

**REVISITING
FAMILY
AND FRIENDS**

By Irma Oksen Reaves

To my loving family and dear friends,
of the past and the present,
I wish to dedicate this book.

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)
Memories: Living Treasures of Yesteryears (1996)

* Not available in digital format

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Intorduction

After I quit nursing I spent most of my available hours doing oil painting. I always enjoyed drawing and water-color painting but oils were a new venture for me. From the past I was quite well acquainted with mixing colors to acquire the shades and hues I desired.

This hobby was extremely fascinating and with each picture that I painted I became more adept towards reaching my goal. As I sat at our Green Valley kitchen table -- my studio -- I became so interested and "wrapped up" in my project that I felt I was hypnotized with paint thinner and turpentine. I was so involved with my work that often times I forgot about lunch -- that is, until Ted entered and said, "Are we going to have lunch today?"

I do not know how many pictures I painted, but willingly and happily I gave some to all the families. I realized that I wasn't a professional at it but my boys and grandchildren, as well as my husband, praised my work.

After about ten or twelve years I reluctantly had to give up my hobby of oil painting. I felt sad but my eyesight was so impaired that I could no longer attain the perspectives required for such. However, at this point I could not cope with the thought of letting my future years stand still -- or putting my dreams on the shelf. I said to myself, "Why not write some stories? Anybody can paint but no one can unlock my past."

Why do I write about my memories and experiences? I have so much and so many with whom to share my past memorable treasures. To date we have 12 wonderful grandchildren and many more precious great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren. Possibly in years to come some of my early living experiences and happenings may interest them. I've heard remarks that we shouldn't live in the past. However, if we don't, how will our grandchildren, our great grandchildren and so on down the line know about the things that took place during our early lives?

"Pappy," the endearing name that our grandchildren bestowed upon their Grandpa Ted Reaves, loved to sit with the little ones and tell them stories of his experiences while he was growing up. They would sit by the hour listening to his tales of early days in Indiana. More often than not, some of the grown-ups would gather around, also, to hear his stories.

One day in 1970, while sitting in the car, our little six-year-old grand daughter, Diane, said, "Pappy, tell us a story about the old days when you were alive -- when you were a little boy." That remark impressed me so much that I decided to write some of my own early experiences. The more I wrote, the more I remembered. I've even written a few stories for "Pappy." Maybe in years to come, some of our future families may enjoy reading them.

I've always enjoyed writing letters and visiting with friends through the mail. Several of them remarked in their letters, "Irma, you should write a book." That remark dated as far back as the '40s. However, I thought possibly they were teasing me about my long, drawn-out letters.

As I write I ask myself these questions: Who am I? What am I? How did I happen to be

here? What am I doing and where am I going? Being born of Danish and German parents whose ancestors migrated here from the "Old World," I have a strong will and a fairly wide scope of understanding. Often times I would reminisce -- thinking of the stories that my grandmothers, my mother, and some relatives related to me in the past. Now that my painting hobby had ended, why not put some of these memories on paper?

We had six heavy binders in the den that we bought years ago at a Lockheed surplus sale in Sunnyvale. These were not in use so I decided to fill them with a bit of nostalgia. This was about 1980.

I started with the memories of my grandparents -- births, marriages, deaths, etc. I also added a few notes about my great grandparents. This book I called *Sharing My Memories and Love*, and I hope that you read it through first as it is my autobiography.

I then told about my parents, my two brothers, and my childhood. Also my school days, marriages, my children, etc. So many happenings surfaced as I started to write. As the saying goes, "The mind flows faster than the pen." Many times, as with my painting, I became so involved that lunch time was forgotten until Ted reminded me. Unfortunately, my typing that I learned during high school days became very "rusty," so I wrote with pen and ink. (I later learned that hand-written stories were most treasured. Many writers prefer to use the typewriter. Consequently, hand-written stories are fast becoming an art of the past.)

It was during the early months of 1985 that I became acquainted with Jane Borg -- a lovely person, associated with the Pajaro Valley Historical Association and University Women. Jane asked me if I would consider making a cassette tape for the historical archives, being that I was born and raised in Watsonville and had a number of years behind me. I consented although talking for a tape made me quite nervous.

Jane and Alzora Pavey Snyder spent six afternoons with me to make 3 one-hour tapes telling about my early life, family and ancestors. The tapes were then transcribed and put into book form for the association, local library, and archives. I was presented with three tapes and two bound books -- *My Story* -- which I gave to Bob and Ron (Skip), my two sons.

From then on I became more interested in writing. Bob, Ted and Gladys Grizzell (Grandma Plaskett's sister in Camarillo) gave me much encouragement. Doris Mollenhauer brought over a short article that she had typewritten, and that too encouraged me. I also read an article that stated, "Write just like you talk." Then I "took off."

My first little book was *Tassajara*, my memories of Tassajara Hot Springs. Bob, my eldest son, a writer, and his daughter Teri, typed it out on the computer for my corrections. Bob then made a little book of it with spiral binding. The children, grandchildren and even some of the great ones seemed to be very happy with my achievement. Too, many of my friends showed their interest and appreciation. This book is now in the Library of Congress.

My next story was *Arroyo Seco Camping Days, 1935-1941*. My writing was now more interesting to me than oil painting. I decided that anyone can paint pictures but no one can open the door to my memories. Also, this hobby was great therapy for me.

I tried so hard to persuade Ted to write an autobiography of his early life. As I previously mentioned, he would sit by the hour telling our children and grandchildren such interesting stories of his childhood on the Indiana farm. No luck! I then decided to write it for him with his help. After lunch each day, I would sit across the table from him asking questions about his home town and grandparents. Ted would become so involved with these tales that I had difficulty keeping up with him on my notes.

Again, with Bob's wonderful help we put together a little book called Pappy. This book was written mainly for our big family and enjoyed by all.

When our oldest granddaughter, Tammi, was a senior at Bella Vista High School near Sacramento, her class was given an assignment to write a story of their choice. Tammi chose to write a tale about her great grandfather's childhood in Indiana. It was an anecdote taken from his autobiography, Pappy. Her teacher was greatly impressed with Tammi's story and asked her to read it to the class. For her effort she received an exceptionally good grade.

After each book was finished, Bob would say, "What's next, Mom? Let's get busy on it." So Mom jogged her memory a little more and wrote Big Sur Forest Service Days, 1942-1943. Not only was the publication greatly appreciated, a job that was done by Bob, but also the task of getting pictures made from our old albums to put into each book. He worked hard and faithfully on my books along with his own writing.

The next writing that I put together was a story about our trip to Colorado to visit Cres, Vicki and our two great grand daughters, Tammi Annette and Tina Jean, in 1976. This booklet was called White Christmas in Colorado. It was ready for the family Christmas in 1987.

While looking through Ted's Forest Service photo album, I thought, "How nice it would be to write a little story about the interesting lookouts we had visited in earlier years." We had numerous snapshots that our family and we had taken while on the peaks.

When I mentioned this to Bob, he also became very interested and gave me much encouragement. He brought me his accurate and meticulous diary that he had kept while serving as a lookout relief man for three months in 1943. He and Chuck (Charles Herbert) worked together on the different lookouts.

It took me about 18 months to put Lookouts of the Los Padres Forest -- Monterey Division together. Trying to collect data from years past proved to be extremely difficult. Practically all of the lookout attendants of that era are no longer with us. Pictures restored much of my memory. This book has also been chosen for the Library of Congress.

After the session with the lookouts I felt like I needed a little rest and also get caught up on some neglected duties. But Bob didn't see it that way. He prodded me on, saying, "What are you going to write next, Mom?" To appease him I pulled a story out of my binder that I had written some time earlier (in 1986). It was about our 1954 journey east to visit Skip, Jo Ann and little Judy in Massachusetts. There were many corrections and numerous additions to make. As always, we kept the mail carriers busy -- first class -- delivering drafts of the chapters and corrections to and from Santa Clara, Bob's home.

Our trip had many happy memories of 32 states and 10,018 miles of travel in our 1948 Hudson car and our second-hand camp trailer, which we named "Doodle Bug." We took only 35-millimeter slides during this tour, which involved extra time and work in reproducing them for the book. Thanks Bob!

This book I called U.S. Doodle Bug Travelers. To date, it has only reached family and friends. The cartoon-like sketch on the cover was done by "yours truly."

Bob, bless him, is still encouraging me to write more stories. This I have done -- but only short anecdotes and happenings that I have added to my five binders. This book, now, will reminisce about other members of my family of whom I have not written much in the past, and about other friends I wish to tell you about.

As of this date, my eyesight is very poor but as long as God prolongs my vision, and provides tape for my recorder. I will continue to unfold the rest of my locked-up memories. As I said

previously, this is wonderful therapy for me even if it is never read. "The busier a person is, the more valuable time becomes."

I am in the golden, sunset years of my life. I treasure all these memories and love that God has given me. I trust that I have shared this love with all my family and others. I only hope that my being in this world has been a blessing to my loved ones -- as they have been to me. God has truly blessed Ted and me. We have had so much -- yet have needed so little. What all of us mainly need is Love. Of that we have an abundance.

Love you all,
Irma Oksen Reaves
May 1997

Chapter 1 – Grandma Aldridge

Christina Isabelle Carey (Bob's Grandma Aldridge) was born to Anna and Robert Watson on December 7, 1885 in Woodriver, Idaho. She was named after her two grandmas -- Christina Carey and Isabelle Watson.

She came to California at the age of 18 years. She met Ernest Aldridge in 1903, while living on Redwood Road (Browns Valley Canyon in the Corralitos area). The two were married in 1904. From this union they had five children -- Creston, Spellman, Anna Belle, Franklin and Marjorie.

I first met Creston, Bob's father, when Isabelle and Ernest Aldridge were living on Grove Street in Watsonville. However, it was a little later before I met Creston's parents.

Ernest Aldridge bought some acreage on the Beach Road just a short distance from Palm Beach (now Pajaro Dunes). He built a small home there while living on Grove Street. It was after the family had moved into the Beach Road home that Creston took me to meet his folks. Their hospitality, kindness and compassion impressed me greatly.

I was deeply in love with Creston at the age of sixteen. I was anxious for his Mom to meet my Mother. He brought Isabelle to our house on First Street a short time later -- in January 1922. After that meeting our two Moms became good friends.

Creston's Dad traded the Beach Road property for some acreage in Canada, due to the fact that the soil on Beach Road was not suitable for a team of horses to work it. A tractor was needed which he did not have. Fava beans (horse beans) and potatoes were grown in that soil.

Ernest and Spellman went to a place near Kanloops, Canada for a couple of years to improve and work on that property. Isabelle, having done home nursing in the past, lived now in Watsonville where the children attended school and she could continue her nursing cases. I can remember Isabelle living on Carr street where she cared for two patients -- one was a little, old lady, an ex-music teacher. There she lived until Ernest and Spellman returned from Canada because she could not live where there were no schools for the children and no church to attend.

Isabelle was a very devout Christian and a faithful member of the Bethel Tabernacle on East Lake Avenue. There she and the children attended regularly.

About this time Creston and I became engaged to be married. I was then sixteen years old and Creston, five months my senior, was barely seventeen. One of Isabelle's good friends remarked to her, "Don't you think Irma is much too young to be engaged to your son?" Isabelle looked at her with her big, blue eyes and said, "To me, it wouldn't make any difference if Irma was only twelve years old. She is a most wonderful girl and we all think the world of her. That is the best experience that could ever happen to Creston."

Creston and I attended the Tabernacle Church several times with the family. One evening, after the services were over, Creston and I were invited to join the prayer group in another room off the church. I cannot remember if we knelt by the benches or just on the floor, but I do remember distinctly that after I had prayed for a few minutes I was touched by God's Holy Spirit. A feeling of joy and calmness came over me and I started speaking in a foreign language. I could

not translate it but I know I spoke very fluently in presumably Chinese. I was so involved in my experience that I hardly knew that Creston was kneeling right next to me. He, too, was touched, spoke in a foreign tongue and had a glorious experience. He later told me that the emotion and ecstasy that overcame him was so great that he felt as though he would like to be in heaven with the Lord.

To the two of us this was a most wonderful experience. Unless one has encountered such, it sounds like fantasy. I shall never, ever refute the fact that one can "speak in tongues" -- motivated by God.

Until Ernest's return from Canada, Isabelle and Anna Belle did the janitorial work at Bethel Tabernacle to help supplement their income.

Upon Ernest and Spellman's return they rented a five-room house in the San Andreas District, with acreage for farming, and a large barn for horses and cows. I shall never forget that comfy homey place, even though the fleas and flies were plentiful.

Creston and I were deeply in love, as well as engaged to be married. Often on weekends we would board the Southern Pacific train at the Watsonville depot on Walker Street, en route to Santa Cruz. We would tell the train conductor that we would like to get off at the San Andreas stop. (This was very near the San Andreas School which Anna Belle, Frankie and Marjorie attended.) At that stop was a covered bench, suitable for passengers who waited for the train, in hot or rainy weather. It was about a two-mile walk along the railroad tracks to the Aldridge farm. There we enjoyed a delicious chicken or roast dinner. Isabelle was a very good cook. Also, Sunday cakes were so delicious.

On our return trip to Watsonville we walked "the tracks" to the train stop. Being we usually stayed until after dark, we used Ernest's kerosene lantern so as to flag down the approaching train. We left the lantern at a designated spot where one of the Aldridge children could return it home the following day after school. Creston and I really enjoyed these visits to his folks. They were so wonderful to me and I really felt at home in their homey, cozy house.

My Marriage to Creston.

It was while Isabelle and Earnest were living in the San Andreas area that Creston and I were married at my Mother's house (my home) . The Aldridge family gave us a lovely set of dishes for our wedding gift -- January 14, 1925. How proud I was of them. Isabelle now became Mama Aldridge to me.

The following June, Anna Belle graduated from the eighth grade at the little San Andreas School house. Creston and I took my dear Mother with us to attend the graduation.

Just previous to our marriage my dear Father took ill, in November 1924. He was sick only three weeks before he passed on. At that time Isabelle Aldridge was on a nursing case in Watsonville. During her off-hours she helped my Mother care for my Dad.

While in San Andreas Mama Aldridge bought a Model-T Ford, new, to take her to and from her nursing cases.

Bobby's Birth.

When Creston and I moved to the little Casserly home before Bobby was born, Mama Aldridge helped us to redecorate the place. She really was a "cracker jack" at hanging wallpaper. Of course, before Bobby arrived, Mama showed me the procedure of home birth preparations. That technique eliminated much extra work of home delivery. She stayed at my side for the last

twenty-four hours of my labor period.

When the little fellow arrived, she was almost as proud of him as was his Daddy and I. This little one was her first grandbaby and also my Mother's. After Bobby arrived on the scene, we then called Isabelle "Grandma Aldridge."

Grandma Aldridge stayed with Bobby and me, caring for us for two weeks. The first ten days I was kept in bed. That was the custom in those days.

The following May of 1926 I had an occasion to use my newly-learned expertise when Donna Shaw was born in Mable's home. This was my first postnatal case and my first experience as a nurse for Dr. Eiskamp. He had just started practice in Watsonville a short time before..

Grandma Aldridge, being a very religious person constantly read her Bible. I can truthfully say that she taught me a great deal of which I had not absorbed in my earlier years. She also helped many people with her nursing care and love, always doing good for others.

Grandma Aldridge moved up on the mountain, in Brown's Valley Canyon, where Grandad Aldridge had recently been working for Mr. Comstock. Grandad Aldridge had built a redwood cabin there, on the Aldridge property, for Grandma and the three younger children.

Creston, baby Bobby and I often visited them. One winter evening, when driving up the narrow, steep, slippery, private road, our car slid from side to side. It really frightened me. I sure didn't want to go over that bank with my precious baby. Creston was very calm and consoled me. He was accustomed to driving that road.

Later, Grandma and Grandad Aldridge rented a little two-story home in Casserly district -- not far from where Bobby was born. Grandma was so eager to resume her nursing. She also rented an upstairs bedroom to a Watsonville barber. It was there that little fifteen month old Bobby tried to drink some formaldehyde from a bottle that belonged to the barber. Needless to say that Bobby was a very fortunate child to survive that experience. I know that God heard our prayers.

Grandad Aldridge had the "mountain fever" in his blood and was not content to live in town. Yet, while Grandma was on nursing cases it was impossible to live on the top of the mountain. So Grandma rented a house on Sudden Street. A Mrs. Jones, Ethel and Josephine's mother, had a Maternity Home for baby delivery a few doors down Sudden Street. The thought came to Grandma, "Why don't I open a convalescent or rest home in Watsonville" There was no such place at that time and the town could readily use one.

It was during the period when Grandma and her younger kiddies were living on Sudden Street that Creston, Bobby (then two years old) and I lived with them for a couple of months -- while our new home, which we were having built, was being completed.

It was a joyous day for us when Creston, Bobby and I moved into our lovely new home at 545 Oregon Street. We were grateful to have had a place to live before completion, as our former Rodriguez Street home had been sold.

Premonition.

While we were living on Sudden Street with Grandma and three of her children, she told Creston and me that she had three premonitions. Two of them had already occurred but the very bad one was yet to come. I asked her if I would be involved in it. She said, "Yes, my dear, you certainly will be."

That bothered me for a little while but then I passed it off as just another one of Grandma's intuitions or fantasies. About three months later when Creston told me about his premonition, I

thought back to the statement that Grandma had made. Was there actually some substance to those thoughts?

Creston's Accident.

During the summer of 1928, Grandad took Franklin and Marjorie back to the mountains with him while Grandma and Anna Belle went to San Jose to work in the fruit canneries. It seemed that the cannery help was short and the pay was very good. That is where Grandma was at the time she received the news of her dear son's, Creston's, accident.

She and Anna Belle had just started work at 7:00 A.M. that Monday morning of July 21, 1928 when one of her friends informed them that Creston was killed in a car accident the previous night on his way up Brown's Valley Canyon to visit his Dad, Marjorie and Frankie. Grandma and Anna Belle, after stopping to pick up a few of their garments, left San Jose in Grandma's Model-T and arrived in Watsonville exactly 45 minutes later, via Chittenden Pass Road. Grandma drove so fast! Anna Belle kept screaming at her to slow down or they, too, would be killed. Grandma just couldn't hear. She was definitely in shock. She almost fainted before leaving San Jose.

As soon as they arrived in Watsonville they immediately went to Burland's Undertaking Parlor to see for herself that Creston was really dead. When Mr. Burland pulled back the sheet and Grandma saw that it actually was her dear son's body, her first born child, she again almost fainted. However, it was somewhat of a relief to her to see that his body and face were not crushed and mangled. He looked so natural. The only marks on Creston's face were the small scar left by the instruments when he was born, and a short new scratch over it which formed a perfect cross on his forehead.

Grandma and Anna Belle then drove to our new, little home where I had been waiting. It was no surprise to them that I also was in shock. As we cried on each other's shoulders my main thought was to try and comfort Creston's dear Mother. My heart really went out to her. Somehow, I'm sure her thoughts and feelings were for little Bobby and me.

Uncle Bill drove up to the mountain ranch to break the sad news to Grandad, Frankie and Marjorie. He then drove them to Watsonville to be with the family. Spellman had been working in Tracy for Red Hunsucker, in his garage. When he received the news about his brother he decided that he wanted to die, also. He left immediately, stalling his car on the railroad tracks. The shock was too great but he soon came to his senses and headed for Watsonville.

The last time Grandma saw Creston alive was one week prior to the accident. Very early that morning she and Anna Belle stopped by our little, new home to tell him "goodbye" before they reported for work at the cannery in San Jose at 7:00 A.M. Creston came to the door in his yellow pajamas that I had made him. (I had been in San Francisco with my dear Mother. She had been on the verge of death in the University of California Hospital for three weeks. Creston and my two brothers came up to be with us each week. On Creston's last trip there he bought a bracelet and ring for Anna Belle. That he gave to her the morning they last saw each other. Anna Belle says that she still has the bracelet. She cherishes it.)

Some people want to be helpful and do things for others but in any case these helpful tasks would have been much more appreciated if left undone. The morning after Creston's accident, two of my Aunts (by marriage) entered our new home, gathered up all of Creston's work clothes and linen from the laundry basket and took them home to be washed.

There were also a few dirty dishes in the sink which they washed and dried. Creston had

the house in tiptop order, rugs vacuumed, furniture dusted, etc., so as to have our little home clean upon my return that day. I'm sorry to say, to my way of thinking, these two well-meaning aunts were infringing on my privacy. They never did know of my inner-most feelings. Grandma Aldridge felt as I did about that situation.

A little later Grandma and I sorted through all of my sweetheart's clothes. Creston had recently bought three new suits. At the time of his accident he was wearing a light-colored suit. As we removed each garment from his closet, we sat on the bed with tears rolling down our cheeks. I gave Spellman his nice overcoat and Stetson hat as well as other things.

After Creston's funeral Grandma and I spent some time together in town and at the mountain ranch with her family. Meanwhile, my dear Mother was taken by ambulance to her brother's home (Uncle Albert's) in Sacramento to recuperate for three months.

Grandma drove little Bobby and me to Sacramento several times to visit my Mother. On one such trip little Bobby opened the car door and fell out on the pavement while going through Pleasanton. At that time I was driving. Grandma was watching over Bobby in the back seat of her Ford. She reached down to tie her shoe when he suddenly opened the door. Grandma decided to stop the car herself and she stepped on the throttle instead of the brake. I managed to bring the car to a stop after crossing the sidewalk. The thought that went through my mind was, "There goes the last of everything." Fortunately, Bobby received no serious injury but his upper lip was cut open. In the excitement of getting out of car to pick up Bobby, which a man standing nearby had already done, Grandma lost her dentures. A by-stander approached us and said, "Did one of you ladies lose your false teeth?" Grandma said, "Thank you", and put them back in her mouth.

Creamed Beets.

Grandma and her three younger children joined Grandad at the mountain ranch at Aunt Kate's home. After Creston's death I felt as though I wanted to be near his family. Somehow, it made me feel closer to him. I can never express on paper or in words how much my little Bobby Boy meant to me. Creston's family always welcomed us with open arms. (Being my dear Mother was in Sacramento and knew nothing of my darling husband's passing, made it doubly hard.)

On one dreary evening, at my lowest ebb, Bobby and I drove up to the mountain ranch to be with the folks. It had been raining and the roads were very slippery. I definitely didn't want to drive up the Aldridge road -- wet, narrow and curved as it was -- so I decided to drive the O'Neill grade. First I had to open the Comstock gate (neighbor's gate) that took off from the Brown Valley Canyon Road. This road, too, was wet and slippery but it took us safely to Grandma's and Grandad's house.

The family was just ready to eat dinner. Bobby and I were "starving" -- so hungry. Oh, how good that dinner tasted. I'll never forget. It was mostly vegetables from their garden. What I remember mainly was Grandma's good creamed beets. Gee, they were so, so tasty. To this day I always remember them when I eat beets. They are one of my special, favorite vegetables. For some reason, my creamed beets never tasted the same as Grandma's did on that cold, rainy night.

Our Trip To Arizona.

Grandma and I, as well as the rest of the family, were mourning Creston's death so deeply. Grandma had not seen her parents in Arizona for quite a long time. We got together and decided to visit them if Spellman could get off work for a few weeks. I would furnish the gasoline, etc.

for his car and Grandma and Marjorie, as well as my precious little Bobby left for Williams, Arizona in October 1928.

Williams is not too far from Flagstaff, Arizona. Bobby's Great Grandma and Great Grandpa Watson were so happy when we rolled into their farmyard one night, just about supper time. Great Grandma Watson had a luscious chicken dinner prepared for us with hot biscuits and other goodies. We all were so hungry and tired.

The reunion with Grandma Aldridge and her parents was a tearful yet joyous meeting. Great Grandma Anna Watson was a frail, little woman with sparkling, blue eyes and energy plus. Robert Watson was a short but sturdy man with gray hair and heavy beard and mustache.

Grandma Aldridge and Marjorie slept on a sofa bed while Bobby and I occupied a double bed in one of the bedrooms. On the wall was a picture of three bearded disciples

Creston had told me about the terrible electrical storms in Arizona. We, Bobby and I, had no sooner climbed into bed when one of them opened up. The two of us slept with our heads under the covers all night. In the morning, when we peered out, little Bobby saw the picture of the three bearded men. He said, "Oh look Mommy, There's Jesus, Grandpa Watson and Santa Claus."

Needless to say, this trip was a blessing and help to us all. This, being the first time to meet Creston's grandparents meant so much to me as he often spoke about them. Too, I was very happy that little Bobby was there so that his Great Grandma and Great Grandpa could know their Great Grandson -- his namesake.

We packed a big lunch and spent a full day driving the long, fascinating and curving road bordering the uppermost top of the beautiful and breathtaking Grand Canyon. "Grand" is a most minute description of that spectacular dense cavity in the earth. Poor little Bobby became very carsick rounding the many curves in the road. Being the Watson farm was only a few hours drive from the Grand Canyon, we could cover much territory in a full day's trip.

The beautiful San Francisco Peaks could readily be seen from the farm. These peaks had snow on them the entire year.

Another memorable experience while visiting Grandma Aldridge's parents, was the ride to Sunset Mountains. After parking the car at the base of the peak, we trod upward over layers of curious colored sands. Great Grandpa carried his Great Grandson on his shoulders until we reached the lofty top. We were fortunate to be there when the Arizona sun set over the colorful Painted Desert. That was a beautiful climax to a most lovely day.

Great Grandpa Watson had brought a couple of small, empty jars with him. As we trod over each layer of colored sand he proceeded to put some in each jar, trying to pack it down. By the time the jars were filled they were jars of rainbows. (Bob still has one of these colorful jars from 68 years ago.) The beautiful Painted Desert was formed from the layers of various-colored sand on Sunset Mountain which were blown there by the wind.

Grandma's Surgery.

Grandma Aldridge had been very ill, off and on, with severe pain in her abdomen. She was bedfast and vomiting. Each attack would require Dr. Eiskamp's services. He explained to her that these severe attacks were caused from stones in her gall bladder. He felt it very necessary for her to have the gall bladder removed. Dr. Eiskamp had gained a wide reputation of being an exceptionally good surgeon in abdominal surgery as well as other types. He graduated from Stanford Lane Hospital in San Francisco in the early 1920s.

Grandma became so ill that there was no alternative, so she consented. However, she insisted on having it done in San Francisco. Dr. Eiskamp made arrangements for her to enter Stanford Lane Hospital.

I accompanied Grandma to "The City." When they signed her in, the head doctor said, "I can't understand why you come here for your surgery as you have one of the most wonderful and dedicated doctors that we have ever graduated from Stanford Lane -- Dr. Eiskamp in Watsonville. I remained in San Francisco with Grandma for one week, staying at a hotel. My Mother, Nana, cared for Bobby at home. This was late 1929

Thirty five years later, in 1964, Ted was recuperating from a heart attack while we were living in Ben Lomond. One of Ted's real estate associates from Pennyman Title Company called on us and asked who our doctor was. Ted replied, "Dr. Eiskamp." His friend then related a story his wife had recently heard at the Women's Club meeting -- about a doctor at Stanford Lane Hospital who remarked that Dr. Eiskamp was the most wonderful doctor they had ever turned out at that place.

First Nursing Home in Watsonville.

Grandma was truly a nurse at heart. She loved people and people loved her. When the Cowles House, next to the big Marsh home on Green Valley Road became empty, she rented it. There had been a large, long room built onto the original house. She had that room partitioned so it and the other bedroom would accommodate several beds.

As soon as Grandma let it be known that she would care for patients in this residence, she soon had the beds filled. Back in the early 1930s there weren't a lot of government restrictions on patient care as there is today. Sanitation was the paramount issue.

Of course, Grandma knew "all the ropes to the trade." so to speak . Her patients welfare was her goal -- not money.

When Grandma had more calls for patient care than she could accommodate, she decided to find a larger house. Why not start a nursing home in town? Watsonville had no such facility and the city really needed one.

The large house, now called Watsonville Convalescent Center, would soon be for rent. It was located on "The Heights" across the street from which is now The Medical Center.

Grandma leased this house and soon equipped it for patients. She moved her Green Valley Road patients along with her nursing staff, into Watsonville's first nursing home, which she operated.

After Ted's and My Marriage.

After the fruit season ended in San Jose, Grandad rented a very nice home, with a large pretty pond and some acreage, in the San Andreas district. This home was picturesque in a woodland setting. It was located a short distance from the San Andreas School that the children attended in their earlier years.

It was in this home that Anna Belle became the bride of Burton (Bert) Edwards. Grandma was a very busy lady, preparing for the marriage of her first daughter. They were married on March 31, 1931.

It was also while the Aldridge family was living at this location that Ted and I became husband and wife in Carson City, Nevada on October 25, 1930. The entire family loved Ted and were very happy that we were united. Shortly after our marriage I called Grandma and Grandad

Aldridge. Grandma often said to me, "My dear, little girl, you are too young to stay single. If Creston could tell you, he would not want you to be alone."

Those dear folks, Grandma and Grandad Aldridge thought the world of Ted. And Ted treated them just as he did my Mother -- with great love and respect. Grandma once said to me, "Bobby's own Father could not have been a more wonderful Dad to Bobby than Ted has been, throughout the years."

I was so happy that Grandma and Grandad Aldridge had accepted Ted with open arms -- just as though he was their own son. I knew that the feeling was mutual as Ted showed his love for them and the family -- not only verbally but in many other ways.

On one occasion, Grandma was going to Arizona to visit her parents, by bus. If she took the bus from Watsonville she would have to wait two hours in Salinas in order to get the bus to Los Angeles. There she would again change busses.

Ted offered to drive Grandma to Salinas after he finished work at Maluhia. He would get her there in time to catch the Los Angeles bus. Nana (my Mom) kept Bobby while I rode to Salinas with them. When we arrived in Salinas, Ted decided to drive Grandma on to Los Angeles. I phoned Nana and asked her if she could care for Bobby until the following day. She was happy to do so.

We arrived in Los Angeles in the wee hours of the morning. (about 5:00 A.M. as in those days travel was much slower.)

Grandma caught the Los Angeles bus for Arizona on time. She was so grateful to Ted. Ted and I stopped to say, "Hi", to his sister in Los Angeles. We then were on our way back to Watsonville. It was a long, tiresome drive and no sleep. Ted was back to work at Maluhia that day.

Ted, Bobby and I visited Grandma and Grandad regularly. She always insisted on us staying for dinner. She could "whip up" a delicious dinner in no time. At one time she had some tiny baby chicks. Bobby was so fascinated with them. The next time he saw them they had feathers. He said in his baby lingo, "Grandma, your shicknens are groaning." (Grandma, your chicken are growing.)

Babies' Births.

Grandma Aldridge not only cared for me when little Bobby was born but also helped Dr. Herbert deliver Ted's two little babies.

Little Gerald Theodore (Jerry) was born at our home at 545 Oregon Street. Being a breech baby made delivery a little more difficult. I had two hemorrhages after Jerry's birth but Grandma Aldridge reacted to such with prompt and efficient care. She had been Dr. Herbert's assistant on other deliveries so he had great confidence in her.

When our second baby boy, Ronald Theodore, came into this world Grandma Aldridge was again at Dr. Herbert's side to assist him. Ronnie (Skippy) was born at my Mother's house at 232 First Street in Watsonville, my old home. His delivery was somewhat complicated but not like little Jerry's.

While waiting for Skippy to make his debut (entrance) Grandma Aldridge visited the neighbor across the street where the two little girls had whooping cough. After losing little Jerry from that disease it really irked me to think that Grandma would take the risk of bringing the germs home to our newborn baby. But God watched after us and Skippy remained healthy.

Paradise and Redwood City.

After Delta, Frank's wife, died Grandma and Grandad kept the two children, Marlene and Jimmy. On a bus trip at one time Grandma and Grandad Aldridge went through Paradise. They fell in love with the place. They decided to buy a home there. But after living there a while they found that the winters were too cold for them, too much snow, ice and frosty weather.

The folks then decided to move to Redwood City. There they could be closer to Marjorie and Anna Belle. Grandad did not want to move back to Watsonville as the coastal climate aggravated his bronchial troubles. (Some time later he was hospitalized for tuberculosis from which he recovered. After his death, Grandma was also hospitalized for the same.)

Grandad Aldridge died on February 28, 1962, Grandma didn't want to live in their Redwood City home alone. She had had heart problems for some time.

Frank remarried and Grandma lived with him and his wife, Jewel, for awhile. At that time Frank was bedfast and Jewel was working at a hospital. Grandma, as well as Frank, needed Jewel's help at home.

Grandma then went to live with a longtime friend, Eva. Eva, too, was working and could not give Grandma the attention she needed. And Anna Belle found it impossible to care for Grandma. There was only one choice.

Convalescent Hospital.

That alternative was to enter Grandma in the Pajaro Valley Convalescent Hospital, although she begged Anna Belle to take her home. After a short time Grandma adjusted to her new residence. She was able to walk in the hall for a short period before becoming exhausted. When she became bedfast she spent her hours crocheting many little articles for others. She had received a little crocheted cross -- a bookmark that Nana made for her. From this pattern Grandma made book marks for others. She had pockets on the inside of her bed rail in which she kept her crochet equipment, stationery and other needs.

Mrs. Brewington and a little Chinese lady shared a room with Grandma. I can truthfully say that the patients got very good care. I cannot vouch for the meals but they did have a good recreational program at that time.

Grandma had quite a lot of company. Anna Belle was able to visit her once each week as transportation was not available other times I was then living in Bed Lomond and working on nursing cases. I tried to visit Grandma weekly. She was always so happy to see me and had a big hug and kiss for "her little girl". When visiting Grandma she always had some interesting news to tell.

On one occasion when I brought Ted's Mother with me to visit Grandma, we sat in chairs along the side of her bed. In one of my hands I was holding Grandma's hand and Ted's Mother's hand in my other. I made the remark, "Not many gals can hold and caress their two mother's-in-law hands at the same time." I felt blessed that I could do so.

At one time Grandma remarked, "Irma, I have become a member of many churches but if I had it to do over, I would not join any church." She definitely was a Christian at heart.

Grandma spent much of her time reading the Bible. One could usually hear her singing beautiful church hymns. She "practiced what she preached." When I lived in Ben Lomond I wrote Grandma a long letter (to the Convalescent Hospital) and told her how much of the Bible I had learned from her. That letter made her so happy. She said that that was one letter that she wanted to keep.

Grandma remained in the Pajaro Valley Convalescent Hospital for three and one half years. During that time she kept busy with her hobbies -- making gifts for visitors. During her stay there, the convalescent home had a contest for the woman patient who had the most number of grandchildren and great grandchildren. On that Mothers' Day Grandma was chosen Queen as she won the contest, having 17 grandchildren and 53 great grandchildren. And she was so proud of every one.

Grandma's heart became so bad that she was rushed to the Watsonville Community Hospital. She died there on April 4, 1969.

Grandma and Grandad were truly wonderful people. They worked hard for a living and shared whatever they had with others. You could never leave Grandma's and Grandad's house without your tummy being full and your arms loaded with produce or home-canned goods. These two dear folks brought much sunshine to the lives of us all.

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Chapter 2 – Grandma Rex

Ethel Gertrude Warner (Ted's Mother) was born in North Liberty, Indiana on August 12, 1886. She and John Reaves were married in Indiana in 1903. In their union they had two children -- Iona born on March 23, 1905 and Earl Theodore (Ted) born on November 7, 1906.

The father, John Reaves, was killed in a train accident in 1916. Their Mother came to California and lived with her parents in Ontario in the early part of 1915. Ted and Iona joined her in California shortly before their father's death.

Later Ethel Reaves married a southern California bus driver, named Alfred Durr. He came to California from Massachusetts.

After living in southern California for awhile they moved to Santa Maria and then to Watsonville.

At the time I met Ethel Reaves Durr, they made their home in Fresno. Iona married Gene Goodin. They lived in southern California (Buena Park). They had three children -- Eugene , Jr., Janice, and Margie.

Ted made his home in Watsonville, living with Dr. George Herbert, Mrs. Kate (Pussy) Herbert and their son Charles. Ted was part of their family for seven years, until we were married on October 25, 1930.

Ethel -- 1929-1933.

I do not know very much of Ethel's early life outside of a few incidents that she revealed to me. Her Mother had three children: Nellie, Clarence and herself. She and Nellie were very compatible but her parents pampered the "only boy" which caused ill feelings with the two girls. Ethel's Mother, was not a well woman. She suffered from asthma quite badly. Ethel's Father moved from place to place and to other states hoping to get some relief for his wife.

Apparently, most of the household duties fell on Ethel's shoulders. She stated that she had a hard and very unhappy childhood. She was married at the age of seventeen, to John Reaves.

It was several months after Ted's and my meeting in April 1929 that we started "going steady." Ted was very anxious for me to meet his Mother, Ethel, now living in Fresno with his step Dad, Alfred Durr. It was about October of that year that we drove over to the valley to meet them and enjoy the weekend with them. We all spent one day on a fishing trip, combined with a picnic. I was very fond of his Mother from the first time I had met her. I believe the feeling was mutual.

On our second visit to Fresno we took little Bobby with us. Ted's grandfather Warner, from Oroville, was also visiting his daughter, Ethel, at that time. Grandpa took "quite a shine" to little Bobby and he called me "Irmie."

Ted drove us all to the Fresno airport where a plane took passengers up for a ride. Ted suggested we all go up. Alfred said, "No, I've been up so many times." (We later learned that he was afraid of flying.) Grandpa Warner consented to go. Ted then asked me to accompany them. I'll admit that I was afraid of flying but Bobby was eager to go with them. I then changed my mind. I thought, "If the plane should crash, I wanted to go down with my little boy." We all had a lovely ride except Alfred Durr. That was Bobby's and my first airplane ride (but not the last).

When Ted's sister, Iona, (20 months Ted's senior) learned that her brother was keeping company with me, a widow, she became quite concerned. She wrote to her Mom to warn Ted about widows. He could be led down the "wrong path." (In those days widows were not as prevalent as today.) Ted's Mom assured his sister that her worries were in vain.

Shortly after Ted and I were married (we eloped) on October 25, 1930. Ethel and Alfred left Fresno and went to Orville to live with Grandpa Warner. There they remained for several years. Ethel cooked and kept house for Grandpa and Alfred. Alfred helped care for Grandpa's orange grove -- and also worked for a neighboring farmer. (It was during this time that our son, little Jerry, was born. (We lost him seven months later.)

The Orville heat eventually became too much for Ethel to endure so she and Alfred moved to Berkeley. It was there that Alfred took a job as a tool salesman on a commission basis. They were happy there in their little cottage but had to "pinch pennies." Everyone was feeling the bind of the depression.

Baby Skippy.

At this time our second baby, little Ronnie (Skippy) was born. He arrived on his Grandma Durr's birthday -- August 12, 1933. He was the "most wanted baby" in the whole wide world.

Gram and Gramp Durr, as they then wanted to be called, offered to keep Bobby with them in Oakland for a couple of weeks until Ronnie was born. When shopping Bobby saw a little handkerchief with a little picture of the cartoon character, "Skippy", on it. Bobby wanted it to take home to his new, little, baby brother. He bought it and thus the name of "Skippy" was given. (That was 64 years ago.)

During these early 1930s we were in the throes of the "Great Depression." Ted and I, with our two little boys, were now comfortably settled in our four-room packing house home. Our rent to Dr. Herbert (the owner) was ten dollars per month. Our entire income was 45 dollars per month.

In 1934 Gramp Durr had to give up his salesman job. It was then that Gram and Gramp asked if they could live with us in our humble, but happy, quarters. Of course, we welcomed them with open hearts and arms. This abode wasn't as luxurious as they had been accustomed to but the love it held more than made up for that. We shared the grocery expenses.

Bobby, then eight years old, was happy to let Gram and Gramp have his very own bedroom. He thought it was great fun to sleep on the couch in the living room. Baby Skippy, about one year of age, was still occupying his crib on the side of our bed. (The same crib that Bobby used.)

Gram and I managed very well together. We prepared palatable dishes from scratch. It was surprising how one could concoct edible dishes with a little ingenuity, using plain and cheaper food.

Gram had never cooked on a kerosene wick stove before so this was a new experience for her. I presume one would say we lived off of the land as Ted had a nice vegetable garden. We

had our own chickens and plenty of eggs. We had wild game in season, such as quail, pigeons, and rabbits.

Gram and I enjoyed each others company. I loved her from the very first time I met her. As the saying goes, "One has to live with a person to actually know them."

Grandpa Warner came to spend a week with us while Gram and Gramp were there. He also liked our "depression home.."

One morning Gram and I made two lovely, yummy apple pies. We set them just outside of the screen door that led to the rest of the enclosed packing house. We thought they would be safe and cool off fast. What we didn't realize was that Charlie Herbert's big dog, named Brownie, must have gotten a scent of our pies. When we went to check on them, all that was left were two empty pie tins. What really disgusted me was Charlie's hearty laughter when we told him about his "robber dog."

The Move to Watsonville.

After living together for about six months, Gramp Durr was hired as a desk clerk at the Resetar Hotel on Main Street in Watsonville. Gram and Gramp rented a two-bedroom bungalow in Steglich court, almost across West Lake Avenue from the hotel where Gramp was working.

On one occasion when Ted's sister, Iona, her husband Gene and their three children came to visit Gram and Gramp we all headed out for Big Sur. There, we had planned a weenie roast picnic. Gram and Gramp were to bring the weenies and Ted and I furnished the rest of the goodies -- such as weenie buns, salad and dessert.

It was a beautiful, sunny day and a most enjoyable ride along the coast over a winding road. By the time we reached Big Sur we all were very hungry. Ted built the fire for roasting the weenies while the women folk set the picnic table. The kiddies amused themselves by playing baseball together.

When the fire was ready to roast the weenies Gram looked for her big package from the butcher. It wasn't with the rest of the food. We all searched through the two cars and elsewhere but it was nowhere to be found. Poor Gram was terrified when she came to the realization that she had forgotten to take it out of the icebox at home. (In those days we had no refrigerators.) Needless to say, we all enjoyed weenies for several days, but a weenie roast is rather blah without the hot dogs. Poor Gram never did live down that experience. We all teased her about it throughout the years but she had some good laughs on it, also.

It was during the time that the folks were living in Steglich Court that Ted, Nana, our two boys and I moved from Maluhia to a three-bedroom house on Rodriguez and Sixth Streets. We frequently visited Gram and Gramp Durr but their visits to our house were sparse. We all were still feeling the pinch of the depression.

Green Valley.

In 1940 Ted and I bought our little acreage and home in Green Valley. A male cousin of Gramp Durr's from the Midwest came to California to visit them at the time they were living in Steglich Court. He was so impressed with the area that he decided to locate in Watsonville.

After having all of his household belongings moved here, he decided that his roots were "back home". He wanted to dispose of his furniture, etc. for whatever he could get.

Gram called us at our new home in Green Valley. Knowing that our refrigeration was a

cooler (cabinet with slatted shelves) located on the inner wall of our pantry, she asked if we would be interested in buying the cousin's Gibson refrigerator. Ted said we could not consider buying it then as our family had increased since we moved to Green Valley. Gram said he was not in need of the money and we could use the refrigerator and pay whenever convenient.

During the time that Gramp was working at the Resetar Hotel, he also was studying to become a Christian Science practitioner. Some time later Gram phoned saying that a woman patient of Gramp's wanted to buy the refrigerator and that she would be out to get it. I barely had it emptied and cleaned when they drove into the yard with a pickup truck. It was great while we had it but now we were back where we started from. We soon had a 100-pound icebox on the back porch.

Sometimes hardships pile up on families. In 1944 I was hospitalized for eight days and my recuperation period was quite lengthy. My Mother, Nana, living with us in Green valley, was having back pain. Gramp Durr offered to loan Ted one hundred dollars to help us over the hump. This Ted gladly accepted as a six month loan.

A friend of ours had much faith in a local chiropractor and suggested that we contact him. This doctor proved to quite helpful to Nana and me. He kindly offered to render his services at our home and refused pay for my Mother's treatment.

At that date Gramp Durr was devoting almost full time to treating patients as a Christian Science practitioner. It so happened that he and Gram dropped in on us at the same time as the chiropractor's call. Putting two and two together, I presume Gramp felt that if we had money to spare for a chiropractor we were not in need of his loan. Before he left the house he asked Ted to repay him. Ted had to borrow the money to do so. Consequently, we did not see much of the folks after that encounter.

Relocating to San Francisco.

Gram and Gramp Durr lived in Watsonville from 1935 until the early 1940s, at which time they moved to San Francisco. From then on our communication was very limited although I tried to keep in touch with them through letters.

They rented a lovely apartment close by the area where Gramp was now studying and working as a practitioner. Ted, our two boys and I drove to San Francisco to visit them. Gram had cooked some white navy beans (Ted's favorite). She asked us to remain for lunch, which we did. Their apartment was elaborately furnished -- beautiful rugs and French Provincial as well as antique furniture. We were sure that Gramp's new profession was a lucrative one.

Several years later the folks moved to another apartment in San Francisco. Gramp had a large practice and still growing. Apparently they needed a still larger and more spacious apartment so in a couple of years they made their last move.

We still had our houseful -- three nephews, Charlie and my dear Mother, Nana. Consequently, we were in no position to travel or visit. Gram and Gramp visited us about one or twice a year. This would be on a Sunday when Gramp had to make a house call out of town. Usually they spent about two hours with us.

Gram always looked so beautiful in her lovely, fashionable clothes. Gramp was no slouch, either. They always drove a beautiful new car.

Gram very seldom wrote letters as her eyesight was not too good. When I tried to keep in touch with them through letters, Gramp occasionally answered them. Gram took care of the house but Gramp did all of the shopping. They bought a little coal black Belgium Barge dog of

which they both were very fond. She, Sissy, was mainly Gramp's pet.

When Ted got his real estate broker's license we moved to San Jose. At this date we had not heard from the folks for a long, long time. During the few visits from Gram and Gramp, while we were still at the ranch, we noticed that Gramp had a hacking cough. I had mentioned it to Ted. He said that he also was concerned about it.

In San Jose Ted and I had rented a small apartment. During an evening meal I said, "Honey, we haven't heard from your folks for such a long time. I'm really worried about them." (It seemed to us that they had more or less "divorced" themselves from us since their move to San Francisco.)

Ted suggested that as soon as we finished dinner, we drive up to see them. We had their apartment address. We walked up the lovely stairway to their apartment on the second floor. When we rang the doorbell Gram peeped out of the "peep-hole" in the door. She opened the door and said, "Oh, am I glad to see you two." She was so white and peaked looking. I thought she was going to collapse in Ted's arms.

Our suspicions were correct. Each time the folks visited us in Watsonville Gramp had a progressive cough and he appeared thinner. When we entered the bedroom and saw poor Gramp in bed, we were shocked. He was so thin and weak but yet he had a big smile, a handshake for Ted and a kiss for me.

Ted left for home around midnight as he had to open his office in the morning. I wasn't working (nursing) at that time so I stayed there to help Gram care for Gramp. For two weeks I took care of Gramp practically by myself while I insisted on Gram resting. I was afraid that she, too, was ready to be confined to her bed.

Gram managed to help with the cooking and the two of us got Gramp to the living room daily. I managed to get about four hours of sleep which proved adequate. Gram's strength returned rapidly.

Ted and I know that Gramp had lung cancer before Gram even mentioned it. Ted drove up practically every night after closing the office, returning very late.

Gramp was failing fast during the first six weeks but still insisted on going to the living room daily. It was becoming more and more difficult for Gram and me to take him there and back, even though he was losing weight fast. He did not want a wheelchair so we did the best possible in a side arm chair. Whenever Ted was there he would carry Gramp in his arms. One one occasion he said, "Ted, I'm going to make everything up to you." Gram and I worked together beautifully as a team. I slept during the day and Gram got her nightly rest. Gramp insisted on his daily bath at night, so between 12:00 and 1:00 A.M. I gave him his bed bath.

For some time I could see that his cancer was affecting other parts of his body. During the daytime he called me "Irma." At night it was always "little Irma.

Needless to say, this case of this dear man was becoming more and more difficult as the days passed. Too, he didn't want Gram to realize how he was suffering and how much pain he endured. At times when he had to vomit blood and chunks that looked like liver, he would say, "Don't let Ethel see or know."

At those time I would have to pull him into the bathroom by myself in a straight-back chair so that he could use the toilet for that purpose. (We did have a commode for other purposes.) My heart went out to that dear soul but I never did let him see the tears in my eyes.

His being bedfast now for a month and having to see the terrific pain that Gramp was suffering was really getting to me. I tried hard to conceal my feelings from Gram but she could

see for herself. Gramp always had a great sense of humor and, as ill as he was, he tried to put on a good front to cover up his pain.

I pleaded with Gram to call in a doctor so that we could get some medication for his pain, or so I could give him hypos to relieve it. Poor Gram didn't know what to do. I do believe that she was in favor of doing so but she knew that Gramp would oppose the idea because it was not the Christian Science way.

Gram decided to call his local practitioner and ask her opinion about calling a medical doctor. The practitioner said, "If Alfred could talk, what would he say?" Gram then asked her to come and administer to Gramp but she said, "I can work much more effectively if I don't see the picture." So that's the way it was to be.

It was just a couple of days later that Gramp had a massive stroke. At this point and with no other help -- with nothing material or otherwise -- we left it all in the hands of God.

During Ted's nightly visits he could see how fast Gramp was failing. It grieved Ted terribly. Before he had his stroke he could barely talk but could understand by squeezing our hand.

The afternoon that Gramp went into terribly hard tremors I didn't know which way to turn or what to do. Gram and I tried everything we could possibly think of to give Gramp some sort of relief. All we could do was sit, pray and wait.

When Ted arrived that afternoon (I had called him.) we were so relieved to have him with us. The minute he saw Gramp's condition, he broke down and cried. He also asked Gram to get some relief for Gramp but she still didn't feel that she should go against Gramp's wishes or the practitioners advice.

Ted had made arrangements for someone to manage the real estate office until his return. We were so happy to have Ted there with us when Gramp Durr passed on several days later in April 1957.

Ted and Gram made all the funeral arrangements. It was a closed casket ceremony. A Christian Science practitioner conducted the short service in a room of the funeral home. Gram, Ted and I were the only ones who attended. Gramp's body was cremated and his urn is in our vault at the Aldridge-Reaves plot.

While caring for Gramp -- I was with them for three months -- I can truthfully say that I really learned to know and love my dear husband's sweet Mother. To walk two blocks to the grocery store almost daily, and to do Gramp's laundry in the basement each day, was an added pleasure to my task. However, I hope and pray that I will never have to have complete responsibility of such a nursing case again without the aid of a doctor or medication. This was the most difficult case I have ever experienced. When I told Dr. Eiskamp about it he shook his head and said, "That was rough, Irma."

Some of Gramp Durr's Experiences.

During the years that he was a salesman, Gramp covered the area of Half Moon Bay, California. There, in the 1920s he met a dear, old Italian couple. The man spoke very broken English. He told Gramp Durr that the Coast Guard tried to persuade him into letting them put up a fog horn on the coastal edge of his property that he farmed. He was opposed to any intrusion but finally consented, as long as it would be as helpful as they proposed. Apparently, the little Italian fellow misunderstood them or the Coast Guard misstated their meaning as the man said, "De outfit --he lied to me as de fog -- he keep comin in jos de same."

While Gram and Gramp Durr lived in beautiful San Francisco, the men never appeared on Market Street unless dressed in suits with vests and a suitable hat. Their shoes were polished and they always wore ties.

Likewise, the women dressed accordingly -- in their best garb. This consisted of a two-piece suit or a dress and coat. Silk stockings were worn with a seam up the back and sometimes clocks, as the side decoration of their hose was called. Usually high heeled shoes were worn on their feet. Never would a woman that was considered "well dressed" appear on the street without a hat. Many wore fur pieces around their necks. Some had fairly long furs.

Gramp Durr often rode on the street cars. At various times of the day the cars were very crowded and some women and men had to stand, being the seats were full. Straps, attached to the ceilings of the cars, were helpful in keeping one's balance, using these for support.

Gramp often gave his seat to a lady. One time, while standing, a nice looking woman stood beside him. As Gramp glanced down, he noticed that the zipper on his pants was open. He reached down and carefully zipped up his breeches.

At the next car stop the woman standing near him attempted to exit from the car. There was a tug on Gramp's pants. To his embarrassment, he had zipped up her fur piece when zipping up his pants. As he told it -- they both had to get off the car together at the next stop. There they had to untangle the tail of her fur.

While driving from Massachusetts, Gramp's home state, to California, he stopped at many isolated service stations in the Midwest. While having his car serviced at one particular station he noticed women going to the little outhouse (privy) and immediately returning to their car in a hurry. This puzzled Gramp. Finally, he asked the attendant why the women always rushed back. His answer was, "Well, out here on the prairie in the middle of nowhere there is very little entertainment or excitement so we have to furnish our own. We have a loud speaker in the back of the two-holer privy that is connected up inside the station. I wait until the gal gets settled. Then I go into the station and 'holler' into the loud speaker, "Lady, would you please move over? I'm working down her." They always return to their cars hurriedly and red-faced.

Gram Ethel Durr -- 1957.

Ted and I stayed in San Francisco with Gram so that Ted could help her with all the necessary papers and all the important business which had to be conducted. We had previously talked about the immediate future and planned that the three of us and "Sissy" would share our home together. Ted's and my little apartment was not adequate and it would be about two weeks before the rent was due, so now was the time to go house hunting in San Jose or Santa Clara. Gram's intention was to move her furniture into a house when we located one.

We combed the papers for rentals and sales. We also contacted real estate salesmen and drove over many streets in desirable neighborhoods, searching and looking. At that point we decided it best to buy a house. At the end of each day we were exhausted and drove back to San Francisco. (During Ted's absence from his job as manager of Milpitas Manors, his work was done by the owner-developer.)

Alas, we found a nice three-bedroom home on Heatherdale Avenue in San Jose. In fact, it could have been Santa Clara as the two boundaries ran through our big back yard. We three were very happy. (Even so, to Ted and me, our Green Valley abode was and always would be "home" to us.) Gram's lovely rugs and elegant furniture fell into place very nicely in our Heatherdale house. We considered this house an excellent acquisition and between us we could manage the

purchase.

Gram seemed relaxed and content to be with us. We had a verbal agreement that all house expenses and food would be divided three way -- 2/3 for Ted and me and 1/3 for Gram.

Knowing that Gram had done all of the household and grocery shopping in the past, I felt it would be a joy for Gram to select food and other necessities. I found this to be true but also found that Ted's and my budget had a crack in it. Yet, in spite of some extravagance everything worked out very well.

Gram's daughter, (Ted's Sis, Iona), was living in Long Beach. Her new husband, Bill was serving overseas in the Navy as a medic. Iona was badly crippled and suffering from rheumatoid arthritis. She kept in close contact with Gram by phone.

After six months Gram decided to spend a couple of weeks visiting Iona. To our surprise, when she returned she informed us that she had decided to move to Long Beach. There was an apartment for rent just two doors from Iona's apartment. She had already made a deposit on it. The following week she had Bekins pack and move all her furnishing and belongings.

Ted and I were very sorry to see her leave as we thought she was happy there with us. She had Gram's practically new Oldsmobile car which she sold for "peanuts." (Gram didn't drive.) We never did know if Iona persuaded her to move to Long Beach or if Gram felt that she wanted to be closer to Sis.

We kept in close contact with Gram, mainly through telephone calls. There were times that she sounded as though she was discontent.

After being in Long Beach for a year it was not a big surprise to us when she said that she would like to move back to San Jose. However, when Gram moved out of our Heatherdale home it left the house void of furniture. That meant that we had to move all of our furniture from our Green Valley home where Skip and family were living. They then had to buy furniture to replace ours. All in all, it worked out okay.

Gram returned to San Jose and spent two weeks with us while combing the area for a suitable apartment. (I was then working through the Nurses Registry in San Jose.) Either Ted or I took her around to check out various apartments. As luck would have it, she finally found a nice one-bedroom apartment on Newhall Street, just two blocks (around the corner) from our home. It was within walking distance to shopping areas and our house. Again, Gram's furnishings and furniture came back to San Jose.

Seven months earlier I had finished a terminal nursing case on Capitol Avenue. The husband of the deceased, Art Rexroad, was a most wonderful, caring person. He had two married stepchildren -- son and daughter -- but they did not keep in contact with their stepfather. I realized how lonely he was and often phoned him, telling him to visit Ted and me. Too, I could see how lonely Gram was so I told her about Art. I took her to meet him one day at his house. Somehow, I don't think she made much of an impression on him at that meeting.

About a month later when Gram was going to dine with us, I invited Art also. Neither knew that the other was coming. By the time dinner was over they became quite well acquainted. Art asked Gram if he could drive her home. She gladly accepted. That was the start of their romance. They spent time frequently together from then on.

Within a few months Art asked Gram to marry him. She wanted to say, "Yes", but needed family encouragement. I had already built his reputation up to the point where she couldn't refuse. I was so sure that he would be a good mate for her. Iona said, "Mom, he could bring you more happiness than you ever have had." Too, their financial status was compatible.

When Gram (age 73) told her doctor that she was going to be married, her doctor said, "Congratulations but don't try to make him over."

Elopement in 1960.

Gram and Art asked Ted and me to go to Carson City with them. They wanted to be married in the same church in which Ted and I were married 30 years earlier.

It didn't take us long to locate the church. Ted and I waited while the minister took Gram and Art into a small room and lectured to them for about thirty minutes. That surely tickled Ted and me. I do believe that they both could have given that preacher some good pointers. The bride and groom seemed happy as we left the church.

From Carson City we drove to Reno, Nevada where we got two nice rooms at a motel. The manager of the motel gave each of us one dollar in nickels to play the slot machines.

Gram and Art gave us their play money as they weren't interested. They drove out of town to visit some good old-time friends of Arts. Ted and I gambled. Ted lost his two dollars and a little more. I soon won fourteen dollars. I played until all my nickels were gone. Then I quit.

On our way home we visited some ghost towns that were very interesting. The drive through the Feather River country was very beautiful in foliage as well as extremely scenic.

The bride and groom had previously moved, arranged their furniture and gave some to Art's stepchildren. Their Capitol Avenue home was ready to be occupied by two, happy people.

I can truthfully say that Art almost worshipped Gram. He told me time and again, "I am so proud of Ethel and I do love her"

Art had numerous elderly friends as he had worked with the school district for many years. They all accepted Art's new bride with delight. Charlie and Mae Johnson seemed to be their closest friends.

Most every Sunday morning Gram and Art would partake of a delicious Grange breakfast. Usually Charlie and Mae went with them. Several times they invited Ted and me to accompany them. I must admit that those breakfasts were superb.

For many years Art and his former wife had attended local dances. Although Gram did not dance she encouraged Art to continue with this activity as he enjoyed it very much. Gram went with him and enjoyed seeing her husband glide across the floor. Art was tall and somewhat slender. He looked very graceful on the dance floor. Needless to say Gram was proud of him. The two were happy together and very compatible in all respects. However, I must admit that Gram always got her own way.

Gram always had been a very warm and generous person. She was a proud woman with self-esteem and a volume of tenderness in her being. Indeed, I was proud to call her "Mom." Now, to our children and grandchildren she became Grandma Rexroad. We all called her Grandma Rex.

Art's Illness.

Ted's great devotion for his dear Mother could not be surpassed. Shortly after Ted and I were married she said to me, "Irma, I trust that Ted will never let liquor get the best of him as it did his Dad." I then replied, "Mom dear, don't give it another thought for he never will do so."

Grandma Rex and I became even closer pals. Even though I was nursing I spent my days off taking (driving) her grocery shopping or wherever she wanted to go. Being together so often,

the clerks thought we were sisters. That didn't phase me, even though Grandma was twenty years older than I. She looked so very young -- no wrinkles and very spry and chick. Along with a good sense of humor she was a fun person to be with. We often walked arm in arm together. This was in the early 1960's. If this was today people would think we were gay.

Being that Ted's real estate business kept him busy practically every day, much of his time off was devoted to his Mother and Art. After a couple of years of marriage Grandma Rex noticed that Art's appetite was not up to normal. He also tired readily when working in his little flower and vegetable gardens. Grandma tried to persuade him to see a doctor. After a few months he decided to do so. We tried to get an appointment with Dr. Green in San Jose. That was out of the question as he was booked ahead for three months. (Dr. Eiskamp in Watsonville had referred us to Dr. Green some time earlier. A few years later he became one of the most sought after doctors in San Jose.)

Not being able to get that appointment at an early date, Ted and I suggested that Art contact Dr. Eiskamp in Watsonville. This he did. I drove him and Grandma to Watsonville each week or two. Art was much impressed with Dr. Eiskamp and so was Grandma. After a thorough examination and x-rays the doctor told us that Art's trouble was in the lymph glands. He explained the illness thoroughly. Grandma took exceptionally good care of her husband. We checked with the doctor regularly. The medication prescribed lessened the discomfort and anxiety but there was nothing that could be done to control the illness. As time passed Art grew weaker with each passing day.

We couldn't take him to Dr. Eiskamp in Watsonville any longer as the trip was too strenuous for him. Through Dr. Eiskamp we contacted a specialist in San Jose. Art was soon admitted to Doctors' Hospital in Santa Clara.

Between Grandma, Ted and me one of us was with Art most of the time. Ted and I stayed with Grandma at her house.

These were very trying and difficult days for Grandma Rex. In fact, for all of us. We had learned to love and appreciate Art in many, many ways and respects. Grandma and I had returned home after spending the entire afternoon and evening at Art's bedside. We got ourselves a little snack and practically fell into bed -- so tired

In the wee hours of the morning the phone awakened us. A voice stated that we were needed at the hospital. We both knew what that meant. As we entered the lobby a nurse met us and told us that Art had expired. Although it wasn't unexpected it was a shock to both of us. Dear, sweet Grandma's remark was, "If only I had stayed with him during the night, but he never mentioned it."

Not long after Grandma and Art were married they chose to select their final resting place at Oak Hill Memorial Park on Monterey and Curtner Avenue in San Jose.. It was there that Art's remains were laid to rest under a beautiful tree. Next to him was a place reserved for Grandma.

Ted had accepted the offer of State Congressman, Glenn Coolidge, to manage his real estate office in Felton. This transaction took place a year before Art became critically ill. Ted commuted daily from San Jose to Felton for quite some time.

Before Art's passing, Ted and I had decided to build our own home in Ben Lomond. After we sold our Heatherdale home we then moved into our new Ben Lomond home amongst the Ponderosa pines. Now we commuted almost daily in the other direction to be with Grandma and Art.

The Move to Santa Cruz.

After Art died Grandma Rex decided to sell the home on Capitol Avenue and move nearer to Ted and me. Ted put the property on the market and soon made a good sale for her. (Both Grandma and Art had depended on Ted for all of their business affairs.)

Grandma came to live with us in Ben Lomond until she could locate a suitable location and living quarters in Santa Cruz. We spent two full weeks looking and answering ads. Finally we found a darling one-bedroom apartment near a shopping area, beauty shop and other shops within walking distance. Grandma really liked this little apartment that would be vacant in two weeks, but there was "a fly in the ointment." She had her mind set on a two-bedroom place so that she could have room for family visitors. I tried to tell her that an extra bedroom would mean extra work. She decided on the one bedroom and paid a deposit on the apartment.

After we got Grandma settled in she soon became very content. Her seven apartment neighbors were friendly and good company.

After a thorough checkup with Dr. Eiskamp he treated Grandma Rex for a heart condition and high blood pressure. I drove her to Watsonville for a periodic check each month. She and I had much pleasure shopping together. She always enjoyed selecting clothes and I enjoyed helping her. She was a most wonderful person, very beautiful and like a Dresden doll. Her skin was flawless and free from wrinkles -- even up to the end. She was a wonderful Mom to me and I was proud to call her Mother.

Grandma got dizzy spells quite often. I tried to persuade her to use a cane but no luck. I'm sure that she could have avoided a number of falls had she done so. She did her grocery shopping at shoppers corners just one block from her home when I wasn't there to drive her elsewhere. She insisted on carrying the bags of groceries instead of using her little grocery cart, as other elderly people did. She told me, "Only old people use such." She was in her late 80s at that time.

Back to Green Valley.

The arthritis in my hips and legs were "talking back to me:" more and more. Also my eyesight was getting to the point where my side vision was greatly impaired (retinitis pigmentosa). When a parked car runs into one, it's time to quit driving. At this date, 1972, we had moved back to our Green Valley home. Ted had retired from real estate and was now farming. I had retired from nursing.

As I had previously stated, Ted was extremely devoted to his Mother and the feeling was mutual. Ted was now free to do the tasks and provide the help that Grandma required. He always spent one full day each week with her and sometimes more. He also made things for her that added to her convenience.

Sometimes I would ride over to Santa Cruz to visit Grandma Rex and sit in the car while the two of them shopped. A luncheon at Sambos was always a "must". Their food was very good. We often ordered from the breakfast menu for our luncheon.

Ted took care of all Grandma's business affairs so I often thought it best to let them be by themselves. Too, I could do things at home without a rebuff. As I write about Grandma Rex, I do not want to give the wrong impression about her personality and character. She had her faults, as do we all. She could be very sarcastic at times, as well as critical -- but all in all, she was a "great gal". Everyone commented on her beauty. This, I know inflated her ego but it was well founded.

Grandma had a bad fall in the bathroom that shook her up considerably. At that time, in 1978, she stayed at the ranch with us for awhile. Then she had another fall in the summer of 1980. We rushed her to the Watsonville Community Hospital where Dr. Bradbury, an orthopedic surgeon, set her hip with pins. She recuperated very well and in a couple of weeks was able to return to her little apartment. Nancy Aldridge, Grandma Rex's great granddaughter, age fifteen, quit her job in Santa Clara to care for Grandma during the weekdays and nights. Bob, Nancy's dad, brought Diane, Nancy's sister, age sixteen, over from Santa Clara on Friday evenings to relieve Nancy over the weekends. Sunday evenings Bob changed the shifts again. This continued for six weeks, after which time Nancy and Diane had to return to high school.

Grandma Rex's Last Day.

Ted visited Grandma and the girls daily and did shopping and all necessary chores. I was sorry that I was unable to do more.

There was an everlasting love between Ted and his dear Mother. I do believe that the bond that was severed in his childhood was reinforced with greater love and devotion with each passing year. (See the "Pappy" book)

Grandma Rex regained her mobility to the point where she could get around by herself with a walker. We all thought she was doing exceptionally well. Ted continued to be with her daily and was constantly near for her "beck and call".

Grandma's hairdresser's shop was located just a block from her home. She had made an appointment to have her hair washed and set. The husband to the hairdresser had previously picked Grandma up and brought her home. That was Grandma's plan on this particular day. However, when Grandma arose that day she did not feel well. She called the beauty shop and canceled her appointment.

Grandma still had her nightie, blue bathrobe and slippers on when she sat down for breakfast of coffee and toast. When finished she laid down on her sofa, watching television -- the T.V. guide in her hand.

Ted had gone to the barn to feed the horses. I was getting dressed when the telephone rang. A man's voice at the other end said, "Tell Ted to come over as quickly as possible. His Mother needs him." I was almost sure what that call meant. Ted grabbed a clean shirt and jacket and we both left in a hurry for Grandma's apartment.

As we drove up, a group of apartment tenants were standing on the walk. The man that had phoned told us that Grandma had passed on. He had tried to contact Skip before he called Ted but Skip had already left for work. As it was he drove up right behind us.

The three of us went into Grandma's apartment together. I can truthfully say she looked so beautiful and perfectly content lying there in her last slumber with no indications of pain. Her heart gave out and she just went to sleep. Ted didn't say so but I know that he felt badly that he couldn't have been with his darling Mother when she took her last breath.

All the tenants knew Ted's devotion to his Mom and they realized what a shock it would be. That is one reason they wanted Skip there to break the news to his Dad.

The three of us sat with Grandma's body in her apartment for almost four hours before the undertaker arrived. Before we came, we were informed that Dr. Eiskamp had been called. He told them that an examination wasn't necessary. He knew Grandma's heart condition and expected her demise at any time.

Skip was a great help to Ted and me in making all the funeral arrangements. Grandma

Rex was put into a nice casket just as she was -- pretty blue robe and blue slippers. At her request, the casket was to be closed. She was laid to rest alongside of Art.

The funeral service was at the grave side in Oak Hill Memorial Park. A Christian Science reader read some short scriptures from Mary Baker Eddy's book. It was a beautiful, private service with all our families attending. The beautiful casket piece was made of carnation and roses.

Grandma lived a long life and I'm sure that her many family members added to her happiness. I do know that Ted brought her much joy as did the rest of her loved ones. If only her daughter, Iona, could have shared the last days with her Mother -- but that was impossible as Iona was bedfast. However, the telephone kept them in close contact, almost daily.

Diane had given me a rose before the funeral. The last thing I did before leaving the cemetery was to lay that rose on Grandma's casket.

Mothers Day:

Grandma Rex was a very, very special person to her son, Ted. Regardless of what did or did not take place between years, Ted's love for his Mother never faltered. In fact, one might say that he "held her on a pedestal". I'm sure that was due to the fact that his mother's love was taken from him in his children years. (See book -- "Pappy".) They were united in 1923.

In 1924, at age eighteen, Ted presented his Mother with a beautiful strand of pearls (necklace) for Mothers Day. This she wore and treasured for many years. Ted spent every Mothers Day with his Mom whenever possible.

In 1957 Grandma Rex made me a gift of this pearl necklace. I cherished it and wore it frequently.

In 1974 I decided to present Judy Ann (Reaves) Cole, Skip's daughter and Grandma's great granddaughter, with this lovely strand of pearls. She was happy to receive the gift that Ted, her grandfather, selected for his dear Mother on Mothers Day, 1924 -- 50 years earlier. Hopefully, some day Judy can pass the pearl necklace on to her own granddaughter.

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Chapter 3 – Wyatt

We met Wyatt Campbell when Ted was confined to the Watsonville Hospital for three weeks in 1964 with what three doctors diagnosed as heart failure. Ted's room partner in the second bed was a dear little twelve year old boy named Wyatt.

The dear, little fellow always had a smile on his face regardless of how much pain he had endured. He not only had headaches constantly but had pain down the back of his neck. Each time he would stand up he would get so dizzy he would almost fall over. I really fell in love with the little guy and I dare say I think he liked me real well, too. Each day when I came in to see Ted I'd find some little toy or trinket at the store or someplace to take to Wyatt. I think he looked forward to my visits as well as Ted did.

Unfortunately, the doctors could not diagnose his case so there was nothing to do but send him to the University of California Hospital in San Francisco. Having known little Wyatt for two weeks it grieved me terribly to see him leave. I detected a tear in his eyes as he said good-bye.

While in the Watsonville Hospital Wyatt's folks came in to see him daily -- not only in the afternoon but also in the evening. We became quite good friends. Knowing how much I had become attached to Wyatt the family kept in close contact with me telling me the diagnosis and what treatment was prescribed for Wyatt while in the University Hospital.

Wyatt underwent several serious operations, a couple of them which took eight or nine hours. I never did understand what his trouble was but the operations involved the cord at the back of his neck and spine. He suffered terrific pain.

With the operations he was allowed to come home but was confined to his bed. It so happened that they lived on Green Valley Road just across from Pinto Lake Park. Wyatt's bed was in front of a large picture window in the front room where he could look out.

By this time Pappy had returned home to Bed Lomond. Consequently, I did not pass Wyatt's house daily but every time I had a chance I would drive out to see him. If I went to the ranch I would wave to him in the window. The dear little fellow, in regards to what he had gone through, he still had a sweet smile on his face.

Wyatt was now thirteen years old and had a small trace of a tiny, dark mustache above his upper lip. For his birthday I bought him a cute little toy and a few trinkets.

Being his condition was not improving and growing somewhat worse he was again sent to the California University Hospital in San Francisco where he underwent more surgery. The poor, little fellow had more than his share of suffering and pain.

After another operation he was then allowed to come home. Now he seemed to be improving somewhat. He grew stronger daily and after a month I asked his mother if he could come to our home in Bed Lomond and visit with us for a few days.

Wyatt was so happy to be able to do so and she was content to let him go. I called Randy and asked him if he could come out and keep Wyatt company for a few days in Ben Lomond.

Randy was anxious to be with him also.

I took the boys different places; such as the swimming pool to watch them swim in Boulder Creek and to Falls Creek where there was a beautiful stream and beautiful rocks they brought home.

It was four days that Wyatt and Randy spent with Ted and me in Ben Lomond. Ted enjoyed Wyatt's company so much also and Wyatt was quite enthused over Ted's workshop in the basement. That was where Ted spent many, many hours making things while recuperating from his heart attack.

Another time I took Randy and Wyatt to the Boardwalk and Penny Arcade in Santa Cruz and we had a wonderful day together. Another time we went to Harvey West Park where they played on the toys, train and airplane.

Wyatt got along beautifully for quite awhile until suddenly he had a reoccurrence of his old trouble, but it was just temporary. His folks originally came from Texas.

I failed to mention that Wyatt had an older brother, a younger brother and two adorable sisters. The little girl, the youngest, was a little doll.

His father had an automobile transmission business in Watsonville. When the transmission went out on Ted's car, Mr. Campbell insisted on fixing it for him. When Ted went to pay him he would not accept a penny. That Ted would not agree upon so he made it up to him in other ways.

The illness of their loving son had drained their pocketbook. Wyatt's loving grandparents, who were Mrs. Campbell's folks lived in Texas. Their family drove back to spend a month with the grandparents.

Little Wyatt wrote to Ted and me. We looked forward to his letters with much enthusiasm and I answered each one. He was having such a good time and going so many interesting places. All of these wonderful happenings were just too good to last.

Soon Wyatt had a reoccurrence of his old trouble. His pain became so great it was almost unbearable. His mother flew him back to the University of California Hospital for more treatments and more surgery.

At this time I was on a nursing case and was confined to my job. I did talk to Wyatt daily on the telephone. He was such a little sweetheart. He was now fifteen years old. No one will know how I prayed for that dear, little fellow. He was just like a grandson to me.

At this time my eyesight was getting very, very poor and I dare not drive too far. I had made arrangements for someone to drive me up to San Francisco to visit Wyatt. He seemed so happy that I was coming up to see him. His mother said that he talked about it for several days ahead. When the day came for the party to drive me to the hospital they were unable to do so due to illness. I couldn't drive up there myself with my poor eyesight so I didn't know what to do. Ted was out of town and besides he shouldn't be driving in traffic after his heart attack.

I called the hospital and talked to Wyatt and told him that I would be unable to go up that day to see him but I would try to go up some time in the near future. Before the near future arrived Wyatt was bedfast and had another long many hour operation from which the poor, little fellow would never recover.

It tore my heart out when his mother told me that the day Wyatt was expecting me to come up to visit him he was in the wheelchair waiting by the elevator for me. To this day and at this moment tears roll down my cheeks when I think of the visit that I missed with Wyatt at the appointed time. God bless Wyatt.

The family has still remained in Texas. Wyatt's mother accompanied Wyatt's body back to

Texas to where he was buried in the family plot. She sent me a picture of Wyatt's grave and at the head of his grave was a real, good picture of Wyatt, my little pal. It looked like I had always remembered him.

A short time later they sent me Wyatt's bible with his name in it. They said that they knew Wyatt would want me to have that bible. This story took place in 1964. I sent the bible to his older brother as I was getting older and I knew it should be kept in the family being Wyatt's family remained in Texas. I kept in touch with them for a number of years.

Shortly after Wyatt's death I bought a yellow rose bush to be planted near Wyatt's grave -- A "Yellow Rose of Texas". However, they would not allow a plant to be shipped across the border due to all kinds of insects.

I shall never forget that loving family -- everyone one of them. Whenever I visited their place they made me feel so welcome. They made me feel like one of the family with all of the kindness and joy they showed me.

Even Wyatt's grandmother and grandfather who lived in Texas kept in touch with me through letters for many years. The whole family was and still is a lovable memory never to be forgotten. February 2, 1994.

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Chapter 4 – Aunt Fannie

Being that my dear little Mother (Nana) was in a wheelchair after falling and breaking her hip, I found it necessary to locate someone to be with her during my absence while shopping. I learned about a little elderly lady that was living with her daughter. As it was, the daughter spent the day at work. Being alone, the Mother became very lonesome. When the daughter learned that I was interested in locating someone to stay part-time with my Mother, she contacted me. I was so happy that I had found someone to be a help to Nana as well as myself. We arranged to meet each other the following day. Previously the daughter did not tell me that her Mother was hard of hearing.

I had already consented to have the little elderly lady, that was introduced to us as Fanny, make her home with us as there was ample room in our large house.

Fanny soon moved her things, bag and baggage, into her new quarters. She was very happy to have a bedroom all to herself. However, It was a great shock to me when I learned that the newcomer was not only hard of hearing but very, very deaf. Our boys, being of school age were particularly interested in the new addition to our family. They immediately started calling her "Aunt Fanny." She also took a liking to them. She told them many stories of her past which they greatly enjoyed.

We would be sitting at the table enjoying our dinner ... as she always sat around the table with the family. There were times when we were in the middle of a conversation when Aunt Fanny would start talking about something irrelevant to what we were speaking about.

She had the most hysterical little laugh and she got the biggest kick out of little things in which we saw no humor at all. Often-times during her little conversation at the table she would start to laugh and she would laugh so hard. The poor soul thought that we were laughing at her conversation or her story and she would laugh that much harder. The harder she would laugh the harder we would laugh because she got so tickled. Aunt Fanny was quite a character. We all grew to like her very well.

She occupied the bedroom directly across the hallway from Ted and me. Whenever, she went to her room at night she did not always go to bed at the same time we did and she would work around the room, pull the dresser drawers out and when she shoved the drawers back in she would shove them in with a bang. This went on for some time and it really disturbed Ted and me but we put up with it the best we could and tried to make her understand that she had to be a little more considerate at nighttime while we were trying to sleep.

She loved to go out into the orchard. She would get up early in the morning and go out under the apple trees and she would pick up the apples from the ground, bring them in and make apple sauce. She really could make good apple sauce and we all enjoyed it.

Aunt Fanny got to be quite a character around the ranch but I was still at a loss to know what to do about help for my dear, little Mother, Nana. There were times when Nana really

needed her and she could not arouse Aunt Fanny.

One day when I left the two together I drove home in our little, Betsy Ford and saw Aunt Fanny hanging up some clothes on the clothesline. I drove up behind her as close as I could get and tooted the horn real loudly. Dear, little Aunt Fanny didn't even hear the horn. She didn't even budge or turn around. I was amazed. I knew she was deaf but I didn't know that her affliction was so great. I didn't know what to do but to tell her daughter that it would be impossible for us to keep her although we would like to have kept her but I needed someone that my Mother could contact when necessary.

Aunt Fanny stayed with us for awhile until her daughter found another place where she could stay which made me very happy. We kept in contact with the family. This was a sad situation just to give her up but it was just one of those things which had to be.

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Chapter 5 – Our "No Gossip" Pinochle Club

It was in the early 1930's, shortly after Ted and I were married, that Everett and Doris Mollenhauer taught Ted and me how to play pinochle. It was such a fun card game. Sometimes other couples would play with us. How exciting!

Through the association with the "gals" that were involved in our pastime, we decided to form a "Girls' Pinochle Club". That really went over big . More and more gals asked to join the club.

We met every two weeks at one of the member's house. At first we had three tables -- four gals at each table. More wanted to join our club so soon we had four tables going -- alternating partners throughout the evening. So much fun!!

We did things according to club rules. We had a secretary, treasurer, etc. At each meeting the members gave twenty-five cents each. That was put into the kitty for first, second and booby prizes as well as a nice gift for everyone who had a birthday during the intervening time.(Twenty-five cents at that time was a fair amount for dues, approximately twice a month. This was during the depression years.)

At each party we would decide on the date and place where we would meet next. We could depend on twelve members, at least, that found it convenient to entertain. At the end of each party refreshments were served. However, there were always snacks of some kind on each table during the evening.

Also, at the finish of our games the prizes were given to the winners, as well as the birthday gift to the honored ones. I still have one of my January birthday gifts which I truly enjoyed -- a twenty-five dollar card table. Oh! For those good ole' days! No one had a lot of money but that is not a necessity to enjoy the friendship and love of peers.

I won the first prize so, so many times consecutively that I became terribly embarrassed. Each party night when I would return home about midnight, Ted would say, "What loot did you bring home tonight, Honey?" It couldn't be termed as "loot" as the first prize was always something special.

After numerous winnings I refused to accept first or any prize and turned the honor over to the next winner.

I can fully remember when our Pinochle Club first started. We were then living in Watsonville on the corner of Rodriguez and Sixth streets. It was 1937 and I was one of the first members to entertain the group. By the time it was my turn to again have the party, we were living at Maluhia Ranch on Amesti Road. At Maluhia I entertained the club twice (rotating members).

While at Maluhia the women would leave their car at the front door. Ted provided valet service by parking their car for them. That was because the only parking area that would accommodate everyone without clogging up the entire driveway was some distance away. This

way the cars would be parked systematically and the women would not have to walk the distance.

My next and last time to be the hostess for our wonderful and interesting club was in the early months of 1941. We were then living at our present home on Green Valley road which we bought in October 1940.

Not only were Ted and I helping to care for Chuck (Charles Herbert) who was now making his home with us due to his arthritic affliction; and caring for my semi-invalid Mother that had made her home with us for the past seven years; but in April 1941 we had taken on further responsibilities in caring for our three dear, little nephews. With the extra work and duties, I now found it necessary to resign from the first and only "Ladies Pinochle Club" that I know about. Shortly after I left, the club disbanded. It made me feel sad but we all had a great time while it lasted.

Ted liked to tell a tale about the time I entertained here in Green Valley. We were a jolly, happy bunch but never did gossip or make a bad remark about a non-present member or others.

I served punch to the group during the evening, which most hostesses did. Ted insists our gaiety was due to the fact that he spiked the punch. The rascal! I don't believe it.

The names of our club member were:

Doris Mollenhauer
Vi Baese
Bea (Caudill) Hughes
Betty Gebhart
Daisy Banks
Mary Jane Hatstrup
Pearl Banks
Vivian (Perry) Caudill
Jewel (Banks) Strain
Mildred (Niswander) Beilby
Ruth Cavanaugh
Melba Niswander
Vera Hubbard
Ann Busch
Kathryn Oksen
Irma Reaves

Some of our substitute members were:

Elizabeth Hodem
Juliana ??
Faye Gordon
?? Blaisdell

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Chapte 6 – Friends Met Through Writing

While looking through Ted's Forest Service photo album, I thought, "How nice it would be to write a little story about the interesting lookouts we had visited in earlier years." We had numerous snapshots that our family and we had taken while on the peaks.

When I mentioned this to Bob, he also became very interested and gave me much encouragement. He brought me his accurate and meticulous diary that he had kept while serving as a lookout relief man for three months in 1943. He and Chuck (Charles Herbert) worked together on the different lookouts.

It took me about 18 months to put Lookouts of the Los Padres Forest -- Monterey Division together. Trying to collect data from years past proved to be extremely difficult. Practically all of the lookout attendants of that era are no longer with us. Pictures restored much of my memory.

When I told my friend, Jane Borg, she mentioned that possibly her son, Axel, who worked with the University of California Library at Santa Cruz, may be able to give me some leads on lookout information. This he did.

In December 1986 Axel immediately got in touch with Peter Evans -- the head librarian at University of California, Berkeley. There was nothing in the Berkeley library but Mr. Evans sent me the names of two men who had contacted him in regards to lookout information for books, in which each was presently involved. I immediately wrote to them for information, stating that I wanted it for a little book that I was trying to put together for my large family. I waited and waited but neither one answered.

In the meantime I had written to the U.S. Forest Service in King City, California. No answer! I finally called them on the phone. Promises but no results. I called the head office of the Forest Service in Goleta, near Santa Barbara, and they connected me with the party that was in charge of fire management. He gave me the address of Howard "Stubby" Mansfield. I immediately wrote to him at Los Olivos. Being that he had worked with the U.S.F.S. from 1930 until his retirement in 1970, I felt that I had finally made some headway. Also, Sherman Mansfield, "Stubby's" uncle, was head-mule-packer when Ted worked for the Forest Service in the 1940s. "Stubby" sent me no information but told me to contact him by phone.

In the meantime Bob had made me a number of sets of questionnaires to send to the various contacts. There were nine pages in each set -- each page full of questions for each specific lookout or aircraft warning system (AWS) station.

On February 2, 1987, Peter Evans -- University of California at Berkeley -- wrote me that Sonia Tanise, the archaeologist for Region 6 in San Francisco, stopped by the library. She gave him the name of Mark Thornton, an authority on Forest Service lookouts, who lives in Groveland, California.

I lost no time in contacting Mark Thornton. As I recall, he soon answered my letter wanting to know if I was publishing my book on lookouts. I informed him that it was a book for my family

and friends -- no intention of making a profit. I then did not hear from him for a long time. Later, he informed me that he had been involved in the large 1987 fire in his area of Groveland, California and was sorry that it was impossible for him to answer sooner.

In the meantime I got the address of Howard Steen, Executive Director of Forest History Inc. in Santa Cruz. There, they informed me that he had been transferred to Durham, North Carolina. I wrote him at his North Carolina address. He soon answered my letter telling me that it had been two years since he had moved, but the King City office should be able to furnish the information I requested.

Again I wrote to the King City office telling them of my correspondence with Harold Steen in North Carolina -- stating "King City should definitely be able to help me."

That did it!!! King City then got "on the ball." I made arrangements to meet the Fire Management Officer, Juan Lopez, at camp at Arroyo Seco that June 1987. He was indeed a pleasant and cooperative person. He brought maps, photo albums, and much literature to camp. The literature I could take home but it must be returned, (I returned it at camp in June 1988.) Bob and I requested a few of the pictures from the Forest Service album. In return, Bob made a set of our lookout pictures for the King City office -- also a set for Mark Thornton as a favor to let us use a couple of his lookout pictures.

During the intervening time I had sent five sets of the questionnaires out to the various correspondents. The questions were answered by all, but very few answers were alike. That is where Bob's wonderful diary fit perfectly into the picture -- along with lookout signs on our photos.

I had been writing my memory-stories as I progressed but now I felt as though I could more-or-less get down to business. Manuscripts and drafts zoomed back and forth between Bob and me, keeping the mail carriers busy in Santa Clara and Watsonville, as well as adding help to Uncle Sam's coffers.

Mark Thornton sent me the name of Judith Reed, archaeologist at the head office in Goleta (Santa Barbara) stating that she had a copy of his National Forest History. He suggested that I get it from her as a loan, thinking I may be able to get some information needed. He had previously written her about my request.

Judith Reed finally, after two months, sent me the packet of Mark's history. It really didn't matter as there was no information in it that I could use regarding the Los Padres Forest. However, I was grateful to both of them.

After approximately a year and six months the little book, Lookouts of the Los Padres Forest was ready for reading -- for family, friends and others.

I thank you, Bob dear, for your great help and all the time you sacrificed for me. You also worked so hard on more than one hundred photos to add to the interest of this book, as well as my other books. Thanks also to Jane and Axel Borg for their effort.

When this book was finally finished it became very popular in university libraries, historical associations and public libraries throughout the state, and also amongst the Forest Service personnel in California. Along with having a personal touch, it was a documentary, starting with the early days of forest lookouts.

When I first started writing and putting it into form, I meant my memories only for family and close friends, and our future generations. However, when the various organizations started asking for the lookout book, as well as the previous books I had written, Bob and I decided to let them have the books at cost. (Not having the negatives to many pictures in the books made the prints

more costly.)

I have met others through my writing. They saw my books in libraries, etc. and requested copies. One letter arrived containing a check for my lookout book. Because he was not in our family I decided to refuse his request. I wrote him with an explanation for returning his check. My letter was in the mailbox, on Green Valley Road, waiting for the mail carrier to pick it up. About that time Bob arrived on the scene. I told him about my refusal to sell my book. Bob then made the remark, "Mom, if others are that interested in the Santa Lucia wilderness and the Los Padres Forest, I think you should share your memories with them." Bob retrieved the letter for me and I sent a book. This became a practice and, consequently, my books are now scattered along the coast and throughout other parts of California.

Another close friend I acquired through writing was Soaring Jenkins, now Soaring Jenkins-Starkey. While I was writing my book of lookouts in 1988, Soaring was working on Cone Peak -- one of the most strategically-located lookouts in the Northern Los Padres Forest. It covered a vast area of Nacimiento and Jolon territory, as well as much of the coastal area. Most of the other lookouts in the Los Padres were closed by that time.

Soaring learned about my Big Sur book from one of our mutual friends. She contacted me asking if she could purchase a copy. I had never met Soaring and, from her name, didn't know whether she was a man or woman. Again I was reluctant but Bob talked me into sending her a book. In her thank-you reply she introduced herself better and sent a picture. She had been on Cone Peak Lookout for several years during fire season. and was very devoted to her work. She lived at Big Sur and, thus, her interest in the book.

I was happy to make Soaring's acquaintance. She regularly sent me her logs that she kept for Cone Peak. These I read and treasured. I encouraged Soaring to put these logs into book form. After a little more motivation, through our correspondence, she accepted my suggestion. Soon her stories became well known. However, she still gives me credit for encouraging her to write.

During fire season each lookout is given a few days off when conditions allowed. Soaring spent her relief time in Big Sur. She gave me the surprise of my life when she called me from Big Sur saying, "Oh, Irma, you have become famous." She stated that one of the officials from Hearst Castle had spoken at the Grange the night before. During his talk he held up my book called "Forest Service Days at Big Sur." He made the remark as he held the book up for everyone to see, "Everybody should read this book." I recognized his name right away when Soaring told me. It was the gentleman from Cambria who had requested my book and I hesitated to send it to him until Bob talked me into it and retrieved my refusal from the mail box.

I am sincerely grateful for all the friends I have made through writing.

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Chapter 7 – A Medley of Recollections

As I look over my lifespan at this date I recall many, many changes that have been made -- many of them after World War II.

My Early Years.

In my earlier years women were at home caring for their husbands and children. About the only jobs that were open for them were nursing, teaching and a few stenographers.

Public schools were known as a place of learning at that time. The students respected the teachers. If they failed in any subject it would show on the report card which was sent home monthly. The parents had to sign these to verify the fact that they had witnessed marks of this card. Many times the children were reprimand at home which they figured was the parents duty.

At that time promiscuity was practically unknown. Pregnancies outside of marriage were frowned upon. However, there were several illegal abortions. Some of the girls did not survive.

Parties and dances were always chaperoned by a responsible person or persons. It was the duty of the parents to know where their children were at all times.

When the children returned from school they could usually smell bread baking or cookies in the oven. At least there was one main meal that was eaten together with the family each day.

Carrying lunches to school was a must because we did not have the cafeterias and food from the government as they have today.

Spelling was one of the main subjects of my early days. The phonics system was definitely used. They did not have sight reading until later which did not prove satisfactory. If a person could spell they could definitely learn to read easily.

Spelling bees were often used for competition between classes. When I say classes, I mean the different grades.

Arithmetic was another very important subject. We did not have computers and such. We had to learn addition, division, multiplication, subtractions, etc. That was all kept in our heads during our school years.

Geography and history were also important in grades from third and fourth up.

At the ages of twelve and thirteen in my time girls were still playing with dolls and boys were playing marbles and tops for competition with other boys.

By the ages of fourteen and fifteen puppy love definitely became know to the girls and boys. Here also was competition.

The girls' and boys' drinking fountains and wash basins were separated by two partitions. A short distance away, in the same building but partitioned off, were the girls' and boys' lavatories.

Up until 1912 automobiles were practically unknown on the streets of Watsonville. Mostly there were horse-drawn carriages, buggies drawn by horses, also wagons. A little later an electric car was seen going up and down the dirt streets of Watsonville. This car was operated either by

Dr. Easterday or by Dr. Pope, I can't remember which. This electric car was quite a curiosity and never did become popular at that time.

In my early recollection of Watsonville, I can remember when this little city or town was larger than Santa Cruz or Salinas. It was the hub of the valley.

Many celebrations were remembered by the townspeople, such as the first Apple Annual in 1910 and yearly for several years, the Fourth of July celebration, the big Christmas celebration in the valley, parades and bands for New Years, for Armistice Day and for Memorial Day.

Of course Halloween was a day of its own with ghosts and goblins running up and down the street at night. Pranks and tricks were played but no harm was done to anyone or anything.

As I said before times have changed and so has the world changed with it. I truly believe that during my generation, from 1906 until the present, there have been more changes than during any other period of time -- from the "good ole' horse and buggy days" to the age of the man on the moon; to the satellites and underwater discover. Time and tide waits for no one -- time marches on.

Doctor Eiskamp.

The doctors in my childhood days were very special people. They were all the different categories rolled into one for each doctor. These wonderful men did not hesitate to make a house call in the middle of the night or any time of the day. They also delivered babies at home. Up until 1925 or 1926 we had several different doctors on whom we depended.

After that date Dr. Ehler Eiskamp became our one and only doctor. He was a wonderful person, a G.P., an internist, a specialists, a psychiatrist and a friend all rolled up into one. I'm sure that all of his patients hated to see him retire.

Many stories could be told as to Dr. Eiskamp's help to needy people. If there ever was a man who was indispensable he surely was the person.

Pajaro River Floods.

In my early years the Pajaro River often flooded the streets of Watsonville, including Main Street. This to us children was great fun and we looked forward to water covering the streets and even the porches of the many homes. Of course to the families and our parents it was a terrible situation as the silt and the flood left everything in an undesirable condition.

As soon as the water spilled over the banks of the Pajaro River, Oscar Bruglar, then head of the gas and electric company, would go down to the powerhouse on lower Walker Street near the Southern Pacific trestle and blow a horn that could be heard all over the little town of Watsonville. This was a warning that people should get ready for the water to surround their houses.

There were certain areas in the town that were on higher ground and were not flooded by the flowing water.

Gangs in Santa Cruz.

Fred Fullride, leader of Fullride Band that played regularly at the Hawaiian Gardens Dance Pavilion in Santa Cruz, and his wife Thelma were good friends of Creston's and mine. This was in the years 1924 to 1926. The four of us palled around together and had great fun on weekends, but we always attended the dances Saturday night because Fred had to be there as leader. Thelma, Creston and I sat in the audience, as well as spending much time on the dance floor. During

intermission we would go downstairs to meet Fred and have a hamburger and a cold drink.

While winding our way through the crowd to get down the stairway one of the fellows nearby put his arm around my shoulder. Being somewhat crowded, Creston was directly behind me instead of alongside. Ordinarily Creston, my husband, would not have thought anything of that gesture but this was more of an embrace and a daring look on this fellow's face. Creston immediately pulled the fellow's arm off my shoulder.

When we arrived downstairs and out in the open, Creston told him in a nice way that he certainly didn't appreciate any advances toward his wife. What Creston did not know was that this fellow was part of a gang. At that point some of the other members of the gang stepped in and immediately started a fight. Fred and some of the other band personnel then came to Creston's assistance. The intruder made several passes at Creston which he managed to ward off until the gang member reached up with his fist that held brass knuckles. Brass knuckles were definitely illegal.

He gave my darling a terrible wallop on the chin which not only cut and tore his chin open but gave him a nose bleed. The blood streamed down Creston's tie and his white shirt. While all this was going on there were at least a half a dozen of the two groups swinging and punching at each other. Thelma and I stood back crying and didn't know what to do. About that time the police arrived. Needless to say a crowd had gathered on the sidewalk to watch the excitement.

The police took most of the gang to the police station in their paddy wagon. However, the dance ended for that Saturday night.

Creston and I did not attend any more of the dances at the pavilion. Fred and Thelma and Creston and I still were very good friends and palled around together.

Now I look back and realize gangs were prevalent then as well as today. My darling carried that scar the rest of his life. Fortunately there were no broken bones. I'm sure brass knuckles are still outlawed. Now, sixty years later guns, knives and pistols are used for revenge. So grateful am I that it wasn't a gun.

Being that I do not have my sight at this date, I am taping my stories. I could go on and on about the things that were different in my childhood days and my growing up years. However, I feel as though I am now living in a different world than in the past.

The above are just a few highlights of my yesterday memories

Gary & Debbie (fiction).

Gary went into the house and changed out of his school clothes and went down to the garden patch where he found his Mommy. But first he had his jelly bread and a glass of milk because he needed that nourishment to do a man's work. Mommy had a job for him to dig potatoes for dinner. This he liked to do because it was fun to see how many potatoes would come out of one hole after pulling up the plant.

They helped Mommy carry the vegetables to the house where little Debbie planned to help prepare them. Of course, she couldn't do very much but she could pull the greens off the radishes.

Debbie remarked, "When I get old enough to go to school, Mommy I want to come right home because of a little surprise for me. All children should have their Mommy at home because they look forward to seeing her after being away all day, studying very hard."

One of Gary's schoolmates, Billy, had told some of the children that he went home to an empty house -- no one was there to greet him when he came home from school. He played around

the neighborhood and sometimes went to the store. Often-times he would meet other kids en route getting into some mischief because their Mother and Daddy weren't home. Gary said, "I am so glad that I have my Mother at home waiting for me after school. I love you so much, Mommy." He gave her a great big kiss.

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Chapter 8 – Kelly

While Pappy was alive he was often thinning, pruning and picking apples and other fruit and little Kelly dog was at his side. Apparently she saw the different busses coming down Wheelock Road, which were the city buses and the school busses, daily except on Saturdays and Sundays. She found it very convenient to run across the orchard to meet the busses whenever Pappy wasn't in the orchard.

After Pappy's death, my dear little Kelly was such a sweet little dog and a wonderful companion to me. She practically worshiped the ground I walked on. Every time she came into the house she would sniff up and down the couch where I rested during the day, or lie at the side door waiting for me to come out. But I could plainly see that Kelly missed Pappy. However, Danny and his little family took a liking to Kelly and she found great pleasure in playing with my great grandchildren, Elijah and Lisa.

When I came to Santa Clara to live with Bob and Janet after surgery we decided to bring Kelly over with me. She was over here for several weeks with us in their back yard and we all gave her special attention but we could see that she was not happy being away from the Green Valley ranch. So the best thing to do was to take her back. Being that Danny had devoted so much time to her he looked after her unless I happened to be at home.

Kelly still wandered through our little, home orchard. I'm sure she was thinking of the days she spent there with Pappy when he was attending to the different chores in the orchard.

However, on September the 1st, 1995 she met the school bus that was loaded with children at Wheelock and Green Valley Roads. She followed this bus as far as our driveway. When she got too far into the middle of the road a white van with an elderly man driving it hit her. The dear, little dog dragged herself off the road. Then the woman who drove the school bus stopped and called to Danny that Kelly had been hit. She couldn't leave the bus because it was full of children so she did the next best thing.

Danny immediately went down and carried Kelly up to the lawn. He could plainly see that she was very badly injured. It grieved him terribly as well as the rest of the family. Kathy and the children, living in our home temporarily, were also devoted to little Kelly. It was a shock to all the children as well as us grown-ups.

Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, I was not at the ranch at that time. I would like to have been near little Kelly because she practically worshipped me. However, when I heard about it that night it grieved me very, very much. After Kelly was hit Danny immediately took her in to the veterinarian. The veterinarian examined her thoroughly and said that there was a possibility that she may have a broken pelvis and also possibly a broken back. Danny called me from the vet's office to tell me about it.

I didn't know what to say or do but thought the best thing was to let the vet put little Kelly to sleep while he had her there. However, Danny was so grieved and asked to keep her for a few

days to see if she would improve. I finally consented.

Even though I was in Santa Clara, I had lost two full nights of sleep worrying about Kelly. After the fourth day I was grieving so badly and wished I could be there to comfort her and talk with her. I guess she had wondered what had happened to her mistress. However, I was there constantly in thoughts and prayers. Maybe she felt that, too.

On the evening of the fifth day I called Danny at eight o'clock in the evening. Kelly had been dragging herself around the yard for several days. I said, "Danny, we'd better put Kelly to sleep because she will wear the hair off her hind quarters and cause a sore there which would be very difficult to tend to." Danny said, "As much as I hate to say it Mimi, I think you are right in coming to that decision. I should have listened to you the day she was injured."

Anyway, little Kelly was taken care of that night and buried in the little burial ground with the rest of our little dogs. It's a sad situation but at this point I do not want another pet.

When I returned to the ranch two days later I dreaded the thought of not being able to have Kelly come up to the car door and put her little paws on my lap. However, little Elijah was there and gave me a big kiss which was quite a surprise. He was usually a little shy to come near me due to the fact that he was only two years old and quite bashful.

Dear little Kelly you'll always be remembered as a special pet and I am sure if there is a dog heaven that you will be there with the rest of our sweet little dogs and other little pets that we had learned to love so dearly.

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Chapter 9 – Memory Stories

Memories keep coming back and I seem to be able to write on and on about them. here are a few more.

Teaching My Boys to Dance.

"I could have danced all day, I could have danced all night, And still have danced some more." Yes, that's the way it was when my three boys were in high school.

Bob, being five years older than Lloyd was the first of the three that wanted to learn to dance. Being that I always enjoyed dancing made it easy for me to say yes when Bob asked me to teach him.

We had a phonograph radio combination in our big living room. There was plenty of space to waltz around the room. The waltz was the first step that I taught Bob. Needless to say he was very clumsy at first but soon got on to the rhythm and the knack of the steps. Then there was the two-step and the fox trot. He was a fast learner and seemed to enjoy it immensely. I did show him a few steps of the tango but that didn't seem to interest him too much.

They had dances during the noon hour in the assembly hall at the high school. Now Bob could participate in such. Of course I though Bob was very handsome and so did some of the girls. Being ahead of his class throughout the grades and also in high school he had one year of advanced knowledge but one grade behind in puppy love or the attraction to girls. Consequently, it was about his junior year before he paid much attention to the opposite sex.

I truly looked forward to an hour or more of dancing when Bob returned from school on the bus each day. He didn't get a diploma for his advancement but he sure got a pat on the back.

Next in line was Sonny. When he saw Bob's talent in dancing he, too, wanted to learn. I soon was again caught in the magic steps of waltzes, fox trots, and several other little steps.

Soon he had harmony and rhythm. It was easy for them to learn the dance steps during the time that I led them. It wasn't long before they took the lead. Being Sonny was able to watch Bob's technique he soon got on to the tempo of the music. You could soon see the wear and tear on the large living room rug where we whirled around the room.

There was one more scholar to go. By the time that Sonny had learned all I could teach him, it was Skip's turn to start and he really was eager. Skip (Ron) was always popular amongst the girls -- even at the Green Valley Grade School. Now it was up to me to teach him the dance steps I had taught the two other boys. It was hard to realize that my baby had reached that stage. By the time my boys reached high school it seemed to me they grew up very fast.

Skip also learned the dance steps very readily. When a little time passed Skip thought that he was a little on the hefty side but after dancing each afternoon for at least a year or longer he soon slimmed down somewhat. Needless to say what it did for me after teaching three boys to dance over a period of a few years. My figure took on the shape of a model. I didn't say what

kind of a model but I really lost weight.

I do believe the rug was now beyond a daily workout. It showed the wear and tear of all those quick steps. I am sure my efforts paid off with the fun the boys had at school. Now, looking back I can truthfully say those were very happy hours I spent with my boys. From then on I tried desperately to watch my diet because I did not want to put back on the pounds that I had worked so hard to eliminate. That was truly a fun way to reduce.

Leaves of Three, Let It Be.

In his high school days the girls were constantly calling Ron at home. At a Hartnell College shindig there were four girls whom he escorted to this dance. Well, so much for Romeo or should I say gigolo?

One Sunday afternoon four girls rode horseback out to our Green Valley Road ranch. They were from Watsonville High School. They knew that Skip rode Ted's horse, Buck, quite frequently so they asked Skip to go for a horseback ride with them. Of course, Skip was elated and immediately saddled up Buck, donned his riding boots and cowboy hat.

They started off through the apple orchard where the dirt was soft for the horses' hoofs. From there they headed for the boondocks wherever that is. One of the girl's names was Barbara Saxon. She was a close friend of Skip's. I do not know how accustomed she was to riding but when her horse stalled she got off to get a little switch from an attractive bush. Before Skip realized it she had torn all the leaves off of this twig that she took for a switch for her horse. Soon Skip realized what that beautiful bush was. I never did find out if Skip told Barbara that this bush was none other than lovely colored poison oak. You can guess here that poor, little Barbara got a bad case of poison oak on that ride.

However, it was a fun day for them all and I guess it was worth it. You can rest assured that Barbara knew poison oak when she saw it after that.

Christmas Over the Hill.

It is Christmas Day 1992 as I write this. My little mobile home family (Dan, Rita and Lisa) just left for Santa Clara to celebrate Christ's birthday with the family at Bob's and Jan's home -- just as Ted (Pappy) and I have done so many times in the past,

It's an early Christmas morning just as we used to experience it. Being that Santa usually arrived at 9 AM at the Aldridge home on Christmas, we used to get out of bed quite early. We certainly didn't want to miss old Saint Nicholas. Besides, there were a number of children awaiting his visit.

Consequently we loaded our car the previous night. There were pretty, colored packages all wrapped and tied with bright ribbons. These were stacked high on the back seat of the car. Pappy couldn't see out of the rear window as the gifts obstructed his view. He had to use the outside mirrors while driving to Santa Clara.

When all gifts were tucked into the car, Comet was locked tightly in the garage for the night. Our contribution of food would be loaded in the morning.

We could always depend on Christmas morning being cold and brisk with a definite nip in the air. As we headed Comet over the hill on Highway 17 toward Santa Clara, our hearts were full of joy and enthusiasm. Being that Santa would be at 631 Kiely Boulevard, we had no time to loiter. There were ten very anxious little ones impatiently waiting in the rear of the house, listening for bells or noises unfamiliar.

We sometimes encountered rain as we drove over the mountain pass. Several times there were wisps of that white stuff called "snow" on the glittering tree branches and shrubbery along the side of the road. Pappy and I always admired and remarked about the pretty, red toyon berries on the roadsides. They were so decorative during the Christmas season.

Although we weren't speeding over the sometimes slick highway, we were moving right along. However, there were cars in a greater hurry than Comet. The occupants of the passing cars would stare and grin. With our load of gift-wrapped packages we must have looked like Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus -- minus the Santa attire.

Upon our arrival at Bob's and Jan's home, Bob rushed out to help us unpack the car and place the gifts under the tree. Meanwhile, Jan (Netsie, as Pappy used to call her) amused the kiddies in the kitchen as well as guarding the door. Pappy and I slipped into the kitchen where a cup of hot coffee and a breakfast roll was usually waiting for us.

Suddenly we heard sleigh bells ringing by the front door. The kitchen door flew open as the little ones rushed into the living room, yelling their Ohs and Ahs. It was a most interesting sight to behold as the little ones entered the room first. Their eyes were as big as dollars to see all the packages piled high under the tree and overflowing across about a third of the living room floor. Some of the children ran to the front door to try to catch Santa -- but alas, he was gone.

A feature attraction during the 1972 Christmas was a present for Mark which we called the "thig-a-ma-jig." Pappy had spent hours in the basement making this toy for his three-year-old grandson. It was a small box on casters which contained a battery and various devices. There was a master switch for the battery which operated a door buzzer and a light -- each with their own button to push. There was also a bicycle bell to ring and a propeller to twirl. A crank turned a wooden gear hand carved by Pappy. As the gear turned it vibrated a bamboo stick with a loud clatter. Other things could be turned, pushed and squeezed with various effects. Poor Mark had a hard time getting to operate his new toy as everyone else, including the grown-ups wanted a turn.

Twenty years later Bob reconditioned the "thig-a-ma-jig" for his grandson, Christopher -- Mark's and Robin's youngest son. Perhaps in 2012 Mark will rebuild it again for his grandson.

Santa Clara 1989.

For a number of years our two dear grandchildren, Jim and Colette, had been hosting our family at their Santa Clara home for a big, luscious Thanksgiving dinner. How wonderful for all to be together for this lovely event. All that could attend did so, and all had so much for which to be thankful. Pappy and I looked forward to this gathering -- not only for the luscious food but also to compare the growth from year to year of our dear grandchildren and our precious great grandchildren. God certainly had been good to us and we shared our thanks in many ways.

Jim always asked Pappy to offer the toast, and Pappy always offered his favorite:

Here's to the American eagle,
A bird so hardy and hale,
Whom nobody can inveigle
To put salt on his regal tail.

Each year we looked forward to our big family Christmas gathering at Jan's and Bob's home. First there was the passing out of gifts by some of the older of Bob's and Jan's children. The younger ones usually opened theirs first.

Sipping on a cup-o-hot coffee, we older ones leisurely opened ours. I can still see Pappy sitting near the big, round table in front of the side window with beautifully-tied packages piled up in front of him. He was waiting for me to join him there so that we could open our gifts together. At other times we sat on the couch together.

Bob always brought in the two long, folding tables that he and Pappy had made when we were living in Ben Lomond, and set them up end-to-end in the sun room. These tables Jan covered with a lovely Christmas table cloth and matching napkins. Their best chinaware, sterling silver table service, and crystal glasses were set in place with the help of their girls. Candles with holders were a big part of the table adornments.

When all meats, vegetables, condiments and goodies were placed on the tables, as well as wine and sparkling cider, we all were summoned to find our places. I can remember that in 1988 Pappy sat directly across the table from me. In 1989, our last Christmas there together, he sat at my left side.

At that time, Pappy was not driving our car so either Bob or one of our grandchildren drove us to and from our Christmas party. We left with our arms and boxes full of gifts from all our loved ones. We also had plates of food for our meal the next day, and so much joy and happiness in our hearts. Pappy had such a good sense of humor and always enjoyed his families.

I shall never forget that last blessed Christmas that Pappy and I had together in Santa Clara. That is the reason that I now prefer to spend Christmas day at home by myself with my golden memories.

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Chapter 10 – Fritz

My Uncle Fred Schanbacher (my mother's younger brother) was often called Fritz by his family and close friends. He was born about 1880 and was the middle one of five boys.

Being that Uncle Fred had never married he was a constant companion to his mother (my grandmother). He and my grandmother made their home together until my grandmother had to give up her home due to failing health. Before my grandmother passed away in 1922, my mother promised my grandmother that she would care for Uncle Fred the rest of his life or the rest of her life.

After my grandmother's demise, Uncle Fred made his home with our family and he was a very welcome person. We loved him dearly. After Bobby's daddy (Creston) was killed in an automobile accident, Bobby and I also made our home with my Mother and two brothers -- my father had passed away four years earlier. This home of which I speak was my family home where I was raised. It was located at 232 First Street, just two houses inside the city limits.

Raising Rabbits.

At the time we moved in with my mother, Bobby was two years old and Uncle Fred and Bobby took to each other as fish do to water. Uncle Fred was okay financially so there was no need for him to have steady work outside the home. From 1928 until 1930 he and little Bobby were constant companions.

Among other animals, Uncle Fred had several rabbit hutches. Bobby really like those rabbits so Uncle Fred helped him build a hutch of his own. Then he took Bobby down to the California Pine Box Co., just across the railroad tracks on First Street, to get some pieces of pine wood to make rabbit feeding dishes. Uncle Fred told him the exact sizes to get and Buster Groves, who worked there building fruit and vegetable boxes, provided the material.

Every day, Uncle Fred and little Bobby would walk down past the city limits with gunny sacks under their arms to gather "rabbit weed" to feed their bunnies. Of course little Bobby thought he was a big help to Uncle Fred and Uncle Fred enjoyed every minute of it.

Uncle Fred also built a swing for Bobby in the back yard. Bobby and all his friends had many hours of enjoyment on that.

The Ice Cream Wagon.

Several years earlier my brother Jim was in high school. After school each day he had a route throughout town selling Buckhart's ice cream cones. For several block the kiddies could hear the sleigh bells on the horse, Nellie, that pulled the ice cream wagon. When my brother Jim decided to give up his ice cream route to work elsewhere, Uncle Fred took over the route.

When Bobby was about three years old, he waited daily for his Uncle Fred to return from the ice cream route. It was then that he received a nice, big ice cream cone for his patience.

Bobby also loved to ride in the ice cream wagon with his Great Uncle Fred. In my album I have a picture of Bobby standing in the doorway of Buckhart's Ice Cream Wagon eating an ice cream cone. He was so cute. This picture along with others was reproduced from my album and filed in the historical association archives.

One day in about 1989 Jane Borg, who works with the historical association, came to the house and asked if Ted and I would like to go to the Dairy Museum that was located in Watsonville. It was called the Moo Cow Museum. She thought it would be nice if Ted and I could go and see our little boy's picture that was enlarged numerous times, on the wall. In fact, when you walked in the front door you could see this real large picture of our little boy eating an ice cream cone standing in the ice cream wagon with the door wide open. It covered most of the wall on the opposite side. My goodness, how he was enjoying that ice cream cone! This wagon was horse-drawn and Uncle Fred was standing near-by holding the horse.

Both Ted and I felt greatly honored to think that they would pick our little Bobby's picture to cover the wall of the Moo Cow Museum. The name Moo Cow came from an ice cream parlor and lunch counter that I was managing for the Brown Brothers of Capitola shortly after Ted and I were married.

Daisy -- Our Jersey Cow.

Our property on First and Locust Street was originally several acres in area located on the very edge of town. To live there was like living in the country. We had a beautiful Jersey cow named Daisy, chickens, rabbits, dogs, a cat and several other animals including a little goat and occasionally a baby calf.

The block between First and Second Street was very, very long as well as the block between Second and Third Streets. In that block next to the cannery was a large lot. It was in this lot that Uncle Fred used to stake the cow out practically daily. After two or three hours of grazing Uncle Fred and Bobby brought the cow back to the barn. Bobby often rode on the cow.

At one time when Daisy had a calf with her, Uncle Fred let Bobby hold the rope leading the calf. All went well until Uncle Fred and Daisy got too far ahead. When the calf discovered that mommy wasn't alongside of her she gave a lunge and started to run. This Bobby wasn't prepared for. He hung onto the rope for dear life. He was not going to let the little calf get away from him.. He soon found himself being dragged along the rough road with the calf's hooves pounding his ribs. When Uncle Fred heard Bobby's loud yell and saw Bobby's dilemma he immediately stopped. By that time Bobby had let go of the rope. He ended up with some scrapes and bruises. I do believe that Bobby's pride and feeling were hurt more than anything else. However, he always insisted on being Uncle Fred's helper.

Uncle Fred's Bicycle.

As far back as I can remember, even in my childhood days, Uncle Fred always used a bicycle for transportation. I can still see his bicycle parked against the white picket fence just outside the gate on Locust Street. That was the side entrance to our house.

One could see Uncle Fred almost daily riding his bicycle to the tannery on lower Walker Street where he kept a little vegetable garden and a couple of fruit trees.

There, also, he made sauerkraut for the family. We also had a big vegetable garden as well as berries on the Locust Street side of our property. Uncle Fred used to help my Mother and Dad in this garden.

Sometimes he gave Bobby a ride on the bicycle. Bobby thought it was great fun to sit up there on the handlebars while Uncle Fred pedaled down the street.

When Uncle Fred died, Bobby inherited the bicycle. It was the first one he ever had and the one he learned to ride on. That was in 1936.

Music Appreciation.

About 1917 or 1918 my Dad had a large bedroom built onto our home at the back of the house. One section was partitioned off for Uncle Fred and his belongings. His nice marble top dresser was the same dresser that he used at my grandmother's house -- at 607 Walker Street -- when he was growing up.

When I was ten years old I bought a beautiful Ludwig piano with my childhood savings. I took lessons for about four years. In the evenings when I would sit at the piano and play waltzes and such, Uncle Fred would come into the parlor and sit with me, listening as long as I would tickle the ivories, so to speak. He kept me company. It made me feel important to feel that somebody enjoyed my renditions. The only other music we had at that time was a squawky old phonograph.

Goodbye Uncle Fred.

Until my Mother's health failed her and she had to give up housekeeping, she kept her promise to her dear Mother. At that time Uncle Fred made his home with his brother, my Uncle Julius and his wife, Aunt Lessie, on Jefferson Street. Later he was hospitalized until his demise in 1935 or 1936, as I recall.

I remember my Uncle Fred as a very kind and loving person. He was so gentle and loved children and animals. I am so very happy that part of my family could bring some sunshine into my Uncle Fred's lonely life.

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Chapter 11 – Doris & Everett

Our friends, Doris and Everett Mollenhauer, were married in Washington State in the same year that Ted and I were married, in 1930. They came to Watsonville to live, being that Everett's brother Harry was living there at that time. It was through Harry that we became acquainted with these wonderful people.

At this time our little house on Oregon Street was for rent almost completely furnished. Doris and Everett immediately decided to move into this little love nest as they had to have a place for living quarters.

Everett soon found a job working in the Ford garage in the one hundred block on Main Street. If I remember correctly Harry Mangan was operating that garage at that time.

Some time later Doris and Everett moved to other quarters. The Depression was in full swing at that time.

In coming years when Doris became pregnant with their first baby, Gale, a lovely baby boy, she often asked me for advice. To Doris, messy diapers were very obnoxious. However, she soon overcame that.

Doris was a very devoted Mother and as Ray and Diane came along she was well prepared for Motherhood.

When Gale was nine years old God decided that he did not want all old people in Heaven so he took dear, little Gale home to be with Him. Ted and I had been through the heartache of having to give up one of our little ones. In 1931 we mourned the loss of our dear, little seven month old baby Jerry. We knew the pain that our dear friends felt in the loss of dear, little Gale. Ray and Diane were now out of babyhood and were a great blessing to Doris and Everett.

During the oncoming years the four of us spent many happy hours together. Doris and I could show off our culinary arts when exchanging dinners together. The boys always looked forward to this, too.

The four of us often played pinochle together. This was great fun. Ted and Doris usually played against Everett and me.

In the 1940's Doris and Everett purchased a beautiful, big two-story home on Gonzales Street. This house reminded me of some that we had seen in the movies -- so beautiful.

When these dear folks discovered that Bob and Janet were going to be married in August 1947 they expressed the desire to have the wedding reception at their lovely home. Needless to say, that we were all elated.

Doris and I had great fun gathering woodwardia ferns in the mountains and getting the home ready for the reception. The beautiful, long fronds of the woodwardia ferns along with the large baskets of beautiful, white gladiolus and other lovely floral arrangements made a picture that Janet and Bob will never forget. The winding and decorated staircase to the second floor made an ideal setting for Janet to toss her bridal bouquet to the party who caught it who supposedly would

be the next bride as the tradition goes.

Diane Mollenhaur was a big part of the wedding party as she was Bob and Janet's flower girl at the wedding.

A short time after Bob and Janet's marriage I had to undergo major surgery at the Watsonville Hospital. There, I was hospitalized for three weeks. When I was released Doris invited me to stay with them while recuperating. This was ideal for me, as our home at that time was in the country and not as convenient. However, I did need a little special attention and Doris proved to be a wonderful, wonderful nurse. I am very grateful to her for helping me when I really needed help.

When I expressed my appreciation Doris said, "I cannot tell you what your help meant to me when my babies were tiny." What Doris called help at that time to me was pleasure and love.

As time passed on each family had their families to raise. We were not in quite as close contact but we never forgot the love that we held in our hearts.

In later years our close contact was revived as we relived the old days. God granted Everett and Doris as well as Ted and me over sixty years of love and happiness together before our mates were taken home.

Doris's son, Ray, lives in northwest Washington and Diane lives in Cashmere, Washington. When Ray and Diane saw that Doris could no longer live on the mountain top on the Old Mt. Madonna Road where Doris and Everett spent so many happy years together it was decided that she should move up to be near Diane.

Doris now has a nice, little apartment in Cashmere not very far from Diane's home. Diane looks after her daily. As we grow older we need that extra love from our children.

Needless to say, I miss my dear, old pal but I do keep in contact with her by mail and by telephone regularly. My prayers and my thought are always with her. May God bless you, dear Doris. You've been a wonderful pal and wonderful friend to me as well as Everett and Ted to each other. I love you both.

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Chapter 12 – Remedies. Recipes& Rhymes

I have more memories and recollections, and here they are.

Adivigestine Poultice.

This little story dates back to the year of 1933. On that date we were living at Malahia Ranch on Amesti Road, Dr. Herbert's home. His son Charles, Chuck as we called him, was suffering terribly with arthritis. His hands were all crippled up. He could not open them and they were terribly swollen.

I had heard of adivigestine that had been used for many purposes as poultices. It was a rather old fashioned remedy but somewhat practical in many cases. Adivigestine was sold in cans, not too large, and looked very much like putty only much softer.

When I suggested using this poultice on Chuck's hands, he seemed very pleased about it and pleaded with me to try it. Each night after he retired I would heat this putty-like substance and spread it all over his hands and fingers as warm as he could stand it. Then I would wrap them in cloth and that stayed on until morning.

In the morning the putty came off and I would wash his hands well in real warm water. I continued this process for three weeks. While using this adivigestine every few days we could see some progress. At the end of three weeks Chuck could open his hands and close his fists. He was so happy and very grateful for my help. I too, was happy that this brought him some relief and benefit.

An Encouraging Word.

During my nursing days in Ben Lomond from 1962 to 1970, I had the opportunity to meet many lovely people. On one occasion I had an appointment to see the manager or owner of Rose Acre Rest Home. It set back a way off the road from Highway 9 in a beautiful wooded area.

After I entered the house through the front door I passed a small recreation room. There were about eight or nine patients sitting in straight-back chairs more or less in a circle. As I passed a little, old lady patient, I gave her a little pat on the shoulder. She looked up at me so longingly and said, "Oh, thank you, thank you." That really touched me.

I walked on down the hallway and went through a room where I continued my conversation with the owner, which we had started several days before. On my way out again I passed the recreation room where the dear souls were sitting -- no television, just sitting there, possibly chatting. The dear, little old lady was still sitting in her chair. As I passed her I reached down and kissed her on the forehead. As she looked up at me she had tears in her eyes. That really made me realize how much just a little kindness and a little attention could bring to a lonely heart.

Now, almost thirty years later, I have many friends who have no family ties. There is a

saying that goes, "What you never had you'll never miss" but I cannot believe that.

God has been so good to me. I have such a wonderful family on both sides. I thank God daily for my two wonderful sons, my two wonderful daughters-in-law and all my grandchildren, great-grandchildren. and great-great-grandchildren. God bless them all. They have meant so much to me.

Rheumatism Cure.

My grandmother was born in Stuttgart, Germany. Her maiden name was Fredrika Buob. She came to the United States in the mid nineteenth century with her parents. They arrived in New York and came around the Horn to San Francisco. Grandma was sixteen years old at that time. She married Albert Schanbacher. By him she had seven children. After he died, some time later, she remarried a gentleman by the name of Kuehnis. They had two children by that union.

Some of the stories that Grandma used to tell me were very fascinating. This is a story about an old-fashioned cure for rheumatism. The way they did things in those days was much different from the present time. Grandma raised chickens. When she cooked for her big family she had a chicken dinner every Sunday. One thing that she did was to scald the chicken legs and skin them, and those went into the pot with all the other goodies and made the most delicious chicken soup. Very little of the chicken went to waste.

I can recall her cleaning the gizzards -- washing them thoroughly and taking the little skin out -- and putting them on the little roof over the pantry that got sunshine all day. Here these chicken gizzards were left to dry. When they were dried real thoroughly and crisp they were taken inside and rolled out with a rolling pin. This was then boiled and made into a tea and the tea was consumed for a remedy for rheumatism -- which today is called arthritis. All aches and pains were called rheumatism then -- arthritis, bursitis, neuritis and many more.

This tea was apparently very effective because many people used it. I wonder if it will ever be on the market here under a different name to help the rheumatic sufferers.

Chicken Soup.

This is a little story about chicken soup. Way back in my grandmother's day chicken soup was one of the best remedies for most maladies. Grandma was a little German lady that came from Germany during the early part of the gold rush. She could make the best chicken soup in the country. Wow! Was it good! She put tiny little noodles in it which she made herself by rolling a little bit of egg yolk and flour in the palm of her hand. These were called rebeille noodles and the chicken soup was called rebeille soup.

I tried to make it but mine did not turn out like Grandma's. However, the best I can recommend today is Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. That had been a must in my family for a good many years.

Whenever we had a tummy ache, diarrhea, so-called stomach flu, or just a real bad cold I always gave my kiddies and the rest of my family a big dish of Campbell's chicken noodle soup. So you can see that brand has been on the market for a good many years. It is now made in noodle-O's and stars as well as chicken noodle. Instead of adding a whole can of water to the can's contents, which the recipe on the can calls for, I only use three-quarters of a can of water. I forgot to tell you that Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup only comes in cans.

Whenever we went camping or any place visiting and there was a possibility of getting an upset stomach or cold, I always tucked a can of chicken noodle soup in my suitcase for such an

occurrence. Even when I went to the hospital I took a can of chicken noodle soup along with me just in case the hospital kitchen didn't have chicken noodle soup on hand.

Now I recommend it to my family for just such ailments. It's not a cure-all for everything but it certainly helps. Just recently I heard a doctor talking about chicken noodle soup as a good remedy for various ailments. It contains a great deal of protein as well as other nutrients.

I recall a number of years ago I accompanied Janet, my daughter-in-law, to the doctor for a condition that bothered her during her pregnancy. The doctor told her that she needed plenty of protein so he said by all means eat plenty of chicken noodle soup.

If a stranger heard my chicken noodle soup story they would think that I was advertising for Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. I can truthfully say that it does help. Why not try it?

On the shelf in my home you will always find at least two or three cans of chicken noodle soup -- particularly Campbell's.

Some of my Childhood Songs.

I have been trying to recall the words of songs I sang as a child. The first four are songs that My mother used to sing to me.

Oh, waltz me around again Willy
Around, around, around.
Oh, waltz me around again Willy.
Oh, don't let my feet touch the ground.
I feel like a ship on the ocean of joy.
I feel like hollering out loud.
Ship ahoy!
So, waltz me around again Willy
Around, around, around, around,
around, around and around.

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Once lived side by side
Two little girls
Used to dress just alike
Hair done in curls
Blue gingham pinafore
Stockings of red
Each had a sunbonnet tied to her head.
Till one day a quarrel arose.
Hot tears were shed.
Two hearts were broken
And this is what they said,
I don't want to play in your yard.
I don't like you anymore.
You can't holler down my rain barrel.
You can't climb my cellar door.
I don't want to play in your yard
Cuz you won't be good to me. ll

Next day at school each other missed.
Quarrels were made up again
And sealed with a kiss.
And arm in arm again
Secrets they fɔd tell
Whispering loving words down by the well

+ + + + +

Tra la la boom de a
Tra la la boom de a
Tra la la boom de a
Tra la la boom de a

+ + + + +

I got a girl in Saualsalito
Two or three in Alameda
Five or six in San Rafael.
Don fɛt you think
I fɛm doing well

+ + + + +

I learned this song from a neighborhood friend, Ida Wescott.

Little Mary Brown
lived in a little town
Where there were not
enough young men.
π Why, ℓ said Mary Brown,
π have I no man
in town? ℓ
I know I should have
eight or ten.
Men are simple minded
and because I am so small
they don fɛt seem to notice my
good points and things at all.
People say get wise.
I think I fɛll advertise.
I want somebody near me
because I fɛm only just a little maid,
Somebody near to love and cheer me
and protect me when I fɛm afraid.
Someone to scare off burglars
as big, brave heroes only can.
Who will hold me tight
on a spooky night?
I need a man.

+ + + + +

This is another song taught to me by my neighborhood friend, Ida Wescott.

There was a man.
He had a goat.
There was a man.
He had a goat.
He loved his goat
Indeed he did.
He loved him like
a little kid.
One day this goat
was feeling fine.
Ate two red shirts
from off the line.
The man he grabbed
him by the back
and tied him to
the railroad track.
Just then the train
hove into sight.
The goat grew pale
and green with fright.
He heaved a sigh
as if in pain,
coughed up the shirts
and flagged the train.

+ + + + +

These last two are other childhood songs as I recall them.

A passing policeman
found a little child.
She walked beside him,
dried her tears and smiled and said,
⌈I cannot find my Mama. ⌋
So he then replied,
⌈I will find your Mama
for you by and by.
At the station waiting,
asked her for her name.
She replied, ⌈Jenny. ⌋
to which he did exclaim,
Alas, of your Mama
I have now a trace.
Brings back those memories
of her dear, sweet face.

For you were a babe in arms
when your mother left me one day.
She left me at home alone
and took you, my child, away.

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Down at the station
early in the morning
See the little puffer bellies
all in a row.
See the station master
pull the little handle.
Chug! Chug! Toot! Toot!
Off they go.

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Now I would like to conclude this chapter with a nostalgic poem that is one of my favorites.

The Passing of the Outhouse.

I. When mem'ry keeps one company and
moves to smiles and tears,
A weather-beaten domicile looms through the mist of years.
Behind the house and barn, it stood,
a half a mile -- or more,
And hurrying feet, a pathway made, straight to the swinging door.
Its architecture was a type
of simple, classic art,

But in the tragedy of life,
it played a leading part.
And often passing travelers slowed,
and heaved a mighty sigh,
To see the modest hired girls
slip out with glances shy.

II. We had our posy garden
that the women loved so well,
I loved it too, but better still,
I loved the stronger smell,
That filled the evening atmosphere
so full of homely cheer,
And told the night-o'er-taken tramp
that human life was near.
On lazy August afternoons,

it made a little bower,
Delightful -- where my grandsire sat
and whiled away the hour.
For there, on summer mornings
all our sorrows were enshrined,
And berry bushes reddened,
in the streaming soil, behind.

III. All day fat spiders spun their webs
to catch the buzzing flies,
That flittered to and from the house
where Ma was baking pies.
And once a swarm of hornets, bold,
had built a palace there,
And stung my unsuspecting aunt --
I must not tell you where.
Then father took a flaming pole --
that was a happy day --
He nearly burned the building down,
but the hornets left to stay.
When summer blooms began to fade, and winter to carouse,
We banked the little building
with a heap of hemlock boughs.

IV. But when the crust was on the snow,
and sullen skies were gray,
In sooth, that building was no place
where one could wish to stay.
We did our duties promptly then --
one purpose swayed the mind,
We tarried not, nor lingered long,
on what we left behind.
The torture of that icy seat
could make a Spartan sob,
For needs must scrape the goose-flesh with a lacerating cob,
That, from a frost-encrusted nail,
suspended by a string.
My father was a frugal man
and wasted not a thing.

V. When Grandpa had to go out back
and make his morning call,
We'd bundle up the dear old man
with muffler and a shawl.
I knew the hole on which he sat --

'twas padded all around,
And once I dared to sit there --
 'twas all too wide, I found.
My buns were all too little
 and I jack-knifed there to stay.
They had to come and pull me out
 or I'd have passed away.
Then Father said, "Ambition is
 a thing that boys should shun,
And I must use the children's hole
 'til childhood days are done.

VI. But still I marvel at the craft
 that cut those holes so true,
The baby hole -- the slender hole
 that fitted sister Sue.
That dear old country landmark;
 I've tramped around a bit,
And in the lap of luxury,
 my lot has been to sit.
But 'ere I die, I'll eat the fruit
 of trees I've robbed of yore,

Then seek the shanty where my name
 is carved upon the door.
I know the old familiar smell
 will soothe my faded soul.
I'm now a man, but none-the-less,
 I'll try the children's hole.

-- James Whitcomb Riley

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Whenever we went camping or any place visiting and there was a possibility of getting an upset stomach or cold, I always tucked a can of chicken noodle soup in my suitcase for such an

occurrence. Even when I went to the hospital I took a can of chicken noodle soup along with me just in case the hospital kitchen didn't have chicken noodle soup on hand.

Now I recommend it to my family for just such ailments. It's not a cure-all for everything but it certainly helps. Just recently I heard a doctor talking about chicken noodle soup as a good remedy for various ailments. It contains a great deal of protein as well as other nutrients.

I recall a number of years ago I accompanied Janet, my daughter-in-law, to the doctor for a condition that bothered her during her pregnancy. The doctor told her that she needed plenty of protein so he said by all means eat plenty of chicken noodle soup.

If a stranger heard my chicken noodle soup story they would think that I was advertising for Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. I can truthfully say that it does help. Why not try it?

On the shelf in my home you will always find at least two or three cans of chicken noodle soup -- particularly Campbell's.

Some of my Childhood Songs.

I have been trying to recall the words of songs I sang as a child. The first four are songs that My mother used to sing to me.

Oh, waltz me around again Willy
Around, around, around.
Oh, waltz me around again Willy.
Oh, don't let my feet touch the ground.
I feel like a ship on the ocean of joy.
I feel like hollering out loud.
Ship ahoy!
So, waltz me around again Willy
Around, around, around, around,
around, around and around.

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Once lived side by side
Two little girls
Used to dress just alike
Hair done in curls
Blue gingham pinafore
Stockings of red
Each had a sunbonnet tied to her head.
Till one day a quarrel arose.
Hot tears were shed.
Two hearts were broken
And this is what they said,
I don't want to play in your yard.
I don't like you anymore.
You can't holler down my rain barrel.
You can't climb my cellar door.
I don't want to play in your yard
Cuz you won't be good to me. ll

Next day at school each other missed.
Quarrels were made up again
And sealed with a kiss.
And arm in arm again
Secrets they fɔd tell
Whispering loving words down by the well

+ + + + +

Tra la la boom de a
Tra la la boom de a
Tra la la boom de a
Tra la la boom de a

+ + + + +

I got a girl in Saualsalito
Two or three in Alameda
Five or six in San Rafael.
Don fɛt you think
I fɛm doing well

+ + + + +

I learned this song from a neighborhood friend, Ida Wescott.

Little Mary Brown
lived in a little town
Where there were not
enough young men.
π Why, ℓ said Mary Brown,
π have I no man
in town? ℓ
I know I should have
eight or ten.
Men are simple minded
and because I am so small
they don fɛt seem to notice my
good points and things at all.
People say get wise.
I think I fɛll advertise.
I want somebody near me
because I fɛm only just a little maid,
Somebody near to love and cheer me
and protect me when I fɛm afraid.
Someone to scare off burglars
as big, brave heroes only can.
Who will hold me tight
on a spooky night?
I need a man.

+ + + + +

This is another song taught to me by my neighborhood friend, Ida Wescott.

There was a man.
He had a goat.
There was a man.
He had a goat.
He loved his goat
Indeed he did.
He loved him like
a little kid.
One day this goat
was feeling fine.
Ate two red shirts
from off the line.
The man he grabbed
him by the back
and tied him to
the railroad track.
Just then the train
hove into sight.
The goat grew pale
and green with fright.
He heaved a sigh
as if in pain,
coughed up the shirts
and flagged the train.

+ + + + +

These last two are other childhood songs as I recall them.

A passing policeman
found a little child.
She walked beside him,
dried her tears and smiled and said,
⌈I cannot find my Mama. ⌋
So he then replied,
⌈I will find your Mama
for you by and by.
At the station waiting,
asked her for her name.
She replied, ⌈Jenny. ⌋
to which he did exclaim,
Alas, of your Mama
I have now a trace.
Brings back those memories
of her dear, sweet face.

For you were a babe in arms
when your mother left me one day.
She left me at home alone
and took you, my child, away.

+++++

Down at the station
early in the morning
See the little puffer bellies
all in a row.
See the station master
pull the little handle.
Chug! Chug! Toot! Toot!
Off they go.

+++++

Now I would like to conclude this chapter with a nostalgic poem that is one of my favorites.

The Passing of the Outhouse.

I. When mem'ry keeps one company and
moves to smiles and tears,
A weather-beaten domicile looms through the mist of years.
Behind the house and barn, it stood,
a half a mile -- or more,
And hurrying feet, a pathway made, straight to the swinging door.
Its architecture was a type
of simple, classic art,

But in the tragedy of life,
it played a leading part.
And often passing travelers slowed,
and heaved a mighty sigh,
To see the modest hired girls
slip out with glances shy.

II. We had our posy garden
that the women loved so well,
I loved it too, but better still,
I loved the stronger smell,
That filled the evening atmosphere
so full of homely cheer,
And told the night-o'er-taken tramp
that human life was near.
On lazy August afternoons,

it made a little bower,
Delightful -- where my grandsire sat
and whiled away the hour.
For there, on summer mornings
all our sorrows were enshrined,
And berry bushes reddened,
in the streaming soil, behind.

III. All day fat spiders spun their webs
to catch the buzzing flies,
That flittered to and from the house
where Ma was baking pies.
And once a swarm of hornets, bold,
had built a palace there,
And stung my unsuspecting aunt --
I must not tell you where.
Then father took a flaming pole --
that was a happy day --
He nearly burned the building down,
but the hornets left to stay.
When summer blooms began to fade, and winter to carouse,
We banked the little building
with a heap of hemlock boughs.

IV. But when the crust was on the snow,
and sullen skies were gray,
In sooth, that building was no place
where one could wish to stay.
We did our duties promptly then --
one purpose swayed the mind,
We tarried not, nor lingered long,
on what we left behind.
The torture of that icy seat
could make a Spartan sob,
For needs must scrape the goose-flesh with a lacerating cob,
That, from a frost-encrusted nail,
suspended by a string.
My father was a frugal man
and wasted not a thing.

V. When Grandpa had to go out back
and make his morning call,
We'd bundle up the dear old man
with muffler and a shawl.
I knew the hole on which he sat --

'twas padded all around,
And once I dared to sit there --
 'twas all too wide, I found.
My buns were all too little
 and I jack-knifed there to stay.
They had to come and pull me out
 or I'd have passed away.
Then Father said, "Ambition is
 a thing that boys should shun,
And I must use the children's hole
 'til childhood days are done.

VI. But still I marvel at the craft
 that cut those holes so true,
The baby hole -- the slender hole
 that fitted sister Sue.
That dear old country landmark;
 I've tramped around a bit,
And in the lap of luxury,
 my lot has been to sit.
But 'ere I die, I'll eat the fruit
 of trees I've robbed of yore,

Then seek the shanty where my name
 is carved upon the door.
I know the old familiar smell
 will soothe my faded soul.
I'm now a man, but none-the-less,
 I'll try the children's hole.

-- James Whitcomb Riley

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Chapter 13 – Good Green Valley Neighbors

Before we moved back to the ranch from Ben Lomond in 1970, Skip had given our Green Valley neighbors, Roger and Doris Wilson, permission to connect a hose to our water faucet in the "lower 40" as their well had failed them. That connection furnished the Wilsons with water for household use and their gardens. It wasn't the best arrangement because our pump was running almost constantly. When we again occupied our Green Valley home, that arrangement was approved by Ted (Pappy) only for the time needed to put in a new well. Before long that was accomplished.

Roger had a permanent job at the Granite Rock Company. Doris had a herd of cattle on pasture on Smith Road. The Wilson's five children became wonderful adults and soon went their own way.

Doris and Pappy became gardening friends, exchanging seeds and plants. There were several years that Pappy did not plant the whole "lower 40" into garden. Doris asked him if she could stake her little black and white calf on the unplanted area which had an abundance of grass. This not only helped to feed the little calf but kept the undesired grass down.

I can truthfully say that Pappy and I enjoyed seeing that little heifer calf grazing on the grass from day to day. If I remember correctly, her name was Daisy. We watched Daisy grow into adulthood. Doris faithfully carried grain to her morning and night. When the day arrived for Daisy to join the herd, Pappy and I missed seeing her on the "lower 40."

For reasons of her own Doris decided to dispose of her cattle and raise pigs on her home property. That was a number of years back and she is no longer in the pig business, which was destroyed by a devastating fire. Nevertheless, she had made it a profitable undertaking by having several breed sows which produced hundreds of piglets each year. Those she sold for profit. There was one bad drawback to this situation of raising pigs on a small area of land. The waste disposal of the numerous pigs was a problem. At one time Doris dumped a long row of pig feces (putting it mildly) on our property near our walnut trees. When Pappy discovered that, he was angry. She immediately had it all removed -- wheel barrow after wheel barrow full. She apparently thought that fertilizing our trees was a suitable means of disposal. Her main trouble was that she never asked permission in advance.

The only complaint that Pappy and I had about the pig project was the terrible smell that wafted over to us, particularly on a warm day. Many times we had planned a meal or picnic luncheon on our lawn under the shade trees. The smell was so bad at times that we ended up having our outdoor meal in the house. After complaining and bringing Doris' attention to this matter she suggested that I call her by phone whenever her pigpens needed attention. I did just that on several occasions.

I cannot recall seeing a woman that has worked as hard and long hours as Doris Wilson. She had her truck in which she daily picked up numerous, outdated food products from stores,

warehouses and dairies. She would get up and at it in the early hours of the morning, sometimes working late at night. Yet she seemed to have the energy and willpower to continue on. During her cattle enthusiasm she also worked at the Watsonville Community Hospital as a nurse's aide.

Roger continued his good work at Granite Rock Company until he became the age of 65 years, when he could draw his Social Security check monthly. As far as he was concerned the pig business held no fascination for him. His main interest after retirement was a portable lumber mill which he had acquired. At times he would ask Pappy if he could set up his mill on our property as well as stack lumber there. To this, Pappy readily agreed as that area was not in use. Pappy and Roger became good friends and often visited together and exchanged ideas.

One day, after the Santa Cruz Sentinel newspaper had an interview with Doris, they published one whole section about "The Pig Lady" and her wonderful work -- not only furnishing food for her project but also saving the different companies considerable money by not having to pay for the disposal of their overage products. This article made Doris very proud but, unfortunately, I cannot say the same for Roger.

One evening, just before our supper time, there was a knock on our door. When I opened the door Roger was standing there with a nicely, wrapped parcel in his hand. (I failed to mention that after the Wilson's and we became very good neighbors, they addressed us as did our family and friends -- as Pappy and Mimi.) As Roger handed me the package he said, "As long as you put up with the smell you may as well enjoy some of the finished product." As I unwrapped it, the scent was "glorious". There were two, large slices of steaming hot baked ham prepared and cut by Roger. I can honestly say that that was some of the most delicious ham that I had ever eaten. Pappy also agreed.

Being that Roger enjoyed working with wood, one of his hobbies was constructing garden furniture. On one occasion he surprised Pappy and me by bringing us each a lawn chair with large arms and stained a rust color. Roger must have read my mind as I had often thought about the lovely and comfortable one Pappy had made many years ago. It was green and orange in color. When it finally collapsed, I really missed it. (When Uncle Albert lived at the ranch with us, he occupied that comfortable chair from morning until dusk -- outside weather permitting.)

Now, Pappy and I had two, nice lawn chairs in which to relax. They enhanced the beauty of the lawn area under the tall shade trees.

Some time later, Roger brought us a nice rust-stained bench with a design on the back of it. Pappy and I often sat on this bench together to drink up the sunshine. It was placed in front of the camellia bushes under the kitchen windows.

Roger was interesting and good company -- a delightful person with whom to visit. Some time after his retirement, he moved his saw mill to the Sonora wilderness. He had been suffering from emphysema for quite some time. He felt that the clean, mountain air gave him some relief. Doris had tried to persuade Roger to give up his heavy smoking but to no avail. After being hospitalized several times, he still continued to smoke, even after he was later diagnosed as having cancer.

Roger succumbed in 1991, during Pappy's confinement at the Care Center. Had Pappy known about Roger's passing, he would have felt very sad. They had become exceedingly good friends.

Colon, the youngest of the children and unmarried, is the only one home with Doris. He is a very enthusiastic fellow and a big help on the ranch. However, Doris soon became a good business manager.

During Pappy's illness at home and before he was hospitalized, Doris really proved herself a good neighbor. Twice in one night she came to assist me when Pappy had fallen to the floor. I cannot express in words my gratitude for her help that night. When she left to resume her rest, she put her arms around me and said a little prayer for my darling husband and me. The old saying "A friend in need is a friend, indeed" proved its worth.

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Chapter 14 – Paul & Hulda Elm

Standing on the brink of a hill overlooking beautiful Green Valley brings back memories of a picture that I shall never forget. In this valley were beautiful mustard flowers of gorgeous yellow encircling the acres and acres of lovely apple trees.

After passing Driscoll's two-story house on the right side of the road, the little Green Valley Schoolhouse comes into view. In order to reach the home Ted and I had purchased in 1940, the road twists to the right and goes down the hill about a third of a mile. At that point the road bends back to the left. On the right side, just before encountering the huge eucalyptus tree which stands at the foot of our driveway, used to be a little pebbled-stucco house.

This house was owned by Paul and Hulda Elm. They had acquired it from Mr. Boline, Hulda's father. After we moved into our Green Valley home, the Elms became our wonderful and faithful neighbors. There was about an acre of our land between our house and the Elms' residence. Our entire property consisted of five and one-half acres. Paul and Hulda owned and farmed about twenty acres, even though Paul worked full time for the telephone company. He hired seasonal help to pick the crops which consisted mainly of apples. A small area was planted in apricot trees.

Paul and Ted became very good friends throughout the years. Hulda and I visited often, exchanging recipes, wistful thinking and just plain women's gossip.

Paul and Hulda had been wanting a little one for thirteen years. After giving up hope they adopted a darling little boy. They named him Kenneth who we called Kenny. This baby business was all new to Hulda, bless her heart. She often called me over to give her some pointers in regard to the care of their little one. Being Ted and I had two boys of our own she figured that I must know a little something about babies, although our boys were past the baby stage.

Not long after they had adopted little Kenny, Hulda became pregnant. She gave birth to a lovely little boy which they named Bobby. When Kenny and Bobby were old enough to toddle around they often cut across the acre of ground between our homes to visit us.

When we bought our property from Mr. and Mrs. George Casson, they presented us with an extra bonus -- an abundance of gophers. Ted said that these rodents apparently found life in the valley very lucrative as other farmers had the same battle to fight.

In April of 1941 we welcomed our three little nephews to come and live with us: Sonny (Lloyd), age eight, Jimmy, age six, and little Ralph (or Corky), age three. Our house was large and our love was overflowing. Ted and I enjoyed having them with us so much, as well as our dear Nana. Chuck was also making his home with us part-time.

After watching Ted trap gophers Sonny and Skip decided that they would like to try their luck at it. They did quite well and would daily report their catch to Ted. He would give them a little remuneration for each gopher they caught. Paul Elm soon heard about Sonny's and Skippy's project and offered them ten cents for each gopher tail from gophers they caught on his property.

The boys soon had a business going of their own.

Bob was then in high school. Oftentimes in the morning he would ride into town with Paul Elm in Paul's 1926 Graham work car. Later Bob bought the car from Paul. After he graduated from high school, he used the old Graham to drive to work at Everett's garage. Finally the timing chain wore so badly that it wouldn't stay in place and, during the war, it was not possible to find parts. The Graham had to be retired. Bob got it running well enough to drive to the wrecking yard and receive a few dollars for the car, but he didn't turn the engine off for fear it would not start again.

In late 1942, with the lack of farm help due to so many boys being drafted, the high schools didn't open until October. This was so the students could help with the harvest. Bob picked apples for Paul for ten cents a box. Everyone made the same but the faster pickers, of course, were paid for more boxes. Paul had a real old truck that wasn't licensed for the highway. Bob drove it around the ranch to haul the apple boxes.

As time went on Paul decided to take out his apricot orchard. At that time Bob had graduated from high school but hadn't yet gone into the army. Paul hired him to help cut up the trees after they had been pulled out with a tractor. Then Bob helped to plant young apple trees where the apricots had been as well as many other places on the ranch.

Bob also drove Paul's old Fordsen tractor to disc the orchards. It was a cantankerous machine that often had a mind of its own regarding where it wanted to go. But Bob had been trained on a more stubborn critter -- the old Fageol tractor that Ted bought to plow and disk our property. So Paul's Fordsen soon learned who was boss.

Paul and Hulda were very devout Baptists. They attended church regularly. The two little boys attended Sunday school and church as they grew older.

When I gave Janet a bridal shower for her approaching wedding in 1947, Hulda was one of the attendants. She and Paul also attended Bob's and Janet's wedding at St. Patrick's Catholic Church in Watsonville.

As I recall, shortly before Paul retired from the telephone company he sold his acreage of apple trees to William Buak. When they decided to sell their home sometime later, we were terribly grieved as they had become very, very wonderful neighbors to us. We had tears in our eyes when they moved away.

They bought a little home on Arthur Road, just a block away from where Janet and Bob lived. Here, it was closer for the boys to attend school and also less time spent on the road for their church activities and meetings. As time went on the two fledglings left their nest to make a life of their own.

Needless to say, they did miss their Green Valley home greatly. After so many years of country life it was very difficult to adjust to a very different environment. Hulda busied herself with social work and Paul took up the business of tuning pianos. Around 1980 Donna and Skip had Paul come to their home on Smith Road to tune their baby grand piano. He did a very good job.

At that time I asked him to come over to our Green Valley ranch and tune the Marshall Wendell player piano. He came the following week but decided it was a little too complicated for him, so I had to find someone who was more acquainted with player pianos to do the tuning.

That was the last time that I had any contact with the Elms. However, Paul made a remark that I shall never forget. He said, "I sure hope I'm living when Jesus Christ comes back to earth again." I said, "Paul, I hope I am, also."

During the 1980's Paul and Hulda moved to some other area in California. We never heard from them after that but one thing I do know, they were wonderful neighbors. I am sure that they are homesick and get a touch of nostalgia every once and awhile as they think of those beautiful pink and white apple blossoms that encircled their home on Green valley Road.

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Chapter 15 – The Wonderful Crandall Family

When Ted and I moved into our old, spacious Green Valley home in October of 1940, my Mother (Nana) and Charles Herbert (Chuck) were then part of our family. Bob, about the age of thirteen, was then attending high school. Ronny (Skippy) was enrolled in second grade at the little, country Green Valley School about one-third mile from our home. I shall refer to Skippy as Ronny or Ron which he was called in school.

Grades first through eighth were taught at the Green Valley School .At that time Peggy Hayes Arias (Mrs. Ernest Arias) taught the lower grades. Ruth Bradley (Mrs. Randolph Bradley) was a teacher for the middle grades. After Mrs. Bradley left Mrs. Arthur took over her job. Florence Bailey (Mrs. Charles Bailey) taught the seventh and eighth grades and she was also the principal of the school.

In April of 1941, the following year, our three dear, little nephews came to make their home with us. Lloyd (Sonny) as he was then called was eight and one-half years old, Jimmy, age six and Ralph (Corky) was three years old. Lloyd and Jimmy Oksen were then enrolled as students at Green Valley School. All in all we had one big, happy family.

My brother, Lloyd, the father of my little nephews found our place a home of endearment and we also found his presence a joy to us and our three nephews. This completed our household of ten.

At that time the Crandall family lived nearby on Pioneer Road, then called Crossroads. The Crandalls had two boys, Richard and Jimmy. Richard was Lloyd's age and Jimmy was Ronny's age. The four soon became very good friends at school and in other activities and spent much time together. The Crandall home was about a mile in from the Crossroads.

Richard's and Jimmy's mother, Pauline Crandall and I soon became very good friends. Not only being mothers of our boys we had many other things in common. Dick Crandall, father of the two boys was a very wonderful person. However, his work kept him away from home part of the time.

During the summer of 1943 Ted was employed by the U.S. Forest Service at Big Sur in the Los Padres National Forest. It was during this time that I was in a very bad automobile accident and my recuperation period was really long. At that time Jimmy, Ralph and Lloyd were with us at Big Sur so Pauline took my two younger nephews to their house in Green Valley. I could not find words to express my gratitude. Lloyd and Ronny being older were kept busy helping Ted. After the summer vacation and the children were all again back in school, the Crandall relationship continued to grow.

Richard and Lloyd, being a couple of years older, soon graduated from the eighth grade and were then in high school. Ronny and Jimmy Crandall were in the last class that graduated from the Green Valley School. Needless to say that the residents of Green Valley were very sad to see this lovely, little school house close its doors forever to the children of Green Valley.

However, time marches on!

Some time later the Spencer family purchased the little school we all loved so well. I am sorry to say that I never had the pleasure of meeting these folks or their children. Mr. Spencer was an art teacher at high school.

A little later Dick's work found it necessary for the Crandall family to move to Oregon. We all were sad to see them leave Green Valley or Watsonville. Richard and Jimmy then resumed their studies elsewhere. However, we always kept in close contact with each other. Many times Pauline and Dick had expressed their desire for Ted and me and our boys to visit them in Oregon.

For a period of time the mail carrier was kept busy delivering mail from Route 1 Box 188 Green Valley Road as well as letters received from Oregon. At that date the Green Valley Box numbers had not been renumbered. As of today our number is 1184 Green Valley Road. We also exchanged numerous telephone calls with the Crandall family.

Ted, then working with the State Division of Forestry, had no trouble getting time off. When we informed Pauline and Dick that we had planned to visit them they seemed overjoyed. We had just purchased a lovely 1948 Hudson and were eager to show it off as well as have the chance to try it out.

Ron was then fifteen and Lloyd was seventeen years of age. We made all of the arrangements and plans to leave at a certain date but wouldn't you know it -- I came down with a terrible, terrible cold. It was necessary to delay our starting date for a few days.

It was a bright sunny morning in 1949 that we left our Green Valley home to visit our dear friends in Hebo, Oregon. I still didn't feel up to par but insisted that we be on our way.

Shortly after we crossed the Oregon border a bad earthquake struck. I was in a little grocery store when cans and bottles toppled down from most of the shelves. It frightened me. I guess I never will get used to earthquakes.

As we traveled up the coastline of Oregon the scenery was very beautiful. We had planned to visit the Oregon Ice Caves but we abandoned that idea.

As evening drew nigh we decided to find a place to spend the night. As luck would have it we came upon a beautiful, rustic motel. It looked so inviting. However, we got more than we bargained for. In the middle of the night we started itching and scratching. We found that we had company in bed with us. I had never seen a bedbug or come in contact with one but this was enough. At the break of day we vacated that beautiful, rustic cabin never to be forgotten.

We had been told many times that Oregon was a place of beauty, always green and pretty. That was due to the daily rains that they experienced. We all came prepared for such and the extremely cold weather.

At intervals when the road wasn't too winding Ted would let Lloyd take the wheel of the car. He felt so important driving our nice, new Hudson. Lloyd had his driver's license for almost two years but Ronny, being only fifteen, could not get his license. However, he felt badly that he couldn't also drive. I would say to him, "Your turn is coming, dear."^{ll}

We arrived at the Crandall home early in the afternoon. Their home was located some distance from the little town of Hebo. The rustic, two-story, beautiful house sat back a little distance from the entrance. The terrain in the foreground was a carpet of green. I do not remember how many acres there were on the Crandall property but as far as we could see it was fenced in.

Dick, Pauline and the two boys were there to meet us as we drove in the driveway. After a hardy greeting of hugs and kisses we all entered this beautiful, rustic home.

The ceilings of the large living room and dining area joined the high ceilings of the bedrooms on the upper floor. A staircase ran along the side of the wall which led to the upper bedrooms. The whole interior was of rustic motif.

What really captured our eyes was a beautiful, large elk head that had been mounted and hung on the balcony between the living room and the upper bedrooms. Dick explained to us later that this beautiful, large elk had been killed on their property by another party. Dick had the elk head mounted and hung where all of his visitors could admire the beauty of it.

Pauline had already prepared a lovely dinner for us that night. She was an exceptionally good cook. Sometime in her past she had cooked for schools as well as other places.

That night we had a long visit of chatting and laughing and reminiscing about old times. Although tired and weary we didn't retire until late. Needless to say, we were all asleep in a very short time.

The following morning Dick arose early as he had to drive about eighteen miles to Tillamook where he was employed at a cheese factory. When the aroma of bacon and coffee wafted upstairs and greeted our nostrils we too decided to jump out of bed.

When we entered the kitchen we found Pauline working over the stove preparing breakfast for her two boys and the four of us. What a gal! Those folks were really something. I remember Pauline saying, "To fry bacon make sure you turn it often and not have your fire too high." The bacon was out of this world as was the coffee, hotcakes and the rest of the breakfast.

Each oncoming meal was looked forward to with anticipation along with the wonderful meals to which we also contributed. We enjoyed the fun days as well as the lovely sightseeing of beautiful Oregon. Everything was so fresh and beautiful.

On one occasion we drove to Tillamook located on the Oregon-Washington border. It is here that Tillamook cheese is made which is so well-known across the United States. It was there that we met Dick. He had planned to show us the process of making that wonderful cheese.

In a large building we encountered a very big, round vat which was shaped much like a bowl. This huge vat contained milk that had turned sour. A large mechanical device constantly stirred this milk so as to separate the curds from the whey which was the first process in making the cheese. The whey is the material that was separated from the milk. The curds were then put into another vat where they were pressed and dried. The curds are the main substance of the finished product. After the final procedure the early stage of the cheese or the final product was then ready to be put into rounds. These rounds or wheels as I recall, were mainly five pounds in weight. These large rounds of cheese were then dipped in paraffin which sealed the cheese during its curing process. This process could take months and longer.

When we reached the stage of cheese-making, Dick took us into a long room where there were shelves approximately six or seven feet high, one shelf on top of another with room between them to hold rounds of cheese. After an adequate period of processing time each of these cheeses were thoroughly examined.

One of Dick's tasks was to examine each round. If it did not cure properly it would be slightly softer than normal. Whenever one of these rounds or wheels that were abnormal were found they were immediately taken off the shelf and the wax removed from the outside. This cheese was then reprocessed and made into rectangular blocks which were put into boxes or cartons. The reprocessed cheese was then sold to the public as were slices of such which were packaged for convenience in making sandwiches and other uses.

The five pound rounds were checked at intervals to make sure that they were properly

cured. This was really an educational tour and I am sure that our two boys as well as Ted and me enjoyed the knowledge of just how Tillamook cheese was made. We were all grateful to Dick for sharing this time with us and for the good Tillamook cheese which we all sampled.

It was now time to leave and return to Hebo and Pauline and the other two boys. Dick would soon be on his way home also. When we arrived at the house the aroma of dinner greeted our nostrils. We were all hungry. It took a quantity of food to fill up four teenage boys but we grown-ups didn't take a backseat either.

During the time that we were there Pauline and Dick invited some of their very good friends in for the evening. One family that I truly remember had a tape recorder. I had never seen one before and I got a chance to try it out. It was unbelievable to hear my voice on that recorder. (Technology has come a long ways since 1949.)

All good things must come to an end so now it was time to bid our good friends adieu and head for home. Yes, the parting was sad but we were soon on our way.

The weather was becoming very cold but as yet not a drop of rain. We had decided to return home by a different route as we planned to visit Crater Lake as we had heard about its beauty. As I recall Crater Lake is about seventy or eighty miles from the California border. We hoped to get there in time that day before darkness set in.

Several hours after we left Hebo we encountered some beautiful snowflakes. The further south we drove the snow became much heavier. By the time we reached our detour to the lake Ron, Lloyd and I saw our first real snowfall. Ted had experienced such as a young boy.

Soon our Hudson car was winding around steep curves to reach the high mountain. There was nothing but snow all around us. Houses that were built on the side of the hill were completely covered with snow. All that could be seen was a tiny peak of the roof. No green foliage could be seen on the tall, beautiful trees that lined the road. The snowplow directly in front of us cleared the snow off the road so that our car could continue.

A flagman stopped us. There we parked our car. We had heard earlier that Crater Lake for the first time in history was completely frozen. The guide then told us if we wanted to see the lake we would have to climb up a steep trail to the top of the rim. He told us that the lake had been closed to the public but had been open for two days for people to observe this phenomenon. The four of us followed the guide single file up the steep narrow trail to the rim of the lake. When we got to the top and stood on the rim of this huge lake we could hardly believe our eyes that this could be one, solid mass of ice. In the center was quite a large island which also could be seen. I cannot recall the name of this frozen island but it resembled a boat on water.

As Ted, the boys and I drank in the beauty of this so-called icescape it seemed almost impossible that Mother Nature could produce such a dramatic scene that was out of this world. All we could see was snow and ice everywhere. It is difficult to even try to describe this strange happening of nature. Time on the rim was limited as we enjoyed each minute of this sight. The guard told us that we had arrived just in time for as soon as we and the others left there would be no more viewing of Crater Lake when it was frozen solid. Had we been ten minutes later we would not have witnessed the sight we had just seen. He said this was the first time in history that the lake had been frozen solid.

As history tells us there is no bottom to this lake as it was formed many years ago after the eruption of a large volcano. Crater Lake is 1,932 feet at the deepest part. It measures six miles across and is practically round. It is the deepest lake in the United States and the seventh deepest in the world.

When we arrived back at our car we realized that we had just seen one of Mother Nature's unusual displays. However, it wasn't until sometime later in years that we realized that the wonderful scene we had witnessed was available to just a few people for just a few weeks during which time Crater Lake's spectacular phenomenon occurred. To this day we cannot find any document saying that Crater Lake had been frozen solid. Also, no other writings about the other six largest lakes in the world being frozen solid.

We followed the snowplow down the steep, winding mountain road until the traveling was again normal and we could continue at our normal speed.

We crossed the California border before settling in for the night. We four were very tired as we had had a very long ride but had reached our goal for the day and were happy.

Arising early the next morning we were now anxious to be on our way. We had numerous miles to travel before reaching home but the beauty of Northern California shall never be surpassed. It was a long, tiring drive before we reach Green Valley but "home sweet home" never looked any better to any of us four.

As we drove up our driveway our dear, old hound dog, Rip, ran up to the car to greet us with his long bemoaning howl. Dear old Buck, Ted's wonderful horse, stuck his head out the barn window and whinnied as if to say, "It's about time you're returning, old pal." I'm sure our chickens would have welcomed us, too but being late in the day I presume they were all on the roost.

As the saying goes, "No matter how humble your home may be, go away but keep the key."

When we were in Hebo Ted, as well as our boys, could not keep their eyes off that beautiful elk head. It had the longest antlers that they had ever seen or ever would see. Ted's comments about the elk were gracefully accepted.

In the early part of the following year we had an unexpected surprise. We got a notice in the mail saying that there was a large crate waiting to be pick up at the Southern Pacific Junction. Being Ted was away for the week our neighbor, Harold Whalen, then working for the Southern Pacific, offered to bring the crate to our home. I really appreciated his kindness. I gave Harold twelve dollars which he had paid for the freight fee. Although the two boys and I did not know for sure what this big box contained we had a pretty good idea as it came from Oregon. We decided not to open it until Ted returned so he could open it himself.

Yes, we guessed right. As Ted opened the crate upon his return, staring him in the eyes was the beautiful, big elk head with long antlers that he had admired so greatly at the Crandall home. Needless to say, Ted and the two boys were overwhelmed with joy. I wish I could have said the same. Although I deeply admired the elk head on the wall of our Oregon friends I did not anticipate it hanging in our living room above the fireplace. I visualized sometime in the future having a nice, large mirror occupying that space. Being I did not express my desire that is where Hebo, as we called him, has resided for the last forty some odd years.

Hebo soon became part of us. We even decorated him with red bows in his antlers and mistletoe in his mouth for Christmas. Various people have been kissed under Hebo. In the oncoming years the elk head became a very exciting fascination to our grandchildren. Some of them could not figure out where the rest of his body had disappeared.

In the intervening year Ted's forestry work had taken him to Visalia. At that time the Crandall family had moved from Oregon to Santa Cruz County in California. We had heard that Dick had to give up his work at Tillamook due to failing health.

In the early part of January 1954 we returned to Watsonville where I had surgery. To my surprise Pauline came into my room one evening and told me that Dick was confined to bed in the room next to me. Dick was too ill to come in to visit me and neither could I visit him due to my surgery.

It was only a few days when I was informed that Dick had passed on. This was a great shock to Ted and me. If I remember correctly his kidneys had failed him and they thought it was due to the confinement in that cheese factory. We lost a good friend when we lost Dick Crandall.

As I recall, Jimmy Crandall had taken over the job of tax collector and appraiser in Santa Cruz County. Richard remained in Oregon where he was a real good lawyer. Pauline was then living in Corralitos.

Pauline and I were very good friends as we were again living in Green Valley and Ted was with the state forestry. Unfortunately, Pauline was in an automobile accident and her leg was badly injured. I stayed with her and helped her with her therapy and whatever I could do for her. After Pauline had fully recuperated she moved up to Trinity where she managed a motel. She was so kind and wanted Ted and me to come up and stay with her for a few weeks. This we did not do unfortunately as we would have loved to have seen that part of the country.

By this time I was hobbling around on a cane and my eyesight was getting very, very poor. Dear Pauline kept in touch with me constantly by mail and eventually came back to Santa Cruz County. She visited me at home quite frequently and I was always so happy to see her.

On one occasion she brought me a large box of goodies. I was so surprised to see what she had in there. When she would go shopping she would pick up any little item that she thought I would enjoy such as a bar of real nice soap, or a little jar of lotion or a nice handkerchief, a vial of perfume, some real good candy or whatever she saw would buy and put into this box including a lovely tape of "One Day at a Time". I will never forget that box. It was such a unique gift and surprise. It held more than gifts. It contained love.

The time came when Pauline's health failed. She was confined to a nursing home in Santa Cruz. There, she and I kept in touch with each other through letters. Neither of us was able to visit. As long as Pauline was able to we also talked on the phone.

It was so, so sad when I learned that Pauline was no longer with us in this world. I do not know the date when Pauline left us but it seems so many years ago. Ted and I really lost two wonderful friends when we lost Pauline and Dick, but we did not really lose those two dear ones as no one can take our memories away. "Just one day at a time, dear Jesus, one day at a time", Pauline used to say.

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Chapter 16 – Our Golden Wedding Day

Ted's and my fiftieth wedding anniversary took place on October 25th 1980 just a matter of weeks after Ted's dear Mother, Ethel Rexroad, passed away. Her demise was somewhat unexpected at that time.

Our two boys, Bob and Ron (Skip) had planned a celebration for the many years of our lifetime together. Ted and I found it very difficult to get into the festive mood after losing our dear Mother. We were not only in grief but Ted had more responsibilities to take care of which took about three weeks.

I vaguely remember dressing for this lively occasion. Neither Ted nor I bought new duds for this celebration. As I recall Bob and Skip called for us at about 12:45 P.M.. Our sons presented me with a beautiful corsage and Ted with a boutonniere. They took our picture as we descended the steps at our Green Valley home.

When we arrived at Skip and Donna's lovely home on Smith Road we could see cars parked on the long driveway. As we stepped out of the car at the front door someone was there ready to park the car for Bob.

Donna and Janet immediately came to the door. Inside the door was a guest book for guests to sign as they arrived. The foyer was beautifully decorated with flowers and greenery. As Ted and I descended the three steps that led from the foyer into the living room we were greeted by guests that had already arrived. The large living room held numerous chairs with some being occupied. Soon Skip had Ted and me seated in comfortable chairs. He then proceeded to get us a drink. There were several large bowls of punch in the dining area. Ice and fruit in the punch made it very decorative as well as appetizing.

The spacious dining room adjoined the large living room. A large round koawood table was covered with a very pretty table cloth. The long library table at the further end of the dining room held the beautiful large wedding cake which Bob and Janet had picked up at Wilson's Bakery in Santa Clara, and almost squashed in the back of their station wagon while driving over the hill to Watsonville. Behind the cake hung a large poster print of Ted and me, which Janet and Bob had blown up from a 1936 picture taken on the fourth of July. Ted had a beard and top hat and I was dressed in an old fashioned gown and hat.

When it came time to cut the cake, Skip provided a chain saw as a gesture of humor. It made an interesting picture to see us poised over that beautiful cake with that grisly instrument.

Donna, Janet and some of the other women were carrying the large plates of food from the kitchen to be placed on various tables. There were hors d'oeuvres, dips and all kinds of munchies, salads and breads of all descriptions and sizes. Cheese and meats of so many different kinds, including ham, turkey, roast beef, spiced, smoked and barbecued meats. You name it, it was there. Different kinds of olives, relishes, spreads for the bread as well as mayonnaise and butter. Skip and Donna did a marvelous job of preparing the food.

The large, glass sliding doors in the dining area opened onto a most inviting deck. Here, many chairs were set, ready for occupancy. In fact some of the chairs were already in use. Along the outside of the deck was a long bench that could seat many guests. Tubs and planters were filled with various flowers and green shrubs which also enhanced the setting. Donna had several lovely vines circling the top of the deck. The chimes just outside the glass doors sent out their melodious sounds that wafted on the breeze.

Below the deck was a very, very large lawn which served as a recreational area as well as a lovely playground. Needless to say, this area required much care and energy. Looking southwest from the deck the entire Monterey Bay could be seen -- all the way from Pacific Grove on the Monterey Peninsula to Santa Cruz.

To Ted and me this anniversary party was really a surprise. We did not realize we knew and loved so many people throughout our fifty years.

Two of our dear nephews, Jimmy and Ralph (Corky), who made their home with us in earlier years, were also there to extend their love and best wishes to Ted and me. Having their lovely wives, Sharon and Ruby, with them made the union complete because their love along with ours flowed fluently.

My dear cousin Louise Buehler came from Sacramento and spent three days with us. Her husband Fred passed away some time before. It was indeed, a pleasure to see Louise again. She looked so happy to be able to join our family circle. (Louise joined her dear husband in 1995.)

Jim and Ethel Giacomazzi were in the lovely group. They were long time residents of Arroyo Seco and knew and loved everyone from Salinas to King City. These two dear ones were very special friends of our family. Unfortunately, they met with a tragic accident on the Arroyo Seco Road some time back. The entire area grieved over the demise of these two loved ones as well as our family.

Paul and Hulda Elm were our first neighbors who we met when we moved into our Green Valley home in 1940. We became very close friends throughout the years and we truly enjoyed their devotion to us, and the devotion was mutual. Paul and Hulda raised two darling little boys, Kenneth, who we called Kenny, and Robert who we called Bobby. After many years the Elm family moved to a new location on Arthur Road. Needless to say, we missed our close neighborly relationship after their move.

My two dear sisters-in-law by my former marriage, Anna Belle Edwards and Marjorie Tholan, came up to greet us along with Uncle Bill. Uncle Bill was Grandad Aldridge's younger brother. Being Uncle Bill was a widower at that time he had been living with Anna Belle and Bert Edwards. Of course, Bert was there also, bless his heart. As I write this Uncle Bill and Bert have both gone to their eternal reward.

Soon after our arrival our dear friend Doris Mollenhaur greeted us with a big hug and kiss. She and her husband Everett had been our intimate friends for fifty years. They had just recently celebrated their fiftieth anniversary. They were married in Washington state and came to California right after their marriage. Ted and I were their first acquaintances on their arrival here. Everett was not able to attend our celebration as he was away on an extended fishing trip but Doris came to extend their good wishes and love. During the depression days no one had much money for entertainment but we had more fun than money could buy. As I tape this story of the past, Everett is no longer with us. He preceded Ted in death by six months in 1991 after sixty-one years of happy marriage. Doris is now living in Washington state to be near her daughter, Diane. We keep in close contact with each other and love each other dearly.

Roger and Doris Wilson were also present. By the time we had returned to our Green Valley ranch in 1970, after being gone about fourteen years, the Wilsons and their six children (four boys and two girls) had moved in next door. Ted and I were happy to have the Wilsons as our good neighbors and kind friends. Roger worked for the Granite Construction Company until his retirement. Doris had a project of her own which consisted of raising cows, calves and pigs. She was also an ardent gardener, loving flowers and vegetables. Some time later Roger's life was ended on this earth. His kindness and neighborly love remains with us all.

Mass Sugamoto and his wife Betty were there to extend their joyous greetings on this happy occasion. Mass was involved with Spectra-Mat, Inc. of Watsonville. I understand that they moved to Hawaii some time later. He and Skip were the first two hired by Semicon in the 1950s. After Varian bought out Semicon and closed it down, Skip, Mass and Leo Cronin started up Spectra-Mat.

Fern and Merrill McGowan were our very good friends from Ben Lomond. Originally they both had lived in Watsonville. During the six years that Ted and I lived in Ben Lomond the McGowans were our closest friends. They, too, moved to Watsonville some time later. They also extended their love to Ted and me.

My darling, devoted sister-in-law, Kathryn Oksen, was at our party. Kathryn loved us as much as we loved her. She was such an endearing person -- always jolly and full of fun. My brother, Jim, Kathryn's husband, had passed away a few years previously. However, Kathryn kept the home fires burning for their two daughters, Faye and Norma. When Kathryn came up to greet us at the party, her smile lit up the room.

Norman and Nancy Perryman were very, very special people and they still are. They both worked for Spectra-Mat and through Skip's involvement and friendship we, too, learned to love them. Nancy and Norm have two beautiful children. Norm was always ready to help Ted whenever needed at the ranch. After they left Spectra-Mat we kept in close contact with them for many years. They never let our special day slip by without a greeting and I always remembered Nancy's birthday as it fell on the same day as our anniversary.

Ted and I were happy to see Barbara and Bob Keen at the party. Barbara was Skip's private secretary and she was a very, very efficient person. Being vice-president of Spectra-Mat, Skip had several other secretaries but dear Barbara kept things rolling. Ted and I had met Barbara several times but we had never met her husband, Bob. We were very, very happy to have them both at this gala event.

Kathryn's daughter, Faye Petznick, and her husband, Dick, (Faye always referred to him as Richard) were at this big gathering. Dick was also employed at Spectra-Mat and had an important job there in electronics. Faye, being my niece, was always very dear to me. She often-times came to the ranch to spend at least a half a day with Ted and me while Dick was at work. If Faye did not feel like driving and Dick was not available to take her places she knew that she could call on Ted and me.

Ted and I were very happy when Spud and Sue Ioppini came up to greet us at the party. Spud was a long-time resident and friend of the Arroyo Seco family. In fact, Ted and I first met him when Chuck was living in his cabin at Arroyo Seco. We were very happy to have them there with us on our special day.

I cannot tell you what a wonderful surprise it was to see Viola and Del Bennett who were special Heatherdale Avenue friends from San Jose. Both Ted and Del were very busy with their work so they were not as intimately acquainted as Viola and me. We lived across Heatherdale

from each other and we spent many mornings chatting over a cup of coffee. Viola was deeply involved in home crafts of which she spent many, many hours in her living room making so many interesting things. To go into her hobby room where she kept all of her unique finished craft work was indeed an experience. I did not have time to participate in this fun as I was busy nursing but Viola often made something special for Ted and me. To see these two, dear elderly people at our party brought a lump to my throat and tears of joy to my eyes. Because neither Del nor Viola could drive at that time, their darling daughter, Barbara, brought them over for our special day. Thank you Barbara. dear. Although guests were not supposed to bring gifts, Viola and Del presented us with a little plaque with a gold four-leaf clover on it for our golden wedding anniversary.

As I look back over the seventeen years and think of the wonderful day that we spent with our precious family and dear friends it brings a touch of nostalgia to my heart. There are many of these loving people that are no longer with us but have gone to their heavenly reward. One of these days I will embrace them again. I shall treasure each and every thought of love, kindness and joy they have brought to us.

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