

**Testimony by Miles Andrist, Portland, Ore;
Former student of Bob Plotts at Beach Elementary School
Presented at the Bob Plotts Celebration of Life**

Hello, my name is Miles Andrist.

As most of you know Bob didn't teach public speaking or I would be much better at this.

Whenever Bob introduced me as his former student, he would tell this story:

I was a student at Beach Elementary in North Portland. In 1968 we had art class for half a year and wood shop the second half of the year. I was 6'1" and 200 lbs in the eighth grade, with a real attitude, and was banished from Art class due to an incident with the teacher.

Bob was teaching his first shop class that second semester, and the school principle, fearing for Bob's safety, had warned him about the mean, giant kid in his class.

On the first day, up drove Bob in his white Corvair. We all watched in amazement as this 4'11" man unloaded boxes of cutaway engine parts from his car! He was going to teach us about internal combustion engines. Wow! This guy had my attention and spoke my language, AND had a REAL race car. We hit it off immediately.

Mr. Nelson, the principal, never did figure out the power Bob had over me and how he could teach this incorrigible monster of a kid!

Bob enriched many students' lives, and found the best in everyone. After eighth grade, I wanted to attend Benson Polytechnic high school, a prestigious technical school in Portland at the time, but didn't have the grades to get in. Bob went to bat for me and pulled some strings, and to my surprise, I was accepted.

During those years, I was frequently at the Plotts household working on Bob's sports racer, and a regular at the dinner table. So sorry Roseanne for the grocery bills!

Looking back, I know now that Bob and Roseanne filled a large void in my family life during those years.

Bob was also instrumental getting me my first job at a race car shop in Portland. He spoke to Dale and Tony at The Job Shop, convincing them to give me a try. That job opened a lot of doors and gave me opportunities I'm forever grateful for.

Bob wanted to keep his racing license current, and I conned him into buying this derelict, orange, Bug-eye Sprite my boss had just acquired (again, sorry Roseanne!). We turned it into a real race car in a matter of weeks. When it came time to race, Bob's old crash helmet was outdated and he needed a new one. I had just bought a new orange Honda motorcycle, and a Bell Star helmet to match. Someone had nicknamed me "Tiny" at the time, so I had "Tiny" lettered on the back of my helmet. There are pictures of Bob racing his orange Bug-eye wearing my "Tiny" orange helmet, that still brings a smile to my face today!

Through the years Bob and I continued to share the love of all things racing and car related. He was what we call a true Gear Head. And we never ended a bench racing session without him wanting an update on each member of my family.

When I think of all the lives Bob has touched and enriched in 32 years of teaching and 73 years of living, I feel so lucky to have been one of them.

Bob was my teacher, my mentor, and a great friend! Last Saturday he took the white flag, and on Sunday, the checkered flag. But damn, he had a life of green flag racing!

Take your victory lap Bob, you earned it!