Jennifer Andaluz

May 2, 2015

Bob was serious about most things. . . except his age. He told me he was 75 going on 50. Bob's youthful spirit was evident in his purposeful stride and curious mind. Though nearly 50 years my senior, keeping up with Bob took effort. Lots of it.

Bob's first encounter with DCP was through the Tech Challenge—where he served as coach to our first---ever team. We had no idea of Bob's leadership in the community until Ann Danner, the godmother of nonprofits, recognized him on campus and told me that I needed to get Bob to agree to be our Board President. She knew if Bob got behind DCP, this fledgling school might have a chance.

When I approached Bob about serving as President he asked me to prepare a list of goals I wanted to accomplish over next six months. At the end of the sixth month period—we would revisit the goals and he would consider my request. Classic Bob. From our very first encounter, Bob was teaching me invaluable lessons about commitment, trust, and leadership.

This was the start of something very beautiful.

Bob delighted in seeing DCP students succeed. He believed EVERY student could make meaningful contributions to the world. He remembered our students' names and addressed them with a handshake. As much as Bob pioneered access to math and science through organizations like the Tech and RAFT, Bob believed literacy was the foundation of learning, which is why when we launched our reading program Bob agreed to purchase books for our classroom libraries. Today, there are several thousand young adult fiction novels throughout all DCP schools. Gifts from Bob.

Bob and I would meet frequently for lunch where he would usually grill me on what DCP was doing to support teachers. Bob knew the critical importance of teachers in helping students' build their college---going identities. Bob was known to strike up a conversation with a teacher and then offer to sponsor professional development or provide resources. I remember him frequently coming on to campus, unannounced, an article or a book in hand for one of our teachers. One morning, Bob overheard our teachers wishing for better snacks in the staff room and that afternoon and for years to come he would deliver boxes of hot Cheetos and Rice Crispy Treats.

As someone who loved Bob like I might a father, I will always be grateful that he supported me as a young and emerging leader. Bob didn't expect perfection but he held me to high standards. At a particularly low point in my leadership, Bob shared with me that after a less than glowing review from his peers, he had to re---think his management style. Modeling humility was one of the most generous things Bob did for me.

Bob lived as if every day he had something to learn. His "no excuses" perspective began with his personal commitment to make a difference wherever he could.

We will miss Bob, terribly, but he would want us to remember him by doing for others. It is what gave him the most pleasure in his rich, long, and beautiful life.

## **Remembering My Dad: Bob Grimm**

by Sue Cummings

Trying to decide which memories of Dad to share in only a few minutes has been quite a daunting task! I've got close to 60 years of them! I think I'd like to briefly tell about the qualities that I believe I share with him, whether by nature or nurture, because those are the things that I have especially treasured about him and will miss the most.

### **Organization & Problem Solving.**

Dad and I both have always liked solving math or logic puzzles and thinking outside the box to solve brain teasers and riddles. I remember Dad teaching me to use the early HP calculators and the competent feeling I got when I grasped the infamous "reverse Polish notation" way it worked. I still have my HP 12C and it's going strong. Dad had a binder for just about any project he was involved in, and I remember him making spreadsheets before there were computers to do it for you. In fact, I vividly recall asking him in the mid-80s when personal home computers were just barely coming on the scene, "Hey Dad, when will you get a



computer for at home?" (thinking that of course he'd go for the new technology). His answer surprised me: "I can't think of what I'd do with one." Boy, did he get that one wrong! Not only did he totally embrace his computer's usefulness, but he made even more spreadsheets and lists than before, filling even more binders. And I can totally relate- I'm also a spreadsheet freak and a complete binder aficionado.

### **Education.**

In more recent years and decades, Dad was involved in furthering education in very far-reaching ways, but in our childhood years, Dad was all about making everyday tasks into learning opportunities and he was always injecting them with elements of fun. I believe Dad was in complete agreement with Mary Poppins when she began her "Spoonful of Sugar" song with the words: "In ev'ry job that must be done, there is an element of fun. You find the fun and snap! the job's a game."

That's what he did- he made a lot of jobs into games and he was pretty creative about it. He also loved to use family dinner time to play games, but there was always learning included, for instance- do you know how to spell "hors d'oeuvres?" I do! But if you'd forgotten, off to the dictionary you'd go to look it up. Or he'd ask us how old we'd be in 2000 (which seemed so far away back then), or to guess where he'd had lunch that day, teaching us the logical process of narrowing down the possibilities as we guessed. He loved field trips and taking factory or behind-the-scenes tours, and I found myself drawing upon those types of resources when I home-schooled my daughter from kindergarten thru 6th grade... getting out and about and hands-on made school more interactive and interesting.

### **Adventures.**

Dad was always one for turning a negative into a positive. Like when we'd be driving somewhere and get turned around... we were never "lost" we were on an adventure, and many memories were made as we course-corrected, often in pretty funny ways. For instance, it was a running joke for many years that when we were on road trips, we always managed to end up at city dumps! What I love about his outlook, tho, is the ability to find the silver linings, to explore, and see or learn new things along the way. Even when we'd go out to dinner as a family, he often challenged us to find someplace that none of us had ever eaten at before.

### **Giving.**

Dad's heart was big and his hands were always open... if he had it and you needed it, no problem! He let us use his house, yard, & pool countless times for meetings, retreats, dinners, and parties. He'd loan tools or vehicles: just last month, my husband Clyde drove Dad's suburban on a service trip to Mexico for the 4th year in a row; he'd lend his "toys"- like that popcorn machine that's on display; and we have all enjoyed the use of the family vacation spots: the cabin in the Sierras and the beach house at Pajaro Dunes.

One of my favorite things to do was watch Dad on Christmas morning when the whole extended family from all over California had gathered to exchange gifts and share a meal. He loved to sit off to the side and just watch everyone with such a contented look on his face; he so enjoyed seeing each person's delight in what they'd received from him (which was usually quite generous and/or remarkable). I always tried to be sitting within eyeshot of Dad, because I enjoyed watching him watching us all. His own gifts usually sat unopened until someone bugged him about it... what he received was not his favorite part of the day- it was having his family around him and seeing us receiving his gifts with joy. The older I get, the more I find myself following in his footsteps... it really is quite a kick to give and watch the reactions.

I think the biggest "give" for me personally, though, was when Dad helped me buy my first house when I was 24 and still single. I really wanted to own my own home, but it's not an easy thing to get a foothold on real estate in this area. Dad agreed to go half-and-half with me and taught me how to look for fixer-uppers and contact the owners looking for someone interested in selling. Dad guided me thru the purchasing process when I found a property in Mountain View and stood by me thru getting the place fixed up and liveable. Six years later, after I was married, we sold that house, paid dad back for his half, and bought our current home which we've lived in for 28 years. It is such a blessing to us that I am constantly grateful to Dad for.

The last gift I got from Dad was a couple months ago on Valentine's Day. As you may know, Dad has for decades (going back to his HP days) bought a big bunch of carnations and gave one to every woman who worked for or around him. Even after he retired, he kept up the tradition with the women currently in his "sphere" and that included me. When I had myself worked at HP for a number of years in the 1980s, he would come by my office with a flower, but when I was no longer there, he stopped by my house with a few. This year was no exception... the only difference was that he came a day early since he'd be traveling on Valentine's Day itself. It was actually the last time I saw Dad alive- giving me carnations, a hug, and a kiss.

## **Artist.**

I am an artist by avocation and enjoy the creative process a great deal. One aspect that I especially delight in are the tools- every type of art has specialized tools, both manual and powered. I love having a lot of them at my disposal ready for whatever use comes up. Dad had such a great bunch of tools in his shop and I remember as a child learning what different ones were called and how they worked. He even taught my daughter and her friend how to use a lot of them during our homeschooling years, having them first build birdhouses, and then electrical boards like the one on display here today. The whole creative process was one Dad and I shared- he created prototypes for the annual Tech Challenge (like the one displayed at the back) and I create pieces to express feelings or a mood or an idea.

## **Writer & Poet.**

One talent of Dad's that most of us were unaware of was his ability to write. This came to the family's attention over that past decade or so as my siblings and I received from him odd gifts for birthdays that were accompanied by delightful, fun stories. We've printed out two of them for a display, so you can read for yourself a couple of Dad's Hermit stories. I also enjoy writing and I like to create poetry, too, sometimes silly (a la Dr. Seuss) and other times very serious and emotional. Dad also liked to goof around occasionally with poetry and was especially fond of limericks. He once had us all write our own and compiled them into a little booklet he titled "Grimmericks." Three years ago my younger brother Mike and his wife wrote a collection of limericks for Dad's 85th birthday celebration. I especially like this one:

There once was a man named Bob Grimm,  
Whose giving was not just a whim.  
He spared not a penny  
To educate many;  
Each diploma a great tribute to him.

But even longer ago, when I still lived at home with Mom & Dad, I was rooting around in the attic once looking at my parents' old yearbooks and other memorabilia stashed away in boxes and cupboards. I discovered one of my favorite pieces of Dad's writing... a sweet, romantic poem. I have no idea when it was written or for whom (if anyone), but I'd like to share it with you.

The hands that I hold Are those that to me Are soft as the breeze In a willow tree;  
As cool as a shower On a summer night, As warm as the stars In the pale moonlight;  
As tight as the grip Of vines on a wall, As light as the drop Of leaves in the fall. But more than all this They will have to be Hands that are willing To be held by me.

I love its imagery, rhyme, and rhythm! However, Dad really put his own unique mark on it when he gave it a title; a title that only an engineer would come up with: "Specifications." Gotta love it!

I've talked longer than my allotted 5 minutes, but how on earth can you summarize such an amazing man? What we've all shared barely scratches the surface of this multi-faceted, complex person I knew as my father. He wasn't perfect (tho' I think as a child I thought so for quite awhile), but he sure had an awful lot of qualities to admire and learn from. He lived with few regrets and died with his boots on half a world away. Way to go, Bob! I'll miss you, Daddy!



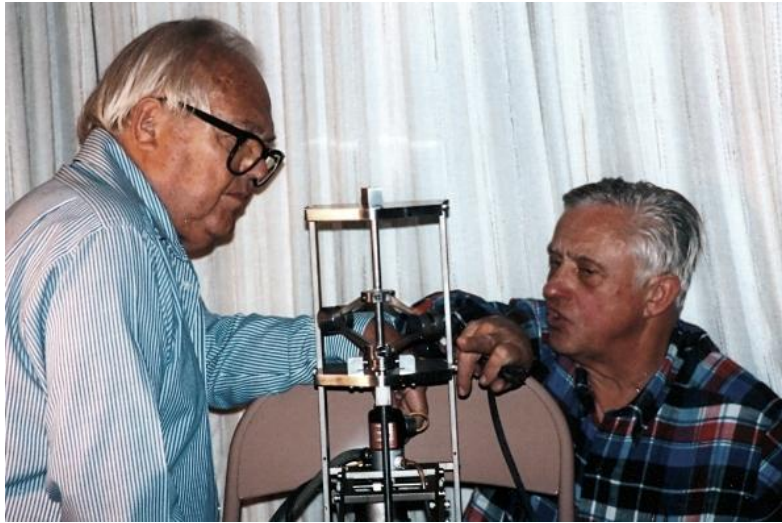
Solving some technical problems around the campfire, Art and Bob.



An Aug, 1987 excursion, with organizer Art Fong (l), Bob, and Al Bagley. Art's backpack is bigger than Art.



It was not unusual for HP's middle management to make profound technology presentations at company meetings. Carl Cottrell, Al Bagley, and Bob.



Dan Lansdon and Bob work on mechanical fixture, perhaps for the Christmas Light Festival parade?



This looks like a summer houseboat poker game, with Bob drawing to a ROYAL FLUSH.