



The Latest Dirt...

You won't have a pain from the neck up when you work with us from the ground down!

Dig Inside for...

- Doug Alford history 2**
Jumped in with both feet.
- Driveway transformed 2**
Terrance gives us a thumbs up!
- Pork carnitas recipe 4**
You must try this yummy recipe.
- The boss wins 4**
Did that really happen or was Jack just being nice?
- Good to see you again 5**
We thrive on repeat business.
- Meet Bret 5**
Welcome to our team.
- Parenting humor 6-7**
You can relate to these.
- Hoover Dam 7**
An amazing wonder of the world.
- Photo contest 8**
Keep the pictures coming!

Curtis, Marla, and Mary make up the team that records daily events, photographs C&E crews, shares history, and makes sure it's all error free.

We at C&E Trenching offer this monthly publication free of charge to our premier customers. We hope you enjoy reading about the real moments that molded the lives of our customers and crew. If you would rather not receive the exclusive offers we give to our premier customers, send an email to news@candetrenching.com and we will stop sending you our newsletter.

May 2017

Here, then gone, but not forgotten!

Right outside my office is a bush with bright white flowers on it that blooms early every spring. I'm not sure what it is but it's the first flowers that appear around our place. In fact, I always think of them as the first true sign of spring. For the week or so that they bloom, they brighten my day every time I enter or leave the office and I am always sad at how quick they are gone. As it turns out, they were blooming in their full glory this year on April 4th when Aaron Deaton passed away. Aaron started working with Jake and I at C&E in February of 2008. Over the last nine years, he was almost totally responsible for developing and growing a trucking division within C&E and then spinning that division into Anchor Hauling. Almost from the start, I found Aaron was someone that I could rely on, bounce ideas off of, rant to and generally just share the burdens of life and running a business. We grew very close, to the point that I treated him like a brother. (Not necessarily the most comfortable relationship to have with me!) Oftentimes, Aaron, Jake and I would be out together somewhere and people would ask and even assume that all three of us were brothers. In fact, it happened so often that we all started expecting it and even rolling with it at times. We were brothers in Christ, and in a lot of ways as close as blood brothers. Aaron was someone that could always understand what I was trying to say, in spite of what came out of my mouth. I will sorely miss that. It's hard to state how valuable it is when working with a team of people, to have someone come along behind and state what you were trying to say in a little different, but clearer way.



Aaron's passing leaves a big hole that will never be filled by another. At his service the minister said, "We weren't ready for him to leave but the Lord was ready for him in Heaven." Thank you so much for your heartfelt prayers on behalf of the family. Any notes of encouragement you wish to send can be mailed to: The Deaton Family, C/O Anchor Hauling, P.O. Box 5079, Pasco, WA 99302. We will be sure to pass them along to Marleta and family.

It was May 27th, 2016, and Aaron and I and our families were attending a friend's funeral in Sandpoint, Idaho. I sat down by him at dinner as he was sitting alone and looking a little sad. I didn't think anything about him looking glum. After all, we had just attended a funeral for a man in his fifties. I was feeling sad as well. The strange part was that Aaron was sitting alone at a social event. This was unprecedented as someone always wanted to talk to Aaron and he was always willing to listen and show interest. We talked a while and soon,

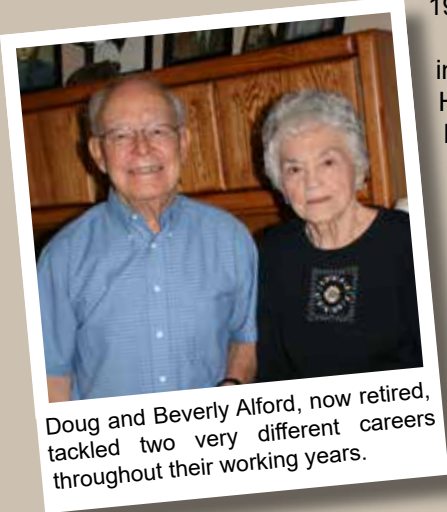
Continued on page 3

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Doug Alford Starts Farming at 57

When Doug and Beverly Alford drew a unit in Block 23, they were excited to be able to farm. However, the dream of farming wouldn't come true for them until over thirty years later when Doug was fifty-seven years old.

Doug was raised in North Dakota where his family endured years of dust bowl farming before selling their 1,200 acre farm for \$1600. That price wasn't per acre, but for the whole farm! After the sale, Doug's family moved to Kirkland, WA and then to Ellensburg. Doug served three years in the Navy before starting school at Central Washington University in 1946.



Doug and Beverly Alford, now retired, tackled two very different careers throughout their working years.

Doug received his college degree in Chemistry and started working at Hanford in the chemistry labs. With his long commute to Hanford, his work day consumed 10-11 hours a day which left no time for farming. He and Beverly gave up their Block 23 unit, feeling it was too risky of an option for a family with 5 young children under the age of 7. After working a few years at Hanford, Doug took a job working on a farm in Prosser. Unfortunately, that farming opportunity did not work out and Doug was again back at Hanford.

However, this time he worked with the engineering group and made it a thirty-year career. Overall, Doug enjoyed his time at Hanford. He worked his way up the corporate ladder to become Operations Manager at the B Plant and a Manager at the Purex Operation. Throughout his years at Hanford, Doug worked for General Electric, Atlantic Richfield Hanford, Isochem, Rockwell, Westinghouse, and a succession of other contractors. With each change, the government's 'red tape' and paper work grew by leaps and bounds. "We copied all the French designs for our reactors. However, they could build one from start to finish in 8 years and we were lucky if we could get one done in 15 years," Doug recalls. (Editor's note: Does efficiency at Hanford really have a chance with over 30 different management changes since it started in 1942?)

In 1982, at age fifty-seven, Doug decided that it was time to farm. He retired from Hanford and headed to the field. He began growing potatoes for processing plants such as Twin City Foods, Simplot, Chef Ready, and ConAgra Foods. Doug owned one farm and rented other land so he could rotate potatoes with other crops for better production. He farmed mainly in the Columbia Basin but also did some farming of wheat and corn in Oregon. Doug often partnered with other large farmers such as Pete Tagarras, Noel Price, Jim Lentz, and the Alford Family. Doug worked closely with Dr. Walter Clore, a leading wine grape expert, to start a 40-acre vineyard for wine grapes. After several years of owning the vineyard, Doug and Beverly decided to retire. In 1994, when Doug was 69 years old, they sold the vineyard and quit farming.

"I really enjoyed farming and working with many different farmers throughout the Columbia Basin. I just think I might have stopped too early," states Doug. (*First published - March 2011*)



Terrance gives the C&E crew a big thumbs up on a job well done! Is your drive or gravel road a mess from the long winter? Give us a call! We'll get it back in shape for you.



We're always looking for history. Would you share your memories of the good-'ole days with others? If so, give us a call at 545-6940 or send an email to news@candetrenching.com and let us know you're willing. We'll schedule a time to chat and then share your story.

Call us at 509-545-6940 to get a quote on a new stack yard.

Not Forgotten...Continued from page 1

in my typical fashion of dealing with hard things, we were joking and even laughing a bit. We soon left and I thought no more about it. The next week, Aaron asked Jake and I if we could meet and talk a bit, so we set up a breakfast for the next day. When someone you work with calls a meeting with both of us, it is rarely a good thing. The meeting started off like normal with some laughter. Things have to be pretty tough for our meetings not to have laughter in them. Finally, I asked him what was on his mind. He told us that he had found a lump in his neck and had some doctor appointments lined up so would not always be available. We talked some more and left with the hope that it was something just plugged up. That is usually what us pipe guys think. The answer to most issues is that it's plugged up or leaking! Over the next few weeks, the news got worse until finally the diagnosis came down of esophageal cancer.

It's still less than a year from that first conversation and he is gone. It's hard to wrap our minds around. To give you an idea of the impact Aaron had on others, there was right at 1,000 people who attended his funeral. Friends and family came from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kansas, California, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, and Utah. One of his past employees that had moved to Utah came to both the viewing and the funeral. It's just another reminder for all of us that life is short. Many of you probably didn't know that Aaron was a minister in the church that we attend. One of the last messages that he gave was on Psalm 18 vs. 1 to 3. I talked to him about that message when he went into the hospital in the final three weeks of his life, and he was still trusting in God until the very end.

As we try to continue without Aaron in the day to day business, we do appreciate all the good will and prayers you have sent our way! We ask that you keep the family that Aaron left here in mind as well. They are amazing and have been an inspiration to be around in this time of grief and loss. One of the most common questions I have been asked in the last month is, "Who is going to replace Aaron?" My answer to all of you is that no one is. Our team has stepped up in a huge way, with several different ones taking on some of Aaron's roles until we can find a more permanent solution. We may eventually find someone to hire but Aaron will never be replaced. When you lose your right arm, it's never going to be like it was before.

I had to think how when Aaron was here, he was a bright spot in many of our lives, much like that bush that blooms early and bright by my office step. And like the bush, he is gone too soon for our liking.



C&E crew prepping for a retaining wall to hold this bank back along Highway 240 where we are building a new bike path.

"I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower. I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised: so shall I be saved from mine enemies."

- Psalm 18:1-3

Seven Miles for Me

Leaving a store, I returned to my car only to find that I'd locked my keys and cell phone inside. A teenager riding his bike saw me kick a tire and say a few choice words. "What's wrong?" he asked.

I explained my situation. "But even if I could call my wife," I said, "she can't bring me her car key, since this is our only car." He handed me his cell phone. "Call your wife and tell her I'm coming to get her key."

"That's seven miles round trip."

"Don't worry about it."

An hour later, he returned with the key. I offered him some money, but he refused. "Let's just say I needed the exercise," he said. Then, like a cowboy in the movies, he rode off into the sunset.

Clarence S., Kentucky

Pork Carnitas

These are amazing, melt-in-your-mouth, pork carnitas. Thanks to mykitchenescapades.com for the recipe.

Ingredients

- 4 pound boneless pork butt, fat trimmed and cut into 2 inch cubes
- 1 1/2 tsp salt
- 3/4 tsp pepper
- 1 tsp ground cumin
- 1 onion, peeled and halved
- 2 bay leaves
- 1 tsp dried oregano
- 2 Tb fresh lime juice
- 2 C water
- 1 medium orange, juiced and keep the spent halves

Instructions

- Adjust oven rack to lower middle position and heat to 300 degrees. Combine all the ingredients in a large Dutch oven, including the spent orange halves and juice. Bring the mixture to a simmer over medium-high heat, uncovered. Once it simmers, cover pot and transfer it to the oven. Cook until the meat falls apart when prodded with a fork, about 2 hours.
- Remove the pot from the oven and turn on the broiler. Use a slotted spoon to remove the meat from the pan and place it on a large foil-lined jelly roll pan. Remove and discard everything from the pot except for the cooking liquid. Place pot over high heat on the stove and boil until it thickens and is syrupy, about 20 - 30 minutes. You should have about 1 C of liquid remaining when it is finished.
- While the liquid is reducing, use two forks to pull each cube of pork into three equal sized pieces. Once the liquid has reduced, gently fold in the pieces of pork into the pot. Try not to break up the pork any further. Taste and add additional salt and pepper.
- Spread the pork back onto the foil lined pan and evenly spread the meat around so there is a single layer of meat. Place the jelly roll pan on the lower middle rack of the oven and broil until the top of the meat is well browned and edges are slightly crisp, about 8 minutes. Using a wide metal spatula, flip the pieces of meat and broil the other side until well browned and edges are slightly crisp, about 8 minutes. Serve immediately in a tortilla with all your favorite toppings.



What? Doesn't everyone use their grader to pull old trucks?



Jake had to leave Conexpo earlier than the rest of us, but was leading the pack on this contest, so I had to work with the guys and put up a fake time, just for fun! Jake ended up with the best time of the event.

Meet Bret

When Bret King arrived in Washington last June, his intent was to help with summer harvest and then head back home to Ohio.



Bret King came for harvest last year and our awesome country convinced him to stay.

However, he soon discovered that the Columbia Basin is a great place to live and has a lot to offer. Bret helps C&E with a little of everything including operating equipment and getting jobs done. He's had success with deer, duck and turkey hunting here. He also enjoys snowboarding and wake boarding. If he could meet anyone he would choose Travis Pastrana, the fearless leader of Nitro Circus. Travis has accumulated many gold medals at X and Gravity Games as well as becoming the first person in the world to land a double backflip on a motorcycle. Meeting him would go hand in hand with Bret's love of dirt bikes and 4-wheelers. We hope that Travis's love for dare devil stunts doesn't rub off on Bret, though. For a vacation option, Bret would be in the tropics of Hawaii or the Bahamas. Welcome to the C&E team, Bret. We're glad you're here.



Jack, Edgar and Sal are working on a 24" that ties into a 36" pipe.



Prepping the hole for the above tie-in. Jack at the controls of the baby excavator...small, but mighty!

Thanks for calling, Again!

Al Fountain
Amy Christensen
Anchor Hauling LLC
AquaTech Irrigation
Bechtel National Inc.
Bruce & Diana Carlson INC
CHS
City of Pasco
Colt Warren
Columbia Point Golf Course
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Montierth Farms
Roundy Farms
Sage Hollow Ranch
Skone Irrigation
South Columbia Irrigation Dist
Taggares Fruit
Tesoro Logistics
Valmont Northwest Inc.
Yost Gallagher Construction

Welcome to C&E

We thrive on referrals.

Dale Roecks
McSwan Farms
Richard Tennis
Sanmarc LLC
Scott Knight
Terra Poma

Overeater

Although I knew I had put on a few pounds, I didn't consider myself overweight until the day I decided to clean my refrigerator. I sat on a chair in front of the appliance and reached in to wipe the back wall.

While I was in this position, my teenage son came into the kitchen. "Hi, Mom," he said. "Whatcha doin'? Having lunch?"

I started my diet that day.

Trash Day

One rainy morning, my mother went for her daily run. As she returned to the house, she slipped and fell, hitting her head on the driveway.

I called the paramedics. When they arrived, they asked my mom some questions to determine her coherency. "What is today?" inquired one man.

Without hesitation, Mom replied, "Trash day."

Mom Call

I was sound asleep when the telephone jarred me awake.

"Hi!" It was my peppy mother-in-law. She proceeded to rattle on about the busy day she had ahead and all the things that awaited her the rest of the week.

"Mom," I interrupted. "It's five in the morning."

"Really? What are you doing up so early?"

MSW?! (Mom say what?!)

Texting acronyms can stump even the best parents:

Mom: Your great-aunt just passed away. LOL.

Son: Why is that funny?

Mom: It's not funny, David! What do you mean?

Son: Mom, LOL means Laughing Out Loud.

Mom: I thought it meant Lots of Love. I have to call everyone back.

Mom's Amazing Spit

Moms will clean up everything. Scientists have proven that a Mom's spit is the exact chemical composition of Formula 409. Mom's spit on a Kleenex - you get rust off a bumper with that. - Jeff Foxworthy

Things Mom Would Never Say

- "How on earth can you see the TV sitting so far back?"
- "Yeah, I used to skip school a lot, too."
- "Just leave all the lights on. It makes the house look more cheery."
- "Let me smell that shirt. Yeah, it's good for another week."
- "Go ahead and keep that stray dog, honey. I'll be glad to feed and walk him every day."
- "Well, if Rahul's mamma says it's OK, that's good enough for me."
- "The curfew is just a general time to shoot for. It's not like I'm running a prison around here."
- "I don't have a tissue with me. Just use your sleeve."
- "Don't bother wearing a jacket. The wind-chill is bound to improve."

Water Delivery

A small boy is sent to bed by his mother...

[Five minutes later]

"Mom..."

"What?"

"I'm thirsty. Can you bring me a glass of water?"

"No. You had your chance. Lights out."

[Five minutes later]

"Mom..."

"WHAT?"

"I'm THIRSTY...Can I have a glass of water??"

"I told you NO! If you ask again I'll have to spank you!!"

[Five minutes later]

"Mommm..."

"WHAT??!!"

"When you come in to spank me, can you bring me a glass of water?"

Babysitting to Many

A young man agreed to baby-sit one night so a single mother could have an evening out. At bedtime, he sent the youngsters upstairs to bed and settled down to watch football.

One child kept creeping down the stairs, but the young man kept sending him back to bed.

At 9 PM, the doorbell rang. It was the next-door neighbor, Mrs. Brown, asking whether her son was there. The young man brusquely replied, "No."

Just then a little head appeared over the banister and shouted, "I'm here, Mom, but he won't let me go home!"

Mom's Vocabulary

Dumbwaiter: One who asks if the children would care to order a dessert.

Feedback: The inevitable result when the baby doesn't appreciate the strained carrots.

Full Name: What you call your child when you're angry with him.

Grandparents: The people who think your children are wonderful even though they're sure you're not raising them right.

Independent: How we want our children to be as long as they do everything we say.

Puddle: A small body of water that draws other small bodies wearing dry shoes.

Show Off: A child who is more talented than yours.

Whodunit: None of the children who live in your house.

Bottle-feeding: An opportunity for Daddy to get up at 2 am.

Plane Seat Mates

For two solid hours, the lady sitting next to a man on an airplane had told him about her grandchildren. She had even produced a plastic-foldout photo album of all nine of the children.

She finally realized that she had dominated the entire conversation on her grandchildren.

"Oh, I've done all the talking, and I'm so sorry. I know you certainly have something to say. Please, tell me...what do you think of my grandchildren?"

Baby Sibling

For weeks a six-year old lad kept telling his first-grade teacher about the baby brother or sister that was expected at his house.

One day the mother allowed the boy to feel the movements of the unborn child. The six-year old was obviously impressed, but made no comment. Furthermore, he stopped telling his teacher about the impending event.

The teacher finally sat the boy on her lap and said, "Tommy, whatever has become of that baby brother or sister you were expecting at home?"

Tommy burst into tears and confessed, "I think Mommy ate it!"



The C&E team took a little time out to travel to Las Vegas for ConExpo. We jumped down and toured Hoover Dam while we were there. Much more exciting than casinos! From left to right: Robert, Jake, Curtis, Jack and Cwentin.

Going Out

A couple was going out for the evening. The last thing they did was to put the cat out. The taxi arrived and as the couple walked out of the house, the cat shot back in. The husband goes back inside to chase it out. The wife, not wanting it known that the house would be empty, explained to the taxi driver, "He's just going upstairs to say goodbye to my mother."

A few minutes later, the husband got into the taxi and said, "Sorry I took so long. The crazy thing was hiding under the bed and I had to poke her with a coat hanger to get her to come out!"

The Expert

On a flight to Florida, I was preparing my notes for one of the parent-education seminars I conduct as an educational psychologist. The elderly woman sitting next to me explained that she was returning to Miami after having spent two weeks visiting her six children, 18 grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren in Boston. Then she inquired what I did for a living. I told her, fully expecting her to question me for free professional advice. Instead she sat back, picked up a magazine and said, "If there's anything you want to know, just ask me."

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Pork carnitas recipe 4

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The boss wins 4

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Meet Bret 5

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"Parenthood is a lot easier to get into than out of." -Bruce Lansky

Photo Contest

The Latest Dirt.... ...Goes to Georgia.



The Latest Dirt visited the Civil War Museum in Andersonville, Georgia. Thanks for taking us along. Looks like there are a few younger readers on the east coast!

Send Us Your Picture

Get that camera out and snap some pictures, then send them to us. The catch? Every picture submitted must show a copy of our newsletter. So when on vacation, sitting around a cozy fire, jumping out of an airplane or pulling an Evil Knievel stunt, hold a copy of our newsletter and take a photo. Then send it in to us and you will be entered to win one of our custom C&E dump trucks loaded with C&E prizes. Send your picture to news@candetrenching.com.



C&E dump trucks loaded

