

DENNIS LYLE KRAUSE

(Written text and photographs provided by Dennis Lyle Krause). **Dennis Lyle Krause** was born January 29, 1946, at the Frances Mahon Deaconess Hospital in Glasgow, Montana. He was the middle son of William John Krause (Johnny) and Hazel Ruby (Nelson) Krause and had two brothers, William John II (Bill) and Kelvin Keith (Kelly). Dennis was baptized in the First Lutheran Church in Glasgow, Montana on May 19, 1946, sponsored by his uncle Martin Nelson and his wife Mabel. Later in life his parents informed Dennis that if he were born 50 minutes later (on January 30) his name would have been Frank in honor of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Dennis spent his early childhood years with his family in Fort Peck, Montana, where he completed first grade at the Fort Peck Elementary School. He has many memories of fishing in the Missouri River below the powerhouse of Fort Peck Dam with his father and older brother Bill, performing in the school Christmas pageant and other school events, and enjoying family gatherings during the holiday seasons with his many Nelson relatives. In the summer of 1953 his family moved to Pickstown, South Dakota, where his father worked as a hydroelectric machinist/mechanic with the US Corps of Engineers at the powerhouse of the Ft. Randall Dam. Dennis grew up in Pickstown completing grades 2-12 in the Pickstown school system. Dennis was confirmed in the Lutheran Faith at First Lutheran Church in Lake Andes, South Dakota on October 23, 1960. Following the lead of his older brother, he was active in both Cub and Boy Scouts and attained the rank of Eagle Scout on January 21, 1961. Dennis graduated from Pickstown High school in 1964 as Valedictorian in his senior class of 9 students. During the early 60's Pickstown was undergoing a transition period of downsizing as families associated with the construction of the dam were transferring and moving to other hydroelectric dam locations on the Missouri River. The result of these departures was a decrease in high school enrollment to only 44 students. With such a small student body everyone had an opportunity to participate in any school activity so the school would be represented at various regional and state events. They were "Jacks of all trades, Masters of none". Dennis was an active participant—sports (basketball, football, and track), chorus, band (tuba player), photographer (student paper and yearbook), and student government (Student Council and Class President). Living in a rural area known for its abundance of pheasants, ducks, deer, and walleye pike, Dennis enjoyed hunting and fishing with his family and friends. He remembers one fishing event, in particular, when fishing below the dam he was sprayed by a skunk and had to ride home in the trunk of his father's car. When they arrived home, his mother had him bury his clothes in the garden in an attempt to get rid of the skunk odor. Dennis, his brothers, and friends were constantly exploring the Missouri River bluffs and collecting artifacts—arrow heads and cavalry bullets—from encampments and trading grounds of early explorers and Indian tribes, the Lewis and Clack expedition trail, and old Fort Randall cavalry outpost ruins. During the summers he worked at the local bait shop selling minnows, worms and lures to out of town fisherman and occasionally did some guiding. An annual spring event was to capture prairie rattlesnakes as they emerged from hibernation along the river bluffs with his older brother and display them in the bait shop so fisherman would be aware of what was also in the area besides fish. Dennis attended the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology in Rapid City, South Dakota, and earned both his Bachelor's (Summa Cum Laude) and Master's Degrees in Electrical Engineering in 1968 and 1970, respectively. Following graduation Dennis began his engineering career with American Telephone and Telegraph Company (AT&T). In the summer of 1970 he went to work for Western Electric Company, the manufacturing division of the AT&T, in Indianapolis, Indiana, as a process engineer in the Hybrid Thin Film Department that fabricated components for the touchtone telephone. In 1971, as a ROTC graduate, Dennis was called for military service as a second Lieutenant in the Army's Combat Construction Engineers and spent 6 months of basic training with a Float Bridge Company at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. Later that year he was assigned to an active Army Reserve Unit back in Indianapolis.

In 1972, Dennis transferred to Western Electric's Merrimack Valley manufacturing facility located in North Andover, Massachusetts, to work as a thin film deposition engineer in their newly created Hybrid Integrated Circuit Department. While working with this group for over 25 years, Dennis was promoted to a senior engineering position and was recognized as one of the company's leading experts in the vacuum deposition of thin metallic films used in the fabrication of hybrid electronic components integral to telephone transmission equipment. During that time period until his retirement he was granted eleven (11) US Patents in the area of thin film device fabrication, vacuum deposition techniques including the "sputter" deposition of super conductor thin films, cost effective metal systems and fiber optic cleaning techniques. He authored and presented numerous technical papers within his field of expertise and was awarded the company's Engineering Excellence Award in 1982 and the Summit Award for Fiber Optic Certification in 2000. The last five years of his 31-year engineering career was devoted to fiber optics applications as applied to optical telecommunications where he established the company's first diagnostic evaluation and repair laboratory. Dennis retired in June of 2001 from Lucent Technologies, formerly AT&T and originally Western Electric Company, achieving the position of a Distinguished Member of the Technical Staff.

Dennis Lyle Krause married **Sandra Lee Lynch (Sandie)** on September 28, 1974, at the First Lutheran Church in Andover, Massachusetts. They met while working at Western Electric Co. in North Andover, Massachusetts. Sandra was born on March 27, 1946, in Lawrence, Massachusetts, the oldest of four children, one sister and two brothers to Frank and Margaret Lois (Hannigan) Lynch. Sandra attended both elementary and high school in Andover, Massachusetts, graduating from Andover High in 1963. She was active school events, math club and lead majorette of the marching band. Sandra attended Lowell Technological Institute, Lowell, Massachusetts and graduated in 1967 with a Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering. Sandra started her engineering career at Western Electric Co. as a software test engineer and advanced to a Department Chief position. She spent her entire 30-year career at Western Electric Co. (AT&T, and finally Lucent Technologies) retiring in 1997 as a Distinguished Member of the Technical Staff. Sandra enjoys reading, traveling, camping, kayaking, hiking, gourmet cooking and attending concerts, museums, and lectures in Boston.

Dennis enjoys a variety of outdoor activities that include skiing, golf, fly fishing, hiking and photography. Dennis studied martial arts and earned a first degree black belt in Kenpo karate in 1982. During his years with AT&T and Lucent, he was a member of the company's championship volleyball and soccer teams and a participant in the national corporate track team competing in the various long distance (5K and 10K) running events. He completed numerous marathons including running the Boston Marathon four times celebrating his fiftieth birthday by running the one-hundredth Boston in 1996. His running highlight was being allowed to run two laps in the original marble Olympic Stadium in Athens, Greece, while on vacation. Dennis was a certified scuba diver and enjoyed exploring coral reefs in the Caribbean and Australia's Great Barrier Reef as well as catching lobsters along the New England coast. As a volunteer with New Hampshire Audubon Society, Dennis was an osprey steward that monitored the nesting of osprey along the New Hampshire waterways and helped with the annual winter Bald Eagle counts.

Dennis and Sandra maintain their residence in the town of Atkinson, New Hampshire (founded in 1767) in the home they designed and built in 1976 with their four faithful companion Golden Retrievers over the years...Barney, Lacey, Cody and Kayley. This small New England town of 4500 in southern New Hampshire is uniquely located a short driving distance from the Atlantic Ocean, White Mountains and Boston. After retirement, Dennis and Sandra enjoy traveling both abroad and throughout the United States, enjoying the outdoor sports and activities of New England's four seasons, visiting with friends and volunteering at various community and civic organizations. The last known address for Dennis Lyle and Sandra Lee (Lynch) Krause was Atkinson, New Hampshire.

Remembrances growing up in Montana (1946-1953) and South Dakota (1953-1968).

Ft. Peck, Montana. My earliest recollections of activities and events of my youth (seven years) in Montana were stimulated by my Dad's 8 mm Kodak movies of our family and friends. Some memories, however, are very prominent and will never be forgotten and will be shared for this family history.

Birthday parties were always a special occasion. My mother made sure that that special day was celebrated with a party complete with cake, gifts and guests. I remembered the tall angle food cake with name and candles, the homemade decorations complete with party hats, and always a helping hand from a friend in opening my birthday gifts. All activities were restricted to the indoors, since it was pretty cold in January in Montana. Family gatherings during the Christmas holidays that included my uncles Pete and Max and my grandmother Mary E were also very special. On Christmas Eve we would leave the house and drive around town to observe the Christmas lights and decorations only to return to find presents left by Santa Claus.

Fishing was always a big activity with our family. I remember going fishing after dinner with my dad and older brother, Bill, down on the Missouri River below the Ft. Peck dam. We would fish for sauger with minnows (shiners) seined with a net in an adjacent stream. I remember riding on top of my Dad's shoulders as we hiked back to the car late after sun down. Fishing was not restricted to the summer months but year round. Ice fishing above the dam in the reservoir was a typical outing. I remember catching ling thru the ice with minnows. My Dad would skin the fish and my Mother would fry the fish in bacon grease for a tasty dinner.

My education started with the first grade in Ft. Peck since there was no kindergarten. My first grade teacher was Miss Gardner. She wore relatively thick glasses and was fairly strict in achieving obedience in her class. I remember when one of my classmates was acting up (doing something she was not suppose to be doing and ignoring the teachers request to stop) was tied in her chair with a piece of rope until she behaved. And when she made a wise remark back to Miss Gardner, a piece of tape was place over her mouth to keep her quiet. There was no public outcry; classroom discipline was enforced and everyone obeyed the rules. May Day activities were a big deal in Montana with immigrant families. Winding ribbons around the M-pole was always fun along with the outdoor events such as relay races and sack races. Christmas pageants at the Ft Peck Theater were always bigger than life. I remember the last year in Ft Peck when brother Bill was the Masters of Ceremonies of the winter carnival and I was a sledder with the line " My shiny red sled so shiny and red that Santa brought to me. I glide over hills and take big spills but it fills my heart with glee". This was a major town event and packed the theater each year.

Tampico, Montana. It was always a thrill to visit my grandmother, Mary E Nelson, and uncles Pete and Max at the original homestead near the small town of Tampico. It was there at an early age that I learned some of the basics of growing up and taking some responsibilities. While we still lived in Ft Peck some 35 miles away I remember going out to the farm on visits during the summer sometimes staying several days. One of my earliest chores was gathering eggs before breakfast. The original chicken coop was a fieldstone dug out with a flat tar papered slant roof and a creaky door. Inside it was dark with a single light hanging from a cord, the air damp and stagnate. The chicken bins where the hens laid their eggs were aligned with the stonewalls. I would pick up the eggs in the bins that had been just vacated but occasionally a hen would still be in a bin and that is where the fun began. I was reluctant to disturb the hen for fear of being attacked, possibly pecked to death. My uncle Pete had no hesitation and would slip his hand under the hen and always reveal a couple of white, warm to the touch eggs and on we would go to the next bin. My nickname growing up in Montana while at the farm was "Booger Red" given to me by my uncle Pete. I am not sure where the Booger came from; but I suspect the Red was due to red hair at an earlier age. Anyways, it was my nickname and was fine by me, kind of proud of it at the time. Another chore I enjoyed doing was turning the handle of the milk separator, which would separate the cream from the cow's whole milk. It was always fun to accompany Uncle Pete to the barn early in the morning to watch him milk the cows. Pete would occasionally show me the milking technique, but my hands were a bit to small to get the job done. My best effort was to just get a dribble; instead to a good healthy squirt which Pete was able to achieve every time. I remember how strong his hands were, a grip like a pair of pliers. My job would then take one of the milk buckets and lug it back to the utility room of the house, pour the milk into the separator bowl, place buckets for the cream and milk under the proper spouts, the start cranking the separator handle.

It seemed like it took forever to process a bucket of milk. Sometimes my Grandmother would take the cream and use it in making fresh butter. Years later the manual separator was replaced with an electric model, but it still required to be filled with raw cows milk so my job was secure but with less effort. In later years when our family moved from the Ft. Peck Dam to Ft. Randall Dam in Pickstown, South Dakota, we would return to the homestead during the summer typically in July and spend couple of weeks. Those summer vacations in Montana were the best. On different occasions we would arrive in time for branding of the new stock of calves born early that spring or make it in time for harvesting of the winter wheat. During the haying season one year I remember riding high, really high on top of the hay wagon pulled by my uncles tractor back to the barn for storage. I am not sure how I got to the top or even how I got off, but I think my older brother Bill must have given a helping hand. It seemed like you were on the top of the world. It was during these summer adventures that I learned how to drive a vehicle and shoot a rifle at a very early age. It was common and normal in those days to quickly graduate from a cap pistol to a Red Ryder BB gun. When I received mine as a Birthday gift I was allowed only to shoot out at the farm. There I plinked away a bottles and cans for practice occasionally taking a shot at bird or two. The next stage my uncle Pete introduced me to his bolt-action 22 cal rifle. He showed me how to safely load, unload, and handling it. Gophers and their holes were a nuisance in the pastures for both cattle and horses. They became my targets and I was encouraged to reduce their population. I enjoyed the hunt and was pleased to be able to contribute a small way to the safe operation of the farm. On occasion, my cousin Sonny would take me with his pickup down to his family's farm, my uncle Floyd's ranch, and help out with their gopher issues. In latter years, usually after supper, Pete, Max and my Dad would bring out the "big" guns, a 30-06 and lever-action 30-30 rifles and do some long range target practicing for potential fall antelope and deer hunting trips. I was offered to fire the 30-06 a couple of times...what a recoil kick and loud; my ears would ring it seemed for hours.

My first opportunity to drive a vehicle also took place out at the farm. As I recall my first experience of being behind the wheel was with again my Uncle Pete. While sitting on his lap, Pete would let me steer his 1950 black Chevy pickup while we were out checking the cattle in the pasture. As I grew older and my legs a little longer, I was able to semi-drive the pickup with Pete riding shotgun near me helping with the gear shifting as only one leg at a time was long enough to reach the gas pedal or brake pedal. Eventually, I was able to solo with both Pete's pickup as well as uncle Max's Willis Jeep but only around the farm or on pastureland, but was warned about going on public roads...off limits. One incident in particular sticks with me. I was at the farm unsupervised and decided to take the jeep for a spin. Max was at work, Pete was off with the pickup doing something, and the rest of the family was about. So I hopped into the jeep, keys were always in the ignition, started it up and down the driveway I went. I headed through the gate and onto the county road towards Highway 2. My plan was to go out to the highway, turn around and come back to the farm. As I am putting down the gravel road in first gear (the only gear I could shift into), left elbow hanging out the window, steering with my right hand, hat pulled down near over my eyes, with a piece of straw in my mouth and looking out the left side of the window at some cattle in the pasture (not at the road)—imitating all the mannerisms of my uncle Pete would do driving the pickup except the straw was to imitate a rolled up cigarette. All of a sudden I am driving off the road straight down into the ditch that was relatively steep. Now, I am down in the ditch pretty much locked in with the steep embankment of the road on my left and fenced in on my right. I was in trouble; first, driving the Jeep without permission, and second, on a road that I was told to stay off of. I continued to go down the ditch dodging a few puddles, rocks, and tumbleweeds as I went. Finally, with a little luck, I came to an area where the embankment appeared not to be too steep and decided to go for it, now or never. Slowly I crept up the side hill safely without rolling over. With both hands on the wheel and eyes straight ahead I travel a little further down to the road to an intersection. I made a quick u-turn and without delay headed back to the farm. At the farm I parked the jeep in the exact stop where it had been parked, shut off the engine, breathed a big sigh of relief, and returned back to the farm house keeping my little driving adventure a secret to this day.

My day of being a big shot backfired in quick order. Other vivid personal memories of being out at the farm with Pete, Max and Mary E was to wake up to big, big breakfasts with bacon and eggs, pancakes, or fruit and cereal if you choose. I remember Grandma Nelson making pancakes, pancakes so large and light they would nearly float off the plate. With fresh churned butter and homemade syrup, they could not have tasted any better. If she earned a buck for every pancake she flipped in her lifetime, she would have been a millionaire today. I also had my first introduction to coffee at breakfast. Pete was the brew master and his technique was simple but effective. He would put a couple scoops of ground coffee into a coffee pot, fill it to the top with water and then put the heat to it on the stove. When the pot heated up to a point where the water/coffee grounds boiled over on the stove, it was done. And to this day I think it was the best coffee ever. Other memories were the time I decided to earn a little spending money by picking up discarded beer bottles along the road. A “long nose” bottle was worth 2 cents, a “short nose” bottle a penny. So, unannounced to anyone, I grabbed a gunnysack from the barn and made my way down the county road looking for beer bottles. I wandered all the way out to the highway (US 2) in search of bottles for cash, which was about a mile from the farm and basically out of sight. There I made my first find, a six-pack of long nose bottles...I was in the money now with a potent 12 cents. With that incentive, I decided to walk the ditch further down highway 2 and strike it rich having such initial success. Little did I know I was causing a real panic at the farm where no one could find me. Search parties were dispatched. I think it was Max who had told me what the bottles were worth and where the best spot to find them was. My mother put two and two together as usual and decided to check out at the highway. Sure enough they found me wandering down the ditch couple of miles away from the farm being oblivious to the potential dangers of a small kid alone on a highway. To everyone’s relief, I was founded but received a scolding for not telling anyone what I was up to or where I had planned to go. I was happy...I had found nearly a dollars worth of bottles. Another thing I will always remember and admired about my uncle Max was that he was a man of his times. Any new gadget, device, new technology, model car, etc... Max was the first to try it out. He installed a new bathroom complete with toilet, tub and shower in the old homestead. First television, stereo radio, electric coffee pot, you name it and Max would satisfy his curiosity and buy it. And Max was always true to his word. Max was an electrician in Glasgow working for his older brother Martin. When he went off to work in the morning, I would ask if he would bring back some candy on his return. And sure enough, he would come walking in with a stack of candy bars of every kind and description. It was a thrill to see him coming down the road knowing he had some special cargo.

And when it was time to leave from summer vacation and head back to either Ft. Peck or Pickstown at the time, each of us kids, older brother Bill and younger brother Kelly, would receive a silver dollar from each of our hosts...Pete, Max and grandma Mary E.

Pickstown, South Dakota (1953-1968). We moved to Pickstown, South Dakota, in the summer of 1953 after my dad accepted a promotion to a hydroelectric mechanic position during the construction phases of the Ft. Randall Dam. I was seven years old at the time. I think as a family we were all excited to be going to a new area but a little sad to leave relatives and friends in Montana. However, it was only a long days drive back, so that was comforting. I remember we drove to South Dakota in our black 1952 Chevy driving south on the old narrow highway 85 from North Dakota. As we approached Belle Fourche the northern Black Hills could be seen. That was our first thrill of being in South Dakota. We drove on to Rapid City where we stayed overnight and the next morning went to see Mt Rushmore and the Presidential “Faces”. We toured the southern Black Hills driving thru the “needles eye” as we travel down to Custer State Park where we saw our first live buffalo. We continued on thru the Badlands before heading for Pickstown. This part of our journey to our new residence was actually a mini-vacation. We were all really impressed with our new home state as we headed for Pickstown on US 18. We were excited and anxious to what new adventures lay ahead of us.

When we arrived in Pickstown it was a familiar sight. The terrain was similar to what we left at Ft. Peck and the river was the same...the good 'ol Missouri, so we all felt pretty much at home. The construction of the dam was nearing completion and work was well underway on the powerhouse and spillway. It was a very active site with all the construction that was taking place and we were in the middle of it. Everything was upbeat and positive. Our first of three government houses we lived in was a blue painted duplex with a common residential garage unit. Pickstown would be my home for the next twenty years where I would attend the second grade and continue on thru high school and college. Many great adventures and experiences were lived and relived during my formative years in Pickstown. Pickstown was a great place to grow up if you liked everything outdoors; hunting, fishing, boating, swimming, hiking, etc. you name it was available to you. Pickstown was a federal town, built solely to provide housing and support to the residents associated with the construction and operation of Ft. Randal Dam. All families were at a similar social as well as economic level...all fathers had a good job working at the dam and the mothers stayed at home raising and taking care of the families. It was a very idyllic situation which we all took advantage of. The nearest "large" towns of any size (6-7,000 in population) were Yankton and Mitchell some 60-70 miles away. Most of the local shopping was done either in Lake Andes or Wagner 6 to 10 miles away. But even with this isolation, no one seemed to mind...in the 1950's and 60's life in Pickstown was pretty good. Outdoor activities were always paramount in our lifestyle. Every summer it seems we would find and capture several young local wild animals to raise until school started in the fall. My older brother Bill and friends would always showed up with young magpie chicks, baby raccoons, prairie dogs, great horn and barn owl chicks, turtles, snakes, even a baby red tailed fox to be part of our neighborhood zoo. Canned dog food was the choice gourmet food for our growing wildlife sanctuary. We had cages built for each species and at times even charged an admission fee of nickel or so for the neighbor kids to observe them. Late in August we would take them down river in the bluffs to release into the wild; however, at the time we didn't know how they would fare on their own without our care.

I remember one occasion when Bill, a neighborhood friend, and I were exploring the creek across the street from our house on Missouri Drive when we came upon a large adult heron that was looking for something to eat at the bottom of the creek bed. The area was overgrown with brush and trees so it could not make its escape by flight. Bill went back to the house and got a large fishing dip net. After a bit of a struggle and sloshing through the water in the creek bottom, he successfully netted the heron and naturally took the prize back to the house. I think I was either in the third or fourth grade and I took the heron to school in a large cardboard box for a show and tell. I put box with the heron on my teacher's desk, Mrs. Roper. When she opened it up for all the class to see, the heron leaped out of box and landed on the edge of the teacher's desk. As Mrs. Roper casually reached over to grab the heron and return it to its box, the heron lashed out at her striking her index finger. She let out a shriek, blood was streaming from her finger, and the class was in a panic. I was in trouble. Mrs. Roper left the room for first aid down at the principles office as well as for adult help. Since it was my bird and now my problem, I decided I better do something quick before I would be blamed for more incidents. I grabbed the box and scared the heron into the corner of the classroom where I placed the box upside down over the heron. Then carefully lifted each corner and folded the box flap into the box until all four sides were closed. During this time the heron was fighting each maneuver with its large, powerful beak peaking at the sides of the box as well as flapping its wings. The re-capture was a success, the box was right sided and calm was restored. At that point the principle came rushing in followed by Mrs. Roper who had bandaged her hand. I was ordered to take the heron home at noon lunch hour and release it where we found it. I did as I was told although Bill was a bit reluctant to follow the directive. Mrs. Roper ended up going to the hospital and it took five stitches to close the gash. The heron we later identified as a Black Crown Night Heron, quick a majestic looking, but mean spirited bird.

As kids we were always hiking down the Missouri river just looking for something new to explore or investigate. Many times it was our goal to go as far as Tradeau's cabin, the remnants of a foundation of a cabin used by one of the earlier French-Canadian fur traders on the Missouri. We had built a variety of "forts", secret hideaways to meet up with friends, along the river bottom as well as in the cliff heads overlooking the river. On occasion, we would pack a BB gun or 22-caliber rifle along to do some target practice shooting at some the fox squirrels native to the area or plinking at some turtles sunning themselves on a log in the river. In the summer months during school vacation my brothers and friends would always be down there checking on things. Late one spring, we discovered a prairie rattlesnake den in the chalk cliff head overlooking the Missouri. The rattlers were just coming out of winter's hibernation and still snarled in a ball much like you may find a "ball" of night crawlers that had been stored in a bucket. We could not pass up this opportunity and decided to capture as many as could, but cliff presented quite a challenge. We went back to the house and came back with some rope, a wooden carrying box, a gunnysack, the "snake catcher" and a garden rake. We hatched a plan. Bill, since he was the strongest among us, would lower our neighborhood buddy, John Cover, over the edge of the cliff with the rope tied around his waist and with garden rake scraped the crack in the cliff where the rattlers were dened up. He would then "rake" the snakes off their chalky ledge and allow them to roll or slide down the cliff to the bottom where my job was to pick them up and put them in the sack, then into the carrying box. I had a neat tool called a snake catcher, which my dad had made for us since this was not our first experience in capturing, and dealing with rattlesnakes. The snake catcher was a long steel shaft with a hook at one end that slid into a piece of aluminum tooling. It worked great in previous adventures...safe and effective. Everything worked as planned. I think we captured at nearly a dozen rattlers at that site that day. We displayed our collection of rattlers at the local bait shop (Red and White Bait operated by Walt Schmidt at the time) in a large glass case that my dad had built. This was to show local as well as out of town fishermen what was resident along the shores of the Missouri River.

Growing up in South Dakota we "lived" literally off the land by hunting and fishing and growing a large garden. In the fall it was a very common practice to have fishing as well as hunting licenses for deer, pheasants, ducks and geese. My dad, brothers and I would keep our freezer stocked with fresh venison, pheasant and duck. I can remember that my mom was very creative in different ways of preparing pheasant: baked, fried, cream of, pheasant loaf and burger. Then to add in the fish taken from the Missouri river such as walleye, sauger, white bass and catfish our "meat" course of the meal was set for most of the year. For a change of pace my mom would add a little variety with a nice pot-roast, chicken and turkey dinners. I remember one pheasant season we doubled our limit on opening day. During the first half hour we had our limit of 10 roosters, returned home and cleaned and stored them, and returned latter in the afternoon to the same area and bag another 10. That season we were well into the middle of following year and still had pheasant in the freezer. During hunting season, it was not usual to do a little road hunting after high school classes had ended. Who ever had a car would pick a couple of friends, grab their shotguns from home and hunt until sunset. Deer hunting was always a special occasion in the fall. Only a few in town hunted deer and I considered myself very fortunate that my dad encouraged me to hunt with him and his friends. I shot my first deer when I was a sophomore in high school, a four point mule deer taken in the Pease Creek area of the Missouri breaks. It was a very proud moment in that I earned a level of respect among our hunting fraternity. Once again, the freezer was full. Fishing seemed to be a year around activity whether from the shore, by boat or through the ice. The prize fish, which we all agreed to be the best tasting, was the walleye pike. My dad was a master of catching it either with a white jig bouncing off the river bottom or the right action on a red and white daredevil. He seemed to always catch the biggest walleye and most often his limit. Most of our fishing was in the river below the power house, but on occasion when the conditions were right we would fish by boat off the "points" in the reservoir above the dam again for walleye and in the bays for northern pike.

I remember one of our favorite fishing spots was on the rocks near the tailrace wall of the powerhouse. The water ran swift along the wall and it was favorite place for large mouth bass to lurk in search of minnows fighting the current in that area. The first cast with a large lure called the “pike-e-ike” always produced strike by a large mouth, some times so intense that it force the lure right up the side of the wall. This was also a favorite location of some vermin that would dine on dead fish that had washed ashore. One evening during the summer when my Dad, Bill and I were fishing off these rocks, my lure became entangled (snagged) of some debris in the water. I hopped over a couple of these large boulders to get close to the waters edge to free my lure when all of sudden I was face to face with a skunk feasting on a dead skipjack. My retreat was not quick enough as the skunk aimed his nozzle over his backside for a direct hit of a turquoise squirt of liquid that covered my entire left side. No amount of river water could wash the stench off. My transportation home was in the trunk of my dad’s car. When we got home my mother had me go out into the garden, strip down to nothing and bury my clothes next to the tomato plants. I soaked in the bathtub for a long time before most of the smell was expelled. If hunting and fishing were not your forte, then sports and school activities would keep you busy and out of trouble. When I was attending the later grades of grade school and most of high school, class sizes were small to a point where there were usually only 45 to 50 students in high school. The primary reason for the decrease in student population was that as various phases of the dam construction were completed, families would move out of town to the next dam construction site along the Missouri River following the Pick-Sloan System. This was the US Corp of Engineers (Depart of Interior) program of multiple dams on the Missouri for power, flood control, irrigation and recreation. New dams were at Chamberlain (Big Bend Dam) and at Pierre (Oahe Dam). With 45 in high school everyone participated in everything just so the school would be represented in different state events and activities whether it was sports, band, chorus, clubs...you name it. Everyone gave it their best shot and had a lot of fun doing it. We were the jack-of-all-trades and masters of none. We played 8-man football, but only had fifteen players come out for the team, not have enough bodies even to scrimmage. The coach would fill in where we were short. But we played and did fairly well in our conference. Basketball and track we were very competitive and we won the conference a couple of times. Band, glee club, chorus, the school paper, etc. also did very well in different competitions, so come to think about it, we were not so bad after all and were rather a spunky group of over achievers. There were nine in my senior graduation class, one girl. I was selected student body president, homecoming king and Val Victorian of my class, honors I am still proud of even if the class was so small. Upon graduation, all my classmates went on to better themselves in a variety of careers.

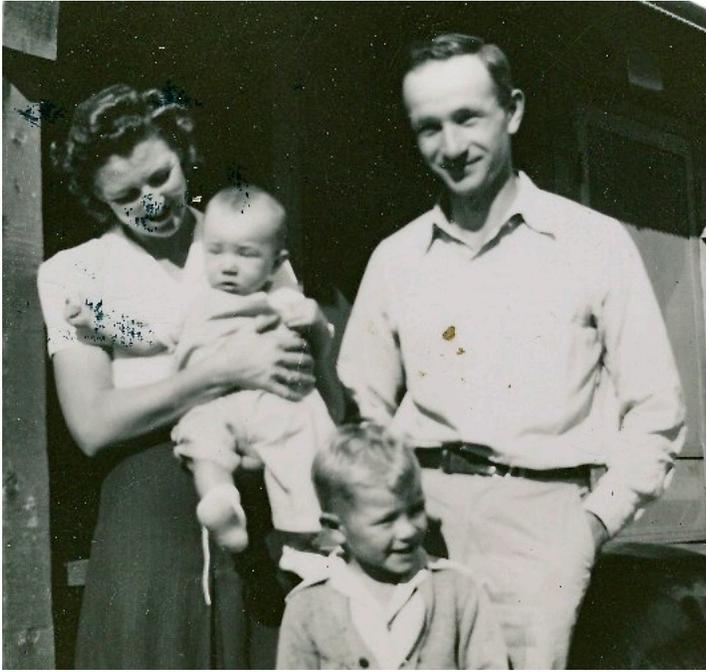
Boy Scouts was big in Pickstown. Our troop, Troop 33, was well known in the state for it accomplishments, the most significant was the number of Eagle Scouts produced. Both brothers and I earned out Eagle Scout award at a relatively early age as well as most of our close friends. I think we had over 20 Eagles in our troop. It was something that kind of was expected to achieve if you joined our troop. Our troop was active in all scouting activities and jamborees winning many, many awards and ribbons. We were the only troop in the state or even five state region that had a band. If you joined the troop you probably were also a member of several other school organizations...sports, chorus, band, etc. Remember the town was small, but the students were active and involved. The Troop 33 scout band were all members of the high school band, played at various events, some scouting and some not. Our biggest gig was the state jamboree at the Corn Palace in Mitchell, South Dakota. That was big time...playing on the same stage that Lawrence Welk had previously played and the Three Stooges had performed. We could play any type of music at the time, but the polkas brought the house down big time. The crowd both scouts, visitors, and family would really get into it. It was a lot of fun. I played the sousaphone (tuba) and did my usual umpa, umpa bit. As stated before, we lived and grew up outdoors since there was no television in town until the late 1950’s and definitely no electronic gizmos.

The transistor radio had been just developed to be portable so it could be carried around. We were isolated to some degree from the big city distractions. During one summer some friends of mine and I built our first tree house in a large cottonwood in a creek across the road from our house at 511 Missouri Drive. We built from scraps of lumber, 2 by 4's, plywood, etc. that were discarded from a job site without any adult supervision. It was our own hideout, had a roof and rope ladder to get in. No girls were allowed, our secret place. We did a lot of things without adult supervision whether it was pickup baseball games in an open field, basketball at the gym early Saturday mornings, or going swimming in the lake at the town beach. We took on a lot of responsibility and were accountable for all our actions. We liked it that way and enjoyed every minute of it.

Being a paperboy in town was a big deal and was a way on earning a little extra spending money that in those days went a long way. Newspaper routes would be passed down within the family or through friends. Bill delivered the Omaha World Herald newspaper that covered only half the town of about 75 customers. Our friend and neighbor John Cover had the other half of the town. When Bill entered high school he gave up the paper route and I inherited it. By then the route had shrunk to about 35 customers due to the construction of the dam was nearly complete. It continued to decrease to about 15 customers and then I inherited John's route...I controlled the entire town now with only 45 customers. We delivered papers in the morning before school on our bicycles and always place the paper in the door, no throwing was allowed by the customers. During the winter we would walk. In the next year and half my customer base deteriorated to only 6 customers. I remember one cold wintry morning my mom fired up our 52 Chevy to drive me around my route to deliver just the six papers. Earning 1 cent on a daily paper, 2 cents on a Sunday the economics of the day shut my route down. After that, the Omaha World Herald was delivered by mail.

Another sought after job in town was working at the Red and White Bait Shop. Since the town was so small then (less than 500 residents) opportunities were very scarce. I worked there the last couple years of high school during the summer and a little after school. Working for the town (Corp of Engineers) cutting grass and doing maintenance was the ultimate, plum job. But only one summer job per family was allowed by the government regulations, which left me out. Bill was successful in satisfying our family quota. The bait shop was a good character building experience. It paid twenty-five cents an hour starting and I worked my way up to seventy-five cents. I held the record for sales of the hellbender fishing lure for the year at 126, best lure for walleye. I made several trips to Minnesota to pick up minnows (shiners) for bait. On occasion I would do a little guiding for some out of town fisherman. Your tip was based on the success of the fishing trip. I always knew a couple places below the dam where you could always catch something, which was good for an extra five bucks.

So all and all, growing up on the plains of Dakota was a very rewarding, enriching experience. It provided a lot of opportunities to be what you wanted to be. Life was good.



Dennis Lyle Krause at 6 months of age with parents William John and Hazel Ruby (Nelson) Krause and brother William John Krause (Bill) at Ft. Peck, Montana. Date: June 1946.



Dennis Lyle Krause at about two and half years old on front steps of his home in Ft. Peck, Montana. Date: June 1948.



Dennis Lyle Krause riding a rocking horse made for him by his father, William John Krause (Johnny). Peck, Montana. Date: 1948.



Dennis Lyle Krause at about four years old in front of his home in Ft. Peck, Montana. Date: July 1950.



Dennis Lyle Krause on his 10th birthday in Pickstown, South Dakota. Date: January 1956.



Dennis Lyle Krause with sousaphone (tuba) that he played in both grade and high school bands. Pickstown, South Dakota. Date: 1958.



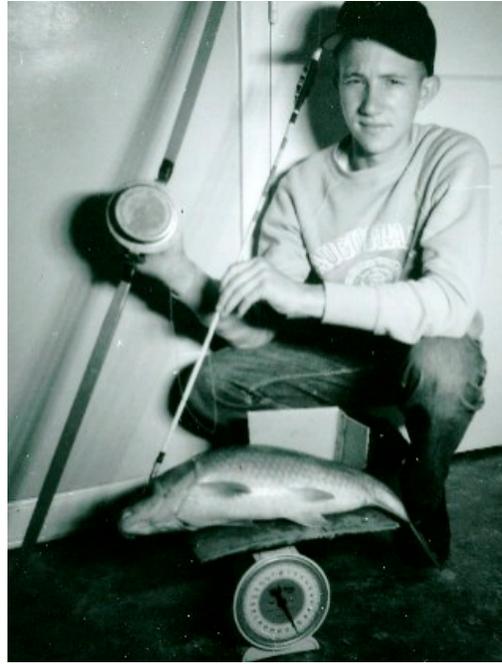
Dennis Lyle Krause with northern pike caught in Ft. Randall Reservoir near Pickstown, South Dakota. Date: 1958.



Dennis Lyle Krause played on the Pickstown "Teener" Junior Legion Baseball team at third base and center field. Date: 1959.



Dennis Lyle Krause with his father William John Krause with two mule deer shot at North Scalp Creek on the Ft. Randall Reservoir near Pickstown, South Dakota. Date: November 10, 1962.



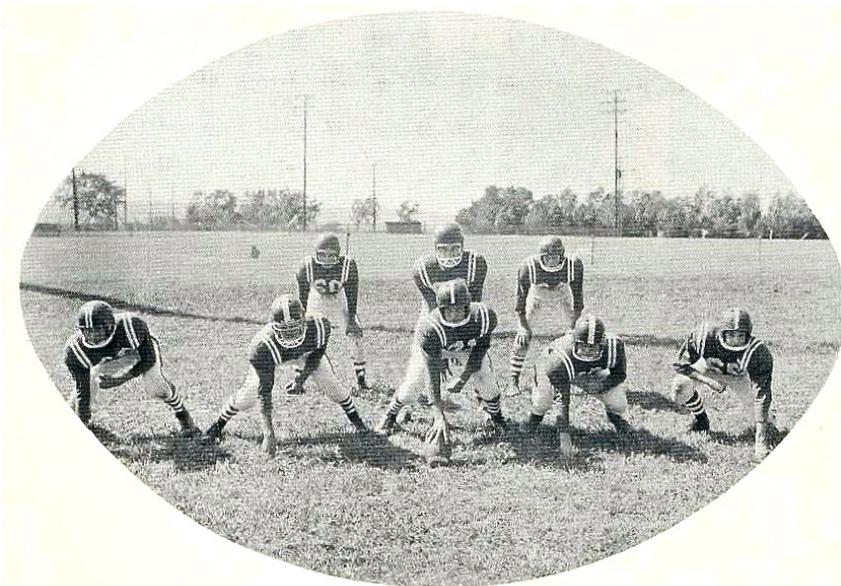
Dennis Lyle Krause with eleven-pound carp shot with bow and arrow in Ft. Randall Reservoir near Pickstown, South Dakota. Date: Summer 1959



Dennis Lyle Krause with a handful of blue wing teal shot near Lake Andes, South Dakota. Date: Fall 1963



Dennis Lyle Krause with five point mule deer shot near Hot Springs, Fall River County, South Dakota. Deer qualified for the South Dakota Trophy Hunter Award. Date: November 8, 1969.



BACK ROW LEFT TO RIGHT- Bob Jacoby, Dennis Krause, Dennis Stech.
FRONT ROW- Dennis Lihs, Kent Farmer, David Peshek, John Parker,
Dennis Nincehelsler.

Pickstown High School eight-man football team... "Engineers". Dennis Lyle Krause played quarterback on offense and safety on defense. Dennis was selected to the All-Conference team. Date: October 1964.



Dennis Lyle Krause playing chess with his double. Dennis was the Pickstown High School and yearbook photographer. Date: 1964.

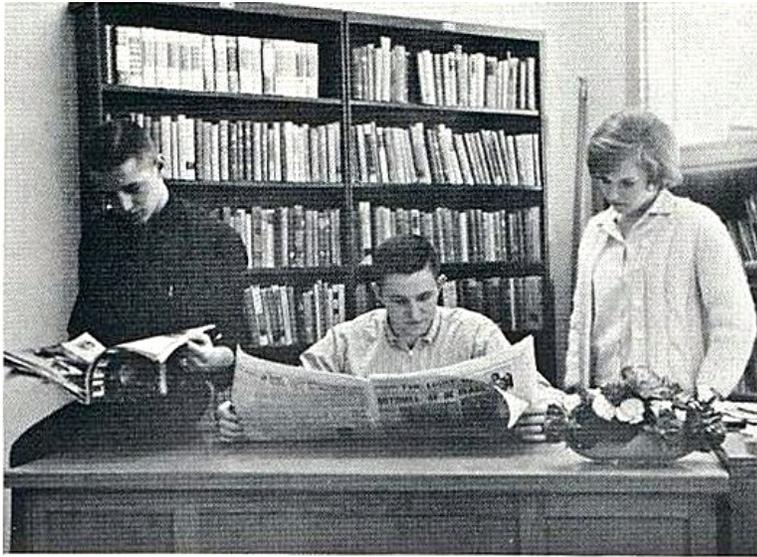


STANDING LEFT TO RIGHT- Bob Vacek, Dennis Nincehelsler, Dennis Trehka, Randy Anderson, David Peshek, Kent Farmer, Bob Jacoby.
FRONT ROW- Dennis Stech, Dennis Krause, Joe Kirwan, Dennis Lihs, Jim Skorpiak.

Pickstown High School basketball team. Dennis Lyle Krause (24) played forward and voted most valuable player (MVP) on the team. The team finished second in the Conference Tournament with an overall 11-7 record. Date: December 1964.



Dennis Lyle Krause worked after school and summers of his junior and senior years at the Red and White Bait Shop in Pickstown, South Dakota selling lures, bait and serving as a guide for fishermen. Date: 1964.



Pres. -Dennis Krause, Vice Pres. -Jim Skorpik and Sec. -Treas. -Jeanne Jacoby.

Class of 1964 senior class officers of Pickstown High School. Dennis Lyle Krause was Class President as well as Student Body President. Date: 1964.



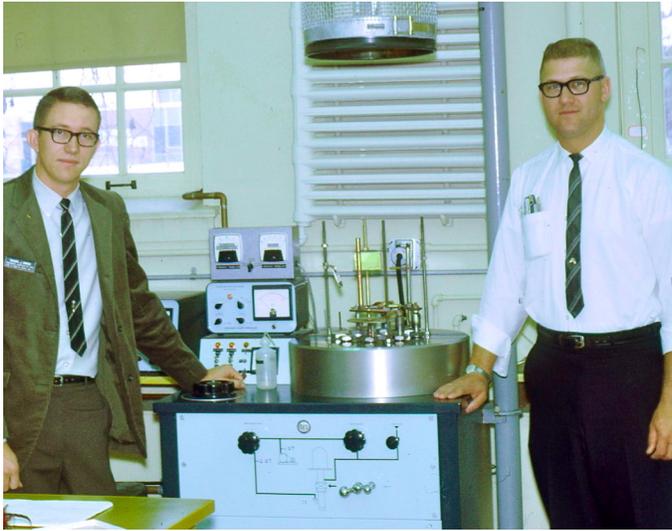
Dennis Lyle Krause receiving his high school graduation diploma from Dr. Jack Early, President of DUW. Dennis was class Valedictorian. Date: 1964.



Dennis Lyle Krause high school graduation picture from Pickstown High School. Date: 1964.



Sandra Lee Lynch as the lead drum majorette of the Andover High School marching band in Andover, Massachusetts. Date: 1963.



Dennis Lyle Krause with Dr. Lyle Feisel in the Thin Film Deposition Laboratory at the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology, Rapid City, South Dakota, during Homecoming Week. Date: 1968.



First Row: J. Turner, Captain. Second Row: K. Johnson, S. Lynch, S. Gaudette, J. Kudron, N. Lynch.

Sandra Lee Lynch as a cheerleader at Lowell Technological Institute in Lowell, Massachusetts, while she was pursuing a Bachelor Degree in Mechanical Engineering. Date: 1965.



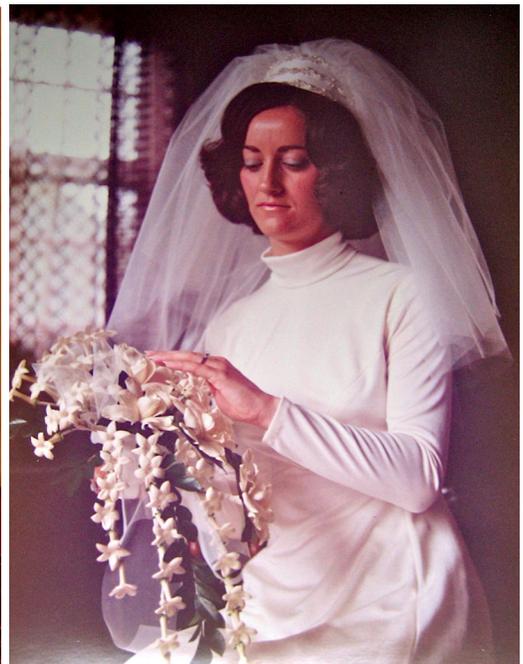
Dennis Lyle Krause college graduation picture from the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology, Rapid City, South Dakota, receiving a Bachelor Degree in Electrical Engineering. Date: Spring of 1968



Sandra Lee Lynch college graduation picture from the Lowell Technological Institute, Lowell, Massachusetts, receiving a Bachelor Degree in Mechanical Engineering. Date: Spring of 1967



Krause and Lynch family wedding party picture taken at their Reception in Andover, Massachusetts on September 28, 1974. Left to right: Art Boren, Debbie Mayo (Sandra's cousin), Frank Lynch, Sandra (Lynch) Krause, Dennis Krause, William (Johnny) Krause, Donna Boren (Sandra's sister), Kelvin (Kelly) Krause. Seated left: Margaret (Joyce) Lynch; Seated right: Hazel Ruby (Nelson) Krause.



Sandra Lee (Lynch) Krause wedding picture. Date: September 28, 1974.



Sandra Lee (Lynch) and Dennis Lyle Krause cutting their wedding cake. Date: September 28, 1974.



Dennis Lyle and Sandra Lee (Lynch) Krause leaving their wedding reception for a honeymoon trip to Austria and Switzerland. Date: September 28, 1974



Frank and Margaret (Joyce) Lynch with Hazel Ruby (Nelson) and William John Krause during their first visit to Mt. Rushmore and South Dakota. Date: July 1991.



Dennis Lyle and Sandra Lee (Lynch) Krause visiting his parents Hazel Ruby (Nelson) and William John Krause in Belle Fourche, South Dakota. Date: Summer of 1994.



Sandra Lee (Lynch) Krause celebrating her birthday with brothers Brain (seated) and Randy Lynch and sister Donna Boren at Sandra's parents home in Andover, Massachusetts. Date: March of 1990.



Sandra Lee (Lynch) and Dennis Lyle Krause with their Golden Retriever, Barney (1983-1994). Date: 1984.



Dennis Lyle Krause (center) with instructor on his first parachute jump (sky dive) attempt in Indianapolis, Indiana. Date: Summer of 1972.



Dennis Lyle Krause on his way down on his first parachute jump. Date: Summer of 1972.



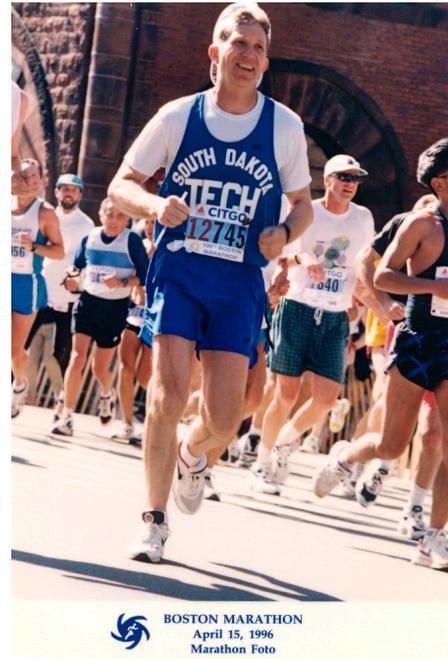
Dennis Lyle Krause (right) with dive partner, George Stevens, after a successful dive for lobsters in Braces Cove near Gloucester, Massachusetts. Date: Summer of 1976.



Dennis Lyle Krause preparing the "catch of the day" (lobsters) at his apartment on 92 Pond Street, Salem, New Hampshire. Date: Summer of 1976.



Dennis Lyle Krause with skiing friend, Tony DeChristoforo, at the top of the China bowl in Vale, Colorado. Date: Winter of 1992.



Dennis Lyle Krause coming down Commonwealth Avenue on the home stretch of the one-hundredth running of the Boston Marathon. Dennis finished in a net time of 3 hours 17 minutes 30 seconds. This was the third of four Boston Marathons Dennis completed. Date: April 15, 1996.



Dennis Lyle Krause demonstrating his breaking technique as part of his Kenpo Karate training. Dennis earned his first degree Black Belt rank on October 30, 1982. Date: June of 1982



Dennis Lyle Krause with fishing guide, Rick Gray, with 40 inch Atlantic salmon caught on a fly rod in the Restigouche River, Matapedia, Quebec, Canada. Date: May of 2010.



Golden Retrievers Lacey (1988-1998) with her son Cody at Maudleys Park near Newburyport, Massachusetts. Cody was the pick of a litter of 12 puppies...6 females and 6 males. Date: September of 1995.



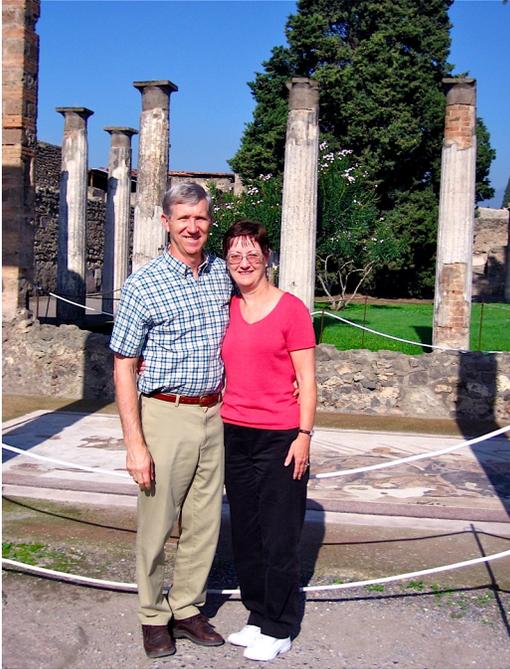
Cody (1995-2007) with his handle Jeannette Gould as Winner of his group at Southern Adirondack Dog Show in Ballston Spa, New York. Cody, Belleville's Dakota Gold, finished first in his group several times earning 5 major points towards his Championship. Cody would later be certified as a Therapy Dog on April 25, 2003, where Dennis Lyle Krause and he would visit rehabilitation and senior centers for several years. Date: August 10, 1996.



Kayley (2001-current) and Cody in their favorite mode of transportation after an outing at Sawyer Trails near their home in Atkinson, New Hampshire. Date: Winter of 2005.



Sandra Lee (Lynch) Krause and Kayley at their favorite spot at Odiorne Point State Park near Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Date: Fall of 2009.



Dennis Lyle and Sandra Lee (Lynch) Krause visiting ruins of Pompeii near Naples, Italy, while on a Caribbean cruise from Barcelona, Spain, to Rome, Italy, and return. Date: July of 2005.



Sandra Lee (Lynch) Krause taking a well-deserved break after reaching the summit of Harney Peak in the Black Hills near Keystone, South Dakota. Date: Summer of 2003.

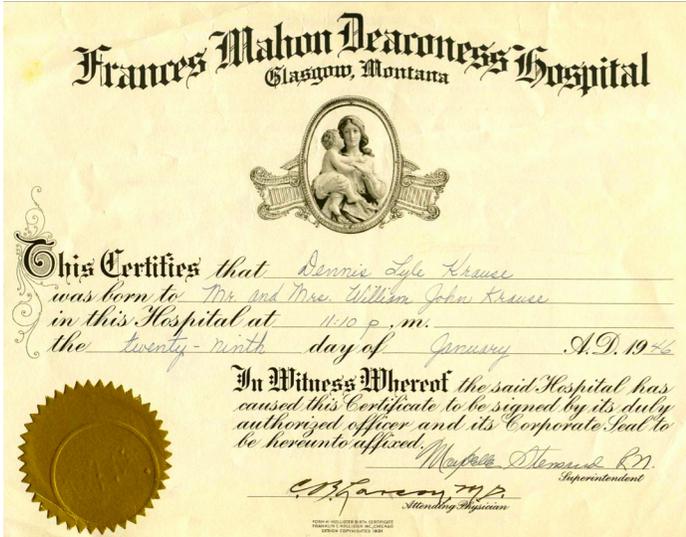


Sandra Lee (Lynch) Krause biking the rails-to-trails of the Berkshires near North Adams, Massachusetts. Date: September 11, 2001.

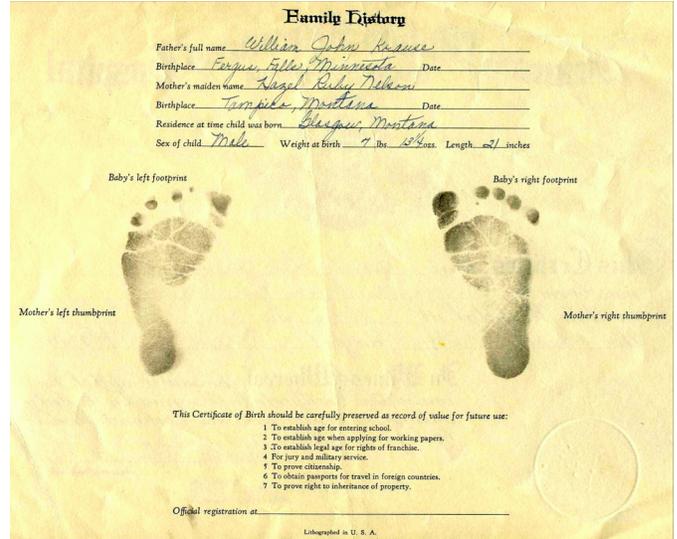


Dennis Lyle Krause kissing the Blarney Stone of Blarney Castle in Blarney, Ireland, during a Lynch family vacation exploring their Irish heritage. Date: June of 2002

SUPPLEMENTAL MATERIALS



Birth certificate of Dennis Lyle Krause, Glasgow, Montana. January 29, 1946.



Family history of Dennis Lyle Krause.

GLASGOW, MONTANA, Feb 7, 1946

Mrs Hazel Krause
Glasgow, Mont

IN ACCOUNT WITH
Frances Mahon Deaconess Hospital

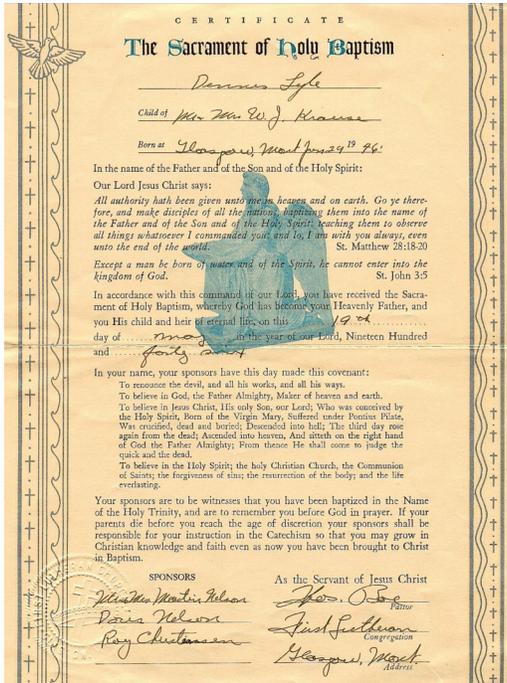
8294 8-13-45 GLASGOW COURIER

	Room, Board & care 9 days @ 4.50	40 50		
	Delivery Room	10 00		
	Medications	4 90		
	Dressing	3 90		
	Care of Infant 9 days @ 1.00	9 00		
	Circumcision	3 00		
	Total	71 30		
Jan 8	advance - By cash		20 00	
		51 30		

1946 hospital costs for the birth of Dennis Lyle Krause at Deaconess Hospital in Glasgow, Montana.



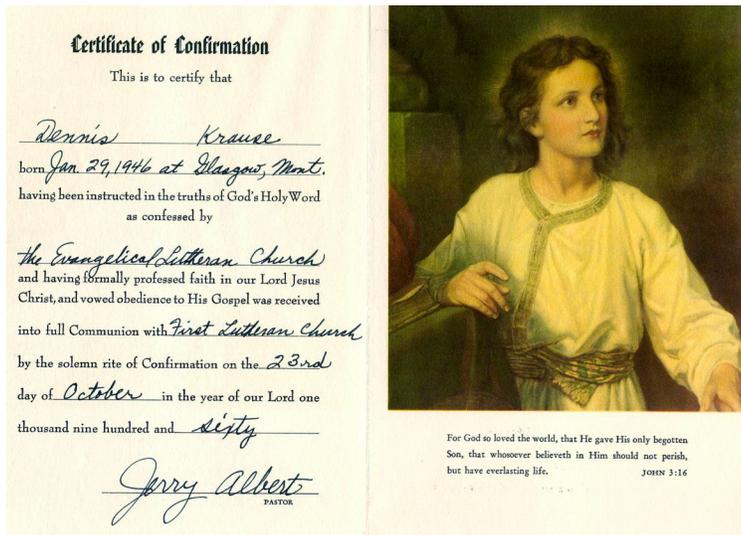
Dennis Lyle Krause at the age of about 6 months. Date: Summer of 1946.



Certificate of Baptism for Dennis Lyle Krause, First Lutheran Church, Glasgow, Montana. Sponsors: Mr. And Mrs. Martin Nelson, Doris Nelson, and Roy Christiansen. Date: May 19, 1946.



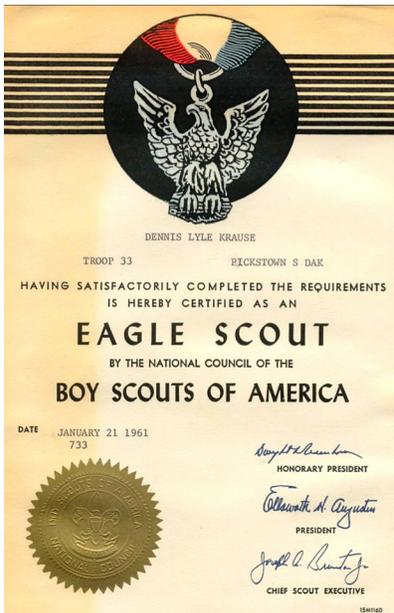
Cradle Roll Certificate for Lutheran Sunday school for Dennis Lyle Krause. Date: September 12, 1946.



Certificate of Confirmation in the Lutheran faith for Dennis Lyle Krause. First Lutheran Church, Lake Andes, South Dakota. Date: October 23, 1960.



Confirmation class of Dennis Lyle Krause (back row first on left) with Pastor Jerry Albert, First Lutheran Church, Lake Andes, South Dakota. Date: October 23, 1960.



Eagle Scout certificate awarded to Dennis Lyle Krause on January 21, 1961.



Dennis Lyle Krause at the Boy Scout Court of Honor about to receive his Eagle Scout award. Date: January 21, 1961.



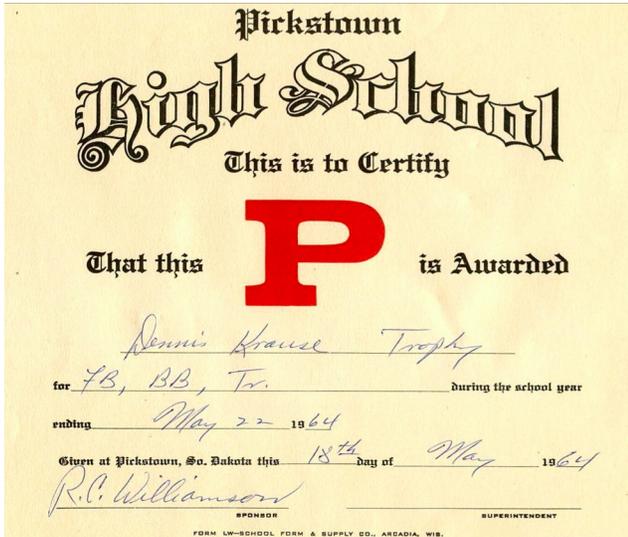
L to R — Dennis Krause, John Cover, Tom Probart, Ernest Erickson, Jimmy Skorpik.

Youths pictured above were awarded the highest rank obtainable in Scouting, the Eagle Award, at a Ree District, Sioux Council, Boy Scouts of America, Eagle Court of Honor held at Pickstown, Feb. 9th. The Court of Honor was chairmanned by Mr. E. Lyle Kinport, Ree District Advancement Chairman. The Charge to these Eagles was delivered by Mr. Freeman Otto, of Yankton. The congratulatory message was delivered by South Dakota State Commander W. F. Lenker of the American Legion. Troop #33 is sponsored by the Fort Randall-Castle Post #282, Edward Vacek, Commander. Tony Skorpik, Post Adjutant, is the Scoutmaster of Troop #33.

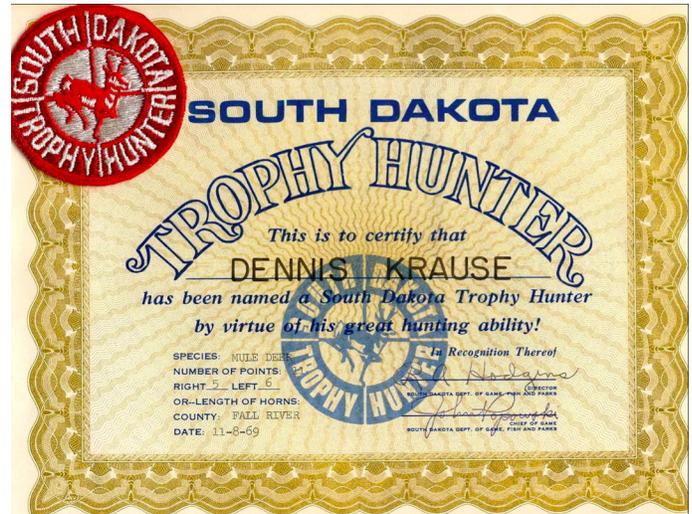
Newspaper article about the Eagle Scout award ceremony for Troop 33 held in Pickstown, South Dakota reported in Mitchell Daily Republic. Date: February of 1961.



Dennis Lyle Krause with the Boy Scout Order of the Arrow Award, Scouting's National Honor Society. Date: July of 1961.



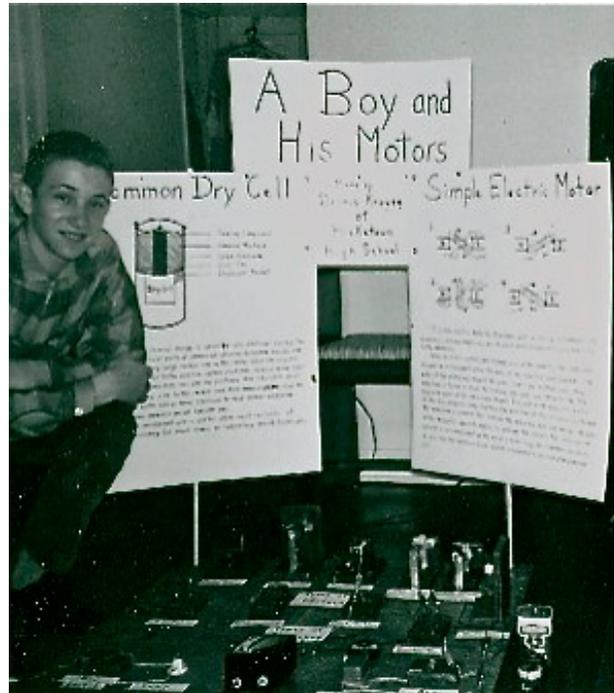
Pickstown High School Athletic "P" Certificate recognizing Dennis Lyle Krause for lettering in Football, Basketball and Track. Date: May 18, 1964.



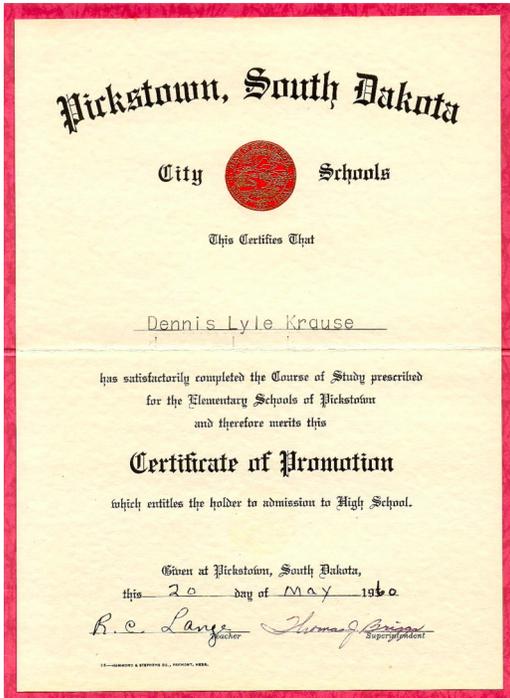
South Dakota Trophy Hunter certificate recognizing Dennis Lyle Krause for trophy mule deer buck shot in Fall River County, South Dakota. Date: November 8, 1969.



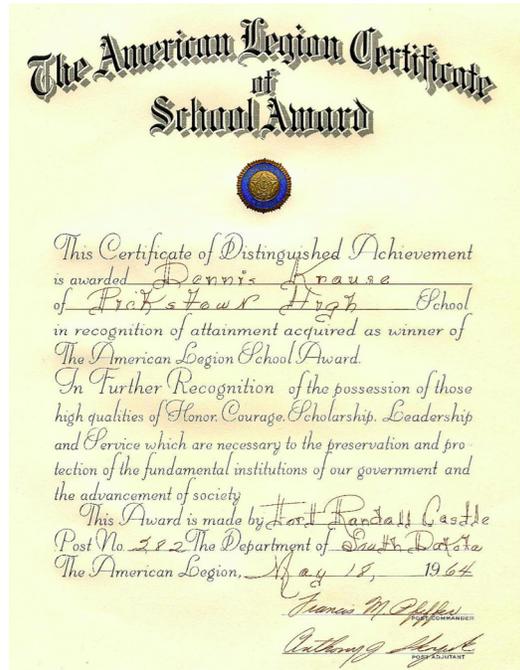
High School Science Fair certificate recognizing Dennis Lyle Krause for his electric motor project presented at the University of South Dakota, Vermillion, South Dakota. Date: April 15, 1961.



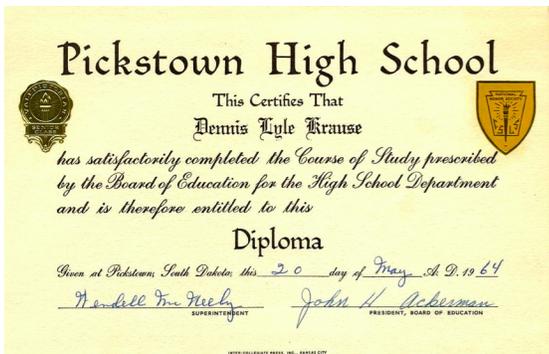
Dennis Lyle Krause with Science Fair project: Boy with His Motors. Each of the five motor types and switches were handcrafted in the basement of his home from ordinary shop materials demonstrating the interaction of electric and magnetic fields. Date: April 15, 1961.



Elementary School Diploma of Dennis Lyle Krause. Date: May 29, 1960.



American Legion School Award certificate awarded to Dennis Lyle Krause. Date: May 18, 1964.



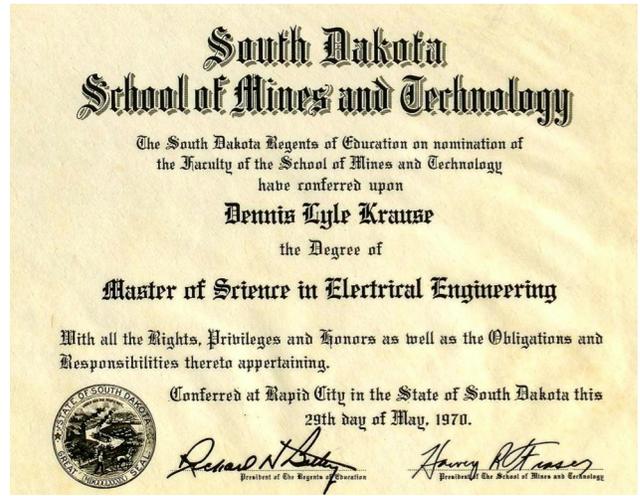
High School Diploma of Dennis Lyle Krause. Date: May 20, 1964.



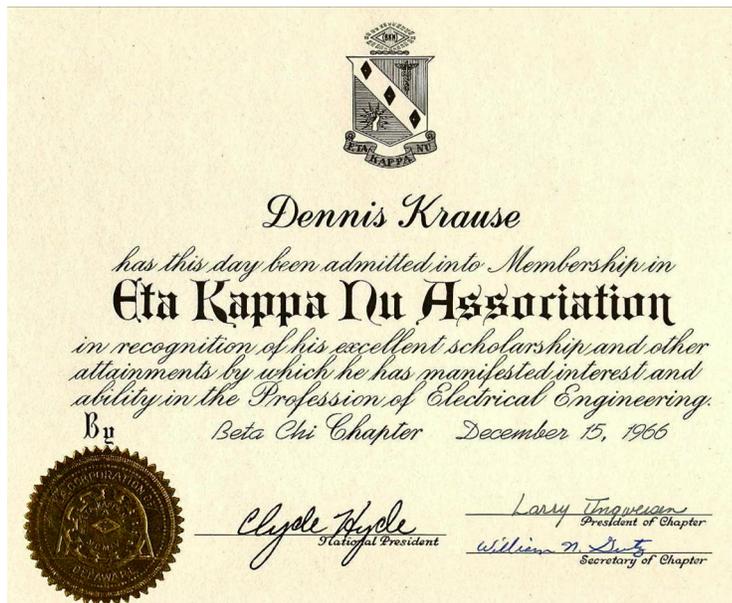
Pickstown High School 1964 Senior Class. Dennis Lyle Krause (bottom center) was the class President. Date: May 18, 1964.



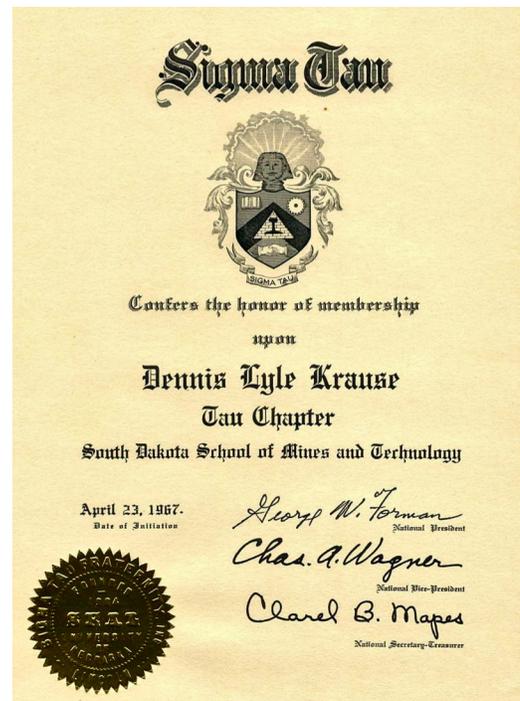
College Diploma of Dennis Lyle Krause from the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Electrical Engineering with High Honors, Rapid City, South Dakota. Date: May 29, 1968.



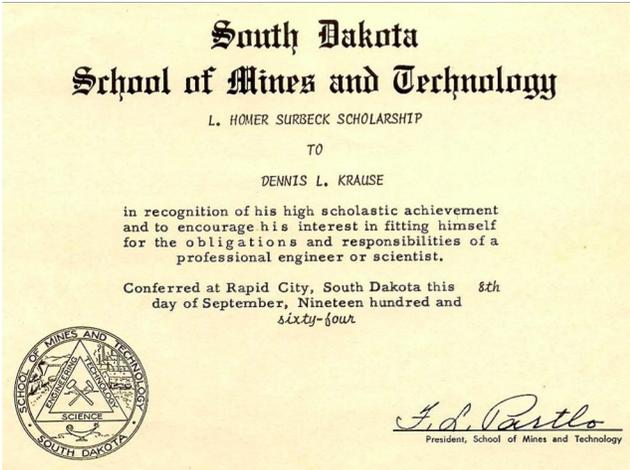
College Diploma of Dennis Lyle Krause from the South Dakota School of Mines and Technology with a Master of Science Degree in Electrical Engineering, Rapid City, South Dakota. Date: May 29, 1968.



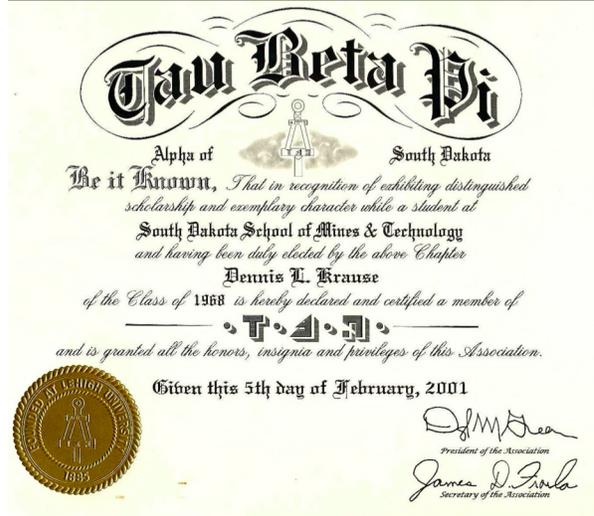
Eta Kappa Nu Association certificate of Dennis Lyle Krause for membership into the Electrical Engineering Honor Society. Date: December 15, 1966.



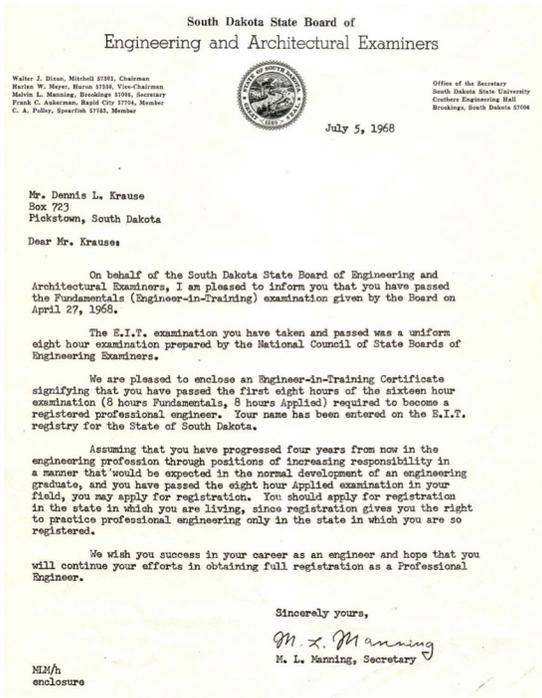
Sigma Tau Association certificate of Dennis Lyle Krause for membership into the Engineering Honor Society. Date: April 23, 1967.



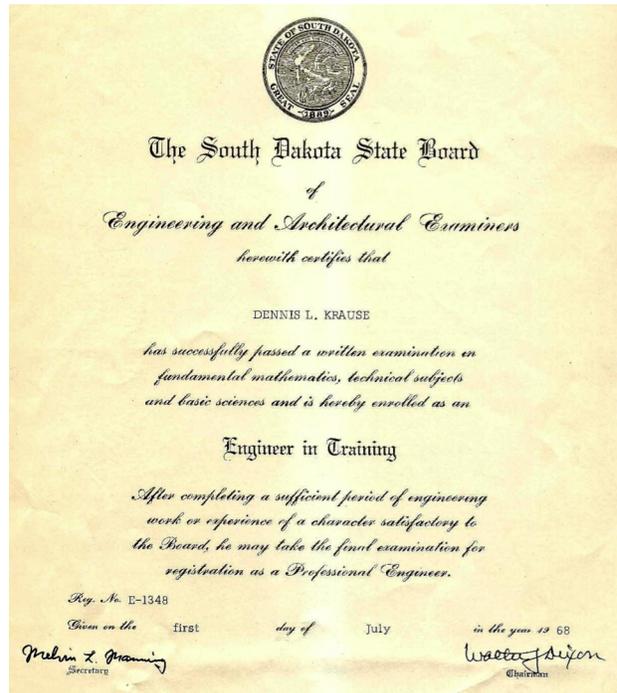
One of four scholarships Dennis Lyle Krause received while attending South Dakota School of Mines and Technology, Rapid City, South Dakota.
Date: September 8, 1964.



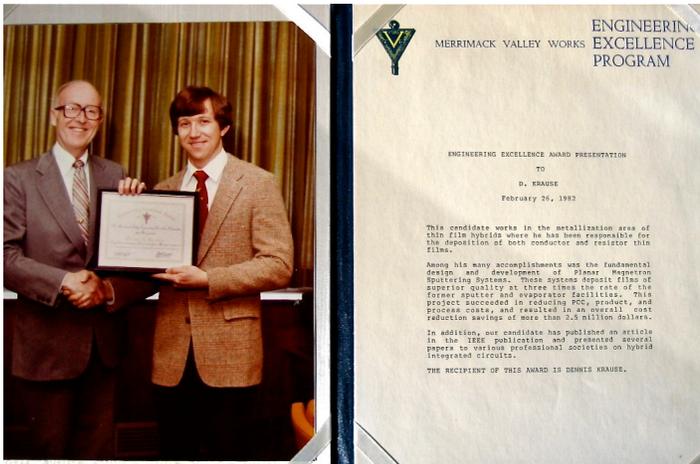
Tau Beta Pi certificate of Dennis Lyle Krause recognizing scholarship as an honor student and attainments as alumni in the field of engineering. Tau Beta Pi is the oldest engineering honor society in the US. Date: February 5, 2001.



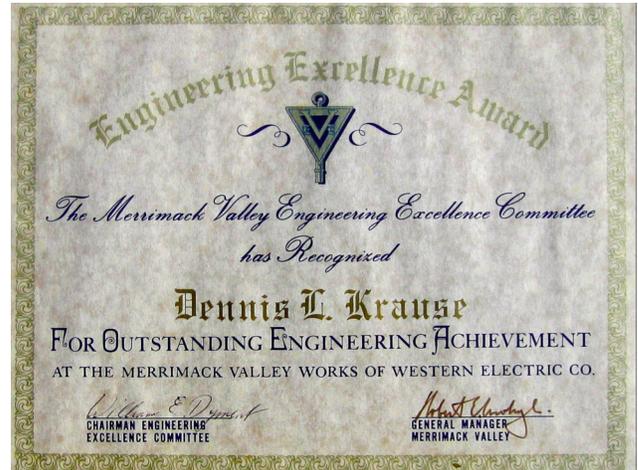
Engineering and Architectural Examiners letter to Dennis Lyle Krause on passing the fundamental portion of the professional engineering examination. Date: July 5, 1968.



Engineering in Training certificate issued to Dennis Lyle Krause by the South Dakota State Board of Engineering and Architectural Examiners. Date: July 1, 1968.



Engineering Excellent Award of Dennis Lyle Krause presented by Robert Crowley, General Manager of Merrimack Valley, Western Electric Company, North Andover, Massachusetts. Date: February 26, 1982.

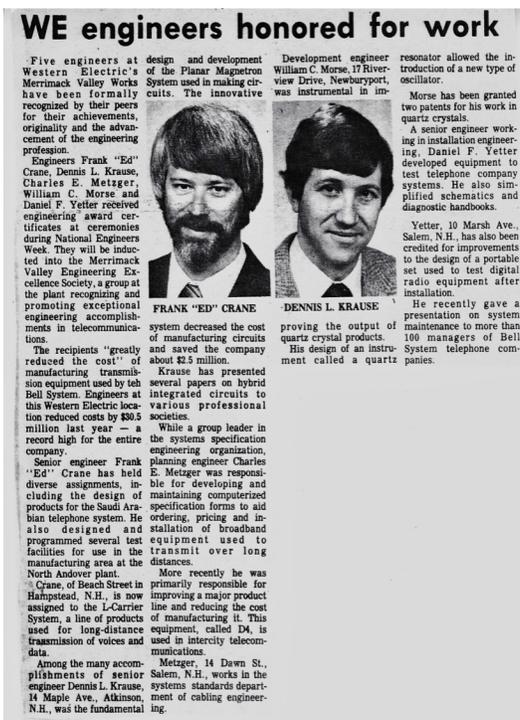


Engineering Excellent Award Certificate of Dennis Lyle Krause. Date: February 26, 1982.



Left to right: Charles Metzger, Dennis Krause, Bill Morse, Dan Yetter and Ed Crane.

New members recipient of Western Electric Company's Engineering Electric Award for the year 1982 presented during the annual Engineering Week activities. Date: February of 1982.

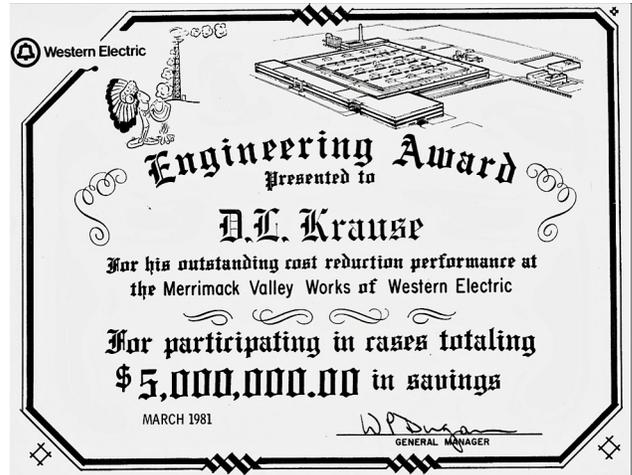


Newspaper article of Engineering Excellent Award recipients as appeared in The Eagle-Tribune, Lawrence, Massachusetts. Date: February 27, 1982.



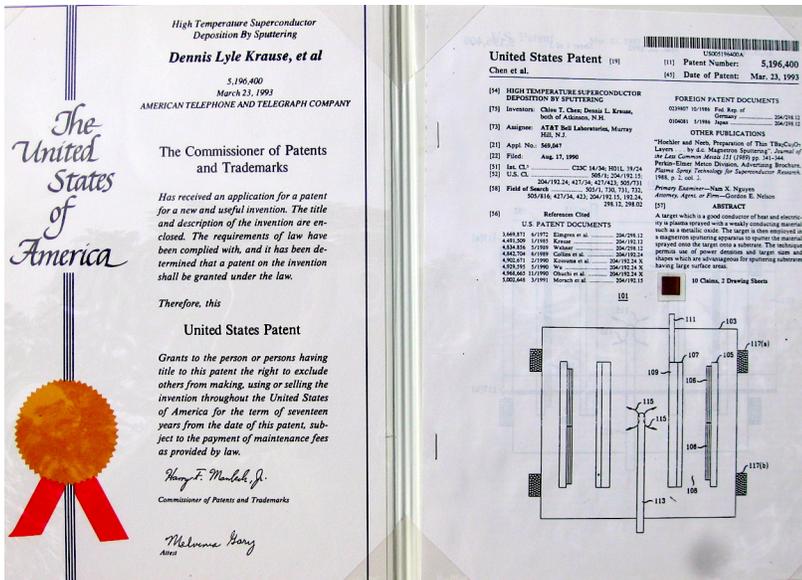
Council visits MV

On a tour of Western Electric facilities at Merrimack Valley on June 27, Bell Labs Council members listen to Dennis Krause, left, a Senior Hybrid Integrated Circuit Engineering Department, explain the sputtering equipment used in a thin-film deposition process.

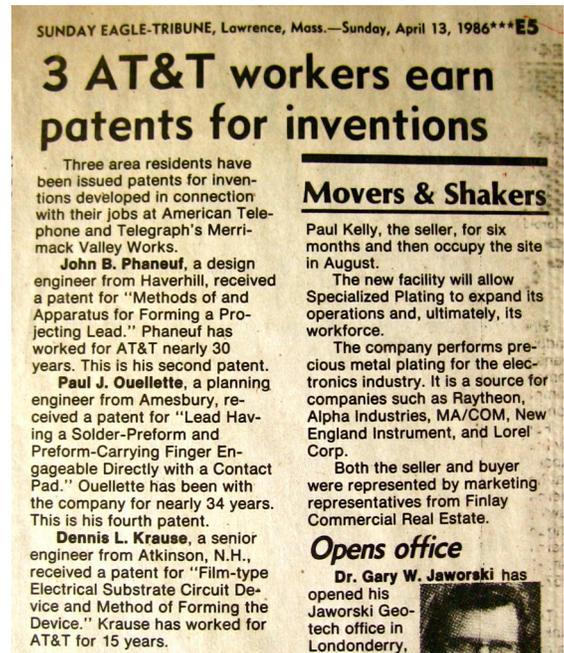


Dennis Lyle Krause presenting technical information regarding sputter deposition of metallic thin film materials to members of Bell Labs Council. Date: May of 1980.

Cost Reduction Award certificate of Dennis Lyle Krause for engineering cost reduction cases that had an accumulation of \$5 million dollars of savings for the Western Electric Company, North Andover, Massachusetts. Date: March 1981.



United States Patent certificate of Dennis Lyle Krause for the sputter deposition of super conductor thin films. This was one of eleven patents awarded to Dennis during his 31-year engineering career with Western Electric/AT&T/Lucent Technologies. Date: March 23, 1993.



Newspaper article regarding patents awarded to Western Electric/AT&T Engineers at the Merrimack Valley Works as appeared in The Eagle-Tribune, Lawrence, Massachusetts. Date: April 13, 1986.

AT&T
Distinguished Member
of Technical Staff

November 27, 1995

Ms. Sandra L. Krause
Distinguished Member of Technical Staff
DDM-2000 System Validation Test
AT&T
1600 Osgood Street
North Andover, MA 01845

Dear Sandie:

Effective September 1, 1995, you have been appointed to Distinguished Member of Technical Staff (DMTS). This appointment is in recognition of your sustained outstanding performance and contributions during your career at AT&T.

You are recognized for your outstanding contributions in system validation testing, technical support, and customer advocacy of D5 and DDM-2000 product software. You are viewed as a system test process expert and have championed the strategies of analysis-based regression and critical test focus to provide emergency maintenance releases in reduced intervals. The breadth and depth of your product and process expertise are the basis for your technical leadership of the regression test team, and for your ability to facilitate the success of your team members. Your strong and sustained emphasis on the customer viewpoint has been a dominant force behind the quality achievements of the DDM-2000 software maintenance group and the recognition they have gained within the development community.

I congratulate you on your appointment to DMTS and wish you continued success in the future.

Sincerely yours,



Sandra Lee (Lynch) Krause letter of promotion to Distinguished Member of the Technical Staff (DMTS) at Lucent Technologies, Merrimack Valley Works, North Andover, Massachusetts. Date: November 27, 1995.

Lucent Technologies
Distinguished Member
of Technical Staff

16 February 2001

Mr. Dennis L. Krause
Distinguished Member of Technical Staff
Merrimack Valley Works
Lucent Technologies

Dear Dennis,

It is a great pleasure to congratulate you on being selected a Distinguished Member of Technical Staff. This award formally recognizes your major accomplishments and contributions at Merrimack Valley and Lucent Technologies.

As a Hybrid Integrated Circuit (HIC) process engineer, you were recognized as an authority on sputter deposition and plasma enhanced systems. You were granted nine US patents for your contributions. In OLS fiber optic engineering, you introduced a high strength fusion splicing process, established a fiber optics repair shop and an independent fiber optics evaluation lab to help supplier/shop quality. You initiated and developed the fiber certification program, now mandatory MV training. You developed new tools for handling and cleaning fiber optics and have four new patents pending. You have established the Lucent Ireland fiber optics evaluation center and are now providing consultation and fiber optics services to OLS/Bell Labs on Lambda Xtreme, SONET, SDH and Lambda Router products.

You have demonstrated the teamwork and leadership abilities that greatly enhance your team's performance and effectiveness. Your personal dedication and commitment to excellence make you an extraordinary role model and truly deserving of this award. We in Lucent Technologies would like to wish you congratulations and continued success in the future.

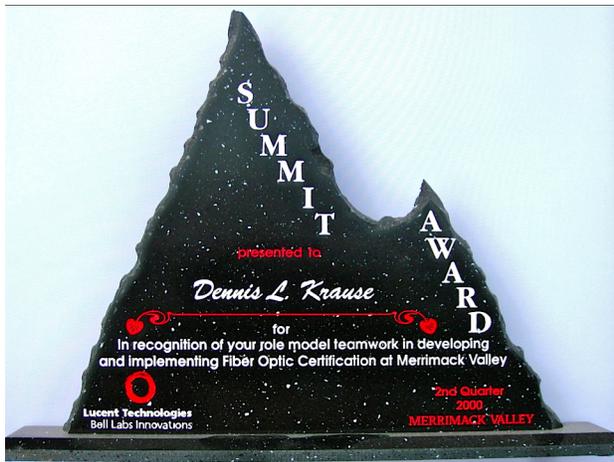
Sincerely yours,



Michael I. Jones
ONG Manufacturing and Supply Chain Networks Vice-President



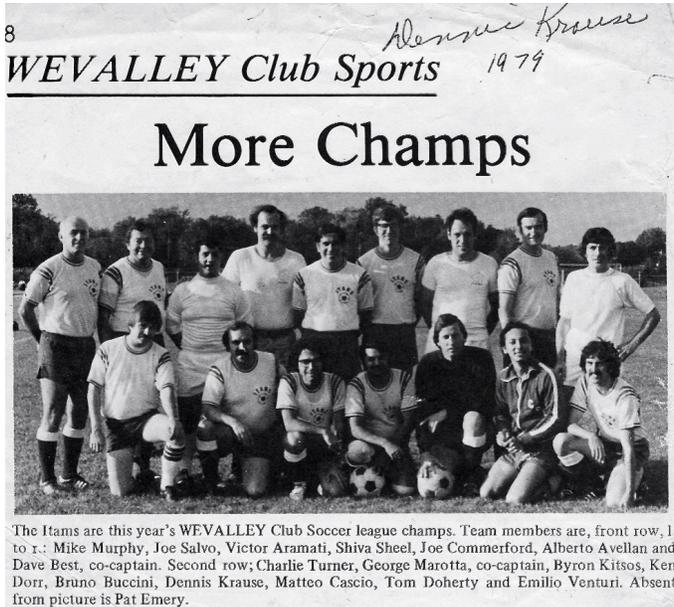
Dennis Lyle Krause letter of promotion to Distinguished Member of the Technical Staff (DMTS) at Lucent Technologies, Merrimack Valley Works, North Andover, Massachusetts. Date: February 16, 2001.



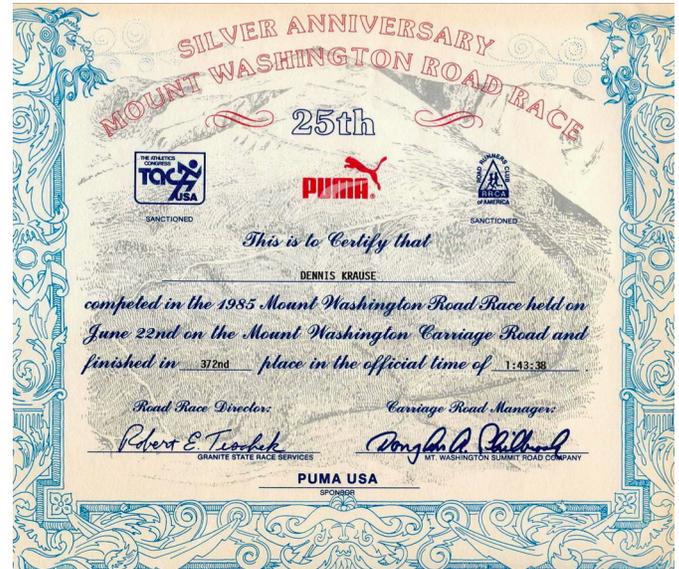
The Summit Award for quality excellence was presented to Dennis Lyle Krause for his work in Fiber Optic Certification Training Programs. Date: May of 2000.



Excellence Award presented to Dennis Lyle Krause upon his retirement from Western Electric/AT&T/Lucent Technologies after 31 years of service. Date: June 15, 2001.



Article in WE Valley News regarding Championship Soccer Team, The Items, in the Western Electric Company League. Date: 1979.



Certificate of Dennis Lyle Krause on running of the Silver Anniversary Mount Washington (6.7 mile) Road Race, Conway, New Hampshire. Date: June 22, 1985.

Warriors Volleyball Team ends season undefeated

The Warriors Volleyball Team has successfully defended its title as champions for the 1987-88 season in the WEValley Volleyball League.

The team, captained by Dennis Krause, completed an undefeated 16-0 season.

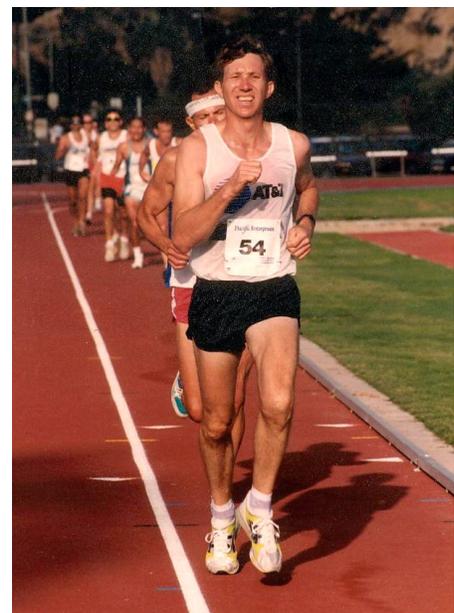
The Volleyball League is sponsored by the WEValley Club and has been in existence about 15 years. The League is made up of eight teams composed of AT&T employees from engineering, BTL and shop areas.



WARRIORS team members, from left: Front, Dave Best and Dennis Krause, team captain. Rear, Ron Peterson, Al Bridgham, Doug Cokely, Mike Kovach and Bill McLaughlin.

Above: Article in WE Valley News regarding undefeated Volleyball Team captained by Dennis Lyle Krause in the AT&T League. Date: 1988.

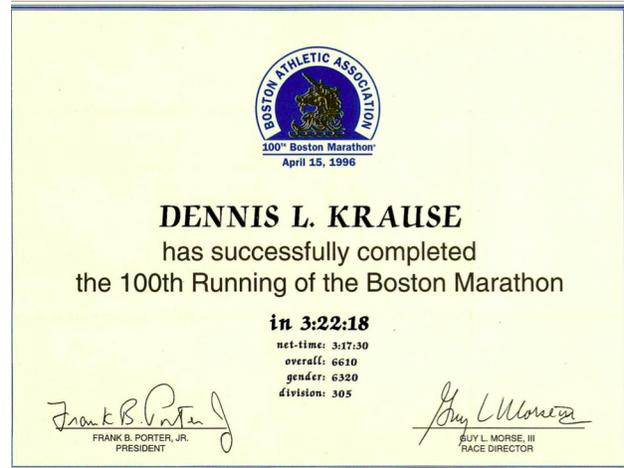
Right: Dennis Lyle Krause competing in the National Track Corporation Championships in Santa Barber, California running the 10K road race. Dennis finished first in his age group. Date: July of 1991.



1991 USCAA NATIONAL TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS
 Santa Barbara, California
 Sabrezone Photographs © 1991



Bib number and finishing medal of Dennis Lyle Krause running the one-hundredth Boston Marathon from Hopkinton to Boston, Massachusetts (26.2 miles). This was the third of four Boston Marathons that Dennis completed. Date: April 15, 1996.



Certificate of Dennis Lyle Krause on finishing the one-hundredth Boston Marathon, Boston, Massachusetts. Date: April 15, 1996.



Certificate of Dennis Lyle Krause on completion of NAUI course for qualified scuba diver. Date: October 15, 1972.



Certificate of Dennis Lyle Krause on achieving the rank of First Degree Black Belt in Kempo Karate, Haverhill, Massachusetts. Date: October 30, 1982.



Dennis Lyle and Sandra Lee (Lynch) Krause summer cottage (1987-2004) on Merrymeeting Lake, Alton Bay, New Hampshire. Date: July of 1998.



Dennis Lyle and Sandra Lee (Lynch) Krause home residence (1974--current) at 16 Maple Avenue, Atkinson, New Hampshire. Dennis and Sandra designed and built this house. Date: Spring of 2008.