

Memories:
Living Treasures of Yesteryears

By Irma Oksen Reaves

It gives me great pleasure to dedicate this book to all the old timers who have lived throughout the "good ole days" -- from the time of the horse and buggy to the era of cyberspace. This book covers the great span of changes in the 20th century: 1906-1996.

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Other Books by Irma Oksen Reaves

Tassajara (1985)
Pappy (Co-Author, 1985)
Arroyo Seco Camping Days (1986)*
Big Sur Forest Service Days (1987)
A White Christmas in Colorado (1987)
Lookouts of the Los Padres Forest (1988)
Doodle Bug Travelers (1989)*
Delia Belle (1991)
Sharing My Memories and Love (1991)
Happy Memories of Our Pets (1993)
Nursing: An Ambition Fulfilled (1994)*
Golden Memories of Green Valley (1994)

* Not available in digital form

Memories

Memories, Memories,
Days I live anew.
Over seas of memories,
I'm drifting back to you.
Childhood days, wildwood ways,
Amongst the birds and bees.
You left me alone,
Yet still your my own,
In my beautiful memories.

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Chapter 1 – Early Memories: 1910-1920

Looking back on the "Good Ole Days," there are many remembrances worth telling about. This chapter will recall some of the earliest I can remember.

The Rag Man.

A ragged, medium-aged, Latino with a long, black drooping mustache passed our house about once each week. He had a push-cart. In a loud, piercing voice he cried, "Rags, sacks and bottles." I do believe his attire was salvaged from some of the rags he collected. His uncombed, black hair beneath a funny little cap almost covered his dark, very-badly crossed eyes.

I was terribly frightened of this individual due to his appearance, but deep in my heart I felt a "hurt" for him. James and Lloyd, my two younger brothers, usually managed to stay out of his sight as occasionally, when they were naughty and disobeyed Mama, she would say, "How would you like me to sell you to the rag man?" (Of course, I knew Mama would never do that but it somehow made my two mischievous brothers stop and think.)

I don't believe the rag man had a very lucrative job as in those days most people wore their clothes as long as possible. If they needed buttons or were somewhat worn or torn the Mamas of that day mended them.

The sacks that this individual picked up were old gunnysacks sacks that could not be used for other purposes. He paid two or three cents for each, depending on their condition.

The fifty-pound flour sacks were white cloth and were not sold. They were opened, bleached and hemmed to be used for dish towels. In those days the dishes were always dried and put away after being washed. There was no such thing as a dish-drainer or an electric dishwasher.

Not many bottles or jars were bought by the rag man as very few things came in bottles and jars in the days-of-the-past. All jars and bottles purchased for canning, etc. were washed and reused for canned fruits, vegetables, jams, jellies, pickles, and many more delicacies, put up by "the lady of the house." How proud Mama was to show her cabinets full of beautiful jars of goodies stored in a cool place for use during the winter months.

All in all, I don't believe the old rag man made a fortune but he, no doubt, made enough to live on as he kept at it over a period of years.

Mail Delivery.

As far back as I can remember our mail was delivered twice each day -- morning and afternoon. Harry Bridgewater was the first mail carrier that I remember. Then there was O. S. Schuhardt.

The early carriers delivered mail on foot. I used to feel sorry for them carrying heavy backpacks of mail on their backs. I often wondered how they kept the mail from getting all mixed up.

Sometime later bicycles were used for Uncle Sam's deliveries. To me, that made more sense as then they had packs attached to the bicycle.

At our house we had a little, white mailbox that hung on a nail just outside our back door -- on the Locust Street side. This mail box was the same one that my Grandma Kuehnis had at her house at 607 Walker Street. Whenever Mama had a letter or two to mail she left it by the little, white mailbox.

My Grandma Oksen, who lived a few doors away, always had some good Danish cookies to give to the mailman each time that he delivered a letter to her. Her three sons, from other towns, and a daughter wrote to her weekly. Those letters meant the world to her as I'm sure they would to all elderly folks.

The Sprinkling Wagon.

These sprinkling wagons were in use many years before my recollection. However, as I remember them, from five years of age and on they must have been a dire necessity.

In those days there were no paved streets nor cement sidewalks. The dirt streets were somewhat narrow, and the so-called sidewalks varied. In the front of some houses wooden sidewalks were used. Other homes adapted dirt sidewalks that had been packed down from constant use. The slight slope at the edge near the street could, with a stretch of imagination, be called a gutter.

These dirt streets were very dusty. Many sugar beet wagons with teams of horses passed over them daily. That was the main reason for having the streets watered down two or three times a day.

The four-wheel water wagon carried a long, large cylindrical tank that was painted yellow. It was drawn by a team of horses. The driver of this rig could control the spray of water released at the back end of the tank. He could form a large, fan-shaped spray of water that could practically reach the width of the dirt street or he could adjust the release of water to just a dribble.

We kids, when playing on the sidewalk or street, always took precautions to stay some distance from the sprinkle wagon. The driver seemed to enjoy giving us an unexpected shower. However, when the weather was hot, we enjoyed running under the spray.

When automobiles became more prevalent, a few years later, the wagon was replaced by a truck. It still sprayed in the same manner, as I remember it, and the tank was still painted yellow. The job of sprinkling the streets at that time was much faster and easier. Progress !!!

The Ice Wagon.

As kids we always seemed to know the exact time the covered ice wagon was due to come by our house. It was drawn by two horses.

Of course, the iceman knew all his "freeloader" customers by name. Before he carried the large chunk of ice to his paying customers he would chip off a small piece of ice from a small block to satisfy the kids that had gathered to meet him. After that chore was done he reached for the ice tongs and made his delivery.

This was a weekly gathering on most all blocks, or streets, in the small town of Watsonville.

Theaters.

Being a native of Watsonville, I can remember one of the first theaters of my home town. Its name was "Lyric Theater." It was located in the 400 block on the east side of Main Street. The first and only picture that I remember seeing at this little theater was entitled "Baby

Violet". I do not know the name of the little star. This dates back to 1911 or 1912.

The T & D Theater, built sometime later on East Third Street (now called East Beach Street) was a delightful place for the town's younger set on a Sunday afternoon. Pearl White's weekly and exciting serial was a great drawing card for youngsters of all ages. Of course, each episode ended at a most crucial point. We could barely wait until the following Sunday to know if the heroine, who had been bound and left on the railroad track, had been rescued in time before the locomotive came around the bend -- or if she had been saved from some other disaster.

Another thrilling and bloodcurdling serial, shown at this movie house on Sundays was episodes of Tom Mix and his horse, Tony. Some of the raging trials and happenings shown in these cowboy pictures kept the young audience on the edge of their seats.

The Sunday vaudeville acts at the T & D Theater attracted many Watsonville residents. I can still see the beautiful women dancers, singers and acrobats bedecked in glittering jewel-like attire. When the bright, various-colored lights were projected on the performers on stage, their costumes shimmered and glistened like diamonds. Their eyes even sparkled. The eyes of the men also sparkled as they did their soft shoe, magical tricks and other acts, dressed in "tails, bow ties and top hats."

Although I looked forward to attending these Sunday matinees as a child there were times when my parents said "No." For these particular occasions the admission was 10 cents for children. Of course, we always managed to have some pennies for an "all-day sucker" (candy on a stick) as well as a nickel for popcorn. Sometimes we shared our bag of popcorn with others. (I almost believe that popcorn has been around since the beginning of time.)

In the teen years the T & D Theater was considered a most elaborate movie house for a small town. It acquired its name from Mr. Turner and Mr. Dankan. Alma Dankan, a cute child dancer, often performed on the stage. Mr. Dankan was the projectionist. My Uncle Eugene Kuehnis, an electrician from San Jose, did the entire wiring for that theater.

I can well remember when the Fox Theater was built in the early 20's. I was about fourteen years old at the time. The early pictures shown there were all black and white films. Several that I was deeply impressed with were The Miracle Man starring Thomas Meighan; Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrel in Seventh Heaven; and Norma Talmadge in Smilin' Through. I cried all the way through the latter. It was so sad.

Sometime later colored movies were introduced. Everyone was so excited to see movies in color. However, it took several years before the color was perfected.

Edward Kelly was the organist at the wonderful, big pipe organ at the Fox Theater. Arthur Ranier, a local man, was the projectionist.

News.

When I was a child, the only means of getting the news was from an evening newspaper, The Pajaronian, published by Mr. Paratski. Later on the Register became a morning paper. News of the nation and of the world was slow getting to the public.

In the early 20's, when radio came into being, the news traveled faster -- over air waves. More and more radio stations started up. We then got music and plays as well as daily news.

When television started, black and white pictures of news locations were shown on the screen. Then came color television. The latest news of today is brought to us from all over the world by satellites.

Eventually, the Pajaronian and Register newspapers merged. As of today our local

paper is called The Register-Pajaronian.

Tuttle Neighbors.

Skyler and Ella Tuttle and family lived across the street from us on First and Locust Streets. As a child, I can remember very well the time that the city (Watsonville) had to hurriedly dig up big trenches, leading from Tuttle's house out to the middle of Locust Street. The story goes like this.

The daughter, Louise Tuttle, married a millionaire by the name of Jones. Louise came home to visit her folks. Of course, her beautiful, sparkling diamond rings, earrings and bracelets naturally caught the eyes of a little eight-year-old girl.

Louise never left her diamond jewelry laying around. She kept them in a little chamois pouch, secured to her undergarments by a safety pin. One day, when "Mother Nature" had beckoned to her, the safety pin that held her jewelry in place came unfastened. Before she realized it, her diamonds were being flushed down the toilet. The only way that they could be retrieved was to dig up the sewer line some distance out in the street and dig back towards the house, hopefully the treasured packet had not yet passed that "point of no return."

If I remember correctly there were six men including Mr. Tuttle working strenuously on that sewer ditch. As luck would have it, Louise' jewels were found and returned to her. The working men were rewarded with a case of beer.

Groceries.

Hills Bros. Coffee has been a "must" -- a desirable product in our home, as a hot drink, since the turn of the century.

Danes are great coffee drinkers. Being such, my Mom and Dad usually ordered the "red can." Grandma Oksen preferred the "blue can." The only difference was in the grind. These, we often ordered over the phone to be delivered to the house with other groceries.

Up until about 1920 you did not select your groceries yourself. You told the clerk what you wanted and he brought it to the front counter (now called checkstand) where you paid for purchases. I can remember the first time I started to help myself from the shelf. The clerk really "chewed me out." That policy was changed with the beginning of supermarkets.

Over a period of decades, time has made drastic changes.

Very few mothers are at home canning fruits and vegetables, or making jams and jellies. Most canned foods are purchased from the stores. Vegetables are bought frozen for future use, or if bought fresh they are blanched and frozen. What used to take "the lady of the house" almost a full day for meal preparation can now be put together and ready to eat in a matter of minutes.

No more meal worries for the working mothers. Frozen foods are taken from the freezer and tossed into the microwave oven to be defrosted and heated. Then they are ready to serve. Freezers and microwave ovens were not even dreamed about in my growing-up years.

Urban folks, today, don't know what a 50 pound sack of flour looks like. Breads, rolls, muffins, and cookies are delivered fresh from bakeries and put on the grocers' shelves for sale.

Many meats are in cans ready for immediate use. Freshly cut meats are packaged, labeled and nicely arranged in the showcase to be selected and taken home for the next meal. Often they are put into the freezer to be used in future meals.

I could write page after page of the many changes that have taken place throughout the last century -- mainly the last fifty years. Being of age 90, I won't be around to see the many

changes facing the future -- not only in the culinary and produce line but many drastic changes throughout the world.

For my grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and the children of all future generations, I pray to God that the future will be of great benefit to the world.

Jenny.

Jenny was quite a character and gave the little town of Watsonville, less than 3,000 population at that date (approximately 1914 and after), quite considerable fuel for gossip. She was a Spanish, hot-blooded mama, which caused many raised eyebrows and frowns. But she was a fairly attractive woman.

Jenny was married at one time but apparently the knot slipped. She had one or two children from that union. However, Jenny couldn't, or wouldn't, put on the brakes. She continued to produce regularly with the help of various local papas. In my childhood I can recall Jenny sitting on their front porch with some of her offspring around her. She lived on Locust Street with her mother and father.

Her mother and father were hard workers. Her mother did washings and ironings for local people to help support the family. I can't recall her father's occupation. She also had two brothers.

After many illegitimate babies, there was one that made his debut and was the "talk of the town." It was locally known that the father to this child was a prominent local doctor. In fact, it is understood that this doctor helped support his child. After Jenny and family moved to a house on Second Street, across from the auditorium (which has now been demolished), she still sat on the front porch with her little brood.

Cardboard Boxes.

Is it hard to understand why children are so interested in cardboard boxes today? From the time they are old enough to toddle around and grab onto something, an empty cardboard box to push across the floor will fascinate them for hours.

As they grow a little older and able to walk without support, that box becomes an important object in which to sit and play. Often times it may topple over, with nothing hurt but their feelings.

I can recall the fun my two younger brothers and I had when a large, empty box would show up in our back yard after Mama or Papa had bought some appliance or equipment. Those larger boxes usually became our house or our workshop for our play games.

When I was ten years old my beautiful Ludwig piano, purchased from my savings from babyhood, arrived in a huge, strong cardboard box. I fully remember the fun we had in such an enormous box. That strong playhouse remained in our back yard for quite a period of time.

It really doesn't require expensive toys to amuse children. What is mainly needed is encouragement toward creativity and imagination, and allowing room to think.

My Paper Dolls.

Now, in the mid-1990's, paper dolls again are in vogue. I shall never forget the many hours I spent playing with my lovely paper dolls when I was a child.

The first ones that I remember were in a book-form. Each doll, dress, hat and accessories had to be cut out. Each article had a couple of tabs or more that protruded from the

dress. These tabs were turned under to hold the garment in place when the dolls were dressed.

How thrilled I was when I received a box of ready-cut dolls and about a dozen 8 inch rolls of beautifully-colored, designed paper. Each roll was a different pattern or print for my four dollies' dresses. Also, there were dress patterns for various attire.

These four dolls (made of 7 inch high cardboard) were named after some of my special friends at school. My doll, Margaret, was a blond; Dorothy, a brunette; Helen, a redhead; and Dorene had brown hair. They were fun dolls. I still have these dolls tucked away someplace here in Green Valley.

Playtime.

In the summer evenings, after all the apple and beet wagons were "put to bed" for the day, all the children in the neighborhood would gather at our corner of First and Locust Streets to play on the dirt streets. These were Eddie and Mabel Christensen and Fern and Rueben Tuttle, all from First Street, and sometimes during the vacation months Lloyd and Frances Miller. The Locust Street gang consisted of Elsie, Winifred (Pug), and Benter Kirkland; Sam, Elsie and Heinie Lindberg; Willie and Helen Cruz; and Meg Morgan. Sometimes others from Second Street joined us.

Vera Veya and Laverne, her brother, also lived on First Street. Laverne had a B-B gun. He leaned it up against our fence one night where James, Lloyd and I lived.

We all were playing and having a good time when I discovered the B-B gun. I was curious, as always, so picked it up to investigate. I did not aim it at anyone but, lo and behold, the darn thing went off. The B.B. pellet hit Elsie Kirkland in the shoulder.

At that date my brothers had never had or used a gun, nor had I. Unfortunately, Laverne had left his B-B gun cocked. The pellet barely cut the skin on Elsie's shoulder. How fortunate it didn't hit her eye. I really learned my lesson the hard way. So did Laverne.

Homesickness.

When I was six years old I begged Mama to let me spend the night with my daytime playmate, Mable. She lived directly across the street from me. Mama consented to let me do so and I took my little nightie under my arm and trotted across the street to Mable's house. This was my first time away from home by myself. I was so elated and felt so grown-up. Mable, too, was happy.

As soon as the sun went down and it started to get dark outside, I got a funny, queasy feeling in my stomach. I said to myself, "You're a big girl now, Irma, and in the first grade of school. Don't act like a baby." Well, talking to myself did help for a little while but when Mrs. Christensen, Mable's mother, said, "Girls, it's bedtime," I got goose pimples. I wondered how I could get myself out of this terrible ordeal that I got myself into -- too late!

We crawled into a nice, snuggly bed and before I could finish my little prayer, Mable was sound asleep. I lay there awake, for what seemed like hours and hours. I felt that surely it would soon be daylight. Instead the room continued to be as black as pitch.

I wondered what Mama was doing. Was she in bed sound asleep or was she thinking about her wandering little girl? I knew that Papa wouldn't be home until after midnight, as being in the hack business he had to meet the late trains at Pajaro Junction. Surely Papa must be at home and asleep by now as were my two younger brothers. Tears came to my eyes.

I finally decided that I could stand this ordeal no longer. I crawled out of bed, being

careful not to awaken Mable. In the dark room I managed to find my clothes and shoes. I tucked them under my arm and cautiously opened the door to escape. I was so careful not to awaken the rest of the household. If I did, possibly they would tuck me back into bed.

I felt free after I crossed the lawn and opened the front gate. From there it was "easy sailing." I ran across the street in the dark as fast as I could. (No street lights in those "Dark Ages.")

I guess I startled Mama when I banged on the front door. (Papa had not arrived home yet.) When Mama saw "little me", she was shocked. However, she knew without asking the reason of my return.

I lost no time crawling into my own little bed. Mama lost no time in donning her robe and slippers to cross the street. She was afraid that Mrs. C. would discover that I was missing, if she got up during the night. Even though Mama had to awaken Mable's mother, she was grateful that Mama informed her about Mable's homesick playmate.

Papa returned home shortly after. He and Mama came to my bed and kissed me good night -- no questions asked. They understood.

Money.

In my childhood days we weren't given an allowance. As far as I know, children didn't know what an allowance was at that time. When we three kiddies -- my two brothers and I -- wanted something extra at the store my parents usually asked why we wanted the money. Very seldom were we turned down, but then, the things we asked for were usually something for school or other necessities. I knew that my Papa worked hard to earn a living for us and often-times gave us money for which we didn't ask.

Of course, candy, gum, lollipops or suckers and other tidbits that we wanted, were always given. Usually they cost a nickel (5 cents) but once in awhile a dime (10 cents) was given to us for enjoyment. We were usually given something weekly.

When I was in high school my demands were a little more. Once a week I had lunch at Soto's Tamale Parlor with a group of my friends. These were numerous extras desired at that age and I really appreciated all my parents did for me.

When we kiddies were small we loved to play "store." Mama would give us many containers from her kitchen -- some empty and some full. She also had pennies handy if we didn't have enough. Too, we improvised with other objects. These were all lined up on boxes, usually in the yard. One of us would be the storekeeper. Often-times our neighbor friends (playmates) would join us. Along with the pennies (and sometimes nickels and dimes), we would make paper play money. This experience, I am sure, helped us to become acquainted with money values.

Later, often-times Mama would send us to the grocery store for purchases. She had a little purse in which she put the cash so as not to be lost enroute.

As I remember, we were never paid for the chores that we did around home or for errands that were run. Those things were part of our contribution towards our home and life.

Washdays of Yore.

In the early days people had no water piped into their houses. They either drew water up from a well in buckets or, if they were fortunate, they had a hand pump outside of the kitchen door. Usually a bench with one or two wash basins, a bar of homemade soap and a towel on a nail sat next to the house. Here they washed their hands and face. In the winter time, when it was

cold, the procedure was accomplished indoors.

The women caught rain water in barrels under the eaves of the house. This they used for washing their long hair and for washing the clothes. The rain water was considered much softer than well water.

Two, round washtubs usually sat on boxes or stands near the pump. The early tubs were made of wood. Later galvanized steel tubs were used. Women made their own laundry soap in bars. With a sharp knife, shavings of the soap were cut off and dissolved in hot water. If the old tin washboard was used, the bar soap was rubbed over the wet piece of clothing before it was scrubbed on the wash board.

One of the washtubs was used for washing the clothes and the other held rinse water. Here the women labored for hours as wash day usually consumed most of the day. Each garment had to be rung out by hand before putting into the rinse water. Then, again it had to be rung out before hanging on the clothes lines. The clothes pins were all wooden. If there weren't enough clothes lines to accommodate the laundry some of the work clothes were thrown on the grass or draped over a fence to dry.

Some brilliant person in the early 1900's invented a plunger. It was made of tin and shaped like a funnel. The inner part contained a smaller funnel in which there were holes. It had a broomstick handle. As one pressed down on the handle it caused the water to seep through the holes. This created a suction and was quite handy for washing small batches of clothes. However, nothing took the place of the old, tin washboard and the energy of a woman to really get the clothes clean. Much later a glass washboard was invented.

In these days we had no clorox or bleaches to whiten the clothes. In order to get the white clothes snowy white, they were boiled in an oblong, copper boiler on the top of a wood stove. Each article was removed from the hot water in the boiler by a wooden clothes stick. The women were very proud of their nice, white wash hanging on the line. There were white sheets, pillow cases, pillow shams, linen table clothes (white) and napkins as well as white towels and underwear.

Practically all of the clothes in years past were made of cotton, with the exception of some wool and some silk. Most of the cotton garments were starched, excluding towels and underwear. Argo starch came in wooden boxes about 10" x 6" x 4" with a sliding lid. Smaller containers were made of cardboard. The starch, made from diffuse corn, came in hard, various sized lumps. The lumps dissolved quickly in cold water. The dissolved starch was slowly poured into boiling water and boiled until it became clear. The cotton clothes were dipped into this starch and again rung out by hand. Now they were ready for hanging on the line. When dry the articles were quite stiff.

Being that our mothers and grandmothers were so very proud of their clotheslines filled with gleaming, white articles, I must not forget the bluing process that helped keep them so. After the clothes were rinsed and wrung out by hand the tub was again filled with clear water. In the earlier years bluing balls, about the size of a nickel came in a cardboard box. About six or seven of these balls were put into a little cotton salt sack and secured with a string. If no sack was available a square piece of white cloth served the purpose -- tied securely so that the balls could not fall out.

The sack of bluing balls was then swished around in the tub of clear water until a light blue color was obtained. Then, piece by piece, the clothes were swished around in the blue water and again wrung out by hand. This sack of balls was kept over for the next wash day or until completely dissolved.

The bluing balls that came in a box were in use for many, many years. Then, a bottle of liquid bluing which was called Mrs. Stewart's Bluing appeared on the market. This made the bluing process much easier.

After bluing, the special articles were ready for the starching process, and then were dried on the line. Several hours before the starched pieces were to be ironed they were sprinkled down with cold or warm water and rolled into a large towel.

Sad irons were used for ironing. The irons, usually three or four at a time, were heated on a wood stove. When hot, a handle was clipped onto one of them. Often-times the iron was too hot or not hot enough.

The ironing boards did not have feet or stands on them, as they do today. It was simply a long piece of wood, about 12" or so wide, padded with an old cotton blanket and covered with a piece of discarded sheet. The blanket and sheet were held in place with safety pins. To hold the ironing board up it was placed across the tops of two chairs, four or five feet apart.

An advancement in washing clothes, as I recall about 1904, was a large wooden tub that sat on a stand. Under the tub were springs, cogs and bearings to provide mobility. A tight-fitting cover on top of the tub kept the water hot. A handle was attached to the upper portion of the tub so could be manually rotated back and forth. This caused the agitator in the tub to swish the clothes around in the soapy water until the soil was removed. Sometimes it took extra manpower to get the real dirty clothes clean. The clothes were then put through an attached hand wringer and into another tub of water to be rinsed. This wringer had two rubber rollers and was turned by hand.

When the electric washing machine made its debut, it was considered a great invention by the housewives. Attached to the washer was an electric wringer. A person had to be extremely careful not to let their hand get caught between the rollers when feeding the clothes through the wringer. Just in case, there was a release lever on the top.

Next came the electric washer with a spin dryer compartment attached. This eliminated the wringer. It also rinsed and spun dry the clothes.

The automatic washing machine gave women much more time for other duties. A control was set to fill the machine with either hot, warm or cold water. Then it automatically agitated. The soap powder was added and then the clothes. When washed, a timer stopped the agitation. The soapy water was pumped out, the clothes spun semi-dry, and then rinse water filled the tub. Clothes were swished around in the rinse water and again spun semi-dry. The clothes were now ready to be put into the electric or gas dryer or, if preferred, hung on a clothes line -- either umbrella-type or lines strung between poles. Time marches on and many things have changed. Some things for the better.

In the early days nothing that could be mended or patched was discarded. The women often sat up and mended by lamp light after the family retired. Mending socks was quite a tedious task, particularly if the family was large, which often it was.

The women's lot was not an easy one. However, the love for her family and the smiles on their faces compensated for the many hours that she devoted to their care. Each day of the week was organized for certain household tasks.

Farming.

How different modern day farming is compared to farming when I was a child. Many

people in the early years had to depend on food stuff that they could raise themselves. Being self-sufficient, was a necessity, as there were very few canned goods to buy and nothing like the modern day preparations. The housewives canned, in glass jars, all the vegetables and fruits needed for their winter supply. Tomatoes were always canned in tin cans and the lids were sealed on with a sealing wax.

The farmers were, and still are, the mainstay of America. A plow and a team of horses were a necessity. The farmer arose before dawn, fed his animals and then ate a hearty breakfast himself. By daylight he was ready to harness his horse to the plow to till his land. He often worked from dawn to dusk, always retiring to bed at an early hour. A good wife was a big help in many ways, relieving her husband of many chores on the farm. Often-times the entire family participated in the project.

In those days there were no commercial fertilizers. The manure from the barnyard was spread over the land before it was plowed. If the land needed compost the farmer made his own. He would save fallen leaves, litter, coal and wood ashes, bones and refuse from the kitchen as well as scales and parings from the horses hooves. All of these things were put into a big pile. Greasy dish water and urine from chamber mugs were poured over the pile daily. This furnished lye that was needed in the soil. Sandy soil was also added to the heap. In the spring the pile was mixed well and scattered on the land to be tilled.

If a farmer had only a small acreage for planting he would walk behind a one-horse-plow. This is called a one-share-walking plow that just cuts one ten inch furrow. One could often hear the farmer singing as he walked behind the plow. In that day, his was a happy lot. He usually was a tired but contented man.

If the acreage was larger, gang plows with more blades were used. This plow would cut from two to three furrows. The farmer rode on a seat from where he could raise or lower the plowshares.

Later came the tractors so fewer and fewer horses were used to plow large acreage. The first tractor was called a distillate tractor as it was run on distillate fuel -- much like coal oil or kerosene.

When the gasoline tractors came into being they had large wheels. Later, the track-layers became popular. Track-layers are used to this day, but many are diesel-engine powered.

In 1930 the government subsidized the farmers to help get them out of debt during the great depression. Then came World War II and they still needed help. Unfortunately, this is still going on today. The government pays the farmer extra money for not raising full crops. If the farmer has raised more produce than can be utilized the government buys the surplus and stores it in warehouses. This is a sad situation. It is not only costing the taxpayers a million dollars each day for storage, but this surplus could be feeding millions of hungry people in America and all over the world. Much of this food, including dairy products, is rotting or deteriorating and has to be dumped.

Much of the best farmlands, not only in California, but throughout the nation, have been sold for urban development and commercial development. Right here in our own Pajaro Valley big business is threatening and enticing the farm landowners to sell at an irresistible price. For many years the farmers have kept big business out of our community but now, to my dismay, it is changing.

I'm afraid that the "happy farmer" who toiled from sunup to sundown is now only a

memory. With all the modern conveniences the workers no longer seem to be happy. Farming today is called agribusiness, and there is a growing desperation between the executives and the laborers. That is not good.

Maybe someday we will be raising commodities and produce in space for our livelihood. Who knows what tomorrow will bring?

Early Automobiles.

I feel that no time in history has been as incredible and marvelous as the era in which I have lived. The first mode of travel that I can remember was the horse and buggy. There were also two-seated surreys with a fringe around the top, horse-drawn carts, and wagons.

The first automobile that I can recall, about 1911, was a Buick touring car that had two seats. It had no doors. In order to get into the car one had to step upon a running board. The top was made of canvas. This folded back behind the front seat which made it an open car, if so desired. In rainy weather the top was up and secured in each corner. The curtains on the sides were made of canvas with isinglass windows. Metal fasteners held them on.

Some of the early cars were Locomobiles, Flanders, Moon, Elgin, Stevens, Winton, Page, Mormon and Willys Knight. In order to start the engines, they had to be cranked from the front. The gas and spark levers were inside by the steering post. Too much spark (improper timing) when cranking could cause one to break an arm -- the engine backfired and kicked the crank around hard.

Presto tanks (cylinders) sat on the running board. They were about two feet long and five inches in diameter. The lights of the cars were either in the front or towards the sides. They were carbide lights and fed from a presto tank. When used, they had to be lit with a match. The klaxon horns were manipulated by pushing down on a lever. This made a loud noise. Other horns were fastened to the car at the left of the driver. These were called air horns. They had a large, rubber bulb that, when squeezed, produced a loud toot that came from the bell-shaped end. The early cars had solid tires on the wheels.

Later came the electric car that was run by battery. It would only go a limited number of miles before the battery had to be re-charged. It was steered by a tiller lever. One sat practically at the front edge of the car. The ones I remember had only one seat. A luggage compartment was in the back.

Later, came the more modern cars with self-starters, pneumatic tires, battery-powered lights and enclosed body with doors. Of course, there was the bicycle, then motorcycles.

Early Locomotives.

How wonderfully exciting it was to live just one block from the Southern Pacific railroad tracks. I can remember the trains from a very early age. They always held a great fascination for me, as well as for my two younger brothers. We knew the times of day that the passenger trains would pass. I can remember running to our front gate whenever I heard the monstrous locomotive whistle in the distance. I knew that shortly it would be crossing First Street. I would wait on our front sidewalk and wave to the engineers and the men in the caboose (the odd looking car at the end of the train of cars).

As I grew older my brothers and I ventured nearer to the tracks. We often laid nails on the rails and waited for the train to pass. After our various sizes of nails were flattened we made rings and other interesting things from them.

When I started the first grade of school it was necessary for me to cross the railroad tracks. I had explicit instructions to look and listen before crossing. A flagman, Mr. Mac Namara, was the man that sat in the little 5' x 5' train-house, alongside of the track and was on duty during the daytime. The train's engineer blew the whistle about a quarter of a mile before he approached the crossing. Whenever the flagman heard this screeching whistle, he immediately came out. He stood in the middle of the street and waved a red flag attached to a wooden handle. This cautioned pedestrians as well as vehicles to stop and wait until the train went past. The trains always blew their whistle at crossings.

I can remember Mr. Mac Namara very well. He was very clever at whittling. He made various objects but the one that puzzled me the most was the unbroken chain that he made from one, long piece of wood. This was an interesting pastime for him. He was very generous with his finished products.

We always waved to the engineer and he waved back to us. Sometimes he would pull the whistle cord when near us. The loud, screeching whistle would "scare the life" out of us. What was more terrifying was when the engineer would blow heavy steam at us from the boiler. I'm sure they got a big kick out of hearing us scream and run.

A huge, round building in Pajaro was situated quite close to Pajaro Road. It was painted the Southern Pacific colors -- burnt orange and brown. It actually was round but it acquired the name of roundhouse as it was in this building that the huge locomotives were turned around ready to go in the opposite direction. Spur tracks led into the roundhouse. Many things have changed since the "olden days." In the early days the trains were the main mode of traveling any distance. Then too, there were, many freight trains often pulled by two engines -- so-called "Double Headers". At that time this was the only way of transferring freight, produce, etc. to various parts of the country.

Often-times at night I would lay awake and listen to the string of cars being switched to another track to make up their train. The coupling noise was like a loud crash.

There is no sound so nostalgic as a distant train whistle. If you contrast it with the screech of a jet, you get a clear sense of the difference between the two ages. When the Amtrak trains took over with the diesel engine, there was no comparison to the sound of the whistle. Nothing was quite like the whistle of a steam engine, particularly in the quiet of the night -- very exciting, very weird, and very scary.

The engines that ran on the narrow gauge tracks were small, steam-powered locomotives. These were used on narrow tracks to haul sugar beets to Spreckles Sugar Factory.

How sad that we had to part with the old steam locomotive. I can still see that giant iron horse in the distance, approaching our First Street crossing. The cheerful wave from the engineers and a hello and wave from the men in the caboose. The train may be a thing of the past but the memories will linger.

.World War I.

How well I remember the start of World War I in Europe in 1914. The only means of communication we had at that time was our daily newspaper. My dear, sweet grandmother Keuhnis (formerly Schanbacher), who was making her home with our family at that time, was most concerned. She was born and raised in Stuttgart, Germany. Her sisters and many relatives were still living there.

As I recall, the war started over the assassination of Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand

by a Serb nationalist in Sarajevo in 1914. William II (Friedrich Wilhelm Vicktor Albert), German emperor and King of Prussia from 1888 to the end of World War I in 1918, was popularly known as the Kaiser. He was loved and hated by many. Poor Grandma could hardly wait to read the Evening Pajaronian (Paratski was editor) each night to learn what had taken place in the war zone during the week. The communication system was the wireless telegraph and very slow.

Many nights, after being tucked into bed and prayers said, I would lay there thinking -- what would we do if the Germans came over to our country? The many atrocities that I had heard about really frightened me. In my two younger brothers' bedroom was a 4' x 4' clothes closet next to the door that led into the kitchen. Many times, for the fun of climbing, I would plant my feet on the doorknobs and heist myself up to the top of the closet. I was then eight years old and there was just room enough to squeeze between the closet top and the ceiling of the room. I knew that there was room enough in my little "Hide-away" for my two brothers but what about my Mama and Papa? Where could they hide so that the German soldiers would not harm them? (All this fear was before the horrible atrocities that we heard about during the German fighting in World War II.) Being of half German decent myself, and knowing how loving and caring my German mother and grandmother were, I knew that many, many people living in Germany were the same. How terrible it must be for them to live there under such a mean ruler as Kaiser Wilhelm.

The first American shot of World War I was fired on April 19, 1917. The Armistice was signed November 11, 1918 -- the eleventh month, the eleventh day and the eleventh hour -- but not before many of our American men gave their lives to keep the enemy from our land.

My secret hiding place on top of the clothes closet was torn down when Papa enlarged the boys' bedroom. Well, by that time I had no further use for it. World War I was to be the war to end all wars -- so they thought.

Spanish Influenza.

1918 was a very, very bad year. The influenza epidemic invaded the country. Watsonville was not exempt. Very few families escaped having someone die or at least some of their family down with this illness. In many cases it went through the entire family.

This disease was something to be feared. Little was known about it. The best preventative was to avoid crowded places. The schools were closed as were the movie houses and public gatherings. Everyone that ventured from their home wore a gauze mask covering their nose and mouth. These masks were washed and re-worn over and over as the supply dwindled.

People were dying so fast, often taking the entire family. It was like a plague. The hospital in Watsonville was overcrowded. Some people opened up their homes to care for the sick. Even so, the accommodations for the ill were exhausted.

The large Civic Auditorium on Second Street was finally outfitted with beds, blankets and necessities to accommodate the sick patients. Many of them contracted the flu bug. As I recall, the Red Cross played a large part in caring for the sick.

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Chapter 2 – Changing Times

Looking back to the turn of the century, to my birth in 1906, it is difficult for me to comprehend the changes that have taken place from then until today, 1996.

Early Thoughts.

In my very early childhood I remember that the rooms were illuminated by candle or kerosene lamps. In those days kerosene was called coal oil. Each day the bowl of the lamp had to be filled with this coal oil and the wick that runs down into the coal oil had to be trimmed. If the wick that protruded above the base of the lamp chimney was uneven it would cause the chimney to blacken. The chimney which was glass also had to be cleaned daily. Most of the time newspaper was used to wipe it out. When we ate at the table by candle light we thought that was great fun. At least we kiddies thought so.

Our home was heated by a wood stove or fireplace and we did not have running water in the house. Our Saturday night bath water was carried in and heated on top of the wood stove. A galvanized tub served as our bath tub. Another galvanized tub was used for clothes, in which the weekly wash was scrubbed clean on a washboard. The water was then emptied and replaced by rinse water. In a large family this indeed was quite a chore.

Ironing the clothes was also quite an effort for our Mamas as irons, which were called Sad Irons, had to be heated on top of the wood stove. As one iron would cool another one was picked up by a little handle that was changeable from one iron to the other.

Regardless of all this work our clothes were immaculate. Everything had to be perfect and clean. Our parents were very, very proud of the way we looked.

When electricity reached my generation it was like the lights had been turned on all over the world. I remember clearly the electric cord hanging from the ceiling of each room. At the end of this cord was a socket into which an electric bulb was placed and a little key on the socket was used to turn the light on and off.

Gasoline also played a big part in the development of progress. Campers, farmers and many industries found that gasoline lanterns and lights were far ahead of the coal oil and kerosene that had been used all over the nation. By this time most all homes, particularly in the cities, had running water piped into the house and big bathtubs, instead of galvanized tubs which were used in the bathrooms.

Mama no longer had to use the washboard and galvanized tub to scrub our clothes. She now had a washing machine that was run by hand and also a ringer that was turned to squeeze the water out of the clothes. The electric washing machine then came into use. That was really progress for the homemaker.

Instead of the wood burning stove, gas stoves were used and still are -- also electric stoves. The old wooden ice boxes were discarded and were replaced by electric refrigerators. Then came the electric freezers which were a boon to the housewife. There were so many conveniences that it was hard to keep up with them.

Bakery bread and cakes were never thought of in my early days. Mama always baked the bread and made cakes for the family. Vegetables, fresh and tasty, were taken from the garden. Now all kinds of frozen vegetables and edibles can be selected from the frozen bins in the grocery stores.

I have only barely touched on the progress of modern development that has taken place over the last nine decades.

The Century of Discovery.

Looking back on the horse and buggy days I can truthfully say that they were some of the happiest days of our lives. After we three kiddies got home from Sunday school Mama would prepare our lunch and then hitch up Topsy, our horse, to the buggy and we would start out for a little ride in the country. Naturally this was only done in spring or summer. Often times Mama would stop and let us get out and pick some flowers along the wayside.

Today one probably would think that we did not go very far but in a horse and buggy it took a little while to cover a mile. If we went for a five mile trip we thought we were doing wonderfully well. That would probably be from the outskirts of Watsonville to the Five Mile House and back. Sometimes it almost got dark before we returned home. However, we didn't have to look out for cars running into us in those days. Papa couldn't go with us because he was in the taxi business -- rather, the hack business at that time. He would have to drive the hack to meet the train and to convey people from place to place. His hack was a carriage drawn by two horses. Saturdays and Sundays were very busy days for Papa in his business.

It was around 1914 that Papa first got his horseless carriage, as far as I can remember. Being that he was in partners with Mr. Kennedy, and they also had a couple of drivers, they needed several automobiles. The first I remember was a Winton Limousine and there was a Thomas and three or four Model T Fords and a Studebaker.

My first ride was with a neighbor girl and her brother-in-law in their Buick. It was a big car with the windows on the side made of isinglass.

As time passed cars became more elaborate and traveled much faster. Trains and trolley cars were also modes of travel at that date. The advancement of so-called progress soon brought the airplane into use. And then there were the dirigibles. Huge balloons were used for some travel. Time did not stand still.

Satellites were eventually sent into space. The first one that I recall was one that the Russians had sent around the world. There has been no end to the progress of satellites.

The whole world was amazed and shocked when our country sent men to walk on the moon. We had never dreamed of a time when men would walk in space. Now we are attempting to explore every planet.

In the old days it took a week for the news to reach us from Europe. Through satellites we now receive news from around the world in a matter of minutes. I'm not too well-versed on the events in space but I do know that "Star Wars" and other outer-space activities are constantly being talked about by the present generation. Most of this work is not known to the public. Uncle Sam keeps it under lock and key.

The numerous astronauts that have blasted off into space deserve a great deal of praise. I can't help but wonder if this is our next mode of travel. Too, there is a great deal of exploration to be done in the depths of the sea.

Computers are now very popular and have made great advancements but I cannot help but feel that the computer industry is in its infancy.

I was born in 1906. It is now 1996. I do believe that I have lived through some of the most wonderful years of miracles. I am sure that there are many, many wonderful discoveries and amazing times ahead but I will not be here to see them.

However, I truly believe that I have lived through more changes and miraculous times than all the years before and all the years ahead in history.

Charles Ford Company.

Charles Ford Company, a large department store that had its original roots in Watsonville, expanded to many nearby cities, making a well-established name for itself.

When the old-timers back in the mid-1880s came to Watsonville, Charles Ford was a businessman but not as prominent and wealthy as he later became. It was a boon to him that many of the various residents of Watsonville found it necessary to borrow money. Charles Ford was eager to loan them any amount that they required. Some of them were not too fortunate. They had to skimp and save in order to pay off their mortgage or loan. Others were much less fortunate as they could not meet the due dates on their loan.

Charles Ford was a shrewd man. It has been stated that he would not give these people one day of grace to pay off their mortgage. He closed the date it was due and consequently he took the property back and the down payment or whatever became his. He had a very rough reputation during this period. He thought it paid off for him in the end. Well, maybe it did but for the public he was not considered a kind, generous man in that small town of Watsonville. That is the way he originally got started with a large chain of stores.

However, his stores began to dissolve. The earthquake of 1989 really ruined the Watsonville store and from there on the other stores did not prosper as well. Now they are all out of business.

From the Phonograph to TV.

Thomas Edison's gramophone (talking machine) was the first music box that I can remember. It was a small, fancy box about 12" long, 8" wide, and 12" high. This height included the rounding cover that fit on top of the machine for protection. For convenience, the cover had a handle on top. This machine played cylindrical records.

A large morning glory-shaped horn was attached, but not stationary, to the machine. Some phonographs had stands on which they sat. In this case, the large horn was attached to a tall, three-legged stand by a chain. Later, the phonograph was improved upon and played disc records. There were some beautiful cabinets in which the records were kept. One in particular that I can recall was the Victrola. Soon portable phonographs came into being.

When radios first were invented they had a disc speaker on top of the machine. The disc was made of paper which concealed a small speaker unit. The paper disc was framed in wood. Atwater-Kent was the first I recall.

As time passed, the radio became more popular. Then came the radio-phonograph combination in pretty cabinets.

When the stereo-console became popular it played 78 rpm (revolutions per minute) disc

records. As of today the radio-phonograph and tape recorder combination is very popular, as well as stereo. Recordings have evolved through 45-rpm discs, 33.3-rpm albums, reel tapes and cassette tapes to compact discs.

Television became popular in the late 40's and early 50's. We purchased a small General Electric television in 1955. Of course the picture was black and white at that time. We still have it in our possession and it still plays. It is a heavy portable television.

During my teen years several of we girls often spent an hour or more in the local music store (record shop) after school. The proprietor would let us select several 78's to play in a soundproof listening room. Sometimes we would purchase one or two -- often-times none at all. At least we could hear the musical record before buying.

As in latter days the recording is sealed tight in paper or plastic, not to be opened until after purchase. There are times when a particular arrangement does not stand up to one's expectation. Those "try-me-out" days have gone the way of the 5-cent jukebox.

From Airplanes to Space.

As I think back, I fully remember a flying machine landing in the baseball field about 1912. It was a biplane-plane (two wings). There was hardly anything more than a seat for the pilot. He wore a leather cap, goggles and a leather jacket.

The plane had a manual-spin propeller. Someone had to stand in the front and spin the propeller blades in order to start the engine. This machine had little speed. It was quite a thriller and a curiosity here in our little town. Apparently, the first of its kind to be here.

As time went by the biplanes had closed cockpits and self-starter engines. There was constant improvement. Airplanes became sleeker and faster. When jet planes came into being, they really were something at which to marvel. The speed of the jet miraculously closed the gap between distances. Jets also became more and more advanced as time passed.

When satellites were first sent into space and orbited the earth in 1950's, we all considered that a marvelous feat. People watched the skies regularly at night for this glowing spot to cross the sky. Many satellites have been sent into space since then. It is through the satellites that we now receive most of our daily news, particularly from far away places.

How great and exciting it was when men were shot into space in huge rockets to orbit the earth. Unfortunately, at one time one of the rockets exploded before taking off. It was impossible for the men to free themselves as they were securely strapped into their seats. This was a very sad event for all. This experience did not deter others from going into space. Each time they returned, people were glued to the television sets to watch the splash down on water or wherever. Also, each time scientific experiments were brought back to earth for analysis.

But -- the greatest, most exciting and almost unbelievable achievement of all times was made when two men landed and set foot on the moon. They brought back moon dust, rocks, etc. for scientists to analyze.

On March 2, 1972 a satellite, called Pioneer 10 or "The Flying Dutchman", was sent into space. It had orbited the earth for eleven years when, on June 13, 1983 it broke loose and left the other planets behind. It sent whispered messages back to earth daily, while winging its way into space for eternity. As it traveled further and further into space at the rate of 30,000 miles an hour, it was wandering into the stars in the Milky Way. When the spin of the earth, itself, begins to wane, Pioneer 10 will still be winging through space. How does one describe the marvels of

modern science?

Now, every few months, space shuttles are blasted off into space with crews aboard. More and more experiments are involved. Members of the crew can now leave the ship to walk in space without a tether line.

Is it any wonder that I say "I've lived in the most dramatic and incredible era of all times since time began?"

Space stations are now on the drawing board. Are we now preparing for space wars? I hope not. The next generations will experience more and more miracles of science, along with the computer age.

Dentistry.

When I was a kid we never went to a dentist until we had a bad toothache. Consequently, many teeth were lost that today could have been saved.

I lost a back tooth on each side of my mouth, both upper and lower. Had this not occurred my teeth would have grown in crooked. Tooth braces at that time were very rare and those that had them wore them for many years. As it was, I was very fortunate. My teeth grew in beautifully straight and my bite was perfect.

On one occasion, Mama gave me fifty cents to stop by "Old Doc Rodgers" office on my way home from school to have a tooth pulled. Needless to say I was scared to death. I was about nine years old at that time.

"Doc" pulled my tooth okay. When I offered him the fifty cents (going rate at that time) he refused to take it. I told him that Mama wanted him to have it so he took it! That broke my heart and made me feel very badly that I hadn't kept my mouth shut. Mama could have put that fifty cents to good use. It seemed as though Papa had to work so hard to earn money.

I had always been afraid of the needle that the dentist used to inject the deadening agent into the gums. They used to administer cocaine. Later, a better anesthesia was found -- novocaine. This they still use.

When I was about twelve years old I had a terrible toothache. Mama took me to see Dr. Rice, a huge man. He examined my back tooth and said, "It will have to come out." I cried and told my Mama that I didn't want it pulled out. So we went home. I suffered with that toothache for two more days and finally consented to have it pulled.

But I told Dr. Rice that I did not want him to deaden my gum with the needle. I said, "Just go ahead and pull it." He said, "Are you sure that you want me to do that?" I said, "Yes."

He pulled it! I shall never forget that incident as long as I live. The pain was almost unbearable. I never went back to Dr. Rice's office again.

Fortunately, there was a happy side to my tooth extraction. Mama and Papa bribed me a little bit. They promised me a nice tennis racket if I consented to have that tooth out. As soon as I got out of the dentist's chair, Mama and I headed for the Watsonville News Co. that handled sporting equipment. I selected a lovely Spaulding tennis racket. That was the best on the market at that time. Of course, I had to have a couple of tennis balls, too.

The Spaulding tennis racket that I acquired at age twelve, I used constantly until after I was married. When Bob was old enough to play tennis, I passed it on to him. Later, he passed it on to his children. Little did I dream that my grandchildren would be using that racket years later.

If the truth of the matter was known, I was "chicken" and scared to death of having a

tooth filled. The thought of the drill grinding away on a tooth with a cavity seemed like major surgery to me. At first, the dentist would take an instrument that looked like a nut pick and chip off particles that were not solid. Then came the noisy drill that sounded like a buzz saw. They did not deaden the nerve way back then. With his foot he pressed down on a pedal that controlled the drill. Often times the dentist would hit a nerve in the tooth that really made one squirm. This is why I thought I preferred having a tooth pulled instead of having one filled. However, after my experience with Dr. Rice, I changed my mind.

Later, at age 78. I had a lower molar extracted by an orthodontist. How times and techniques have changed. Needless to say that I was a wee bit nervous being sent to a dental surgeon. The nurse tilted me back in the dental chair, placed a metal disc on each side of my chest under my blouse. This was to check my heartbeat on a wall screen. She then taped a metal piece on my forefinger, put the blood pressure cuff on my left arm and took my pressure. After covering me with a big, plastic sheet, she took my pulse and respiration. By this time I felt that I was in an electric chair to be executed.

I didn't mind the hour wait in the waiting room with my daughter-in-law, Donna, but another hour of waiting in the dentist's chair was more than I bargained for. I laid there with my heart pounding for one full hour. The nurse explained that the Dr. had an emergency surgery and I couldn't take it any longer. I called the nurse and told her that I had to use the bathroom. She was very congenial and took all the apparatus off of me. When I returned all the gadgets were replaced, including the apron.

Shortly, the dental surgeon came in and apologized for the delay. He was a huge, blond man and very witty. As soon as he injected the Novocaine into my gums, I was somewhat relieved. He left for a few minutes then returned and injected more. After a few kidding remarks by him, I said, "Well, lets get on with it."

The dentist took my tooth out in pieces. I didn't even know it was extracted. It seemed so simple compared to my childhood extraction. He scraped the bone so the cavity would heal well. He put in a stitch which I didn't even realize. Times change.

I don't know why, but the first thing I notice about people, when first meeting them, is their teeth. When our five boys were young and had to have dental work done, Dr. Rodgers remarked to me, "Irma, I don't know what you feed your boys but they all have wonderful, strong teeth." I've often thought that the minerals in our good water could have had some bearing on it.

Ted also had wonderful teeth. At age 35 years he only had one filling. They remained good until later years. At age 57, when my dad passed on, he had all of his own teeth but had several gold fillings. It pays to take good care of teeth and have them checked regularly. Store teeth (dentures) never take the place of natural ones.

A Woman's Role.

In my early childhood, the women stayed at home, kept the house in order, and prepared meals ahead for their husbands who worked all day and made the living for the family. Of course, where children were involved it required much more work in the home, but to the devoted mothers they considered child-rearing a joy as well as a duty and act of love.

Having a hot, hearty meal on the table to greet the husband was not the only delight he experienced. His busy wife also found time to wash the faces and comb the hair of the little ones as well as to tidy herself up for her mate's return after work. Is it any wonder why the husbands

and fathers of yesteryears found elation and happiness as well as faithfulness in their homelife, regardless of how humble their abode may be?

More often than not the husband had outdoor chores to attend to after work. The wife took care of the indoor duties as well as bathing the children before bedtime. She was a very busy lady and had little time for visiting. Too, there were no modern conveniences. Her work was done the "hard way".

High School No-Nos.

It's almost unbelievable how times have changed in the last 90 years -- some for the better and many to the contrary.

In my high school days the discipline was strict and students were made to understand that respect for the teachers was not to be ignored. If a student got out of line, he or she was sent to the principal's office. There he/she was reprimanded and sometimes expelled from classes, depending upon the complaint.

Loitering and talking in the halls between classes was forbidden. Foul language was not allowed. Writing on the walls of lavatories was banned. Students seen smoking on the school grounds were expelled from school for a period of time. If seen smoking off school property and reported, they had to answer to the principal.

A truant officer combing the streets of Watsonville was always alert for young smokers and kids "playing hookey" (cutting classes). I cannot recall any of the girls smoking cigarettes but undoubtedly some did so. The teachers also "kept their eyes peeled" for misbehavior.

During my high school years and many years before and after, promiscuity was definitely frowned upon. I'm sure that some took place but it was kept quiet -- or at least supposedly so. Amongst their peers, promiscuous girls were call "fast", "tramps", "street walkers" or "fluzies." I remember one girl who became pregnant during her high school years. She and her husband-to-be were soon expelled from school. The two of them were wonderful kids and soon married -- and that marriage lasted throughout the years.

Ladies' and Girls' Attire.

As I recall, in my early life the women wore long dresses and skirts. The dresses were worn mainly around the house or home. In public, suits were fashionable. Wool was the main fabric for such. The skirts were ankle length. Shirtwaists or blouses, made of various materials, were worn under the suitcoat. Fancy collars and dickies often complimented the necks. For streetwear, hats were always part of the dress as were gloves and purses. A fur neckpiece, draped over the shoulder, was considered very stylish. No bobbed hair.

Cotton dresses for the young girls were usually knee length. There were many pretty patterns of materials. During my teenage years I remember the high-waisted Mother Hubbard style. Also the long-waisted dress with the skirt that was short and reached below the knees.

During the King Tut Day at school the teenaged girls wore long, ankle-length dresses. They were made very plainly with some fullness on each side above the hip.

In another stage of my teenage years, blouses that had smocking in front on each side below the shoulders were very pretty and very popular. These were worn with below-the-knee-length skirts. Short skirts, as in earlier years were a no-no.

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Chapter 3 – Events in My Life

The rose petals fall lightly upon the blades of grass. The intermingling thorns from the bushes gradually disintegrate into the past. All that is left is the scent of the rose, surrounded by bees, butterflies and humming birds. As each new rose petal unfolds, a new day is born. New memories cloud the horizon of life's treasures, of which there is no end.

Pajaro River Floods.

I do not remember the flood of 1907 as I was only one year old. But in 1911 the Pajaro River again flowed over its banks. At that date we were living on Riverside Road. It was during the early part of the year. Papa was working for Tuttle Company at the Riverside slaughter house. I was five years old. James, my eldest brother was two and my other brother, little Lloyd, was only a few months old. The Salsipuedes Creek, just a short distance from our house, also overflowed. The water reached the outbuildings but no damage was done.

The 1914 flood was quite exciting to me as I was then eight years old and remember it well. We lived in the part of town that was the first area to be flooded -- First Street. During the night the water covered three of the steps into our house. By the time it crested, the water was almost even with our porch. Mama and Papa had elevated most of our furniture and took up several rugs, just in case the water continued to rise. It's a dreadful feeling when there is nothing one can do to prevent being flooded.

Papa put boards across the lower part of the outer doors.

My Grandma Oksen lived in a small house in the rear. Papa also attended to her little home as he did ours. Fortunately, the dirty water did not reach the floor-level so all was safe in both houses.

Needless to say that it left the yards in a mess. The residue, called silt, left a fine powdery substance on the ground. When dried, it became caked and cracked. The only way to eliminate it was to spade it under. Many claimed that this silt enhanced the soil for gardening. However, when this residue was left on the porches or steps after the water receded it was necessary to wash it away as soon as possible. That also included sidewalks and other areas covered with silt.

The powerhouse, where the electric voltage was controlled, was located at the end of Walker Street, next to the Pajaro River. Here a man was kept on duty. Whenever the river started flowing over its banks the man in the powerhouse would blow the loud whistle to warn the people. This was also a signal for other emergencies. Our friend, Oscar Bruglar, was the head man of the powerhouse.

I was sixteen years old when the 1922 flood occurred. This was fun time for us kids. My two brothers and neighbor boys built a raft. We took turns floating (riding) on the raft which was prodded along with a long pole. At this date automobiles were in use, and many stalled when trying to drive through the flooded streets.

Of course, this was a disastrous time for my parents and grandmother, as well as the many families in the flooded area. The water in 1922 did reach the porch but did not enter our

house. Grandma Oksen, at this time, lived two houses away from us. She spent a day and one night at our house during the peak of the flood. Some people were evacuated.

Again, there was the mess from silt to scrub and wash away. I can still see Grandma cleaning her front porch.

Grandma Oksen loved her flower garden and worked daily in her yard. Fortunately, there were not too many flowers in the garden during the winter months. Some of the smaller shrubs were often covered with water and many died from such.

As I remember, the flooded area of Watsonville reached only as far north as the Pajaro Valley Bank and the City Plaza. The merchants, particularly on lower Main Street were very busy putting sand bags at openings and boarding up the lower parts of the doors to keep the water from entering the stores. That did help to a certain extent.

During the 1938 food we were living on Rodriguez and Sixth Streets. Nana, my Mother, was then making her home with us. Although the gutters were full of water from the continuous rain, we did not experience the excitement of a flood near this home. Ted chauffeured us up to the flooded areas but not through the water. Again, numerous cars were stalled due to water's height.

I remember the 1955 flood very well. Again, as with each flood, people were evacuated from their homes in the flooded areas. At 11:00 P.M. I had just gotten off my nursing shift. I drove to the Veterans' Memorial Building where the evacuees were taken. Here they were being fed and bedded for the night. I volunteered my help. Suddenly, a man dashed up to me. He was out of breath. He asked me if I could deliver a baby. A woman was in labor and didn't think that she had time to reach the hospital. As it turned out, she was in false labor so did not need my assistance.

Ted and our boys were busy helping at the levee packing and carrying sandbags and patrolling in our jeep, looking for leaks.

Panama Pacific International Exposition.

I'm sure there must have been others throughout the world but the P.P.I.E. is the first one that I can remember hearing about at age nine. My two younger brothers, James and Lloyd, were so excited, as well as I when Papa and Mama informed us that we would attend this huge affair in San Francisco.

Our suitcases were packed to the brim the night before we were to leave. We arose early the following morning in order to board the morning train. How exhilarating it was to sit in the big, comfy seats of the train and watch the world pass by through the large windows. My brothers and I counted the farm houses and telephone poles as they swished past. As far as I can remember, this was my first train ride. Mama had packed a little lunch for us to eat en route as she knew that we would be hungry before our arrival in San Francisco.

Upon our arrival at the Southern Pacific depot in San Francisco (I believe it was on Third and Townsend Streets) we held each others hands so as not to get lost in the crowd. I was fascinated by all the tall buildings. We had nothing to equal them in Watsonville.

From the depot we took a streetcar that delivered us close to the Golden West Hotel. We occupied two bedrooms. This all was a new experience for us kiddies.

That afternoon Papa had some automobile business to attend to so Mama took us three for a ride on the trolley cars. The streets on which the trolley cars traveled were very steep hills

and I'll have to admit that it was a little scary. It wasn't too bad going up the hills but coming down was like a modern roller coaster to us kiddies. James, my seven year old brother, screamed to the top of his voice. He was terribly frightened. At Mama's request the motorman had to stop the car to deposit us on terra firma. I was quite disgusted with James as it seemed as though we had to walk "miles" to our hotel.

The following day we all boarded a street car to take us to the fairgrounds. I can remember the vastness of the place. There were numerous long buildings as well as tall ones. The beautiful fountains with statues embedded in them were so ornate and interesting.

I was amazed to see Charlie Chaplin strolling down the paths. Further on we encountered Fatty Arbuckle. They were both famous movie stars of that era.

We visited many exhibitions during our two days at the Fair. One of the shows that fascinated me greatly was the motorcycle exhibitionists. Three men rode their motors in a very large bowl. The faster they rode, the higher they were on the sides of the bowl. I was afraid that they would ride over the top of it. It seemed to me that their heads were lower than their feet while riding so. As spectators, we were sitting along the top of the big bowl. I surely wouldn't want to be in their way if they rode over the top.

To me, the most elegant sight of the entire World Fair was the beautiful, tall tower of jewels. It was studded with various colors of cut-glass jewels and loomed high into the sky. As the sun shone on this mass of jewels they sparkled like colored diamonds. If this tower was spectacular in the daytime, it was ever more so at night when many lights illuminated it. The Tower of Jewels stands out in my memory more than any other attraction at the Fair. We have in our possession two of the jewels from the tower. One is topaz (deep yellow) and the other is rose or deep pink in color. They are about 1-1/2 inches in diameter and each in a metal setting. These were sold as keepsakes of P.P.I.E. when the tower was dismantled.

The World Fair was near the San Francisco Presidio. Still standing on the original grounds is the Palace of Fine Arts. It became somewhat deteriorated after a time of exposure. Later it was refurbished to its original state.

When it came time to board the train for home, we were three happy, but weary and tired children. That trip, with my Mama, Papa and two brothers will always remain an outstanding event in my young life.

Watsonville Apple Annual.

The first apple show in Watsonville was held in October 1910 and lasted one full week. It was considered a huge success. About 30,000 people attended from all over the state and nation. I can remember our home filled with friends and relatives from other towns.

The Watsonville Civic Auditorium (then quite new but now demolished) was ablaze with light both day and night. The walls and booths on the sides were draped with red, white and blue bunting. The displays in the center of the floor were a sight to behold.

I can remember a large American flag, the high school building of that era, an ocean liner and an old Dutch windmill, as well as many smaller exhibits all made of beautiful, shiny, red, green and yellow apples as well as round slices of dried apples.

The concession booths that lined the sides of the inner building enticed the spectators with cold drinks, cotton candy and various snacks. This celebration was something that the children looked forward to as well as the grown-ups.

The Apple Annual parade was held on the opening day of the celebration. The queen was crowned the night before at a public dance. In the parade, she presided, in all her beauty, on a special float. The queen's float was decorated with American flag bunting. Atop was a large, white eagle with wings outspread. Under each wing stood an attendant to the queen. Behind the eagle on an elevated platform was the queen's throne from which she reigned during the parade. At her sides were two small children for handmaidens.

One year my cousin, Viola Oksen, was one of the attendants. The attendant on the other side of the float was Norine Kelly. That year the queen was Ruby Waite.

The parade consisted of many other beautiful floats, decorated cars, bands, marching units, horses and other entries that make up a gala event.

On the empty lot on Rodriguez and Second Streets there was always a carnival. The merry-go-round and ferris wheel were the main attractions to us kiddies. Of course, there were booths where one could try their luck at winning a Kewpie doll, a vase or dish, or some other trinket. Most of the time the nickels and dimes were ill-spent. This carnival lot was adjacent to the auditorium.

The Watsonville Apple Annual was considered the largest and best apple show ever held in the history of the world, and took place in Watsonville for four years. It was said "There is something doing every minute" during the short time that the apple reigned in the Pajaro Valley. There will forever remain happy memories for those who were fortunate enough to enjoy the historical Apple Annual.

By the request and urging of the manager, Harry Perkins, the apple show was moved to San Francisco in 1914. A statewide show was being held there and Watsonville products became a part of it.

In 1915 the Panama Pacific International Exposition was a huge event in San Francisco. Local growers displayed their fruits at the county and state booths.

In 1916 the war in Europe had taken its toll in the export market and the domestic crops were below par. Thus, the apple Annual went into seclusion.

Some local folks are trying hard to revive the Apple Annual. Unfortunately, it's not as it was in the years of the past. How sad that we let that beautiful show slip out of our hold.

In the mid-1800's there were approximately 4,000 varieties of apples being picked and consumed in this country.

The Old Model-Ts.

I think I can truthfully say, if you can drive a Model-T Ford you can drive anything. I was thirteen years old when I first learned to drive a car -- 1919. You guessed it! It was a Model-T. At that date there were very few other makes of cars around. I can only recall two body models of the Ford -- touring and pickup.

Often times a group of us girls would take hikes together or explore our small town of Watsonville. On one such outings we met one of our boy classmates, enjoying a tour of the town in a Model-T. He asked me if I would like to drive it around the block. How could I refuse such a thrilling invitation?

Joe opened the door for me. As I stepped up on the running board and slowly slid behind the steering wheel where I found the seat most comfortable but rather low. As he set the brake, gas and spark the necessary places, he left me alone in the car while he proceeded to crank

it. When the engine turned over and with no other person in the car, I think I froze.

With Joe's instructions and patience, I thought I did exceptionally well as we drove down one street and up another. The only thing I had ever steered or maneuvered before was a bicycle, in addition to a red wagon and handcar on our sidewalk.

Somehow, all I could think about on this joy ride was, "What would Papa say or do if he passed us?"

Papa gave my brother, James, permission to learn to drive the Model-T when he was thirteen years old. Although Papa did not know that I had some past experience in maneuvering that "jitney", he consented for me to also learn to drive the Ford at that time -- when I was fifteen. Seems as parents thought the boys had more capability in that line at an earlier age than girls. No driver's license was required then, at least for teenagers. In fact, I cannot recall that Papa was required to have a license to operate a car in the early days.

I will try to describe the technique of starting and driving a Model-T Ford although it has been many years since I practiced the art of such -- 77 years.

The steering post located in front of the driver's seat was attached to the body of the car under the so-called dash board. The top end of this post held the steering wheel. (It was quite small in comparison with some later cars.) Directly under the steering wheel and on the left side of the steering post was a 3-1/2 inch protruding metal lever called the spark lever. On the opposite side of the post was another protruding lever, the same size. That was the gas lever which governed the speed.

On the floor board and beneath the steering post were three foot pedals. The one on the left was the clutch. It disengaged the engine from the drive-line when half way down, so you could shift speeds, and engaged low gear when fully depressed. The brake pedal was on the right of the steering post. The third pedal, the reverse pedal, was between the clutch and brake pedals and more towards the rear -- depress it to back up.

Just inside of the left, front door (on the drivers side was the round metal emergency brake rod. It was about 15" high, off the floor board. At the top of this rod was a spring-loaded metal lever about 2-1/2 inches long. To apply the emergency brake one pulled the brake towards the rear. To release it, the spring lever had to be pressed with the left hand and the brake rod would fall towards the front. If this all sounds complicated -- it was!

To start the Model-T, use the heavy metal crank that usually laid on the floor at the feet of the driver. Be sure that the emergency brake is on (back). Set the spark lever for the correct degree of spark. Set the gas lever for the required fuel. Now you are ready to insert the crank into a niche (hole) in front -- outside the car. This is located under the radiator.

After the crank is inserted, you can feel it catch. You are now ready to try your luck by giving the crank a spin. If your gas and spark lever are just right it should start the engine to turn over after a few spins. If not enough gas, the engine may start but die before you can get into the car. You then need a little more gas and repeat the procedure.

If you had the spark lever advanced too far, the crank would kick back at you and sometimes spin around very fast before you could release it from your hand. That is the cause of many broken arms while trying to crank a Model-T Ford car. You definitely must retard the spark lever. Let's try again to start the engine. Now it starts OK, but you must hurry to get into the car before it dies. If you succeed it will continue to run by giving it a little more gas. (Pull the gas lever down slightly) Now, with engine running, you are ready to take off -- or are you?

Comfortably seated in the driver's seat we follow the procedure for an enjoyable ride in

the "Tin Lizzie."

1. The crank is resting on the floor. We must make sure of that for if the Lizzie should die en route we have no way to start it. Too, we must make sure that we have sufficient gas and oil in the bus. The driver has to dismount to supply Lizzie's appetite as the opening in which to pour the gas with can and funnel is directly under the driver's seat. Never let the engine run while filling.

2. While Lizzie is nicely idling, release the emergency brake. If on a slope make sure your foot is ready to push down on the floor brake.

3. Press the clutch pedal to the floor with your left foot. Release the clutch very slowly. Whoops! Now we killed the engine by releasing the clutch too fast. Again, we have to go through the whole procedure of securing the emergency brake, reaching for the crank on the floor, setting the gas and spark levers, and then cranking it. Maybe a little bit more gas will help.

The driver is now back in his seat, crank on the floor. After releasing the emergency brake and letting the clutch out very gently, we start moving forward. Now, a little more gas on the lever will give us a little more speed. Everything seems under control so we can increase the gas intake and move much faster. (However, the Lizzie could never compete for speed with cars made at a later date.) Nevertheless, the Ford/Tin Lizzie/fliver was a very dependable (usually) way of transportation in its day. Whenever necessary to slow down, the right foot was ready to push down on the floor brake.

This all may sound complicated but once mastered the fliver could climb and go places where later cars refused to embark, or failed if they tried.

When baby Bobby was almost a month old I drove our Ford Model-T from Watsonville to Bradley, California where his Daddy, Creston, was working. Bradley was about 120 miles from home. Being there were no restraints for wee ones in cars in those days, we had to improvise. I laid a soft bed pillow along the side of me on the front seat. I placed my baby carefully on the pillow. To keep him from falling to the floor, if I found it necessary to apply the brakes, I pinned a crib sheet to the top of the seat with several sturdy safety pins -- stretching it over the top of little Bobby and secured the sheet likewise on the bottom edge of the seat. This formed a tent that was open at both ends.

My baby and I had an enjoyable trip. We left Watsonville quite early so as to avoid the hot temperature as the weather near Bradley, Paso Robles, and vicinity becomes quite warm in the spring of the year. The summers are extremely hot, so we discovered. Other than one stop to change and breast feed my baby en route, we continued merrily on our way.

Needless to say that Daddy Creston was anxiously awaiting our arrival. He had to return to Bradley (The Hunter Ranch) when his baby was less than a week old. (Creston had a contract to haul Hunter's grain to market with his big White truck. Baby Bobby and I remained at that ranch with Creston until fall and harvesting was completed.

As I stated, that part of the country really became hot. The temperature reached 120 degrees several times. On one Sunday afternoon Creston, little Bobby and I decided to take a ride in our Ford touring car. The countryside was definitely not what I would call scenic. There were miles and miles of flat land that had been planted in grain. Fires were badly feared for once a fire started in the dry grain fields it spread very rapidly to neighboring fields. Fires were the worst enemy -- more so than an invasion of pests or insects.

The three of us had not gone more than five miles on that hot, Sunday afternoon when one of our tires went flat. Creston took the repair kit out from under the back seat, and also the

necessary equipment to remove the tire from the rim, including the hand pump.

1. The car had to be jacked up on the crippled-tire side so as to free the tire from the ground. (The hand jack was operated by manual work.)
2. Nuts and bolts were released in order to free the wheel from the axle. A special wrench was used.
3. When the wheel was free and on the ground, tire rim rods were used to free tire from rim.
4. The leaky tube was then pulled from inside the tire.
5. The next procedure was to locate the cause of the leak. If it was a nail or such it could easily be detected. However, in this case, a former patch had melted off from the intense heat of the day. Often-times a little saliva on the area would help find the little hole as air inside of the tube would make the saliva form bubbles.
6. Now, it's time to open the patch kit. Using the small, metal grater on rubber of the tube, around the puncture cleanses it and makes it abrasive. That spot is now ready to apply the cement or glue. From several size patches in the can, one is selected for the desired area. After peeling a covering off the patch the patch is then secured in place over the puncture or tear. In those days the tubes often had more than one patch. The valves also leaked.
7. The procedure above was then reversed and everything put back in its place before the flier was ready to roll again. I failed to mention that after that tire was again on the car, the tube inside of the tire had to be inflated with the hand pump.

That hot Sunday afternoon drive was long remembered. We did not venture far from the ranch as we had six (6) flat tires in a radius of ten miles. Each time a tire went flat, due to the patches melting off, Creston had to go through the same hot, weary, tiresome act as described previously. We fortunately had a canteen of water with us. Nevertheless, by the time we arrived home, almost dark, we felt as though we were dehydrated. Baby Bobby survived the ordeal better than Mommy and Daddy.

Hopefully, my story of the Tin Lizzie is "understandable." At age 90 the cogs can become a little rusty.

Bootlegger.

Back in the 1920's and 1930's it was quite an unusual sight to see a mobile home on the road. This one that I am referring to was an original, homemade one -- made by a burly, older man named Ed Best. Just what his connections were in the barnyard vicinity of Maluhia Ranch, I do not know. Ted and Charlie (Chuck) knew him for some period of time before Ted and I were married in 1930.

This home-made mobile home was made by Ed, quite some time before Ted met him. It was entirely made of wood and had double wooden walls. It was not an exceptionally large living quarters as it was built on the back of an old truck. In this, he made his home throughout the year, traveling from one area to another. As I recall he originally came from the Los Angeles area. If in Central California he would usually make Maluhia Ranch his stop-off. Here he could assist with the harvest and earn a little extra money.

However, that was not the only way that Ed made his living. Somehow, he managed to run a still to make bootleg whiskey. It was a puzzle to us all just where he operated his still. He definitely did not have it set up at Maluhia's barn yard. We often wondered if it was operated

inside of his makeshift home. While at the ranch, he always parked at the further end of the packing house, next to the open garage. Between the double, wooden siding of his trailer house he hid his numerous bottles of bootleg whiskey, which he sold en route.

On one occasion, while traveling, someone ran into him and demolished one side of his home. Fortunately for Ed, that side of his abode was minus the bottled whiskey at that time. Otherwise, he would have been jailed.

One day Ted and Charlie saw Ed bury a number of bottles of "hootch" in the orchard. To play a joke on Ed, the two of them dug up the bottles and hid them. Sometime later they saw Ed digging up the orchard with a shovel trying to find his bottles of whiskey. I don't remember the outcome but I'm sure they all were returned to their owner -- all full bottles. Bootleg whiskey could sometimes kill a person when consumed.

Sometime before Ted and I were married, Ed was in need of some cash. He offered Ted a very large, very old trunk for \$5.00. Back in the 30s, \$5.00 was a fairly large sum of money. Ted took him up on the deal. He figured that he could use it for much storage. Too, Ted often wondered where Ed got it and how he could carry such a large container in that makeshift home. I'm sure that Ted got his money's worth out of it for after more than 60 years it is still intact in our basement. It is really a sturdy, strong old-fashioned trunk.

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Chapter 4 – Places in My Life

Places change with time and after the passing of years can become but vague replicas of childhood memories. I would like to help the reader picture some of these places at the beginning of this 20th century.

Moss Landing.

I can remember Moss Landing as far back as 1911 and 1912. It was located about twelve miles from Watsonville at that time. The road was not paved and had numerous curves in it. The sharpest curve was at Giberson's Corner. It was a pleasure to approach that curve as Mrs. Giberson always had various and beautiful colored flowers in her front yard and along the fence on the turn. There, too, was a row of cypress trees. Also numerous trees were growing along the side of the road before reaching Moss Landing.

At that time the little, old school house was located on a hill on the right side of the road before reaching Giberson's Corner. In later years the pretty, little school house from the Beach Road location was moved just across the road from the old Moss Landing School house. The old school house was then demolished.

On our way to Tassajara each summer this was the only route to reach Salinas. We crossed a rickety old bridge that spanned the Moss Landing Slough. (Later it was called the Elkhorn Slough.) Shortly on the other side of the bridge the old road took a direct turn to the right towards the ocean. It was just a short distance until we came to the so-called town of Moss Landing. As I remember it, there was a post office and a grocery store on the left side of the road. No doubt, there could have been a saloon also as they were quite prevalent in those days.

About nine times out of ten, when we reached this area, we encountered dense fog. The wharf reached out into the Monterey Bay. Up the road, a short distance, was the Moss Landing Cemetery.

On our return trip from Tassajara Hot Springs, we made Moss Landing our last camp with our two horses and camp wagons. Usually, it was in the late afternoon and the fog seldom failed us. That was the least desirable camp for us kids as it was so cold. However, we had nickels and pennies saved to purchase soda water, candy and gum at the little store with the long, wooden porch across the front. I believe the owners of the store were Mr. and Mrs. Day. Papa often-times went fishing and if his luck was good, which it usually was, we had fresh, fried fish for dinner.

As we kiddies grew older Papa used to take Mama and us three to Moss Landing to fish off the wharf. As I recall, there was a bait stand at the entrance to the wharf. A picnic lunch to be eaten on the wharf was a special treat as that salty, ocean air really whet our appetites. We always had a towel or rag nearby to wipe our hands after cutting up bait. Even so, who cared about the fish smell as we devoured the yummy sandwiches?

My two brothers and I became quite good fishermen. We would stand at the waters edge and whirl our lines out as far as possible. Of course, we lost a number of sinkers. Some of the surf fish put up a little fight, at least we kids thought they did. We wound our lines up on a

wooden stick.

In these early days, there was no limit to the number of fish or species that we caught. We always seemed to have a gunny sack somewhat filled with our catch, even though some were small. My two brothers and Papa would gut and scale the fish as soon as we returned home. Sometimes they would gut them on the wharf and throw the innards back into the water. This technique served the purpose of "chum" and enticed the larger fish to our area to eat the guts. If we were lucky we then caught some of the larger ones.

As kids and teen-agers, we thought it great sport to comb the beach at Moss Landing for little grunion fish. We would fill pails with them in no time at all. During about three months of spring to summer these little, translucent fish would wash up on the damp sand. They were about 4" to 6" long. Their little backbones were quite visible due to their translucency. The foamy surf deposited numerous little fish along the beach in such abundance that at times one had to be cautious as to where they would walk so as not to injure them.

The little grunions that washed ashore, dug holes in the wet sand and laid their eggs. Soon foamy waves washed them back to sea again. When the eggs hatched on the beach, the baby grunions were soon washed out to sea by the surf. This cycle was repeated year after year in the late spring or early summer. Another species of fish that was edible and washed ashore each year is the surf-smelt.

In those "good-ole-days" we often went clamming. At that date there were no limits to size or numbers. We kiddies would dig up beautiful, large clams with our toes while Mama and Papa used clam rakes. We ate the small ones raw. Some time later a limit of fifteen clams measuring at least six inches was put into force by law. A game warden patrolled the beaches by foot. In the old days men were known to use a horse and plow to plow up clams.

Kathryn Rogers Oksen and I spent many happy hours together before she and my brother, Jim, and Ted and I were married. We went fishing, swimming, traveling and clamming together. Moss Landing was our favorite place to dig clams as luck was always with us.

At this date in 1929 there was a limit on the number of clams one could take home as well as the size of the clams. We enjoyed eating some raw on the beach. For these, we did not have to account.

On one particular occasion and a blustery winter day there was no one else on the Moss Landing beach but Kathryn and me. With our clam rakes we dug up one big clam after another. We had our limit, each, in no time at all. Aw shucks!!! We didn't want to give up our fun so soon. After all, we had driven twelve, long miles from Watsonville. Sooo we kept digging up these beautiful, big clams. It made our mouths water when we thought about the luscious clam chowder that my Mother could make with them. At that time little Bobby and I were living with "Nana" and Kathryn (Katie) lived a block away.

When we decided to quit digging, we put our two limits together in a gunny sack. Now, what to do with our excess clams?

We decided to stash them in the bottom of our gym bloomers which we usually wore when fishing or clamming. We felt sure that the elastic around the bottom of the bloomers was secure and would hold our unlawful catch until we reached our car on the other side of the sand dunes.

We donned our long coats and started out over the dunes. With each step the clams clanked against each other. I must admit that they were heavy and noisy possessions.

Suddenly a man's figure appeared at the top of one of the dunes. As he came closer, Katie and I started shaking with our panty clams clanking harder. We could plainly see that he was

a game warden. At this point there was nothing we could do but to draw our long coats tightly around our body and continue on our way.

As the game warden approached us he spoke and asked us if we had a good day. Of course, we said, "Yes." He asked to see our gunny sack of clams. As he counted them out Katie and I were swallowing hard and spitting cotton. He commented on the nice catch we had and continued to chat. We tried to act natural and not be evasive but beads of perspiration were popping out all over my forehead -- regardless of the chilly day. I could visualize Katie and me behind bars with big headlines in our local paper, "Two Arrested at Moss Landing for Over Limit of Clams."

I thought this warden would never leave. When he finally did so, Katie and I waited until he was out of hearing distance before we started walking. No, we weren't bowlegged but we did have a peculiar stride. (I often wondered if he knew our secret.)

Kathryn and I never did a trick like that again. That taught us a lesson. Strange as it may seem -- that luscious clam chowder had a peculiar taste. It was much, much later before Katie revealed our secret to Jim.

About 1930 and 1931 Ted, little Bobby and I often pitched our umbrella tent at Moss Landing. It was delightful as the grass was matted and thick just like a carpet. Here was our favorite spot for fishing. By eight o'clock Bobby was usually ready to be tucked into bed. After dark Ted and I would bait our crab nets and fish for crabs. Seemed as though we had better luck then than at daytime. As I recall, there was no limit to size or number of crabs in those days.

We enjoyed many delightful meals from fish, crabs and clams caught at Moss Landing. As of today, the fishing there is sparse and the old wharf has been gone for years.

Moss Landing became quite prominent, in more ways than one, when the whale business started. A large, long, wooden structure was located a short distance from the wharf on a sandy beach. The large whales, harpoons intact were drawn out of the water, onto a platform and into this long shed with the help of a winch. A loud whistle blew to call the men to work on the whales.

This rare spectacle attracted many people for miles around. It was interesting to see such a large creature, but not a pleasant sight to observe the procedure to follow. The men clamored all over the whale, slashing into it with sharp, long-handled knives. With each slash, the blood oozed out of the body. Frequently, the men had quite serious accidents from a slip of the knife.

The meat was cut into big chunks and thrown into large vats. Here it was rendered and the oil eventually used for various purposes, such as spray for trees, softening leather, soap, etc. During the rendering process, the fish odor from the whales permeated the air. Everyone knew, for miles around, when a whale had been brought ashore. This obnoxious odor was very offensive. The windows in my high school classes faced the south. When the wind blew from that direction, the odor permeated the class rooms twelve miles away.

The whaling days ended in the 1950's. Many changes have taken place at Moss Landing since then. Added is the huge Kaiser plant, the large PG&E plant, and many antique stores, to name a few. A different bridge has been built across the slough, the jog in the road removed to assist the traffic, and a new road built around the channel. Later there were a few cabins constructed along the inlet to the slough. Directly before one crossed the bridge, a little dirt road, off to the west, led to the cabins and places where one could camp. This was on the brink of the inlet.

Sometime later a restaurant and bar was built in the cabin area. This place became quite popular as it overlooked the water. The meals served, mostly seafood, were delicious. There also was a nice dance floor. Many people from neighboring towns spent Saturday evenings at this place -- eating, drinking and dancing.

Shortly after a terrible, January storm Skip (Ron) asked Ted and me if we would like to take a ride on the beach and collect driftwood. To me this sounded like a most wonderful outing as well as a most fascinating birthday pleasure -- January 15, 1967. Skip knew my love for driftwood and seashore remnants as our home in Ben Lomond had a large circle of Fall Creek rocks bordering a menagerie of driftwood pieces as well as other oddities. This was the decor of our front yard. A bird bath adorned the center of the circle.

Back to my 61st birthday trip -- Jo Ann and I packed a picnic lunch to take with us. The ocean air always enhances one's appetite. Skip, Jo Ann, Judy (13 years old), and Randy Theodore (11 years old), Ted and I all piled into the jeep and headed for Moss Landing. Our little utility trailer was attached behind. From where we parked, it was only a "stone's throw" to the surf. Skip let most of the air out of the four tires on the jeep (1946 vintage). With the tires flat we could drive over the small sand dunes and up and down the seashore.

Randy, Judy, Jo Ann and I sat in the back of the jeep while Skip drove and Ted sat next to him. How invigorating the ocean air seemed to be as we traveled along the shore, locating and stacking up interesting pieces of driftwood which we would load into the trailer on our return. It is impossible to describe the wood and debris that the heavy storm deposited all along the beach -- from Moss Landing to the mouth of the Pajaro River -- that was our turn-around point.

On our return Judy and Randy sat in the trailer. Each time they spotted an interesting piece of driftwood they would jump out and throw it into the trailer bed. So many interesting pieces and odd shapes from being battered around at sea.

There were many pieces of good, usable lumber, both long and short. However, we could only find room for a few pieces. Skip saw a huge (tumbled) tree root with many pockets for planting succulent plants, etc. He said, "Mom, would you like that?" Of course I said, "Yes," knowing it was too large and too heavy to lift into the trailer. Besides, we had already salvaged one a trifle smaller. He stood by his offer and with help of all, we soon had it loaded. There also were many pieces of "tumbled" colored glass, presumably thrown overboard at sea from ships.

By the time we again reached Moss Landing shores we couldn't possibly find room for another treasure. The beach was still covered with driftwood as far north as we could see, as there were no other driftwood collectors. Wouldn't the Ben Lomond and Boulder Creek store-collectors have a "hey-day" if they could make this "treasure hunt?"

As we drove back over the sand dunes to our embarking point, my heart was full of joy and appreciation. What a most beautiful birthday, as well as unique and rewarding. Leave it to Skip to reflect on such.

Again, the tires were pumped full of air and we soon were heading for home -- hungry tired and happy. Skip, Jo Ann and the kiddies returned to their Green Valley home and Ted and I to our Ben Lomond abode. We had to leave much of the treasure at the ranch -- particularly the large, beautiful stumps. Some smaller ones I took to Ben Lomond to enhance our circle in the front yard.

Some years later -- April 1970 Ted and I moved back to our Green Valley home. Skip had built a new home for his family on Smith Road, about two miles from the ranch. Now I could use my two, beautiful driftwood tree stumps that Skip had stored for me. The smaller one I had

Ted put at the entrance to our driveway on Green Valley Road, near the mail box. Its pockets were scarce so I didn't plant in it. The large, heavy one Ted deposited in our back yard near the rock wall bed.

When I went after the mail one morning (a couple of months later) to my surprise the large piece of driftwood had disappeared. Well, I figured someone must have wanted it quite badly to have hauled it away. Oh, well, I had my big, heavy driftwood stump left. I knew that no one could readily make off with it.

The first piece looked so nice at the driveway entrance. I asked Ted to drag the larger one down to the entrance with the car. I knew this one was safe. I then planted the deep pockets with succulent plants.

During the following week I had many compliments on my adornment. However, they soon came to a "screeching halt" for, lo-and-behold, to my uttermost dismay soon my large, heavy piece of driftwood had disappeared from its resting place. Whoever took it definitely had to have help loading it into a truck. This is the saga of my driftwood but the joy and fun on that birthday outweighs the loss of the wood as no one can steal my memories.

From Moss Landing to as far north as Seacliff Beach and New Brighton Beach there is a very bad undertow. This stretch takes in Zmudowski Beach at the mouth of the Pajaro River, Palm Beach about five miles west of Watsonville, Sunset Beach a short distance north, and then Manresa Beach. Many do not realize what an undertow really is. When the surf washes up on the seashore it is a foamy and beautiful uneven, broken line of white foam. However, when these waves return to the ocean there can be a terrific pull from underfoot. On some of the beaches this undertow is not too noticeable to the wader, swimmer or clammer when close to shore, but can be hazardous a short distance out.

During my lifetime, many, many clammers and swimmers have been sucked in by this perilous undertow. The sand underfoot can be classed as a shelf, suddenly becoming deeper. Many good swimmers have been caught in this dilemma. Most of the local or regional inhabitants have been cautioned about this danger. However, many people from other cities and areas have looked forward to a happy campout or fun day at the beach. Loaded with clam gear anticipating a limit of fresh, palatable clams to take home with them, not knowing this treacherous coastline, some parties returned home with tears in their eyes -- mourning the loss of one or two members of their group.

For many years past, each time that I would read about a drowning at our neighboring beaches, I became terribly upset. I wrote letters to county and local authorities but got no response. Finally, around 1970, I phoned a Santa Cruz County official, person to person, asking him why our beaches were not posted as being dangerous to the public. He replied that some warning signs had been erected in the campgrounds but unfortunately, people tear them down to burn for firewood. I asked if he felt that the day visitors would possibly see them in the camp area.

From the mid-seventies the Rescue Teams have performed from fifty to sixty ocean rescues each year. Undoubtedly, few, if any were clamming rescues as the Pismo clams have about reached extinction. Most beach-goers today are bathers, swimmers and surfers. Lifeguard Towers were erected at some state and city beaches. In 1989 it was stated that no drownings had occurred since the towers were in use.

Camp Goodall and Port Watsonville.

It was about 1914 that Papa rented a little cottage for Mama, my two younger brothers and me at Camp Goodall. Papa either rode his bicycle or drove out each evening to spend the nights with us. His business kept him in town during the daytime.

Camp Goodall, established in the 1890s, was located about five miles from Watsonville, on the south side of Beach Road where it meets the sand dunes -- what is now known as Pajaro Dunes. To be near the ocean and play in the sand was a definite contrast from the mountains, where we usually spent the summers. Only the miniature mountain range of sand dunes was between us and the ocean. But we were not allowed to wade in the water unless Mama or Papa were with us.

Our little cabin had only two rooms -- the kitchen and sleeping quarters. It was definitely unfurnished. We slept on a couple of mattresses thrown on the floor. The kitchen contained a small cook stove. The landlord gave us an old table at which we ate our meals. How good Mama's meals tasted. We used boxes to serve as chairs. On our kitchen table we always had a pretty little bouquet of yellow and blue lupines that I gathered from near the sand dunes. After breakfast each morning we three children would gather firewood from the beach. This was always plentiful. We also looked for ripe beach apples (ice plant fruit) in the dunes, which we found very palatable.

One thing that we did not anticipate was having mice run across our beds at night. Papa brought us some mouse traps to eliminate them. We three kiddies would set the traps with cheese or bacon each night. In the mornings we would race to see who was going to check the traps. We soon got rid of the mouse situation.

One of the highlights of our stay at Camp Goodall was to play in the old, weather-beaten dance hall, in which there was an old baby grand piano with a tinny sound and terribly out of tune. Here we would enact plays and dances with other campers' children. These childish performances were long remembered.

Across the road from the long dance hall, and against the line of sand dunes, was an old, abandoned, two-story rooming house in which all the windows were either broken or boarded up. What fun it was to play hide and seek, running up and down the rickety stairs! Mama did become concerned at times.

During the early years, Camp Goodall also consisted of six cabins, a saloon, a blacksmith shop and a greyhound race track. It later became known as Palm Beach. All the old, memorable buildings have long been demolished. In the 1960s that area was renamed Pajaro Dunes and developed for beach houses.

A few miles north of Camp Goodall was Port Watsonville, formerly called Port Rodgers. A wharf, built shortly after the turn of the century, reached out about a quarter mile into Monterey Bay where vessels could dock.

Electric trolley tracks had been laid from Main and East 3rd Streets (later called Wall Street and now East Beach Street) in town to the wharf at Port Watsonville. The tracks ran on the left side of Beach Road -- completely off the road. A double track ran a quarter of a mile out the wharf, to the loading station at the end. I can remember riding in these street cars when I was six and seven years old. That was a happy experience for me. The tracks remained intact in town for many years after the line was discontinued.

One of the first ships to haul cargo as well as passengers was the F.A. Kilburn. This new steamer made its maiden voyage from San Francisco to Port Rodgers in the spring of 1904. Over

a thousand people thronged to the beach on the electric trolley cars to see the new steamer arrive. Many local residents enjoyed a cruise around Monterey Bay for 50 cents, then returned to Watsonville on the street cars for 5 cents.

It was for only a short time that ships docked at this wharf to carry produce from the Pajaro Valley to other coastal points. In November 1904 heavy seas and high winds washed away about 200 feet of the wharf which had been weakened by worms. The wharf was later rebuilt but was again swept away by stormy seas. As I remember, in about 1913 or 1914 there was only a small portion left. A few pilings still protruded out of the ocean in the early 1930's.

Atop the sand dunes at Port Watsonville stood a dance pavilion which was built some time later than the dance hall at Camp Goodall. Mr. Frank Oliver owned several partly-furnished cottages at this resort. Papa rented one of these around 1918 so that Mama, my grandmother, my two brothers, and I could spend two weeks of our vacation at the seashore. I was then about twelve years old.

Our cottage was located a short distance from the fenced arena that in earlier years had been a baseball field and race track. Nearby were a couple dilapidated concession stands, still remaining. A short distance down the grass-covered road, stood an old, square house where Manuel Silva once lived. At this date the street car tracks were still there but the electric cars had discontinued running several years earlier.

Mr. Oliver had an old horse which he let us three kiddies ride each day. We thought this was great fun. Each day we went wading in the surf but to swim was taboo. Many swimmers and clammers have drowned at these two beaches, due to the treacherous rip tides and undertows.

Port Watsonville is at the southern edge of Sunset Beach. This state park now has lovely campsites surrounded by beautiful pine trees. There are also inviting picnic areas at this beautiful beach.

Santa Cruz Board Walk.

My earliest memories of the Santa Cruz boardwalk were at the age of ten or eleven years. It was a rare, but special big event when Papa and Mama took my two brothers and me to Santa Cruz in the Model-T Ford touring car. Mama would pack a nice lunch in our big wicker lunch basket. We would sit on the sand, in front of the bandstand, which was located a short distance across from the Casino building. How good the lunches tasted -- gritty sand and all.

Inside of the Casino building were rows of moving picture machines. This was called "The Penny Arcade." We kiddies would scamper along the isles looking at the advertisement pictures on the outside of the machines. When we saw one of interest we would insert a penny in the slot, stand on a little platform, put our foreheads against the viewer and watch the black and white moving picture. As I remember, the pictures were rather jerky. When one of us saw an interesting picture, we would call to each other. In those days all these pictures were good, clean entertainment for children.

There were real cute children in some of the pictures, of which there were both comedy and sad ones. The two actors that I remember were Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin. Of course, Mama and Papa were nearby, watching us. That was usually the first stop on our Santa Cruz excursion.

As we walked down the covered walkway of the outer Casino we stopped at various booths to watch people try their luck at winning a prize. More often than not, they went away empty-handed. There also were the popcorn, peanut and cotton candy booths which we seldom

passed up. We had saved our pennies, nickels and dimes in advance for these luscious treats. It was fun and exciting to be able to spend ones very own money. It made us feel quite grown up.

As I remember, the Boardwalk only extended as far as the merry-go-round at that time. This was the highlight of our day. It was great fun riding those beautiful, big horses. Of course, I chose a moving horse on the outer side of the merry-go-round. The stationary horses were on the inner side. My two younger brothers settled for one of these. How they loved to select the color of the horse they would ride. Sometime later a metal arm was installed. This dispersed rings that we could grab as we rode past. Then we would throw the rings at the mouth of a large clown's head on one wall. A bell would ring if we hit the mouth. If one was fortunate enough to get a gold ring they received a free ride. The loud, calliope music from the merry-go-round was like heaven to our ears.

Each Sunday afternoon the band would entertain the visitors. We joined others, sitting on the long Casino steps, facing the band stand.

It is difficult for kids to sit quietly for long. Now it was time to head for the hot dog stand. Oh, how yummy they did taste! At that time there were no hamburger booths. Anyway, what could taste better than a Boardwalk hot dog to three hungry youngsters? We usually topped it off with a big ice cream cone.

Now it was time to end our fun day and head for home. There was always a trophy or two to take home with us. It took us about an hour to drive home at 30 miles per hour. We were three tired kiddies.

I cannot remember exactly when the Santa Cruz plunge opened in the Casino building. As I grew older, that was the most entertaining spot for me in Santa Cruz. My Mother would often chaperone a group of us, boys and girls, for an evening swim in the warm, salt water plunge.

Also, the Fun House, located next to the merry-go-round, was a great attraction. Just inside the entrance was a little hallway. Here, we girls had to hang on to our skirts as often times a big gust of air would blow them up, almost over our heads.

Inside the Fun House there was a wobbly walkway. One had to hold onto a bar on each side to keep from falling down. The 36 foot, rotating barrel was quite a challenge. To walk through this barrel and remain upright was almost an impossibility. On the big whirling wheel we all huddled together in the center, trying to stay on as long as possible, while the wheel spun around very fast.

Last, but not least, that I remember, was the real tall, arching and dipping slide. To me, this was the most fun of all. Before climbing the long stairs to the top of the slide, we had to grab a gunny sack to take with us. At the top of the stairs we had to await our turn. Often-times there would be a long line. Sitting on the sack, we headed down the slide, one at a time. Our ride only lasted about fifteen seconds but it was quite a thrill. That is all that I can remember about the Fun House.

Sometime later, to the regret of many, the Santa Cruz plunge was discontinued and a thing of the past. However, I'm sure that it will remain a memorable place to the many that shared a dip in the warm, salt water pool of yesteryears.

Soon a miniature golf course was built where the plunge once was located. This pastime was appealing particularly to the younger generation. The course remained there for a number years. That now is being neglected.

On the second floor of the Casino building was a dance floor which was known as the Santa Cruz Ballroom. This has been remodeled and is now known as the Coconut Grove. It's a

beautiful place where many dances and parties are held.

At the further end of the Casino building overlooking the ocean and pier was a very popular restaurant. Many tables were near the long row of windows through which the public could view the ocean and the bathers on the beach while enjoying their meal.

Later, the Fun House was dismantled. This was done to the regret of many, as the Fun House at one time was one of the most popular entertainment places on the Boardwalk. It was replaced by other attractions.

There were many other amusement places built, such as the ferris wheel, bumper cars and various rides. Some are still there, such as the small train ride that goes through a dark tunnel; a slide that ends into a pool of water; some trolley cars that carry passengers from one end of the concessions to the other end. This is run on cables far above the Boardwalk, which enables the passengers to see most of the beach area as well as the walk below.

Of course, the Giant Dipper, formerly called Roller Coaster, has been in operation as long as I can remember. As I recollect a more modern ride which is steeper and faster was constructed a number of years ago.

It has been some time since I strolled down the Boardwalk of Santa Cruz. However, I have my memories of the earlier years and of the years that our children were growing up. As our grandchildren came along I took them to the Penny Arcade. The boys liked to try their luck at shooting the moving duck targets as well as viewing the comedy movies in the penny machines. All the pictures were appropriate for childrens' viewing.

I'm sure that the grandchildren will remember all the amusements on which they rode as well as the hot dogs, hamburgers, popcorn, cotton candy, saltwater taffy, and sodas they enjoyed on their strolls down the Boardwalk of Santa Cruz. Those memories will also linger with them through the years to come.

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Chapter 5 – Thoughts of the past

In this chapter I will combine a medley of thoughts and feeling that I have experienced over the years. So you can expect a journey to many of the obscure corners of my memory.

Grandma's Soup.

Most all early-day grandmas had a big copper or heavy metal soup pot sitting on the back of their wood-burning kitchen stove. Along with a big pot of beans, soup was one of the main "reinforcements" for nourishment and healthy living. Vitamins and present day additives were not know. All the good nourishment the body needed, other than homemade bread and biscuits, could be found in this big soup pot.

Grandma usually started out by asking the butcher for soup bones. Along with different kinds of beef bones from which the meat had been trimmed off were always knuckle bones. They were a must as they contained a great amount of gristle. Grandma usually got a "thank you" from the butcher for helping him dispose of the bones. If not called for they were thrown into a big box and discarded later. Today, of course, everything is sold at the butcher shops.

Along with the bones there had to be some meat in the soup. Grandma usually insisted on beef neck bones. She claimed that the meat on these bones was the best and sweetest meat from the entire animal.

This all was put into the big pot and boiled until the meat practically fell off the neck bones; the marrow from the little round bones fell out and the gristle from the big knuckle bone was soft.

Now that Grandma had the soup stock ready she proceeded to add the goodies. Usually, from the home garden Grandma filled her little basket with all the necessities required for her freshly-made soup. There were carrots, celery, turnips, various kinds of greens, tomatoes, string beans from which she had to remove the strings, and of course the good old faithful onion. Grandma kept sacks of potatoes stored in the cellar so she didn't have to dig them up.

Usually, the fresh pot of soup was the main dish for the family on the first day it was made. It was then pushed to the back of the stove, being that almost half of the fresh soup remained in the kettle. The following days any leftover vegetables and meats from the suppers were added to the soup pot. Each day this was brought to a boil on the wood-burning cooking stove. Liquids were added if needed. Parsley played a big roll in the family.

Daily, before the main part of the meal was put on the table, each guest or person was served a bowl of soup, either from out of the pot or from a tureen (deep, covered dish) placed on the table. That could be called "Grandmas's early day vitamin source.

Food And Things.

In the early years and during the Great Depression we didn't have our choice of ground beef. It was only hamburger. As of today, you have ground beef, (regular hamburger) ground chuck, or ground round -- depending on the fat content you desire. For me, the ground beef has too much fat in it. The ground round is too lean, with barely any fat at all. For a palatable dish a little fat is necessary. Consequently, I buy ground chuck. The medical people tell us to eliminate as much fat as possible to prevent blockage of the arteries and subsequent heart attacks. Yet, our bodies do require some fat.

In days past the butcher would give you the trimmings of the meats and bones -- large knuckle bones and whatever. Other organs of the animals were freely given or thrown away. Today, everything is sold except the baa baa, the squeal and the moo. Bones are packaged to sell for soups and the trimmings are ground up for hamburger. How times have changed! The prices of the better cuts of meat are practically out of reach for some people. The good, old hamburger sustains them and is used for many dishes.

We didn't have Kool Aid and such when I was a child. When Mama had a jelly glass emptied it was partly filled with water, shaken up to dissolve any residual jelly, and greatly enjoyed by us youngsters.

I don't recall when peanut butter was first marketed. Mama used to grind up the shelled, roasted peanuts and mix them with a little oil and salt. That was a wonderful treat on our sandwiches as I remember during my adolescent years.

Papa put a large, wooden barrel (with a cover on it during good weather) under the spout from the eaves on the roof. There the rain water collected during the rains. This water was a luxury used to wash our hair, a soft water for rinsing dainties, and also used for other purposes. Good, old rain water barrel!

My mouth waters when I think of the old-time banana splits. A long, glass dish held a split banana and was filled with scoops of vanilla, strawberry and chocolate ice cream topped with pineapple, strawberry and chocolate syrup. Over each was placed a gob of whipped cream and chopped nuts. Then it cost twenty-five cents. Now it is several dollars.

Preserved eggs were used for winter baking as eggs were so expensive. This was done by placing a solution called water glass in a big crock and storing the eggs in it.

Our home cured bacon (sometimes with smoke salt) was so, so good. Pork chops and homemade sausage were preserved in large crocks by pouring hot lard over the meat. Lard was made from rendering the fat from the pig that was butchered. The cracklings, left from rendered (boiled) fat were so good. They added a delicacy to homemade corn bread.

Fruits.

Pajaro Valley around 1906 contained about 40,000 acres of land. It is surrounded by mountains from 1,000 to 1,500 feet in height, with the exception of a small portion that borders on the ocean. Pajaro Valley is so secluded that severe storms rarely reach this area.

The summers here would normally be very hot, but a night fog from the ocean enfolds the valley. In the mornings the trees are usually dripping with dew from the fog. By nine or ten o'clock the sun appears and the fog clears away. Occasionally there may be a full day that it remains overcast. This climate is compatible with the wonderful apples and flowers grown in this valley.

Within a radius of eight or ten miles one can enjoy the beautiful mountains or the waves at the seashore. Many people from the hot San Joaquin Valley come to this area to spend the summers in the cooler fog belt. Travelers from other parts of the world marvel at the Pajaro Valley climate. Some choose to settle here saying that this is the most moderate and desirable climate that they have ever encountered. I do agree with them.

The Pajaro Valley grows many other fruits and vegetables. Some are strawberries, lettuce, celery, onions, carrots and artichokes, besides the apples and flowers. In the early days most of the labor was done by Portuguese, Slavonians, Japanese and Chinese. In the early 1920s I can remember that Filipinos did most of the stoop labor. This work was done mainly by contract.

Today most of the Pajaro Valley labor is done by Mexicans. Some Japanese harvest the strawberries.

Apples. Of course apples were always the number one fruit in our Pajaro Valley area. The bellflower apples, which in the early days were so good for sauce and pies as well as eating, are gradually diminishing. The Skinner seedling is another apple that probably very few people remember. It had a very delicious white flesh and very thin, green skin. Years ago apple worms and scab were the most detrimental to the fruit. Today these are kept under control with many kinds of sprays. Of course, they had horse-drawn spray rigs years ago but limited varieties of spray. Nowadays the apple orchards are sprayed with motor spray rigs as well as from airplanes and helicopters. When sprayed from above, the air for miles around is saturated with toxic pollution. This affects the bees, the ladybugs and all the good insects that were natural to the pollination and control of aphids, etc., as well as to humans.

In the early days, when ready to harvest, the orchardists had the apples picked from the trees and put into apple boxes. Those boxes are almost extinct today. Apple bins are used now.

The boxes of apples were then taken to the packing house in wagons or trucks, where they were sorted and graded. The choice apples were wrapped in paper and packed in boxes, which were distributed to various locations. The balance of apples were sent to local grocery stores. Some of the apples were sent to the dryer where they were peeled, cored and sliced by machine. The slices were then dried and used for pies and sauce. Later, surplus apples were sent to cold storage warehouses to provide fresh apples when they were not in season.

The peelings and cores from the dryer were placed in bins and loaded onto horse-drawn wagons for transportation to the vinegar works. There they were squeezed (pressed), then processed and made into apple vinegar. This was bottled and ready for the market. When the peeling wagon went down the street one could smell its strong, sour odor for blocks away.

The smaller and fallen apples were sent to the cider works. Wormy apples were accepted for cider also.

When wagon loads of apples were hauled down the streets to the packing houses, we kiddies would holler, "Please give me an apple." The driver would usually reach behind and get one to throw to us. Sometimes we climbed on the back of the wagon to grab an apple.

Oranges and Bananas. Years ago oranges were not as popular a fruit as today. I recall the beautiful big navel oranges that we kids found in our Christmas stocking. Oranges were shipped here from the south at Christmas time. We now have the Valencia oranges as well as the navel. Their seasons differ so we have oranges in the market year-round.

To select a good orange the pores should be small. This indicates a thin skin. Oranges with large pores have thick skin and less meat. A slight green touch on oranges is okay.

Bananas were also a Christmas treat in years past. Today they, too, are on the market all year. If buying bananas to last a week, try to pick out some with green color at the stem end as well as some that are fully yellow. Be sure to discard the ones that are bruised. Bunches or stands of bananas are handled quite roughly sometimes. If, too, the seedy center is quite dark, report it to your grocer. This means that the bananas have been handled roughly in shipment.

A banana is ready to eat when it has little brown lines on it. This means that the starch now has turned to sugar. Many babies have been quite ill when fed bananas that still contained the starch.

The proper way to peel a banana is to start at the pointed end, not the stem end. Try it! It's easier.

Grapes. Years ago very few grapes were raised in our locale. Today, much of the farmland in the coastal area has been utilized for vineyards. This has happened since the wine production has boomed. In a way it is sad as our population has increased so fast and the vegetable production has decreased.

The most popular eating grapes are Thompson seedless, red seedless, Tokay, Concord and muscat. Years ago the grapes were dried on the stem. They were the larger grapes -- not seedless. They are so good eating.

Berries. Most everyone likes berries. Grandma and my folks were very fond of them. These were the mammoth blackberry about two inches long, the round Himalaya blackberry, the loganberry, and the always delicious raspberry. Some of these berries are not on the market today. Some have been crossed and improved upon, such as, olalieberry and boysenberry. There was and always will be the luscious strawberry. Gooseberries were popular for pies in the good-old-days, and currants for jelly, but rarely do you see either of them today.

When buying strawberries, don't let the beautiful, luscious-looking ones fool you. They do not usually have the sugar content as do the smaller ones.

Pears. Our coastal area raises wonderful pears. The Bartlett seems to be the most popular. It is an ideal pear for canning as well as delicious for eating. The Hardy is also a good eating pear but not a choice for canning due to its grainy texture. Other pears are Camice, D'Anjo and Bosk.

Pears are picked fairly green and left to ripen off the trees. This is a must for canning, otherwise they become mushy.

Vegetables.

What wasn't raised in their own garden, my Grandma and Mama used to buy their vegetables and fruits mostly from the grocery carts and wagons that peddled to their customers at home several times each week. If I was around, the peddler would often give me a fresh, raw carrot or turnip to eat.

I learned so much in the selection of vegetables from Mama and Grandma. I've often wished that I had a daughter so I could pass on my memory tips. However, I do think that some of my good habits have been welcome and utilized by my dear daughters-in-law and granddaughters. For this I am grateful.

Root vegetables. When selecting carrots, check for little white whiskers and new growth at cut ends. If carrots have such they are too old. Grandma and Mama never would peel a carrot but would lightly scrape them with a knife. The most nourishing part is in the peel or skin. That applies to all vegetables.

If a turnip has a yellowish tinge, it is not fresh. Select young white ones.

Beets that are too large can be woody. The smaller ones are best. Their greens are edible.

Never use a greenish potato, even if it is peeled and looks okay. Mama wouldn't let us

kids eat raw potatoes. Never buy potatoes that have a greenish tinge to them. The green meat of a potato is considered poisonous. Check for sprouting. Potatoes and sweet potatoes are poisonous to horses.

Legumes and Corn. String beans should be crisp and a beautiful green in color. As they get older they take on a yellowish hue.

Green peas were a "must" in Grandma's garden. They are so good when freshly picked. The pretty, green pods should be fully developed and full. If they are slightly off-color or wrinkled they are too old. The pea vine mildews easily and often spreads to the pod. Peas require good selection. Today many people prefer the delicious and nutritious frozen peas. They are so easy to prepare. Most all frozen vegies are just as nutritious as the fresh ones in the market place or even more so, as they are processed while fresh. Of course none are as palatable as when freshly picked from the garden.

Corn on the cob is everyone's favorite vegetable, I believe. The sooner one can cook it after picked the better. If buying in a market just peel the husks down about two inches so as to select the best. Put in the refrigerator as soon as possible. If husked, put in a plastic bag. Cook as soon as possible.

Stalks and Spears. When selecting celery, try to pick the heads that have green stalks, not a yellowish tinge. The stalks should reach mostly to the top, not halfway.

Asparagus comes in green and white. The green is grown above the ground when cut for the market. The white is cut before it comes up through the ground. White is the most expensive but has fewer vitamins than the green spears. If some white shows on the bottom of green spears it can be peeled with a peeler or knife and is edible all the way.

Greens. Spinach and mustard greens are nourishing vegetables but best when picked quite young. Swiss chard is also a very nourishing green. The leaves should be green and fresh. The stems, which are also edible should not be too large. There is also red Swiss chard which is just as nourishing as the green. It is pretty when growing in the garden.

Cauliflower and Broccoli. In selecting cauliflower make sure the floweret bunches are white and firm. Green leaves caress parts of the head.

Broccoli is considered a good vegetable, containing vitamins and minerals. The flowerets should be small and green. If they are large they soon turn yellow and are strong to the taste. If the cut end has a split in the bottom of the stem it is too old.

Onions and Garlic. Onions are a "must" in everyone's kitchen. Green onions should be young and tender. Cooking onions should be firm. If they feel slightly soft to the touch they are getting old. If starting to sprout they are too old.

Garlic also must be firm with cloves intact. It should be stored in a cool, dry place, preferable hanging.

Tomatoes. Tomatoes are best when vine-ripened. When buying, select the ones that are real red, yet firm. Many tomatoes are shipped in from other places. These are picked green with a slight tinge of yellow. They ripen as they stand. Consequently, they do not have a good

flavor and have a poor texture. They are used for color as a garnish.

Head Vegetables. There are various varieties of lettuce. Iceberg lettuce seems to head the list in popularity. Red lettuce, butter lettuce, green leaf, curly leaf, romaine and endive are some of the others. One can usually tell by the appearance of the head whether it is fresh and young. The iceberg lettuce is best if the outer leaves are green and the head not too firm.

Cabbage is a vegetable that keeps well and can be used in various ways -- cooked or raw. The firm heads are best.

Squash. There are many varieties of squash. The zucchini, scalloped and crookneck yellow squash should be firm and not too large. The winter squash, with hard shells, are usually baked or steamed.

Mushrooms. Mushrooms are eaten and enjoyed by most people. Years ago they could not be found in the market place. The daring ones would hunt them in the fields and pastures. Being a fungus, they would pop up from the ground overnight. Mushrooms and toadstools resemble each other. For this reason many people have died, not being able to differentiate between the poisonous toadstools and mushrooms.

In the store, select creamy white mushrooms with caps close to the stem. As mushrooms mature they lose moisture and the cap pulls away from the stem. The more mature ones have a more fully developed mushroom flavor. These are best for cooking, to marinate, etc. The freshest ones are good for salads and nibbling.

Store mushrooms in a paper bag in the crisper of the refrigerator. Before using, rinse slightly and quickly if necessary and use a paper towel to wipe. Never soak mushrooms.

Reminiscing -- Wild Mustard Greens.

I just put a pot of young, fresh mustard greens on the fire to cook. These, Ted gathered in our home orchard.

This takes me back to my childhood days. Often-times, in the early evenings, in the spring of the year, Papa would drive Mama, my two brothers and me out San Juan Road in his Model T-Ford car. He would park on the roadside and we kiddies would scramble out to see who could gather the most fresh mustard greens before Mama and Papa joined us. At that date, fences and barriers were not needed along the edge of the apple orchards, where we could harvest the greens.

It didn't take us long to fill a couple gunny sacks of mustard greens. We always shared with family or neighbors. Mama often cooked them with a ham bone or served the tender greens with pork spareribs or ham hocks.

If there were cultivated mustard greens in the stores at that time, I cannot recall them. Although my folks always had a large vegetable garden and raised other greens, I do not recall them raising mustard greens. The present term used for growing vegetables like in the "olden days" is organic gardening. No insecticides were ever used in yesterday's garden. Nature took care of molestation to the plants. Now, with all the man-made chemicals for gardens, the good

Baby Days.

Only a mother knows the joy and feeling that she experiences when she knows that she is

going to give birth to a "little one." My three pregnancies were planned. It is impossible for me to express the gladness that filled my heart when I realized that God was going to give me a little one to raise for Him.

In my motherhood years we made all the necessities for our baby's layette. Only flannel diapers were in use. These were made from yardage of white cotton flannel and hemmed on a treadle sewing machine. The little nightgowns were also made of this flannel but some were extra long with a drawstring through the bottom hem. These could be closed in order to keep the baby's feet snug and warm.

From pastel shades of cotton flannel we made a shorter gown that we called "wrappers." Some I bound with ribbon and others I embroidered with love in each stitch.

The bellybands were a necessity. These also were made with white cotton flannel. The material was doubled for strength. Two darts were sewn in the middle to conform with the shape of the baby's tummy and to hold them in place. They were about four inches wide and long enough to lap over in the back and secured with safety pins.

Under the band and directly over the baby's navel was placed a cotton or flannel compress to prevent the navel from protruding and causing a hernia. In my own baby days a seeded, large raisin was placed on the unhealed navel.

Shorter nightgowns were worn day and night until the little one was about two months old -- for both girls and boys. A baby blanket was a necessity in which to wrap the baby for extra warmth. I presume that we "old-fashioned" mothers felt the need of such being the new born had been kept very warm under the mother's heart for a period of nine months.

Many mothers, including myself, massaged their tummy each night with an oil called "Mothers' Friend." This was used to prevent so-called breaks in the skin as it stretched during pregnancy. Apparently it proved successful

For the first two or three months of life the baby's head was kept oiled with Mennen's baby oil or Vaseline. (As I remember, Mennen's was on the market before Johnson's.) This procedure was to prevent the tiny one from developing "cradle cap" -- a scale that often formed on the baby's head. Extreme precaution was taken to make sure no one pressed down on the baby's soft spot on top of its head.

Diaper rash was prevalent amongst small babies. The old-fashioned remedy was flour stirred in a pan over a medium flame until dark brown. Cornstarch is still used today.

Each morning before the baby's bath, a piece of sterile cotton was wrapped around the mother's fore-finger and dipped into a solution of warm water and boric acid. This was to swab out the babies mouth to prevent any foreign matter from forming.

The baby's eyes were also washed with a piece of cotton dipped into this solution. A small piece of cotton was wrapped securely around the free end of a wooden match stick. There were no Q-tips in those days. This was then used to clean the baby's nostrils. Of course, the ears were kept clean as well as the crease behind the ear. Baby's daily bath was quite a procedure.

Until my babies were six months old they wore little, soft, crocheted booties made by my Mother.

The daytime gowns (short ones) were discarded after the first two months and little fancy dresses and slips were worn -- both by boy and girl babies. It was great fun to make all these baby clothes. In my baby days, 1906, long fancy dresses were worn as well as shorter ones. I still have my long dress with beautiful Spanish work (pulled threads in material and designs made in them.) This was done by needle and thread on the yolk of the dress enhanced by a little ruffle with

a tiny lace border. An insert of Spanish work adorned the bottom above the hem.

We did not have bassinets in those days. For my babies I lined a large clothes basket with pretty, soft material in pastel shades and trim. The outside of the basket was covered with dainty, flowered material made into a ruffle the depth of the basket. The ribbon trim really finished it off beautifully -- so I thought. A pillow was made to fit inside the basket as a mattress.

This baby bed rested on a little platform along the side of my bed. This way I could keep a close watch over my little one, even though I slept. Too, it was very convenient at night to be able to reach over and pick up my baby and take him in bed with me to nurse. I breast-fed my three little boy babies. Many times I went to sleep on the job.

There is something very special about breast-feeding a baby that cannot be put into words. The joy of the closeness, the little, dimpled hand that caresses your breast, and the mystery of life itself have to be experienced for one to know this something special.

In my baby-tending days we made all our baby's clothes with the exception of the little undershirts. Most of these were Rueben brand. I made all my little boys' clothes -- some garments until they started school. There were not too many things on the market from which to choose.

Up until the 1930's the new mamas were kept in bed for ten days after childbirth. They weren't even allowed to walk to the bathroom. A bedpan was used entirely. Of course a nurse, or such, was at "beck and call" and attended the baby, too.

The belief in those days was that on the ninth day the womb fell back into place. Consequently, that accounted for the reason to remain in bed for ten days. The poor mamas were so weak, they practically had to learn to walk again. The nurse or help was kept for two weeks.

To eat fish and drink milk at the same meal was definitely a "no-no." I do not know if this was an old "wives' tale" or not but the combination of the two, after birthing, upset the chemical functioning of the body, so it was thought.

Nursing mothers were very careful about their diet. Onions and vegies from the cabbage family were strictly eliminated as they were thought to cause gas and give the baby a stomachache or colic. When a baby got cramps (stomachache) it would draw up its little legs and feet. Warm water with a drop of peppermint oil in it and slightly sweetened was thought to be helpful to the wee one. Also, a warm diaper (folded) and put against its tummy seemed to decrease the cramps and crying.

There were no store pacifiers in my day. A piece of anise toast wrapped in a clean, small piece of cloth and tied securely was given to the baby to suck.

My Belief In God.

What has happened to the little old-fashioned church -- the "Church in the Wildwood?" I can remember when a little church was filled with all colors and creeds of people. They all worshipped the same God. However, in their innermost self each one had his or her definite thoughts and outlook towards religion. No two people in this world thinks exactly the same.

At that time the minister or pastor did not preach on tithing to make one feel guilty if they could not meet that obligation. Each contributed to the collection plate as he felt he could, without being pushed.

In those days there were many farmers in the congregation. Some were just barely making enough money to put the necessary food of the table for their families -- some were large families. To compensate for their lack of cash for tithing they donated produce from their farm -- potatoes, apples, onions, etc. Almost every Sunday the preacher and his family were invited to the

homes of his congregation to partake of a home-cooked meal. This closeness brought much love and understanding to all.

Each week some of the believers took on the task of cleaning the church and adjoining buildings. This all was done voluntarily. Their compensation came from above.

Too, the preacher did not expect pay or compensation for administering at a wedding, baptism or funeral. If it was possible a coin or two was tucked into his hand. I'm sure that the preacher considered this a favor of love desired of him by God. His parsonage, adjoining the church was rent free.

As of today, I realize that the population of our wonderful country has exploded. Many have deserted the church in which they were raised. They have brought up their offspring, completely devoid of the knowledge of our Savior. Some believers have been brainwashed into the belief that their church is the only one that God recognizes. And that the others are headed for destruction.

Most of the churches of today have become very socialized. To a certain extent this may be good but can be very deceiving.

The little, old church of the olden days was not interested in purchasing properties to benefit the coffer. In my estimation this is greed and should not be associated with God's work. Some are also making investments. Just how far can a true church of God expand with present day tactics?

I do not attend church. My church is in my heart, my home, in the garden, in a clump of beautiful redwood trees, in a meadow of wild flowers, a wooded forest, a sunrise and a sunset. I see and I feel God in all of these things. As a bird flies overhead, as a worm crawls on the ground, and as a dog licks my hand -- these could never be without God's eternal power.

I know that I fail in the Ten Commandments at times but I try to obey Him. I do miss Holy Communion at church, however.

Easter 1986.

Easter arrived early this year. Usually it comes in April. The atmosphere was filled with heavenly fog early this morning but by 10:00 AM the sun was shining very brightly, a most beautiful day. Ted and I are awaiting Bob to drive us to Santa Clara to spend the day and celebrate the Resurrection of our blessed Christ.

I do miss being able to attend the lovely sunrise services on early Easter morn, as the sun peeks over the hills and trees -- that is if there is no fog or rain. The first one that Ted, the children, and I attended together was at Werner's Hill south of Watsonville. There was also one at the Camp McQuaide amphitheater during World War II, another at the Drive-In Theater, and still another at Memorial Park on Hecker Pass Road. These services were always so inspiring.

This morning we are drinking the emotional feelings of Christ's resurrection by listening to the radio and the songs of Tennessee Ernie Ford. Music not only soothes the soul but passes on a most heartfelt message. To all my families, I would like you to listen and hear the words of "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." It is beautiful and tells it like it is. There are so many beautiful hymns. From these I fill my heart and soul with gospel messages. Yes, I would like to attend a small church again but circumstances deem it otherwise. However, I do know that God understands.

Bob arrived at 10:30 and drove us to Santa Clara to be with our grandchildren and great ones. The beautiful drive over the Santa Cruz Mountains was lovely, as always. The sun shone

brightly and there was very little traffic on Highway 17.

Jan and family put together a most luscious Easter dinner. We had turkey, ham, salads, vegies, chips, condiments, etc. Colette made two beautifully decorated Easter cakes -- so pretty, so good. I was truly honored when they asked me to say the blessing. I felt as though God put the words into my mouth. The children later had a nice Easter egg hunt in Bob's and Jan's back yard. Jim and Colette drove us home around 8:00 P.M. A most blessed Easter Sunday. God Bless all.

Green Valley Recollections.

I sit basking in the sun on the side porch of our Green Valley home reminiscing about the past 56 years when Ted and I bought these 5-1/2 acres. This was a portion of the 18th century Corralitos, Spanish land grant. This old house, itself, was built at that time (with the exception of two rooms, a pantry and utility porch that was added a few years later). The house was built with square nails and the laths were held together with hog hair plaster.

If this old house could talk I'm sure it could tell some exciting tales -- including a few during our occupancy. Ted, known to our grandchildren and great grandchildren as Pappy, did some needed repairs and additions throughout the years. Up until the spring of 1987 the only paint that was put on the house was when Ted toughened up the white framework around the kitchen and pantry windows. When we had the house painted again -- white with dark green around the window screens-- the painters could hardly believe that it had not been painted for 47 years.

From the porch we can look up the hill on the other side of the pasture and see two twin redwood trees that were small when Sherman and Ethelyn Miller taught the "Little Workers" Sunday School Class for all Green Valley children. The old school building was visible but leaning until the Loma Prieta Earthquake in 1989. Much salvation of souls took place there and left many happy memories. Our four youngest boys (including my three nephews) attended during the World War II years. The Millers were two, wonderful, dedicated, Christian people. They have gone to their heavenly reward.

On the side porch, which we sometimes call our deck, sit two chairs. In the late afternoons before dinner Ted and I would relax in these chairs while sipping a small glass of wine. The wine has been our custom over our many years together. As we sat and reminisced, the country sounds were like music to our ears. The old rooster on the south side of our "lower forty" could be heard crowing most any time of the day. Above us on the hill was an echoing crow. Now and then the squeal of a pig or two could be heard as well as smelling their odor wafting on the breeze. Our neighbor's chickens running loose on our acreage interrupted the stillness with loud cackling, presumably after depositing a newly-laid egg.

The shrieking yells of peacocks from the country home above us would send a weird sound to our ears. Most all country folks have dogs. Consequently, the barking of a dog or two were familiar sounds.

Our two horses were in the pasture close by, waiting impatiently by the barn. Their whinnies told Ted that it was suppertime for them. In the big old redwood tree, next to the barn, lived a family of owls. Their hooting could be heard day or night.

We have a humming bird feeder made of an I.V. bottle outside of our kitchen window. This attracts the cute, little humming birds. Across the porch deck is a shelf with various potted flowers. When we sat very still the little humming birds would steal nectar from these flowers.

The bird bath on the lawn furnishes fun, and squabbles, between various kinds of birds. It is also used as a drinking dish for them. Birds in Green Valley are plentiful. There are blue jays,

swallows, linnets, and robins. Mockingbirds would sing to me as I watered my flowers and ferns. I was usually humming a tune to which I presume they respond. Of course hawks would fly overhead occasionally, looking for prey.

How often I dream about the wonderful, majestic sounds of nature's countryside and how fortunate the children living in rural areas are -- if only they would stop and take inventory of their surroundings.

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Chapter 6 – Remember When

I remember when fancy lace curtains were starched after being washed, and then secured on pegs attached to wooden frames to dry stiff. Scallops were secured by tips. I remember when cottage cheese, made from milk and cream curds, was called schmierkase (German) or Dutch cheese. We would hang it in a five-pound cloth sugar sack to drain, then salt and moisten it somewhat with cream. It was delicious served with a little pepper.

Changing Times.

To me the best time in which to live has been the last half of the 20th century. We have seen so many changes and advancements -- some good and probably some not so good. There have been changes in science, technology, medicine, genetics, travel and communication, to name a few.

Being born in this century has allowed us to experience the excitement of living through some of the most stirring and dramatic events in all history. How I would love to live another seventy-five or eighty years, as there is so much more to develop and look forward to in the coming 21st century.

It is almost unbelievable that in the span of my lifetime the whole world and the habits of life have changed so greatly. In the years past people took time to visit and enjoy each other. Today one hardly knows who their neighbors are. Everyone seems to be in such a rush. Commuting great distances to work, trying to dodge traffic and meet deadlines, along with the modern noises have left their marks and impressions on the human race.

Where the air used to be pure and fresh with a sprinkling of fog, it is now saturated with soot and smog caused from car exhaust fumes and smoke stacks. Air pollution is the root of many illnesses.

In my early years everything was made from "scratch". All the vegetables and fruits, as well as meats, were fully prepared at home. If one ate out it was at a home-cooked restaurant -- no "fast food" places in those days.

Most frozen foods today are already prepared, such as ice cream, waffles, and TV dinners. Various varieties of canned foods are available to the housewives of today, and foods such as milk, butter and cheese are kept in refrigeration.

In the early years girls played with dolls and boys had their marbles and tops, until they were twelve or thirteen years old. Unfortunately, many of today's children, even at the early age of eight to ten years, are using dope. Some are also peddling it. However, thanks be to God, we have a large percentage of children that are not blowing their minds with narcotics. We need these for the future generations.

The vulgar language that seems to be in use today is horrible. True, some children learn such at home from their parents, but I prefer to think that mostly it is learned from their peers. When I was a kid we would get our mouths washed out with soap if we used filthy language.

We were taught to show respect, particularly to our elders, in my childhood. The disrespect shown by some of the children, and grown-ups too, in the present era truly grieves me.

What has happened to the chivalry and manners of yesterday's populace? Children with good table manners are few and far between today. The ones that are taught and exercise such are respected and admired. Many adults could use some lessons.

If the kids of today aren't bussed to school their parents or someone drive them there. Years ago we thought nothing of walking two or three miles to and from school. How unfortunate it was when the country schools were abolished in about 1946. Then the buses were put into use for transporting the children to area schools. I do believe that it was then that the teaching started to falter. The classes were large in attendance. Possibly the lack of communication between teachers and parents was at fault, too.

Many of the hair styles of today are the same as of yesteryear. That is particularly true for the men. Beards and longer hair were popular at the turn of the century. Then came the shorter haircuts. Some of the outlandish hair styles of today could have only been seen on prisoners or in sideshows.

In early years all older women had long hair combed neatly in a bun or pug. No flowing tresses like now. Hair worn short started about 1918. My Dad always opposed short hair on women and older girls. Consequently, I wore my hair up until I was seventeen. I always combed my own hair and styled it. I wore it parted on the side with buns (rats made of hair combings used to make the puffs). There were no hair dressers or beauty shops in those days. My hair was golden brown.

About the time King Tut's tomb was opened the fashions followed the old Egyptian patterns. Hair styles for girls then became straight hair, cut an inch or so below the ear lobes. It was parted in the middle with bangs on the forehead. Drop earrings were in style.

The dresses were worn almost to the ankles. Mostly in those days everyone knew how to sew. There were many lovely Egyptian patterns or on the yardage goods. At that stage I did most of my own sewing and loved it.

Stockings made of silk had seams up the back and were usually held up by a garter belt. When the dresses became longer we rolled our hose below the knees. They were held up by round elastic rolled with the stocking. Some of the dark hose had arrows or clocks or other designs up the sides from the ankles.

Music, music, music! Oh, how I do love music! I particularly love the good, old-fashioned mood music. The old-time waltzes, fox trots and jazz aren't very popular these days. Some of the rock music and the beat type, if you can call that music, drives me up the wall. Some of the popular music by "The Big Bands" I can listen to by the hour -- so enticing.

When will the old-time waltzes and fox trots come back into vogue? I spent many enjoyable nights dancing away the hours to waltz tunes and fox trots. Public dances were held weekly at the Civic Auditorium on Second Street. High school dances were also fun. Later came the jitter-bug dance, the Big Apple and other "wild" dances. A latest craze was called "Break Dancing".

If a student was caught smoking during my high school days he would immediately be expelled from school. Very, very few girls smoked cigarettes then. Also, any student caught cutting classes or playing hooky was expelled. If a high school girl got pregnant, she was through and disgraced. How times have changed!

When I was young, about nine years old, I burned the palm of my hand badly on a platter of hot candy. The only relief I got was pressing the palm on a cold window pane, continually. When my mother made a poultice of finely chopped, raw potatoes and applied that to my burned

palm the pain left immediately. As of today the teaching technique used for burns is letting cold water run over the painfully burned area, thus soothing it and relieving the pain. It took all that time for science to discover that something cold would relieve the pain from burns.

In the early days of my childhood and up until the late 20's or early 30's of the twentieth century, most everyone trusted their neighbors and respected the other fellow's property. Even the tramps or hobos that came around asking for a handout usually offered to chop wood or do some odd jobs for their meal. When leaving our house for a short time or for an afternoon we never thought of locking our doors or closing windows. If gone for a lengthy time the front door was locked, with a key hidden under the door mat.

Since 1950 times have changed drastically. Unfortunately, not for the better. Trust was gradually violated. As of today with the population explosion and the current drug behavior patterns, it has become necessary to secure the homes, cars and even one's body. Homes now have security locks on windows and doors, burglar alarm systems installed, and various other devices as well as neighborhood watches in order to keep their homes from being burglarized. Too, the doors are kept locked or bolted, even when the occupants are at home.

Many are afraid to step outside their doors at night for fear of being attacked, raped, robbed or shot. This situation is mainly due to the excessive use of drugs which becomes a very expensive habit and hard to break. Consequently no house is off limits for a break-in. Of course the most valuable things are taken and sold for a meager amount of money in order to satisfy the drug addicts' craving.

Alcoholism, another drug that often leads to rape and violence and many times murder is very prevalent in our lives of today. As far back as history can recall there always have been some people who used alcohol to excess. In my early days they were referred to as "drunks". Today, an alcoholic is regarded as being ill. This situation is considered to be hereditary.

Today, there is a question as to which is the most dangerous addiction -- alcohol or marijuana. It looks as though marijuana may soon be legalized, as has alcohol. Both have found their way into our present life-style.

What a definite change in the present generation of populace as to the people living in my earlier days -- the teens, twenties, thirties and forties. We considered it a necessity to look ahead to the future even though it was the depression era. The necessities in living were the paramount goal. Other than that, purchases were rare, much appreciated, and considered a luxury. Some families tried to budget their income -- hopefully putting a specific amount aside for emergencies, a "rainy day," or towards the purchase of a "love nest" of their own.

Now, in the latter part of the 20th century the pay check no sooner reaches the hands of the worker before that money is almost immediately back into circulation. However, I do understand that the economy is fragile and, due to high living expenses as well as desires, it practically requires two parties working in the household to make ends meet. Such a slim chance for preparing for the future.

Our city is crying for money. Our county is broke as well as our state. (So they tell us.) Our government is so far in debt that to bail out the Savings and Loan fiasco alone will require the sum of two thousand dollars (\$2,000.00) from every man, woman and child in the United States. That is excluding our government's debt which amounts to trillions of dollars.

Wake up, America, and make an effort to do something now -- before it's too late. The present picture that I now visualize is not what I want for my generations of the future. We can repair the economy if we all pull together. This is not a land of dictatorship, so let us all tighten

our belts, pool our resources if necessary, and get the economy of our great country back on its feet again.

Things I Have Learned From Others.

I would like to pass on to my future generations some of my knowledge which was acquired from others.

My Mama (Nana) used to say:

- If you want anything done right, do it yourself.
- Use your head and save your feet.
- The way you make your bed, the way you will have to lay.
- If you're married in red, you'll wish you were dead.

Here are some notes from my Grandma Shanbacher-Kuehnis:

- Milk sours readily in sultry weather just before a rain.
- A corn on the foot will hurt a few days before it rains.
- To walk in the salt water at the ocean's edge helps eliminate the soreness of a corn on the toes or calluses on the feet.
- Salt air is beneficial for a cold or asthma.

This is advice Dr. Eiskamp gave me:

- After one reaches their maturity, the ears and nose are the only features that continue to grow.
- Everybody is crazy at least once in their lifetime.
- If a pain comes and goes, no big worry. But if it's persistent, get help.
- If you think you are losing your mind, you're okay. But when you think everyone else is crazy, look out!

Notes from Dr. Herbert (Kauka):

- Bananas should show some brown lines before eating. Green bananas can cause illness as the starch has not turned to sugar yet. In the Hawaiian Islands many babies became ill from eating green bananas.
- If one has a cut, abrasion or scratch, and is away from access to antiseptic, pour some urine over the cut. The uric acid will suffice.

Old-Fashioned Ailments And Remedies.

In the early days of this century, we used to have different names for ailments.

- If a child ate green apples and got a stomach ache it was called "collamorbus."
- Sinus or hay fever was called catarrh.
- Arthritis or neuritis was called rheumatism or lumbago.
- Gout was a form of arthritis
- Tuberculosis was called consumption.
- Strep throat was called tonsillitus.
- The present flu was called la-grippe.

Many early remedies for ailments were different from today, and some were possibly just as good.

- A glass of hot milk for insomnia.
- Tea made of peppermint leaves for upset stomach.
- Raw garlic for high blood pressure and cholesterol
- Red wine moderately reduces coronary trouble.
- For a corn or callous, put your toe into a lemon and go to bed with it for a night. This will flake off the top layer of dead skin.
- An oil called "Mothers' Friend" was rubbed on pregnant women's tummies to keep the skin from breaking (scarring) as it stretched.
- Coconut butter was used to prevent scars after surgery.
- Alum or a spider web applied to a cut will stop the bleeding.
- Sage and thyme for colds. Use moderately, it reduces bacteria.
- For sore throat, a throat rub made of goose-grease and drops of turpentine. A man's sock tied around the throat at night.
- Cinnamon was used to ward off visitors -- the ants. It works.
- After cleaning a chicken open the gizzard and remove the heavy lining. Place it in the sun to become dry and brittle. Then pulverized it and make it into a tea. Drinking this tea was a cure, or at least some relief, for rheumatic pains (rheumatism).
- A hot, mustard foot bath to relieve a cold.
- A bag of asafetida (a bad smelling resin formerly used in medicine) around the neck to avoid colds.
- Carbolic acid solution for cuts and infection.
- One teaspoon of sugar with a drop of turpentine on it for sore throats (internally).
- Hot milk and soda gargle for sore throat.
- Warm salt water gargle for sore throat. Also vaseline with turpentine rubbed on the throat, or rendered chicken fat with turpentine rubbed on throat.
- Tobacco juice taken internally for sore throat.
- Tomato juice and cayenne pepper for gargle.
- Chew a clove of garlic for sore throat.
- Juice of one lemon and oil squeezed from rind with honey for cold in throat.
- Rub chest with bear grease for congestion.
- Tie a bacon rind around throat for throat colds.
- Chopped raw potato poultice for burns.
- Bread and hot milk poultice for infection.
- Sugar poultice for bed sores.
- For warts, rub a bone on the warts, bury it and don't tell where. Or bury a dead frog under a big oak tree.
- Wear a copper bracelet for rheumatism.
- Ginger for motion sickness.
- Salted peanuts or crackers for motion sickness.

Tips Worth Knowing.

If fresh chicken doesn't smell too fresh, dip into a solution of vinegar and water.

If food burns in a pot, leave the lid on tight and place the pot in a pan of water for 15 minutes.

If food is too salty, add one teaspoon of vinegar and a little sugar, and reheat. Also, if

food is too salty add a potato or two.

If potatoes are boiled 5 minutes and then put into a hot oven, they will bake in half the time.

Ovens need not be preheated for meats, vegetables and most casseroles.

A cake can be kept from drying out if half an apple is put in the cake container.

When the term lyonnaise is used in recipes, it means the dish is prepared with sliced, fried onions.

Put your grocery list on an envelope. Use the envelope for redeemable coupons, recipes and notes.

For one square of unsweetened chocolate, substitute 3 tablespoons unsweetened cocoa plus 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine.

To tell if an egg is raw or hard-boiled -- a hard-boiled egg spins like a top and a raw egg will barely turn around.

Cheese keeps longer if wrapped in a cloth saturated with vinegar.

If cheese is moldy, place it in a covered container with a few lumps of sugar.

Uncooked meat left in the refrigerator for several days can be freshened by soaking it in a bowl of water with some lemon juice.

Before squeezing oranges or lemons, drop them into hot water. Then roll them with the palm of your hand to break down the outer walls.

To dry out freshly-cooked rice, place a slice of bread on top of it and cover.

To perk up lettuce, soak it for one or two hours in water with lemon juice added.

If an egg breaks at one end, crack the other end and you can boil it without the insides coming out of the shell. (Never buy a cracked egg.)

To keep buttons from coming off, place a little clear nail polish on the front and back of the threads to keep buttons in place.

Egg whites were used for glue. Flour and water were used for paste

Vinegar Tips.

Rusted/corroded bolts can be cleaned with a vinegar bath.

A soft cloth moistened with vinegar will clean and shine patent leather.

Stains in aluminum cooking utensils can be removed by boiling water with a little vinegar added.

Boiling a little vinegar on the stove will eliminate unpleasant cooking odors.

Using 1/8 cup vinegar and 1/2 cup ammonia to one quart of water is an excellent window cleaner and leaves no streaks.

Two tablespoons of vinegar and a tablespoon of sugar in one quart of water will help cut flowers last longer.

For drain stoppage put 1/2 cup vinegar over a handful of baking soda in drain, cover tightly one minute.

Brush top of homemade bread with vinegar before baking to make baked loaf shiny.

To marinate tough meats, add wine vinegar to a cup of heated liquid or bouillon as an excellent tenderizer.

Baking Soda Tips,

A paste of baking soda and water is good for bee stings, poison oak and burns.

Use baking soda to extinguish a frying pan fire on the stove.

To remove foods burned onto enamelware, soak overnight with 1/4 cup baking soda dissolved in 1/4 cup water.

Baking soda will remove tea stains from teapots and cups. Put one tablespoon baking soda in a small container and place steel wool pad on soda after each use to keep pad from rusting.

Place baking soda on carpet to eliminate dog odors, cat urine, etc. Vacuum after a day or so.

For every third brushing of teeth use 1/2 salt and 1/2 baking soda for a dentifrice. This protects the gums and preserves the teeth.

To eliminate skunk odor on a dog, sprinkle and rub in generous amount of baking soda after coat is dry. Leave on a few hours or overnight. Then brush out. Rubber gloves recommended.

For refreshed feet, use baking soda in water for a hot foot bath.

Use baking soda for an anti-perspirant, with or without deodorant. Baking soda is also a great odor-eater for shoes.

Oleo And Powdered Milk.

Oleomargarine (margarine) first came onto the market in the early 1920's, as I recall. Not everyone would use it. However, as time went by the price of butter was out of reach for many.

Margarine came in one pound packages with a little packet (paper container) of powdered coloring. The mixing of such was quite a tedious project. The white margarine, which was semi solid, was put into a bowl to stand at room temperature. When soft enough to mix with a large spoon the colored powder was added. It seemed that no matter how long one mixed it, it was almost impossible to keep the little specks of dark orange from showing in the imitation butter (margarine). When finished a nice, oblong or round one pound pat was put on a plate or molded to fit back into its original container. This, when well mixed, looked very much like homemade butter.

After oleomargarine had been on the market for sometime, many adapted to its use. It was considered a good and healthy substitute for butter. Butter prices always seemed costly.

One time, when my Mother-in-law and Father-in-law were visiting us, I served my well-mixed margarine at dinner time. When my Father-in-law saw this pat of margarine he exclaimed, "Oh good! I haven't had homemade butter for a long time." (Being my Mother had a cow at her home, he surmised that it was some butter that she had churned.) He said, "I used to be a professional butter-taster some years back and I sure know good homemade butter when I taste it." Ted and I could hardly hold in our laughs but we never told him the difference. I am sure it would have been embarrassing to him.

Some time later margarine came on the market colored in one solid pound package. Later, quarter-pound cubes were formed and wrapped separately in the carton. As of today, there are numerous brands of margarine, some low in cholesterol and some in small tubs. As I understand, more people use margarine today than butter as many are weight conscious. This definitely has hurt the butter industry.

After my father passed on, my two unmarried brothers lived at home with my Mother. They both were contributing to the expense of the household. My older brother had definitely

made up his mind that he disliked the taste of margarine that Mom had so carefully mixed. However, now and then a little orange-colored speck would show up in the pat of spread. Consequently, Mom bought real butter cubes for him.

When my little Mother was hospitalized for a lengthy time, I did the cooking for them. I decided that all this hoopla was in my brother's imagination. I said to myself, "You're no better than the rest of us. If we can eat and enjoy margarine you can also." I mixed the white one pound blocks of margarine with the orange coloring packet with my hands. I was careful that no specks remained. I shaped a 1/4 pound of margarine with a knife so that it resembled a 1/4 pound cube of butter. This, I placed on a separate dish in front of his plate just as Mom had done with the butter in the past. The rest of the pound I made into a pat and put it on the table for the rest of us. I did this until Mom returned home. My brother couldn't tell the difference. After that, he decided to eat margarine. Sneaky, huh?

As close as I can remember, powdered milk came onto the market sometime in the 1940's. It was packaged in heavy, white bags. Later, some of the bags were lined with foil.

Powdered milk proved a good substitute for cooking but was not readily adapted for drinking purposes. Also, it was somewhat difficult to mix as it did not dissolve too readily in water. In order to get it thoroughly mixed, with no lumps, one had to mix the water and dry milk in a bowl with a rotary mixer or blender. It may have been a monetary saving, in some respects, but it definitely was not a convenience.

Some families would prepare a quart of mixed, powdered milk with one quart of fresh whole milk. When refrigerated, this seemed quite palatable.

Later, the powdered milk was packaged in cardboard cartons -- some having little, metal spouts for pouring. As of today, the powdered milk mixes very readily with the specified amount of water. Only a few swishes of a spoon or shake of a jar does the trick. It's quite a popular item now.

Early Road Signs.

To designate an ice cream parlor there would be a giant ice cream cone on top of the building. It could also be made to look like a part of the building.

A hot dog stand would have a real large bull dog.

A fried chicken place was shaped like a big straw basket. In the front was a twenty-foot plaster chicken.

An orange juice stand was in the shape of a giant orange.

A building shaped and painted to resemble an apple was an inviting cider stand.

A big, wooden Indian in the front of a cigar store advertised tobacco.

A red, white and blue cylinder on a small pole, sometimes revolving, stood for a barber shop and still does today.

Burma Shave signs prevailed for years. These interesting and clever shaving cream advertisements made their first appearance along the highways of the United States in the mid-1920's. The only states that did not advertise Burma Shave were Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona due to the lack of travel on these highways.

As a car drove along the highways (in those days about 35 miles per hour) a sign approximately ten feet in length (later they were made smaller) would appear on the land bordering the highway. It would start an advertising slogan such as "Pass the school". A short distance further was another 10-foot sign with the continuation, "Go very slow." Soon another sign

continuing, "Let the little shavers". Further on, "Have a chance to grow". Finally, the last sign saying "BURMA SHAVE." This is only one example of many thousands of slogans posted across USA.

Before a sign was erected on rural, private property a salesman had to contact the owner and ask permission to erect the posts and signs. If the owner of the land gave his permission, which he most always did, he was given \$25.00 per year.

Unfortunately, these interesting signs were discontinued in the 1960's. They were and still are missed by many of the "old-timers" that were children or young people in that era. I still miss them. We always read them out loud when we were children. Frequently the slogan would start and end with "Burma Shave." We always looked anxiously for the continuation of each slogan.

When electric shavers became popular the signs were torn down. Presumably the Burma Shave people found it necessary to close their business. However, the name of Burma Shave will always remain in the memories of those that had the fun of reading those clever and interesting slogans.

Phobias.

Practically everyone has some type of phobia. I never thought that I would be writing about mine because I didn't realize it was a phobia until I heard a detailed discussion about such over radio K.G.O. However, I don't know how to label mine.

From the first grade of school and on, everything of beauty or interest that I saw I wanted to take home to Mama, or at least have her see it. Some things that I would find on my way to school, such as pretty leaves, flowers or rocks lying on the path, I would tuck into my pocket or lunch pail to take home to Mama. Often, if I thought my steps in walking weren't as they should be I would retrace them. The five fingers on my hand represented each member of my family, Papa, Mama, James, Lloyd and myself -- my loved ones.

Realizing my thoughtful anxiety, my folks took me to consult a doctor. He suggested that I read Pollyanna books, thinking it was nerves. Maybe he was right. Could it be that my love and family ties were so strong, effecting the senses, that everything had to be just so in my way of thinking.

As I grew older some of these traits diminished to a certain extent. Nevertheless those thoughts remained in my mind. It wasn't until I was grown up that I decided "If I am going to have faith in God, I will have to let Him govern my thoughts and actions." I trusted Him completely and said, "Dear God, I know you can and will take over." From that day on I was never under that strain again.

This is my true testimony of my faith in my Maker. Whenever I have a problem, I take it to "The Man upstairs" and leave it completely with Him. One cannot realize unless you have experienced such what a feeling of love, consolation and relief comes over you. If one has faith in God they will never need a therapist, a psychiatrist or worldly help. He is all in one. These personal feelings I have never discussed with anyone before now.

Phillips' Corner.

In my early years I recall a dirt road a short distance beyond Phillips' corner which made a sharp horseshoe (hairpin) switch-back to the right off Green Valley Road. This dirt road, with brush and wild vegetation on each side, continued down the hill for about a quarter mile to where

it leveled off somewhat. That level part of the road is now called Casserly Road.

Some years later the section of road called Horseshoe Bend was eliminated and Casserly Road joined Green Valley Road at the top of the hill by Phillips' Corners

Our Yellow Formica Table.

There may be many tables older than our little, yellow one but I doubt if they have as many memories as ours. Many and many cups of coffee have been drunk around it. Various tales and stories have been told by friends and relations. The kitchen rang with laughter when Ted told about his earlier years.

I'm not the world's greatest cook but many tummies have been filled many times around our kitchen table. Oftentimes we have to open it up to accommodate the extra leaf and extra people. Our little, yellow table was the main eating place for Pappy and me for over forty years.

Our formica table has also served as a reading table, a desk, a game table, an art accommodation, and a cheerful place for me to do my writing. Even though we have a large living room, the kitchen seems to be the favorite gathering place.

Reminiscing Our 54th Wedding Anniversary (1984).

No day is over if it leaves a memory. Another year of love and understanding. Yesterday, October 25, 1984 was our 54th wedding anniversary. Sounds like a long time which adds up to 19,016 days together. Lots of water has flown under that so-called bridge during those years. Naturally, some of it was a little bit murky but mostly that water was crystal clear. I'm sure that Ted feels as I do. God meant us for each other. Love conquers all!

Janie, being here with us and our three great grandchildren, Joshua, Kristen and Matthew, made it a perfect day. Our phone calls and anniversary cards rounded out our celebration. Both Ted and I, having colds, were content to stay at home.

Our dinner menu may sound odd to others but to us it was great. We had spatsan, salat and stewed tomatoes. It's a German combination. Spatsan is an old German noodle dish recipe that my great grandmother brought over with her from the old country. It's been passed on through to the present generation. Everybody loves it. Salat means salad.

To our surprise, Janie and kiddies brought us a beautiful ice cream, grasshopper pie with "Happy Anniversary" written on the top. So, so good.

Different People.

The last two generations are entirely "different people." There was some change in the populace between 1950 and 1970 where I feel the transposition started.

In the olden days and through the good old depression days the value of a dollar was respected. Most everyone had to buckle down and work to earn a living. If a person had an extra dollar to put aside for a rainy day (so to speak), as for an emergency, they had a feeling of elation knowing they had made some progress towards the future years.

In the mid-forties during World War II wages seemed to skyrocket. Teen-agers that were not old enough to serve their country in uniform were offered jobs with high pay. Some women that had never held a job outside of their homes were offered high paying jobs. They were needed to replace the men that left to fight for Uncle Sam.

After the war ended wages never did drop but gradually rose higher and higher as did the living costs. That did not deter the spending of the dollars. Along with the housing costs

constantly climbing many families felt it necessary that both spouses work in order to make ends meet.

The inflated wages and the wants and desires of the individuals for the so-called needs of the families have definitely changed the lifestyle of people during the last half of the 20th century.

As of today, few housewives are at home caring for their children. The tiny tots are put in day-care facilities. As they grow older they are sent to nursery school then to pre-school before going to kindergarten. What a sad situation. I'm sure those mothers do not realize the joy they are missing in not caring for these little ones at home. Childhood and babyhood pass so fast. It has been said that little ones learn more from the time they are born up to five years of age than they do all the rest of their lives. Is it fair to the baby that was brought into this world to board them out during that crucial period? Is that dollar sign that important?

I can't help but think it is, for as soon as the paychecks arrive they seem to "burn holes" in the pockets until being spent on pre-prepared foods, entertainment, clothes and drinks. It would be interesting to know how many people budget their incomes to be able to put a few dollars away for that unexpected and inevitable "rainy day." These are different people living today.

My Love.

These pages have been written with my innermost, heartfelt feelings. It is a pleasure to me to be able to pass on a few of my experiences to my dear families and to leave some of my memories behind.

As I walk along the seashore
At the close of day,
I left behind my footsteps.
Which soon will wash away.
We live, but not forever
So -- just before I die
I want to say, "I Love You"
Before I say, "Good-bye."

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