

SHARING
MY
MEMORIES
AND
LOVE

IRMA ALDRIDGE REAVES
(MIMI)

Christmas 1991.
to my love and best wishes,
to my co-workers, and (mistakenly),
Rob. from Mom (mimi)

Written in the 80s with
Pappy at my side.

My deepest appreciation to
Bob and Jan for their help.

Our work is not measured by the
years we've lived - but by the memories
and love we've left behind.

SHARING MY MEMORIES
AND LOVE

By Irma Aldridge Reaves
(Mimi)

**The trees, the mountains,
The rivers and streams,
Harbor my church
And dominate my dreams.**

**This book is dedicated to my loving
families -- both present and future
generations.**

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Other Books by Irma Oksen Reaves

Tassajara (1985)
Pappy (co-author; 1985)
Arroyo Seco Camping Days (1986)
Big Sur Forest Service Days (1987)
A White Christmas In Colorado (1987)
Lookouts Of The Los Padres Forest (1988)
Doodle Bug Travelers (1989)
Delia Belle (1991)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My sincere appreciation and thanks to all the people, too numerous to mention, who have contributed to this work in one way or another.

To the ones who receive this book I have a special request. My intention has been to write this personal story for my immediate family, only. Therefore, I ask that you use discretion with whom you share these pages. Thank you.

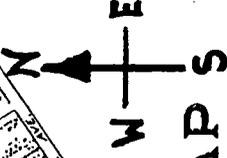
Irma Aldridge Reaves
Green Valley
Memorial Day, 1991

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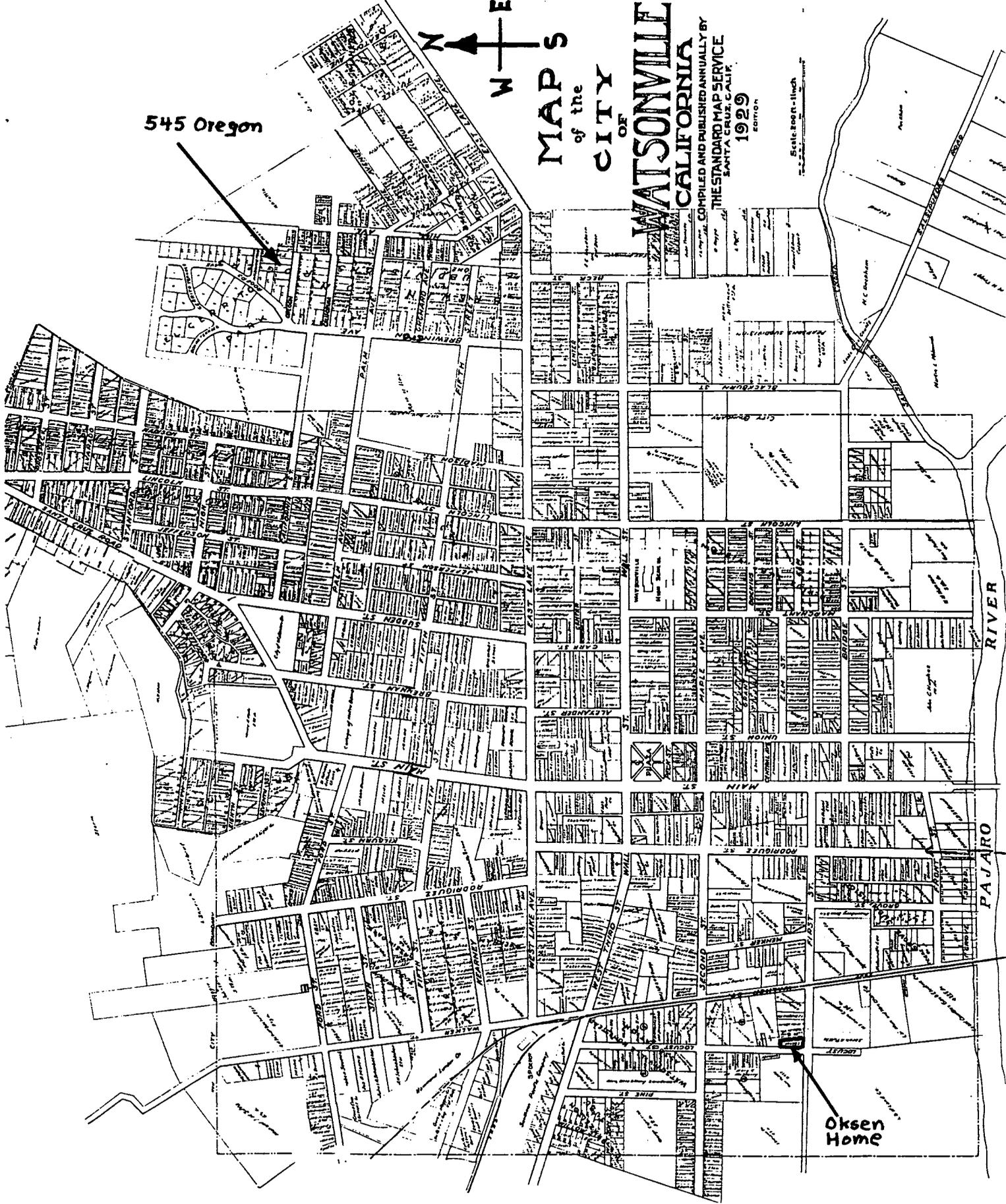
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MAPS
of the
CITY
OF
WATSONVILLE
CALIFORNIA

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY
THE STANDARD MAP SERVICE
SANTA CRUZ, CALIF.
1929
EDITION

Scale 800 ft. = 1 inch



Oksen Home

CHAPTER 1

GRANDMA OKSEN

Grandma Oksen, my paternal grandmother, was born in Starbek, Denmark on April 8, 1844. Her maiden name was Ansine Marie Schmidt. Her mother's name was Tobina Nogard and her father's name was Jens Peter Schmidt. Her father owned a bakery in Starbeck. His Danish Cookie recipes have been handed down through generations.

Grandma married Laust Jergen Oksen, born in Gasa, Denmark, when she was quite young. (The Danish spelling for Oksen was Ogksen.) He died at a very early age and left Grandma with five small children to raise. Tobina, the only girl in her family, was the oldest of the children. My father Jens (Jim) was the oldest of the boys. Then came Peter, Magnus and Louis.

Grandma worked in a chickory factory (coffee substitute) to support her little family. My father, Jim, at the age of seven, herded cattle to help the family needs. When my father was seventeen, he came to America and left his loved ones in Schleswig-Holstein, Denmark (Then under Danish rule but later was taken over by Germany). When he had saved enough money working as a stevedore in San Francisco (loading and unloading ships), he sent for Grandma and family. They lived in Oakland for a while before moving to Watsonville. In Watsonville, my father met my mother and they were married on January 1, 1898.

As the rest of the family married and lived elsewhere, that left Grandma alone. My father rented a cute, little two-room cottage for her next door to us, and in the rear of a front house. It consisted of a fairly large kitchen and a comfortable bedroom with a large clothes closet. In the front part of the house was an enclosed porch. Here stood a water pump, as there was

no indoor plumbing. My father made her a large, covered, wood box that sat next to the pump. He always kept it filled with wood for his dear mother. Her kitchen table was in front of a big window overlooking her beautiful flower beds. A cute, little outhouse was at the rear of the cottage under a large mulberry tree.

Grandma had her little home furnished very comfortably. She cooked and baked on a wood stove. There was always a lard pail full of her good Danish cookies, kept behind the warm stove to keep them crisp. Those good cookies are paramount in my childhood memories. All of her children were very much devoted to her. She gave so much love and got back three-fold in return. They visited her when possible and she would occasionally spend several weeks with the families. Living nearby, my father was her constant companion.

Grandma spent many hours making beautiful braided and hooked rugs. Her floors were covered with her handiwork. She loved to knit with the small, steel needles. I can still hear them clicking away. She kept her four boys well supplied with beautiful, woolen, knitted socks.

Grandma's house was just a skip-hop-and-jump from us, over a pathway through our back yard. There, a gate, secured by a wire loop at the top, had to be opened in order to get to Grandma's yard. This was difficult for a six-year-old to reach.

I recall visiting Grandma quite early one morning. Apparently she had just gotten up and was in the process of building a fire in the wood stove. While talking with



GRANDMA OKSEN

1923

her, I glanced into her bedroom. There I saw something that actually frightened me. On a table, along the side of her bed, sat a glass of water in which there were two sets of teeth grinning at me. At my early age I had never seen or heard of dentures (false teeth). They really didn't look like ordinary, natural teeth as the gums were a dark shade of brownish-orange. I guess Grandma must have seen the puzzled look on my face and realized my dilemma. She then explained to me that often times, as people grow older, their teeth wear out and it becomes necessary to get artificial teeth (as then called). Consequently, she had a full set of dentures. The gums on Grandma's teeth were made in the late 1800s or near the turn of the 20th century. They probably were made of rubber. As the years passed, the gums on false teeth

became more of the natural color, improving with time.

At most any time of the day one could find a pot of coffee brewing on Grandma's wood stove. Danish people love their coffee. Every Dane that I knew or remember never drank their coffee black at that time. Condensed, evaporated milk was a "must" to add to their enjoyable cup of coffee. Danes also enjoy sweets, so coffee was not complete without sugar. However, the sugar was not dissolved in the liquid. A little square sugar lump was placed in the mouth and the coffee was sipped through this crystallized sweetener. To me, in my childhood days, those little sugar cubes represented candy. Grandma Oksen often gave me one as I watched her enjoy her good cup-o-coffee. She had some very pretty cups and saucers and would alternate their use. For company -- coffee-klatch -- she used some very special china. (Being half Danish, I probably will be drinking more coffee as I get old. As of now, at age 85, my morning wake-up cup-o-coffee is sufficient.)

Not having electricity in her little white-washed cottage, one could find Grandma, each morning, cleaning the two glass lamp chimneys of her two coal-oil (kerosine) lamps. To perform this task she would wad up some newspaper and swish it around inside the glass cylinders. That readily removed all of the sooty film that accumulated inside of the chimneys while burning. About once or twice each week they were given a soap-and-water bath. The lamp, itself, had to be filled with coal oil every two days.

Grandma Oksen's faith was beyond reproach. When the time came to extinguish the lamps each night, she would cup her hand behind the chimney tops and blow into it to extinguish the flame. As the light dimmed and the glow vanished, Grandma would murmur "In Jesus' Name." That really impressed me and I repeat the same phrase each night as I turn off my bed lamp.

Grandma Oksen's pride and joy was her beautiful flower garden. I can still visualize her in the large, round pansy bed. They were the most beautiful pansies that I have ever seen -- so many varieties and colors, and so large. When admiring them they looked as though they wanted to talk.

Grandma also had six pet chickens. My father made her a little chicken house and fenced yard for them, a little distance from the back of her house.

After many years this little cottage was sold and torn down. I know that this was a heartache for Grandma. It was sad for my two brothers and me, also. We spent many happy hours sitting and talking with Grandma, as she told us about her early life in Denmark. She had a very decided Danish accent. Of course we always had our hands out waiting for some of those wonderful, Danish cookies that she always shared.

Grandma's son Magnus, his wife Grace and their two children, Viola and Elmer, were then living in Watsonville -- on Marchant Street. Directly behind their house was a rental, made into two apartments -- upper and lower. It so happened that the lower apartment was vacant. Grandma was happy

to be able to rent that apartment as she could be near to her son and his family. Also, she would now have electricity to replace the coal-oil lamps.



UNCLE LOUIS, GRANDMA OKSEN, AND
UNCLE MAGNUS 1920

There were four rooms in Grandma's new living quarters -- the kitchen, living room and two bedrooms. She soon made her new home comfortable and cozy, and it wasn't long before she had a flower garden planted.

The upper apartment was occupied by Mrs. Cheek and her two daughters, Amy and Florence. They were very congenial people.

There was even a chicken yard for Grandma's six chickens. Somewhere along the line she acquired a mean, old rooster. In order to reach the outhouse one had to go through the chicken yard. Just why that old cock took after me each time I found it necessary to occupy the privy, I will never know. I do know that I was scared to death of him and lost no time enroute.

Grandma lived at this location until the property was sold about

1917. At that time Uncle Magnus and family moved to Los Angeles. My father then rented another house for Grandma just two doors away from our home. She soon adjusted to her new surroundings. This house had four nice rooms and indoor plumbing. Grandma's loving touch soon had this little home comfortable and beautiful. Here, too, she planted flower seeds which she watched grow into beautiful flowers.

Grandma's other three sons and her daughter wrote to her regularly every week. Each day she knew which letter would arrive. She always had a little bag of cookies ready to give to the mail carrier. All her children helped towards her support.

Grandma Oksen was quite old-fashioned and very religious. She spent many hours in her favorite rocking chair by the window, reading her precious Bible and praying. Her style of dress was quite quaint and unique. She wore two long, white petticoats over her pantaloons and a white comesole above. Over the petticoats she wore a long, black skirt. Her long-sleeved black (or black-and-white) blouses were tucked under the skirt's waistband. Around the house she always wore a long, white, starched apron. On her head, covering her pretty wavy hair, was a cute little white bonnet-cap tied under her chin. Her shoes were black-laced, made of soft leather, and always polished.

Each Sunday Grandma attended the Presbyterian Church services. (In her early years she belonged to the Salvation Army.) My father would take her to church in his



GRANDMA OKSEN WITH HER HAT 1920

taxi and return her home after the services were over. For these occasions Grandma wore a full, black skirt and a black, alpaca jacket adorned with black braid. Her small, black hat that sat on the top of her head was trimmed in a black, feather-plume. This laid across the top of her hat. Grandma always looked stylish and so cute. She had many friends and everyone loved her. She gave so much love in return. She and my mother were very compatible. Mama helped Grandma in many ways. Mothers-in-law were considered "special people."

Grandma Oksen was somewhat overweight, even though quite active. Often times she would become out of breath when working. For this, she found some relief in eating a round, white peppermint candy. Somehow I can't help but think those onsets may have been asthmatic attacks, although such a thing was not generally known at that time -- or era.

Grandma had a most beautiful singing voice. How she loved her hymns! In church, one could hear

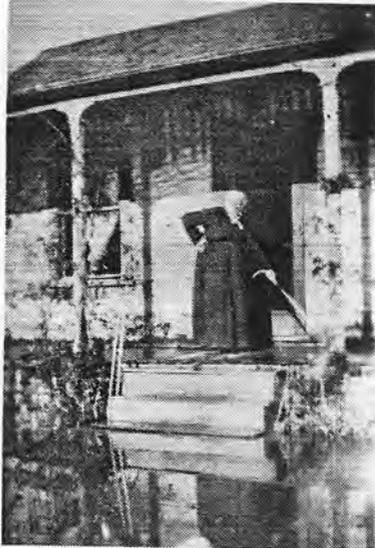
her voice above the whole congregation while singing. Is it any wonder that all her children had lovely singing voices? Three of her boys were in choirs. My Uncle Magnus was a choir leader at the First Christian Church located at the corner of Alexander Street and East Lake Avenue. (This was a beautiful stone church which later burned down -- being the third Christian Church in Watsonville to be destroyed by fire.)

I loved my grandmother very dearly. I spent many of my childhood hours with her, chatting and reminiscing. Her complexion was like velvet. She used Frostilla Cream on her face and arms. She often would pat some on my cheeks and forehead. To this day I can smell the fragrant scent of the bottle of Frostilla. Bless her! She was a cute little lady -- and had a mind of her own. I'm sure that I have inherited some of her determination. My husband, Ted, always says, "It's the squarehead in you."

During the Pajaro River floods on First Street, the water often times reached the top step of Grandma's house. One time it completely covered her long, front porch. When the water receded, she always washed the silt away

UNCLE PETE, PAPA, UNCLE LOUIE,
GRANDMA OKSEN, & AUNT TOBINA
CIRCA 1920

with a hose. Each time the flood waters would cover her pretty flowers in her yard. She would then plant again. The silt acted as a fertilizer for such, but this fertilizer she could well do without.



GRANDMA OKSEN HOSING OFF HER FRONT PORCH AFTER A FLOOD 1922

At the age of seventy-nine my dear, old grandmother had a stroke. My mother and Grandma's daughter (Aunt Tobina from Salinas) cared for her in her own home until she went to meet her Lord. Just before Grandma died she said to my father, "I won't be here with you very long, Jim." My father replied, "I'll be with you soon, Mother dear." Grandma died in Papa's arms in February 1923. My dear father joined her and God the following year -- November 1924. They are buried together in a vault that my father had built for Grandma and our family in the Pioneer (IOOF) Cemetery.

Great Grandpa Schmidt's Danish Cookie Recipe from Denmark
(Early 1800s -- this recipe has been in our family for seven generations. It was Grandma Oksen's favorite from her father's bakery.)

Melt 2 cups Crisco or lard.
Cool and add 1-3/4 cups sugar.
Mix well.
Add 3/4 cup milk and mix.
Add 6 cups flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, and 1 tsp. salt.
Mix and kneed until *shiny* or *real glossy*.
Divide and make into rolls 2" to 2-1/2" in diameter.
Refrigerate overnight.
In the morning, slice about 1/4" thick. Place on ungreased cookie sheet.
Sprinkle top with cinnamon and sugar mixture.
Bake in slow oven -- 300 degrees F. -- until slightly brown. Watch carefully as the thinner ones brown faster.
Good!

Great Grandpa Schmidt's Pokey Cookies

Cream 1 cup sugar and 1 cup shortening.
Add 1 beaten egg, 2 cups flour, 1 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. vanilla, and 1 pinch of salt.
Mix well.
Roll into balls the size of a walnut. Poke hole in the bottom of each with finger.
Bake on ungreased cookie sheet in moderate oven until slightly brown.

Great Grandpa Schmidt's
Diamond Cookies

Melt 1/2 cup shortening -- let cool.

Add 1-3/4 cups sugar -- mix well.

Add 3 beaten eggs, 4 cups flour, 2 tsp. baking powder, 1 tsp. salt, and 1 tsp. vanilla. Mix well together

Flatten dough into ungreased cookie sheet. Sprinkle cinnamon and sugar mixture over top. Bake in 350 degree F. (moderate) oven until slightly brown. While still warm, cut into diamond-shaped figures.

CHAPTER 2

GRANDMA KUEHNIS

Grandma Schanbacher Kuehnis (Keen-us), my maternal grandmother, was born in Stuttgart, Germany on April 13, 1848. Her maiden name was Fredericka Katrina Buob.

Grandma came to the United States at the age of sixteen, with her parents, Gotrub and Magdelina Buob. They arrived on the east coast from Germany. Their destination was San Francisco, California. Due to the Indian uprising taking place at that time across the U.S. continent, they decided to travel by boat around "the horn," the southernmost part of the South American continent, in order to reach San Francisco. (As I remember, Grandma's brother, Oscar Buob, arrived in the U.S. several years previously.)

Albert Schanbacher, also born in Germany (October 7, 1843) had arrived in San Francisco in 1862, at the age of nineteen years.

At that time there was a German community that had formed in San Francisco. Grandma and Grandpa Schanbacher had met in that city and were married during the year of 1865.

Their first child, Mathilda, was born to them in 1867. Unfortunately, she died from scarlet fever at the age of six. They had eight children in that union -- five of them were born in San Francisco. Besides Mathilda, they were Charles, Rosa, Albert and Emma (my Mother). Grandma and Grandpa moved their family to Watsonville in September 1875. My mother was six months old at that time. Great Grandma and Great Grandpa Buob also joined them and Oscar in Watsonville, California.

Here, too, there was a German community as with all foreign influx. Then as well as in later years, the immigrants were not readily accepted. However, that

feeling soon passed -- at least for the Germans.

Grandma and Grandpa Schanbacher took possession of a lovely, two-story, white house at 607 Walker Street. Her parents (the Buobs) bought a home next to them with only the Schanbacher acreage separating the two houses. Grandma gave birth to three more Schanbacher children -- Justina (Tina), Frederick (Fred) and Julius.

Grandpa Schanbacher operated a tannery at the northern end of Walker Street. His business flourished for a while. Then business became slack. Some of his creditors could not pay. This kept Grandpa from meeting his obligations. Along with seven children to care for and her daily routine, Grandma also managed to help Grandpa in many ways. She cooked and fed the tannery workers each day. The workers' sleeping quarters were located in the tannery building. Each one had a separate room.

As time passed, the operation of the tannery became more and more difficult for Grandpa. He tried to keep his worries to himself. I'm sure he felt that Grandma had more than her share of burdens. He became terribly distraught, wondering how much longer he could continue the business and care for his dear family. The stress, extreme anxiety and sleepless nights became more than he could endure. At the age of 48 he took his gun, went out into the field and ended his life. That left Grandma alone with her little brood. She was a strong, courageous lady. Her baby, Julius, was six weeks old and Charles, her oldest, was twelve years of age at



GRANDMA KUEHNIS CIRCA 1914

that time.

Carl G. Kuehnis, a man that my grandparents met in San Francisco, was Grandpa's bookkeeper. He was from Switzerland, born on August 17, 1852. He was a very reliable and heedful servant and would often caution Grandpa in regards to certain transactions. (I still have one of Carl Kuehnis' ledgers in my possession. His script is one of the most beautiful pieces of pencraft I have ever seen. I am entering a copy of one page of his ledger in this story.)

After Grandpa Schanbacher's death, Carl Kuehnis continued as bookkeeper and manager of the tannery business for Grandma. I do not know what method or system he used but he did manage to pull the business out of the slump.

As time passed, Grandma's and Carl's friendship developed into courtship and love. His devotion to the Schanbacher children was an inspiring factor for Grandma to accept Carl's proposal for marriage.

Watsonville April 2, 1883

To Ch. Warner		
2 Sides Solleather 44 ¹ / ₂ lbs. 29		12 90
- 9 -		
To H. Hetherington		
to 1 Side Solleather 23 lbs. 28		6 44
- 11 -		
Mr. Rogge		
To 1 Side Solleather 24 lbs. 29		6 96
- 17 -		
H. Hetherington		
To 1 S. Solleather 29 lbs. 25		8 12
May 4.		
To H. Hetherington		
1 Side Solleather 29 lbs. 25		8 12
- 7 -		
To Mr. Hopkins		
2 Sides Harness 49 lbs. 39 ¹ / ₂		17 39
- 15 -		
To Mr. Rogge 1 S. Solleather		
26 lbs. 29.		7 54
14 Doz. Calfskins 19 ¹ / ₄ lbs. 150		25 95
- 16 -		
To Mr. Synam		
1 S. Solleather 23 lbs. 29		7 25
- 19 -		
To O. Friermuth		
1 S. Solleather 14 ¹ / ₂ lbs. 29		5 99
- 21 -		
To H. Hetherington		
1 S. Solleather 25 lbs. 28		7 00
14 Doz. Calfskins 19 ¹ / ₄ lbs. 150		25 42



Funeral Notice.

The Officers and Members of Pajaro Lodge No. 90,
I. O. O. F., are requested to assemble at their hall
tomorrow,

Tuesday, April 3d, 1900,

At 12:30 P. M. Sharp,

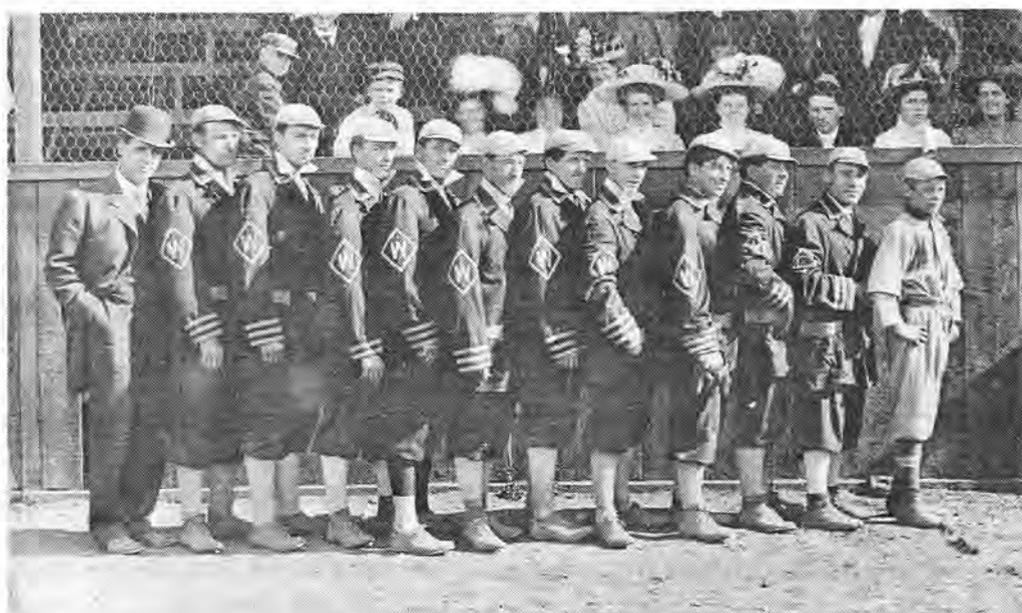
For the purpose of going to the Watsonville Depot to
meet the remains of our late Brother,

Charles G. Kuehnis,

And escorting the same to the Presbyterian Church,
where the services will be held at 1:30 o'clock.

Peter Anderson, N. G.

L. D. Holbrook, Rec. Sec.



WATSONVILLE BASEBALL TEAM AT SCHANBACHER PARK CIRCA 1905
 BERTHA KUEHNIS IN GRANDSTAND
 (WOMAN ON LEFT WITH WIDE-BRIMMED HAT)

Grandma had two more children in that union -- Bertha and Eugene Kuehnis. Grandpa Kuehnis proved to be a wonderful father to all and helped Grandma raise her seven Schanbacher children to maturity.

After approximately sixteen years of marriage, Grandpa Kuehnis died in a San Francisco hospital after a bout with skin cancer, at the age of 48. At that date most of the children were married. Later the rest of Grandma's children were also wedded with the exception of Frederick (my Uncle Fred). Grandma and her son, Fred, lived in the large house by themselves. Together they cared for their lovely big vegetable garden, various kinds of berries and fruits as well as beautiful flowers. The Jersey cow that grazed on two acres of adjoining pasture was Uncle Fred's special project.

Grandma had a large screened-in porch on the north side of the kitchen. There she kept her spec-

ial pans for milk, from which she skimmed of luscious, thick cream. They always managed to have a crank freezer full of home-made ice cream for their Sunday company as well as families.

On the south side of Grandma's home and driveway was a tall picket fence. On the other side of this fence, the Spreckles sugar factory was located.

The tannery business had been disposed of but Grandma still owned all the buildings, which she rented out. The large acreage on the corner of Walker and Ford Streets also furnished income. Later that land was used as a ball park. The fairly-large bleachers for spectators were built in the northwest corner of the ball park. Whenever a circus or carnival came to town, they too rented this large field for their shows and entertainment.

About 1912 Grandma and Uncle Fred decided that it was time to give up the big, spacious home and

move into a smaller house. At that date Grandma was about 64 years of age. She had had a very busy life raising her nine children and helping to raise three of her sister Katie's children. She outlived two husbands, ran a business and kept her family together.

Grandma built a nice, modern home at 109 Jefferson Street in Watsonville in 1912 -- just one block away from her son Julius' family home at 30 Jefferson Street. (Some years earlier Grandma had owned Julius' house. She rented it to her son Albert after his first marriage. Later Julius purchased it from Grandma.)

After Grandma and Uncle Fred moved from Walker Street, my mother and father rented Grandma's big house. We lived there for several years. When we moved back to our home on 232 First Street, the big house was then rented to the Christensen family (Mable's folks) of long acquaintance.

Grandma's and Uncle Fred's new home was several blocks from where I was attending grammar school. Many times I walked to Grandma's house for lunch. She made a delicious German dish called spatsan. This was served with a green salad (salat) and stewed tomatoes. Also, a favorite of mine was her good chicken rebelee soup. She was a great cook -- mostly German style.

After Grandma and Uncle Fred enjoyed their new home for five years, Grandma developed an infection in one of her toes. Her doctor diagnosed it as gangrene. That meant that the toe had to be amputated. In those days medical science was limited. Diabetes was

not generally known about in that era. I truly believe that diabetes was my dear Grandmother's ailment.

Within the year Grandma had to have her leg amputated above the knee due to the spread of the gangrene. She hovered between life and death for several weeks while in the hospital. When she returned to her home her condition was still very critical. We all prayed so hard for God to spare our dear Grandmother.

Reverend Rose lived across the street from Grandma's house. He came over to see her and prayed for her each day. God did hear and answer our prayers, for which we were very grateful. He let us have our dear, kind Grandmother for some time longer. We all loved her so much. Mrs. Marshall, a registered nurse that cared for her, was a wonderful woman.

When Grandma had fully recuperated she was able to walk with two crutches. Soon she had an artificial limb fitted by Mr. Wertenburger of San Francisco. She then was able to walk with only one crutch or the aid of someone.

Grandma Kuehnis had to give up her lovely home. She sold it to her youngest daughter, Bertha, and her husband, Frank Bezell. They had three darling, little boys. This made an ideal home for them.

Grandma adjusted readily to her future plans. She spent a month or two with her four married children and families. Each family looked forward to her visits and dreaded to see her leave -- grandparents mean so much to grandchildren, and vice versa. We all became well acquainted with Grandma during those years. She



GRANDMA KUEHNIS WHEN SHE WAS
LIVING AT OUR HOUSE 1918

spent more time at our home than she did at the others. This made my two brothers and me very happy. (In the meantime Uncle Fred came to live with us, making it his permanent home.)

As Grandma and I sat by the window in our dining room, she taught me how to darn socks, embroider and various other things. In those days of my childhood, clothes were patched, sewed and darned with needle and thread. I never forgot the compliment Grandma gave me on one occasion. She said, "Irma (she always mentioned my name with a German accent), you darn socks so well -- even better than your mother." That meant something to me as my Mama was an accomplished seamstress. I was then about twelve years old.

Grandma also taught me how to crochet. I started out with the chain stitch; then single and double stitches. My first project was a dainty, crocheted border around a lady's linen handkerchief. I later made the front band and side-turn-ups for a satin-ribbon Dutch

dust cap. Dust caps were worn to protect the long hair from dust while sweeping, etc. The broom was the main tool for cleaning in the early days. There were many uses for it. No sweepers or vacuum cleaners at that time -- consequently, dust.

My main crocheted project (and I must say that I was extremely proud of it) was a pretty yoke for a nightgown that Mama made for me. The rose-colored yoke had a pattern of roses in it. That "nightie" was worn for years.

Grandma Kuehnis and I were real pals. I loved her very much. I would sit alongside of her by the hour, listening to her interesting stories of her childhood in "the old country" -- her native Germany. She was born and raised in Stuttgart. I also liked to sleep with Grandma in the big double bed. There, too, I would ask her questions about her childhood. Her parents' home was at the top of a hill. One story that is vivid in my mind is the time her mother let her wheel her baby sister, in the baby carriage, back and forth on their front sidewalk. Grandma asked her mama if she could take her baby sister for a stroll in the buggy. Her mama consented but told Grandma to stay on the sidewalk directly in front of their house. I guess Grandma got brave as well as bored, so decided to venture a little further. A short distance from the house was a steep hill. At this point Grandma decided that she had better wheel the baby back to their sidewalk. While turning the carriage around, it got away from her. Carriage and baby went careening down the hill -- Grandma in pursuit. She ran so



FOUR GENERATIONS
GRANDMA KUEHNIS AND MAMA STANDING
GREAT GRANDMA BUOB SITTING
AND HOLDING ME (IRMA)

fast trying to catch it, but the faster she ran, the faster the baby went in her buggy.

When Grandma saw the buggy topple over and heard her little baby sister crying, Grandma too began to cry. A nice man that saw the accident came to their rescue. About that time her Mama came looking for Grandma and the baby. Of course Grandma received just punishment (I never heard about that) and wasn't allowed to take the baby out in the buggy until she was somewhat older than eight years of age. Fortunately, the baby wasn't hurt. Just a few scratches, but I'll wager that the wee one was terribly frightened -- or was she? Maybe she really enjoyed the "roller-coaster" ride. Who knows?

Grandma had pretty, long, ashen-colored hair. It was a joy to me when I brushed and combed her tresses. I would fashion it in

various ways. Grandma loved my so-called talent.

I can truthfully say that my Grandma was a real companion to me along with being a big help to my mother. She pared and cleaned vegetables, strung the green beans (we didn't have stringless beans at that date), shelled peas, peeled potatoes and many other helpful chores. Too, Mama knew that making Grandma feel useful was the best therapy to be administered to her. Also, it was a help to Mama to have those tedious chores eliminated. However, I found it most pleasant helping Grandma with some of those tasks.

When Grandma would leave our house to visit some of her other families (sons and daughters) there was a great emptiness in our household. She very seldom stayed away for more than six weeks or two months at a time. She would return to our home and later visit one of the other families.

One of her sons-in-law had a boarding hotel and saloon in South San Francisco. He would send a case of red port wine to our house for Grandma. Each night before retiring she would drink a small glass of the wine to help her relax and sleep. (Even though her leg was amputated, she still had severe pains in the would-be leg. These are called sympathetic pains.)

When Mama would bring Grandma her little glass of wine, which she usually drank while sitting on the edge of the bed, "little Irma" thought that she was being slighted. Surely, being at the ripe old age of six, I knew that I was entitled to whatever my Grandma had. Mama knew exactly

how to appease my childhood desires. She gave me a glass the same size as Grandma's, filled it with water and added about a teaspoon of my Grandma's wine. That was enough to give it a little color. Thus, I was satisfied.

In spite of her handicap I know her golden years were happy ones with the exception of the grief she endured over loss of several of her children. However, it wasn't many years before Grandma joined them in heaven.

In January of 1922 Grandma became very ill while at our home on First Street. My two younger brothers and I always attended Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church each Sunday. Upon returning home on February 4, 1922 we saw the gray hearse in front of our house. We knew then that our dear, sweet Grandma had gone to meet her Lord, and many members of her family.

Grandma's funeral was held at her son's, Julius Schanbacher's, home at 30 Jefferson Street in Watsonville. She was buried in the Schanbacher plot with her father, mother, two husbands and several of her children. This plot is in the Odd Fellows' (IOOF) Cemetery, now called Watsonville Pioneer Cemetery. Grandma's parents had passed on many years before.

Grandma left a big void in all our homes and hearts. We missed her terribly but the wonderful memories that she implanted in our minds still linger. Her presence was a blessing to us all. She was a most brave and wonderful person who always looked at the brighter side of life and knew that her faith in God would suffice. She had a heart full of love and



IRMA, GRANDMA KUEHNIS, MAMA,
AND JIM. LLOYD SITTING BELOW.
1918

understanding. Her generosity, kindness, and faith in God has set an example for later generations.



GRANDMA KUEHNIS' FAMILY CIRCA 1896
LEFT-TO-RIGHT STANDING: ROSA SCHANBACHER, JULIUS SCHANBACHER,
ALBERT SCHANBACHER, TINA SCHANBACHER, & FRED SCHANBACHER.
SEATED: (MAMA) EMMA SCHANBACHER, (GRANDPA) CARL KUEHNIS,
EUGENE KUEHNIS, (GRANDMA) FREDRICKA SCHANBACHER KUEHNIS,
& BERTHA KUEHNIS.
NOT SHOWN: MATHILDA SCHANBACHER (FIRST CHILD -- DIED AT AGE 4)
AND CHARLES SCHANBACHER (DIED AT AGE 24)

Grandma (Schanbacher) Kuehnis' recipe
for Spatsan

3 eggs lightly beaten

3 cups sifted flour

1/2 tsp. salt

Mix well

Gradually add 1 cup milk

Beat for *four minutes*

In a large kettle, bring water to a rolling boil. Place about 1 cup of spatsan dough on a flat plate. With a knife, cut dough off of edge of plate into water. With each cut make sure the knife blade is first dipped into the boiling water. When the spatsan floats, remove from water with a slotted spoon (or into a colander). Then place in a heated dish. Use the same water for the next batch. When finished, pour browned, melted butter over all.

Serve with the following:

Grandma (Schanbacher) Kuehnis' recipe
for German Salat (salad)

Wash and break lettuce into pieces, into a bowl.

Cut onion into thin half-moons.

Add salt and pepper.

Pour oil and vinegar over all.

Mix and serve soon.

Grandma (Schanbacher) Kuehnis' recipe
for Stewed Tomatoes

Cook cut tomatoes (peeled) with or without thinly-sliced onions.

Add salt, a little sugar, and chunks of butter, as well as enough small pieces of bread to help absorb the tomato juice.

These dishes go well together and are very palatable recipes from my maternal Grandmother and my mother.

CHAPTER 3

MY PAPA

Schleswig
~~Slesvig~~ -- Holstein.
New part of Germany

This was a typo
on the passport.
Oksen is correct

My father, Jim Larsen Oksen (Jens Lassen Ogsen in Danish) was born to Ansine Marie Schmidt Oksen and Laust Jergen Oksen on December 27, 1867 in Slewig-Holstein, Denmark. He was next to the oldest of five children -- his sister, Tobina, being the eldest. His father died at an early age, in his late 30s. This left his mother with total support of the family. At the age of seven, my father herded cattle in Denmark to help support the family.

In 1884, at the age of seventeen, he came to the United States. He worked as a stevedore at the docks in San Francisco. When he had saved enough money, he sent for his mother and the rest of her children in Denmark. They settled in Oakland at that time.

Before long, my father moved to Watsonville. Here he learned the butchering and slaughtering business while working for the Tuttle Company. The slaughter house was located near the narrow-gauge railroad-trestle bridge that crossed the Pajaro River.

Soon my father bought a house on an acre of ground from a Mr. Sullivan. It was located on the northeast corner of First and Locust Streets. The house had a large kitchen, pantry, dining room, parlor, two bedrooms and a bathroom. When some necessary repairs were finished on the house, his mother and part of the family came to live with him.

Papa's sister, Tobina, was not well. She suffered from anemia. Daily, she walked about a mile to the slaughter house where my father was working. He would give her a cup full of fresh, warm, beef blood to drink. Without a doubt, this soon built up her blood supply and she regained her normal health.

Albert Schanbacher, my mother's brother, was also a

butcher for the Tuttle Company. Through his acquaintance my father met my mother, Emma Ida Schanbacher. After several years of courtship they were united in marriage on January 1, 1898. They were married in my Grandma Kuehnis' home on Walker Street. At that time my mother was twenty-three years of age and my father was thirty.

Being raised in a city, Mama knew little about camping and living in the wilderness. Papa soon indoctrinated her into being a mountain girl.

Shortly after their marriage, Mrs. Helen Quilty offered them both work at Tassajara Hot Springs, which they accepted. In the summer time Papa was a masseur for the men guests and Mama was a masseuse for the women. Many of the guests desired a massage after a steaming-hot bath. Papa also did the butchering for the hotel. During the winter months he was caretaker at Tassajara and attended the livestock.

Both of my parents loved Tassajara Hot Springs and remained there most of the seven years until November 1905. Just two months before I was born, Papa drove Mama to Watsonville in the horse and buggy, in deep snow in the dead of winter. It took them several days to make the trip. Being heavy with child, Mama had to rest often. When necessary, Papa would make a clearing to erect a shelter and build a fire so Mama could rest and sleep. Is it any wonder that I have always loved the rugged mountain life -- as does my family?

I was born on January 15, 1906 at Grandma Kuehnis' home at 607

Walker Street. Papa remained with Mama until April 6, 1906, at which time he was to return to Tassajara to get the hotel premises ready for summer guests. He left early that morning. When Papa got as far as Salinas, he discovered that he had left his keys in Watsonville. These were essential to have as they were the keys to the hotel and surrounding buildings. Papa and Topsy, his horse, had two starts for the mountains for that trip. He again left early the following day -- April 7, 1906. After waiting eight years for his bouncing, six-pound baby girl, was it any wonder why Papa was forgetful? It must have been difficult to say "good bye" twice to his loved ones.

On the morning of April 18, 1906 the great San Francisco earthquake struck. Although Tassajara Springs is about two-hundred miles from San Francisco, the earth trembled and shook the terrain around Tassajara basin. Papa said he thought the surrounding mountains were going to fall down on him. Big boulders and rocks came tumbling down. He returned to Watsonville and his little family immediately as he heard the town of Watsonville was under water. This rumor proved to be false.

About a week after the earthquake, Papa and Mama returned to Tassajara, taking me with them. That was home to them. They loved the Santa Lucia Mountains. They both continued working there until I was about two years old. At that time they left their beloved Tassajara and moved into their little home on First Street in Watsonville. Here, Mama gave birth to my oldest brother, James



PAPA, MAMA, AND ME (IRMA) 1906

Albert, on July 20, 1908.

Papa went into the hack (horse-drawn taxi) business with a man called "Daddy Baer." For some reason unbeknown to me, they dissolved their partnership after a couple of years.

Papa again went to work for the Tuttle Company slaughter house, now located on Riverside Road. To be near Papa's work, we moved from our First Street house into a house close by, owned by the Tuttle Company. Papa was not a tall man in stature, but brawny, muscular and strong as an ox -- weighing about 175 pounds. He had the reputation of being the only butcher in this area that could dress out a beef in the shortest time, carrying the carcass and hanging it by himself. It usually took two men to do this task. However, it probably was the cause of him developing a hernia

some time later. Trusses were used for such in those days, not surgery.

Our house was located about 500 feet from the slaughter house, with a sheep pen between. I can remember Papa coming into the house one day with a bloody towel wrapped around his elbow. He had run a meat-hanging hook through his elbow area. Mama and Papa cared for this injury themselves. In those days people were more-or-less on their own and only contacted a doctor if absolutely necessary.

My youngest brother, Lloyd Peter, was born at this Riverside Road home. He arrived before Dr. P.K. Watters came. Mrs. Scotchko and Papa delivered him. About a year after Lloyd's birth, my folks moved back to their little home on First Street in 1911.

At this time, Papa went into partnership with William Kennedy in the hack business. It was known as Kennedy and Oksen Hack Service. A hack is a horse-drawn carriage or coach, with four wheels, that is pulled by a team of horses. They had different kinds of hacks for hire for various occasions, such as weddings, funerals, and local calls as well as long-distance trips. They met all passenger trains, both at Pajaro Junction and Watsonville Depot. This venture proved to be very successful.

As I remember, Papa and Mr. Kennedy owned eight beautiful horses which had to be watered, fed, curried and groomed daily. Also, the stables had to be cleaned and scrubbed each day. The harnesses were oiled and polished. I can still see Papa in his hip boots



KENNEDY & OKSEN HACK SERVICE
FIRST STREET 1912

and leather apron, washing and polishing the hacks. The interiors of these vehicles were beautiful and attractive. The barn, where all was cared for, was on First street about one-half block from Main Street and three blocks from our home.

As time passed, automobiles began to replace horse-drawn carriages. About 1914 Papa and Mr. Kennedy decided to replace some of their hacks with cars. One of the first and earliest cars was a Winton limousine. Then came other cars -- Moon, two Model-T Fords, Studebaker, Kissel, Franklin, and Willys Knight. These are just the ones I remember.

Whenever Papa went to San Francisco to bring back a new car for the taxi business, he always brought Mama and us kiddies a surprise. One that stands out in my memory was a large candy frying pan, in which were several eggs (sunny side up) and strips of lean bacon. These were all made of coconut candy and so, so good. I

must not forget the boxes of chocolate candies too.

Papa had never spanked me, although I'm sure he must have felt like doing so at times. Needless to say, I was "Papa's little gal." When he spanked my brothers for being disobedient, he always used his hand. He would take them to the barn and give them a lecture before administering the spankings. I stood outside and yelled, "Papa, Papa, please don't spank them!" I'm sure it hurt me as much as it did them, although they had it coming. I, too, got a spanking occasionally but given by Mama.

As a rule, spankings were a minimum form of punishment in our childhood. Mama and Papa had other means of reprimanding us when need be. As I recall, we very seldom spoke cross to Papa, but if we used a swear word, or if we sassied Mama, we got our mouths washed out with soap (hand soap). Another form of childhood punishment was to be sent to bed without supper. Sometimes we would later sneak into the kitchen and "snitch a snack." I'm sure Mama knew it but realized we were hungry and pretended not to hear us. Papa was more stern, and when he spoke we heeded his command. But Mama was so "easy going." We could "twine her around our little finger."

Papa never smoked cigarettes. When he did smoke, it was either a pipe or a cigar. Occasionally he would take a chaw of tobacco. Mostly he enjoyed chewing gum -- usually Spearmint, Pepsin, or Doublemint flavors. (We kids favored Black Jack with its licorice flavor). Mama didn't usually

indulge. Papa carried his chewing gum in his vest pocket. We kiddies would eagerly search his vest pockets when he came home as he always had enough to share, and a big kiss for us all. I can truthfully say that we three had a most enjoyable childhood. We had lots of love. Papa was a good provider. We did not know real hardships.

In spite of Papa's very busy days, he always had time for us kiddies. He built me a lovely play house in our back yard. It was about 8-feet by 10-feet. I felt like a little princess in it. For the boys there was a large swing built between two big posts. I enjoyed this too. There was also a horse-shoe pit, and an area for playing marbles and spinning tops. As a project for my brothers, Papa built a battery of cages and bred and raised rabbits for the market.

My father was a great out-of-doors man and spent much of his time, when he could spare it, fishing, hunting, camping, trapping and really enjoying the wilderness. When in season, surf fishing, abalone and muscle hunting, and clamming drew him to the ocean's edge. He was a true nature lover.

Vegetable gardening and raising berries were Papa's home hobbies, along with carpentry and repair work of which there was always plenty. Mama was involved in the gardening project. They worked together, planting in our one-acre of land on Locust Street. They raised all kinds of vegetables, mainly potatoes. They also grew raspberries, mammoth and Himalayan blackberries, and loganberries.

The Oksen family were wonderful vocalists. Three of Papa's



AUNT TOBINA AND PAPA CIRCA 1917

brothers were choir leaders in churches. My father sang but not in public. His favorite song was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." He also played an accordion. The family inherited their singing talent from their mother -- my Grandma Oksen -- who had a beautiful voice. Even in her last years one could hear her singing above all the congregation in church. She really put her heart into her hymns.

I had an uncle, by marriage, that had a hotel and saloon in South San Francisco. He was not too well liked by the families, but because he was the husband of Mama's sister, Rosa, Papa loaned him quite a large sum of money. When due, Papa went to the hotel to collect on the loan. Fortunately he could only collect part of it.

As he left the hotel that night he walked the short distance to the railroad tracks. Here he planned to flag down a passenger train to take him home. Three robbers jumped out from behind a clump of eucalyptus trees. Apparently they were some fellows who had been at the hotel and knew that Papa had cash on him. He fought off two of them when the third one struck Papa over the head with a heavy instrument. After taking the money, Papa's watch, his gold fob, and his ring, they dragged him to the tracks, leaving him lying unconscious across the railroad tracks. The train was due any minute.

I'm sure that God took over, for shortly some people came by in a car and found Papa there, unconscious. They drove him all the way to our home in Watsonville. It was 3:00 AM when Mama opened the front door for him. We kiddies were all awake. I can still see my dear father stumbling into the front room, all crouched over with pain. Besides bruises and cuts, he had several broken ribs. The pain had to be very bad to cause him to shed tears. This was the first time I had ever seen Papa cry. It broke my heart. We all cried with him. Rest and love was the essential remedy.

Papa was a volunteer fireman and participated in the hose-cart team that won the Diamond Belt in the July 4th contest. He also was a long-standing member of the Odd Fellows Lodge (International Order of Odd Fellows -- IOOF).

About 1915 and 1916 children were starting to call their fathers "Dad," so from now on my Papa will be "My Dad." Although at

times I now refer to my mother as "Mom," she always remained a "Mama" to me to the end.

Around this time Mr. Kennedy's eyesight started failing. His driving was very limited. This put extra strain and work on my Dad, even though they hired two extra drivers for the taxi business.

Dad's working hours were long and seven days each week. For this reason he never attended church with mama and us kiddies. However, my father's temple was the great outdoors, and in his heart was his love for God.

When in my teens, I thought Dad and mama were too strict with me. As I grew older I fully understood their concerns and I thanked them for it.

Dad was very devoted to all his family. He was a loving husband to Mama, and a wonderful father to us children. He was also very devoted and concerned with his elderly mother who lived two doors from us. I can truthfully say that I never heard my father and mother quarrel or speak harshly to each other. They always had compassion and a kind word for everyone. He and Mama celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on January 1, 1923.

Dad also had a wonderful sense of humor and often times played jokes on us kids. Dad's plans were to soon retire and buy a little farm in the country with a nice house on it. Here, he and Mama could enjoy their golden years together. His dream never matured.

Mr. Kennedy lost his eyesight completely around 1920. This put the bulk of the business on Dad's shoulders. Even with the extra help, he had to work much harder



OUR FAMILY
 JAMES, MAMA, LLOYD, PAPA, AND ME (IRMA)
 1923

and longer hours. This, I truly believe was a contributing factor to my dear father's illness and early death.

Dad came home early from work one day. He made the remark, "I don't feel well enough to work nor sick enough to go to bed." He was only ill about three weeks before he left us. He had gradually grown worse and his mind started to fail him. He soon became bedfast. The two weeks Dad was in bed was a very hard and trying time for us. It was so sad to see my wonderful father grow weaker day by day. He soon became unconscious and couldn't take nourishment. Dr. Koepke Sr. kept him alive and from dehydration by administering the Murphy drip technique. That is sugar and water injected through the rectum. The intravenous sys-

tem was not known at that date.

Mom and we three knelt constantly by his bed, asking God to please spare our Daddy for us. He was so young -- only 57 years old. God's will is not always our will. God took our father home on a November evening in 1924. The doctor diagnosed his illness as encephalitis, a sleeping sickness and very contagious.

I was seventeen years old and my brothers were fifteen and thirteen when Dad left us. It seemed as though he had so much for which to live. Dad's death was very hard on Mama but, bless her, she held up well for the sake of us children.

Dad was buried from his long-time home on First Street, under the auspices of the Odd Fellows Lodge. The mourners' cars were lined up for five or six blocks.

That was considered a very large funeral at that time. He had many devoted friends. He was buried in the Odd Fellow's Cemetery, now called Watsonville Pioneer Cemetery. He was laid to rest alongside of his dear mother who died just a year earlier.

Dad left us with a legacy of love and hope. His loving memory will remain with me as long as I live.

I've often thought how wonderful it would have been if my dear father could have lived to enjoy his grandchildren, and his great ones, too. He had a great love for children and pets. His grandchildren would have loved and enjoyed him, too, as they also have inherited his love for nature and the great outdoors.

I can well remember that in later years Pavey's Taxi was competing with Kennedy and Oksen Taxi Service. Mr. and Mrs. Pavey first operated it. Later their daughter, Alzora Pavey (Snyder), assisted them.



Indtegningsbeviis

om Optagelse i Røgdserullen af

Fulde Navn: *Jens Lassen Lichten*

Fødselsaar og Fødselsdag: 1807 d. 27 Decbr.

Fødested: *Hjørring (Hjørring)*

Faders eller Moders Navn og Livsstilling: *Anders Lassen*

Anmeldt *20* 18 *85*

Købt og hvor optaget i Røgdserullen

År	Måned	Dag	Indføringsnr.	Røgd.	Optag.	År	Optagelsesnr. i Røgdserullen
1885	<i>Jan</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>4</i>	<i>B</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>38</i>	<i>Købt</i>
1886							
1887							
1888							
1889							
1890							
1891							
1892							
1893							
1894							
1895							
1896							

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CHAPTER 4

MY MAMA

My darling mother, christened Emma Ida Schanbacher, God rest her soul, was loved by all and had a disposition that radiated passion, understanding, tolerance, and love. She was born in San Francisco on March 10, 1875, of German parents that came to America from Stuttgart, Germany in the mid-1800s.

When Mama was six months old, her parents moved to Watsonville, California. They bought a lovely two-story home at 607 Walker Street, located next to the Spreckles Sugar Factory. That remained the family home for years to come. There, many cheerful and happy hours were shared by families and friends, as well as heartaches and tears, under the big, gable roof.

Mama was the fifth child of ten children. Each time my grandmother gave birth to a baby, my grandfather presented her with a lovely gift. When Mama was born he gave Grandma a beautiful, solid-gold belt buckle. In that era buckles and belts were very fashionable. This gift cost Grandpa Schanbacher \$25.00, which was considered a big price at that time (1875). (Mama gave this lovely buckle to me when I was about twenty years old. I have worn it and treasured it.)

Mama was six years old when her father died. She had two sisters older than she. Mathilda, the eldest, died in San Francisco at the age of six years, so Mama never knew her. Aunt Rosie (Rosa) was four years older than my mother. Grandma did all the sewing for her children. One time, when making Aunt Rosie a dress, Grandma laid a dozen buttons on the table. When she was ready to sew them onto the dress, they had disappeared. This was quite a puzzle for Grandma. She couldn't locate them anyplace. The following morning she found them in Mama's potty, all twelve of them. At

the age of fourteen months those pretty buttons must have looked quite appetizing.

Aunt Rosie had a beautiful wax doll that she had received for her sixth birthday. One day Mama and the wax doll disappeared. After an extensive search, Grandma found both of them in a clothes closet. Mama was sitting on the floor chewing to her heart's content. Upon investigation Grandma discovered that the nose of the pretty wax doll was missing. Needless to say, Aunt Rosie was heartbroken. A doll without a nose is a sad looking baby.

Mama had her daily chores to do in her growing-up years. Along with setting the table and washing the dishes, she also cleaned the lamp chimneys each day. Her older sister, Rosa, took care of filling the lamps with coal oil (kerosene) daily. Weekly window washing, particularly in the kitchen and dining room, was a weekly chore for the girls, as well as helping to change beds and assisting their mother in scrubbing clothes on the wash board.

Tina, two years younger than Mama, also helped with the chores. She excelled in the yard and loved gardening. Rosa loved to iron with the "sad irons" that were heated on the stove. (In those days there were no convenient appliances, but never having had them they didn't miss them.) Mama said that Rosa could iron clothes so beautifully. The three girls -- Aunt Rosie, Aunt Tina and Mama -- were devoted companions until they married. They all became good cooks and wonderful seamstresses.

On one occasion when Mama was about twelve years old, her

mother sent her and Rosa to Palmtag's Brewery to obtain some yeast for baking bread. On their way home at almost dusk, they peered into the window of a Chinese laundry of which they had to pass enroute. To their amazement they saw a Chinaman sprinkling down clothes. (This was a procedure before steam irons were invented.) What amused the girls so was that he was squirting the water onto the clothes through his teeth. He would take a mouthful of water and squirt it onto the clothes before rolling them up in a towel. This procedure continued until he saw them. They ran so fast, laughing so hard, that they almost spilled the yeast in the little pail.

Mama attended local schools. She was a bright scholar and excelled in writing, reading and spelling. She won most of the spelling bees between the classes. As mama grew older, her dark brown hair grew longer. It was beautiful and reached well past her hips. Her eyes were hazel-green, her complexion flawless and her winning smile won everyone's attention as well as their hearts. Mama's brother, Albert, and my papa worked together as butchers at that time. It was through Albert that my mother and father met.

Mama and Papa were married on January 1st 1898, in Grandma's big house. Papa courted Mama for several years before they were married. One of Grandma's boarders who went to the Klondike, Alaska gold fields and became very rich, tried his best to win Mama's love but Papa won out by a big margin. Mama was twenty-three years old when she married Papa.



EMMA I. SCHANBACHER AND JIM L. OKSEN JANUARY 1, 1898

Until my mother married my father, she was not a mountaineer gal, having spent most of her early life in cities and by the sea shore. (When she was sixteen and seventeen years old she worked for Mrs. Martin in Santa Cruz, near the beach -- also for Mrs. Werner at Werner's Hill.) Shortly after their marriage, Mama and Papa accepted a job at Tassajara Hot Springs. This resort was owned by Mrs. Helen Quilty. It took Mama and Papa several days travel through the Santa Lucia Mountains, by horse and buggy, to get to their new job.

This was Mama's first trip into Tassajara. She told me that she thought she was coming to the end of the world. The narrow, winding

and steep dirt road was frightening but the rugged, wooded canyons, which seemed to have no bottom in sight, were almost unbearable. She was one happy lady when they finally arrived in the Tassajara basin. I'm sure that Papa was somewhat relieved, also, for Mama's sake.

In the summer time Papa was a masseur for the men and Mama was a masseuse for the women that desired a massage after their hot baths. During the winter my folks were caretakers at "the Springs." When in Watsonville they visited at my two grandmothers' houses. They remained at Tassajara most of the time for the next eight years, returning to Watsonville just two months before

I was born. Shortly afterward they returned to "the Springs" for two more years before moving back to Watsonville permanently.

In July 1908 Mama gave birth to her second child, James Albert. He was born at their home on First Street. Lloyd Peter was born in October 1910 at their rented house on Riverside Road, where Papa worked at the Tuttle Company slaughterhouse nearby.

While we children were growing up, Papa left the butcher business and went into the hack business, later called a taxi service. He worked nights and days meeting all trains at Watsonville Depot and Pajaro Junction as well as local calls. Mama was a very busy lady but she always had time to devote to her little family. She often read to us in the winter evenings, as we gathered around our little wood-burning, heating stove in the sitting and dining room. Horatio Alger books were some of our favorites, mostly boy's stories, but I too enjoyed them.

On Saturday evenings, in the summer time, Mama would take us three to the Watsonville Band Concert in the City Plaza. This was so much fun. We had a great time playing with other kids. Mama enjoyed the concerts and also the visits with other women that she knew. At that time, practically everyone in town knew each other. The population was about 2,500.

One of Papa's hack and taxi stands was at Martin's Cigar Store, directly across from the Plaza on Main Street. So, Papa often enjoyed the concerts too, when not busy. They lasted from 7:00 PM to 9:00 PM. After they were over, Papa usually drove us home in the

taxi.

Mama was a wonderful cook. She made it a point that we kiddies had a good substantial breakfast before going to school each morning. There was only Papa and Mama at home for the mid-day meal as we kiddies took our lunches to school with us. The main meal of the day was in the evening. This we called "supper." There was always some kind of meat, potatoes, a vegetable or two and a green salad. We kids had to "clean" our plates before we could have dessert. Sometimes we grumbled and pouted at the vegetable we disliked. I always ate that one first so as not to miss out on dessert.

Our main meal on Sundays was dinner at noon. Most always we had chicken or roast, mashed potatoes or a big German potato salad, and a vegetable or two. At that meal we looked forward to a luscious, whipped-cream cake for dessert. Having a wonderful Jersey cow, we always had plenty of thick cream and lots of milk to drink. Ice cream, made in our crank-freezer, was often a Sunday treat. We kiddies would take turns at turning the crank. The space between the wooden tub and the metal container, which held the ice cream mixture, was filled with ice and rock salt to freeze the ice cream mix. One of us kiddies always managed to lick the paddle that churned the ice cream mixture, when the ice cream was frozen.

At least once each week Mama made butter from the cream. I often helped to turn the paddles of this big, wooden churn. It seemed to me that it took such a long time

for the cream to separate and become butter. Later, we got a smaller, glass churn. We kids weren't particularly fond of buttermilk to drink but the folks enjoyed it, with little dabs of butter in it.

Mama also made "smear cass" (German) which now is called cottage cheese. -- we also used to call it "Dutch cheese." Mama would let the milk and cream first become sour and curdled, near the wood-burning cook stove. Then it was put into a clean, small, white, five-pound sugar sack and hung on the line to drip and drain. When fairly dry, Mama would put it into a bowl and mix a little sweet cream and a pinch of salt with it. It was really good. Sometimes we ate it with fruit or by itself, sprinkled with a little black pepper.

Mama had a definite routine for her work each week. Monday was wash day. One section of our barn, located a short distance from our house, was partitioned off for a laundry room, or wash room. In it was an old-fashioned washing machine. The big wooden tub sat on metal legs. It was called a cradle tub. It had a wooden handle, or rocker lever, that moved the tub in a semi-circle by "manpower." Each week I was part of that manpower. This swished the clothes back and forth to clean them. They then were put through a wringer, turned by hand -- then into a big, round, galvanized tub of rinse water. Mama always boiled the white clothes in an oblong, copper boiler on the top of the wood-burning stove. There was no Clorox or bleach in those days so this was the method used to make them snowy white. Fels-Naptha

bar soap was cut into shavings and used in the washing machine and boiler. (No soap powder at that time.) Little balls of bluing were tied in a piece of cloth and swished in the rinse water for white clothes. This prevented any yellowing.

After the clothes were rinsed and again put through the hand wringer, they were hung on the clothes line to dry -- hopefully the sun would shine. Argo starch, mixed with water, was boiled on the stove until thick. This was used on the shirts, dresses, pillow slips and doilies to give them body. When dry, the starched pieces, as well as others, were sprinkled with water and rolled up in a big bath towel, ready for ironing the next day. The other clothes were neatly folded -- some to be ironed and some to be put away in the drawers or on shelves.

Tuesday was Mama's day to iron. In the earlier years, ironing was quite a chore. The heavy irons that were used were called "sad irons." They were placed on the top of the wood-burning cook stove to heat. When very hot, they were picked up with a metal lifter that had a spring catch on it. This catch was secured to the sad iron. On the top of the metal lifter was a wooden-roller handle. This was the part that was used to push the iron over the clothes. About six sad irons were heated at one time. As soon as a used iron got cool, it was again placed on the stove to reheat, and a hot iron was clamped onto the handle. This was repeated until all clothes were ironed.

There were no fancy, convenient ironing boards in those days. A long, flat board was covered with



EMMA OKSEN (MAMA) AT GRANDMA
KUEHNIS' HOME 1912

a piece of heavy blanket for padding. A nice, white, worn-out piece of sheet was tacked onto the board over the blanket. The covered board was placed on the tops of two straight-back chairs -- one on each end. It was then ready for use. Mama always seemed to have a large basket full of clothes for ironing.

Wednesday was mending day. I'm sure Mama realized that "a stitch in time saves nine," as the adage goes. Some mending was done on her 1898 Montgomery Ward treadle sewing machine. This machine was used often to make shirts and night-shirts for the boys, nightgowns and numerous pretty dresses for me. I can remember helping Mama pick out yards of pretty plaids and different kinds of materials for my dresses. Of course there were pretty buttons, too. As I grew

older I helped Mama darn socks and underwear. Folks never threw garments away that could be mended.

On Thursdays I often went shopping, after school, with Mama. This was her day to do all the shopping for the week. Sometimes my two younger brothers went with us. At Daley Bros. dry goods store on Main and East Third Streets (across from the Plaza) and Alexander's Dry Goods Store on Main Street, there were rows of stools for the customers to sit on. The tops of these stools would spin around. My brothers would run from one stool to the next, spinning the seats. This made Mama furious. I'm sure she must have felt like spanking them then and there.

Much of the grocery shopping was done over the phone and delivered to our house. The butcher wagon, drawn by two horses, came by our home daily. Also a vegetable wagon, a fish wagon and a hominy cart. A very dirty-looking rag man passed our house weekly calling, "Rags, sacks, bottles?". We kiddies were afraid of him and would run into the house. (He was the forerunner, at least in style, to modern municipal recycling programs.) In later years a tamale cart came past -- the man calling, "Hot Tamales!".

Friday was cleaning day. The old broom worked overtime on that day, sweeping the floors, cleaning cobwebs off the ceilings and walls with a cloth draped over the straw end. Occasionally the big rugs were hung on the clothes line and beaten with the faithful broom to eliminate the dust. Dusting,

mopping, and washing windows and woodwork was also done on Friday. I helped clean the bathroom and dust furniture.

On Saturday I was Mama's helper in the kitchen. We started quite early in the morning. Getting the bread dough ready to rise was done the night before. I loved to assist her making pies. I fluted the edges of them or made fork prints around the edges. We made cookies in shapes of stars, moons and other designs. About once each month Mama made Danish cookies. They were so good! The Danish cookie recipe came from Grandma Oksen's father. He, my Great Grandpa Schmidt, had a bakery in Denmark.

Also, the cake layers were baked on Saturday and ready for the whipped-cream to be added on Sunday. Sometimes loganberries or blackberries were added. Bananas and strawberries were scarce then. Mama baked the bread in the oven of the wood-burning cook stove. When the gas stoves came into the picture, Papa bought Mama a nice, four-burner gas range with oven on the side and a broiler beneath the oven. This was called a "Jewel" range. I can still smell the aroma of that freshly-baked bread, that filled the house. How we kids loved hot bread with freshly-made butter and sprinkled with sugar. Often times Mama made Danish rye bread, too.

Saturday nights were our bath nights. After we moved from our Riverside Road house to our home in town, we had a nice, big, white bath tub. It was tin coated with white enamel. How different it was from the round, galvanized

tub set on two chairs that we used when living in the country. Mama always saw to it that we three were bathed, hair washed and ready for Sunday school the following morning. Papa always cut our hair.

Being that Papa's work kept him busy seven days each week, he was unable to attend church with Mama on Sundays. I usually went with her to the Presbyterian Church on East Third Street. That is where we were baptized and went to Sunday school.

Mama always had patience with us kids but once in a while we taxed her to the point of indignation. Only once can I remember her actually spanking me. Really, it wasn't a spanking but a strapping. My Uncle had made a leather strap for his wife for punishing their two children. I presume he figured that we three needed some reprimanding too, so he made one for Mama. It was a piece of leather about twelve inches long and two inches wide. One end was slit back to make five fingers, six inches long. The other end was curved to fit the hand. It had a hole in that end by which to hang it. I can't remember what I did to provoke Mama to the point of reaching for that strap, but I truly can remember the contact it made on my legs and bottom -- even through my clothes. Seems as though I never would forgive my uncle for making that horrible gadget for Mama. Once was enough. Mama said, "That hurt me worse than it did you," and she shed tears.

Mama kept this strap hanging on the kitchen wall, more for a reminder than to be used. We kids

often hid it from her. Papa never used it -- he used his hand on the boys. I can't remember of my father ever spanking me. (I still have the strap but never ever used it on my kids, even though I felt like it at times.)

Christmas and New Year were exciting days and times. Mama spent weeks ahead preparing fruit cakes, cookies, candies, anise bread and pies for these holidays. She made her own mince meat for the pies. Of course I was a big help. At least I thought so. I have my darling mother to thank for what I know about cooking and domestic affairs. Being that Papa couldn't be with us on Sundays during the summer, Mama would hitch up Topsy to the buggy and drive us to Grandma Kuehnis' ball park in the afternoons. Mama was a great baseball fan and enjoyed watching the games. We didn't sit in the bleachers. We had our own "private seats." On the further, north, side of the baseball field were the old tannery buildings that belonged to my grandfather. Mama put apple boxes next to the buildings. These were our special seats. They were definitely "ring-side seats." We rooted and clapped for the home team, just like all spectators do. When sitting became too boring, we kids played in the nearby creek, catching polywogs and little frogs. A little plum tree, nearby, provided us kids with refreshments. They tasted so good.

In order to get to the ball park from our house, Mama frequently drove down Walker Street as it was the shorter route. The Southern Pacific Railroad tracks also ran down this street. When the wheels

of the buggy would get in the crevices of the tracks and would scrape along the rails, my heart jumped into my throat. I was really frightened, thinking the buggy would overturn. However, Mama knew what she was doing. After several frights I became used to it.

The only time Mama worked away from home was when I was thirteen years old. Nothing was mentioned at home that times were difficult that year, but I could sense it. Mama worked in a packing house, sorting apples. I do believe she really enjoyed it as many of her friends found it necessary to supplement their budget, too. This was an opportunity for me to try out my culinary arts. I prepared supper for the family each evening. That made me feel quite grown up.

I had saved my money for several years. This was money I had earned doing errands and chores, and some I had received as gifts. I wanted to surprise Mama with a complete set of Wearever aluminum cookware for Christmas. Papa had made a deal with me. He said he would contribute what I lacked in cash. When Mama opened package after package of cookware under the tree that Christmas she was so excited, but not any more so than I. To this day, I still have some of it. It will Wear (for)ever. (Now -- many, many years later -- the large tea kettle sits on the heating stove in the living room at the Arroyo Seco cabin.)

I can readily remember three occasions when Mama received sad news. Two of them were when her sisters, Rosa and Bertha, passed

away, leaving little children to be cared for. Mama was grief-stricken. I cried right along with her. To see my dear Mama cry broke my heart. In each case she took the little ones to care for until the grief-stricken husbands could make future plans for them.

My mother and father were very devoted to each other. I cannot remember of them ever quarreling or speaking a harsh word to each other. They celebrated their silver wedding anniversary -- twenty-five years of happy marriage) on January 1, 1923. Relatives and friends gathered at their First Street home to help them celebrate and wish them future happiness together. One of my girl friends and I helped wait on the big, long table covered with a white, linen table cloth, decorated with green smilax and flowers. Grandma Kuehnis' Limouge china was used along with Mama's good silver. It was a real festive and happy occasion. They received many beautiful remembrances of friendship and love.

Needless to say that it was a terrible trauma to my mother when my devoted father passed on in November 1924. He was only ill about three weeks. Many prayers were offered to God to spare him. He was quite young -- only fifty-seven years old. God's will be done and Papa was taken home on an evening in November 1924. The doctor diagnosed his illness as encephalitis (sleeping sickness).

Just three weeks after Papa died, Mama fell off a chair and broke her ankle. She was trying to repair a window shade. It seems as though heartaches never come single.

I had my wedding date set for January 14, 1925. I wanted to postpone my wedding but Mama insisted I not do so. She told me that an old adage was, "It's bad luck to postpone a wedding." I didn't realize that Mama was superstitious -- maybe she was. Creston Aldridge and I were married at my home as planned. A dear friend cared for Mama while I was on my honeymoon.

Before Bobby, my first baby, was born on April 15, 1926, I visited Mama practically every day. She always had so many goodies on hand for me to eat. Is it any wonder that I gained fifty pounds during my first pregnancy?

After Mama's first grandchild was born, it opened a new door in her life. From that time on she was known to us all as "Nana," a most devoted title to a precious grandmother.

Mama had an ingrown goiter from the time I was born. Through the years the doctors advised her to have it removed. At that time it was a very serious operation. She tried various things to reduce it in size. She became so ill and so weak, after many years, from the toxic poison that now there was no choice -- either have it removed or soon die.

Mama was operated on by Dr. Terry, a goiter specialist at the University of California in San Francisco, on July 2, 1928. For three weeks the doctors held little hope for her recovery. The goiter had grown completely around her windpipe and was full of little tumors, each distributing toxic poisoning. By the Grace of God, He spared her for us.

The day that my dear mother



MAMA (NANA) WITH HER GRAND-CHILDREN, FAY AND SONNY CIRCA 1933

was to leave the hospital -- July 20, 1928 -- was the day my beloved husband was to come from Watsonville to take Bobby and me home. Instead, my brother, Lloyd, and my dear friend came to my San Francisco room to inform me that Creston, my husband, had been killed in an automobile accident the previous night. I just couldn't believe it. As I walked into Mama's hospital room, I saw the newspaper on her bed. In huge letters across the front page it read, "Watsonville Man Killed In Auto Accident." In hardly a whisper Mama asked, "Irma, was it anyone we knew?" I swallowed a lump and said "no." I just had to tell a little white lie.

Mama was taken to my Uncle Albert's home in Sacramento by ambulance. Her voice didn't return for three months. At that time we told her of our dear Creston's death. It was a terrible shock to her.

Mama spent three months in Sacramento recuperating at my uncle's home and a private nurse's home. When she regained her

strength she returned to Watsonville and again resumed her duties as "Queen of the Household." Mama did not know about Creston's accident during those three months.

After Creston's death I had no interest in dating other men. Many months passed when my dear friend, Bea Caudill, insisted that I join in group dates. On one occasion Bea made a blind date for me with a very nice person named Ted Reaves. This date developed into a "love affair" (purely innocent). Ted and I became engaged on April 19, 1929. He presented me with a beautiful diamond ring.

My brother, Lloyd, and Delia Belle Plaskett had made plans to elope. Both being under age worried Mama terribly. Mama suggested that Ted and I accompany them. This, we did, and Mama was somewhat relieved. The four of us were married in Carson City, Nevada on October 25, 1930, in a little church. I knew that I had made a wonderful choice in accepting Ted's proposal. He was so good to my mother and little Bobby. He proved to be a most wonderful help-mate.

After Mama's two sons married she continued to keep house for her bachelor brother, Fred. Mama had promised her mother, my Grandma Kuehnis, that she would care for "Fritz" as long as she was able to do so.

In 1934 Mama (now called Nana by all) was forced to give up housekeeping at her long-time home on First Street. That was a sad day for us all. I know it must have been difficult to lock the door of her "home of memories" for the last time. We shall never forget

the wonderful meals she lovingly prepared there for her family and friends. I truly believe that the cause of her failing health at this time stemmed from her serious surgery in 1928. From then on, Nana made her home with us. It was a joy for us all to be able to share our home with her. Ted was really a devoted son to her. Nana's wishes were his uppermost desire.

Lloyd, my youngest brother, and his wife, Delia Belle, then moved into the First Street home -- our childhood abode. This made Nana happy as then she could visit them there. When their little ones came along, it was a joy for her. Nana would also visit her son, Jim (James, my oldest brother), his wife Katherine, and their two little girls, Fay and Norma, on California Street.

It was during the great depression of 1929-35, and while we were living in our "packing-house" home at Maluhia Ranch on Amesti Road, that Nana first made her permanent home with us. (Maluhia means "Abode of Peace" in Hawaiian.) Little Skippy (Ronnie, born at Nana's house in 1933) was her constant companion from birth. He must have thought that his Nana belonged to him alone. He fretted whenever she was out of his sight. I know the feeling was mutual between them. Nana's love for the little fellow was very deep. This was good for her as it gave her a feeling of responsibility.

Later Nana also moved up on the hill to the big Maluhia Ranch house with us. Maluhia Ranch was owned by Dr. George Herbert. Nana occupied a bedroom next to

Bobby's and Skippy's room with windows overlooking the lovely garden. These rooms had outside French-door entrances off the loggia (more properly called "veranda" with the Spanish architecture) which opened onto a large patio.

Now, Dr. Herbert (Kauka, "cow-ka", in Hawaiian) had someone to play dominoes with him in the evenings. He and his wife had entertained themselves that way until she passed on. Our dear Nana had always enjoyed dominoes and used to play the game with us three kiddies when we were growing up. Nana was a challenge to Kauka with the game.



NANA AT MALUHIA RANCH 1938

In 1935 we moved from Maluhia Ranch into town -- to a spacious house on the corner of Rodriguez and Sixth Streets. Wherever we were, Nana was content and happy to be with us. However, she didn't forfeit her nightly games of dominoes. Each night Kauka would drive to town and they would resume their heated game of "bones" -- alternating victories. When the

evening ended and the games were tied, Nana would say, "When you come tomorrow night, we'll play the rubber" -- the game to break the tie and determine the final winner.

We remained at this home for approximately three years. We then again moved back to the big house at Maluhia. This move was due to the illness of Kauka's son, Charlie Herbert (Chuck, as we called him) He had no one to care for him, being that he was crippled with arthritis. So, again we all headed for Amesti Road.

In April 1940, Nana moved to our Green Valley home with us. About that time Kauka sold his Maluhia home and ranch and moved to Oahu, Hawaii to live with his daughter, Rosie Henshaw. Now we owned our own home and, hopefully, would have a permanent place for some time to come. Here, Nana had the front bedroom across the long hall from Ted's and my room. She was so very happy and content. Well, she was always a happy, loving, caring and understanding person. She loved to crochet and listen to the radio.

I'll never forget what a big help my darling mother was to me when we took our three nephews into our home to live with us in 1941. She did much of my mending of clothes -- believe me there was plenty of that each week with five active boys. Too, in those days we used our old clothes and socks as long as possible. The socks were the "holiest" items. I always had a bag full of them in the wash each week. A clean pair of socks each day for five boys adds up to seventy singles per week.

I tried to keep Nana occupied

with small chores like peeling potatoes, setting the table, peeling apples for sauce, stringing green beans, shelling peas, etc. This made her feel much needed and it was a big help to me. Most of her tasks were done while sitting, as her mobility wasn't too agile. Later, as her eyes became impaired to a degree, I still consented to let her carry on some of her tasks, even though I had to do some things over. This was wonderful therapy for her. Bless her heart!

Nana looked forward to the summer camps each year at Arroyo Seco with the family. It took her back in memory to when we kids were small and we camped each summer at Tassajara Springs. She loved her grandchildren dearly and to have them with her made her face beam with delight. She enjoyed paddling around in inner tubes with them in the Arroyo Seco River.

Ted made Nana a nice, sturdy cane at Arroyo Seco, from a small manzanita limb. It had a good handle to grasp onto. This cane gave her more security in walking around on the uneven ground. Nana used it also at home. The following years it accompanied her back to Arroyo Seco, camping again. That cane remained her possession for many years. It finally disappeared.

While Ted was a patrolman for the US Forest Service at Big Sur, during World War II, Nana was happy to be there in the mountains with us. She enjoyed the outdoors, the campfires and entertainment, and the beautiful redwood setting. Our patrol station only had three rooms and bath but they were full of sharing, caring and love.

In 1944 Bob left for duty in the army. During his years in the Philippine Islands, he faithfully wrote to his dear Nana. She also blessed him with her heart-felt letters and prayers.

It was in 1945, while Bob was overseas, that Nana fell and hurt her hip. She had just gotten out of bed and took a step toward her dresser when she fell to the floor. This happened in our Green Valley home. She never did realize how it happened -- whether she slipped on a rug or her hip gave way. Fortunately, I was nearby and carefully assisted her back into bed. I immediately called Dr. Eiskamp. He lost no time in coming the five-and-a-half miles to our home. After examining Nana's hip and leg he assured her that he felt there was no fracture. However, he wanted an X-ray of her hip. Being that Ted was at work and Charlie (Chuck) was at home, he and I assisted my dear mother to the car. Each step that she took, she experienced excruciating pain. At the doctor's office she was wheeled to the X-ray room in a wheel chair. Unfortunately, the pictures showed a badly-fractured hip.

Nana entered the hospital at that time. However, Dr. Eiskamp insisted on waiting three days before surgery. Presumably the delay was to overcome the shock of the fall. Nana became very impatient having to wait. During a four-hour operation, a pin was placed through her hip socket to hold it in place. Dr. Eiskamp was somewhat dubious as to whether it would work because the joint was badly shattered. (There were no hip implants in those days.) Nana

was very happy to return home to Green Valley after a couple of weeks in the hospital.

From that time on, my dear mother could not take a step without feeling pain. She tried a walker but the pain was too intense. The only solution was a wheel chair. We bought a nice wooden one for forty dollars from a private party. (There were few metal ones then.) Dr. Eiskamp thought possibly the pain would lessen as Nana's hip healed. If not, the pin would have to be removed. I felt very bad but I was happy that I could care for my mother. Our home was large and the wheel chair could be moved from room to room -- or wherever. When I went to town, I parked the car at the back door as there were fewer steps over which to maneuver the chair. I would wheel it up to the front seat of "Betsy," our '36 Ford car. Nana would stand while I helped her pivot around in order to sit on the car seat. Carefully, I would lift her legs and feet into the car. Upon our return we would reverse this procedure. We managed everything very well.

When Ted was home, he always carried Nana to the car when we would go for a drive or outing. Ted was so wonderful to my Mama. On one occasion I remember that we had something very special to eat, and very limited. Ted said, "Let's leave that for Nana. We'll be around a longer time to enjoy such."

At that time we had our three little nephews and Charlie Herbert, as well as Nana, living with us in our spacious home. I'm sure God selected this Green valley home for Ted and me. Nana's wish and

prayer was to live long enough to see Bob return home from the Philippine Islands. Her wish again was granted and she saw him married on August 17, 1947.

Nana was such a wonderful companion to me. I loved her so much. Even though I had a large family to care for, I always had time for Nana. From that dear soul, I never stopped learning. We had such wonderful talks together -- some confidential and some just fun talks.

Even in her wheel chair, Nana continued to help me with my daily tasks. She loved to crochet and made beautiful pillow-slip lace and lace for bath towels, as well as crocheted-cross bookmarks for her family and friends. (I still have some and the lovely piano runner on which she crocheted the beautiful ends -- still in use.)

During World War II when gasoline was rationed and we were grounded, I often took our three nephews and Skippy to the creek to play on Sunday afternoons. We had to cross Green Valley Road and go through Pete Salatich's apple orchard to get there. Being that Ted was at work and we had no way to get Nana to the creek with us, I had to leave her at home with Rip, our hound dog. Sometimes he would decide to go with us. On these occasions, I would run home about every half hour, or send Sonny or Skippy to check on Nana.

In October 1947 it became necessary for me to have major surgery. This was hard for me to accept as my responsibilities were paramount in my home routine. Dr. Eiskamp insisted that Nana spend some time in a desirable "rest home" (as they were then

called) until I became strong enough to again care for her. Dr. Eiskamp recommended the rest home across the street from his office, operated by Marjorie Rae.

Nana got good treatment there but there were some things that irked me. Mrs. Rae insisted on charging an extra dollar for each day that Nana got out of bed and the nurse dressed her. Then she could be in her wheel chair and look out the window. Also, when Nana would use Ludens cough drops to ease the irritation in her throat, Mrs. Rae refused her the desert for that meal, saying that she already had her sweets (bought by me). When we took Nana a piece of Janet's and Bob's wedding cake, Mrs. Rae divided it among four or five patients for their evening desert. Also, she rationed the food for the patients. So, so stingy!!!

Dear little Nana wanted to return home to her family so badly, but I was unable to care for her. It took me over a year to recuperate and get my strength back from the surgery. All that time I was under the doctor's care. No one knows what a crucial period that was for me. I know it was difficult for Ted, also, as everything fell on his shoulders.

Other things that took place at that "rest home" caused me to remove Nana from there. A very dear friend of ours, Myrtle Quincy, who lived in Watsonville, offered to care for Nana in her home. Myrtle's daughter, Shirley, was in a large cast following surgery. Myrtle felt that she would like to care for Nana also. The extra money would be very advantageous. Nana seemed happy there

and she and Shirley were company for each other. Unfortunately, Myrtle had cancer and took ill after a few months. Although someone drove me into town to see Nana several times each week, I still was not strong enough to bring her home and care for her. Nursing help was very scarce and she would need 24-hour care. Ted and the two boys were doing my house chores.

When Ruth Hunter Eveland (now Ruth Price from Monte Vista School) learned that Nana would have to be moved, she contacted me, saying that she would like to care for Nana. Nana was such a darling and not at all demanding. Everyone knew of her patience. That arrangement seemed satisfactory to all concerned. Ruth and Clifford lived a short distance from us, up Wheelock Road. Nana seemed happy there with Eveland's three little children -- Jerry, Ronnie and Carol. Clifford was so good to Nana. Too, we could now see her often.

Again our dear little Nana expressed her wish. She prayed that God would let her live long enough to see her first great grandchild. God granted her wish as Janet and Bob gave birth to their first baby, Creston Gery, on May 13, 1948. Ted and I were also very proud as he was our first grandchild. Nana first cuddled little Creston in her arms when he was six weeks old. She was thrilled with the picture we took of the two of them. That made her very, very happy. (That picture is now in Creston's possession.)

One day during October of 1948 Ruth wheeled Nana, in her wheel chair, down to visit Mrs. Sherman



NANA WITH HER FIRST GREAT GRAND-CHILD, CRESTON SEPTEMBER 19, 1948

Miller, a short distance away. They sat outdoors to visit. By the time Ruth returned to get Nana, the air had become quite cold. Nana developed a cold which sent her to the hospital with pneumonia.

After several weeks of hospitalization, it was necessary for Nana to be in an ambulatory rest home in town while recuperating. Bless her dear heart, she asked to come home with her family. I was not able to care for her at that time, even though I wanted so badly to do so. Dr. Eiskamp refused to let me do it.

One day, while trying to get Nana into the wheel chair, the nurse let her fall to the floor. It took the nurse, her husband, and another attendant to get Nana into bed. It was quite a lot of strenuous exertion for my mother.

Janet drove me into town to see Nana that night. I took her a small jar of applesauce, of which she was very fond. As I fed her a dish of

the home-made applesauce she said, "This is the only food I have felt like eating all day." She really relished it and it made me feel happy. I hugged her and kissed her and told her that I was sure it wouldn't be very long before I could again care for her at home. As we got ready to leave Nana that evening, she said, "Irma, I wish you would stay with me tonight." Dear God, why didn't I heed her wish? How I wish I had. Instead I said, "Honey, I'll be in to see you in the morning."

The following morning at seven o'clock, my brother Jim knocked on our door. He greeted me with tears in his eyes, saying, "Mama just passed away." I was stunned. I couldn't believe it. He said that the nurse had checked on Nana at an early hour of the morning. She feared Nana was unconscious and immediately called the doctor and Jim. Nana had had a stroke. That was something she always feared. I was happy that Jim could be with her at the last, even though she didn't realize it -- or did she? (No warning of a stroke.)

When Jim broke the sad news to me I felt a feeling of happiness and joy, even though I was grieved. I just couldn't cry. I felt as though a burden had been lifted from my heart. Could it be that our darling Nana was trying to tell me that her worries and pains were now ended? Now she and Papa were again united -- never, never to part -- and both safe in the arms of Jesus. The memories of my wonderful parents will linger with me forever.

My dear little mother was buried with the gold wedding band on her finger that my father had

placed there fifty years earlier. On the inside of her wedding band was the inscription, "To Emma from Jim -- Jan. 1, 1898." Also, I pinned her fifty-year Rebecca Lodge pin on her bosom. That lodge she had joined at the age of eighteen. She was very happy when presented with that pin.

Nana left us in November, the same month Papa left us just twenty-four years earlier. She was laid to rest in the same vault with my father -- the one he had ordered built for them, his mother, and the family.

Later, Dr. Eiskamp told me that in an X-ray of Nana's lungs they found a growth in the throat region. I thank God that she was spared more suffering.

Mama having spent the last of her golden years with us has made life so much richer for me, as well as for Ted and our children. Reliving my memories of Mama has helped me put together many of my stories and books. God willing, these memories will live throughout the years.

Nana's Good Home-Made Bread

2 Cakes compressed yeast.
 1/4 cup lukewarm water.
 1 teaspoon sugar.
 1/3 cup Spry. (Crisco, or such.)
 2 tablespoons sugar.
 1 tablespoon salt.
 2 cups scalded milk.
 1-3/4 cups water.
 11-12 cups sifted all-purpose flour.

Crumble yeast into a small bowl. Add lukewarm water and

one teaspoon sugar and set in warm place until it becomes light and spongy (about 15 minutes).

Combine Spry, 2 tablespoons sugar, and salt in large bowl and add scalded milk and water. Stir until Spry is melted and cool until lukewarm.

Add the yeast mixture.

Add flour gradually, mixing very thoroughly, until stiff dough is formed. Knead dough on floured board until smooth in texture. Place in bowl greased with Spry. Brush dough with Spry, cover, and let rise in warm place until double in bulk (about 2 hours).

Shape dough into loaves and place in bread pans greased with Spry. Let rise until double in bulk (about 1 hour).

Bake in hot oven (425 degrees) for 15 minutes, then reduce temperature to moderately-hot oven (375 degrees) and bake 30 minutes longer.

Remove from pan and brush crusts with Spry.

Makes four loaves.

German Anise Bread (Anise Brote)
Nana's Old-Country Recipe
Handed Down Through Generations
From Germany

Take 2 cakes Fleishman's Yeast and soak in a cup of lukewarm water at noon for about one hour. After it has soaked, continue below.

Boil about 3 medium potatoes, keep the water in which they are boiled, and mash potatoes through a sieve. Add one tablespoon sugar and a little salt, and about three tablespoons flour and stir all together. Now add soaked yeast

cakes, which should be ready, and let stand until evening.

Sift 6 to 7 sieves of flour (approximately 10 pounds) in a large pan. Add 3 cups sugar and mix thoroughly. Make a nest in center to stir in yeast and other ingredients. Now pour yeast into nest.

Then: 3 or 4 cups luke warm milk, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons salt, 1/8 to 1/4 pound butter (melted), 2 tablespoons vanilla, 10 cents worth anise seed which must be cleaned (1930 dollars). Now mix bread thoroughly and kneed well until seeds are popped to the surface, and the dough is very stiff. Cover and let stand overnight.

In the morning mold into loaves (makes 6 regular-sized loaves). When raised to double its bulk, bake for 1 hour 20 minutes in a slow oven (325 degrees). When cool, remove from pans.

Let the bread stand 5 days, and on the evening of the 5th day, slice approximately 1/4- to 1/2-inch thick and rub well with sugar and cinnamon (mixed together) on both sides. Let set in a pan overnight. In the morning toast in a slow oven (275-300 degrees), turning over to brown both sides. Must be watched carefully.

Result: Golden brown thoroughly toasted snack which will keep indefinitely. Very good, children love it, and a great treat with a cup-o-coffee.

Nana's Tamale Pie

1/2 cup oil
1 onion
2 medium cloves garlic
1 lb. hamburger

Dice onion and garlic, and saute in frying pan in oil -- do not brown. Add hamburger and fry together until hamburger is cooked. Cut hamburger into small pieces while in pan. Set aside.

Mix:

2 cups yellow corn meal
1 can cream corn
1 can tomatoes
2 cups milk
3 eggs slightly beaten (use canned eggs from waterglass preservative if desired)
1 tablespoon Grandma's pepper (chili pepper)
Salt to taste

Add all ingredients together in a kettle and cook on very-low fire for about 20 minutes, stirring frequently as cornmeal has a tendency to stick and burn.

Pour into two casseroles. Drain 1 large can olives, either ripe or green (whichever you prefer), and press them down into the tamale mixture. Bake in 350-degree oven for 3/4 hour until set.

This will make two large casseroles of tamale pie but is extra good warmed over in the oven next day.

M-m-m-good!

(In the early 20th century, a liquid called "waterglass" was used for preserving eggs, using a large crock for a container.)

CHAPTER 5

MY CHILDHOOD

I was never blessed with a grandfather. They died before I was born. Knowing now as I do, I feel that I really missed a beautiful experience in my life.

I was conceived at Tassajara Hot Springs in April 1905. Through blankets of snow, Papa brought Mama home to Watsonville in November 1905, by horse and buggy, just two months before I was born. They had been married eight years.

I made my debut into the world at 6:00 AM on January 15, 1906. I was born at Grandma Kuehnis' big, two-story house at 607 Walker Street. At the time of my birth, Mama was 31 years old and Papa was 38. I was delivered by Dr. P.K. Watters.

When I was three months old, the "Great San Francisco Earthquake" of April 18, 1906 hit. It was felt up and down the Pacific Coast and in some of the interior parts of California. Papa, being at Tassajara getting ready to open the Springs for the summer guests, drove home with his horse, Topsy, and buggy as fast as he could. The aftershocks were plentiful and very severe. Mama, Baby Irma, Grandma Kuehnis, and the rest of the family all camped out under the big walnut tree for three days and nights.

Most of my first two years in this world were spent at Tassajara where my folks were employed by Mrs. Helen Quilty. Mama said that I was a very happy baby and always smiling. The guests at Tassajara named me "Tassy." I was everyone's sweetheart, so they said. Being that there was no place to purchase little gifts or remembrances there in the mountains, the guests would shower me with coins. For these, Papa carved a lovely, wooden-box bank in which to save them.

When I was a small baby, one of the Tassajara guests gave me a round medal with an Indian-head penny inserted in the center, with my birth date of 1906 on it. He said, "Little Tassy, as long as you have this coin you will never be broke." (I still have it at age 85.)

Even as a baby, I loved music. Mama told me that each time we visited Grandma Kuehnis in Watsonville, they would play the old-fashioned Edison phonograph and watch me hold up my little skirt and dance around the room, barely old enough to walk. This phonograph had a large, morning-glory-shaped horn that was held up by a shiny metal chain attached to a tall, three-legged stand. The phonograph, itself, sat on a pretty wooden cabinet. The cabinet had four or five drawers with round wooden pegs attached to the bottoms. Over these pegs were fitted cylindrical records. Some of my dance favorites then were "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," "In The Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "Washington Post March," "Redwing," and "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight." (We still possess those records and cabinet.)

In the early days the streets of Watsonville extending east and west were called First Street, Second Street, Third Street, Fourth Street, Fifth Street, Sixth Street, and Seventh Street. Main Street has always been Main Street. The other streets that extended east or west of Main Street were called East Third Street, etc., and West Third Street, etc.

In the earlier days of Watsonville, Rodriguez Street reached from Front Street at the south past Seventh Street -- now Ford Street

-- at the north. Some years later a couple of prominent women of Watsonville decided that this little town should have more sophisticated street names. They proceeded to change West Third Street to Wall Street; and the portion of Rodriguez Street extending south from West Lake Avenue (earlier named West Fourth Street) -- where there is a definite jog in the street -- to Front Street was renamed Van Ness Avenue. Years later Van Ness Avenue was changed back to the original name and again became Rodriguez Street all the way. Later Wall Street/Third Street was changed to Beach Street -- West and East -- which it now remains. Its very-early original name was Beach Road, west of Main Street. In the early days street cars ran from Main Street to the beach.

First Street Home, 1908.

Before my brother, James Albert, was born we moved back to Watsonville to my parents' home on First Street. We lived one block from the Southern Pacific railroad tracks. How I loved to see the big, black "puffer belly" engines zoom by. It was great as long as Papa had me in his arms, but when the engineer blew the whistle it scared me half to death.

On July 20, 1908 James was born at our 232 First Street home. Dr. P.K. Watters also delivered him. One day, while Mama was nursing James, I decided to walk to the hack and horse barns. At this date Papa was in the hack business with "Daddy" Baer. The barn was on First Street, three blocks from our home and a half block from Main Street. Even though I was



MAIN STREET OF WATSONVILLE CIRCA 1927

SHOWING A PORTION OF THE PLAZA AT THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN ERECTED IN 1913. ACROSS STREET FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: STOESSERT BUILDING (335 MAIN), WOOLWORTHS (333 MAIN), BIERCH CIGARS (331 MAIN), BUCKHARTS (229 MAIN), JOHN'S SHOE STORE (327 MAIN), CITY DRUG STORE (325 MAIN), AND RAPPE JEWELERS (323 MAIN). ON FAR LEFT IS PAJARO VALLEY BANK BUILDING BUILT IN 1893 AND REPLACED IN 1939.

just two-and-a-half years old, I knew where to find my Papa.

Suddenly Mama missed me. When she couldn't locate me around the house she became quite alarmed. The first things that she thought about were the railroad tracks and the big horse-drawn beet wagons that traveled on First Street, on their way to the Spreckles sugar-beet factory -- which was located on Walker Street, next to Grandma's house. Then Mama spotted me jumping on and off the dirt curb of the street. Mama couldn't leave James alone. Just then Harry Bridgewater, our mail man, came along on his bicycle. He offered to go after me. He gave me a ride home on the

handle bars of his bicycle. My venture was foiled!

Haley's Comet.

In our early childhood days, Mama and Papa frequently interested us kiddies in the wonders of the heavens. They would point out various stars and call them by names. We soon learned to locate the Big Dipper, the Little Dipper, the Milky Way, and others.

Papa often explained to us about various Indian signs. If a quarter-moon was lying flat, that was a sign that good weather was ahead -- no water, or rain, could fall out of the moon. If the moon was tilted so the water could run out, that meant rain. If there was

a large circle around the moon, there would be rain forecast. The number of stars within the circle told how many days before the rain started.

I can remember as though it was yesterday, when Papa awakened me during the night and wrapped me in a blanket. He and Mama took me to the west end of our long, front porch to see Haley's Comet. That was in the autumn of 1910. I was almost five years old.

As Papa held me in his arms, he explained to me that it was like a comma, or a star with a long tail, traveling across the sky. To this day that vision is so clear, as though it was chiseled in my mind. (In March and April of 1986 this comet again appeared, but very faintly. I wasn't able to see it -- partly due to atmospheric conditions.)

Home on Riverside Road, 1910.

Papa and Mr. Baer dissolved their partnership in the hack business and in 1910 Papa again worked for the Tuttle Company at their slaughter house on Riverside Road. He rented a little five-room house nearby. There were sheep corrals and pig sties next to a large garden area. The house was painted pale yellow. Just outside of the kitchen door, and one step down, was Mama's wash room. Off of this was a very small compartment with a pull-chain toilet -- no bath facilities. Outside there was an old-fashioned outhouse. Also, outside the kitchen door was a stairway that led to two unfinished rooms, upstairs. Here is where the winter supply of apples, potatoes, etc. were stored. Here, also, was a



ME (IRMA) AND JAMES 1910
MILKING TIPPY, THE COW,
AT THE RIVERSIDE ROAD HOUSE
WHERE LLOYD WAS BORN.

door that led onto the roof. There was a small platform on the roof with a white railing around it. Mama had to continually watch James and me as we loved to sneak up there and play on that platform. I felt like I was on top of the world. It was quite dangerous for two little "tykes" to play on that platform, but it was such fun. I had never been that high up in the world before. I had to watch James very closely.

One day I climbed over the tall picket fence to follow Papa back to work at the slaughter house. As I ran through the sheep corral a flock of sheep overtook me and knocked me down. Seems as though I vaguely remember that experience. The sheep knocked me unconscious. Guess I even started out living dangerously.

I had several memorable experiences while living at this home. One day, while playing on the floor, I well remember working my mother's 1898 Montgomery Ward sewing machine -- working the treadle back and forth so fast with my little hands. I ventured too far when I tried to make the power

wheel, that held the belt, go around so fast. I got one of my fingers caught in it, somehow. Wow! Did I scream? It really hurt. I thought I was injured for a lifetime. (I do believe that we still have that treadle machine stashed away in our basement.)

In 1910 the Pajaro River was dammed up which made a lovely recreational area. This was called "Lake Watsonville." One evening Papa took me to town (about 2-1/2 miles) in the horse and buggy, to see Bill Cody (Buffalo Bill) and his white horse, King. They were performing on a showboat on Lake Watsonville. We stood on the catwalk of the old, wooden, covered Pajaro Bridge over Lake Watsonville. I shall never forget how exciting and funny it was to see Buffalo Bill, on the showboat, giving King a drink out of a tin cup and out of his hat.

My youngest brother, Lloyd Peter, was born at our home on Riverside Road, on October 21, 1910. Mrs. Skotchko was the nurse. She came to stay with us before Lloyd's birth. Luckily she did, as Lloyd arrived before Dr. P.K. Watters came. Mrs. Skotchko delivered the baby. When the doctor arrived he said, "That's the way I like to see it," and still charged my parents the full price of delivery, which was \$25 at that time. My folks felt that Mrs. Skotchko should have had that extra \$25.

Saturday night was always a happy time for me. We had a large, wood-burning stove in our kitchen on which Mama cooked. She also heated our bath water on same. The round, galvanized wash tub was set on two chairs, in front

of the warm stove. I was usually the first to be "scrubbed down". It was so much fun to swish around and around in that warm tub of water. Then came James' turn to occupy the tub. He wasn't quite as happy as I with the whole procedure. Papa always helped Mama with this task. He stood by with a big bath towel to dry his little ones. He would give us massage pats on the back, legs, bottom, tummy and chest, with his big, strong hands. This would get our blood to circulate and get us warm.

My baby brother, Lloyd, had his own little bath tub. It was oblong and made of tin. The inside was gold in color and the outside was painted a dark green. One morning, when Lloyd was a couple of months old, he had a convulsion during his bath. Fortunately, a friend was with us. Mama sent her over to the slaughterhouse to tell Papa to call the doctor. We had no wall phone in our home. By the time Papa rushed home, Lloyd was OK. This really frightened Mama. When I saw her so upset, it scared me, too.

Papa usually took me to town with him, in the horse and buggy, on Friday evenings. He would purchase our week's supply of groceries. Tippy, our cow, furnished our milk. (We had our fresh meat daily from the slaughterhouse.) Papa would tie Topsy to the hitching post in the front of the grocery store. He always took me into the store with him when he ordered the groceries, or gave Eddie Mattos (the owner and a personal friend of ours) the slip of paper on which Mama had listed her needs. Papa always bought me a bottle of

strawberry soda water. Mr. Mattos would give me a stick of candy, and also one to take home to little James.

Papa took me to the buggy and tucked me in. He then went back into the store to carry out our supplies. As he was coming out, a black man was entering. I said, "Papa, look at that nigger going into Eddie Mattos'." (I had seen pictures of colored people but never in person.) The fellow came over to the buggy and asked, "What did you call me?" I was scared to death and began to cry. As far as I was concerned, he could have been a tiger. The man said, "Don't you ever call me that again," and walked away. I felt so relieved when Papa got into the buggy and we drove away. On the way home Papa explained to me the differences in color of the various races and told me that the name I mentioned was not a nice name to use. However, I never wanted to go to the grocery store with Papa again. I was then about four-and-a-half years old. Soon James was big enough to accompany Papa for supplies.

Back in 1910 and 1911 there were no automobiles to dodge along the country roads -- only a horse and wagon now and then. Often times I would walk to the mail box with Mama and my little brothers, to get the mail. Although it was only a short block from our house, to me, a five year old, it seemed like miles.

Often times Mama would pack a little lunch and take James, baby Lloyd, and me down to the Salsipuedes Creek, which was a short distance from our house. Here James and I would paddle

around in the water and try to catch polywogs. Mama and little Lloyd would relax on a blanket, never taking her eyes off of us. During wild blackberry season, Mama and I would pick a little pail of those luscious, sweet, little berries so Mama could treat Papa to a yummy pie.

Grandma Kuehnis came to visit us before the holidays -- Thanksgiving and Christmas. This is the time that the Tuttle Company would dress many geese for the festive season. Mama and Grandma would sit upstairs, along the tallow pit, and pick the down off of the geese. Of course, I thought I was a big help. They used the soft goose down for pillows and fluffy feather beds, for Grandma. I remember the warm, feather-bed comforters and how Grandma would use the broom handle to smooth the tops of the comforters (quilts).

Our First Street Home Again, 1911.

About a month before my fifth birthday we all moved back to our First Street home. At that time Papa and Mr. William Kennedy went into partnership in the hack business, known as "Kennedy and Oksen Hack Service."

Of course, our horse, Topsy, moved with us and made her home at the hack barn on First Street. Our Jersey milk cow, occupied the barn at the rear end of our big lot, adjoining our house. There, also, was her corral, the chicken house, and a large yard for the chickens. Behind this area was an acre of our ground where my folks had their vegetable garden and berries. This acre was later sold to Volks Chemical Works.



JAMES, LLOYD, AND ME (IRMA) ON FRONT PORCH OF 232 FIRST STREET 1914
HOUSE STILL HAS THE LONG PORCH AND THE OLD FENCE. HITCHING POST IN FRONT.

They soon used it for a sulphur pit after erecting a tall fence around it. That didn't keep it from being smelly. Had my folks known their plans, they would never have sold the land to them.

In that era, our six-room house was considered quite modern. There was a long porch across the front of the house. From the porch, a door led into our parlor. The front bedroom (Mama's and Papa's room) was on the left of the parlor (entering from the front). Another door straight ahead led from the parlor to the dining room. On the right of the dining room was my bedroom. Behind the dining room was the kitchen and pantry. In the rear of the house, opening off the kitchen, was a large bedroom occupied by my two brothers. The bathroom was to the right of their room. There were plenty of windows to light the house which was located

on the corner of First and Locust Streets.

My beautiful, rag doll, Tessie, also moved with us. By this time she was getting rather dirty and sloppy looking so I decided it was time for her to have a bath. Here, we had a nice, big, long, tin bath tub painted white inside and out. I proceeded to fill the tub half full of water, unbeknown to Mama. I soaped, soaked and squeezed Tessie. So much dirt! When I took "my baby" out of the tub and tried to dry her with a towel, she just didn't look right. I put her back into the tub of water again. About that time Mama discovered my predicament. Poor Tessie! She didn't float any more. She went to the bottom of the tub. Mama told me to go outside and play with James and she would take care of Tessie. Knowing that Mama knew just how to care for babies, I left her in Mama's care.

From that day I never saw my Tessie again. Mama explained the situation to me, and told me that if I were a good girl Santa would bring me a nice dolly for Christmas.

Our bathroom, to me, looked like it was built for royalty. It had a small, corner wash basin with two shiny faucets. Alongside of the basin was a wooden roller attached to the wall, which Papa had made. It was quite high to accommodate the yard-long roller-towel that Mama had sewn together. This was really nice for as soon as you wiped your hands, the next person could roll it to a dry spot.

On the other side of the basin hung a mirror. Under the mirror hung a white, cow's tail. This held the combs and was also used for cleaning them. It washed easily.

On the opposite end of the bathroom was our modern, tin toilet with the tank overhead, just beneath the ceiling. The long pull chain was fastened to the tank. On the bottom end was a black, wooden handle. Pulling on this flushed the toilet. The toilet seat and lid were made of smooth wood. Opposite the toilet and against the wall was a tall, medicine cabinet on four tall legs. This was indeed a pretty piece of furniture.

Our kitchen was quite large. The sink and food cooler were located in the pantry which joined the kitchen. At one end of the kitchen was our eating table. At the other end was our wood-burning cook stove. Mama really made some wonderful meals and baked goodies on that stove. In the wintertime, when the mornings were cold, we kiddies took turns dressing around the warm stove.

On one wall, next to the kitchen stove, was an old-fashioned salt box. On the opposite wall hung a match-box holder made of tin. This held 2-inch-long wooden, Diamond matches. Before Diamond-brand matches were in use, Mama had a pretty green-glass, heart-shaped match holder which held square cubes of wooden matches. The ends of the matches had been dipped in some kind of sulphur material which caused them to light when scratched. One could pull off a red-tipped match and strike it on the rough front of the green match holder. The sulphur from the matches smelled terrible and would burn our nostrils. (I still have the little green match holder and it is quite valuable, so I am told. I also have the wooden salt box and the Diamond match holder in our present pantry.)

A wood-burning heating stove was in the dining room. Our dining table was against the wall. A big, pretty, 18-inch-high clock sat on a three-cornered shelf above our wall telephone, located in the corner near the stove. The clock had a pretty, glass door with gold, stork figures on it. Each week -- every seven days -- the clock had to be wound from the front with a key. Our telephone was on a two-party line. Our number was 340-J (three-four-oh-jay). Tuttle's was the other phone on our line -- 340-W. Ours was one ring and theirs was two. Only the receiver could be unhooked from the stationary phone. To reach the mouthpiece of this phone, a small child had to stand on a chair or box.

Mama's 1898 Montgomery

Ward sewing machine sat directly in front of the dining-room window facing Locust Street. In another corner was Mama's china and linen cabinet that Papa made for her when they were married in 1898. (This cabinet is now stored in our basement at Green valley but badly in need of repair.)

Along the side wall of the dining room was our pretty, over-stuffed, box couch with a raised headrest. It opened up like a chest, and the interior held Mama's spare quilts, blankets, and two bed pillows filled with goose down. Papa enjoyed resting on this couch each day, after his noon dinner, before going back to work. I don't know how much rest he got as we kiddies would snuggle in beside him. I know he loved it.

When we moved back from the country, we left our kerosene (coal oil) lamps and candles behind. In our First Street home, everything was modern at that time. In the center of each room was an electric cord that hung down from the ceiling. At the end of this cord was a socket into which a light bulb was screwed. On the socket was a little black key. The light was turned on and off by turning this key. Sometimes the composition key would break, leaving a metal piece exposed. By turning the light on and off with this metal piece, I received many a jolt of electricity. To this day, I'm frightened of electric shocks.

Sad irons, as they were called, were heated on the top of the wood-burning stove. A metal-and-wood handle was clipped onto these irons. These were used to iron clothes. Later, a double socket could be screwed into the single



232 FIRST STREET CIRCA 1920
SHORT PORCH AND NEW FENCE
FROM GRANDMA KUEHNIS' PLACE.
PANTRY PROTRUDING ON SIDE.

socket of the electric cord hanging from the ceiling. At that time the first electric irons came into use.

Many fancy electric lamps came onto the market that were attached to the electric cord. The first elaborate one I can remember belonged to one of our neighbors. It was a beautiful, round, clear-glass-bubble shade with several rows of drop prisms that glittered and shone in the light.

Later on, when Papa remodeled our house, we had a smaller front porch with side banisters. The pantry was moved to the other side of the kitchen and a roomy, built-in cooler occupied one corner. An enclosed back porch was built where the old pantry was located (on the Locust Street side). Here Mama could do her washing in an electric washing machine and two wash trays. The boys bedroom was enlarged to twice its original size. A lovely, roomy clothes closet was built in one corner of my bedroom. This I really enjoyed. Last but not least, a beautiful, white porcelain bathtub and a porcelain toilet were installed in our bathroom. Also a pretty, "Spark" gas range with top and lower ovens sat next to our ever-devoted and

loved wood-burning stove.

Papa's Girl.

Being the only girl in the family, it could have been that I was a trifle "spoiled," after waiting eight long years for a little six-pound "bundle of joy". Nevertheless, my two brothers got their share of attention, also.

Papa and Mama were quite strict with us and we knew their word was law. However, their reprimanding was laced with lots of love.

Whenever Papa was at home, I was usually his shadow. Occasionally he would stop by the house to say "hi" and have a cup of coffee that Mama would boil for him in a little kettle. She would drop an egg into it which Papa would devour enjoyably. While sitting in his chair at the end of the kitchen table, I would sneak behind him, plant my little feet on the rounds of the chair, and circle my arms around his neck. I know he loved this -- particularly when I showered his neck and cheeks with my juicy kisses.

When Papa would shave in the mornings, it was a ritual for me to be in the bathroom with him. His long razor strop (a strip of leather with a bulge at one end and about 18 inches long) hung permanently on a nail near the wash basin. Papa would take his straight-edge razor, which was hinged in the middle like a jackknife, out of its two-piece leather case. One end of the razor was the handle. The single-edge, sharp, cutting blade was folded back into the handle when not in use. When Papa would open the razor and strop (sharpen) it, his

hand moved so fast. The next procedure was to apply hot, damp towels to his face to soften his beard. A few drops of hot water were then dropped into his fancy, shaving cup. To me it seemed fancy as it had a little shelf inside of the cup to hold the shaving soap. This little shelf had holes in it for the water or suds to seep down into the cup, after Papa swished his shaving brush over the soap.

When Papa's beard had softened and his cup had suds, worked up by the shaving brush, he proceeded to lather his face. At this point he reminded me of Santa Claus. Then the sharp, long razor came into use. He would very gently scrape downward on his cheek, about opposite to the ear. It really amused me to watch the contortions into which Papa screwed his face -- from left to right. When he had a mustache, he didn't have to shave his upper lip. Occasionally, in the chin area his razor would slip and make a little nick in his flesh. When I saw blood appear, that always frightened me. Papa would console me and tell me that he was OK. If it didn't stop bleeding by applying a chunk of alum, he would look around for a cobweb. Our bath tub was not enclosed so usually a web could be found under or on the wall-side of the tub. When a spider web was applied to the cut, the bleeding stopped almost immediately. I never could understand this stopping technique. Papa must have had a pet spider there as he knew just where to look.

After shaving, another hot towel was applied to his face, followed by dousing it with cold

water and drying. This all sounds like a long procedure but Papa was very fast and made each movement count. When finished, he would pick me up in his arms and say, "Has my little girl got a big moop (kiss) for her Papa?"

I sure did love my Papa and he loved me in return.

Locust Street.

Most of our playmates lived within a block on Locust Street. Fern and Rueben Tuttle lived directly across the street. Elsie, Winifred ("Plug"), Buster and Frances Kirkland lived a few doors down the street. Hans Rasmussen and his very old mother lived next to them. Hans was a grumpy old man. If any chickens happened to wander out of their yard and visit him, he killed them for chicken dinner. Bill and Lina (Helen) Cruz lived a little further down Locust Street. When Kirklands moved away, Albert, Glendawyn, Allan and Halley Cox lived in that house. They were wonderful playmates.

Lloyd and Frances Miller, from Oakland, visited their grandparents (O.S. Tuttle) each and every vacation. Their place was across from us on First Street, as was Mable, Eddie and Louis Christensen's home. Thelma Pearson lived in that house some time later. The Lindbergs -- Sam, Elsie (Maria), Anna (Tootsie), and Hieny -- lived next to our large lot on Locust Street. Halfway down that side of the block lived Emma and Gertrude Remiro, formerly occupied by the Joe Marini family. These were the most stable and long-term families. Others moved in and out.

I first attended Sunday



TOOTSIE LINDBERG'S FIRST BIRTHDAY
AT LINDBERG'S HOUSE. 1913
BACK ROW, L-R: SAM LINDBERG, MARIE
ELSIE LINDBERG, MABLE CHRISTENSEN,
TOOTSIE ANN LINDBERG, AND HIENIE
LINDBERG. CENTER: RUBEN TUTTLE,
JAMES, LLOYD, STELTER OKSEN, AND
LESTER OKSEN. FRONT: WINIFRED
KIRKLAND, ELSIE KIRKLAND, FRANCES
KIRKLAND, AND BUSTER KIRKLAND.

School at the Methodist Church located on West Third and Rodriguez Streets. For almost a year I went to that Sunday School with our neighbor girl, Fern Tuttle.

Grandma Oksen lived next door to us. She was a devout member of the Presbyterian Church. My folks decided that my brothers and I should also attend this church. Each Sunday we trotted off to Sunday School. It was here that we three were baptized. Some of the little Sunday School songs that we learned were "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know," "Jesus Wants Me For a Sunbeam," "Only A Drop In The Bucket," and "I Love To Tell The Story Of Jesus And His Love."

Mama taught us little nursery rhymes: "Little Jack Horner, Sat In A Corner," "Tom, Tom, The Piper's Son," "Little Miss Muffett Sat On A Tuffett," "Jack And Jill Went Up The Hill," "There Was An

Old Woman That Lived In A Shoe," "A Dillar, A Dollar, A Ten-O-Clock Scholar," "Three Blind Mice," "Little Tommy Tiddle Mouse," "Ding Dong Bell," and "Hi-Diddle-Diddle." After memorizing them I loved to recite them for Papa. He would praise me.

Mama loved to sing to us kiddies. Some of the songs were "Red Wing," "Two Little Girls In Blue," "After The Ball," "A Bird In A Guilded Cage," and others. The one that always made me cry was "My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean," yet I would always ask Mama to sing it.

Being that Papa worked at night, Mama would read stories to us in the long, winter evenings, as we sat around our little wood-burning, heating stove. We had many Horatio Alger books, which we loved.

We didn't know about "tooth fairies" when I was a little girl. When one of my front, baby teeth became loose, I would keep wiggling it back and forth. Seems as though I was rather proud of the fact that I was going to lose it. When Mama or Papa would try wiggling it, they could often lift my tooth right out. That was such a surprise! One time Papa jokingly told me that he would tie a string to my loose tooth and tie the other end to the door knob. Then, when someone opened the door my tooth would come out. That sounded like fun until I realized that it would hurt. We really never tried it. No "tooth fairy" but always a nice, little reward.

Our Chataqua Board.

I recently learned that my mother had told Anna Belle, years

ago, that as soon as I was big enough to hold a pencil in my hand, I started drawing pictures. I wonder if that was what prompted my parents to purchase a Chataqua Board for us kids when I was about six years old. I was under the impression that this was what really got me interested in art (drawing). This compact treasure was about 20 inches long and fifteen inches high when folded. It had two heavy, metal eyes to hang it on the wall. When opened, one side of the cover made a drop desk, and the reverse side was a blackboard. The part attached to the wall had two roller knobs on each end (side). It could be rolled (scrolled) forward and backward. At the start of the paper roll were very simple drawings to copy. Then came flowers, birds, angels, etc. There were also small and capital letters to copy. There were numerous other interesting things, including "how to draw faces." At that time this Chataqua Board cost \$7 -- a big price for 1912.

Below these rolls were compartments for drawing paper, pencils, chalk, etc. The board part was light in color -- I believe it was made of oak. My children used and enjoyed it, as well as my grandchildren -- Bob's and Janet's kiddies. Bob now has it stored in his attic.

Bicycle, 1912-1913.

Papa rode his bicycle to and from the hack barn each morning and night. Occasionally he would walk the three blocks to work.

When I was six years old I, too, wanted a bicycle. Not having one, I did the next best thing. When Papa's bicycle was available, I

made up my mind I would try to ride it. It wasn't easy. A man's bicycle was a big piece of machinery for a little tot. Of course I couldn't get my little legs over the bar so I put one leg underneath to reach the opposite pedal. It took a lot of patience, balance and falls, but, oh, how proud I was when I mastered the technique. I could hardly wait to show Mama and Papa my accomplishment. When Papa's bicycle was available in the evenings, I never gave it a rest.

I was quite a tom-boy but most of my playmates were friends of my two brothers. I played marbles, horseshoes, wrestling, mumble-peg, ball, and various other boys' games with them. Papa built us a strong swing frame for a big swing, along the side of our house. We would all line up for turns to swing real high and then jump off into a large stack of alfalfa hay that Papa used for feeding our many rabbits.

My Childhood dreams.

As a child I always wanted long hair. I might say that I envied the girls in the first grade that had long, curly hair. There were two in particular -- Virginia Miller and Mae Walker.

My blond hair was always very fine and not much body to it. For that reason my parents kept it cut short. We used to call it a "Dutch cut."

Nevertheless, I was going to have long hair some way or other. One day a brilliant idea came to mind. That old, white cow's tail, hanging on the wall in the bathroom, had a nice, long curl at the end of it. I took it off its hook,



PLAYMATES AT FIRST AND LOCUST
STREETS 1913

BACK ROW, L-R: MABLE CHRISTENSON, SAM LINDBERG, HAROLD KENNEDY (ABOVE), EDDIE CHRISTENSEN, LAVERNE VIA, LOUIE CHRISTENSEN (BEHIND), RUBEN TUTTLE, AND HIENIE LINDBERG.
FRONT ROW: LLOYD, JAMES, STELTER OKSEN, AND ME (IRMA).

then tied a narrow ribbon on it, then tied the ribbon around my head. Where it joined my short hair, at the back of my neck, I had a pretty, big bow of ribbon. Wasn't I the smart one? I draped the cow's curly tail over my shoulder. I could wear my new hair style down my back or in the front. I really thought I "had it made." I'm sure my parents got quite a kick out of their six-year-old daughter. This I wore off and on for months at home, having a different ribbon bow each day. I still say, if you want anything bad enough you can have it. Of course I didn't wear my "long hair" to school, only at home.

Short Sox and Undies.

Another wish that my heart desired was to wear short socks, as they were called in those days. Guess you would refer to them as bobby-sox now. There were so many beautiful ones, so I thought. Most of them were white with

colored borders. They only reached a short distance above the ankles. These, my parents were very much opposed to. They insisted that I wear long, ribbed stockings, either white or black. These were held up by garters attached to either a garter belt or supporters that went over the shoulders. Long stockings were considered more respectable.

The black stockings were worn mostly during the week. On Sundays I always wore white ones. I had to be careful not to get grass stains on the knees as those stains were difficult to wash out. Not having clorox then, Mama had to soak the stained stockings in sour milk.

There were garter attachments, also, on our little, ribbed under-vests. On these, the elastic garters were attached to a so-called safety pin, on which adjustments could be made.

In the wintertime Mama made me little outing-flannel underskirts trimmed with narrow, cotton-embroidered ruffles. In summer my slips (slipped on over my head) were made of white cotton batiste or muslin. They had pretty lace trimmings.

My white, muslin panties, that Mama also made for me, had elastic at the waist and around the legs. They always had lace and, sometimes, ribbon trimming on the leg part.

My dresses were usually made by my wonderful, seamstress mother. I loved my pretty, colorful dresses, for which I helped select the materials. Mother Hubbard-style dresses were worn around 1918-1920.

My dresser drawer held rib-



ME (IRMA) "ALL DOLLED UP"
CIRCA 1918

bons of various colors, about three inches wide. These ribbon bows, that I arranged, were held in place by a semi-circular clasp that had a flat clasp to attach to the hair. I had always combed and brushed my hair since a very small child. Maybe one could call it "vanity."

My early, school shoes were either laced or buttoned black shoes. I liked the buttoned ones the best. Sometimes the little metal tips would come off the ends of the shoe laces. Then it would require more of my so-called "precious time" to get the ends of the laces through the shoe eyelets. On the buttoned shoes, I could button the six or eight buttons with a button hook in "jig time." However, in later years laced

shoes were believed to give better support for the ankles. My dress shoes were patent-leather pumps with either one or two straps across the instep.

My Playhouse.

When I was about ten years old (1916) Papa made me a very nice playhouse in the yard of our First Street home. It was about ten feet long and seven feet wide. It had a gable roof which was about eight feet at the highest point. The sides were made of wood -- two-and-a-half feet high from the wooden floor. The top part of the sides, and the ends, were of heavy, white canvas -- this joined the shingle roof. The door was at one end and, being so light inside, it did not need windows. Papa put a carpet rug on the floor.

Inside of my playhouse I had a little table and two dining chairs, just my size. I also had my little, oak rocking chair in which to rock my two babies. Papa made a cupboard from boxes which he painted white. There I kept my "good China" -- play dishes and eating utensils. Mama made a pretty, flowered curtain for my cupboard. Mama also gave me some of her childhood dishes, of which I was happy to have and took very good care of them.

I kept a little crocheted doily on the table, made by my Mama. In the center of the doily I placed a lovely, little vase of orchid-pink in color. This, too, had been my mother's from her childhood. I always managed to find a pretty flower to place in this pretty, little vase. (A couple years ago, in 1988, I gave this treasured vase to one of my great grand daughters.

I played with dolls until I was fourteen years old. I spent many, happy hours in my dear, little playhouse. Too, I entertained my childhood friends with tea parties and goodies.

Our First-Street Playground: During Our Growing-Up Years.

Being that our home was located at the edge of Watsonville City Limits, it made an ideal place for our childhood friends to gather each summer evening. We were fortunate to have many playmates in our neighborhood. However, many of the so-called elite families' kids came across town to play with us, almost every evening.

Some of our nightly games were "Last Couple Out," "Foot Off The Gutter," "Statue," "Hide and Seek," "Kick The Can," and "Run Sheep Run." These were some of the many games we played. We had the streets to ourselves as no beet or apple wagons worked or traveled in the evenings. Automobiles were very scarce and we could hear them coming from a long way off.

During the wintertime, when it was raining, some of our playmates would come to our house. We would gather around our round dining table and play various card games, such as "Hearts," "Pedro," "Old Maid," "Whist," "Flinch," and others. Having two brothers, many of my childhood playmates were boys. As I grew older, some of the boys used my brothers as an excuse to call on me.

We may not have lived in the very elite part of town but no kids could have had more fun in their childhood than we three.

Monkey See, Monkey Do:About 1917 Summer.

Living fairly close to the Pajaro River and about a mile from the Narrow-Gauge railroad trestle, it was very convenient for my two brothers and their boy playmates to take a skinny dip (swim in the nude) in the river. In those days the water was running freely with no pollutants dumped into the river, as in later years.

My way of thinking was, "What was good for the gander was good for the goose" (a proverb inverted). One Saturday afternoon, three of my girl friends -- Elsie, Mable and Winnie -- and I decided to go for a swim. If my brothers could skinny-dip, why couldn't we? Unbeknown to my mother, I quietly slipped into the large linen closet and took out four nice, white bath towels.

There were several good swimming holes in the Pajaro River but none too deep. At eleven years of age, we needed a large, deep pool to paddle around in. The banks of the river were lined with wild blackberry vines, much brush, and large willow trees. We girls really felt grown up as we disrobed and hung our clothes on the willow tree branches. However, I can truthfully say that I felt a feeling of guilt come over me. It was too late to back out now. In fact, wasn't I the one who suggested this swim?

Elsie, a year older than the rest of us, got "cold feet" and would not undress, in spite of our coaxing. Her reason may have been that her father was working nearby for the Southern Pacific Railroad. (The S.P. tracks ran about 1-1/2 miles east of the

Narrow-Gauge tracks, which were used mainly to haul cars of sugar beets to the Spreckles Sugar Factory, now located near Salinas.)

The remaining three of us were having so much fun. We paddled around in one hole after another, running down the river just like little naked water nymphs. Now I could see why my brothers loved to wallow around in the river. Neither of them nor their play mates could swim, but that didn't keep them from having fun.



LEFT TO RIGHT: HELEN CRUZ, LLOYD, SAM LINDBERG (ABOVE), WILLA CRUZ, ANNA LINDBERG, ME (IRMA), HESSA SAKATA. TAKEN AT PAJARO RIVER. CIRCA 1917

We wandered farther and farther away from our clothes, hanging on the willow tree. Elsie followed us on the river bank. Just beyond the Narrow-Gauge trestle we found a hole that was waist-deep. Here we played until three boys walked onto the trestle with B-B guns. As soon as we saw them we squatted down in the water. When they discovered us, they started shooting all around us, splattering the water. Needless to say that we were really frightened. We recognized two of

the boys. They were Harvey Smith and Henry Henderson.

Elsie, bless her heart, called to them and said, "I'm going to call my father. He's working on the tracks nearby." Of course he wasn't there. Elsie ran back and brought our clothes and towels to us. By that time the boys had left the scene. We were forever grateful to Elsie. That one and only naked swim in the Pajaro River was enough for us. My brothers could have my share of that fun. My mother never knew about it until I told her some time later.

Music And Harmony.

"Music! Music! Oh how I love music!" Presumably, I inherited such. My father's side of the family were all musically inclined, particularly vocally. His mother and brothers all had wonderful voices. Two of his brothers were choir leaders.

However, I contribute part of my love for music to my early training. Maybe the old Edison Gramophone had something to do with it -- as when I was barely old enough to toddle around my mother said I would hold up my little skirts and dance around the room to the music of the phonograph.

From the time that I started saving my nickels, dimes and quarters as well as pennies (some from Tassajara), I had my goal in mind. I definitely wanted a piano. When I was ten years old I had saved \$350 -- enough to buy my new, beautiful Ludwig upright piano. I was extremely proud of it. It had the softest touch and sweetest tone of any piano I had

ever heard -- even to this day. (Now my great grandchildren are learning on it.)

My folks heard of a wonderful piano teacher that traveled from Salinas to Watsonville each week. Her name was Mrs. Frisby. However, she had to have enough piano students to make her trip worth while. We managed to enroll a couple more children for her. Rueben Tuttle, our neighbor, was one of them.

Mrs. Frisby taught me one-half hour of harmony (the study and writing of music) and a half hour at the piano. Needless to say that my parents were persistent that I practice an hour each day (both writing and playing the piano), as Mrs. Frisby's lessons were considered quite expensive. Sometimes I became bored but mostly I found my efforts quite interesting.

For this interest in music I am grateful to this day. Although I am definitely not a vocalist, I can immediately detect it if a singer is a little off key.

I've often thought that I would like to try my ability in writing music. Maybe it's a little late but it's fun to dream. I'm sure it wouldn't be rock music, as in the '70s and '80s. As they say, "To each, his own."

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CHAPTER 6

HOLIDAYS TO REMEMBER

Holidays are exciting and important events in every child's life. I was no exception. Some holidays rated higher than others but all have their values.

New Year's Day.

On New Year's Eve we kiddies were allowed to stay up and see "the old year out and the new year in." New Year's Eve for the young and the teen-aged boys was very exciting. The Main Street merchants of Watsonville would throw coins out onto the street. The boys would all scramble after them, each trying to gather the most money.

New Year's Day was a gala event when we were young. It was not only the first day of the new year but the wedding anniversary of my father and mother. It held an important meaning for us and extra celebration. Ham, roast beef and many goodies were on our New Year's Day menu. An old adage read, "The way you start the new year determines the way you will spend the rest of the year."

Valentine's Day

Valentine's Day was a very special day to most all young, school children in my primary-grade years. Kindergarten was not known about at that time (1912) so my earliest experience in schooling was in the first grade. I do believe that on my first day at school I developed a "crush" on a certain boy in my class. I had plenty of competition as some of the other girls had their eyes on him, also. "Gee, he was a handsome sweetie," so I thought.

When Valentine's Day rolled around six months later, I made him an extra special, pretty Valentine.

Way back then there were no children's Valentine greetings sold in the stores -- as I remember. Only lacy ones for grown ups. We made most of the folders and cards at school. The teachers furnished the red paper for making hearts and we brought trimmings and decorations for our little cards from our homes. Most of the verses, or writings on them, were of our childish origin. The cards for the girls had our names signed on them, but often the sender's name was omitted on cards or hearts sent to the boys. I made an extra special one for "my heart-throb" with a special message on it. However, I didn't have the "grit" to sign my name so, consequently, he never knew who sent him the most beautiful Valentine in the world (so I thought). He remained my "secret love" for several years.

On Valentine's Day our teacher furnished a box into which we deposited the greetings which we had made. One of the pupils was selected to pass out these cards to the names written on them. My "secret love" didn't even look toward his ardent admirer when he received his beautiful heart-felt greeting. Oh well! Maybe tomorrow he will smile at me and say "hi." I wasn't about to give up. I got a number of pretty hearts and cards but none from "My Valentine."

Some of us made Valentines for our parents, too, and always one for our teacher. Valentine's day was celebrated at school mainly in the first four grades. It was fun to compare our treasures with our playmates.

Somehow, this "little heart-throb" of mine did not notice me or

know I existed until the last years of high school. Too late, old boy! I had lost interest in him during my elementary years. He later became a successful lawyer.

Easter.

As a small child I didn't fully know the true meaning of Easter. To me it was a special day to look for the Easter bunny to lay those beautiful, colored eggs. Too, it meant new clothes for my two younger brothers and me. Mama, being a wonderful seamstress, always made my pretty, new Easter dresses with lace and flounces, to wear to Sunday School and Church. I felt like someone special. Of course these togs would not be complete without a white, flowered hat. I can remember Mama taking me to Carrie Clausen's millinery store, on East Third Street, to help pick out my new Easter bonnets. One time Carrie made a special hat just for me. Sometimes I would wear them for the following Easter Sundays as the only time I wore a hat during the year was to Sunday School. My two brothers had new suits with knicker-bocker pants, white shirts, ties, and long, black stockings. Mama, too, looked beautiful in her new Easter outfit.

We always had our Easter egg hunt, after we returned home from Sunday School, amidst the flowers and grass. I can still see those beautiful, shiny, colored eggs hidden in calla lilies, in geranium plants, and in grass near the rose bushes. Often times my two brothers gathered more eggs than I. Mama and Papa gave us our candy eggs later.

Those beautiful, large, candy eggs were as big as an ostrich egg.

The colored, crinkly decorations and the candy flowers on them made them too pretty to eat -- so I thought. At one end of the egg was a round, little window so as to peep inside and see a most pretty Easter scene. Sometimes we got chocolate eggs with cream centers. Later, little yellow, marshmallow, baby chickens and white bunny rabbits were part of our treats. Usually, after the hunt, a luscious ham dinner was greatly enjoyed by all the family.

As we grew a little older we realized that Mama colored those beautiful eggs the night before. We then looked forward to the fun of helping her with that task. There were six cups filled half full of boiling water. A color tablet was dropped into each cup, to dissolve, each a different color. Then a hot, hard-boiled egg was dropped into each cup, teased a little with a spoon, and then removed when the desired color was obtained on the shell. They were so beautifully shiny, as when finished Mama wiped each egg with a cloth that had a drop of salad oil on it.

My brothers and I really appreciated the meaning of Easter as we grew older and could understand about the Resurrection of Christ. My heart was so saddened about His Crucifixion on Good Friday and the terrible suffering He had to experience for the sake of all of us. However, His Resurrection on Easter Sunday turned my sadness to joy. God's love for us all is too great to put into words.

Community Easter Sunrise Services.

My first recollection of East-

er Sunrise Services dates back to the 1930s. The first Easter Sunrise Service that Ted and I attended was held in a large, grassy field, on the crest of a hill overlooking Werner's Hill on the left and acres of open farm land on the right -- as far as we could see, towards the ocean.

To reach this designated area we had to park our car on a two-lane road that led to Moss Landing, Castroville, and Salinas. Being an early, foggy morning, we had to make a pathway through tall, wet grass. Our shoes and legs were wet by the time we reached the site.

The Sunrise congregation was quite sparse but those of us that attended were well rewarded. The beautiful hymns that we sang, accompanied by a pump organ, were extremely impressive, regardless of us all being cold and wet. "The Old Rugged Cross" made our hearts fill with emotion. Towards the east the sun made its dim appearance through the hazy banks of fog. The lack of a sunrise glow did not dampen the spirit for which we attended this special gathering so early in the morning -- to commemorate the Resurrection of our blessed Savior. As long as we live, I'm sure Ted and I will remember this special service.

As I recall, after the Easter Sunrise Services were no longer held at the nearby Werner Hill site, they were held in the amphitheater at Camp McQuaide in the 1940 war years. This amphitheater was a little distance off the San Andreas Road. Oh what an ordeal it was for me to pull myself out of bed at 5 o'clock on a cold and foggy, Sunday morning. Ted

would say, "Come on Honey. Let's get organized."

The first time that we attended the services at this unique, open theater we both found it very inspiring. The rows of circular benches soon became occupied -- not only by local church attendance but also by many soldier boys training in the nearby Camp McQuaide.

The beautiful sermons by various ministers were always stirring and effective but those lovely hymns touched me and caused tears to roll down my cheeks. Of course my paramount thoughts were on the Crucifixion and Resurrection of our Savior, but my mind wandered as to the outcome of those wonderful, soldier boys. Yes, they were mostly boys -- hardly given a chance to grow up or experience life. Too, Ted and I had a boy that was now reaching the age that Uncle Sam would soon be calling on him to serve his country.

As the morning sun peeped over the eastern horizon, its rays reflected on the faithful people in the amphitheater. It soon took the chill out of the air and put joy into our hearts, knowing that again we had the privilege to worship our Savior at an early, beautiful Sunrise Service on Easter Morning.

In the late 1940s the Sunrise Service was held in the Starlite Drive-In Theater. It was a rainy, cold Easter season -- definitely not compatible weather for an open-air Sunrise Service. It was somewhat questionable as to contingency plans -- and if needed, what church or building would accommodate all the people who chose to attend. If I remember

correctly, it was a last-minute decision to hold the yearly Sunrise Service at our local drive-in theater on Arthur Road. The theater was not in use in the mornings. The lot would accommodate many cars for the attendees and there was an audio-system hook-up for each car. That seemed to be an ideal solution for holding the services in squally weather.

Ted and I attended this different but faithful devotional service. We listened to the prayers, the sermon, and the beautiful hymns over the loud speaker in the car. We also enjoyed the delightful, heavy, spring showers of rain splattering on the roof of our car. Although we knew Old Sol was there, he did not make his appearance that particular morning. After our devotion we headed for home and a much-relished, hot breakfast, for which we were grateful.

At other times, to commemorate the Resurrection of Jesus Christ on Easter Sunday, the early-morning congregation gathered on the steps and walkway in the front of the mausoleum at Pajaro Valley Memorial Park. On the grassy slope below were burial markers of loved ones. The prayers, sermon and hymns offered by the different churches were beautiful, but somehow this secluded location seemed less inspiring to me than others of past years. It was probably due to the fact that the building we were facing, as well as the mountains of Mt. Madonna behind the building, obstructed the view of the sunrise. Had the chosen location been higher up on the mountain, the

whole of Pajaro Valley would have been in view. Regardless of my opinion (and some others) I'm sure that the good Lord heard our prayers and knew of our devotion to Him.

Ted and I were living in the beautiful town of Visalia, California from 1952 to 1954. We often drove to the lovely neighboring communities such as Orange Grove, Lemon Grove, Moony Grove Park and others. Not having a yard or garden to care for, we frequently took our lunch and spent time on Kaweah River, in Kings Canyon, and at a special area at the top of a mountain overlooking the entire Visalia area and beyond. However, Ted had to be to work at 4:00 PM as dispatcher for the State Forestry -- for the whole of Tulare County, so our time was somewhat limited.

On one Easter Sunday while we were at Visalia, the Sunrise Service was held at that inspirational location -- at the top of the mountain overlooking the valley of orange and lemon groves. From that spot the aqueduct wound its way downward, supplying water to fruit growers and ranchers. To me this was one of the most beautiful expanses for this devotional occasion.

The hymns "He Is Risen," "The Old Rugged Cross," and others seemed to be amplified. The rays of the sun, penetrating through the foliage of the trees at this early hour, should have made everyone feel close to God and grateful for His beloved Son that is now sitting at His right hand, pleading forgiveness for the sins of us all. Thank you, dear God.

Throughout these last years



JOHNNY-JUMP-UP DAYS PICNIC AT
WERNER'S HILL 1919

BACK ROW, L-R: EVELYN PIERCE, VIOLA ASPON (BEHIND), THELMA BROOKS, MAMA, CLARO DODD (BEHIND), LLOYD, IRENE LEWIS. FRONT: HESA SAKATA, LEOLA PIERCE, MABLE CHRISTENSEN.
(PHOTO BY IRMA OKSEN)

Ted and I have not had the joy of attending those lovely Sunrise Services. Nevertheless, the beautiful, lingering memories of the past will live in our hearts forever.

Easter On "The Farm."

In 1989 we had a most beautiful Easter Sunday after several days of much-needed rain. Jan and Bob stopped by our little ranch to pick Ted and me up on their way to Mary's and Gene's farm home on Spring Valley Road in Hollister. (Mary is our grand daughter and Gene is her husband.) Many of the family-folks had already arrived when we got there around 11:00 AM, and were outdoors enjoying the nice, warm sunshine.

"The Farm", located at the foot of the Gabilan Mountain Range, presented a carpet of luscious green, dotted here and there with a few farm houses and trees. Dan and Rita (our grand son

and his wife) also occupied one of the five houses on the farm.

Mary and Gene had arranged an area outdoors for a lovely Easter Service for the extended family. Chairs were placed in a semi-circle. Each guest said a little prayer or expressed gratitude to our dear Lord for His sacrifice, Resurrection, and our salvation.

Following our little commemorative ceremony we all gathered around a lovely, long, outdoor table to partake of the "goodies" so lovingly prepared. Being that we have a large, precious family (and still growing) there could be no greater joy than spending this glorious day with them.

After this wonderful Easter Sunday, Jan and Bob delivered us back to our Green Valley home. Bless them!

May Day.

May Day was a holiday for us public-school children and we all looked forward to it. For several weeks before the first of May, each class practiced daily on their outdoor Maypole dances. The tall pole, secured in the ground, had different colored streamers attached to the top. Each girl held an end of a colored streamer-ribbon, made from crepe paper. To music, played on a phonograph, the girls would dance around the Maypole -- one group of them going one way and the other group going in the opposite direction. As they intertwined in and out, the pretty streamers faced the pole, making a unique appearance. This took a great deal of practice for if one girl missed her cue (in and out) it fouled up

the pretty pattern on the pole. That is the reason the May dance required so much practice. As I remember, there were about six Maypoles competing. Each class tried to outdo the others. I guess one would call it a contest. Often the parents would arrive to watch their daughters, all dressed up in their Spring attire.

This performance was put on just before May Day as the day, itself, was a holiday. At this time I cannot recall if the young boys also had a contest, but I'm almost sure they had some sort of May-Day celebration.

May-Day picnics were another big fete. No matter what day May 1st occurred on, a big picnic was held by all the Protestant Churches in Watsonville. I recall two or three big trucks lined up in front of the Presbyterian Church about nine o'clock in the morning. The trucks had benches along both sides for the children, and parents who came along to supervise the group. The use of the big trucks was donated by trucking firms, or otherwise. Mr. Niswander, who operated Niswander Hauling Service, owned the truck that my two brothers, my mother, and I usually occupied. (He, his wife, daughters Mildred and Melba, and a son were members of this church. Trucks and drivers met at other churches to transport the picnickers to the destination -- all arriving about the same time and place. Each family brought their own picnic lunches and goodies.

Sometimes the church picnics were held at "Camp Good-All" -- the deserted "ghost-beach resort" of earlier years -- located at the very end of Beach Road which led

from Watsonville to the seashore. It was approximately five miles from town.. The old dance hall from yesteryears was still there but very dilapidated and all the windows were broken. The old baby-grand piano was still fun to pound on but very tinny sounding. Across the dirt road was an old rooming house. There, too, all the windows were broken. We all had fun running up and down the tired, old, rickety stairway that led to the second floor. Kids will be kids! The stairway was about ready to collapse.

At other times the trucks took us to beach picnics at "Port Watsonville" (originally called Port Rogers). There were some picnic tables and a concession stand where we could buy soda-pop. In those days no one thought about swimming in the surf. Wading or just getting our feet wet at the edge of the foamy water was the extent of our water play. All adults respected the treacherous under-tow along the Monterey Bay and kept a constant watch on the kiddies wading in the surf.

The old pavilion, standing on the peak of a large sand dune, was also a relic of the past. However, this dance hall was either off limits to the children or it held no fascination for us -- unlike the one at "Camp Good-All." At least I cannot remember exploring the interior of that old building.

Thompson Grove was another May-Day destination. With lunches packed and hearts filled with joy, we boarded the trucks parked in the front of the Presbyterian Church. Mama and my two brothers, James and Lloyd, selected our seats on the benches provided for



MAY DAY PICNIC AT PORT WATSONVILLE
TUTTLE AND OKSEN FAMILIES
PAVILION IN BACKGROUND
(PHOTO BY IRMA OKSEN) 1916

the occupants.

Thompson's Grove, located about six miles from Watsonville, was a most beautiful wooded area situated at the foot of the Mount Madonna mountain range. This was a most ideal place for a picnic. There were tables under the shady trees as well as an open-air dance pavilion. Several concession booths sold ice cream cones, soda water, and candy to the public. A babbling brook ran nearby which furnished fun for the kiddies. In it we waded and jumped from rock to rock. Beautiful ferns grew along the banks of this creek. However, I shall never forget the long, yellow slugs (now called banana slugs) that crawled on many of the rocks in the creek. Ugh! They were a horrible sight to me as well as frightening.

In the afternoon there were various kinds of races for the children, such as sack races, three-legged races, touch-and-go, as well as others. Prizes were given to the winners. Some of the men played horse shoes.

At the end of the day we all boarded the truck for our joy ride



PICNIC AT WERNER'S HILL
MAY DAY 1921

home. Mama enjoyed the outings with her friends as well as we three kiddies. I often wished Papa could accompany us like other fathers did, but he had his business to care for. Nevertheless, Papa enjoyed listening to our picnic tales at the end of the day.

Memorial Day (Decoration Day).

In the 1980s, our government changed the days of most memorable holidays, such as Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays (now combined as Presidents' Day), Memorial Day, and others, so they are adjacent to Saturdays or Sundays -- thus providing a three-day weekend. Some dates cannot be changed, such as Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, 4th of July, and New Year's Day. Armistice Day, which ended World War I on the 11th month, 11th day, 11th hour, when the peace treaty was signed, has been changed to Veterans' Day (another date) which is a day to commemorate all war veterans. World War I was supposed to have been the war to end all wars.

Memorial Day -- also called Decoration Day -- pays tribute to those veterans who gave their lives for their country; as well as honoring deceased civilians. When I was young, my folks spent hours cleaning the grass off the cemetery plots on the evening before Memorial Day. For days we gathered flowers from neighbors, in order to place three bouquets on each grave in the Schanbacher-Kuehnis plot, and also three bouquets for Aunt Tina's vault in another section. At that date, those were the only family members that were deceased. (When the Schanbacher plot was full we had the top cemented over.)

There was also a Memorial Day ceremony in the little park on Main and Sudden Streets, now called Callaghan Park. City officials gave speeches. Then many folks walked out to the IOOF (now Pioneer) Cemetery where flags were placed on the Odd Fellows' (IOOF Lodge) graves. My father belonged to that organization for many years. So different today. Although many still feel loyal to the dead, as in the past, a large portion of the populace consider this holiday a time for picnics, barbecues, and travel.

Fourth of July -- Independence Day.

Next to Christmas, July 4th was a most exciting day. When we were small, Papa used to buy tiny, "lady firecrackers" for my two brothers and me to light. We lit them with a glowing punk and threw them out a distance to explode. As we grew older, we were allowed to light the regular

firecrackers. The ones that didn't explode, or fizzled out, we called sizzlers. These, we bent in half until the black powder shown. On the ground, we lit the black powder with our punks. They hissed and sizzled. Hence the name of sizzlers.

In the evening, after dusk, we all gathered on our front porch. This was the big event we had been waiting for. Papa always bought a nice assortment of fireworks for us kids. With his supervision we were allowed to light them, taking turns doing so, on our front sidewalk. There were pinwheels, snakes, serpentines, sky rockets, and Roman candles that blazed and lit up the night sky with many colored stars. I didn't like the son-of-a-guns. They were round balls about the size of a quarter. They contained tiny rocks wrapped in paper in which an explosive cap was embedded. When thrown down hard on the sidewalk, they made a big bang. Sometimes the little rocks would sting our legs. We also enjoyed putting a firecracker under a tin can to watch the can jump.

The real-large firecrackers were lit by Papa. These climaxed our lovely, childhood Fourth of July. Not only did we enjoy it but many of the neighbor children also gathered on our porch and participated in the activity, as well as the applauding and the whoop-a-la.

In my childhood days we all dressed up in our good clothes to attend the Fourth of July parade. We had to be on Main Street early in order to get a good view as it passed. We kiddies usually sat on the sidewalk-curb and the grown

ups stood behind us. Sometimes we had to give up our selected seats as people would stand in front of us and we couldn't see beyond them.

There was always the Grand Marshal at the head of the parade. Following him was a car filled with Watsonville's dignitaries (VIPs); then a group of Pajaro Valley horsemen on their beautiful mounts. (On one occasion in later years Ted rode his beautiful horse with this group.) How thrilling it was to view the lovely floats, many made of fresh flowers and crepe paper of various hues. Some pretty floats were decorated and entered by people of other nations.

Of course there were several bands, foot soldiers from World War I, horse-drawn fire equipment and fire trucks. In one beautifully-decorated automobile rode the elderly men from the Grand Army of the Republic. On the sides of the car were flags and bunting with the letters G.A.R. on it. (As time passed, the numbers of these dear, old gentlemen became fewer and fewer.)

When the parade ended and the prizes for the selection of floats were announced, everyone congregated at the Plaza. There were speeches by city officials. The Watsonville Band members of that era took their places in the Plaza band-stand. Soon the air was filled with joyous music -- marches, waltzes, etc.

After lunch we all gathered around the Main Street side of the Plaza. Here the children would participate in sack races, potato races, three-legged races, and other childhood events. The lemonade stand did a flourishing

business, as did Buckhart's candy and ice cream store, across the street. There was a choice of vanilla, strawberry or chocolate ice cream cones. On the Plaza corner stood the popcorn and peanut wagon. This little popcorn machine scented the air with freshly-roasted popcorn.

The one, big, main event in the afternoon was the firemen's hose-cart race. Sometimes there would be a tug-o-war between the firemen. It all was so exciting -- particularly the hose cart race for the diamond belt, in the early 1900s.

Monday, July 4th, 1983 just passed. It was a wonderful, yet different 4th celebration than in many years past. Our Santa Clara family came over to spend the weekend with us. We talked about July 4th celebrations of our Green Valley days, when our children were young. At that time we usually attended the beautiful parades. The lovely floats were a site for the eyes. Some years we were camping at Arroyo Seco. When at home, Ted usually disked the "Lower 40" to eliminate the weeds and grass. Our two boys and three nephews had a glorious time setting off their fireworks in this area. The sparklers, sky rockets, and Roman candles furnished the main excitement, along with fire-crackers of different sizes.

When the City of Watsonville put on their grand display of fireworks at night, in the high school athletic field, we all piled into the car and parked either on Bridge Street or one of the side streets. My brother, Jim Oksen, a fireman at the time, usually was in charge of the beautiful display of fire-

works. So many "oohs" and "aahs" came from the spectators as the rockets illuminated the sky overhead. Colored stars, like diamonds, could be seen for a distance of miles.

It was all so grand, but to wend our way through the traffic of cars going home was quite boring. However, it was worth the effort as the boys, Nana, Ted and I really enjoyed the excitement and pleasure of it all.

Now getting back to the present (1983), we prefer staying at home on holidays as the highways are crowded. Many of the drivers are either celebrating with alcohol or high on drugs. So different from years past.

Our Santa Clara family left for home quite early in the afternoon so as to avoid some of the traffic on the roads. Needless to say that it left quite a void in our old Green Valley home for Ted and me.

Shortly after they left, Skip and Donna, our other son and his wife, arrived. It was a very warm day and we found it very enjoyable to visit with them on the lawn. Their love and thoughtfulness was greatly appreciated as they brought their portable barbecue on which they cooked a chicken for the four of us. They furnished the complete dinner which consisted of a green, tossed salad, French bread, condiments, wine, and a luscious strawberry short cake. We relished our dinner on the picnic table, on the lawn under the shade of the "Reaves" trees. Barbecued chicken was delicious.

Such a beautiful 4th of July for us two "recycled teenagers." Donna and Skip are both good

cooks and love to share their culinary arts, as well as we enjoy eating such.

Let us never forget the Declaration of Independence when we celebrate July 4th, and always.

1776: The Birth of Our Nation --
A Legend.

There is a legend about the days of our nation's birth in the little hall in Philadelphia. A debate had raged for hours. The men that gathered there were honorable men, hard pressed by the king who had flouted the very laws they were willing to obey. Even so, to sign the Declaration of Independence was such an irretrievable act that the walls resounded with the words "treason," "the gallows," "the headsman's ax," and the issue remained in doubt.

The legend says that at that point a man rose and spoke. He was described as not a young man but one who had to summon all his energy for an impassioned plea. He cited the grievances that had brought them to this moment, and finally, his voice failing, he said, "They may turn every tree into a gallows, every hole into a grave and yet the words of that parchment can never die. To the mechanic in the woodshop, they will speak of hope, to the slave in the mines, freedom. Sign that parchment! Sign -- if the next movement the noose is around your neck, for that parchment will be the textbook of freedom, the bible of the rights of man forever."

He fell back exhausted. Swept up by his eloquence, the 56 delegates reached forward and

signed the document, destined to be as immortal as the work of man can be.

When they turned to thank him for his timely oratory, he was not to be found, nor could anyone be found who knew who he was or how he had come and gone.

Well, that is the legend -- but we do know for certain 56 men, a little band so unique we have never seen their likes since, had pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor.

They sired a nation that grew from sea to shining sea. Five million farms, quiet villages, cities that never sleep, three million square miles of forest, field, mountains and desert, 227-million people with a pedigree which includes the blood lines of all the world.

Let the 4th of July always be a reminder that here in this land, for the first time, it was decided that man was born with God-given rights; the government is only a convenience created and managed by the people, with no power of its own except those voluntarily granted by the people.

By Ronald Reagan

Halloween.

In my childhood days we didn't have tricks and treats. Papa and Mama raised pumpkins in their garden. When we were small, Papa carved the faces on our pumpkins (jack-o-lanterns) for us, but as we grew older we had the fun of carving comical faces on them, ourselves. The only goblin costumes we wore were sheets draped around us as ghosts with pillow cases (pillow slips) folded over our heads. The older boys played



LILLY FINLEY AND ME (IRMA)
HALLOWEEN CIRCA 1921

pranks such as taking wheels off of buggies or wagons, letting air out of auto tires, etc. Our excitement was to ring door bells and wedge a match in the bell button so it would continue ringing, and then run. Also, we made "rat-a-tats" by carving notches on wooden thread spools on round sticks and winding them up with rubber bands. These, we would hold against the outer window pane and release the rubber band. As the spool spun on the stick, it really made a loud rat-a-tat noise. Then we would run and hide.

Mama usually had hot cider and cookies for us before retiring. That was our favorite Halloween treat.

Armistice Day: 1918 --
The War to end All Wars.

As long as I live I shall never forget Armistice Day -- the day the peace treaty was signed in 1918. I was sick and in bed in my childhood home on First Street. It happened on the eleventh month,

the eleventh day, and the eleventh hour. All of the fire house bells and whistles in the little town of Watsonville put on a big performance. That joyful news made me forget my illness. I was twelve years old. I got well fast.

Armistice Day was a day never to be forgotten in later years. There was always a big parade. The girls in the schools dressed up like Red Cross nurses with red crosses on their head bands, and the boys had various make-ups -- some like wounded soldiers wearing bandages, arms in slings, etc. The cadets from the Watsonville High School all marched in their uniforms. The city officials rode in cars in the parade. They later gave speeches at a designated meeting place. There were quite a number of young men from our little, home town that served our country. Some never returned. Those men (or boys) particularly were remembered

Some years later after World War II, Armistice Day was changed to Veterans' Day, commemorating all veterans of all wars. But I was still sad to see the change. They now shift the date so as to have a long weekend.

Thanksgiving.

What a feast! Always there was a roasted, stuffed turkey (with old fashioned dressing) or a roasted goose. The dinners at that time were as of today -- turkey or goose, stuffing, mashed potatoes, gravy, cranberry sauce made from fresh cranberries (not canned), vegies, creamed corn, string beans, candied sweet potatoes, pumpkin and mince pies, and

cakes. It was usually a big family gathering. A large, long table, that reached across the length of our dining room, was set with a linen table cloth, Mama's good china and table service. We all had so much to be thankful for. (This we realize more as we grow older.)

My First Christmas Of Remembrances.

Christmas was a beautiful time of the year. How privileged we were to be able to celebrate the birth of the Christ Child. I've always loved the story of Baby Jesus in the manger, Mary and Joseph, the shepherds, the beautiful angels, the three wise men, and the bright star in the big sky that led them to Bethlehem.

Christmas always arrived a few weeks before my birthday. When I was small I thought it quite unfair to have my birthday so soon after Christmas. As I grew older I understood.

I vaguely remember my fourth Christmas (1909). We were then living on Riverside Road. I was almost four years old. Old Santa must have known exactly what I wanted. He brought me the most lovely rag doll that he could find in his pack. She was really something. I felt like a real mama. She had big, dark-blue eyes, so beautifully painted (even though they wouldn't close). Her lips were red as cherries and her cheeks were as pink as a rose petal. Yellow-brown, curly hair was painted on her cloth head. I named her "Tessie." She was hardly ever out of my sight and was my bed companion for the next few years.

For the same Christmas Santa

left me a cute, little, red doll buggy in which to wheel Tessie. Mama made me some covers for the buggy and dresses for Tessie.

I guess Santa figured that Tessie and I should have something to put on my little play table that Papa made for me. Santa left us a set of pretty, tin dishes with lovely flowers painted on them.

We very seldom used the parlor in this home except for special occasions. Of course, Christmas was such. We always had a beautiful Christmas tree, as far back as I can remember. The shiny ornaments, strings of popcorn and tinsel, and the lighted candles made indelible impressions in my memory.

On my fifth Christmas (1910), Santa Claus brought me a little, solid-oak rocking chair. It was the most beautiful rocker in the whole, wide world. It must have been made just for me. Santa remembered me and knew my size. I spent hours in it, rocking Tessie to sleep, even though she never did close her big, painted eyes. The seat of the chair was something special to me. It was made of reddish-brown leather, stuffed with horse hair. How I loved my pretty rocking chair!

As long as I live I shall never forget this lovely, little oak rocker that Mama and Papa gave me. We were still living on Riverside Road at the time. I kept this little rocking chair in my possession and many years later my two boys used it. Then Bob's and Janet's children used it -- Cres, Janie, Jim (Teddy), Danny and Kathy. Later my grandson Randy, and his wife Gail, had it for their children to use -- Tammy, Jason and Brook --

my great grandchildren. Randy had to make a nice, new cushion. Now, in 1990, my great grand daughter, Emily (Jim's and Collette's daughter), is using it. At this date I do not know who will use it next. But it is understood that someday when Randy's daughter, Tammy, has children, the rocking chair is to go to her as temporary custodian. (Tammy once expressed her wish that this would be so.) Then my great-great grand children will be enjoying it. I hope this chair passes along and will stay in the family for generations to come, as it is a very sturdy oak rocker. Not every wee one can sit in a small rocking chair that their great-great-grandmother used, at their age in 1910.

Christmas At My Childhood Home At 232 First Street.

Getting ready to celebrate the birth of Christ was always a memorable occasion. Mama made luscious cookies, candy, fruit cake, and anise bread (a German treat) -- some to be shared with others. There were packages to be wrapped, some hidden, along with whispered surprises.

Getting ready for the school program at Christmas time was always a lot of fun. Our teachers helped us make little gifts for our parents. For several weeks before Christmas vacation, the classes were very busy rehearsing songs and plays for the last day of school.

On that particular day the air was buzzing with excitement. That was the time to show off our talents. All the parents were invited for the school Christmas

party.

A big tree, beautifully decorated (at least I thought so), was at the front of the classroom. Most all the pupils brought gifts to exchange. Of course there were some for the teacher, too, from her scholars. These were all piled under the big Christmas tree.

Sometimes Santa Claus would visit and hand out the gifts. At other times the children would distribute them. The teachers always had little boxes of Christmas, hard candy or candy canes for the class. Hooray! Now vacation! From the fourth grade on, Christmas celebration at school was very simple.

Just a few days before Christmas, the Sunday Schools had their programs. I was about six years old when I took part in a Christmas play. This was directed by Miss Jessie Andersen at the Presbyterian Church. The first Christmas song that I learned was "Away In The Manger." All through my life, when I heard that beautiful song, it brought back those happy childhood memories.

At the Sunday School program we always had a lovely, big, decorated, Christmas tree on the stage. All the children brought canned goods for the poor people. At the end of the Christmas program Santa would arrive with a big pack on his back. There was always candy and nuts for all.

By now we were counting the days until Santa Claus would visit our house. We, too, had preparations to make each year. We popped corn on the little, wood-burning, heating stove in the dining room. With a needle and strong thread, we made big, long

strings of white popcorn to adorn our Christmas tree. Also, we strung long strings of fresh, brilliant-red cranberries which complimented the popcorn on the tree.

In our earlier years, Mama and Papa tried to fool us kiddies into thinking that Santa brought our Christmas tree and decorated it. This was difficult to do as we always had a nice redwood tree in our parlor. The redwood odor of the tree scented the house so we knew when our Christmas tree was there. The entire place smelled like Christmas. (I still like to have redwood boughs in our home at this season, just for their memorable scent.)

Mama and Papa decorated the tree on the 23rd, after we kiddies were tucked into bed for the night. We had no fireplace at our house so we hung our stockings in the parlor, near the tree. Each of us hung up one of Mama's stockings as it held more than Papa's sox. Santa always came to visit our house on Christmas Eve. I was so excited that I could barely eat my supper. Of course there were beautifully-wrapped gifts under the tree. The larger gifts were stacked behind it. The first thing we three kiddies did was to run for our filled stockings. What a delightful thrill it was to find a big, naval orange, a luscious banana, and a large stem of muscat raisins in our stockings. In those days, oranges and bananas were only available at Christmas season. You can imagine what a treat that was to us. I used to think, "If only I could eat enough bananas to satisfy my appetite for them." There was also Christmas

candy and other little surprises in our stockings. Usually, my brothers got marbles or a top, and I got a little, tiny doll or some other toy.

The lighted Christmas tree was always so beautiful. We had no strings of electric lights in those days. Candles, about four inches tall, of various colors, were inserted into little metal holders that were clamped onto the tree branches. Little springs held them in place. The wax candles had swirls on them from top to bottom. Extra precaution had to be taken when placing the candles. If too close to redwood needles, they could easily catch on fire. Many homes burned from such carelessness.

The ornaments on our tree were shiny and glossy. It seems to me that the ornaments then were more elaborate than in later years. I still have a few of them but they are quite worn and scarred over the many years. One tree ornament that I always loved was a little cross made of spun glass. It had a gold star near the top. This, I gave to one of my grand children for their tree, even though it showed signs of aging. Other ornaments depicted various things such as birds, flowers, fish, etc. There were paper angels that glittered, made by us kiddies at Sunday School. I still have a little six-inch celluloid Santa Claus, from those days, that I put on our tree each year. He also is battered and dimpled.

I was about six years old before I realized there was no real Santa Claus. After I discovered the secret, I experienced an empty feeling over the following year at

Yuletide.

As I grew older, I enjoyed helping to decorate our Christmas tree. We usually left it up until after New Year's Day. I then assisted in "undecorating" it. This usually made me feel sad. The shiny strings of glistening tinsel were carefully coiled, wrapped and put into a box, along with the ornaments, strings of popcorn, and unused candles. The strings of cranberries had to be discarded. The Christmas box was then put away in a closet until the following year when Santa would arrive and again we would celebrate the birth of the Christ Child. The manger scenes were wrapped in soft paper and stored.

One of my later childhood gifts from my parents, that I vividly remember, was the beautiful doll with a porcelain head. She had light-brown, curly hair and blue eyes that opened and closed. She stood about eighteen inches high. Her body was jointed and made of a form of plaster. The joints were held together with strong elastic. I thought she was the most beautiful doll in the world. (I still have her packed away some place. Her hair is in shreds and her body is now disjointed. The elastic has disintegrated. But her face is still beautiful. One of these days I hope to have her "rejuvenated.")

The following Christmas I received a lovely, folding doll buggy for my doll. My Grandma Oksen knitted a red, black and white carriage robe for me. (I still have it with a moth hole or two in it.)

There were years when money was quite scarce. At that time my parents gave me a small,

framed picture for my room, called "The End of the Trail". I loved it and still treasure it. A little, fitted sewing basket was another gift I enjoyed. Then there were gifts that Papa gave Mama and us kiddies together -- a flat, cedar box filled with chocolate candy, and a little metal suitcase filled with fancy soaps. I used the suitcase for my doll's wardrobe. (I still have the suitcase.) Papa also gave Mama a lovely sewing basket full of luscious chocolates. (I still use this sewing basket now, in 1990.)

Santa Claus is alive and always will be, in the hearts of those who believe.

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CORINE BUCH AND ME (IRMA)
CIRCA 1919

CHAPTER 7

MY BROTHERS

My two brothers, James Albert (born 20 July 1908) and Lloyd Peter (born 21 October 1910), were my constant playmates during my early childhood. We experienced many interesting and exciting times together as well as a few "squabbles" now and then. I will try to relate a few of the many experiences we encountered during our growing-up years.

Typhoid Fever -- 1913.

One of my early memories was when my two little brothers had typhoid fever at the ages of three and five years. Loyd and Frances Miller came to Watsonville from Oakland to spend their vacation with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. O.S. Tuttle. The Tuttles lived across First Street from our home. Loyd and my brother, James, were the same age and good companions. In fact, we all played together daily. At the age of five years, Loyd Miller developed typhoid fever in the summer of 1913. A short time later, my two brothers also came down with it. They ran a very, very high fever along with other symptoms. For a couple of weeks we did not know if James would survive. Loyd was also very ill but showed signs of recovery before James. I can well remember Mama simmering beef daily in order for my brothers to have beef broth to drink. They survived on the broth and grape juice as their main intake.

I'm sure that it was a couple of months before they were up and around again. It took much longer to regain the weight they had lost. Loyd Miller also had a hard case of typhoid fever but he, too, fought back to health.

Fortunately, Frances and I avoided it though we were with our brothers daily. I do not recall quarantine

signs on our house at that date.

James' First Day At School --
Lloyd's First Day At Kindergarten.

How well I remember James' first day at school in 1914. He looked so cute, all dressed up in starched shirt, a little suit with knicker-bocker pants, long black stockings, and black button shoes. His hair was neatly cut by Papa and parted on the side.

Mama escorted James to his first-grade class. It was the same room and teacher -- Mrs. Mintie White -- that I had two years earlier, in the Primary building. But now I was in the third grade, directly above his room on the second floor. (My teacher was Miss Josie Colehauer.)

Mama remained in the class room with James for about an hour. When she left, my brother cried to the top of his voice. I could hear him so plainly in my class room. Mrs. White asked me to stay with him for the rest of the day, which I did. From that day on he soon adjusted to the new environment and enjoyed his many classmates. During the first grade I escorted James to and from school.

If I remember correctly, kindergarten was started in Watsonville about 1915-1916. My younger brother, Lloyd, was now at the age of five. After James attended school, Lloyd missed his playmate. Mama and Papa decided that it would be good for Lloyd to attend kindergarten. Mama escorted him to class. He seemed so happy and so proud to be dressed in his new clothes. Lloyd was very content when Mama left him with the other children. After three

hours of play or learning, Mama or Papa brought him home. He always had little incidents to relate to them.

Carnivals And Expositions.

At least once each year a carnival came to Watsonville. In 1914 they set up their amusement center in the corner lot at Second and Rodriguez Streets, next to the Civic Auditorium. The ferris wheel, merry-go-round (carousel), and miniature cars were a delight to most children.

A gentleman friend of our family asked to take Lloyd and James on the ferris wheel with him. The two boys thought that would be a fun experience until the wheel made the second round. James started to scream. As the wheel rotated, his screams grew louder and louder. After four trips around, the wheel operator decided to let him off. being only six years old, I'm sure he must have thought he was in a different world when he reached the top and zoomed down so fast. He could see Mama and me standing on the ground waiting there for him. I do believe Lloyd could have stayed on the ferris wheel all day.

Being that James was nearer my age -- two-and-a-half years my junior -- I can relate to more of his activities than Lloyd's, my younger brother.

Mama, Papa, and we three kiddies attended the San Francisco International Exposition in 1915. Papa had some business to attend to on Market street so Mama, my two brothers, and I boarded the trolley car to take us up the steep hill to the hotel in which we were registered. As the hilly street



JAMES AND ME (IRMA) WITH OUR PET GOAT.
TAKEN AT TUTTLE'S STOCK PENS ON RIVERSIDE ROAD 1911

became steeper and steeper, James' cries of fear became louder and louder. (He was seven years old and Lloyd was five years.) To Mama's embarrassment and my dismay, we had to give up our trolley ride. At that point we were several blocks from our hotel. Those blocks seemed like miles as we trudged up the steep hills. However, James enjoyed the ride down on the trolley the next day. Could that have been because Papa was with us?

Childhood Memories.

Being raised in a neighbor-

hood of mostly boys, along with my brothers' friends from other areas of Watsonville, I usually participated in their games and sports -- such as horse shoes, mumble peg (played with a boy's pocket knife), marbles, kite flying, shooting at targets with home-made sling shots, climbing trees, and wrestling.

As I stated previously, I was quite a tomboy. However, occasionally I would persuade my brothers into playing some of the "girly games." Playing jacks on our front, cement sidewalk proved to be an interesting pastime for



JAMES AND ME (IRMA) AT THE TUTTLE HOUSE ON RIVERSIDE ROAD. 1911

the three of us. I remember wearing my finger nails down to the quick on one side, by scooping up the jacks. James didn't have that trouble as he habitually chewed off his finger nails.

When a loaded apple wagon with a team of horses passed our street corner, we kiddies would call out to the driver, "Throw us an apple." If we said "please" we usually each got one. If refused our request, we would climb onto the back of the wagon (loaded with full boxes of apples) and help ourselves. Usually only one kid climbed up the ropes securing the full boxes, and threw an apple to his waiting friends on the ground. These horse-drawn wagons moved

quite slowly. This seemed to be a ritual for all the children up and down the street.

The Spreckles Sugar Factory, formerly located on Walker Street next to my grandparents' home, was moved to the Salinas area in 1898. Sugar beets were raised in abundance in the Pajaro Valley during my childhood years. The horse-drawn sugar-beet wagons passed our home daily to load the beets into the small cars at the narrow-gauge depot. They were then transported to the Spreckles factory to be made into sugar.

When these full wagons turned the corner of First and Locust Streets, where our house was located, some of the beets usually fell off. My brothers and I would race to the street to retrieve them for Daisy, our cow. She really relished this delicacy.

"Sally," Our Little Pet Goat, 1916.

One day Papa surprised us kiddies with a darling, little, angora goat. She was the cutest and most loving goat that ever lived, so we thought. Her long, white, wavy coat of hair glistened in the sunlight. We named her "Sally."

When returning from school each day, Sally heard us, even before we reached the house. We could hear her bleat (baaah) a half block away.

After we changed from our school clothes into our play clothes, as we did each day, we let Sally out of her corral to play with us. She loved to play hide-and-seek. We would sneak away from her and hide. She would look all around. When she discovered one of us she would say, "Baaah."

Living on the outskirts of town, we would take Sally down the country road with us. She would graze on the luscious, green grass while we pulled grass to take home to our rabbits.

Sally's coat was getting quite long and heavy. Papa decided it should be trimmed. My brother James, then nine years old, was helping Papa with the task. Somehow Sally gave a lunge and the shears slightly pierced her hide. She didn't let out a whimper.

It wasn't too many days before we discovered that our little Sally couldn't eat. She tried so hard and moved her mouth and lips, but her jaws wouldn't cooperate. We soon discovered that our precious pet had lock-jaw. Papa, being quite a veterinarian, doctored Sally the best he could. Each day we took her to graze on the green grass, but she could not do so. It was so sad to see our little pet try to eat, but could not. She was becoming weaker each day.

One day when we returned home from school we found Sally's little corral empty. I immediately knew that she had gone to goat heaven. We were told that Sally had died. Later, I realized that Papa had to shoot her. I knew what a sad task that was for him.

We three kiddies cried ourselves to sleep each night for a couple of weeks. It was hard and sad for Mama, too. She would make the rounds of each of our beds each night, lying down beside us, trying to console each one. Pets are so wonderful but it's hard to give them up.

We had a neighborhood funeral for little Sally. Papa buri-



JAMES IN THE TUTTLE HOUSE FRONT YARD ON RIVERSIDE ROAD 1912

ed her under a big elderberry tree on our acreage. For months, we put flowers on Sally's grave daily. We loved her so much and she loved us back, in return.

Boys Will Be Boys,
And So Will Girls -- 1917.

What kid never tried smoking a cigarette? Being my Dad never indulged in that type of nicotine, my brothers and I never found a cigarette stub around home to puff on. To watch other grown ups, it looked like great fun to make smoke come out of their heads. Too, we had an uncle who poured tobacco into a little piece of tan paper and rolled it up into a short cylinder with one hand. He then licked the edge of the paper to seal it. One end was twisted to ignite with a match and the other end he put between his lips -- puffing away until he had a look of

satisfaction on his face.

At this date it wasn't customary for girls to smoke cigarettes. However, some of the boys did it "on the sly." Well, why couldn't we try it too? We gathered some dry chick seeds. The only thin paper we could find was toilet paper. In those days the toilet paper came in loose sheets. Of course a sheet was too big so we cut it in half. To get those loose chick seeds to stay in place was almost impossible. By the time we got our so-called cigarette made, we had practically nothing but paper. We decided to let the "old bucks" have their fun. To us kids it wasn't worth the effort. I've often wondered what Papa's and Mama's reaction would have been if they had seen their three little rascals imitating some grown ups.

Fire Eaters -- 1918.

James and I watched a man at the carnival really eating fire. Gee!! That was quite an accomplishment -- so we thought. We had heard from our young peers that it was an easy trick if we used a lit match. Needless to say that we had blistered lips and red tongues but after constant persistence, we conquered our endeavor. I will have to admit that it was a clever trick to hold a burning match with our lips closed. If I remember correctly, the secret was to control the breathing.

I've often wondered if my childhood would have been as interesting had I had two sisters instead of two brothers. Maybe as happy but definitely not as exciting.

Wild Blackberry Time -- Circa 1916-1919.

To gather wild blackberries during the summer months were occasions that we kiddies, on the west side of town, all looked forward to. Mama, my two brothers, and I would take our little five-pound lard buckets and head for the banks of the Pajaro River. There, among the dense brush, poison oak, and numerous willow trees were the twining, thorny blackberry vines; loaded with very small, sweet blackberries.

Those little goodies were prevalent on the river banks -- from the Southern Pacific trestle (on South Walker Street) following the river westward on past the narrow-gauge trestle, as far as we could see.

It seemed as though we kiddies scarcely filled our pails to one-third full, but every bit helped towards the luscious wild-blackberry pie that Mama would make for us all. Of course we filled our tummies, too. Those little, sweet berries were exceptionally yummy.

Sometimes we kiddies had patches of poison oak on our arms and legs, along with scratches from the sticky blackberry briars. I shall never forget the terrible case of poison oak that our dear Mama got. Her face, neck, and arms were covered with it so badly and her eyes were practically swollen shut. In those days we did not run to a doctor for such trivial ailments. Mama knew just how to care for this. The old-fashioned remedy was Arm & Hammer Baking Soda applied as a paste. That relieved the itching and dried up the moist rash.

As we grew a few years



LLOYD AND JAMES IN GRANDMA KUEHNIS' DRIVEWAY AT 607 WALKER STREET 1913

older, we had a neighborhood group of kids that joined us in wild blackberry picking. At that age, it wasn't necessary for Mama to accompany us. However, she made the luscious pies and made sure all the "helpers" shared in the rare desert. Hessa (Frank) Sakata Jr., whose father purchased the O.S. Tuttle home across the street from us, helped in the berry picking at age nine. In later, grown-up years he often spoke about the good pies that Mama made for us all.

In my early years -- about 1912 -- I can remember Mama driving Topsy, our horse, and buggy out to the San Andreas area, taking Mrs. Wishard and me to pick wild blackberries.

Reminiscing About My Two Brothers.

In our childhood days, a B-B gun was an outstanding dream

amongst the boys. They could hardly wait until they reached the ripe-old-age of eight, at which time they were allowed to have a B-B gun of their very own. Papa gave them explicit instructions as to how and when to use it. Absolutely "no pointing" at anyone; no shooting towards the house; no killing of birds or shooting at animals. Tin cans were their main targets, sometimes arranged in pyramid fashion. If at any time Papa's orders were disobeyed, the guns were "put on the shelf."

As my brothers, James and Lloyd, grew older they then were allowed to have .22-caliber rifles. Their earlier training helped considerably in the handling and use of these more devastating weapons.

I'm sure that I should have had that training also as one evening while playing with our neighborhood children, I picked up a B-B gun that a neighbor boy had leaned against our fence. I really didn't aim it at anyone but the d___ thing went off and a B-B lodged in the shoulder of my playmate, Elsi Kirkland. Fortunately, it was a surface wound and nothing serious. However, I got a strong lecture from Papa and I truly learned the seriousness of a "harmless gun."

The Runaway Boy.

It was about 1919, when James was eleven years of age, that he became terribly upset and angry when Mama reprimanded him. He was bound and determined to have his own way. After sulking and pouting for awhile, he told Mama that he was going to run away from home. Of

course Mama knew that his statement was only a threat, so she told James she would help him get some things together that he would need for his new venture.

James didn't back out. He took his little pack and headed down the road (from the end of First Street) toward the narrow-gauge tracks, in the direction of the ocean. Mama watched him out of our window. She saw him turn into the Tuttle property across the street from our house. Mama knew that he wouldn't go far away but she thought it best to phone Papa and inform him of James' actions. Papa said, "Don't worry. Just let him be. All boys get that idea while growing up. He will be back soon."

It was about 2:00 PM when James left home. About 6:00 PM he returned with his pack and tears streaming down his cheeks. He had hidden in Tuttle's big hay barn. When darkness started setting in, James could stand it no longer.

Thinking that Mama and Papa were not upset about his absence cured him of the thoughts about running away from home again.

Flying Kites -- 1918-1922.

The month of March is supposed to be the windy month -- the month for flying kites. In our early childhood there were no fancy kites to purchase in stores. Kids made their own out of thin strips of wood and newspapers. Papa was our teacher.

I can remember James and me gluing newspapers together in order to make a fairly-large kite. We made our so-called glue out of flour and water. After laying the

large piece of newspaper on the floor, we arranged the three sticks on it so as to form a hexagon-shaped pattern. The sticks were tied together with string at the point where they crossed. String was also tied at the ends -- from one stick to the next, like a spider web. The newspaper was cut large enough so as to fold back over the spider-web-like strings and be glued down.

On the newspaper-side of the sticks, we attached "bridle" strings to the end of each stick. These strings all came together at a point where the ball of kite string was attached. That point could be adjusted up and down to trim the kite and make it perform properly. When our kite was finished and about ready to fly, we scrounged in Mama's rag bag for some strips of rags to make a tail for our kite.

Now we were ready for our "take off"! (We knew how the Wright Brothers felt when they first tried to fly their plane.) There was a large, open field near our house. Either James or I would hold the kite up as high as possible. (Our brother, Lloyd, was a little too small to be of help in our first endeavors.) The one not holding the kite would run as fast as possible, holding and letting out the ball of twine, as the kite soared.

Hopefully, the wind would be in our favor and raise the kite up in the sky. It would most always take off -- but -- if the tail was too short or too long to balance it, the kite would nose-dive to the ground. Often times it had to be repaired or remade. If and when we succeeded, we were greatly

rewarded. Such a beautiful sight seeing our little home-made kite flying in and out and dancing high in the sky.

In those days electric and telephone wires were not a kite-flying hazard. The tall trees were our worry and concern. There were times when we had to retrieve our kite from a tree.

In later years beautiful kites could be purchased in stores. A pretty, box-type kite was then made in Japan and sold in our stores. Regardless, there were no kites as beautiful as our own home-made ones.

Coon Hunting -- 1921.

As we grew older, the fad among our peers was to call our Mama "Mom," and our Papa "Dad."

When James was about thirteen years old, Dad would occasionally take him coon hunting in the evening, after dark. At that time we had two dogs that Dad had trained to tree the wild animals. The dog named "Spot" was James' pet.

On returning from their raccoon hunt one night, James had tears in his eyes. When Mom and I asked him about his sad mood, he found it difficult to answer. Consequently, Dad had to answer for him. Spot had treed a coon on a large, leaning tree branch. James got very excited and thought he would now shoot his own coon. What James didn't know was that his dog, Spot, had followed the raccoon up the limb of the tree. To his surprise and horror, it was Spot that he shot in the dark instead of the raccoon. Never again did he go coon hunting.



JAMES, ME (IRMA), AND LLOYD IN THE FRONT YARD OF OUR 232 FIRST STREET HOME -- READY FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL 1915

Daily Chores.

As my two brothers grew older, Dad always had interesting projects for them to enjoy. Well, maybe some weren't as enjoyable as others, but at least it kept them out of mischief.

There was Daisy, our beautiful Jersey cow that Dad had acquired when we moved back to town. We left Tippy at the Riverside Road place. Daisy gave exceptionally rich milk. The cream that formed at the top of the pan of milk was thick and in large clumps. We did not have a separator so sterilized pans were used daily. Mama often sold thick cream to our neighbors for their coffee and deserts. When the cream was used to make butter, it only took a few whirls of the old-fashioned churn before the

luscious butter appeared. Let's not forget the good, fresh buttermilk, with tiny flecks of butter floating in it. This, the family enjoyed as it was a most palatable drink -- nothing like the cultured product we buy today.

Each evening my two brothers had a milk route delivering quarts of milk to several families. They, in turn, got a percentage of the income from their route. At that time a daily quart of milk sold for \$3.50 per month. That meant 30 or 31 days of delivery.

Also, Dad had twelve doe rabbits which produced many young frying rabbits for the market. When the young rabbits were old enough to be weaned from their mothers, and could eat regular bunny food, they were taken out of the rabbit hutches and put into large pens. There they stayed until old enough to dress for the market.

Being that we lived on the outskirts of town, there was an abundance of luscious, green grass on the roadsides a short distance from our house. Each day, after school was out, James and Lloyd would cut, or pull, two gunny sacks full of grass to feed the rabbits. They were also fed rolled barley, evening and morning. The water containers had to be cleaned and filled daily. These were my brothers' daily chores. For these chores, or projects, my brothers were compensated.

They as well as I had a savings account in the Pajaro Valley Savings Bank. Each month my brothers would put aside a small amount of cash for their personal wants. The bulk of their earnings was deposited in their

savings accounts. They also contributed to their savings account at school. The teachers encouraged the children to save. A bank attendant would pick up the money each week to be applied to their account.

Buckhart's Cornucopia Wagon.

When James grew older he accepted a job from Anna Buckhart and Ed Leonard, doing various tasks at Buckhart's Candy Store and Ice Cream Parlor, on Main Street. One day the subject of an ice-cream wagon entered the conversation. James became very interested. After consulting with Dad, his enthusiasm bubbled over. To think of having his very own business venture was quite inspiring, even at the age of fourteen.

I do not know just where my father procured the wagon, but I do know that he practically remade it. Then, too, there were various compartments that had to be built into it for specific things.

When the wagon was completed, Dad painted it a cream color with black trim. I was asked, and honored, to print the signs on each side of the wagon. This was "right up my alley" as I loved any kind of art work. The signs read "Buckhart's Ice Cream." Under this was the word "Cornucopia," meaning the horn of plenty. I was quite proud of my project and everyone seemed to be happy with the ice cream wagon.

Of course a horse was a necessity for pulling the wagon. Dad bought a "used" horse -- meaning not too young and frisky. Her name was Nellie. We called Papa a "Jack of All Trades" as

there was very little, or very few things, that he couldn't do. He made the necessary harness and accessories for Nellie, in order to pull the wagon. I truly can't remember where Dad got the bells, but the harness was bedecked with eight, beautiful, sleigh bells.



JAMES AND HIS BUCKHART'S
ICE-CREAM WAGON CIRCA 1922

After absorbing a few rules and regulations, James was ready to start on his new venture. He looked so nice in the wagon. He wore a white coat-jacket over his regular clothes. He had several of these which Mom laundered and ironed for him. We took his picture with Nellie and the wagon on the first day.

Each afternoon, as soon as school was out, James hurried home, hitched up Nellie to the wagon and then changed clothes. He drove to Buckhart's store where he loaded up with three gallons of ice cream -- vanilla, chocolate and strawberry. He kept the cones stored at home and replenished them daily, as necessary, in the wagon.

It was almost a week before the children of the town realized that the sound of the sleigh bells meant goodies for them. He also had a little hand bell that he rang. Then, too, James had to realize

that Nellie had to be driven at a very slow pace in order for the children to get their nickels and run out into the street to stop the wagon before it passed. (There were very few cars in that era.)

Soon James had quite a procession following him. Kiddies came from all directions, some big and some small. He reminded me of the Pied Piper of Hamilton. Even the grown ups stopped him to buy cones or just the ice cream. He also carried pint and quart cartons in the wagon, to be filled. Often times he stopped at the street corners in order that the stragglers wouldn't miss out on their goodies.

Occasionally some children didn't have a nickel to pay for a cone. James would ask, "What flavor do you like?" So as not to disappoint his little customer, James would fill the cone with the ice cream of choice and hand it to him or her. Their eyes usually sparkled. This procedure was OK as James had paid for each gallon of ice cream before starting on his route.

James and Nellie were on the job all day on Saturdays, but only in the afternoons on Sundays. On school days there were only a few hours that could be devoted to the job. This project became quite a profitable business for James. It was not only rewarding in remuneration, but also in numerous other ways. Many of his little customers and friends always remembered the "Good Humor Boy."

After some three-and-a-half years, James relinquished his customers and business over to his Uncle Fritz (Uncle Fred). Fritz continued with the cornucopia

wagon, and Nellie, until 1929. At that time Bobby was three years old. Great Uncle Fritz saved all the pennies from the business for little Bobby. He presented them to Bobby in a large, glass jar. Few people had ever seen so many pennies at one time. Eventually, in 1930, those pennies were deposited into Bobby's savings account at the Pajaro Valley Savings Bank.

Years back, ice cream cones were also called cornucopias -- meaning "horn of plenty." These cake-like cones were conical in shape and came to a point on the bottom. A scoop of ice cream fit snugly into the open end of the cone. A cone with one scoop of ice cream cost five cents. For two scoops (a double-header) the price was ten cents. Most kiddies purchased one scoop as James gave them an overflowing helping. As the ice cream melted in the cone, often the kiddies found fun in biting off the bottom tip and sucking the melted ice cream out. Then they would have to eat the cone from the bottom on up, or have an awful mess -- which they usually did.

The ice cream in the metal one-gallon tubs in the wagon were kept firm by packing chipped ice mixed with rock salt around the tubs. The rock salt kept the ice from melting too quickly by lowering the temperature, thus keeping the ice cream frozen.

Circus Days -- 1914-1921.

Each year, Ringling Brothers' or Barnum and Bailey's Circus came to Watsonville. It was usually in the fall of the year. This was indeed a big event for my two brothers and me.

The circus train would arrive about 12:30 to 2:00 AM. The animal cars, as well as others, would line up on the S.P. Railroad tracks about two blocks from our house. We could hear the train cars switching to the side tracks. Consequently, we kids slept very little that night. We knew the circus would be in town.

About 4:00 AM Mama and Papa would call us, telling us it was time to watch the men unload the animals. It didn't take us long to jump into our clothes. Of course, we weren't allowed to go by ourselves. Mama and Papa always went with us until we became a little older. This was a very exciting time for us. The air was filled with the roars, screeches, and growls of the animals. (Years later, my Uncle Fred used to take my son, Bobby, to watch this same event.)

The first animals to be unloaded were the big elephants. To us little ones, they looked huge. Most of the other animals were unloaded in their cages. The elephants would pull the cages, on wheels, to the circus grounds.

In those days my grandmother owned the big baseball park on Ford and Walker Streets. The circus people rented that park. There they pitched their big tent, for one day's performance and also for one night.

It was exciting to watch those big, slow elephants pull the cages of tigers, lions, zebras, monkeys, etc. They seemed to know exactly what to do. The beautiful horses were led to the circus grounds by the men. Some were ridden by circus women.

There was always a parade



JAMES, MAMA, AND LLOYD
1935

on Main Street about ten o'clock that morning. In the parade, the elephants looked different -- all bedecked with spangles and ornaments. Usually, a woman rode on each of their backs or heads. She, too, was all decked out in her finery with feathers and jewels in her head-dress.

In the parade, the cages of wild animals were drawn by the beautiful horses. The horses, too, had glistening bridles, jewel-studded reins, and other trappings. Last but not least was the calliope -- a pipe organ on a wagon. This circus music always sounded the same, but to us little tots it was the most beautiful music this side of heaven.

When Mama took us to the circus in the big tent, we usually went to the afternoon perform-

ance. The local boys that hauled water in buckets for the elephants were given free passes to attend the circus. As James grew older, he also performed that task. Some of the older boys that didn't get free passes would sneak in under the big tent to watch the circus people perform. The circus grounds were alive with people. There were men selling balloons, cotton candy, popcorn, and of course, peanuts, which we would feed to the elephants. The elephants were lined up just inside of the big tent. It was a little scary when they stretched out their big trunks and took a peanut out of our hand. They seemed to expect that treat from everyone.

There were usually three rings of acts performing at the same time. We kiddies would like to sit on the highest seats in the bleachers so as to view all the acts, if possible. More peanuts, popcorn and ice cream cones were sold inside under the "big top."

When Papa took us to the circus at night time, Mama would always go with us. Each animal had its own act -- elephants, beautiful horses, monkeys, tigers, lions. The tiger and lion act scared me. The clowns were so funny. It must be fun to be a clown.

A few years later "whoopie cars" became a big attraction in the circus parade. They were cut-down automobiles, painted like patch-work quilts. The clown-drivers could make the cars rear up and run on only the two hind wheels. They would swerve and zoom from one side of the street to the other, frightening the bystanders half to death by barely missing

SHARING MY MEMORIES AND LOVE

them before swerving in another direction. More fun!!

Before the show was over, at night time, the circus men started dismantling the big tent, getting ready to load the cars and move on to the next town, where they would repeat the same performance. Only one day at each location. (Ringling Bros. had joined with Barnum and Bailey but at this time they still had separate circuses. Some years later they joined into one circus.)

As I look back through the many years, I fully realize how precious time and memories really are.

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CHAPTER 8

SCHOOL DAYS

One of the very first songs I remember, in 1910:
School days -- school days
Dear old golden rule days,
Reading and writing and 'rithmetic
Taught to the tune of a hick'ry stick.
You were my queen, in calico
I was your bashful bare-foot beau.
You wrote on my slate,
"I love you sooo," (Joe)
When we were a couple of kids.

My First Day At School First Grade, 1912-1913.

I can readily remember my first day at school. I looked forward to it with great anticipation. My neighbor and playmate, Mable Christensen, and I were both six years old. We started the first grade together.

Mama made a nice lunch for me. She packed it in a little, gold-colored lard pail that had a bail, with which to carry it. Fern Tuttle, the girl from across the street, was five years older than I. She offered to escort Mable and me to school that first day. I really felt grown up as I kissed Mama and my two brothers goodbye. (My Papa was at work.) Just think! "Little Me," really going to school. How proud and important I felt.

Mama had always made my clothes. She was a wonderful seamstress. For my first day at school, I wore a pretty plaid dress -- pink predominated. Mama tied a nice, matching ribbon in my hair. I then wore it Dutch cut. I'm sure that my brown eyes must have sparkled.

It was a good mile from our home to the school

house. That was quite a walk for a little gal, but I enjoyed every step, swinging my little, gold lunch pail back and forth. It had a tight lid.

Fern deposited Mable and me in the hallway of the Primary School on East Lake Avenue. It was a fairly new building in 1912. The old school house had been moved to the rear of the large school grounds, to make room for the new Primary School that was built. My mother and her sisters and brothers had attended the old school house in the 1880s -- long before it was moved.

Mrs. Mintie White, my teacher, met us in the hall and ushered us into a large room (so it seemed) which held about thirty-six desks. I chose a front desk for mine which was directly in front of the teacher's desk.

Mrs. White was a wonderful and understanding woman. I believe she must have been in her early fifties. She had dark brown hair, parted in the middle and piled softly in a pug on the top of her head, slightly towards the back. Her eyes were brown. She had a full face, sort of moon-shaped. She always wore white attire.

When our teacher greeted the class that first morning, one couldn't help but like her. I felt very fortunate that I was assigned to her class. The alternate teacher was Miss Frazier.

After telling Mrs. White "good morning" each day, we would sing songs. We learned many, but the two that I distinctly remember were, "A Birdie With A Yellow Bill" and "Ten Little Indians" which we would act out on our fingers and hands.

Our next assignment for the day was arithmetic, or learning to add. We called it "counting." Then came spelling and reading. We were taught the phonic system. Being in the front seat, I was usually elected as monitor to pass out papers and books in that row of desks. There was no teacher's pet in that classroom.

Recess was great fun. "Ring Around the Rosie," "Drop the Handkerchief," "Farmer in the Dell," and "London Bridges Falling Down" were some of the games we played. We often took our dolls to school and played "House." Of course "Jump Rope" was always popular. I used to talk my mother out of some of her clothes-line ropes quite frequently as I would give them away or swap for something desirable. In those days there were no fancy jump ropes in the stores.

I enjoyed eating my lunch with a group of my girl classmates. Mama always prepared a yummy lunch and a surprise in my pail. As I lifted the lid, the aroma of an apple usually greeted me. Sometimes we girls would swap sandwiches or goodies with each other. There was always the question: "What have you got for lunch today?"

I was usually eager to get back into the classroom after lunch hour. That was when we studied drawing. Mrs. White would bring fresh vegetables, fruits, flowers, and other things as patterns for us to draw and color with crayons. She was a good artist and often drew objects and people on the black board and colored them with colored chalk. I loved to watch her draw. Needless to say, that was



THE NEW PRIMARY SCHOOL
CONSTRUCTED 1909-1910

my favorite study.

Often our teacher would bring little cut-outs for us to paste on paper and write a story of what we thought they meant or represented. I still have my little booklet of drawings and compositions that Mrs. White put together for each first grader, at the end of the term. On the cover is a colored photograph of our Primary School.

At 2:30 PM the class was dismissed. Mable and I walked home together. There was no traffic and very few cars in that era -- only horse-drawn wagons or a horse and buggy now and then, which we had to let pass before crossing the dirt streets. Each day when I arrived home, I had so much to tell Mama and Papa. I tried to interest my two little brothers into coloring magazine pictures -- mostly out of the Montgomery Ward catalog.

When the photographer came to the school to take our class

picture, we all were excited. Mrs. White lined us up by the school front steps. She also was in the picture. (I still have this photograph and treasure it.)

Although the class celebrated various holidays and the parents attended, none could compare to our last day at school. That was a gala event. We all took part in performances in the front of the classroom. Last, but not least, Mrs. White treated all parents and kiddies to home-made cookies and ice cream. She was a most lovely, Christian woman. These are memories that linger.

(Mable died March 2, 1983. I did not attend her funeral but I placed a pretty white camelia with forget-me-nots in a vase in the house. A 72-year friend.)

Following are some of my first-grade songs.

A Birdie With A Yellow Bill

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon my window sill,
Cocked his shiny eye and said,
"Aren't you ashamed, you sleepy
head."

Ten Little Indians

One little, two little, three little
Indians
Four little, five little, six little
Indians
Seven little, eight little, nine little
Indians
Ten little Indian boys.

Ten little, nine little, eight little
Indians
Seven little, six little, five little
Indians
Four little, three little, two little
Indians
One little Indian boy.

(As we sang the Indian song we
designated each one by holding up
our fingers.

A good way to learn to count.)

Come Little Leaves

"Come little leaves," said the wind
one day,
"Come to the meadow with me and
play.
Put on your dresses of red and
gold,
For the summer has gone, and the
days grown cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the
wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one
and all.
O'er the brown fields they danced
and flew,
Singing the sweet little song they
knew.

"Cricket, goodbye, we've been
friends so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell
song.

Say you are sorry to see us go.
Ah, you will miss us, right well we
know."

Dancing and whirling the little
leaves went,
Winter had called them and they
were content.

Soon, fast asleep in their earthly
beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their
heads.

--George Cooper
Author

In the first grade we learned only
the first and last verses. The rest
we memorized later.

Second Grade -- 1913-1914.

By the time I started the
second grade I was well "indoc-
trinated." Miss Mary Brown, a
plump little spinster, was my
teacher for the second grade. She
had pretty, reddish-auburn hair,
worn in a bun towards the back of
her head. Her brown eyes
complimented the many freckles
on her face.

My second-grade classroom
was a short distance down the hall
from my previous room. The win-
dows in all our classes faced East
Lake Avenue. Miss Brown wasn't
quite as tolerant as Mrs. White.
When she spoke, she meant busi-
ness. Here, we learned to subtract
larger numbers and add longer
columns. Drawing and coloring
was still my "cup-o-tea." I loved
it! We now had water colors as-
signed to us. At first they were a

little messy but we soon overcame that. However, Miss brown didn't bring the real stuff to school from which to draw. She had other ideas which were OK.

Playing with dolls was still lots of fun. In those days, very few girls had more than one doll. I thought that some girls called their dolls very odd names -- such as Daisy, Pansy, and Violet. I decided that if they could call their babies by names of flowers, why not I? So, from then on my Marie was named "Rose." That being my middle name, I thought it was great. Now my dollie was Rose Marie.

In second grade we advanced to games a little more strenuous, such as hop-scotch, tag, hide-and-seek, and statue. Of course, one of the most prominent games for boys was marbles. Gee! How I wished I could cross over to the boys' play yard. I would really show them how to shoot marbles. I had a lot of practice at home. James, my brother, and I had marble games going every day.

We always looked forward to the end of the month. That was when our report cards were handed over to us. These we took home so our parents could check on our progress, then sign and return to the teacher. That was one way that the teacher knew Mama and Papa kept track of their child's ability and progress.

Mable and I trudged to and from school together daily. Mable's older sister worked at Buckhart's Candy Store on Main Street. One day we stopped in to see her on our way home from school. Mrs. Buckhart gave us each a piece of candy. That was a



ME (IRMA) ALL READY FOR SCHOOL
1914

great mistake. From that day on we changed our route home so as to stop at the candy store each afternoon. We very seldom had to ask for our treat. They knew what we were there for.

A couple of blocks farther down Main Street was Quinn's Butcher Shop. Mable and I decided that if one store could hand out candy, why couldn't another fork over a weenie (wiener). The two of us sheepishly walked into the shop and said: "Mr. Quinn, we sure do like weenies. Could we please have one?" He said, "Any little girls that ask so politely, I could never turn down." He handed us each a weenie.

From then on we had it made.



THE KIRKLAND FAMILY 1913

Each day on our way home from school, these two stops were a "must," and we always looked forward to those treats. We never asked again. When they saw us coming, they always "paid up." Our folks never knew about our tricks. If they had, they probably would have "hit the ceiling," so to speak. No doubt, they would have reimbursed the candy store and butcher shop. This was Mable's and my secret.

At this stage, my folks thought it necessary to have my eyes tested. They took me to Hare and Harkins Optical Company. It was decided that I needed glasses to correct my eye muscles. I cried so hard! I didn't want them, and it was so easy to forget them when I left for school. I'm sure it was just a nervous habit I had and glasses soon cured me. (I still have them in my possession.)

Third Grade -- 1914-1915.

When I was promoted to the third grade, Josie Colehauer was the name of my teacher. She also

was a spinster -- a tall and thin person with a heart of gold. Her hair was salt-and-pepper colored, worn in a pug on the top of her head. Her eyes were grayish-blue.

By now we had our addition and subtraction learned quite well. Multiplication was next on the arithmetic agenda. Spelling was also getting much more difficult. However, English and Spelling were my best academic subjects. We had spelling matches each Friday. I often was the last one to be spelled down. In the third grade, drawing and singing were not considered important subjects.

My third-grade classroom was directly above my first-grade room. By this date my brother, James, was six years old and ready to start school, so we thought. Mama took him to his classroom the first day he attended. She remained there with other mothers for about an hour. When James discovered that Mama had left him, he really put up a fuss. I could hear him screaming in my classroom overhead. Mrs. White sent for me to help her quiet him. I sat with him until noon. By that time he realized that everything was OK.

Pinny-pinny-poppy show became the favorite pastime and entertainment during recesses and noon hours. We girls made a so-called room out of a shoe box. We pasted pretty paper on the insides for wall covering. For the floor, we drew or colored it to represent a rug. The furniture in this room was colored advertisements from magazines, as were the people. Over the top of the shoe box we stretched a colored piece of isin glass; either red, yellow, or green.

This we glued to the outer sides of the box. The isin glass made the room look real pretty and bright.

Our sales pitch to one another was, "Pinny-pinny-poppy show, give me a pin and I'll let you know, what's in my pinny-poppy show." If they paid a pin, then they could look through a little door opening at one end of the shoe box. We carried a little box, or tin, of straight pins. Our pins usually tallied even at the end of the school day. As we got older, we used pennies instead of pins. It was exciting as each girl wondered what the other's show was like. This would be fun for the little girls of today.

Paper dolls were very popular at this time. I had a beautiful family of them and loved to design their clothes. One particular group of paper-doll girls stands out in my mind. Their names were Dorothy, Margaret, and Helen. I'm sure that these were named after some of my classmates that I liked very well. Along with these three dolls came many small rolls of paper of various designs from which to cut out their clothes, and some also for trimmings on their dresses. This was home fun but we took our dolls to school to show them off and demonstrate our talent in designing their clothes.

We also brought little breakable dolls, two-and-a-half to three inches tall, to school with us. Small shoe boxes served as little beds for our cute, small dolls. Mama made some pretty clothes for my tiny babies -- also little covers and pillows. We looked forward to recess so as to play with our little families. We also enjoyed playing "house" and "store."

Fourth Grade -- 1915-1916.

My fourth-grade classroom was in the *old* school that had been moved to the rear of the school grounds. My fourth-grade teacher was an old maid from Pennsylvania. She had thin, white hair that she wore in a pug. Her eyes were blue and her face was lined with determination. Her name was Tacy Dempsy. She was an aunt of one of the girls in my class. Needless to say, we had a teacher's pet. You can rest assured that I wasn't it.

Of course we advanced in all subjects but the one that is paramount in my mind was long division. Miss Dempsy passed out papers with long division problems on them. Each paper had different problems. I tried and tried but one problem I could not solve, so she thought. She became disgusted with me and insisted that I stay after school until I came up with the right answer. I worked and worked that problem over and over and always got the same answer. I asked her to help me with it. She said, "You work it out yourself." All this time she was sitting at her desk reading.

Being in the fall of the year, it was starting to turn dark by 5:00 PM. Miss Dempsy didn't have to go far to reach her home. I had a good mile to walk. I was getting tired and scared. I began to cry. Finally she said, "Irma, you write that problem on the black board and work it." This I did. Right then we discovered the trouble. The "old maid" didn't close her "0" and it looked like a "6." I never did forget that, nor her, either.

If the kids misbehaved, Miss Dempsy would take them to the



MABLE CHRISTENSEN AND ME (IRMA)
1918

front of the class, hold their hand palm up, and whack it with a ruler. Not only one time but five or six times. At one time my hand got a whacking.

At another time I had some candy in my desk. I put my head down to pop a piece into my mouth. Wouldn't you know it? She saw me. She made me sit with my head down for an hour. I guess I had a punishment coming to me that time.

I, as well as the rest of my classmates, was happy to finish the fourth grade with this teacher. If we hadn't learned anything else in the class by the end of the term, we knew more about Pennsylvania than we did about California. She constantly talked about coal, mining, and other topics of her home state.

Fifth Grade -- 1916-1917.

Soon the old school house at the rear of the school yard was to be torn down. It really was a fire trap. Although we had weekly fire drills from the first grade on, they were very necessary in this old, old building.

My fifth-grade class was sent to attend school at the Grammar School (elementary) located at

East Lake Avenue and Sudden Street. This was about a block and a half distant from the Primary School. Miss Myrtle Byrd was my fifth-grade teacher. She was quite pretty in spite of her nose, which slightly resembled a beak. We all thought she was well-named. Her hair was a beautiful shade of auburn. She wore it in a fan-shaped coiffeur at the back of her head. Miss Byrd was about thirty-five years old, a stylish lady who dressed very chick. She allowed no hanky-panky in her classroom and always managed to see that we kids had plenty of homework. It was in her class that I lost a half grade as I had severe colds and lagrippe (now called flu) during winter and spring. I could have made my grades up had I gone to summer school but I chose not to do so. I didn't want to miss my vacation trips. Also, my whole family would have had to sacrifice their pleasure.

During all the primary and elementary grades, one of the teachers always supervised the school yard during recess and lunch periods. Most of the teachers joined us in some of the games we played. Very few teachers had so-called "pets."

It was during the fifth grade that my mother made me a beautiful coat. A lady friend of hers gave her a garment to rip apart, wash, and make over. Back in those days, very few people threw away good clothes. Many lovely things were made from discarded garments. After Mama washed this material, she dyed it a pretty fuscina shade. The lining of the coat was plush material. It had a white background on which were



BUSTER LEWIS CIRCA 1918

tan-colored designs. This part wasn't dyed. When my coat was finished, I was so thrilled. I thought it the most beautiful coat I had ever seen. I wore it to school every day, rain or shine; hot or cold weather. I felt like a little princess. All the girls envied me. Many would offer me candy, gum, or other goodies if I would consent to let them wear my coat for half a day.

I remember one day in particular. It was a scorcher! Regardless, Irma wore her pretty coat in the classroom all day. Miss Byrd asked me if I wouldn't like to remove it. I insisted that I wasn't uncomfortable although I was hot and miserable. I often flipped my coat open while sitting so that the plush lining would show. I thought that was the prettiest part of the coat.

One day after school, Mable and I went with my cousin, Lester,

and another boy to pull grass for his rabbits. I walked down by the narrow-gauge trestle. This was a railroad track that hauled carloads of sugar beets to Spreckles sugar factory. It was called narrow gauge as the distance between the rails was quite narrow. The cars that ran on this track were small. The trestle was the railroad bridge that crossed the Pajaro River. There was a large pond alongside the railroad tracks. Mable and I decided to go wading. She got out too far and lost her balance. She couldn't swim and went under. One of the boys jumped in and pulled her out. She started crying and we couldn't shut her up. I don't know if it was fortunate or not that I had my pretty coat with me. Mable was shaking like a leaf and still crying. Reluctantly, I gave her my coat to wear home. During that mile walk, the pretty plush lining in my coat soaked up water. It never looked the same again. However, I just couldn't forsake my "side-kick."

Mable lost a half-grade of school somewhere along the line so now we were in the same classroom again. I truly believe that the fifth grade is the most difficult grade for learning.

Sixth Grade -- 1917-1918.

Mrs. Arvilla Barrett was to be my sixth-grade teacher. She had a reputation among the kids of being a "corker" -- tough and strict. She looked it, too, but I really liked her. She was a large woman in stature -- far from beautiful. Her beauty was within. Her salt-and-pepper-colored hair was piled loosely on the top of her

head. Sometimes it looked as though it hadn't been combed. Her eyes were gray, roofed with heavy eye brows. She had thick lips and when she spoke, her voice really penetrated the room. All in all, she was a wonderful teacher and we all learned well from her tutoring.

One specific incident that lingers in my memory is when one of our girl classmates died. Her name was Adeline. Mrs. Barrett took all the girls in our class to her own home on West Third Street. There, in her back yard, we all put together several floral arrangements for Adeline's funeral. Being able to do this seemed to relieve our grief for our beloved classmate. I often wondered if Mrs. Barrett realized that. Everyone contributed flowers for our task of love.

Seventh Grade -- 1918-1919.

Slowly but surely, I'm growing into a young lady. I'm now twelve and a half years old. Miss Edna Anderson was my seventh-grade teacher. She was so pretty. A lovely, meticulous lady, about thirty years of age. Her hair was light brown with a natural wave. She wore it in an attractive style. Her eyes were blue and her skin was very fair.

On Friday of each week the girls from the seventh grade walked from the elementary school to the old high school, which was about three blocks distance. Here, Miss Steinbeck taught Domestic Science. In this grade she was our teacher for cooking. Miss Steinbeck was tall and thin. Her hair was fiery red and her eyes were

deep blue-green. She was fun and we all liked her sense of humor. Miss Steinbeck was the sister to John Steinbeck of the Salinas Valley, the now-noted author, whose writings were severely criticized in that era.

We learned all about proteins, carbohydrates, etc. Most of the dishes were very yummy and we were allowed to eat our finished product. One that I distinctly remember, as I made it many times for my parents and brothers, was "Casserole Flank Steak." Put a little oil in the bottom of a casserole. Arrange the flank steak in the bottom, then sliced onions, then green bell pepper pieces. On top of them place sliced potatoes, salt, and pepper. Pour one can of tomato sauce over it all. Cover and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Good!

We also learned to make dessert goodies which we devoured with gusto. I frequently wrapped one or two of my finished goodies to take home to my folks.

My parents always taught us kiddies to say "please," "thank you," and "excuse me." Consequently, I carried these teachings on through my grades of school. One day when the entire school of children were lined up outdoors, ready to march into class, Miss Anderson gave us a lecture on good manners and kindness. In her talk she made the remark, "There is one little girl in this school that never fails to exercise her good manners." I knew immediately that she meant me, even though she didn't glance my way. She had previously remarked to me how much she appreciated my manners.

I don't think any of the kids knew whom she was referring to but I blushed from head to toe.

I think Miss Anderson was my ideal of a young woman. She made us learn but in a kindly fashion. A little later she became the bride of Leo Regan, a Watsonville pharmacist.

Eighth Grade -- 1919-1920.

Wow!! I can never forget my eighth-grade teacher. I then was a teen-ager, thirteen years old.

Miss Mary Zmudowski was a huge, strapping, Polish woman, that could have easily been mistaken for a man had it not been for her large bosom. She wore old-country-style dresses that practically reached the tops of her high, laced shoes. Her hair was blonde-red and quite thin. This she combed back skin-tight to her head, and rolled it into a little pug in the back. The over-bite of her jaw was quite noticeable.

The first words that she spoke on our first day in class I shall never forget. She said, very loudly, "There are three things that I want you to remember -- keep your ears open, your eyes open, and your mouth shut. If you follow these orders, we'll all get along well together."

I truly believe that because of this greeting the boys tormented Miss Zmudowski to no end. They put mice in her desk drawer, tacks in her chair, and many other mischievous things that thirteen- and fourteen-year-old boys can think about. Johnny Kirkland, Arthur Keefe, and Peter Matulich headed the list, but not the least. However, Miss Zmudowski could



ME (IRMA) AND MY SAN FRANCISCO FRIEND, LORETTA KERRINGTON 1919

readily take care of herself. She was as strong as an ox. A day never passed but what one or two boys were reprimanded. A hard, flat, right-hand slap to the side of the face, followed by the left hand on the other side of the face. Needless to say that they often had rosy cheeks. When they just grinned and laughed at her, she slapped them that much longer.

Another brutal attack, which happened almost daily, was taking the big boys by both shoulders with their back to the wall or black board, and shaking them as hard as she could while their heads slammed against the wall. I'm sure the parents of these boys must have heard about their punishment -- or maybe they said, "More power to her." Each day held an abundance of excitement in her classroom.

From the first day to the day

SHARING MY MEMORIES AND LOVE

I graduated from the eighth grade, Miss Zmudowski threatened to use her "tender, loving care" on me. Other girls were also promised punishment. However, she never fulfilled her promise. No doubt, I would have deserved it. Could it be that her family and mine had been friends throughout many years?

Probably what we need in this day and age are more Miss Zmudowskis for teachers; at least some teachers that the kids can't "buffalo" -- someone that will stand up to them, so to speak.

Miss Steinbeck was my sewing teacher throughout the eighth grade. I enjoyed making garments for myself and for my mother. Being that my mother was a seamstress, I already knew quite a lot about sewing.

I liked some of my teachers much better than others. None impressed me as much as my first-grade teacher, Miss Mintie White. I do believe that the lessons and teachings I received in first grade had a definite bearing on my future learning.

In later years, a primary school was named after Mintie White. It was at that school that Bobby attended first and second grades. Later still, the E.A. Hall school for sixth through eighth grades was built across the street. There Mary Zmudowski taught math to pupils in the eighth grade and was Bob's math teacher in 1939.

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CHAPTER 12

BABY BOBBY

When Creston left the garage as a mechanic, he bought a large, White truck. He was now in business for himself doing local and long-distance hauling.

After three months in our little "Honeymoon Cottage" in Wood's Court, I became pregnant. We felt as though we wanted a larger house. When we learned about a little five-room house for rent in the Casserly district, we lost no time in renting it. A large barn was included along with a woodshed and a plot of ground. We had to do a little fixing up but it was so much fun papering and painting the rooms and selecting our own colors and designs. Mama Aldridge and Creston did most of the work being that I was pregnant. In those days there was a belief that a pregnant woman should not inhale the fumes of paint as that may cause a miscarriage. Well, that was the last thing I wanted so I sat around and "bossed the job." We were so proud of our little home when it was finished.

I found it a little lonesome by myself in the country so I often rode to town with Creston to visit my Mom. Mom always had goodies on hand and I was always hungry. She often sent meals home for Creston and me. Is it any wonder that my weight went from 118 pounds to 168 pounds? Marie Rowe Woodward (Knudsen) lived across the road from us. Once in a while I visited her and her little daughter, Joan.

Creston had a contract with a potato chip company in Oakland to haul sacks of potatoes to their plant. During the season, his White truck transported large loads of potatoes about twice each week. I often rode with him. On one very hot day, between San Jose and Oakland, one of the solid, hind tires of the truck blew up. Wow! What a loud noise -- almost like an explo-

sion. Long strips of rubber clung to the wheel. Fortunately Creston had an extra wheel with him. Being the solid rubber is molded onto the wheel, there is no way one can change the tire, itself. That was a costly trip.

On another occasion, while I was riding in the truck with Creston, our brakes gave way (wouldn't hold) at the top of a steep, Oakland street. There was nothing we could do but keep going. With a load of sacked potatoes on the truck, it gained more momentum down the hill than if it had been empty. It was a frightening ride for two, long blocks. Fortunately, there were no cars crossing at the cross streets. We were relieved when the street became level and we could coast to a stop. We both said a prayer of thanks.

During the next nine months there was much preparation and a couple of baby showers for the little-one-to-be. After twenty-four hours of hard labor, our darling, little, baby boy was born at our Casserly home at 8:30 AM on April 15, 1926. Creston had returned from a long-distance hauling job the night before. Dr. Koepke Sr. delivered our 9-1/2 pound baby boy. Mama Aldridge assisted. When I first saw little Bobby I just couldn't believe he really was ours. It was such a wonderful, thrilling experience. He was so adorable with his dark-brown curls, just like his Dad's, and his pretty eyes with long lashes and beautiful, chubby body. Then, when I took a good look at his head I broke into tears. His little head was egg-shaped and more-or-less pointed. Mama Aldridge consoled me and said, "Don't worry, Honey.

His head will be back to normal shape in a few days. That, it was. Mama Aldridge (now Grandma Aldridge) had delivered many babies in the past.

Creston was so very happy that I had given him a son that could carry on his name-sake. Little Bobby (Robert Creston) was the first grandchild on both sides of the family. Now my little mother had an extra interest in life.

Grandma Aldridge remained with me for two weeks, caring for me and our baby. In those days new mothers were kept in bed, flat on their backs for ten days after delivery.

Now I had company at our Casserly home. (The honeysuckle was so beautiful over our front door.) Daddy Creston could hardly wait to get home each evening to play with his little one. Time passed so fast.

How well I remember how I undressed and bathed my baby on my lap in front of our little wood-burning stove in the kitchen. I didn't use a table or all the paraphernalia of today. Just a little tray of necessities.

Nana, as Bobby learned to call my mother, was failing in health. I wanted to be near her, so when Bobby was about eight months old we moved to town. We rented a large house on the corner of First and Rodriguez Streets, owned by Mr. Raboni. This was located about three blocks from Mom's place and one block from



BOBBY'S FIRST
PICTURE
6 WEEKS OLD -- 1926

Main Street.

Shortly after our move, I came down with the mumps. I was still breast feeding little Bobby. He ran a fever for two days. (He never did get the mumps -- not even when grown to manhood.)

After that Bobby got a very bad cold. He was about ten months old. I was afraid that it would develop into pneumonia. I used Nana's and Grandma Aldridge's old-fashioned remedies on him. I also burned a little creosote lamp so he could inhale the vapor in the room. I had the little fellow in my arms against my shoulder. As I walked past the lamp, he reached out with his little arm and his hand tipped the small creosote container over. He managed to get some on his little fingers. He immediately put his hand up to the lower part of his cheek. Was I scared! It burned his cheek and he screamed so hard. Thank God that I had presence of mind enough to grab the bottle of vinegar, which counteracts the creosote. This soon made the pain stop after one application. Our dear, little son had a scar on his cheek for some time. Children move so fast when least expected. Parents have to be on the alert at all times. An incident such as this should make me very cautious. But how cautious can a mother be?

When Creston came home from work on New Year's Eve, we decided, on the spur of the moment, to spend the night and New Year's Day in San Francisco. At that date it took from 4-1/2 to 5 hours to reach there by car. (The old road was two-lane and winding.) When we arrived in San Francisco the city was ablaze with



BOBBY AT 4-1/2 MONTHS -- 1926

lights and people swarming hither and yon. It seemed as though the whole populace was out to celebrate New Year's Eve, so the three of us joined them.

Little Bobby, then almost nine months old, slept soundly during the ride to the city. The noisy crowd in the big metropolis soon sparked us up with the horns blowing, fire-crackers popping, singing and dancing in the streets. Being that it was getting to be such a late hour, we decided that we had better locate a hotel room for the night. We country, or small-town, folks didn't realize that other out-of-town visitors had the same idea as we. We combed hotels on Market Street as well as side streets, always being greeted with the same sign -- "No Vacancies."

Alas, after spending more time than anticipated, we located a small but clean hotel with a vacancy, down on the Waterfront near the Ferry Building. By this time we were ready to retire. Creston paid the black clerk at the desk for our room. He then took our car to a near-by garage for the night while I got our little boy ready for bed -- in a double bed. The three of us were so tired. Our



NANA HOLDING BOBBY AT AGE 4-1/2 MONTHS -- 1926

baths could wait until the following morning. The nice, white sheets and pillow slips felt so good. Too, this area was quiet and great for relaxing. We left the turmoil in the hub of the city.

The following morning, much to our surprise, it was raining. Also, much to our surprise, but not to our regret, we discovered that the hotel in which we slept was operated and occupied by black folks.

While Creston went to the garage to get our car I stood in the entrance of a department store, holding my little boy. He looked so adorable in his little, tasseled cap and sweater to match. His big, brown eyes sparkled. A couple of dark-brown ringlets peered out from under his white cap. I saw a young man peering at us. Finally he approached me and said, "Is the baby's father Italian?"

When Bobby was a year old, he cut his first tooth. I decided that was a good time to wean him from my breast. To make it easier for me, Nana kept him at her home

for several nights. That did it! I could manage during the day, but when my little one got hungry at night it was too convenient to take him out of his crib and have him in bed with me to nurse. Although our little son was quite late in teething, he made up for it in talking and walking. (It is said that babies who teethe late have much stronger teeth.)

Somehow, somewhere in our house Bobby got hold of a nickel when he was about eighteen months old. I called to him to bring it to me. Instead, he put it in his mouth and swallowed it. Needless to say, that scared me terribly. I immediately carried him over to Red Hunsucker's garage to phone to the doctor. The doctor told me not to worry as it was as good as in the bank, but keep liquids from him and he would soon pass it. I followed the doctor's orders and did not give Bobby anything to drink that evening nor the following morning, even though he asked.

We were invited out to Grandma and Grandpa Aldridge's home for noon dinner. They lived about five miles from town in the Casserly district. At this date little Bobby was running all over everywhere. When we arrived at his grandparents' home, his Aunt Margie, seven years Bobby's senior, asked to walk him around the yard. I told her to be sure to keep a tight hold on his hand. (Bobby called her "Uncle Margie.") This she did until they entered the house to eat dinner.

As we sat down to the table, there was no Bobby. Marjorie assured me that she had brought him indoors with her. The first

thing that entered my mind was the stairway leading to the upper bedrooms. Grandma had a barber that was a barber in Watsonville. He occupied one of these bedrooms. He was also there with us for dinner.

I dashed up the stairs to the first landing. Thinking that Bobby couldn't possibly disappear that fast, I turned around to come down. As I did so, I heard him coughing. I ran up the rest of the stairway to him in the barber's room. I picked up my little fellow. As I did so, I saw a bottle laying on the bed, tossed there by Bobby. It was labeled "Formaldehyde." The odor on his breath and clothes was so strong I could hardly breathe.

Oh my dear God, what shall I do? By this time Creston was at my side. He took our little son from me and we dashed outdoors to the barber's car -- it was the fastest car on the premises. I do believe that Creston had the throttle down to the floor most of the way to town. Fortunately, there were few curves in the road. It was mainly straight. Even at that, it seemed as though we were crawling along.

My precious, little Bobby, lying there in my arms with his eyes closed and so limp and pale, really frightened me. I thought sure that he was dying. Creston drove up to the front entrance of the Watsonville Hospital on Third Street. I know that I didn't wait for the car to come to a complete stop before I got out. As I ran up the front steps, Dr. Eiskamp was just coming out of the hospital. He immediately took Bobby from me and rushed him to the operating room where he pumped his stom-



BOBBY ON CRESTON'S LAP
FIRST AND RODRIGUEZ STREETS
11-1/2 MONTHS OLD 1927

ach.

Creston and I waited in a small room, praying for the recovery of our little boy. It seemed like an eternity before Dr. Eiskamp came to us and told us that we could go into the bedroom where Bobby was resting. He looked so tiny and so sweet in that big bed. How thankful we were to God and Dr. Eiskamp. He said that he would like to keep Bobby in the hospital overnight for observation but was quite sure he would be all right. His little throat was burned somewhat from the formaldehyde but Dr. was quite sure that not too much had reached his stomach. I remained with my baby overnight. Creston returned the car to the barber and brought me some dinner, which I couldn't eat.

We took Bobby home with us the following day. He was on a liquid diet until his little throat healed. I know that I could smell formaldehyde on him for a month later. I also know that one cannot be too careful about poisons,

medicines, and even coins. When my little one finally passed the nickel it looked like a gold coin. I'm almost sure that the poison turned it that color. I also learned my lesson regarding liquids. My dear, little Bobby was so thirsty that any liquid in a bottle was tempting. (Extra precautions at the homes of others are needed.)

The Raboni house where we were living was a large, old-fashioned structure. There were more rooms in it than we had use for. I suggested to Creston that we furnish and rent out the two front bedrooms. He said, "That is all right with me but it means extra daily work for you." This I didn't mind and thought it would be interesting as well as profitable.

I no sooner got the rooms ready and put a sign by the long, front porch when a very handsome young couple in their early thirties asked to see the two bedrooms. They were impressed with them and rewarded me with the first-week's rent for both rooms.

Our bedroom being in the other part of the house, I was unaware of when they were at home or if there were two couples. I did see this first couple in the mornings, occasionally. Often they sat on the front porch and amused Bobby while I cared for the two bedrooms. The woman had been using the guest towels daily to remove the cold cream that she used for removing facial make-up. That proved difficult to remove from the towels, so I kindly asked her to use some other method for cleaning her face. She understood.

One day I asked the woman about the other couple, or if they had arrived as yet. It was a mys-

tery as the room was being used. I was informed that there was no other couple, that the man and woman occupied separate rooms.

Creston came home one day and said, "Honey, do you realize who your tenants are in the front bedrooms? A friend of mine saw them sitting on the front porch and told me that we had a whore and pimp living in our house." I was stunned! I didn't know what to say. They were such nice people, too. When I informed them that I could not rent the room to them any longer, I'm sure they realized the reason. I then knew why both bedrooms were used -- she occupied one and he, the other. At least their business was "transacted" elsewhere, as far as I knew.

Each afternoon little Bobby and I visited Nana. I did most of her housework and shopping. One day on our three-block walk to her house, little Bobby, then twenty months old, was lagging far behind me dragging his feet. I called back to him, "Come on, Bobby, and pick up your feet." I continued on, walking very slowly. Finally, when I turned around, he was some distance in the rear and stooping over. When I called to him asking what he was doing, he said, "I'm trying to pick up my feet, Mommy."

On another occasion, Nana had a lady friend visiting her. Bobby and I were sitting with them, listening to their conversation. When the friend asked if she may have a drink of water, little Bobby said, "I'll get it for you." He returned shortly with a glass of water. She kissed him and thanked him for it. Somehow I was rather

surprised that the little guy could reach the faucets and get the water in such a short time. When the friend left, I questioned him. He said, "I didn't get the water out of the faucet. I got it out of the toilet." Oh me!!

Independence Day was a happy time in Watsonville. The beautiful floats in the Fourth-of-July parade represented so much work in order to vie for first prize. The children's unit always proved to be cute and interesting.

At this age, in 1928, little Bobby was "full of pep" and loved to fantasize -- marching throughout the house. A real bright idea struck me. Many years ago, probably fifteen or sixteen years earlier, little Buster Brugler wore a little Uncle Sam outfit in a parade. This was made by his Mom, Aggie. Being a close friend of mine, I asked if she still had that cute, little outfit in her possession. This she did, and was more than happy to loan it to us.

I dressed our little blonde, brown-eyed boy in the Uncle Sam "rigging" and entered him in the Fourth-of-July parade. How cute he was! He marched down Main Street with other child participants, trying so hard to keep up with them. Of course Mama was walking along the sidewalk opposite him, keeping her eyes focused on her little boy and listening to the "ohs" and "ahs" that vibrated from the crowd as he passed. I thought little Bobby was going to



BOBBY DRESSED UP FOR THE
FOURTH-OF-JULY PARADE -- 1928

give up a couple of times as he hesitated and lagged quite far behind his unit. I could see that the little guy's legs were getting tired.

"Uncle Margie," as Bobby used to call her, was accompanying me on the sidewalk with Bobby's little push-scooter (stroller). I asked her if she would like to push Bobby in the cart for the rest of the procession. She was more than eager to do so. Being seven years Bobby's senior, she felt quite responsible for him -- at times.

They continued on together to the point where the parade disbanded. Bobby won first prize for his division. He received a little gold-colored trophy cup. (He has prized it throughout his lifetime, and now often shows it to his grandchildren.)

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CHAPTER 13

OUR DREAM HOUSE

To marry on a shoe string, so to speak, teaches one a lesson that cannot be learned elsewhere. We started housekeeping when the "Great Depression" was looming on the horizon. Many of our necessities -- such as dishes, pots and pans, blankets and sheets -- were all hand-me-downs, for which we were grateful. I did have a hope chest full of pillow cases, fancy bath towels on which Mama had crocheted lovely lace ends, and small luncheon sets on which I had embroidered and crocheted lace around the edges. Although showers were given to brides-to-be, most of the gifts were vases, sugar bowl and creamer, a fancy plate or two, etc. There were very few practical things outside of kitchen utensils. Our every-day table service -- silver and dishes -- were odds and ends, which we greatly appreciated. Mama and Dad Aldridge gave us a nice set of dishes for our wedding present. Too, there were other gifts. Of course all brides-to-be had to have a lingerie shower.

However, from the day Creston and I were married, we had dreamed about owning a home of our own -- some day. When Mr. Raboni, our landlord, informed us that he was going to put the house that we were renting on the market for sale, Creston and I decided it was time to investigate the possibilities of buying or building a home of our own. We had moved three times in the three years that we were married.

We looked at a new area that had recently opened up for building. We liked the location and it was close to Mintie White School. We selected a lot on Oregon Street next to the McKenzie property. On the west side and directly behind our lot were apple orchards. Indeed, it was an isolated place to build.

Since we were still living in the Raboni house, I had to show the place to prospective buyers. On one occasion, when I was away, Mr. Raboni took a client through the house. While in the kitchen, the landlord lit a cigarette and tossed the match into the cardboard trash box, behind the stove. When I returned later that day I found the cardboard box gone and a hole, just the size of the box, entirely through the kitchen floor. Fortunately, all the doors into the kitchen were closed, which confined the fire to the one room. Mr. Raboni admitted his error. It was fortunate that Creston, Bobby and I still had a roof over our heads.

The real exciting time was now starting. The builder brought various house plans for us to look over. Of course we had to keep our financial status in mind. When we finally decided on a two-bedroom house, we then made arrangements for a loan from the Pajaro Valley Bank. It was all so wonderful. It seemed like a dream.

Being Mr. Raboni's house was soon sold, we had to vacate and find temporary quarters. At that time Grandma (Mama) Aldridge was living on Sudden Street with three of her children -- Franklin, Marjorie and Anna Belle -- all attending school. Grandpa (Dad) Aldridge was living at the Brown's Valley mountain ranch. Mama Aldridge had quite a spacious house so she asked Creston, Bobby and me to live with them until our new house was finished. That would be approximately two more months. The three kiddies were overjoyed to have little Bobby with them. I must say that he loved all



BOBBY WITH HIS DOLLY AND TEDDY BEAR ON THE FRONT PORCH OF 545 OREGON STREET JUNE 1928

the added attention.

Creston took on extra work as a mechanic at the local garage. Each evening when he returned from work, we would drive to our property to see how much progress was being made each day. Too, there were so many new things that we needed to plan for. Our beautiful fireplace was an added joy, with bookcases on each side.

The day finally arrived in 1928 when the last nail was pounded, the last stroke of the paint brush was made, and the front cement sidewalk was poured. Our house at 545 Oregon Street was ready for us. Outside of our meeting and marriage, and the birth of our dear baby boy, this was the happiest day of our lives.

The pretty drapes and curtains were ready to hang and the lovely (modestly-priced) front-

room rug was ready to be laid. We had bought the most beautiful bedroom set in the world -- at least I thought it was. We purchased this from the California Furniture Company. (My grand daughter, Nancy, is now enjoying it -- 63 years later at the time of this writing.) Little two-year-old Bobby would have to sleep in his large crib for a while. It was adequate and he now had a bedroom of his own.

I shall never forget the day we moved into our "Dream House." I felt like a queen. To have a real, honest-to-goodness home of our own really did seem like a dream. The three of us were so very happy together. Now we felt as though we actually had a future to work for. Too, a place to raise a family with a school close by for them to attend.

For the previous two years I had devoted much of my time to my dear mother, taking her to doctors and helping her, daily in her home. She now was failing fast and needed constant care. Creston and I asked her to come and live with us.

Little Bobby had so much fun playing in the next-door orchard, with his little bucket and shovel -- and his little dog (I believe its name was Patsy). Bobby was so full of love and kisses. At one time he climbed up on the breakfast-nook bench and made red loves and kisses (OXOXOXOX) all over our pretty white walls. When I first saw it my heart sank. I thought the walls were ruined. Then I realized that a little bon-ami would cleanse the "red-crayola affection" off the white walls without injuring the



BOBBY AND ME (IRMA) ON FRONT PORCH
OF 545 OREGON STREET JUNE 1928

new paint. I tried to explain to him that his love was appreciated but it was a no-no on the walls. Two-year-olds have their ways of showing their devotion -- in more ways than one.

We had just gotten settled in our little "Dream House" on Oregon Street when Elmer Johnson talked Creston into taking out another life-insurance policy -- double indemnity, the same as he had invested in two years earlier. I was not in favor of it as we were now paying for our newly-built home and furniture. We could ill afford other payments. Apparently Elmer had a quota to meet so offered to pay the premiums for the first six months. Creston could repay him later. So, now Cres had two one-thousand-dollar policies in life insurance which would pay the beneficiary double in case of accidental death. How little did we realize the outcome of this transaction.

My dear mother was now failing fast. We brought her to our home where I could care for her. I'll never forget her remark (God bless her) as I took her breakfast to her in bed one morning. She said, "Irma dear, please don't burn the toast."

Little two-year-old Bobby



BOBBY CLIMBING LATTICE
AT 545 OREGON STREET JUNE 1928

brought her much happiness. His new, little puppy that he used to play with in the apple orchards, surrounding our house, was constantly at his heels. There were only three houses in our location. Two of them belonged to Mrs. McKenzie (my earlier Sunday School teacher) and a large two-story home (hideous color) on the corner of Oregon Street and Hill Avenue was owned by Appersons. It was an elaborate \$10,000 home and the talk of the town. However, I wouldn't have traded my little two-bedroom, \$3,250 home for it. This was our "Dream House" and so beautiful. Unfortunately, somebody stole Bobby's little puppy from in front of our house.

Two years earlier, Dr. Eiskamp had told Mom that she should have her goiter removed. In those days surgery was thought of as a last resort -- anything to keep from going under the knife. A noted chiropractor in Watsonville, Dr. Lawn, told Mom that he

would be able to cure her without surgery. She doctored with him for almost a year, but kept failing.

In the meantime a new medical doctor came to town and was making quite a name for himself. Mom heard that he had helped others with the same problem as hers. When she contacted him, he told her that he would definitely have her back to normal in six months. He named another woman in Watsonville that had the same trouble as Mom. He administered to her and claimed that she was now a well woman. (We found out later that she had to have surgery.) After two-months treatment by this quack doctor, Mom was almost bedfast. She could not walk by herself.

Tears entered my eyes as I looked at my dear little mother lying so helplessly in bed, in our home. She had always been a hard-working woman. Now the toxic poisoning from her goiter had completely penetrated her entire system and drained her of her strength. Her normal weight was about 145 pounds. She was now down to less than 100 pounds.

I took little Bobby, then two years old, and my dear mother to San Francisco. Here we contacted Dr. Terry, a noted goiter specialist. After a thorough examination of Mom, he told me that she would have a fifty-fifty chance of living if he removed her goiter immediately. Otherwise she would die very soon. There was no alternative now. She was admitted to the University of California Hospital immediately, at age 53.

CHAPTER 14

HEARTACHES

On July 3, 1928 my two brothers, James and Lloyd, my husband, Creston, and I waited in a hospital room at the University of California Hospital, anxiously awaiting the outcome of our dear mother's surgery. Those were extremely-long four hours. We all were so thankful when they wheeled Mom into her room and laid her into bed. She looked so white, so thin, and so helpless. However, we did not give up hope for one minute. We would not and could not underestimate the power of prayer.

This hospital was, and still is, located on the corner of Parnassus and Third Avenue in San Francisco. I had rented a room for Bobby and myself from a dear, old friend of my mother's named Emma Reese. Her flat was located on Sixth Avenue so it was within walking distance of the hospital. My husband and two brothers and I stayed at Mom's bedside all that day. Late that night my brothers returned home. Creston stayed with us for several days.

During the next two weeks there were three different times that the doctor requested me to send for my husband and brothers. Mom was barely hanging on to life by a thin thread -- and prayers. These were such hard and trying times for us all. However, we did not give up hope or cease praying. When Creston returned to Watsonville, Bobby and I really missed him.

With God's help and three special nurses around the clock, Mom started to gain in strength. Due to the fact that the goiter-tumor (full of little tumors) had grown completely around her windpipe, the doctors had to remove the entire thyroid gland. Her voice was gone but she could speak in a faint whisper.

The following week I took little Bobby to the hos-



NANA AND BOBBY
BEFORE SHE WENT TO THE HOSPITAL
JUNE 11, 1928

pital with me to visit Nana, as Bobby called her. He was her first grandchild and Nana was so happy to see him. From then on I took him to visit frequently. His little legs got so tired walking three blocks up hill. I had to carry him part of the way. He was quite chubby and quite a load for me to carry.

On one of Creston's return trips to San Francisco to visit us, he came on the train. After visiting with Mom at the hospital, we took Bobby to Golden Gate Park. We had so much fun and little Bobby really enjoyed the playgrounds. Creston had to leave for home the following day. That afternoon Bobby and I rode with him on the bus to the train depot, on Third Street. As Creston kissed me goodbye he said, "Honey, this may be the last time I will ever see you." It shocked me! I asked him, "Why do you say that?" He replied, "I have a feeling, or premonition. Who knows? There may be an accident with the train on

the way home as today is Friday-the-13th." We kissed good-bye and little Bobby and I waved to him as the train pulled out of the station. I tried to disregard my husband's remark but it really bothered me. I had always been a firm believer in prayer so I took my heartache to God. My baby Bobby was such a blessing, and so much company.

Creston called me on the phone when he arrived home that night. How happy I was that he returned home safely! I snuggled Bobby up to me in the big double bed. I felt so relieved and thanked God again and again.

At last the happy day arrived. It was just a week after Creston's last visit that the doctor told me that I could take my mother home the following day. He made arrangements for the ambulance. It was a joyous afternoon and Mom was so happy. I phoned Creston and told him the good news. He too was happy and said that he would be there with us early the following morning.

Devastating News.

About seven o'clock the next morning there was a rap on our bedroom door. Awakening with devotion in my heart, I called out, "Come in, Darling." To my surprise there stood my brother, Lloyd, and Mrs. Groves, my mother's housekeeper. I rose up in bed and said, "What has happened to Creston?" They were hesitant to answer me but I knew something was terribly wrong. I said, "Is he alive?" Hope against hope, I wanted to hear them say "yes." Mrs. Groves put her arm around me and said, "Creston was

killed last night in an automobile accident."

All I could think was, "Oh my dear God, this must be a dream. This can't be true. This couldn't happen to us. We were only married three and a half years. We had so much to live for."

Our bedroom was situated on the third floor. As I looked toward the window, all I could think of was to jump out and end it all. Then I could be with him. Then I looked at my precious Bobby Boy lying there asleep on the bed. I realized then that I could not do a thing like that and leave that little fellow an orphan. (If at any time one should have sad news to tell a loved one, or other, tell it direct. Don't beat around the bush -- better to be blunt.)

I drank a cup of coffee and tried to pull myself together to face a day of sorrow and grief -- one that I shall never forget as long as live.

This was that joyous day that my dear mother was awaiting. She was anxious to return home to her loved ones. It would now be impossible to take her home at this time. I contacted my uncle and aunt in Sacramento. They willingly consented to have Mom taken to their home by ambulance, to stay as long as she wished. She always thought a great deal of her brother, Albert, and his wife, Cecelia. Now, what will I tell Mom? The only excuse that I could think of was that the fog had been so bad in Watsonville and the warm weather in Sacramento would be much more beneficial to her recuperation, at present. She wouldn't have been able to stand the shock of the truth. The doctors verified

that.

Mrs. Groves and Lloyd cared for Bobby while I visited the hospital. As I walked up the long, wide, hospital steps my heart was pounding. I told myself, "You have to control your feelings and get a hold of yourself." Right then I really felt the presence of God near me.

I walked into Mom's hospital room with a smile on my face. From her bed she smiled back at me. Across her lap was lying a San Francisco newspaper. The bold, large headlines read, "Watsonville Youth Killed in Automobile Accident." Mom asked me in a whisper, "Irma, was it anyone we knew?" At that point God really took over. I answered without a quiver in my voice, "No, Honey, it was a Filipino boy." That was the only answer that came to my mind. At that time there were many Filipinos living and working in Watsonville.

I still held my composure when I kissed my sweet mother goodbye, as they put her into the ambulance bound for Sacramento. She accepted my excuse for not bringing her home to Watsonville.

I could barely remember my ride home with little Bobby, my brother, and Mrs. Groves. I had never fainted in my life but at one instance enroute I had to get out of the car and get fresh air. I felt very weak.

We drove over Mt. Madonna on the winding Hecker Pass Road. It had only opened a short time before and this was my first ride over the pass. As I looked down into the beautiful Pajaro Valley from the top of the mountain, I wondered how there could be so



BOBBY AND IRMA NEXT TO BUS DRIVER
 NANA'S FACE IN BUS WINDOW -- SHE WAS TOO SICK TO GET OUT FOR THE PICTURE
 JUNE 1928

much sadness and sorrow in a lovely valley such as that. I said to myself, "It can't be true. This could not happen to Bobby and me. Creston was so very happy that he had a little boy to carry on his name. Now he has left me a widow at twenty-two."

The first thing I wanted to do when we drove into Watsonville was to go to Burland's Undertaking Parlor to view my beloved husband's body. I just had to see and make sure it was my Creston. Mr. Burland tried to persuade me that it would be best for me to wait, but I wouldn't listen and insisted on seeing him. He took me into the holding room. As he pulled back the sheet I saw that it really was Creston and fully realized that everything I had hoped against hope wasn't true, was actually happening to Bobby and me. He looked so natural. His beautiful, dark, wavy hair glistened as a beam of light shone on it. There were no cuts or bruises on his face except a perfect cross on his fore-

head, about two inches long.

On the night of Creston's accident he was on his way up Brown's Valley canyon to see his dad. That day he had bought a new (used) convertible car with which he wanted to surprise me. Being we had moved into our newly-built home two months previously, he had asked his dad to keep our important papers (including the pink slip to our car) in his strong box for us until we were settled. Creston had the cash for the new car on his person. He must have had a premonition as he asked a friend of ours to put the money in his safe until he called for it.

Creston met a man in town that he used to work with. He invited this person to ride up Brown's Valley canyon to his dad's place with him. The fellow accepted. Creston was raised up that canyon and knew every turn in the road. I almost believe he could have driven that road with his eyes closed.

The electric-power company

had recently installed new poles on the sides of the canyon road. As Creston pulled to the edge of the road to let another car pass, he hit a soft shoulder. The tire marks showed where he had tried to pull the car back onto the road, but to no avail. The convertible, with the top down, went over a five-foot embankment and landed on Creston's chest. His neck was also broken. He was killed instantly, so the report stated.

The friend with him was knocked unconscious but regained consciousness some time later. Somewhat dazed, the man managed to crawl up the bank and to a farm house nearby, to summon for help.

After I left the funeral parlor, I asked my brother to drive me to the place of the accident. I had been up Brown's Valley canyon many, many times with Creston. Little did I realize the sorrow it was to hold for us -- such a beautiful, wooded canyon. Next, I went to the garage where the car had been towed. This car was to have been "my surprise." There was very little damage done to the vehicle as far as I could see. This all seemed so unreal to me. Would I awaken and find that this actually was a dream? The future had looked so wonderful for us three.

Creston had a large and beautiful funeral. Being a native of the Watsonville-Corralitos area, he had many friends. He was well-known and well-liked. I vaguely remember the funeral. I felt that my heart was buried with him. However, I was happy that I had been his wife, even if only for three and one half years. They were happy years and I gave him his son.



BOBBY AND ME (IRMA)
SHORTLY BEFORE CRESTON'S DEATH.
TAKEN BY CRESTON 1928

The day after Creston's accident my aunt (by marriage) and a friend went to our new little home, gathered up everything that would remind me of Creston, and either put them out of sight or in their proper place. They even washed his work clothes that he had worn that day, and had left them by the laundry tray on the utility porch. They washed the towels that he had used and changed the sheets on our bed, etc. This I resented very much, and I was sorry they had invaded my privacy by doing so. However, I know they meant well. (In all these years, I never did mention this to anyone. But the hurt remained even though they meant well. They didn't realize that these personal things and duties were my last chores to be done for my loved one. To remain in the home for a week or longer after the loss of a loved one is most advisable. To go away for a while and then return opens the wound anew. It is best not to discard personal belongings for at least six months -- survivor's thoughts do change.)

My tear ducts were frozen for quite some time. When I was able to cry, little Bobby would say, "Don't cry Mommy. Daddy will be

back soon." Once when there was a knock on the door Bobby said, "See, Mommy, there's Daddy now."

My dear mother recuperated in Sacramento for three months. It was that length of time before she regained her strength and voice. We then felt that it was time to tell her about Creston's accident. It was a shock to her, but we found solace in each other. During these three months Mom would ask or write about Creston's activities. It was difficult but I had to tell her little, white lies. Bobby and I visited her in Sacramento frequently. I thanked God daily for Creston's little boy. When Mom returned home, looking like her own sweet self again, Bobby and I lived with her, caring for her and loving her.

(Many years later Nana was telling Bob about her learning that Creston had died. Nana said that when I came into the room she asked me how Creston was. I told her that I was now a widow like she is.)

Creston will never know, or maybe he does, what a thoughtful deed he did when he took out another double-indemnity life insurance policy. This was just two months before his accident. The two policies paid me double the face value.

I knew that the money would dwindle away if I left it in a savings account. Consequently, I paid in full the balance of the mortgage on our little "Dream House" -- the 545 Oregon Street home. I did lose some on interest, but that was minimum compared to the future investment.

Bea and Bill Hughes (my friend, Bea Caudill, and her hus-

band) rented the house from me for several years. When Doris and Everett Mollenhauer were married in Washington in 1930, they came to Watsonville to live. They also rented our house -- their first home.

Little Bobby.

During the few months after Creston's passing, I tried to visit my mother in Sacramento every two weeks. One time Grandma Aldridge took little Bobby and me to visit Nana. Grandma drove in her Model-T Ford touring car. (For some reason, Grandma always managed to reach her destination but I'm sure that God had a good grip on the steering wheel.) While one of us drove, the other kept her eyes on Bobby, riding in the back seat. I had warned him not to go near the car doors nor touch the door handles.

I was at the wheel while passing through the town of Pleasanton one Sunday afternoon. I was going about fifteen miles per hour. Grandma reached down to tie her shoe lace when I heard the click of the car door opening. I looked back to see my little one flying out of the car. The thought that went through my mind was, "There goes the last of everything." I didn't feel a thud so I knew that Bobby had cleared the car wheels. I slammed on the brakes as I pulled up to the curb. At the same time Grandma tried to brake the car but stepped on the accelerator pedal instead. The car went over the curb and sidewalk. It came to a stop next to a tall, wooden fence. We both jumped out of the car at once.

This happened in the front of

a bakery shop. As luck would have it, a doctor was coming out of a hotel across the street. The doctor rushed over and picked up Bobby while the bakery-shop owner unlocked his door. Here, inside, the doctor examined my little fellow. Grandma and I were shaking like a leaves. Blood was running down Bobby's chin. I thought it was streaming from his mouth. It was a great relief when we found out that his upper lip had been split open -- quite severely. Fortunately, the doctor had his bag with him. He put a couple of stitches in Bobby's lip and cleaned my little one's face. I do believe that Grandma and I needed the doctor's attention more than Bobby. I offered to pay this kind man for his services but he refused. About this time a gentleman came in from outdoors and said, "Did one of you ladies lose your false teeth?" Grandma was so excited that she grabbed them and stuck them into her mouth without even washing them. We had a good laugh about that later. Needless to say, I thanked God all the way home.

Great Grandma and Grandpa Watson.

In the fall of 1928, Spellman (Creston's brother) drove Grandma Aldridge, Marjorie, Bobby (now age 2-1/2), and me to Ashfork, Arizona. There we visited Bobby's great grandparents, Robert and Anna Watson. These two were Grandma Aldridge's devoted parents. They had a comfy, little farm house in the country from where one could see the beautiful snow-covered San Francisco Peak.

Gr. Grandma Watson was a



BOBBY AND HIS UNCLE SPUD
IN ARIZONA OCTOBER 1928

small, frail, little person with lots of vitality and love. She had white hair and wore it loosely in a bun on the top of her head. Her eyes were blue and her features refined.

Gr. Grandpa Watson was a short, stocky man. His hair was also white, as was his beard. He had the reputation of being a very domineering person. He seemed very happy to see us and gave us a warm and loving welcome.

Creston had told me about the terrible electric storms that he had experienced in Arizona. The impact of his story really came home to me the first night that we spent at Gr. Grandma and Gr. Grandpa Watson's home. Bobby and I shared a room and bed together. He was a warm, cuddly bed partner. Shortly after we settled down for the night, it seemed as though the heavens had opened up with all their fury. Surely the hard bolts of thunder must have landed on the top of our house -- or very near by, so it seemed. Those long-lasting flashes of lightning in our room put Gr. Grandma's little kerosene lamps

"on the back burner," so to speak. Little Bobby and I spent the entire night under the covers. We thought that the electrical storm would never let up.

Gr. Grandma Watson had a large picture of three of the Disciples hanging on the wall near our bed. When Bobby got his head out from under the covers the next morning, the first thing he saw was that picture of three bearded men. He exclaimed, "Look, Mommy! There's Jesus, Grandpa Watson, and Santa Claus."

While visiting, we toured the Grand Canyon for a day. It was only a few hours drive from their little ranch. My poor "little feller" got so sick from rounding the many curves in the road. The Canyon was beautiful and spectacular as always. How I wished that Creston could have been there with us.

Arizona has many lovely and

awe-inspiring places to visit. We drove up to Sunset Mountain. As we climbed to the top, the sand beneath our feet changed to various hues. That is how the name of Sunset Mountain originated. The sand from the mountain and the adjacent Painted Desert united in various colored layers which were particularly spectacular at sunset.

Gr. Grandpa Watson carried Bobby on his shoulders to the top. He filled a couple of small jars with layers of colored sands. (The jar that he filled for Bobby is now one of Bob's prized possessions.)

Bob does remember Gr. Grandma Watson from later meetings. But I wish that he could remember his Gr. Grandpa Robert Watson who was proud to know that Bobby was named after him. Gr. Grandma Watson outlived Gr. Grandpa Watson by a number of years.

CRESTON ALDRIDGE INSTANTLY KILLED WHEN HIS CAR DROPS 25 FEET OVER EMBANKMENT

**N. D. Sweeney, His Companion, Rendered Unconscious For More Than An Hour But Escapes
With Only Minor Cuts And Bruises**

Creston Aldridge Jr. was almost instantly killed and N. D. Sweeney was badly bruised when the automobile driven by Aldridge went over a 25 foot embankment in Browns Valley canyon at about 8 o'clock last night, landing bottom side up on the rocky creek bottom, pinning both men beneath it. The car, an open Nash roadster, went over the bank about 300 yards above the city water intake.

Sweeney does not know how the accident happened, having dozed off to sleep just prior to the car leaving the narrow, crooked road. He was rendered unconscious by the drop and lay perhaps an hour and a half. When he regained consciousness he worked for about half an hour to extricate himself from the overturned machine, then tried to get Aldridge out, but could not as the car was resting on his head, so he went to the J. H. Caudill ranch home nearby for help.

Police Notified

A call was put through from the Caudill home to the local police who notified Deputy Coroner L. M. Liles who took the ambulance from Burland's mortuary to the scene of the wreck. Roy Wittschen of the Appleton Garage had also been notified and he accompanied the garage wrecker to the canyon, arriving there ahead of Dr. Liles. An attempt was made to get the body out, but the car had to be turned on its side to extricate the body which was carried to the road where it was found Aldridge had been dead for some time.

He is survived by his widow, Irma Aldridge and two-year-old son, both of whom are now in San Francisco where Mrs. Aldridge's mother, Mrs. H. Oksen, is very low in a hospital from the effects of

an operation. Also the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Creston Aldridge, pioneer Corralitos residents.

Much difficulty was experienced last night in reaching the parents of the unfortunate young man. He had called at the United Cigar store for Sweeney at about 7:30 o'clock, telling Sweeney that he had not seen his father for a month and a half and suggesting that Sweeney ride out with him. They had been talking but Sweeney said he had been awake for many hours during the last few days, so had just dozed off when he was startled by the car beginning to leave the road and was then knocked unconscious by a bad blow on the head.

Was Local Man

Aldridge was born and reared on the Aldridge ranch at the head of the Browns Valley canyon, graduating from the Corralitos school and attending the local high school. He was an experienced automobile driver and mechanic, having conducted a garage here at one

time, also did a produce trucking business to San Francisco. Latterly he has been driving tractor here for Charles Tharp, working until noon yesterday.

He told Mr. Tharp that he did not feel very well and laid off for the afternoon. He had just completed the purchase of a little home near Joy avenue and was with his wife in San Francisco a few days ago, just returning and resuming his work here. He had been a member of the Christian church, and of the Woodmen. It is believed he was a member of the Native Sons.

He is spoken of very highly by everyone, and his shocking death comes as a tremendous blow to those near and dear to him. The community joins in extending genuine consolation to them in their hour of deepest grief.

The body is at Burland's mortuary where an inquest will probably be held at once. No details could be secured from the authorities last night, as it was nearly midnight before the body could be extricated and brought to the city.

CHAPTER 15

TED:

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

After losing Creston I had no interest in other men. I was asked out on dates many times but turned them down. Little Bobby needed me and he was my sole interest.

As Nana grew stronger she was able to take care of herself. Bobby and I remained at her home and helped with the housework. I rented out the little home on Oregon Street.

Montgomery Ward and Company was opening a new store in Watsonville. I had a job clerking at Woolworth's new store when the Ward manager offered me a better-paying job in their cosmetics and jewelry departments. This I accepted.

I had many girl friends. They all kept in close contact with me. Bea Caudill was my "old standby." She was like a Sis to me. One day Bea made the remark: "Irma, you know that Creston wouldn't want you to sit and grieve." After some persuasion, I finally decided that she was right. It had been over six months that she had tried to set up dates for me, only to be turned down. Even Mama Aldridge said, "Honey, you are too young to stay single." I fully realized that being a widow at twenty-two years old was not good. I had my full life ahead of me.

Bea and her sister, Ann, knew many male acquaintances. They both worked with the public. One day Bea said, "I'm setting up a blind date for you and Etna Bell." I know she expected me to refuse but I didn't. She said, "Would you like me to ask Ted Reaves and Charles Herbert," or two other men's names she mentioned? I didn't know any of the four. I said, "OK, I like the sound and name of Ted Reaves." Bea arranged a swimming party for four couples at the Santa Cruz Plunge on the



TED WITH LADY AT MALUHIA RANCH
1929

Board Walk. She knew that swimming was my favorite sport.

We all met at Bea's and Ann's apartment on April 29, 1929. I fully remember the date as later Ted gave me a beautiful Bulova wrist watch set with emeralds. On the back of the watch Ted had our first meeting-date engraved.

We all had a very pleasant evening. After the swim we had a Chinese feed in Santa Cruz. The plunge brought back memories of when Creston and I would take little Bobby there for a swim. Bobby would jump off of the diving board into Creston's arms. How he loved the water! He was less than two years old at that time. (I believe the love of water has followed him through life.)

Ted later told me that the minute he saw me that evening he knew that I was the girl he was going to marry. I couldn't help but

like Ted. He was interesting and good company, and a perfect gentleman. However, I just couldn't become serious with another man. From then on I dated different ones. Several proposed marriage to me but I wasn't interested in such.

After my first meeting with Ted, he sent me a beautiful bouquet of red roses on each week end. Between times he brought boxes of candy and other goodies. I continued dating him but not seriously. I really didn't want to go steady. I know his heart was broken when I dated others.

One time I accepted a date to the Firemen's Dance with a fireman acquaintance. Ted had an apartment in town at that time. He asked me if he could keep Bobby with him for the night (while I danced the evening away). This he did. Of all times, Bobby would wet the bed that night. Was I embarrassed. Ted accepted the mishap graciously.

On several occasions Ted brought lovely bouquets of flowers for me to put on Creston's grave. He would even drive me to the cemetery. Ted did so many thoughtful and loving things. I'll have to admit that I was falling more deeply in love with him as time went on. There was no question about it, he was winning my heart, as well as Nana's and Bobby's. He was so good to them. We all looked forward to Ted's visits. The four of us often went on picnics together on weekends. Whenever we went places, and took Bobby with us, Bobby never failed to do or say things that really embarrassed me.

Ted brought me some beauti-

ful jewelry. (Some I was reluctant to wear until after we were married.) I knew Ted well enough by that time that I didn't feel obligated in any way. He bought Bobby a small pair of hair chaps (chaparejos -- which I believe are still in the family) and a cute little sheepskin coat, just like his own. Ted also bought a toy fire engine that Bobby could pedal along the sidewalk. Those are only a few of the things in which he invested to help show his love for and interest in my little boy. (Grandma Aldridge as well as Nana also loved Ted.)

We had been going steady for about six months when Ted asked me to marry him. By then I knew I wanted to be his wife. He was the man with whom I wanted to spend the rest of my life. I was so sure that he would be a good daddy to Bobby. That was a most paramount issue. To me, he had already proven himself. I accepted, and was ready for a new life.

It was in Watsonville. in 1924, that Ted met Charles Herbert, then an ensign in the Naval Reserves. Ted's friend, Chester Turney, persuaded Ted to join the Reserves. Their meetings were held in Santa Cruz each week. Ted was then eighteen years old.

Soon Charlie and Ted became good friends, even though Charlie was fifteen years Ted's senior. When Charlie's parents -- Dr. and Kitty Herbert -- met Ted, they took a great interest in him. They soon asked him to make his home with them at Maluhia Ranch, on



CHARLIE HERBERT AND TED
CIRCA 1929

Amesti Road. (In Hawaiian Maluhia means Abode of the Angels, or of Peace.) Here Ted helped Charlie with the gardening and ranch work. They raised pears, apples, apricots and berries for the market. Ted and Charlie were soon like brothers. They were almost inseparable. Wherever one went, the other was with him.

When Ted started dating me, Charlie resented it very much. In fact, he made it quite uncomfortable for us at times. That was the reason Ted rented an apartment in town. When Charlie found that Ted and I had become engaged, he felt very badly and tried hard to discourage us. But finally Charlie resigned himself to the facts and talked Ted into returning to Maluhia Ranch to live.

Ted spent many evenings with Bobby and me at Mother's (Nana's) house. He presented me with a lovely diamond engagement ring to seal our devotion. We set our wedding date for the following June of 1931. We planned to spend

our honeymoon in Hawaii. At that time I was managing the Moo Cow Ice Cream Parlor in Watsonville.

Almost every night Ted met me to escort me home after closing the store. Charlie didn't approve of that at all.



My brother, Lloyd, was keeping company with a pretty, young girl named Delia Belle Plaskett. She was only fourteen when they became engaged. However, she was quite tall and mature for her age.

Lloyd and Delia decided they were going to elope, unbeknownst to her mother. This upset my mother terribly. Lloyd was only twenty years old and under legal age. Lloyd met me at the Moo Cow and asked me to go to the jewelers with him to select a wedding ring. I just couldn't refuse him, so I did just that.

When I went home for lunch that noon, my poor little mother was beside herself -- so upset. She tried her best to persuade Lloyd and Delia not to elope, but they were determined.

Ted was hauling apples, in Charlie's truck, from the Herbert ranch to the packing house in town. He stopped by our house with the truck-load of apples. When he heard Mom trying to convince Lloyd and Delia not to elope, he jokingly remarked to me, "Why don't we go with them?" I said, "Are you kidding?" I knew that he was. At that

point Mom spoke up and said, "Yes, why don't you two go with them? I would feel so much better if you two older ones were along." She then added, "You may just as well do so as Ted is here all the time anyway, and the neighbors will start talking." How convincing could Mom get? Bless her heart! (Ted jokingly loves to tell a different version of this story and relate that I talked him into getting married.)

Ted looked at me and I looked at him. He said, "Shall we?" I glanced at my dear, little, worried mother and answered, "If I can get one of the girls to work at the store for me, we can go." I knew Mom was greatly relieved, but still upset about Delia's mother not knowing.

I managed to get a "stand in." Ted delivered the load of apples to the packing house. He then called Charlie to tell him the news. Charlie was furious. He told Ted that if he left he would have no job awaiting him on his return. Charlie even had his sister, Rosie, try to persuade Ted to change his mind. That didn't phase Ted. He took the empty truck back to the ranch. Then he bathed, dressed, and gathered up a few articles.

During this period the depression was going full swing. No one was eliminated. Money was scarce and hard to come by. Needless to say, Ted and I had very little cash. Ted spent most of his earnings courting Bobby and me. I had managed to put a few dollars into a savings account for a "rainy day." I guess this was the "rainy day" although the sun was shining brightly. Ted and I went back to the jewelers to select another

TED AND HIS MOTHER
AT MALUHIA RANCH
1929

wedding band. I guess the jeweler, Mr. Troutfetter, thought business was picking up and booming.

This is where the "rub" came in. One of Lloyd's pals was to let Lloyd and Delia use his Buick sedan. His pal was to have brought the car to Lloyd that morning, but he failed to show up. My brother, Lloyd, had sold his little Studebaker coupe and Ted had no car at that time. (He had been courting me in Charlie's little Model-T Ford pickup truck.) Occasionally when Charlie was in a good mood, he would let Ted use his Buick sedan. Charlie would often phone me to say, "Send Ted home early tonight. He has to work tomorrow."

By the time we had rushed around and made all the arrangements, Lloyd's friend arrived with the Buick car. While Ted did his chores at the ranch, I drew a little money out of our meager savings account, threw a few clothes into a suitcase, and caressed Bobby. We forgot our toilet articles so we had to purchase some enroute.

We kissed Mom and little Bobby goodbye. I told Bobby, "When I return, I will bring you a surprise -- something nice." Alas, we were on our way. There was a void in my heart. This was the first time for me to be away from my dear, little boy for a lengthy time. I know he missed me, too. [Editor's note: Actually, he had a lot of fun getting his own way with his Nana.]

On the outskirts of Morgan Hill, on Highway 101, there was a fairly sharp curve in the road. The Highway Patrol made it a point to meet their quota of tickets at this location. Suddenly we heard the screech of a siren. "Good grief!



JUST MARRIED IN CARSON CITY, NEVADA
OCTOBER 25, 1930
LLOYD, DELIA, TED AND ME (IRMA)

They couldn't possibly have found out this soon that we were eloping," so we thought. It was quite a relief to the four of us when the patrolman asked us if we were in a hurry. He said he saw daylight under our two inside wheels when we made that turn. We didn't think he did but we weren't going to argue at that crucial time. We arrived in Sacramento quite late, where we spent the night. From there we phoned home to make sure everything was OK.

We didn't go to Reno as Lloyd and Delia previously had planned. We went to Carson City, Nevada. We located the courthouse and secured our licenses. After we had lunch, we drove around to locate a church in which to be married. It wasn't long before we discovered the Methodist Church, located on a corner. Next door was an elderly man spading his garden. We asked him where we could find the preacher of the church. He said, "If you will wait just a minute I'll be with you. I'm the preacher."

He couldn't have been in his house more than ten minutes when he came out in his "Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes."

He ushered us into the church. We told him that we would like a double ceremony. He insisted on a single one for each couple so as to be each other's witnesses. We consented.

After the knots were tied, Ted offered him five dollars, which was a sufficient fee for those days. Ted asked him if that amount was OK. Reverend Eastman looked at Ted and said, "Well, all of us ministers and justices of the peace here in Carson City have an understanding between us to charge five dollars for each couple we marry. Ted tried to explain to him that we had very little money. While still in the church, Lloyd spoke up and said, "Oh, hell, give him ten dollars." Needless to say that the preacher didn't refuse it.

As we left the church, Rev. Eastman said, "When you return to Carson City again, be sure to stop by and have a cup of tea." I presume he thought that he had tied a "slip knot," and that we would return for a divorce.

After our "big wedding ceremony" we drove to Reno. There we had a nice wedding supper, just the four of us. Maybe not as elaborate as if we had that extra five dollars, as a dollar went a long way at that date. However, the four of us were happy. We stayed in Reno that night.

The following morning, when I awakened, I had the whole double bed to myself. This startled me somewhat. Ted, my new husband, wasn't there. By the time I dressed he returned. He said that

he couldn't sleep and didn't want to disturb me, so decided to dress and go for a walk. I was relieved.

On our return trip we stopped at Lake Tahoe. It was so beautiful. The trees were taking on their autumn foliage and dressed in various hues. In fact, the trees in the Carson City and Reno areas were mainly golden in color. The leaves that had fallen made the thoroughfare look like streets of gold.

When we reached San Jose, we stopped by the courthouse to pay our fine. It was fifteen dollars -- a lot of money for us in those depression days. Ted made out a check to the officer in charge. We often wondered who ended up with the money.

As we drove up to Nana's house, little Bobby was sitting on the front-gate post. I was so happy to see him. I grabbed him and kissed him and said, "Bobby, I brought you a new Daddy." His baby face took on a completely different expression and his little mouth drooped as he said, "Mommy, you told me you were going to bring me something nice." I didn't see Ted's face at that moment but I truly had to laugh inside. I explained to Bobby that we did have a nice surprise for him and one for Nana, too. Then I gave him a toy squirt gun that we had bought for him. He was happy then and gave me the feeling that I had kept my promise. Of course we had other surprises for him and Nana, too.

That was the beginning of many happy and struggling years together. Ted did not return to Maluhia Ranch but got a job with Central Supply Company in Asilo-

mar, near Pacific grove. After six months, during which time we lived with Nana, Charlie realized how much Ted meant to him with the ranch work. He begged Ted to return and offered him double pay. It was quite a decision for Ted to make. However, it was depression time and money was very tight. It cost extra to commute daily to the Monterey area. Then too, a little one was three months on the way. Ted returned to Maluhia Ranch to work. We all felt happy about the decision. Now we were able to put a few dollars in the bank for future use.

I got the surprise of my life one evening when Ted came home driving a beautiful Model-A Ford convertible coupe. It was "brand spanking new" -- canary yellow and chocolate brown in color. Behind the enclosed front seat was a so-called rumble seat that could be opened when in use. That open-air seat was dubbed the "mother-in-law seat." As Ted entered the house with a big smile on his face, he said, "Honey, how do you like your slightly-belated wedding present." I must have had a dumb look on my face as I was startled and overwhelmed -- yet happy with joy. Tears came to my



BOBBY IN THE WOOLY CHAPS THAT TED
BOUGHT FOR HIM JULY 1931

eyes as Ted told me how he managed to put a few dollars aside from his pay check each week until he had a sufficient amount to make the down payment on this lovely car. I do believe I smothered him with kisses.

Little Bobby, too, was surprised. He was sitting on Nana's front porch when his Daddy arrived in that lovely horseless chariot.

CHAPTER 16

BABY JERRY

After our marriage Ted, Bobby and I lived at Mother's (Nana's) house for six months. This was Nana's wish. During the third month of our marriage, I became pregnant. We were so happy but knew times ahead would be difficult. We told Bobby that we were going to get a little baby and he asked for a little sister. During the first few months of my pregnancy I was very miserable. Fruits were the only food that appealed to me. Each evening, on Ted's return home from the ranch, he brought me his big cowboy hat filled with various fruits from Maluhia.

Nana was overjoyed when she heard that she was going to be a grandma again -- not just once, but three times within five months. (Jim's daughter, Fay, was born June 28, 1931; Lloyd's son, Lloyd Jr. -- Sonny -- was born on September 23, 1931; and our baby, Jerry, was born on November 28, 1931.)

We moved into our little Oregon Street home in April 1931. The following January (1932) Bobby started the first grade at Mintie White School. This school was named after my first-grade teacher. It was located just two blocks from our home. We also gave Bobby piano lessons from Miss Ida Berg at the age of five. He did exceptionally well and performed at her piano recital.

Before Bobby started to school he amused himself playing with a new little puppy, which he named Toby. (Toby-I, not to be confused with Toby-III which he had for many years and into high school.) There were a few more houses in our area that had been built during the last few years. Even so, there were no playmates around who were Bobby's age.

The ice truck delivered ice to the residents that had ice boxes. Bobby seemed to know the days the



BABY JERRY AND BOBBY
AT 545 OREGON STREET
FEBRUARY 20, 1932

truck would pass our house. He would patiently sit on our front porch awaiting it. The ice man always stopped a few houses away from ours, to deliver a 100-pound chunk of ice to Apperson's home. Bobby would meet him by the ice truck. The ice man would give Bobby a little chunk of ice to suck on. The little fellow always brought it to our house to share one or two little licks with me.

One day Bobby missed the ice man. He followed the truck two blocks to get his usual piece of ice. Those little legs toddled home so fast in order to share it with me before it melted. He was so full of love and so thoughtful.

The Archie Leslie family lived somewhere in the area. They had two or three boys older than Bobby. One day these boys were walking past our house with their friends, the two McMaster brothers. Bobby happened to be nearby. When the boys started to walk on our sidewalk, Bobby got his "dander up" and ordered them

to keep off. These boys had a reputation of being rough and they challenged Bobby to make them get off. Bobby meant business. When he tried to shove them off, they fought back and gave Bobby a bloody nose. One of the McMaster boys also gave Bobby a black eye. I wanted to go to Bobby's rescue but Ted said, "Let him learn his lesson for future experiences."

Little baby Jerry -- Gerald Theodore Reaves -- came to us just thirteen months after our marriage. Ted was so very happy to have a son. Although Bobby was wishing for a little sister he said, "We won't send him back. It took too long to get him here." Bobby was five-and-a-half years old at that time.

Dr. George Herbert delivered little Jerry at our Oregon Street home. Had we known that he was going to be born breach first, I'm sure that I would have been sent to the hospital for his delivery.

When we knew positively that our baby was on the way, we called Dr. Herbert at his home at 3:00 AM. He dressed and drove five miles to town, arriving at our house at 3:20 AM. Wonderful! Little Jerry Boy was born at 4:00 o'clock, breach delivery. He was a perfect baby. Dr. Herbert knew that, but for our satisfaction he called in Dr. Eiskamp that morning to examine our little one. In spite of Dr. Herbert's seventy-four years of age, he proved to be every bit as efficient as any younger doctor. Our dear "Grandma" Aldridge was my nurse.

Charlie was so happy with the birth of our baby and came to our home every night to hold and amuse little Jerry. Dr. Herbert

presented our baby with a silver, baby spoon. It had a stork for the handle. In the bowl of the spoon was a Grandfather's clock. It told the time of little Jerry's birth. Also engraved was the month, date and year -- November 28, 1931. Mrs. Herbert made a fuzzy ball of many colors which we hung on a string over Jerry's buggy. We would twirl it and Jerry would "coo" and lay there for a long time, watching the multi-colored ball spin.

Our baby was such a blessing to us all. He grew and developed beautifully. The little fellow beamed all over when Bobby came into the room, or when he heard Bobby's voice. I arranged Bobby's piano practice with the time I would nurse Jerry. This way I could count the rythm for Bobby. As soon as Bobby touched the piano keys, and I started counting, there was no more nursing. Little Jerry would start to sing. It was so cute. He began that cooing-singing when only a few months old. It was only when Bobby played the piano that he performed.

At six months Baby Jerry had a five-word vocabulary -- Mama, Dada, Baba, Nana, and Honey. How we all enjoyed that precious baby for six, wonderful months. Fortunately, we had his photograph taken on his six-month birthday.

One of Bobby's first-grade classmates attended school while in the first stages of whooping cough. Apparently his mother did not realize that he had the disease. Many children, including Bobby, contracted whooping cough. It wasn't long before little Jerry



JERRY IN HIS BATH TUB
MAY 15, 1932

showed symptoms and started coughing. This really worried me as I knew it was a very serious illness for babies under one-year of age. Whooping cough shots were just being recognized but were still very doubtful. When I asked Dr. Herbert about them, he replied, "This is too new to know the results and the side effects. I wouldn't give those shots to a child of my own."

As the days wore on, our little one became very ill. He was burning up with fever. Pneumonia was threatening him. I continued breast feeding little Jerry as that was the only nourishment he would take. For one whole month I didn't have my clothes off of my back except to bathe and put on fresh clothing. I held him in my arms constantly.

Ted and I tried so many remedies suitable for a tiny one, trying to relieve the congestion in his chest. The adavagestine poultices seemed to give him a little relief. During the daytime I bathed my baby in tepid-water



BABY JERRY
MAY 15, 1932

baths, trying so hard to bring down his fever. I can still see that blessed baby looking up at me with his blue eyes saying, "Mommy, I love you. I know you are trying so hard to help me."

The night before little Jerry died, his fever dropped very suddenly from 106 degrees to 96. I was so happy. I praised and thanked God. At 2:30 the following morning, as I held him in my arms, God took our precious baby home. I just couldn't believe that our dear, little Jerry was gone, as I held his limp, little body in my arms and cradled him to my breast. How could we give up this dear little fellow? Ted's very own son born to us. My dear husband was also in shock as he put his arm around me.

Ted called Dr. Herbert at the ranch and he came in immediately. He explained to us that when the fever drops so low so suddenly, it is not a good sign. He told us that in all his years of practice, he had never seen anyone administer and work so hard and efficiently as we

had, to save our baby's life.

Bobby was sleeping in our bed. I laid little Jerry's body in his buggy and wheeled it into the bedroom. (Bob says he remembers clearly that we awakened him and asked him if he wanted to take a last look at his little brother, because God had called him home. He remembers sitting up in bed as we tipped the buggy up so he could see little Jerry's body.)

I wrapped the precious little body in a pretty blue blanket and at 4:30 AM Ted helped me into the car to take our baby's body to the funeral parlor. Ted had previously phoned Mr. Mehl. He met us at the door of the funeral home, which we entered. Instead of gently taking our lifeless baby's body from our arms, he said, "Just lay him down on the desk." I shall never forget that moment. It sounded so cruel and so cold. Probably he was trying to be kind to us, as we learned later that he had been to a party and had liquor on his breath. In fact, I could smell it.



BOBBY, NANA AND BABY JERRY
545 OREGON STREET, FEBRUARY 20, 1932

Before leaving, I told Mr. Mehl that I would like to dress my baby that day. I gathered together his little undergarments, a real pretty pale-blue-and-white, soft, baby-boy outfit and little socks to match. The following morning Ted drove me to the funeral home. It was so hard for us to realize that this would be the last time that I would be dressing our "Jerry Baby." I tried so hard to keep the tears back -- mainly for Ted's sake -- as he stood beside me, trying to assist. As I looked at him, tears were rolling down his cheeks.

Ted, Bobby, Charlie, and I went to the funeral home that night to see our little darling in his casket, that we had selected for him. He looked so sweet, so frail, and yes, so beautiful -- just like a baby angel. We knew that our precious baby was now safe in the arms of Jesus. His suffering was over.

From then on, everything seemed like a dream. Only the ones that have been through this experience can fully realize how hard it is to give up one's dear baby.

I remember Ted, little Bobby (then five-and-a-half years old) and I gathering Cecil Bruner baby roses along with other dainty flowers. We wanted to make our own floral piece for our baby's casket. This was the last kindness we could do for our little one. It was done with love in every rose it contained. It was beautiful!

We all mourned deeply for our little Jerry. I shall never forget what my darling husband said to me, through his tears, "Honey, God had to give baby Jerry's soul



TED AND HIS FIRST SON, JERRY
545 OREGON STREET, WATSONVILLE
MAY 10, 1932

to someone to love for the short time he was on earth, and God chose us." We buried our little one in our vault, next to Creston's body. Jerry was seven months old on the day we laid him to rest.

It broke my heart to see my two sisters-in-law with their precious babies in their arms. My arms were so empty, but not my heart and memories.

A few weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Hamby, on Lincoln Street, lost their small baby. We did not know this couple but had heard their name mentioned at various times. I said to Ted, "Honey, I think if we visited the Hambys and talked with them about the loss of our baby, it might help them over their trying period." This we did. They were so grateful for our visit. It seemed to bring them some comfort, knowing we had just experienced such a loss. It not only helped them, but it also brought a sense of relief to us, knowing the love we possessed we could share with others. We became devoted

SHARING MY MEMORIES AND LOVE

friends through sharing our mutual
suffering and compassion.

CHAPTER 17

OUR DEPRESSION PALACE

Shortly after we buried our darling baby, I contracted the whooping cough. This disease is hard on a grown person. Ted was frightfully worried. He didn't want to leave me at home alone during the daytime so he insisted that I go to the ranch each day with him. Dr. Herbert said that being out in the fresh air would be very beneficial for me.

Times were getting harder and harder. Money was becoming scarce for everyone. Charlie and his folks suggested that we move into the living quarters at one end of the packing house there on the ranch, where they had previously packed fruit into crates for shipping. This sounded like an excellent idea for all.

There were three existing rooms -- a kitchen, living room, and one bedroom. Ted partitioned off a fourth room for Bobby's bedroom. We painted and papered all four rooms. By the time we finished putting all the homey and loving touches on it, it was a very desirable place to live. However, there was one drawback. The bathroom and toilet were at the further end of the packing house. Anyway, we had indoor plumbing and didn't have to go outdoors to an outhouse. We managed very well although sometimes we had to "shift from low gear into high."

We again rented out the little house on Oregon Street. Although I loved the place, it held too many heartaches for me. I never wanted to live there again.

It was fun getting settled in our new packing-house quarters. We had a very large kitchen which contained a sink and running water. We bought a three-burner kerosene stove on which to cook. For heat, there was a little wood-burning stove. The cooler was on the inside wall of the kitchen. In the middle of



BUDDY DAUGHERTY AND BOBBY WITH THEIR KITES. OUR PACKING-HOUSE HOME BEHIND. WE LIVED IN THE NEAR END. FEBRUARY 9, 1935

the room we had a large, round dining table. The floor was covered with linoleum. Ted made a portable cupboard which contained our dishes. Shelves under the sink and drain board held our staples and canned goods.

We moved my Ludwig piano out from Oregon Street. This was placed on the inside wall of the living room. We had a new studio-couch in the living room which we bought for sixteen dollars. It opened up into a double bed or two singles. The two rocking chairs completed our living room furniture. The floors in this room, as well as in the bedrooms, were also covered with linoleum. Scatter rugs were used here and there.

Ted and I had our bedroom furniture in the front bedroom. The bedroom that Ted partitioned off for Bobby was right next to ours. Ted also built a closet for the three of us while making Bobby's room. For all of this we paid Charlie ten-dollars-a-month rent. Of course ten dollars was worth more then than now.

Ted drove Bobby back and forth to Mintie White School each day in our Model-A convertible

coupe. We wanted him to finish that term in town. When he transferred to the Amesti School, about one-and-a-half miles from Maluhia, he went directly into the third grade. Being he finished the low-second grade in town at Mintie White School, he normally would have entered the high second at Amesti. But Amesti School did not have split grades so we and the teacher decided he could go into the third. As a matter of fact, each teacher at Amesti School taught two grades. Mrs. Hazel Twyman was Bobby's third-grade and fourth-grade teacher. Miss Mahoney later taught him in the fifth and sixth grades.

We were right in the middle of the "Great Depression." The middle-class and poor people had quite a rough time. However, it was the wealthy and rich that really felt it. Banks were closing and the bottom fell out of the stock market. The ones who were accustomed to luxuries and had money to squander found it quite difficult to adjust. We didn't consider ourselves poor but we had to "tighten our belts," so to speak.

At this time we found it nec-

essary to part with our pretty Model-A Ford convertible. The \$25-per-month payments were too steep to meet. Our total income was only \$65 per month which included the \$25-per-month rent we received on our Oregon Street house. After paying the \$10-per-month rent for our "Depression Palace," we only had \$55 left. In addition, all medical and dentist bills came directly out of our pocket. But I will have to admit it was difficult to give up our beautiful convertible coupe. It was my wedding present from Ted, but there were things more necessary than this car. We did manage to buy an old Essex sedan, which proved to be a real "lemon."

The depression that undermined the country for decades to come started the year before Ted and I were married in 1930. It is rather difficult to express the experiences that most families went through, but it made a great change in almost all life styles. Improvisation was a key word that covered much of the background against which people learned to live. To improvise and make-do with things on hand, instead of purchasing new ones, became a daily task. For reasons unknown, the make-shift articles most always brought pride to the person who extended the potential of their knowledge.

This practice also stretched over into the culinary department. Many palatable dishes were concocted from low-cost foods -- mainly those most nourishing. People found that many appetizing, meat dishes could be made from hamburger and other low-cost cuts of meat, at least the ones who



OUR WHOLE FAMILY AT THE CORNER OF
OUR PACKING-HOUSE HOME -- TED,
BOBBY, AND ME (IRMA) HOLDING SKIPPY.
APRIL 1935

could afford to buy such.

We always managed to have wholesome food on the table. It may not have been a big variety but it was nourishing. We raised some vegetables in a little garden plot and got eggs and milk from the Herberts. Ted, little Bobby and I would often go rabbit hunting on the ranch in the evenings. When quail, dove, and wild pigeons were in season, they helped furnish the meat on our table. Too, this was recreation for us. We even experimented with cooking young, wild, mustard greens to serve like spinach or swiss chard.

Our meals were very simple. No condiments or relishes, but oh how good those meals did taste. Cooking on a kerosene stove was not as convenient as gas. The burners were difficult to regulate at times.



TED AND BOBBY BY THE SIDE DOOR OF OUR PACKING-HOUSE HOME
JULY 1933

One particular dish that I used to make was exceptionally good. Often times, since then, we have reminisced about it. I tried making it later but it never tasted the same as in our depression days. I sliced ripe tomatoes, covered each slice with flour, and browned them slightly in a little oil. Then I put thinly-sliced onions on top, added some milk and seasoning, and covered the pan. I let them simmer a short while. It formed its own thickened gravy. So good!

No doubt the mothers of those days will be known as "depression mothers" as we never could throw anything away, particularly food. Those habits have remained with me throughout the years. I still like to make tasty dishes out of scraps and bits. Sometimes they don't come out to my expectations but they usually are eaten with no complaints.

My heart was still very heavy and lonely over the loss of our baby Jerry. I wanted to have another baby soon, but Dr. Herbert advised me to wait six months. I was still recuperating from my struggle with the whooping cough.

After five months I became pregnant. Needless to say that Ted and I were overjoyed. When we broke the good news to Bobby, he was so happy. Of course he wanted another little baby brother, as did Ted and I.

With our new little one coming, there would be extra expenses and some baby things to buy. When Aunt Pussy (Mrs. Herbert) asked me if I would like to help her with the house work, I gladly accepted. She offered me one dollar an hour for vacuuming, sweeping and dusting. This house was a large, rambling, Spanish structure. It took me two to three hours each week to tidy it up. Ted had been working long hours at the ranch for small wages -- \$40 per month. My extra dollars really helped.

Often times the appetizing aroma of fried bacon lingered throughout the big house. Many times I thought to myself, "If I could only have a slice of fried bacon, how good it would taste." One day I could stand that craving no longer. I helped myself to one slice of bacon out of the big ice box. I took it home and fried it. Oh, how good that tasted. I knew

and felt that my desire for bacon was more for the benefit of the little one I was carrying than for myself. If I had mentioned to Aunt Pussy about my hunger for bacon, I know that she would have bought a full pound for me. I was just too timid and too proud to acknowledge that bacon, to us, was a luxury at that time and not included in our budget.

Our little packing-house home must have looked inviting to four men in their twenties. While we were out one evening, they broke open the front door. Every drawer in each room was left open, pictures were torn off the walls seeking hiding places, and bedding and pillows were thrown back. Guess they expected to find "loot" under the mattress.

When we returned we found a mess, Ted left Bobby and me there while he went up to the big house to call the sheriff. I can remember that feeling so well. It was such a frightening experience. However, had I known that two of the men were casual acquaintances, I may not have been so scared.

All of our valuables were hidden in a shoe box in the bottom of our kitchen cooler. This they did not find. All of the loot they took was found later, stashed away under the floorboards of an outhouse where one of the men lived. Everything was recovered, with the exception of my fur-lined driving gloves. Probably a dog got them.

During these trying years work was hard to find and many people were unemployed. This was true of my Uncle Magnus (my father's brother) from Los



ALONGSIDE OUR PACKING-HOUSE HOME
SKIPPY FEEDING BILL (THE DRAFT
HORSE) AN APPLE ON A STICK.
AUGUST 29, 1934

Angeles. He was a cabinet maker as well as a seasoned butcher. When he wrote us asking if some kind of work was available in our area, we wrote him saying that Maluhia Ranch needed another pear picker. We also told him that he could make his home with us.

Uncle Magnus bid Aunt Grace (his wife) and his family good-bye and soon found shelter under our roof. He told us that if he had work for a couple of months, it could pull him through. He proved to be a very good fruit picker as well as a handy-man. Charlie was extremely happy to have his help and we were delighted to have him with us. He was very much like my own father who had been gone for ten years.

After seven weeks, Uncle Magnus had saved enough from his wages to return home to his family. He insisted on paying us for his board. This, we refused but after some discussion we did accept some reimbursement. We missed Uncle Magnus when he left.

e always had a full house in our packing-house quarters.

We came through our depression days none-the-worse and much wiser. I do believe that people in larger cities suffered more from lack of work and hunger, than in the smaller towns. Bread lines and soup kitchens were a blessing to many of the needy people. In larger cities, many of the wives and mothers worked in Taxi Dance Halls. They charged a dime a dance. That way they helped put food on the table for their families. The depression was rough but it really educated people to a much simpler lifestyle, as well as teaching them the true value of the dollar.



SKIPPY WITH TOBY-
THE-FIRST IN THE
DRIVEWAY ALONG-
SIDE OUR PACKING-
HOUSE HOME
APRIL 1935

Bobby at this time was quite a cowboy. At least he thought so. Wherever you saw Bobby, he had a cap pistol hanging in a little holster on his belt, or one in his pocket. When he posed for a snapshot, he always had a pistol in his hand. There was only one drawback. He kept losing them around the ranch. Ted usually managed to replace them, but a new toy pistol each week was not included in our small budget or meager income.

Bobby got a kind lecture from Daddy, telling him that the next time his pistol was lost he would not get another one from the

store. However, it wasn't long before Bobby was "pistol-less" again. Ted stuck to his word. To Bobby, he must have felt like he lost his best friend and part of his attire.

A few days had passed without a toy pistol. Ted always went to Bobby's room to check him before retiring. One night he called for me. Bobby was sound asleep. Ted said, "Honey, look what I found under little Bobby's pillow." It was an old, worn, curved piece of wood about six inches long. If you used your imagination you could visualize it as a toy pistol. Ted had tears in his eyes. Needless to say, little Bobby got a brand new pistol the following day. From then on he was more careful with his weaponry. We probably went without hamburger that week.

We had no money to spend on shows or entertainment, but all our friends were "in the same boat." Three other couples -- Bea and Bill Hughes, Vivian and Russel Caudill, and Doris and Everett Mollenhauer -- were our very dear and close friends. They came to our "Packing-House Palace" every Saturday night. We all sat around the kitchen table and played Michigan, a card game. We played for poker chips, but no money was involved. Ted and I, being the only couple with children, always entertained them at our place. I can truthfully say that these depression years were some of the happiest years of our lives. We had little to do with but lots and lots of love. Doing without things taught us the value, not only of money, but also of the material things of life.

I was extremely proud of our humble, little, country home. Ted made me a lovely, terraced, flower garden in the front yard (the packing house was against a low hillside). Two rows contained choice gladiolas. These were greatly admired until the gophers discovered this delicacy. We trapped some plump, overstuffed gophers in that bed.

Our packing-house home holds a very dear and impressive place in our hearts and memories. Here we lived for about three years. I will never again complain about soup bones, hamburgers, or wieners. Guess I really learned how to cook during the depression years which lasted well into World War II for many.

As the saying goes, "No matter how humble your home may be, go away but keep the key." Where there is love, a humble home is richer than the palace of a king.

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CHAPTER 18

LITTLE SKIPPY

It was on August 12, 1933 that God sent us another precious, baby boy. He was born on Ted's mother's (Grandma Durr's) birthday. (From now on I shall refer to Ted's mother and step-father as Gram and Gramp Durr, as our boys called them.) I had been having hard contractions for two weeks, previously. I thought our baby would never arrive. Ted drove me over all the bumpy roads in the country, trying to induce labor, but to no avail. When God was ready He sent our baby to us. Skippy (Ronnie) was born at Nana's house at 232 First Street, my old home where I grew up. Dr. Herbert, then 76 years old, delivered our precious one. Grandma Aldridge again was my nurse. In those days, new mothers had to remain in bed for ten days. That was a "must."

We thanked God greatly for giving us another healthy son. We were very happy parents. I often thought, "If only my Dad could have lived to enjoy his grandchildren." He loved little ones so much. We named our new son Ronald Theodore Reaves. Of course we wanted part of Ted's name for him. This middle name has been passed on for four generations: Earl Theodore (Ted), Ronald Theodore (Skip), Randy Theodore (Skip's son), and Jason Theodore (Randy's son) -- all surnamed Reaves. There is also James Theodore Aldridge (Bob's son and Ted's grandson).

During my confinement, Bobby stayed with Gram and Gramp Durr in Berkeley. When he returned home, he brought with him a little, silk handkerchief that he had selected himself, for his new, little brother. In one corner there was a printed "Skippy" picture. Skippy was Bobby's favorite comic-strip character, and that was how our new baby attained the name of "Skippy."



TED HOLDING SKIPPY
ON TED'S BIRTHDAY NOVEMBER 7, 1933

Bobby at this time was seven years old.

Skippy was such a good baby -- full of coos and smiles. Charlie practically adopted baby Skippy as his own. He was at our place in the mornings, in and out during the daytime, and spent most of his evenings playing with Skippy. We were happy as his devotion to our baby filled an empty spot in his heart. It made Charlie exceptionally happy when we asked him to be the Godfather to our little one.

Little Skippy was baptized Ronald Theodore Reaves when he was about a year old. Bobby (Robert Creston Aldridge) was baptized at the same time. Charles Herbert was his Godfather, also. They were baptized in the First Presbyterian Church which was located on East Third Street. What a blessing these two little boys were to us, and still are.

Ted had made a nice, little table with a fairly-large drawer across the front. This was Skippy's table on which I bathed

and dressed him. It was located in the corner of the kitchen near our little wood-burning, heating stove. On the table were little jars, which I had painted and decorated, to hold cotton, pads, and the various other items I used to care for our baby. Above the table, on the wall, was a large, folding rack where my baby's clothes were hung after washing, if they were not completely dry from the line. Most clothes drying was done on two long clothes lines which Ted had erected for me in a more-or-less-sheltered area between the house and a side hill.

I did the baby's washing, as well as ours, on a washboard in the big bath tub, located at the further end of the packing house. The rinsing of clothes was also done in the bath tub. As I said, we improvised and were grateful for what we had.

We had so much to be thankful for, but most of all for our new, little baby boy that God sent to us to raise for His sake -- and to help



TED'S AND SKIPPY'S SHOES ON THE
FRONT PORCH OF OUR PACKING-HOUSE
PALACE. AUGUST 22, 1934



BOBBY HOLDING SKIPPY IN THE SMALL,
OAK ROCKING CHAIR I RECEIVED FROM
MY PARENTS WHEN I WAS A CHILD.
SEPTEMBER 23, 1933

make this world a better place for all humanity.

Now Ted had a namesake to carry on the Reaves name. He wanted to adopt Bobby when we were first married, but I just couldn't consent to it as Creston, too, was overjoyed to have a son to carry on the name of Aldridge.

I wanted very much to breast feed little Skippy (Ronnie) until he was a year old, but my milk was lacking in quality and quantity. Dr. Herbert suggested that I drink a bottle of beer each day. I disliked beer and it was like taking bitter medicine. However, I followed his orders in hopes of continuing to nurse my little one. After three months I had to resort to a formula for our baby.

Little Skippy thrived and gained in weight. He occupied the large crib, which was originally

Bobby's. This was within arm's reach, next to our double bed. I always felt and believed that a little one should be in close contact with the parents until two or three years old. It gives them a feeling of security.

After Great Grandpa Watson passed on, Great Grandma Watson came from Arizona to visit relatives in Watsonville. She spent a week with us in our "Depression Palace." She was so sweet and dear. It was such a pleasure to have her with us.

One day Ted came in from work while I was ironing. He asked, "Would you gals like to ride to town with me?" I said "Sure." I unplugged the iron, picked up little Skippy, and grabbed my sweater. As Great Grandma donned her wrap she said, "I just can't believe this. Grandpa Watson wouldn't approve of me leaving in the middle of my work to go places." I told her that times had changed.

Gramp Durr was forced to give up his salesman job due to lack of sales. He and Gram asked



NANA HOLDING LITTLE SKIPPY
AT HER FIRST-STREET HOME
MARCH 11, 1934



THE LITTLE TOUGH GUY, SKIPPY,
IN HIS FIRST PAIR OF OVERALLS
(ALSO TED'S PIPE AND CAP)
OUTSIDE OUR PACKING-HOUSE HOME.
OCTOBER 19, 1934

if they could stay with us for a while. We gladly welcomed them into our home. Bobby was happy to let them use his bedroom so that he could sleep on the couch in the living room. He was now becoming accustomed to changing beds. Nevertheless, he had to retire before the rest of us.

Gram Durr and I worked very well together in the kitchen. She taught me a few tricks in cooking, although the kerosene (coal oil) stove was somewhat complicated for her to become accustomed to. Gramp Durr really did relish my chili beans, made with tomatoes from our garden, plenty of onions, and some garlic. They were plainly cooked but so good. He complimented them with hot peppers from our garden -- and I do mean "hot!"

One morning Gram and I baked two, luscious, apple pies. We set them on a table in the packing house to cool. The table was just outside our kitchen door. When we went to check on them a little later, the only things left were two clean pie pans. Charlie's dog, Brownie, had devoured our pies. I was so mad. To "add fuel to the fire," Charlie thought it was so funny and had a good laugh. Oh well!! -- Brownie had a treat.

Of course Gram and Gramp Durr enjoyed our baby, Skippy, to the utmost. Gram often took him for a stroll down the ranch lane. Gramp helped the fellows in the orchard and barnyard. The folks remained with us for six months, after which time Gramp was able to locate work. Needless to say that we missed them when they left.

Our dear Nana's health was not too good at this time. We made arrangements for her to share our



SKIPPY AND TED
AT TED'S AND CHARLIE'S
ASSOCIATED SERVICE STATION
OCTOBER 20, 1934

depression home with us. (From that time until her passing in 1948, our home, wherever it was, was hers also.) Nana and little Skippy became inseparable. When I put our little fellow out in our front yard, in his playpen, Nana would go out to sit with him. Ted and I could leave home for a few hours and it was OK with Skippy, but when Nana left the house to visit elsewhere, he cried his little heart out. One time when Nana went to visit Jim and Katherine for a few days, she gave me explicit instructions to watch the little fellow carefully, as he often tried to put things into his mouth. He then was about fifteen months old. While making our bed one day, I saw him chewing and gumming something which he appeared to relish. I said, "Honey, what have you got in your mouth?" He started to toddle away at full speed. When I caught him I reached into his mouth with my finger. To my surprise, and disgust, I pulled out a big wood-worm all curled up in a ball. It had a jillion legs. Ugh! Poor worm! I then realized what dear Nana meant when she said to watch the little guy carefully.

Some time later, Gram and Gramp Durr came to visit us for a weekend. They brought Ted's Grandpa Warner (Gram Durr's father) with them. Great Grandpa Warner really enjoyed his visit and wanted to return later.

One evening Gram Durr took Skippy for a little stroll. She pointed out the evening star to her little grandson. From that time on, Skippy always called it "Grandma Dew's Star." (He always called her



SKIPPY ON CHARLIE'S DOG, BROWNIE
SEPTEMBER 1934

Grandma Dew.)

When Gram Durr took Bobby and Skippy for a walk near the barn yard, she called the hay stacks "hay doodles." That was her childhood term for hay stacks. The little sleepers in the boys eyes when they woke up she called "ducky quackles." (These childhood terms still remain with our boys, many years later.)

For Christmas that year, Gram and Gramp Durr subscribed to *Mickey Mouse Magazine* for our two boys. The address read "To Sidemeat and Varmint." Those were nicknames which lasted throughout the years. Later on, *Donald Duck Magazine* came to them, addressed to the same names.

CHAPTER 19

MALUHIA HOUSE

During 1934 we moved temporarily back to Nana's home in town, due to her failing health. Now Bobby lived close to Billy Bottero again. He finished the third grade in May Fahey's class at the Radcliff School on Rodriguez Street. In the fall he started the fourth grade in Miss Mayer's room. Bobby also got a new puppy during this time, Toby-II, but someone apparently dog-napped him. Finally he got Toby-III, a cross between a wire-haired terrier and a spitz. One of Ted's customers told us about a party living on the Castroville-Monterey Road that had some cute little puppies to give to responsible parties. We felt that we were such. We just couldn't help it if other people admired Bobby's puppies and snatched them away from us when our backs were turned. Toby-I was so tiny that the culprit could have easily put him into a pocket.

When Toby-II disappeared, Bobby's heart was really broken. Too, little Skippy had so much fun playing with puppy-Toby, so we decided to try again. The location of the party's house was easy to find as it was painted in Southern Pacific colors, and next to the S.P. depot. The puppies were so adorable that we would have liked to take all of them home with us. However, that one-little-white ball of fur was definitely the one we wanted. (Toby-III stayed with our family until the early 1940s.)

Little Skippy was quite small at that time and had great fun playing with his two cousins, Fay and Sonny Oksen. When we moved back to our packing-house home later in 1934, our dear Nana made her home permanently with us.

Aunt Pussy (Mrs. Herbert) passed on when little Skippy was quite small. Dr. Herbert and Charlie asked



MALUHIA HOUSE, TAKEN FROM INSIDE THE ENCLOSED PATIO

1938

us to live with them in the big house.

The Maluhia house was a long, U-shaped, Spanish structure with twenty-four tons of tile on the roof. It had a long hallway leading to a very large living room. Also off of the hallway were the dining room, serving pantry, and kitchen. Two bedrooms and a bath were in the main part of the house, also off of the extended hall. Opening onto a long veranda (a covered porch which the Herberts called a loggia) was Dr. Herbert's den and two more bedrooms with a bath between -- Nana occupied one of these bedrooms and the boys slept in the other. At the end of the veranda, and on the opposite side, was a large bedroom and bath, with a shower stall, which Ted and I used. All rooms faced a large, lawn-covered patio.

To the rear of the big house was a guest cottage. This had two bedrooms with a bath between. Further behind the "big house" was the cook's quarters -- one bedroom and a bath. There was also a two-story, tank house with the water tank on top of the second-story room. At the end of the driveway was a three-car

garage.

The yard was huge with big lawns, around which the driveway looped and circled. There were many beautiful flower beds. Beyond those were delightful walkways with trellises of lovely roses overhead. Scattered throughout the premises were various flowering trees; as well as other varieties of trees, beautiful shrubs, and bushes.

The house, along with the bedroom Ted and I occupied, closed



KAUKA (DR. HERBERT), ME (IRMA), AND BOBBY. JUNE 1933

in three sides of the patio. On the fourth side was a steep bank shaded by lovely, big oak trees. This hillside bank was covered with wild flowers and ferns -- also poison oak. A winding path of stepping stones led from the big house to the barnyard and vegetable garden below. To meander down this hillside path was always a delightful jaunt for me. It seemed like a mini version of the wilderness -- so many varieties of wild flowers amongst the ferns.

The most interesting part of the trellises and walkways was the fact that some years earlier Ted had helped construct them. He also helped with the planting of the many, beautiful flower beds. I'm sure that Ted felt as though he was a part of that lovely home.

Now that we were happily settled in the "big house" at Maluhia, my work-load had increased considerably. Besides my own family, I had two more men to care for and try to please. I not only took care of the house and cooking, but helped in the garden as well. It was at that time that we hired Hattie as a cook. She occupied the cook's quarters -- presumably five days a week. Dr. Herbert (Kauka -- meaning doctor in Hawaiian) spent most of his time at the ranch but occasionally visited Rosie, his daughter, in Hawaii. Ted's folks were not with us now but Nana was a permanent part of our loving family.

It was about this time that little Lorraine Groves came to live with us. (See my former book: *Arroyo Seco Camping Days*.) Nana had previously cared for Lorraine off and on but found it difficult, due to Nana's health. It was at this



SKIPPY ON HIS SCOOTER
GUEST HOUSE AT MALUHIA IN BACK
1936

time that we took the little four-year-old girl into our home to become part of our family. She was a living doll -- blonde, curly hair, and big, blue eyes. She was between Skippy's and Bobby's ages and really complimented our family. Our two boys thought it was great to have a little sister. Ted, too, thought it fun and fascinating to have a little girl in the family. I had much pleasure in selecting cute, little dresses for her, with socks to match. We all loved her and she definitely showed her love for us.

As time passed and Lorraine was old enough to enter the first grade of school, Ted made Bobby a little apple-box scooter. The front, upright apple box had handles attached by which to steer and direct it. A smaller box was attached to the rear of the single 2"x4" wooden frame served as Lorraine's seat. Both boxes had compartments to hold lunches and

books. Bobby had to carry the scooter about a third of a mile down the graveled driveway, from the house to the paved road. From there to the Amesti School was a little over a

mile. When Bobby got the scooter in action, they made good time as the wheels consisted of ball-bearing skate wheels from my skates of earlier days. Needless to say that the sole of Bobby's left shoe wore out much faster than the right one.

Little Skippy (Ronnie) was growing so fast. He was toddling all over the ranch. Charlie's two dogs, "Brownie" and "Dammit," became his friends but little Toby-III did not understand the rough-type loving that Skippy bestowed on him. Consequently, we had to keep a close watch when those two got together, for fear Toby would snap at Skippy.

Our little boy brought so much joy to us all. He brought much happiness into dear Nana's life and was the "apple of Uncle Charlie's eye." It was almost impossible to keep our little guy from being badly spoiled. To Bobby, Skippy was "someone special." He practically worshipped his little brother.

Bobby often amused himself by playing "Cowboys and Indians" or "Army." He had quite a collec-



BOBBY AND LORRAINE ON BOX SCOOTER
BROWNIE SITTING ALONGSIDE
FRONT OF MALUHIA HOUSE IN BACK
FEBRUARY 6, 1936

tion of small, metal, toy soldiers, and horses for the cavalry men as well as cannons, caissons, etc. A few years later the toy army equipment was made of plastic.

There were other things added to it such as army supply carts, tanks, and jeeps. With these toys Bobby entertained himself for hours.

He also played these games in make-believe as he galloped around the ranch. From the front lawn of Maluhia we could see a stand of eucalyptus trees on the top of a hill in the far, far distance, towards the Elkhorn District. Directly to the side of this grove of eucalyptus trees were a few trees clumped together, which made them look like one large tree. When Bobby played on the front lawn he imagined that the grove of trees was his army, and that the lone tree at the left was General Aldridge in command, directly in front of his troops. On another hill, close by and to the left of the one just described, was another grove of eucalyptus trees. These trees represented the enemy that General Aldridge was charging upon. From the house I could hear him giving orders to counter the enemy's attack. Little did Bobby realize at that time that he would someday be serving in

the US Army, himself.

A few years later, when Buddy Daugherty or Billy Bottero would come to the ranch at Maluhia to spend a few days with Bobby, they found many interesting things to do and places to explore and investigate. A short distance from the big house was a large grove of eucalyptus trees. Here, Bobby had built his fort. When the boys from town came out, this place seemed to be a most interesting hide-a-way to let their imaginations run wild.

As far as our family was concerned, there was, and never would be, another place as wonderful for camping as Arroyo Seco. In 1936 we spent nine fun-filled weeks at Gruver's Camp, on the Arroyo Seco River. (Later known as Miller's) Our three little ones -- Lorraine then being part of our family -- looked like little Indians. They were so brown. Each had a little white-skin bathing suit on their bodies. It was also a pleasure for our Nana to be with us. Ted came to spend each weekend at camp, or whenever his job permitted.

However, in spite of our wonderful outing, we brought little Bobby home very ill with pneumonia. Dr. Herbert administered to him along with my home-nursing care. His fever and congestion hung on for too long a time. We just couldn't seem to check his cough and fever.

We finally discovered the cause of his lengthy illness. The large, stucco house was built prac-



SKIPPY AND BOBBY
IN THEIR COWBOY OUTFITS
ON DRIVE LEADING TO MALUHIA HOUSE.
FEBRUARY 24, 1935

tically on the ground -- Spanish style. (No ventilation under the house.) The butane-gas heating system in the rooms caused considerable condensation on the plastered walls. Even with the windows open for ventilation, we found it difficult to eliminate the moisture.

When we finally got that problem under control, Bobby soon regained his health. It seemed so good to see our son dressed in his cowboy clothes again, running around Maluhia Ranch, after ten weeks of confinement. Bless him!

When Kauka and Nana finished dinner each evening, they adjourned to the living room to play a game of "bones" (dominoes). That was the routine for Kauka when Aunt Pussy was alive.

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CHAPTER 20

SIXTH AND RODRIGUEZ

Our summers were spent at Arroyo Seco -- camping, fishing, swimming and hiking -- fully enjoying the beauty of nature's bounty. (Read my former book: *Arroyo Seco Camping Days*.)

After several years in both homes at Maluhia Ranch, I felt I definitely needed a change. The inside and outside work was piling up on me. Although at the "Big House" we had "Hattie" to do the cooking on week days, we could not depend on her being there. She had the weekends off and usually went on a binge. Many times she did not show up until the following Wednesday. (One thing that I remember was Hattie's good oatmeal cookies. I made them for my family many years later.)

There were many other obstacles to overcome at Maluhia. It was very difficult to adjust to Charlie's bachelor ways. When he "chewed me out" one day for using too much water to wash the rice for dinner, that did it! (In those days rice contained a large quantity of starch and needed to be rinsed until the water appeared clear.) It also was about this time that Dr. Eiskamp advised us to turn Lorraine over to her father. That was a most difficult decision for me to make. I loved her so much but the longer we kept her, the more difficult it would be to give her up.

During the autumn of 1936 we located a comfortable three-bedroom home in town, on the corner of Sixth and Rodriguez Streets. This was owned by the Lucich sisters. Our rent there was \$25 per month.

Bobby finished the sixth grade of school in Irma Jeffson's class at Radcliff School, which was only a couple of blocks down the street from our house. For the first time in Bobby's school days he could come home



SKIPPY AND BOBBY ON SIXTH-STREET
SIDE OF HOUSE. JUNE 1937

for lunch, although he sometimes chose to take his lunch so that he could play longer with the other children. Buddy Daugherty and Billy Bottero also attended Radcliff, so it was a grand reunion.

Bobby's little dog, Toby, was not too happy to be fenced in. He was used to roaming at Maluhia. Twice the pound man picked the little, white, fuzzy dog up on the street. We then had to pay to get him out. Charlie offered to take Toby back to the ranch. At that time I said to Ted, "No more dogs while living in town." (While living at Maluhia, Ted often brought stray dogs home from his country route. At one time we had five homeless dogs. Ted felt sorry for them. He loved all animals.)

Ted and Charlie leased the new Associated Gasoline Station at the fork of San Juan and Pajaro Roads, just across the bridge that

spanned the Pajaro River. They did a very good business there and built up a favorable reputation. Just the two of them manned the station. Each evening I would take a hot dinner over to the one on duty, in a three-compartment aluminum container. The two trays held the hot dinner and the bottom of the container was filled with boiling water, so as to keep the dinner hot. I also fixed a daily lunch for them as well as for the Associated bookkeeper that worked in the office on Associated Lane, in Pajaro. For the book-keeper's lunch I received 25 cents daily. I washed, starched, and ironed Ted's and Charlie's white, uniform pants and shirts. I will have to admit that this was quite a chore as it took much time. However, I was pleased and proud of their appearance.

It was about this time that Charlie developed arthritis. It became necessary for them to give up the gasoline station. Ted was offered a truck-driving job for Associated Oil Company. Carl Bosworth was the local distributor for that company.

Skippy was almost three years old when we were comfortably settled in our home on Rodriguez and Sixth Streets. I had had a bad case of "flu" and was gradually recuperating. Charlie phoned us saying that he would like to take us for a Sunday-afternoon drive in their big Lincoln four-door sedan. I didn't feel quite up to a ride but thought possibly the warm, sunny outing would be beneficial.

Ted and I sat in the back seat. Of course Charlie wanted little Skippy in the front seat with

him. This, I wasn't in favor of and preferred him in the back with us. In those days there were no seat belts and not all cars had dependable door locks, if any. I finally consented to "Uncle Charlie's" wish but cautioned him to keep an eye on Skippy as he was so lively and moved so fast. Bobby was not with us as he had gone to a cowboy matinee with his friends.

We were enjoying this leisurely ride to Salinas via Castroville and Moss Landing. We stopped at an eating place near the rodeo grounds. There Charlie got out of the car and brought back a milk shake for each of us. It tasted so good as the weather was warm.

Soon we were on our way again, heading towards home on Highway 101. Shortly past the rodeo grounds, I heard a click. As I looked up I saw my little fellow flying out the car door. In this big Lincoln, the doors opened from the front. Apparently Skippy had been holding on to the door handle and accidentally unlatched the door. Charlie was traveling about fifty miles per hour. When the wind

caught the unlatched door, it blew wide open before Skippy could let go. He went flying out.

My heart was in my throat. All I could think was, "Oh, my God!" Truthfully, I was afraid to look out the rear window, but as I did so, I saw little Skippy lying on the pavement, his elbow bent and his head cupped in his hand. The blood was streaming down his face. I thanked God that at least he was alive and that no car was following that could have run over him.

In the meantime, Charlie had brought the Lincoln to a stop. He and Ted were out of the car before I realized it. I can readily recall the look on Charlie's face when this incident occurred. The color was drained from his face completely. He was so white when he went to rescue Skippy. However, Ted reached the little fellow first. It all seemed like a dream -- a nightmare.

Ted gently picked up our little son in his arms and soon we were heading for the Salinas Hospital, then located in the center of town. Needless to say, I was in shock. We lost no time getting to



BILLY BOTTERO, BOBBY, AND BUDDY DAUGHERTY PLAYING SOLDIERS.
SKIPPY IN FRONT. SUN PORCH AT BACK OF HOUSE BEHIND.
JULY 1937



SKIPPY AND POLY ANN PREVISICH ON SIXTH-STREET
SIDE OF HOUSE. APRIL 1937

the hospital. Ted held little Skippy in his arms, in the back seat of the car, while Charlie drove so fast, horn blowing all the way. I didn't realize that car could travel so fast.

A doctor met us just inside the door. He took little Skippy immediately into the operating room and laid him on a table. The nurses cut our little boy's clothes off of him with a pair of scissors. A large patch of hair had been removed from his head and his scalp was bleeding. Skippy's left eyebrow was completely scraped off and bleeding. His little nose was bruised and his upper lip was cut open and bleeding. His left shoulder was dislocated and his left elbow had received a bad abrasion.

The doctor laid a folded towel over Skippy's eyes as he administered anesthesia in order to apply stitches to close the cut on our little one's lip. Although our little boy was badly cut and bruised, we thanked God for sparing his life. We loved him so much and he meant the world to us all.

The doctor told me to put an ice pack to Skippy's head as soon as we reached home. We then

called Dr. Eiskamp to examine our little fellow. His instructions were the same as the Salinas doctor's.

After that experience, Skippy had one attack of tonsillitis (sore throat) after another. Dr. Eiskamp made many calls to our Rodriguez Street home. At one point he thought it might be necessary to operate on our little one for mastoids.

Skippy lost considerable weight. These attacks had drained his strength.

Dr. Eiskamp advised us to have Skippy's tonsils removed as soon as he gained strength and put on a little weight. Dr. Herbert recommended that I give him (Skippy) a couple of egg nogs each day with one tablespoon of sherry



SKIPPY AND LORRAINE GOLDMAN
ON SIXTH-STREET SIDE OF HOUSE
AUGUST 1937

him. This, I wasn't in favor of and preferred him in the back with us. In those days there were no seat belts and not all cars had dependable door locks, if any. I finally consented to "Uncle Charlie's" wish but cautioned him to keep an eye on Skippy as he was so lively and moved so fast. Bobby was not with us as he had gone to a cowboy matinee with his friends.

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SKIPPY AND LORRAINE GOLDMAN
ON SIXTH-STREET SIDE OF HOUSE
AUGUST 1937

wine in each. This I did and he soon regained his appetite. In fact, he gained ten pounds in a couple of months.

Dr. Eiskamp removed Skippy's tonsils and adenoids in his office. The doctor made the mistake of putting a folded towel over our boy's eyes before giving him the anesthesia. Skippy remembered the towel being put over his eyes when his lip was stitched up. He let out a loud scream. That also frightened me, as Ted and

I were there alongside of him. All went well with the surgery and before long the little guy was back to his own-normal-self again. His big brother, Bobby, was his constant companion. They loved each other so very much. Quite an ordeal to raise a family!

Being that we were at our Rodriguez and Sixth Streets home the year of Skippy's 4th Birthday, it meant a birthday celebration for some of his Watsonville friends and relatives. There were children's games with prizes for the little folks, as well as a birthday cake, ice cream, and punch. The mamas also partook of these refreshments.

Little Poly Ann Previsich, who frequently stayed with her grandparents across Sixth Street from us, was Skippy's daily playmate. She was a beautiful, little girl.

Billy Fant lived next door to us. He was a good kid and chummed around with Bobby quite frequently. However, some of Billy Fant's friends were not too



SKIPPY'S 4TH BIRTHDAY PARTY AUGUST 12, 1937
STANDING: BILLY FANT, BOBBY, BUD DAUGHERTY
HOLDING RAY MOLLANDER, JOHNNY GOLDMAN,
SONNY OKSEN, JIMMY OKSEN. SITTING: FAY OKSEN,
GALE MOLLANDER, POLY ANN PREVISICH,
UNKNOWN, LORRAINE GOLDMAN, PAULINE

friendly with Bobby and definitely not in good standing with Billy Bottero. It so happened that when Billy Bottero came home to play with Bobby, this group would torment and fight with Bobby and Billy. That went on for some time. I'll have to admit that Billy Bottero was a bit feisty at times. This probably provoked the gang and stimulated the threats and fighting. Of course Bobby stood by his pal and no doubt got a little "snappy," too, although they were usually outnumbered. After a period of such, I finally reported it to the school principal. The threats were soon ended.

Some time later, Bobby and Billy Bottero were playing in an empty lot on Sixth Street, across from our house. A large pile of brush had been dumped in the lot, including palm tree branches. While playing, Billy pulled on one of the palm fronds, giving it a yank. One of the needles on the ends of the leaves penetrated Bobby's ankle. He immediately came limping home. I applied some



JOHN YOUNG GETTING READY TO ENTER THE KIDDIES' CHRISTMAS PARADE WITH BOBBY. SKIPPY STANDING ON THE LAWN IN FRONT OF OUR RODRIGUEZ-STREET HOME. "BETSY," OUR 1936 FORD, PARKED ON RODRIGUEZ STREET. DECEMBER 5, 1938

antiseptic to the pierced spot. By night time his ankle was quite inflamed and swollen. I had him soak it in hot, epsom-salt water. This happened on Bobby's 12th birthday.

I wanted to postpone his birthday party that night but Bobby was not in favor of such. The other boys played games, talked, and joked but I could plainly see that Bobby was not in a festive mood. As they all sat around the table eating cake and ice cream, Bobby lay on the couch with his foot dangling in a tub of hot water. We had repaired and painted a bicycle for his birthday present, but he wasn't then able to ride it. When the boys left for home, they all wished him a speedy recovery.

The following morning, Bobby's ankle was very swollen and painful. Being Dr. Eiskamp was not available, I called Dr. Blaisdell on the phone. He asked me to bring Bobby to his office. There, he probed around, trying to locate the thorn in the ankle, but to no avail. He told me to continue

the hot soaks. I faithfully kept up that procedure the following day, but could see no improvement. The ankle was still swollen and very painful.

Dr. Herbert often came to our house in the evenings. He and Nana enjoyed playing the game of dominoes together -- along with sipping a cup of hot chocolate. When Dr. Herbert saw Bobby's ankle, several days after the accident, he was shocked. He ordered Bobby to bed and to keep his leg elevated. He told me to keep ice packs on his ankle day and night. This, I faithfully did. It was almost a week before the pain left and the swelling subsided. At that point Ted and I decided that often it is wise to have a second doctor's opinion.

After having to bail Toby-III out of the pound twice, we decided that we would not have any more dogs while living in town. One evening after we had all retired, there was a knock on our front door. Ted got out of bed to answer it. When he came back into the bedroom, he had a most scrawny,

emaciated puppy in his arms. My heart sank as he brought it over to the bed for me to see. I didn't know whether to get mad or feel sorry for the little mut. Its big, brown, sad eyes looked longingly at me. Ted said, "Honey, wouldn't it be nice if we could give this poor little animal a home?" I reminded him of our previous decision. The puppy's owner was still waiting on our front porch -- a man to whom Ted had delivered gasoline that day. Of course, when Ted saw the puppies at the man's ranch, he felt sorry for them. The litter was large and undernourished. The man offered one to Ted. Ted made arrangements for the fellow to bring the puppy to our house that night. To make a long, heated story short, we kept the scrawny rascal. He barked and whined all night so we named him "Rip" -- a

cynical abbreviation for Rip Van Winkle, a gentleman who slept soundly for many years. Rip was mostly hound with a little airdale mixed in. After a few weeks he looked more like a little puppy should look. That is how we got our hound-dog, Rip.

Rip was very devoted to us all and the feeling was mutual. He became an excellent hunting dog -- at least for the first scent, but after that first chase he returned directly to home base. Rip lived to a ripe old age. He was about 14 or 15 years old when he left us at our Green Valley ranch. (When dogs realize that their life is near the end, they often go elsewhere to die -- presumably a place formerly selected. It is said that they choose this manner so as not to grieve their master or mistress.)

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CHAPTER 21

BACK TO MALUHIA

Charlie's arthritic condition was gradually becoming worse. He now had Carl Lancaster there at Maluhia to assist him as well as to cook for him and Kauka (Dr. Herbert) whenever Kauka was at home. (Kauka spent much time visiting his daughter in Hawaii.)

The five of us, including our dear Nana, were very content in our Rodriguez Street home. The two boys seemed to be enjoying their school days. Skippy was five years old and attending kindergarten at Radcliff School. His teacher was Miss Bunny Crow. She was a most charming, young woman and took a great liking to our little fellow. In fact, the feeling was mutual. Bobby was now twelve years old and had joined the Boy Scouts. He attended the old Grammar School at the corner of East Lake Avenue and Sudden Street for the seventh grade, and the new E.A. Hall School for the eighth. His teacher for both grades was Miss Irene Strazicich.

Ted often drove out to Maluhia to see how Charlie was getting along. On one occasion he found Charlie in the bath tub, unable to get out due to his arthritic condition. Carl had taken the day off and Kauka was in Hawaii. This situation upset Ted terribly. Ted was always a very caring, understanding, and compassionate person and he sympathized with the trauma and hardship of others. To find Charlie, practically crying, lying there helpless in the tub for some length of time, really upset Ted. Although there were fifteen years difference in their ages, they were almost like brothers to each other.

When we moved from Maluhia to our Rodriguez Street home, I vowed that I never again would return to Maluhia. What a surprise and shock I received when Ted came home and asked me if I would like to move



MALUHIA HOUSE -- LOOKING ACROSS FRONT LAWN
1938

back to the ranch again. I thought he was joking. After Ted explained the circumstances in which he found Charlie, my heart melted and I too felt badly. Poor Charlie really was in a very bad condition. So, once again we packed our belongings and moved back to "The Abode of Peace." Skippy's kindergarten teacher was sorry to see her "little admirer" leave Radcliff School. She visited Skippy a couple of times at Maluhia.

Some time previously, Charlie had visited his dentist, Dr. Rice, to have a tooth filled. At that time Dr. Rice informed him that he had a severe gum disease that could cause serious trouble in the future. He advised Charlie to have all his teeth extracted and replaced with dentures. To Charlie, at that time, that suggestion was beyond consideration.

Now, with extreme swelling in his joints and stiffness throughout his 6-foot-4-inch torso, he realized that the toxic poisoning from his teeth and gums could be the cause of his arthritic condition. He now was at the stage where he was practically bed-ridden.

Charlie's hands and knuckles

were so badly swollen and stiff that he could not open and close his fists. Each night I would take a basin of hot water to his bedside in which he soaked his hands. Then I put hot adavagistine poultices on each fist and wrapped them snugly, in order to retain the heat of the poultices. When removed in the morning, again another soak in hot water. This we continued for several

weeks, at which time some small improvement was shown. After much serious thought and consultation with his father, Dr. Herbert, Charlie decided to have Ted drive him to town to have his teeth extracted.

Carl Lancaster was no longer at the ranch to help. Again, we found it necessary to locate someone to assist -- mainly in the kitchen. A party told me that Margaret (Peggy) Miller, a "grass widow," was looking for work. She had a little girl to support and was a very honest and clean person. As far as cooking, that party wouldn't commit herself.

I called Peggy Miller on the phone and made an appointment to meet her at our home. She seemed delighted to get a job and was well-satisfied with the pay. She lived only three miles from Maluhia, in a little subdivision called "Crow's Nest." Being she had no car, she would occupy the cook's quarters. Her mother would care for her little girl for the five-day work week.

There was one "fly in the ointment." Peggy admitted that she had very little cooking experi-

ence. She proved to be very truthful in that statement. I assisted Peggy in the kitchen regarding the planning of meals and the various ways to cook food, as well as making out the menus and grocery lists. Peggy was very efficient and in a short time was "on her own." She learned how to make exceptionally-good pies and cookies. Her cakes turned out extremely well and so delicious, but there was one imperfection. As soon as her cake was completed, she always cut a slice for herself. I just took it for granted that she was eager to taste it before serving it to us. I didn't have the heart to tell her that I disapproved of such. It wouldn't have been noticed except when the supposedly-whole cake was served at the table. (Each evening the family ate at the big, round, koa-wood table in the dining room.)

Peggy soon proved to be an exceptionally-good cook. In fact, after we left Maluhia and the ranch was sold, she was hired as a cook by one of the most prominent families in Watsonville. They were overjoyed to attain a servant that had been previously hired at Dr. George Herbert's home. Maybe I'm "throwing a bouquet at myself," but I like to think that Peggy's basic, culinary arts came from the help and instructions that I gave her in the Maluhia kitchen.

While one of Skippy's playmates (I believe it was Sonny) was visiting at the ranch, the two of them snooped around an area used for dumping refuse -- an area forbidden for play. It so happened that the cook had disposed of two, smelly, old, cooked crabs on a pile of rubbish to be burned. The two



ME (IRMA) WITH TED IN THE PATIO AT MALUHIA. VERANDA BEHIND.
1938

kids spotted the crabs and proceeded to crack them open to appease their persistent appetites. Apparently they enjoyed their feast.

When the boys returned to the house and told me about their "delicious repast," I was shocked beyond words. Dr. Herbert wasn't at home and there was no car available to take the kids to a doctor in town, so I got my wits together and decided to resort to my former recollections. I made two big cups of very-strong salt water. Just as I anticipated, the boys didn't want to drink it. However, I insisted and explained to them that spoiled fish, when eaten, could cause serious trouble. They finally finished the salt water but with no success in vomiting up the crab. (I was wishing that I had some spirit-of-ipecac.) Another cup of warm, strong, salt water



RIP AND TOBY AT MALUHIA
1939

still brought no results.

I figured that the crab meat they had eaten must be pretty well preserved, or pickled, with the amount of salt water consumed. I'm sure those two boys will never forget that incident. I'm wondering if crab meat is on their present menu. Later that day, I went to the trash pile to check the remaining crab. Well, it wasn't as decomposed as I expected it to be. However, the incident taught them a lesson.

While on his gasoline route, Ted spotted an old dilapidated canoe in the back yard of one of his customers. When Ted asked if it was for sale, the man said, "You will have to talk to my son. He made it in high school some years back." Ted offered the son two dollars and fifty cents for the worn-out canoe. The son gladly accepted it.

On Ted's next trip to camp at Arroyo Seco, where the rest of us were at that time, he brought the

canoe with him on the trailer, along with some canvas, glue and gray paint. The repair work was a family project for the next couple of days. We could hardly wait for completion. When launched in the lake the canoe performed beautifully, but that repair job was only temporary.

In the winter of 1939-1940, at Maluhia, Ted and Bob tore it completely apart -- ripping off all the old, rotten, torn-and-patched canvas. Broken ribs and stringers were replaced and new canvas was used to cover the hull. Wooden half-rounds were used for trim and to protect the canvas from abrasion against the shore, the wharf, and the like. New duckboards and two seat backs were built inside. Ted first brushed the canvas with three coats of white lead dissolved in paint thinner. After that the whole outside was painted with three coats of green marine paint. The inside was painted gray. Ted also made two new paddles.

(Thirty years later Bob and his son, Danny, again overhauled the canoe -- covering it with new canvas impregnated with white lead. They painted the outside yellow and light blue on the inside. Now, fifty-two years later, Bob again has the canoe in his garage for overhaul in 1991. His grandson, Kyle, is assisting. Yes, Ted, I think we and our children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren really got \$2.50 worth of good out of that little canoe you brought home to Maluhia in 1939.)

It was in the summer of 1939 that we took Charlie to Arroyo Seco camping with us at the government campground. He was so

ill and weak that Ted had to carry him from the car to his bed. After camping there for four weeks, the Arroyo Seco River water was so low that it was necessary to condemn it. By that time Charlie was progressing so well that we decided to stay on. I boiled all our drinking water and used clorox in other water that was used for dishes, bathing, washing clothes, etc. We remained in camp another six hot weeks with no swimming, making our stay ten weeks in all. Charlie benefited greatly so the extra work was worth it. Ted joined us on Friday nights and returned to work on Monday mornings. (For more details see my book *Arroyo Seco Camping Days*.)

Charlie asked Ted to buy a BB gun so he could present it to Skippy on his sixth birthday at camp. We will never forget the time Skippy went hunting between the Arroyo Seco lakes -- firing his BB gun at the skunk before anyone could stop him. The skunk stopped abruptly and stuck his tail in the air. Skippy yelled "I got him, I got him!" He dropped his gun and started running for his prey. We managed to catch Skippy just in time. Nor will we forget the impression of a BB put in our camp dipper while it was hanging on a tree. (The dipper is now hanging on our kitchen wall with other relics of the past. The dent is plainly visible.)

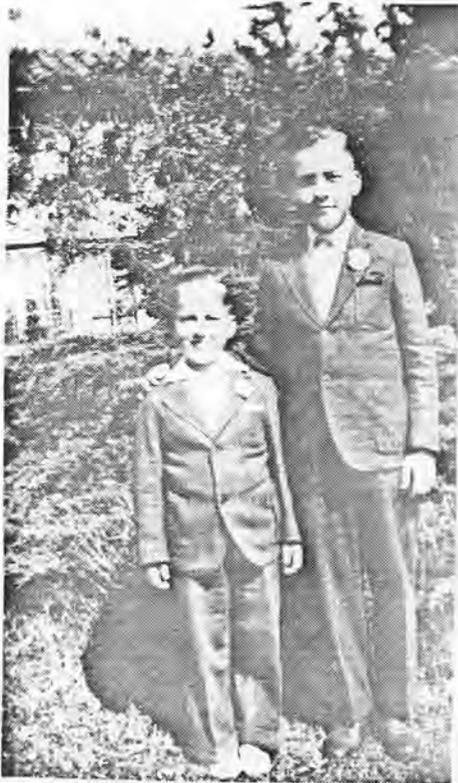
Skippy was so proud of the BB gun that his Uncle Charlie gave him. The only time he was allowed to use it was when one of us grown-ups was with him. Often times at Maluhia he would show off his talent by target practicing at a



SKIPPY AND BOB AT MALUHIA
TANK HOUSE BEHIND
1939

can. On one occasion he set a can on a box near the veranda. Nana and I were nearby, busying ourselves with whatever people busy themselves with. Six-year-old Skippy was so proud of his achievement of peppering the can with BB shots over and over again. Later in the day, when I entered Nana's bedroom, I saw that the French door that opened onto the veranda had a number of small, glass panes broken or cracked. That was a puzzle to me. I questioned Bobby and Skippy but neither of them knew anything about it. Soon I realized that the box, with the can on top of it, was in line with the door. The French doors just happened to be the backdrop for Skippy's firing range. From then on I was much more careful about Skippy's target practice.

Unbeknownst to Charlie,



SKIPPY AND BOB ON FRONT LAWN AT MALUHIA. MAY 1939 -- MOTHERS' DAY

Kauka had thought about selling Maluhia Ranch for some time. This was Charlie's ranch, too. For many, many years he had put everything he had and inherited back into the property. He always thought that in due time it would be his ranch. No one had informed him other wise.

During the time Kauka was in California he was trying hard to sell the ranch. Although he was in his 80s, he had "stars in his eyes" and marriage was on his mind. He was crossing the Pacific Ocean more frequently as he had a "lady love" in Honolulu.

For some time Ted and I had talked about buying a little place in the country. On Ted's delivery route for Associated Oil Company, he saw several homes for sale, with acreage, that more-or-less appealed to him. He would take me out to see them, but they didn't

meet up to my expectations. They all were in the Hall and Elkhorn Districts in Monterey County. We both preferred being in Santa Cruz County, even though the taxes were much higher.

Ted had talked to several real-estate men. When one of them told Ted about a little place in Green Valley, Ted said, "You can take my wife to look at it. If she is interested, I then will check it out." Needless to say that Ted and I liked this home very much. We fell in love with it. We lost no time in making the transition. (We also looked at a home on Amesti Road but there was no comparison.)

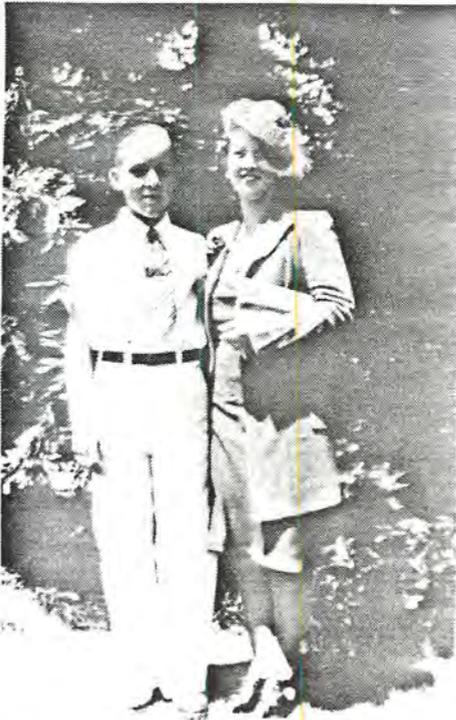
Charlie felt sad when we signed our final papers and made plans to move into our own Green Valley home. We had been at Maluhia for over a year, this time.

We slept under our own roof on a lovely Indian-summer night in October 1940. It didn't take long to put our furniture and belongings into place. It was fun making the changes we desired for the decor of the interior of house.

Exactly three weeks after we moved from Maluhia, Kauka sold the ranch to Clyde Herr, a Watsonville pie man. This was done unbeknownst to Charlie. Charlie felt as though his long-time home had been sold out from under him. This was really a setback to Charlie during his recuperation period.

I'm sure that Kauka realized that Ted and I would continue to care for his son as long as necessary. Kauka and his "lady love" were married soon after Maluhia was sold. It was at that time that Charlie came to make his home with us in our Green Valley home.

During the first ten years of



BOBBY WITH ME, HIS MOTHER, ON THE
DAY HE GRADUATED FROM THE EIGHTH
GRADE. JUNE 9, 1939

our marriage up to that time, it seemed as though we had been playing "tic-tac-toe," moving from one place to another. Now that we had our own home we hoped that it would be permanent for a while. (At the time of this writing we have remained in our Green Valley home for fifty-one years -- all those wonderful years full of love and treasured memories. Lord willing, on October 25, 1991 we shall achieve our 61st year of loyalty and devotion together.)

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JANUARY 15th -- CAPRICORN

January 15: Capricorn, an earth sign ruled by the planet Saturn, the planet of fate and destiny which gives its subjects great powers of deep and serious thought.

Birth stone is the garnet. The flower is snowdrop, with colors of silver-gray and black.

People of Capricorn are naturally inclined to study and deep thinking. They are people who make the world move. They thirst for knowledge. They are also stubborn and determined to have their own way. They are hard workers and often try to do too much and tire and fatigue themselves. They must train to do one thing at a time. They resent interference from others and seldom interfere in the affairs of others. They are better in business for themselves, and are lovers of harmony and beauty. They are patient with detail and are kind and gentle. They make good teachers. They are devoted wives and housekeepers, and are orderly and systematic but must be permitted to have their own way. They are cool and calm, as are all earth people. This sign comes in the darkest time of the year. Their eyes are weaker than any other sign. This sign rules the knees. People born under this sign were:

Benjamin Franklin

General Robert E. Lee

Sir Isaac Newton

Woodrow Wilson

Irma Oksen Reaves (born on Monday)

