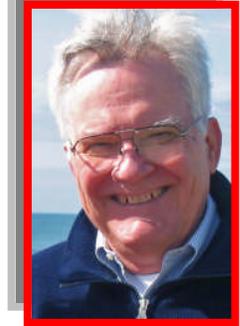


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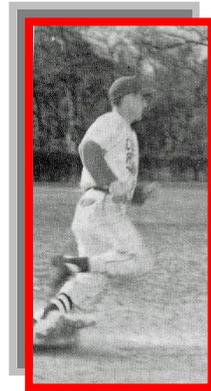
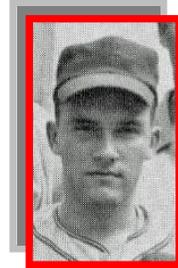
# CHS - Bio

## Bill Tiederman Dr. Baseball



Let me begin by saying we're very fortunate to have graduated from an excellent High School! I reach this conclusion from a career that was largely in university education where I met students from many places that were not as fortunate. We had a great diversity of excellent programs at CHS.

That said there are both good and bad memories. The best is the memory of making the ground ball assist at second base for the last out in our State Championship baseball victory against Norman. The worst began in Muskogee on a COLD and WINDY day in March. When a runner on first started to steal second base, our catcher, Bob Hamilton, unleashed a great throw. The ball crossed the pitcher's mound belt high and reached second perfectly. I caught the ball but in the process my cold hand and arm went numb to the elbow. The runner's slide easily kicked the ball out of my glove. My error did not affect the outcome of the game. However, the next day at practice Coach Charvoz addressed the issue. With Don Davis at first, a catcher, a pitcher, and me at second, he had the rest of the team line up to steal second base. The first two times they ran, the runners were good natured and there was lots of joking around. By the 4<sup>th</sup> time through the order, it was starting to get ugly. I don't remember how many times the runners had to slide into second base but Don was my only friend when we finished.



Our senior year, Will Clark told me he was applying to Stanford University and encouraged me to do the same. As you now know, he went to Cornell while Clyde Wyant and I boarded the Santa Fe for San Francisco. We met classmates along the way. One, from Stillwater, still complains that the Stanford Band did not meet our train when we arrived in Palo Alto. The three of us from OK overcame this slight just fine.

I enrolled in the mechanical engineering curriculum and successfully "walked on" to the baseball team. The San Francisco Bay Area has the perfect climate for baseball. We practiced year round and played games from February to June. On our freshman team, I played third base. It was great fun even though our coach was a psycho. My sophomore year I was a middle infielder for the JV team and occasionally for the varsity. Since the two teams played on different days that meant suiting up for as many as 6 games a week. I managed this schedule along with my coursework with significant difficulty. I'd emphasize baseball one week and coursework the next. When I came home for the summer to work in my Father's automotive repair shop, it was clear that my future was in engineering. For the first summer since 5<sup>th</sup> grade I didn't play baseball.

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Mechanical engineering labs were as much fun as baseball and my classmates became lifelong friends. We had a number of extra curricular projects some of which I can discuss and all of which made lots of noise and/or went fast. A major event occurred in my senior year at a party in the foothills behind campus after a football game. Blocking the way to the beer keg and eating potatoe salad out of a cup was the woman, Nancy Copass, who became my wife several years later. At the close of my senior year, I received a School of Engineering Scholastic Prize which allowed me to honor our 9th grade algebra teacher, Bona Gordy. Her enthusiasm set me firmly on my path. I graduated with distinction and was elected to Tau Beta Pi and Phi Beta Kappa.

Wanting to stay on the West Coast and also wanting to continue my education, I enrolled for a MSME program at Stanford. Fluid mechanics became my passion and I continued in a PhD program after I received my MS degree in 1961.

Nancy and I were married in Seattle in June 1963. She worked for Stanford's Summer Festival and Development Office while I completed my dissertation. One of my classmates convinced me that I should work for a company that has to make a profit before starting a career in engineering education. Accordingly in 1965, after my dissertation was complete, we moved to San Francisco and I commuted across the bay to Emeryville where I did research and worked on projects at Shell Development Co.

San Francisco was great! We lived a block south of Marina Blvd. From the symphony and theater to the museums and restaurants, we really enjoyed living in the city. Week-ends were frequently spent hiking in the mountains or at Point Reyes National Seashore. More importantly, in April 1967 our daughter Sarah was born in Children's Hospital.

In late 1967, Shell decided that my future was in the oil business and I would start in the Martinez CA refinery after a 6-month tour in the Corporate Office in New York City. Having lived many of my formative years downwind of Tulsa's refineries, I knew this was an offer that I could refuse. It was also time to return to academia.

The School of Mechanical and Aerospace Engineering (MAE) at Oklahoma State University offered me an Assistant Professor position. So, Nancy, Sarah and I drove to Stillwater in March 1968 and purchased a new house near Boomer Lake. We stayed in Stillwater for 10+ years.

I built a lab for my research, acquired funding from federal government agencies and private companies to support graduate students, taught lots of courses at both the undergraduate and graduate levels, published some good stuff in good journals, and served on departmental, college and university committees. I became a tenured Professor and Director of Graduate Studies for the School and received an award for excellence in teaching and research from the MAE students, a "Wonder of Engineering" award from the Oklahoma Society of Professional Engineers for the development of a laser velocimeter system, and was chosen a Mid-America State Universities Honor Lecturer from OSU. I worked with some outstanding and hard-working students.

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Our family grew with the birth of Ruth in 1969 and Charles in 1972. We attended St. Andrews Episcopal Church where Nancy became a lay Eucharistic Minister and joined an EFM (education for ministry) group. I served on the Vestry.

Each summer except for 1976, we either drove to Seattle to visit Nancy's Mother and her Brother's family or we hiked in the mountains of Colorado or Wyoming. The Seattle trips were epic journeys that took 3-5 days one way and required lots of singing and picnics. The summer of our Bicentennial we lived in Manchester TN while I worked at the Arnold Engineering and Development Center. Most nights we had a BBQ supper and a swim at the lake on the base. Week-ends were spent exploring the parks and Civil War battlegrounds in TN.

Purdue's School of Mechanical Engineering had a faculty position open for a fluid mechanics person in 1978 and I was selected. We moved to West Lafayette IN where we lived for almost 15 years. For the first several years, I concentrated on establishing a new lab, teaching fluid mechanics courses, and acquiring long-term funding from the Office of Naval Research for a research program in drag reduction of turbulent flows. Our results were widely published and took us to conferences in England, Switzerland and Yugoslavia as well as the USA. I also had an experimental program that mapped the pulsatile flow through artificial heart valves.

My efforts to keep under the political radar at Purdue ended when the Department Head asked me to become the School's Director of Graduate Studies. Then I was elected to the University Senate. During our last 3 years at Purdue I was the Assistant Dean for Research in the College of Engineering. My biggest project for the Dean was developing a proposal for a \$30M driving simulator. It was great fun visiting and seeking the support of the Lt Governor and numerous automotive suppliers in IN.

When we first arrived in West Lafayette, Sarah joined an AAU swim team. AAU and high school swim teams were a big part of our life until Ruth graduated from high school. After swimming for a few years, Charles chose to play baseball and soccer. I coached Little League and Babe Ruth baseball teams for 6 years and served the swim teams as a timer and meet director. Nancy was ordained as a Deacon. She then enrolled at Christian Theological Seminary in Indianapolis, received a MDIV degree and was ordained as a Priest in the Episcopal Church.

Life in Indiana included the INDY 500, canoe trips on Sugar Creek, Feasts of the Harvest Moon at Fort Quiatenon, blue-grass festivals at Battleground, as well as trips to Chicago for the Opera, museums and visits with Aunt Ruth and Uncle Bill. We also continued our summer and Christmas "commutes" to Seattle and to Tulsa to see parents and family.

I had an itch to become Chair of an academic department. So our next move in January 1993 was to the University of Florida where I became Professor and Chair of Mechanical Engineering. The department was undergoing a major transition. Consequently, I spent a great deal of time hiring faculty and mentoring them through the tenure and promotion

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process. I taught all the labs no one wanted to teach, led efforts to enhance our graduate program and to modernize our undergraduate curriculum and wrote many reports justifying our existence which were probably never read.

We had always wanted to live on acreage outside of town and in FL we finally did. We purchased a modern “cracker house” with high ceilings and large porches on 10 acres adjacent to Kanapaha Prairie. The prairie is a 2,000 acre, treeless, very shallow bowl drained by a sink hole where cattle are raised and the Sandhill Cranes come by the hundreds during Florida’s short winter. Our home was slightly higher than the prairie in a forest of large live oaks. It was a great place to relax and to entertain faculty, students and communicates from the Chapel of the Incarnation where Nancy was the Chaplain.

In FL the long driving trips to the NW ended. Vacation trips were now small ship cruises on Prince William Sound and the inside passages of SE Alaska, a winter cruise in the Sea of Cortez and a cruise on a Russian trawler to visit the islands north and east of the Scottish mainland. It was also Daytona instead of Indy, Florida Gator baseball, sandy beaches, warm salt water, and large, beautiful, clear springs that fed the major rivers.

After 10 years we had pretty much done all we could do with our positions and Nancy was keen to move back to the NW. She accepted the call to be the Rector of St. David’s Episcopal Church in Friday Harbor WA. I helped facilitate the merging of the departments of Mechanical and Aerospace Engineering and we moved in July 2002.

Our new home is 2 1/2 miles from the ferry dock on San Juan Island. This island is about 10-15 miles east across the Haro Straights from Vancouver Island and Victoria BC. We’re in the rain shadow of the Olympic Mountains so we enjoy the driest climate in Western WA. The island community is small but we host many tourists and part-time residents. At home, we look west over a small wetland to San Juan Valley and the hills beyond. Bald Eagles and Trumpeter Swans come to the valley along with other water fowl each winter. Except for Ruth, all of our children, nieces and nephew, and Nancy’s brother and his wife live on the West Coast, mostly in the Puget Sound area.

Finally, to complete Fred’s list: I don’t kiss and tell even when the first occurs on stage in a junior high school play with a famous thespian; There is currently only one grandchild who is Sarah’s son; In June we’ll celebrate our 44th wedding anniversary; Still enjoy baseball; Find it very restful to watch the race cars go round and round on TV; Read lots of US History; Still trying to figure out what a clergy spouse is suppose to do and; Work almost every day trying to empty the garage.

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Being a true baseball fan but one who never attended a CHS baseball game I asked Bill questions as to who played what position, who were the best players and if any made the baseball team in their Sophomore year. Below is Bill’s response: (Fred Benford)

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Fred,

Hey you weren't the only one who didn't "keep up" with the baseball teams. I'm not even sure that many of our parents ever saw a game.

Based on Tom-Tom photos, I believe that **Chopper Hamilton** and **Don Davis** were the only ones in our class to play much as sophomores.

In our junior year when we won State, The starting line ups included the following: Seniors: **Ralph Lairmore**, catcher; **Allen Robinson**, shortstop; **Roger MacKenzie**, third base; **Nick Rylander**, pitcher; **Bob Cullison**, pitcher. Juniors were: **Don Davis**, first base; **Bill Tiederman**, second base; **Dean Davis**, centerfield; **Carl Washburn**, outfield & pitcher; **Harold Whitenack**, outfield; **John Fluke**, outfield & pitcher; **Bob (Chopper) Hamilton**, right field & catcher. **Rylander & Cullison** pitched the four games in the regional and state tournaments while **Hamilton** played right field, and **Washburn** played most of those games in leftfield. **Dean** was the center fielder and the infield was **Don, me, Robinson** and **MacKenzie**.

The seven juniors mentioned above were the core of the team our senior year. **Jim Self** played third base, **Armando Casillis** was the shortstop, **Chop** was the full-time catcher, Carl was the number one pitcher and left fielder when not pitching and **Harold** played either left or right field. **Don, Dean** and **I** started at the same positions we'd played the year before. John Fluke had hurt his knee in an American Legion baseball game the summer before and I believe that injury was still a problem our senior season.

I must confess that at least **Don** and I thought we should have won state again our senior year. The problem was that the best player in Tulsa & our class was Billy Moss who pitched for Webster. He knocked us out in the Regional.

On our team, the consensus is that **Don Davis** was probably the best player. On the other hand **Chop** was an awesome hitter and **Carl** and **Dean** were very talented as was **Jim Self**. **Don & Dean** played professionally. **Carl, Harold, Jim Self** and I played in college. Others may have played after high school as well. There was some talent on those teams.

Since you know Chop & Harold, I'll relate two more stories. The first was in the running for my "worst memory". Our senior year we were playing Sand Springs in Sand Springs. We were the much better team but as they say "on a given day---". In the 7th inning the score was 0-0. In the top of the 7th Self singled and I hit a triple to put us ahead 1-0. Harold was now the batter and **Coach Charvoz** gave the only signal I remember him giving the 2 years I played on the varsity. It was a suicide squeeze play and at third I missed the signal! Harold figured it out and pulled back his attempted bunt. He then hit a single and we won 2-0. Carl pitched the shut-out and Charvoz didn't have a drill for us the next day at practice.

The second occurred at practice our senior year. At this time we were being bussed to

Newblock Park to practice. Practice at the track and football practice field had gotten too brutal for the track team and we really needed the extra room. Charvoz had Chop catch batting practice this day. That was usually the duty of the second & third string catchers and I don't know what Chop had done to deserve this. At any rate our last drill of the day was infield practice. When it was finished, as the catcher, Chop had the ball at home plate. He showed his displeasure by throwing the ball over the out field fence which was 350 feet away. As I said in my BIO Chop could really throw a baseball.

Best regards, Bill

