



Carol Leslie

April 4, 1925 - April 1, 2022

Symphonies abound, choirs rejoice, and piano solos spiral throughout the clouds as a new song rings throughout heaven.

Ruby Carol Haskin, daughter of Frank Leslie Haskin and Ruby Mildred Haskin, was born April 4, 1925 in McMinnville, Oregon. Carol had one older brother, Eugene Francis “Gene” Haskin.

Carol Leslie passed away on April 1, 2022 just 3 days shy of her 97th birthday at home surrounded by family in Newberg, Oregon.

When just a few weeks old, Carol’s father moved their family back to his homestead in Dundee, Oregon where he took over the farm from his aging grandmother. As a small child, Carol spent much time with her great-grandmother exploring the woods, searching for lady slippers and fairy moss. As a toddler, Carol’s father joined his brother in the fox farming business. The Dundee farm became the home location, but for a couple of years, Carol lived in Palo Alto, California when the fox farm business started to expand. While living in California, Carol saw the Graf Zeppelin fly over the farm during its globe circumnavigation and had a visit from then President Herbert Hoover who stopped by the fox farm due to the Newberg connection.

Before starting school, Carol’s family returned to Dundee where she lived for many years. Among Carol’s stories of childhood, she loved to share about her pet fox, Midgie, an orphan fawn she raised, the many hobos that would come to the farm from railroad track markers for a hot meal and shelter. Carol was raised to care for those in need, show kindness to all, and to work hard.

Carol showed musical talent as a young child, often entertaining family guests with a song. She learned to play piano, sang in the school choir, played French horn in the school band, and performed in numerous plays, musicals, and operettas. She was often asked to perform at church, banquets, weddings, and other special occasions.

After graduating from Newberg High School in 1943, Carol attended Willamette University in Salem, Oregon where she met the love of her life, James "Millard" Leslie in late September 1943. Carol didn't even know he was interested until Millard showed up on her family's doorstep in Dundee one day during Christmas break with his young brother of 13 years in tow. While her father, Frank, became enchanted with this gregarious boy, Carol fell in love with Millard.

War time demanded a quick-planned wedding which took place on July 23, 1944 just before Millard shipped out with his Navy unit. Following the war, Carol and Millard lived in Rainier, Oregon for about six years before moving back to Dundee to take over the family farm and care for her aging mother. For nearly 50 years, Carol taught piano and organ lessons. While Millard taught music and drama at the Newberg Junior and High Schools, Carol provided piano accompaniment for many of Millard's musicals and operettas and often made the costumes. She played the piano at church and spent many years actively involved as a church deaconess.

Carol was an avid reader who loved mysteries, FBI thrillers, and historical fiction. Genealogy, stamp collecting, plate collecting, making costumes for the Champoeg Pageant and crafting were among some of Carol's other passions. In later years, into her 90's, Carol continued to hand-quilt baby blankets and crochet baby sweater sets which she donated to the Newberg Hospital for newborns.

Among her children's greatest memories are canning all the vegetables and fruit grown in the garden, gathering eggs from the chickens, helping care for Grandma, listening to Mom play the piano, being taught to sing together in harmony, adventures at the creek, family beach trips, decorating for

Christmas, and continuing the tradition of long walks in the woods looking for lady slippers.

Carol's grandchildren will always remember Grandma baking cookies and banana bread, showing them how to hunt for salamanders, picking blackberries together, endless encouragement, looking for rocks, reading Peter Rabbit and Grandma beating the hard Super Mario World levels for them.

Surviving are Carol and Millard's six children: Carolyn (Geoff) Proehl of Tacoma, WA, Dianne (Rick) Richmond of Scappoose, OR, Beth (Fred) Swain of Salem, OR, and from Newberg, Laurie (Rick) Comfort, Dave (Renae) Leslie, and Lisa Leslie. Carol is also survived by 5 grandsons, 4 granddaughters, 3 great-grandsons, and 5 great-granddaughters, and several nieces and nephews. Her husband, Millard, and brother, Eugene, preceded her in death.

Rest well, Mom. It has been a privilege and honor to be your children.

In lieu of flowers, the family suggests making contributions to the Millard Leslie Scholarship with the Newberg Kiwanis Club, PO Box 141, Newberg, OR 97132

Cemetery Details

Valley View Memorial Park

24235 NE Dayton Avenue
Newberg, OR 97132

Previous Events

Memorial Service

MAY **14**. 1:00 PM (PT)

Joyful Servant Lutheran Church
1716 N. Villa Road
Newberg, OR 97132

Tribute Wall

“ MEMORIES OF MOM from Carolyn Leslie (Proehl)

Tap dance lessons -

When we lived in Rainier, one of dad's high school students was teaching tap. Mom and Dad put metal taps on a pair of red Mary Jane shoes and signed me up. I was four years old, and was thrilled to be taking dance lessons. I could hardly wait to dance in my first recital.

Unfortunately, both Dianne and I came down with chicken pox. I remember performing for mom many times, as I recovered from the illness. She was very patient with me, and totally shared my sadness at not being able to perform.

Thank you, mom, for recognizing my love of dancing and giving me the opportunity at a young age to learn.

Home Economics' fashion show -

Every girl in seventh grade had to make a full cotton skirt and then, like a model, walk up and down the gym for our mothers. All the girls seemed to be able to do very well finishing this project, but my skirt was a disaster. The teacher was so worried about my tragic attempt to put the waist band on this giant piece of fabric, she allowed me to take it home. She knew mom would be able to salvage my failed attempt.

Of course, our mothers were not supposed to help us, but my teacher knew that if I was going to be wearing this skirt the next day, I needed help.

Mom came to the rescue and spent hours pulling out hundreds of matted threads on the waist band. When it was over, the teacher said, "I hope your daughter drive's a car better than she sews." They both chuckled. Little did they know.

Thank you, mom, for rescuing me and my skirt.

Saturday morning trips to Portland for rehearsals -

There were so many children in our family, I find it amazing that when I was a junior in high school mom drove me every other week to Portland to play in the preparatory Junior Symphony Orchestra. She also did this my senior year. It was such an amazing experience to be under the direction of Jacob Ashmalov.

We would go to the Lloyd Center, order doughnuts before rehearsal, and watch children ice skate. It was wonderful to have this treat, then go to rehearse.

Thank you, mom, for driving me to Portland on those Saturday mornings. It was such a privilege to have this special time together.

The opera -

When I was a junior in high school, I entered a contest to win two tickets to the San Francisco Opera's production of "Carmen." I won the contest, so mom and I went to see this famous opera in Portland.

I remember finding the experience quite eye-opening. I became very aware that I was seeing something the Baptist church might not approve. Mom did not blush. She was enjoying every minute of this racy production. We had a great time.

Thank you, mom, for taking me to see "Carmen."

Hidden books in the toy room -

I don't know if it was mom's intention to increase my curiosity for literature, but she had hidden away some books in a cupboard in the toy room upstairs. I spent hours crawling into this dark little closet and looking at scary pictures in "Jane Eyre" and "Wuthering Heights." The most shocking was "Paradise Lost" with its terrifying drawings of Lucifer in the Garden of Eden.

Thank you, mom, for scaring me into a love of reading.

These and so many other memories of you and your love live in and through us - our children and grandchildren - every day.

Thank you, thank you, thank you . . . We love you. - Carolyn

Carolyn Proehl - April 24, 2022 at 05:12 PM

CP

“ 3 files added to the album *Tribute Wall*



Carolyn Proehl - April 24, 2022 at 04:14 PM



“ 1 file added to the album *Tribute Wall*



Dianne Richmond - April 19, 2022 at 05:10 PM

DI

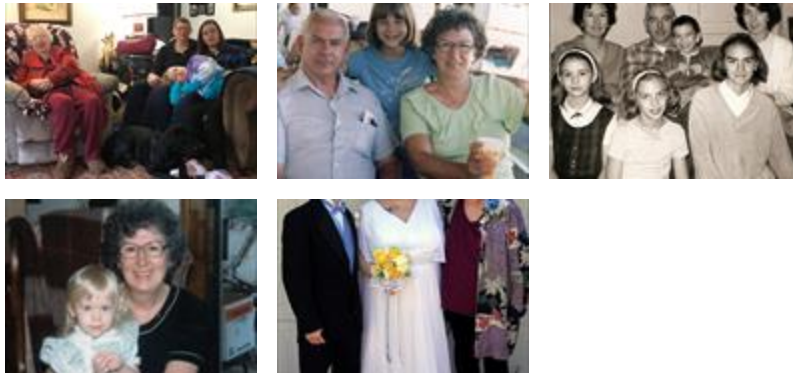
“ I remember Mom spotting some unwelcomed hunters crossing the upper part of the farm. She took me for a brisk hike to chase them down. Mom told all three men they were trespassing, and the property was posted as no hunting. Then she told them they needed to leave immediately. They said that they would. We headed back toward the house Mom said, "Well, that probably wasn't very smart, all three had rifles and she was unarmed" Mom always left a can of food at the old cabin for the Hebo's 'that stopped at the woods at times. She loved to take us for hikes in the woods on summer days. Mom had a special relationship with her mom and took care of Grandma Haskin well into her 70's. Mom would bring baby farm animals to our grade school show and tell. When a child needed clothes, she would find fabric to sew a dress for a child in need.

Dianne Richmond

Dianne - April 19, 2022 at 05:05 PM

LL

“ 26 files added to the album Memories Album



Lisa Leslie - April 16, 2022 at 05:41 AM

LL

“ 4 files added to the album *Photos and videos*



Lisa Leslie - April 16, 2022 at 02:58 AM

LL

“ 31 files added to the album *Tribute Wall*



Lisa Leslie - April 16, 2022 at 01:52 AM