

Life Story of ~



Jesse Ralph Walton

Always

IN

All

WAYS



THE PURPOSE OF THIS BOOKLET

We are putting these booklets together on our ancestors, not for the purpose of aiding in any genealogical research, although there might be that possibility for some readers. We are not making an effort to include all the names, dates, and places we might discover if we searched. We do not want to take that much time because of the magnitude of our task.

Our intention is to preserve the life stories of our ancestors as completely as we can. The family traditions, anecdotes, and accomplishments that might be lost to our posterity if we don't record them. There are also mementoes, certificates, photographs, especially photographs, that might be forever lost if we don't find a way to share them. This is our effort to do so.

We feel it is not an accident that so many family records have ended up in our hands from both sides of our families. We feel we have them because we will take care of them and share them. We are getting old and we realize that if we die without doing something about these family treasures, they will probably not be preserved for future generations. We're not sure how to share them but preparing these books and booklets is at least the first step. Our children or grandchildren may have to take it from there and we trust that they will. *Wilbur P. + Donna Lynn Allen*



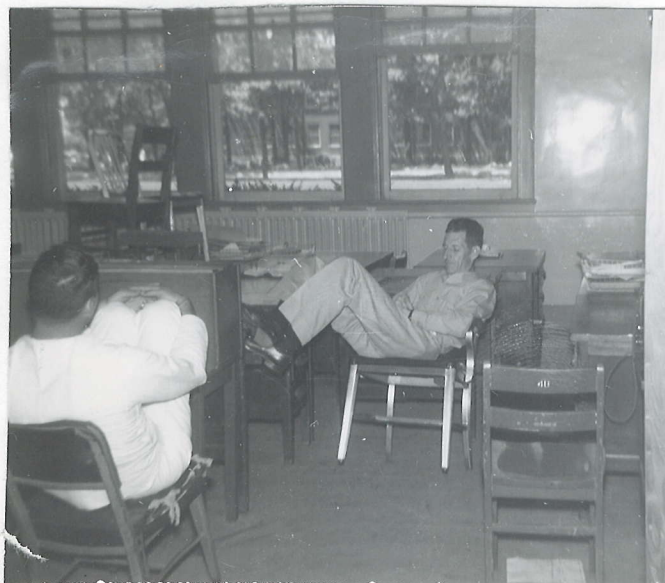
Jay's Grandma Reed



Jay + Hudson - 1948



Jay + Sheba



Jay "Teaching" in
Norfolk, VA during
Korean War



AUG • 66

Jesse Ralph Walton's Father + Mother



AUG • 66



His father on left

Belle - 1958



NOV 63

Belle Annie Walton Borden
Born 30 June 1905, only sister
of Jesse Ralph Walton. They
were the only children born
to James Ralph Walton and
Dolly Reed Walton. Belle
was the widow of
Herman David Borden
(Bordenskie? - originally Jewish).
No children born to Belle
and Herman.

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE

No, not cold beneath the grasses,
Not close-walled within the tomb;
Rather, in my Father's mansion,
Living in another room.

Living, like the one who loves me,
Like my child with cheeks abloom,
Out of sight, at desk or school-book,
Busy in another room.

Nearer than my son whom fortune
Beckons where the strange lands loom;
Just behind the hanging curtain,
Serving in another room.

Shall I doubt my Father's mercy?
Shall I think of death as doom,
Or the stepping o'er the threshold
To a bigger, brighter room?

Shall I blame my Father's wisdom?
Shall I sit enswathed in gloom,
When I know my loves are happy,
Waiting in the other room?

ROBERT FREEMAN



Memorial Services

For

BELLE BORDEN

Born

June 30, 1905

Passed away

September 17, 1963

Services held at

Hillside Chapel
September 19, 1963

Officiant

Bishop V. Jay Sponberg

Final Resting Place
Rose Hills Memorial Park

Soloist: Faye Kerner
Organist: Jeanette Cox

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LIFE STORY OF JESSE RALPH WALTON

On the occasion of my eightieth birthday, and lots of times before that, several of the Bliss and Jones clans have asked for my reminiscences so I am herewith accommodating with this memento. Only after I had begun and made some considerable progress, did I discover, among my things, two other starts at recording my history. There are many repeats, but also some new information in each account and perhaps with Donna's and Andrea's assistance they can be combined into a better account than any one would be standing by itself.

First, a bit of family background. My father, James Ralph Walton of Illinois or Missouri, was orphaned and on his own at age twelve with only a fourth grade education. He loved geography and travel and they became a lasting influence on his life. But first he was a farmhand in the midwest. Later he even had his own small farm which he sold in order to move to northwest Washington at Samish Lake near Bellingham, Washington. About 1904 or 1905 he was married to sixteen year old Catherine (Dolly) Reid -- daughter of James Peter Reid and Honorah Burdon (or Bourdon), who had thirteen children (and mother was the thirteenth), all of whom died at early ages. The Reids were Irish American from Cork and Dublin Counties respectively. I've been told James Reid was a bootmaker or cobbler. My mother's sister, Aunt Annie Royalty (married to Robert Royalty) died about 1916, probably in Craig, Alaska. Dolly died at age thirty-eight (38), so her birth year must have been 1890. Mother was born in Cleveland, Ohio. She died at Tacoma, Washington.

The account written some years ago, when perhaps my memory was better, states that my dad was orphaned at age ten and his grandparents died when he was age twelve, after which he was alone in the world. It also says he lost his farm in Washington due to poor crops.

The young couple lived at or near Bellingham, Whatcom County, Washington, where I was born on January 28, 1907, eighteen (18) months after the birth of my sister Belle. At about age one, becoming tired of living in Bellingham, I prevailed upon my parents to move to Wrangell, Alaska. Actually, what led the family to that unlikely place was that my mother's sister, Annie, had married a man named Robert Royalty and for whatever reason, they had moved there. I presume that was the reason my parents, grandmother, sister, and myself moved up there. Shortly after arriving there, my parents were divorced, the reason for which I have never quite known.

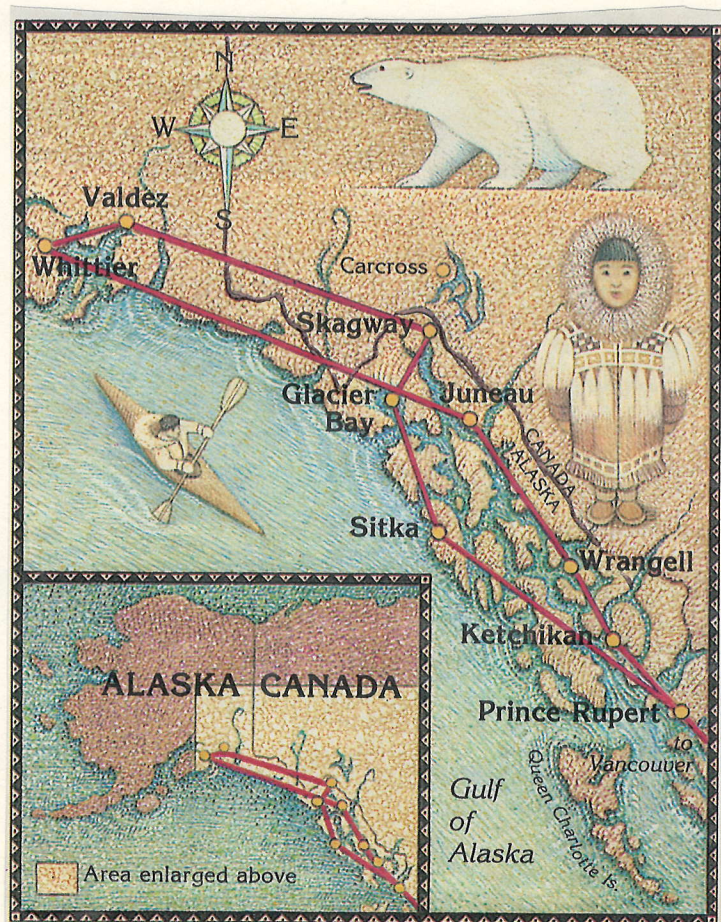
Pop, the name I always called my father, batched up there so as to get to see his kids once in a while. He was a free lance logger and timber feller. He cut trees close to the water



My Grandpa James or Gene
Ralph Walton about 1850



Grandma Honora
Reid
About 1926 at
Hogwiam, Wash.



Note locations
of Wrangell,
Juneau and
Ketchikan.
Also Vancouver
where Convent
School War.



*My Parents
James Ralph & "Dolly" Catherine
Walton*

and made booms of logs which he then towed to the Wrangle sawmill with his little put-put he called "Rooter". Mother became a waitress after the separation at the one and only hotel in Wrangell, the Grant Hotel, owned by a Johnny Grant. This left my sister and me to the daytime care of our maternal grandmother.

As time passed and I grew to the point where I could move about on my own power, I found myself mostly as free as a bird because my grandma was a devoted fan of pulp magazines, especially Westerns, and paid little attention to my comings and goings. The nearby schoolgrounds and reservoir and bay were my playgrounds. A pair of brothers, friends I made, had a round-bottomed rowboat with two sets of oars and we would go out into the bay and wait for the weekly steamship to come and go so we could ride into her wake and get the thrills of a roller-coaster. None of us could swim, but that danger didn't enter our minds. We just had fun! These friends names, by the way, were Arnold and Henry Ronning. During those early days I became quite a proficient oarsman, a skill that never left me.

I remember, as a youngster, picking wild strawberries, salmonberries, thimbleberries, blackberries, huckleberries, and huckleberries. Also the new blackberry shoots we called chil-lions. I remember my sister Belle as always being in my hair because she wanted to be with the boys. Pesty!

At Wrangell there was a sawmill and in an inlet nearby, the supply of logs to be made into lumber were loosely held. We boys would walk on the logs from the mill to the land or back and forth as we might be inclined to do, and it was there I first learned fear of water. One day I slipped and fell between the logs, which promptly closed over me. Panic gripped me and I went under twice. As I came up the next time I felt and grabbed a pole that was extended to me by one of my friends and was pulled up onto a log. I managed to get back to land and never again ventured across those log booms. I was about fourteen (14) years old before I got up enough courage to learn to swim.

I recall picking up used gunny sacks and whisky flasks and selling them to Mr. Grant who paid me and had me put them in his warehouse where I "accumulated" a few more sacks for later sale to Mr. Grant.

My mother worked such long hours we hardly ever saw her. In fact, I don't remember seeing her during any week day. She was always very tired when she was home so there was very little comraderie between her and us children.

I started school in Wrangell, though have no firm memory of any particular teacher. I was good at spelling, so it was my favorite subject. I can't remember having any pets in

Family Group Record

Page 1 of 1

Husband Jesse Ralph Walton				
Born	28 Jan 1907	Place	Bellingham, Whatcom, Washington	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 3 Nov 1962
Died	24 Jun 1988	Place	Long Beach, Los Angeles, California	Endowed 17 Jul 1965
Buried	28 Jun 1988	Place	Whittier, Los Angeles, California	Sealed to parents Completed
Married	15 Nov 1940	Place	Brooklyn, Kings, New York	Sealed to spouse 17 Jul 1965
Husband's father James Ralph Walton				
Husband's mother Dorothy or Dolly Reid				
Wife Savilla Evelyn Long				
Born	13 Feb 1912	Place	North Platte, Lincoln, Nebraska	LDS ordinance dates
Christened		Place		Baptized 26 Aug 1930
Died	29 Aug 1977	Place	Long Beach, Los Angeles, California	Endowed 17 Jul 1965
Buried	1 Sep 1977	Place	Whittier, Los Angeles, California	Sealed to parents 17 Jul 1965
Wife's father Clark Varnum Long				
Wife's mother Leila Malinda Slafter				
Children List each child in order of birth.				
LDS ordinance dates				
Temple				
1	F	Dorothy Ilene Bliss		
Born	10 Jan 1933	Place	Gering, Scotts Bluff, Nebraska	Baptized 12 Mar 1942
Christened		Place		Endowed 12 Sep 1953
Died		Place		Sealed to parents 3 Nov 1973
Buried		Place		LANGE
Spouse Broadie Firmon Jones Jr.				
Married	20 Dec 1951	Place	Long Beach, Los Angeles, California	Sealed to spouse 12 Sep 1953
SGEOR				
2	M	Wilbur Lee Bliss		
Born	5 May 1930	Place	Gering, Scotts Bluff, Nebraska	Baptized 3 Mar 1940
Christened		Place		Endowed 26 Sep 1953
Died		Place		Sealed to parents 3 Nov 1973
Buried		Place		LANGE
Spouse Donna Elverda Tyler				
Married	16 Jul 1948	Place	Long Beach, Los Angeles, California	Sealed to spouse 26 Oct 1953
ARIZO				



Mother - "Dolly" Catherine Reid Walton
Son - Jesse Ralph Walton
Daughter - Annie Belle Walton
Taken about 1916



my Mother

"Dolly" Catherine Reid Walton





Jesse's Father, James Ralph Walton
His sister Belle and her husband,
Herman Bordon



Pop Lookin' Good.



Herman + Belle
Bordon



Belle
Father Husband

Wrangell, or any toys except the wheels. It was then common for little boys to take an old buggy wheel and a piece of wood with a cross stick to guide the wheels with as they ran. Boy, I sure chased that wheel around, up and down hills and everywhere. I think it one of the reasons I have always had good locomotion.

I remember one time when about six or seven years old. My mother usually sent to Sears or Montgomery Wards for new clothing. I remember watching the money being placed in an envelope with the order and put up on a shelf or mantle. I got into that and went down town and bought myself a single shot 22 rifle and several boxes of shells. That was my introduction to firearms. I had a heck of a good time with that. I got my hide tanned over it too and only had it for a day or so. I believe the store owner got heck for selling it to me too.

My mother's sister, Aunt Annie, located in Juneau and started a small home bakery. She prevailed upon my mother and grandmother to join her in her venture and it was there I had my first automobile ride, without pleasure. I was standing on the sidewalk, idling away the time when I suddenly found myself propelled from behind by an unknown boy of about my own age. I tumbled headfirst into the hub of a passing horse-drawn wagon. I found out later that I was knocked unconscious and that the wagon hind wheels ran over my stomach. Enter the Automobile. The owners stopped, picked me up and found out from me that I was the son of a bakery owner. Juneau wasn't too big in those days, so the car owners found the bakery and gave me to the care of Grandma. My mother was such a small woman that the attending doctor kept telling her "Stay out of the way, little girl."

Ketchikan also became my home for a short time, but I remember very little of that city. I guess my mother became concerned that she couldn't look after us properly while working such long hours. I never knew for sure that she had been told of my near drowning--certainly I hadn't made it known to her. But there was the gun episode and she must have decided drastic measures were necessary. She sent Belle to a convent school for girls at Nanaimo, British Columbia and shortly thereafter sent me to St. Anne's Boys Convent, a Catholic boarding school for boys under age fourteen (14), at Quamichan, B.C., Vancouver Island. After having led a Huckleberry Finn existence up to this point, it suited me not at all to find myself under strict discipline. I missed my dad terribly and one of the other boys had no trouble at all talking me into running away with him. We had no plan except to get to California to be with my dad. We gave no thought to eating or getting off the island, we were just on our way. I was caught almost immediately and heavily strapped, while the other boy held out for a couple days and nights before coming in on his own accord due to

hunger, privations, and exposure. Boy did I get a tanning administered by Mother Superior! She used a razor strap and I suspected she must have had a secret beard. My friend, Scotty, probably suffered the same fate.

I was only eight or nine when I went to the convent, in the third grade. It has been a remembered trauma all through life. It was just a terrible experience for me. I never knew why they sent me there. I was there two years with no furloughs and no visitors, only a letter occasionally. The strict religious regimentation was particularly hated by me. Case in point -- Christmas. We were put to bed at seven p.m. and then awakened at eleven to trudge through the snow two or three miles to Church for Christmas Mass. I sang latin hymns as boy soprano in the Church choir, but even that brought no relief to my dislike of my forced Church activity. I vowed then that when I was big enough there would never be Church in my life.

Actually, school at the boarding convent wasn't all that bad. It was the other aspects of the place I hated. It was a country environment with plenty of open meadows, fruit trees etc. We had occasional picnics. I remember field trips to an old abandoned coppermine where we noted the greenish stones. I thought of that during World War II and wrote to the Canadian government to ask if they knew about it and the possibility of reopening it. I received a letter back saying they had investigated and found it not worthwhile.

There were only about thirty (30) miles between the convent school Belle was at and the one where I was, but there was absolutely no communication between us. Finally, after two years, our mother planned to remarry and took my sister and me out of our respective convents, much to my delight. Belle, by the way, had learned to play the piano quite well while at the convent school. Mama picked her up first and then they came to pick me up. I remember we went to a hotel with big beds and excellent springs. Belle and I had a great time jumping up and down on them.

Mother married a man named Fred Jarbo. he was a house painter in Anacortes, Washington so we lived there for a time. I spent the next several years living first with my mother and then with my father, usually somewhere in California. I remember going to school at Anacortes, but it was of no great moment in my life. I recall there was a beautiful, small city park there. "The Japanese Sandman" was a popular song of those days. Fred Jarbo was alright as a provider, but neither my sister nor myself ever felt any closeness to him. I have no idea of his whereabouts since my mother's death. I was briefly in Spokane, Washington and met my dad's cousin Bert Church there.

Pop was in San Joaquin, California and my sister and I lived with him on the seventy-two-thousand (72,000) acre "James Ranch" where he was working as a carpenter. We attended school there for a couple of years. Later when I tried to get those school records to help establish my birthplace and date for the purpose of getting a delayed birth certificate, I was told: "Sorry, no records available before 1922-23 school year. The school records were burned in a fire." That reminded me that the fire is recalled by myself. I was there and saw it start and end. In that period of time the "all grades in one building school" was also used as a civic events and movie house center. The film in those days was highly flammable. The film caught fire in the projection booth, rapidly spread through the wooden building. There were scant fire fighting precautions taken then and the building was a total loss. We spent the remainder of the school year in a group of tent-houses, across the street from San Joaquin's only hotel, about two blocks from the house my father, sister and I occupied. I graduated grammar school there.

While in San Joaquin I wanted a bike. Guess I was about twelve then. I got wind of one available three or four miles out of town for nine dollars (\$9.00). Pop came through and I took my friend with me and we walked out there and bought it. I did not yet know how to ride a bike but learned on the way home. It's amazing how easy it is after you learn.

A more unpleasant memory was the time a dog bit me. It was not a serious bite, but there was some concern about whether or not the dog might be rabid. There was no way to have it tested locally so someone cut off the poor animal's head and shipped it to the University of California at Berkeley. Since we never did hear back, we assumed everything was okay and since I'm still here it obviously was -- for me anyway. Not so for the dog.

My mother and her husband had moved to Everett, Washington so my off and on stays with my mother were there. It was there that I had my first paying job -- at Robinson's Plywood Mill. It was quite a deal handling those four by eight (4x8) sheets of plywood. Also in Everett we had a Japanese Terrior called "Tiny". She was a little female, very affectionate. She was mainly Belle's but I loved her too.

World War I was going on during the time I was trading off between my mother and Pop. My remembrance is that we were all aware that there was a war on but it didn't affect my family as far as I knew. My dad was too old to be accepted. I do remember going to the general store in San Joaquin to buy a dozen eggs and while there heard the word that Armistice was declared. So that places me in San Joaquin in 1918 at age eleven (11).



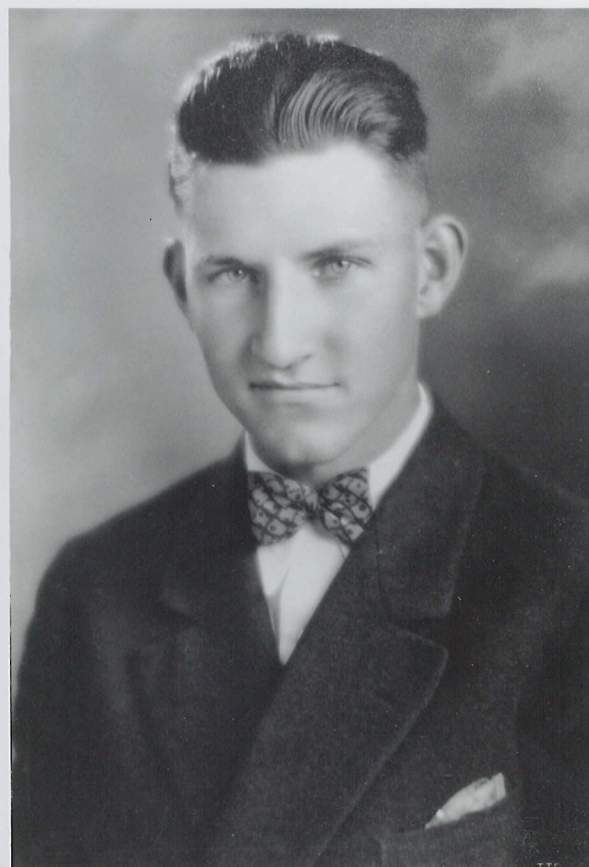
me!



abt. 1917 - Age 10 or 11



*Belle, Pop, and me
prob. 1917 or 1918*



1924 - Age 17

My sister was becoming a young woman and needed to be with our mother, so went there to live in Hoquiam, Washington, full time. My father felt I too, needed some family life and boarded me with the Adrian Rossiter Sweet family. I guess he thought I needed the refining influence of a woman's hand. Pop loved to travel and knew I needed homelife and proper manners. Sweets had been in the social swing in Pasadena. I hated to break with Pop, but I thought he was an all right guy and was willing to do what he thought was best. They had a son named Earl who was about my age. He was a good friend. We were compatible, though nothing special. I don't know what happened to him later on.

I moved with the Sweets to Long Beach, California where I attended the old Carrol Park School on east Fourth Street. I attended seventh grade in Long Beach and it was there that my teacher (I don't remember her name) wrote on my final report card: "A fine lad." Three small words, but they were an influence for good in my life. It was something to live up to.

We didn't stay there long because Mr. Sweet became employed as an office clerk at the Hammond Lumber Yard in Lemoore, California and we moved there. I there attended eighth grade and my freshman year at Lemoore Union High School. I was one of two kids in freshman year who didn't have long pants. Knickers!

Another move by the Sweets took us to Compton, California, 101 N. Sloan Avenue, where we lived for a year. My dad built a two room house there for the Sweets, while Earl and I occupied a tent. Pop worked as a carpenter out of Los Angeles. There were no unions then, but there were halls here and there where people wanting jobs in a particular trade could read what was available and put in a request. They paid two or three bucks for the information. Of course he got the job for the Sweets because he knew them.

I had a fox terrier in Compton which I called "Ignatz", and who had a terrible case of mange. We considered having him put to sleep but had not actually taken the step when the matter was taken out of our hands by a stray rabid dog which bit my Ignatz in passing. My dog contracted rabies and I had to shoot him with my 22.

I went through my Sophomore year at Compton and when summer came I was persuaded by someone unknown to join the Citizens' Military Training Camp at Monterey for thirty days at the army's expense. The U.S. Army was campaigning then for young men to get a little knowledge about the military. I was insulted to be placed in what was called the Awkward Squad! I think they thought that because I was small I couldn't stand the Gaff. I know I was no more awkward than any of the

others in my "company". I was able to do anything any of the others was required to do. I was very slightly built, but wiry and capable physically. I was mortified to find myself categorized as "awkward", and was glad when the month was over and I could leave army life behind. Soured me on the world for a while. Army -- no thanks! Thirty days was enough time to decide. I always did like the water.

During my teenage years, the time spent with Pop was the best! I remember when the "Sells Floto Circus" came to Long Beach and Pop took Earl Sweet and me to see it. I have a vivid recollection and a scar to remember it by because it seems that some kids had rigged up a booby trap on the curb. It slid out from under my feet and I lit on my chin. I was dazed and it hurt pretty bad, but we still went to the circus. I wasn't about to be done out of that.

But Pop and I best loved going to the movies together. Every Saturday and Sunday we went to the movies. Two on Saturday and three on Sunday. It only cost ten cents for me and twenty-five cents for Pop. That was great! I really became enamored of movies. All the old time stars I remember with the greatest affection. Especially Douglas Fairbanks! He was active -- no one got the best of him. He was my hero. My all time favorite movie was "Shane" but it came along much later. In the earlier days anything Doug Fairbanks Sr. played in was my favorite. There were "a Thief of Bagdad" and "The Gaucho". I loved Lon Chaney in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame". There was "The Covered Wagon"; I can't remember who played in that, and the original "Ben Hur". Remember, they were all double features then, so on Sundays we went to three double headers plus the cartoons and newsreels. It was wonderful! The Egyptian Theater and Grauman's Chinese were both nee plus ultra. They even had live people doing prologues, acts similar to vaudeville that were pertinent to the subject of the movie. Out in the lobby they usually had some of the chariots, etc. that were used in making the movies.

Pop and I also used to spend a lot of time doing crossword puzzles and I learned a lot of words and the meanings thereof. By the way, Pop never learned to drive so we always used whatever public transportation was available -- or our feet.

I was a naughty boy at age sixteen plus -- swiped bikes with another delinquent, Lyle Rossiter. My friendship with him brought us real trouble later on.

My lifelong love of music got its start when I was age seventeen. I was living with my mother, grandmother, step-father, and sister in Everett, Washington. My step-father's brother, Delmer, came to visit and brought his date. When she found out I could carry a tune, she taught me a song that I've never heard since. She encouraged me to sing and taught me to

harmonize. Gee, I loved that. She was such a nice kid. I memorized the words of the chorus of that song and remember them yet. The song was "You Told Me To Go". I'm sure she never realized how important a part she played in my life.

An interesting but sad footnote is that I saw her again a few years later. I was walking in San Francisco while on shore duty and there bumped into Delmer and the same young lady. I soon realized she had become a prostitute and he was her pimp. I'll always be grateful to her for introducing me to the world of music and harmony.

No one told me I should remain in school and obtain a high school diploma so I quit going to school when I went back to Los Angeles from Citizens Military Training Camp and batched in a rented housekeeping apartment with my dad. He would take a job in the Los Angeles area and I would be left to my own devices until his job might be done and he would come back to town to get another job. All in all, I was my own "man" and spent lots of time riding my bike to Long Beach, Van Nuys, Covina, Santa Monica, etc. My dad provided the place to stay and ample food to eat, but left me to go and come as I wished. All of which contributed to my being somewhat of a "loner" for the rest of my life, no doubt. I like people in general, but have no difficulty living alone. My second wife frequently said "J.R., you're a born bachelor!"

I must have been seventeen when I went to San Francisco to be with my beloved dad. Got a job in a print shop but didn't like the work or pay, so quit. My dad got itchy feet so he decided we would go to the midwest and take in the grain harvests of Kansas, South Dakota, North Dakota and Montana, followed by further travel to the apple country of Wenatchee and Lake Chelan, Washington. After that arrangements were made for me to go back to Everett, Washington to my mother and step-father. Unfortunately that also meant being back with my buddy, Lyle Rossiter. We must have brought out the worst in each other because we began swiping Chevrolets for joy rides.

Stealing Chevrolets was just too easy! For some foolish reason the key that unlocked the door was also the ignition key and it seemed that all Chevrolet keys were interchangeable. We decided to swipe our way to Los Angeles where we would join up with Pop. Got to Ashland, Oregon. Caught! Sentenced to one year at Salem, Oregon Penitentiary as prisoner number 9500. I was put to work in the laundry with the mangle iron, doing sheets, pillow cases, etc. I was paroled after seven months to my dad, with the proviso that Lyle and I never see each other. I never saw or heard from him again. Pop delivered me to my mother.

That unfortunate experience had a lasting effect on my life -- in some ways negative and in some ways positive. It always

hung over my head in that I could never be a registered voter and often had to reveal it for one reason or another when I would much rather have forgotten it had ever happened. But I was also forevermore mindful of the need to avoid temptation and to help others do so whenever possible. I have, for example, always scrupulously locked my car even when just leaving it for a moment, in an effort to help keep honest people honest, especially teenagers.

I was pushing age twenty and was in the doldrums. There was no push from my parents to go in any direction and felt at loose ends. I tried to join the Coast Guard about that time. I went to Anacortes to the Coast Guard Base and asked the guy on watch what the chances were of getting in. He said they could take my name -- But nothing came of it. I think I needed a sponsor. But I got to thinking that there was more than one branch of the service. My stepfather knew the chief petty officer in charge of Navy recruiting in Everett, Washington. Inductees were supposed to be high school graduates with no criminal record. But because of the acquaintance with my step-father, they "blinked their eyes" and accepted me. My friend had wanted in also but couldn't -- so I went alone on this adventure. My Navy records start on June 1, 1927.

After being sworn in, I went by train to the Naval Training Station at San Diego, California where I went through the usual "Boot Camp" training in Navy ways and military life. There I met a young man named Robert Herman Pietsch, age seventeen, and we became fast friends from then on to the present. I had it in mind to become a machinist, but Bob Pietsch, having been acquainted with other Navy people, had become convinced that the occupation of "Radioman" would be a good one for both of us to pursue. Inasmuch as I could offer no real reason against becoming a radioman, I changed over and we both entered Class "A" radio school to learn the elements of sending/receiving international code (dots and dashes), basic electricity, radio theory and communication procedure.

It was a hard subject to learn. Strange, new, discouraging. I made it to a speed of about ten words per minute and reached the point of progress where there is almost always the feeling in the student that he will never be able to surpass that stumbling block speed. Our code instructor was a runner-up in international code speed competition and held a dim view of people who said they couldn't learn the code. He saw we were all despairing of progressing and asked the group of us "Who wants to quit radio?" I held up my hand, as did other men, and that instructor really lit into us. He called us names, quitters, and expounded on how stupid we were to quit at this point in our efforts to learn the code and said we were not going to be allowed to quit, but must buckle down and put more and deeper effort into our study. Well, I finally

reached thirteen words per minute! The next day, much to my surprise, I was able to copy not only thirteen words per minute, but went on to sixteen WPM and rapidly improved as time went by. I couldn't get enough of it. I loved sending and receiving code and became a very proficient (no brag) operator and am always code-conscious. I read code in various sounds of life I hear. I love it.

Several years later I experienced another highlight in my radio operating career. In the Navy it was the practice for a fleet of ships to be divided into two groups and for each group to try to evade and surprise the other group, thereby theoretically "winning the encounter". Part of the strategy was maintaining "Radio Silence" so the "enemy" couldn't track each other by means of radio direction finders. As days went by, messages would accumulate visually and when radio silence ended, the flagship would unload by radio all of the accumulation. In this case, my ship was the recipient of ninety-three (93) messages varying in length from ten to one-hundred and fifty (150) words each. The flagship operator sent me (I was on watch) all of those ninety three messages without stopping and at the end of his transmission I sent him a "Roger", meaning "I have received your full transmission." No one, other than a trained radio operator can understand or appreciate the thrill of the sender and receiver of such a string of messages. Maybe someone who reads this will have an understanding. The whole event was soul-satisfying to we two radio operators -- a marvelous experience. I was unofficially clocked at fifty-three point four (53.4) words per minute receiving and received two Radio Speed Key Operators Certificates (see my Navy Scrapbook) dated 20 Nov. 1935 and 9 Aug. 1938. Only crackerjack operators get these. Not easy, but it enabled me to get good operator jobs as "Crackerjack Operator" on fast circuits.

Typing the messages as received was part of the job and I was self taught and fast. Used three fingers and thumb on one hand and two fingers on other. On the Arizona two of us could do fifty-two words a minute. I could probably still do forty-five.

When we completed our training, Bob and I both got transferred to the ship of our choice which was the USS Mississippi. In order to reach the USS Mississippi, Bob and I boarded our first ship, the USS Arctic, which took us from San Diego to San Pedro. That was the nearest I ever came to heaving. Neither of us did and never have been seasick since.

We were together for the remainder of the four years we signed up for. He got out then and being at loose ends -- didn't know what to do. For reasons he later couldn't explain, he went to the Coast Guard, signed up for four years and shipped over. Then he went backeast and took a course on radio and became a commercial operator. he worked several years on the Matson Lines, including the Lurline. Over the years we visited infrequently when he was in port near where I was living. Our friendship continues to this day.

There were some big changes for us to get used to aboard ship. In the first place you realized you were really a non-entity -- really low on the totem pole. We were immediately placed in the radio division. We were "strikers" (apprentices). The first thing I knew, the Officer of the Deck had me as his messenger. On the Mississippi it was target practice time and we had blackouts. Anything he wanted me to run after, he said "go, Boy." I didn't even know my way around the ship, especially in the dark! He sent me to the galley for coffee and I set out to find it. I finally got it to him about two hours later. He said "where have you been, Son?" and I said "I got lost." It was black, black, black -- I couldn't see. That was an awful experience - to get lost on a six-hundred (600) foot long ship at midnight.

In those days it was the practice to have eating tables set into receptacles overhead in the living spaces. Every young sailor had to take his turn at mess cooking which consisted of bringing down the tables and setting them up with tableware for twelve men to a table (about fifty people, enough to run three watches). Hammocks hooked underneath where the tables were. All space was well utilized. We ran six hour watches which were rotated once in a while.

Every item of our clothing was labeled with our names. We put all of our dirty laundry in our laundry bag and sent it down to the laundry. Retrieval was something else again. Everyone's clothes were mixed up together. The system was that several of us would go at one time and one would pull items from the pile and read off the name. Whoever it belonged to would yell and he would throw it his direction. If no one answered, it was thrown into another pile. Everything was badly rumpled and crumpled and you just wore it that way -- except for our dress blues. For those we had wrangle service for which we paid a fee. Perhaps they have a more efficient method for all that now.

Sleeping in a hammock was duck soup to me. Never had any trouble -- never fell out. You'd be amazed how wonderful it is to sleep in a hammock, especially over the briny. The ship would roll many degrees sometimes but the hammocks stayed pretty even. Your head went toward the bow or stern and the feet the other way. The major movement was sideways so the hammock stayed put while the ship rolled around it. Really cozy -- yes, indeed.

My mother died at age thirty-eight (38) of atrophied kidney. That was during my first year in sea duty, 1928. I was in the Panama Canal when word came to me. Belle sent me a telegram aboard the USS Mississippi. They put the message on general broadcast to Navy ships at sea and I saw my copy of it as a radio operator before it went through the channels. Good thing because it was followed by a cancellation. Had I not seen it, it would have been some time before I was notified of my mother's death. I guess they tried to cancel it because they



My Sister Annie Belle Walton ~
Seattle Washington about 1927

knew I could do nothing about it from there anyway. I wasn't deeply affected by the news -- having been semi-orphan during most of my life.

I earned \$21.00 a month and sent at least three quarters of it home. When mother Dolly died (I always called her Dolly), Pop sent money for fare for Grandma and Belle and they joined him in Los Angeles, living somewhere close to the Colosseum. Belle worked in a meat processing plant. Pop became blind at about the same time. I was aware of their needs. Rentals weren't too hard to find and they were pretty comfortable.

One day aboard the Mississippi, I heard these two guys singing together. It sounded real enticing and I gravitated over there. One asked "Do you sing?" I said "I'd like to, but don't know anything about it." He said "Let's try something." One thing led to another and I became the lead singer. It was truly joyous to make harmony. I was really nutty about it. We attained some shipboard fame and even branched out on occasion. Besides myself, Howard L. Coleman and Elmo Lucien Baldwin formed the trio. The Chaplain used us for Church services on ship. The biggest thrill

The biggest thrill was when we - The Radio Trio - sang at the Portsmouth, Virginia High School graduation. Baldy played a uke and sang baritone; Coleman sang tenor, and I sang lead. Coleman and Baldwin were capable of exchanging parts. At the graduation, which was the highlight of our "career", we got a standing ovation by the audience. THRILL!!!

We also sang once over WTAR, Norfolk, Va., with result of one "fan" letter from an elderly couple. That's in my scrapbook. It contained their phone number and so we called them up and were invited for a most pleasant dinner and evening with them. We also received a thank you note from the secretary of the YMCA at Barbadoes, B.W.I.

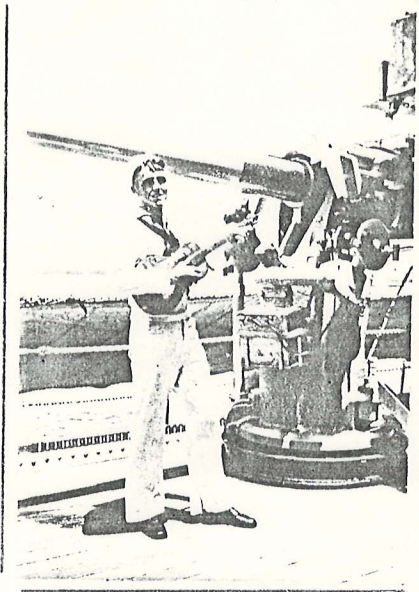
Whenever the USS Mississippi had a "Smoker", a program featuring shipboard talent, we as a trio were always asked to participate. In our singing style we tried to emulate the Biltmore Trio of L.A. Hotel's Earl Burnett Orchestra. We were billed as "The Three Gobs of Harmony". We adopted an opening gambit of the following:

As the trio came onstage, our leader would strum on his ukelele and we would sing:

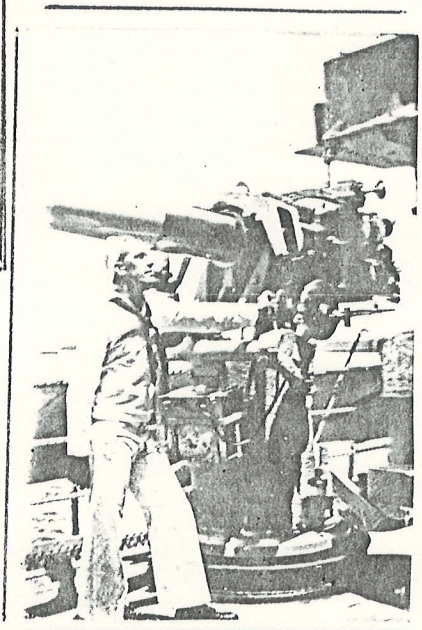
There's a lighthouse by the Sea,
We are the first Gobs of harmony.
Sailors original, you see.
We travel through cities north, south, east and west
But dear old Pedro (or whatever) is the one
that we love best.
We love to sing songs of harmony;,
Songs that they sang so long ago.
But with new songs of today,
We will drive your cares away.
We're the three Gobs of harmony.

"The Three Gobs of Harmony"

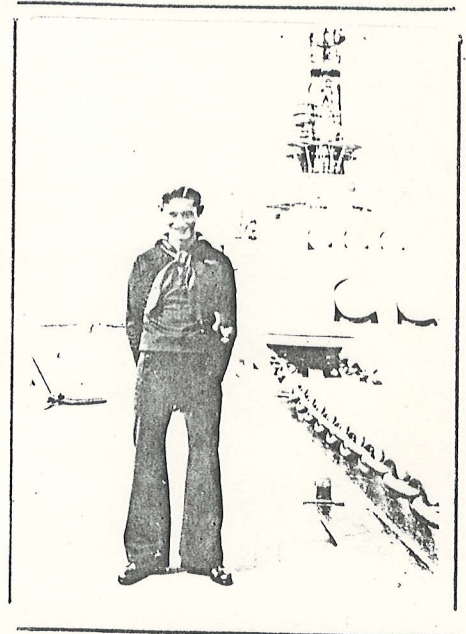
On the U.S.S. Mississippi
About 1930



"Baldy"
Baldwin



Howard
"Viper"
Coleman



Jesse
"Fagan"
Walton

And then we'd slide into "I Ain't Got Nobody - Nobody Cares For Me", "They Called Her Frivolous Sal", etc. We sang as long as they'd applaud. Sometimes the Chaplain talked in neighborhood churches where the ship was docked and he'd take us along for spice. However, hymns were never our thing.

As in any military service, friendships are bound to be broken up and we were no exception. The Mississippi was going to be overhauled and we all had to be re-assigned. Scatter the Trio! Damnnn.....! Baldwin put in a bid for another ship, the Northhampton, and was a member of its crew when it made its shakedown cruise to Europe. He gave me two pieces of sheet music for which he had written the music and I received a few postcards from him. But we were never again to meet. Coleman and I have remained in touch throughout the years. Even our families got together regularly for many years. As of February 1987, Coleman and I still get together occasionally, though it's not the same, of course. ' Can't recapture the old times which are gone but not forgotten. I still call him "Viper", which was a nickname from the trio days. I, by the way, was called Fagan because of some comic strip character I liked. Sometimes I was called "Foo" because I was nutty about a song called "What This Country Needs Is Foo".

I spent a total of six years on the Mississippi and another six on the Arizona. The battle fleet did pretty much the same thing year after year -- Panama -- Hawaii -- Cuba. Mostly I stayed on ship -- no liberties. Saw mostly sea. How much can you see in five hours in any given place? And there would be so many other sailors around that we had to be restricted. There weren't enough places to go to keep out of trouble. Some wanted to raise hell and caused trouble in port.

I've been through the Panama Canal many times. The first time it's really interesting, but once is enough. I did spend a little time on shore sightseeing there, but bought few souvenirs. Most of my money went to family and I had little to feel free to squander. I never managed to cross the

I never managed to cross the equator and become a "shellback". I nearly did once, but just before we got there, Navy orders came to turn around, so I remained a "Pollywog". A Pollywog, in case you didn't know, becomes a Shellback when his ship crosses the equator. The origin of this practice is lost in antiquity. A lot of hazing goes on when you become a Shellback -- get your head shaved, coated with axle grease, etc. I was a bit apprehensive about it and so wasn't too sorry to miss my chance.

I had shore duty in the Twelfth Naval District in San Francisco, assigned to Radio Compass Station, NLH, Point Montara. It was there that I met and married my first wife, Marie Aurice Roosa. Bad scene. She claimed to be a nurse but actually she was a "Lady of the Night" to support her drug dependency.

Otherwise, she was a nice kid. I was pretty naive and didn't catch on right away. I tried really hard to help, even to the point of putting in for duty at Guam on the USS Chaumont, a passenger transport. I thought with no source she would have to get off drugs. It didn't work out, she could still get alcohol and just couldn't or wouldn't lead a normal life. After she got in trouble with the law and was ordered back to the states, I realized there was no future with her. The whole thing was an embarrassment to me among my shipmates and I immediately put in for and received a transfer away from Guam. I finally obtained an annulment from her at Port Orchard, Washington, about 1936. She had won a beauty contest at age seventeen and probably couldn't handle the adulation. The whole experience was very hard on me and I have tried not to talk about it or bring it to mind very often. Aurice's fate unknown. Not proud of that segment of my life.

While on a few days leave from the Arizona in 1940 to visit my cousin, Theodosia, and her husband, I was introduced to William and Savilla Bliss and their two children, Wilbur Lee and Dorothy Ilene. There was mutual liking all around and I enjoyed the opportunity to dance occasionally with Mrs. Savilla (Sally) Bliss.

But there was not mutual attraction at first. I was quite a bore to her and she was just another person to me. But I saw in her a love of life and people. I found her easy to talk to. She found me to be gentle and gentlemanly. I liked her and I liked her kids.

Separation of William Bliss and his wife, Savilla, had been seriously considered by the two and I asked Savilla to keep me aware of developments, which she did by mail until they divorced. Savilla took custody of the children and went to San Diego to live with her sister, Nellie Gamage, until the divorce was finalized. I was able to spend some time with them there.

I made my way to Washington, D.C. where I re-enlisted for assignment to the Navy's new infant service of P.T. Boats. While waiting for that assignment to come through I was stationed temporarily at Brooklyn, N.Y. I then sent for Sally and the kids and we were married at our apartment in Brooklyn, a little locked-gate, sub-floor furnished apartment with a tiny recreation garden-like space where I could play with the kids..

The Navy doesn't take time out for crewmen to go on honeymoons, so we lived day to day. My ship soon had to go out with the squadron for shakedown around the island of Cuba. While I was on the briny deep Sally became extremely ill and went to Kings County Hospital because she didn't know about Navy Hospitals availability. The people who were supposed



P. 2. 11 January 15, 1940

Left to Right : Walton, R M Yc

Brown, Q M 2/c

Taylor, Lt. J.G. Comdg.

to give Sally blood transfusions had trouble with her veins and instead of giving the blood to her, flushed it down the drain in her range of vision. The doctor, next morning on his rounds, looked at her chart, noted that the record showed the blood had been given to her and couldn't understand why she wasn't perking up, and questioned her. She barely had strength enough to point to a nearby sink and whisper "down the drain." The MD said "You mean they poured the blood down the drain?" Sally weakly nodded "yes". The MD sent for new blood and administered it himself. From then on she rapidly recovered and was shortly back home. We always wondered what happened to the technicians who failed to deliver that blood.

I shortly thereafter got my P.T. Boat assignment and got the family re-settled in Miami, Florida. While on maneuvers, seven or eight P.T. Boats were wending their way around Cuba in an "A" formation. P.T. 11 (my Boat) ran aground on a reef that wasn't shown on the chart we had. It ripped the starboard bottom badly and we were stuck fast on the reef. The mother ship was following our boats and caught up to us some two hours later. Meanwhile, a couple of our P.T. Boats, using one inch diameter lines, tried to pull P.T. 11 off the reef -- to no avail, despite our jettisoning things to lighten our boat. Also, meanwhile, a Cuban fishing boat saw our plight, launched a one man life boat and came over to see what was what. He spoke no English and I was the only Navy man on P.T. 11 who had any knowledge of Spanish -- two years of high school Spanish. We had roast ham the night before and our cook had not yet dumped our refuse over the side. Before anyone could stop him from doing such a stupid thing, the Cuban upended our garbage can and all the ham trimmings were shortly afloat inside our boat. What a mess! My Spanish was inadequate!!

Of course, and wouldn't you know, my radio set, in poor shape at best, was completely kaput. The storage batteries were flooded by sea water and were beyond repair. I was a radio-man with no radio!

Eventually our mother ship, a former Johns-Manville yacht, caught up to us. Our side and bottom were rudely patched and we were towed to Key West, Florida. I never saw any newspapers. Did our shipwreck ever get into print? I wonder? The P.T. 11, by the way, never saw military action or transfer to active duty during World War II.

Before we leave my P.T. Boat experience -- give a listen-- My skipper, whose name I forget, wanted the quartermaster to send a semaphore message to our flagship. The quartermaster asked me to dictate as he semaphored the words, one at a time. I obliged until I came to one word in the message that I knew was spelled (in our Skipper's writing) incorrectly. What to do?! Spell it as written, and let the quartermaster share

This picture of Savilla was specially made for Jay to
have with him during WWII during their long absence.



Winning over the step-son

U. S. RECEIVING STATION

NAVY YARD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

May 10, 1941.

My Dear Sonny-boy Bud;-

When I started the word SONNY, I suddenly remembered how my mother used to start her letters to me after I joined the Navy. She used to write;-"My Dear Sonny Sailor Boy" and I thought it was awfully cute. You would have loved her very much if she had lived for you to know her, for she was a tom-boy at heart and understood young fellows like you.

I'm awfully sorry I had to be recalled to duty when I was because it stopped me from being at your birthday party. But maybe you aren't sorry. Just think how many whacks I would have had at you for your eleventh birthday. WOW, your seat would have been sore for weeks--well, at least for a couple of minutes. HA HI HO HU WHOO. Sounds like a Chinese train whistle, huh?

Let's go fishing, Bud. We'll stroll down to the dock where the Police boat is tied up, get a boat and oars, run out to the island and pull in the fish like mad. OH? YEAH? Sez who? Well, anyhow, we MIGHT catch one apiece - maybe.

I sent Dorlene a couple of laugh cartoons and in this letter you'll find one for yourself and one of those Wishing Well gadgets. Give the Wishing Well a test for all three of you.

You remember the blue jacket I used to wear in Brooklyn when I came home? The one with the Zipper and side pockets? I have it now and it's all mine. However, I also have a pair of pants made from the same material and I don't think I will ever be able to use them. Ask Mommy what she thinks of making you a pair of fighting pants out of them. The material is almost as good as new and is washable. No, you wouldn't be able to make a sailors uniform out of them because they're not that kind of material. Sorry, Bud.

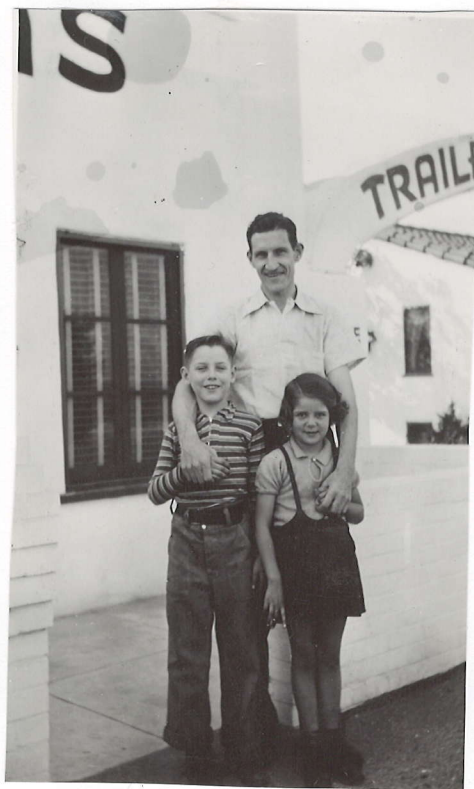
I really envy you down there in Miami for the weather hasn't become quite warm enough here for real comfort. However, the air is much cleaner than that of Brooklyn. At least I find it cleaner here at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. I hate the dirt of Brooklyn, Don't you?

Looks like I'm about all out of foo
If I had some more, I'd write it to yoo
so all I have left to say is good-boo
Wish oceans of love and please write to me-ooooo.

Daddy Jay.



Being a Husband



Daddy Jay

1937 Dodge Coupe



Calillily



Two Chiefs

Wartime



Handsome



Family
Waiting at Home



Reading The
Love Letters



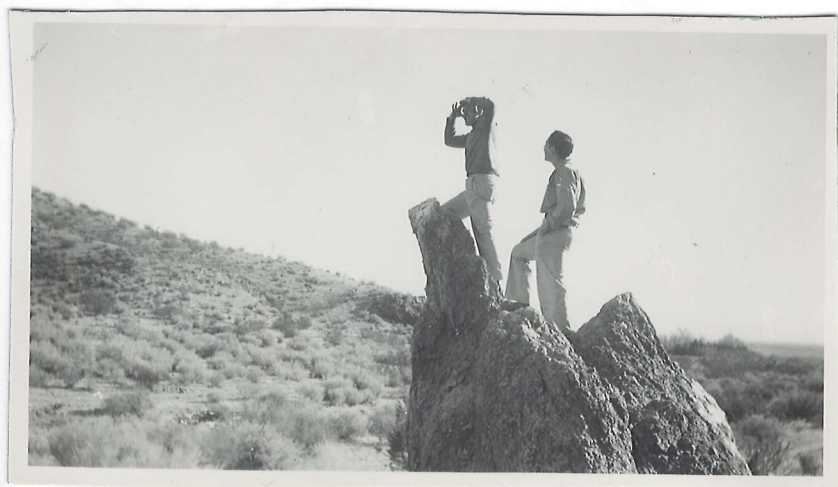
Shore Leave



Cute



Time With
The
Family



with me that an error was there, or send it as written and embarrass the Skipper in the eyes of the recipient and handlers? I took a chance and dictated the correct spelling. ' Probably the real reason I was transferrrd out of the P.T.'s. My skipper chewed me out for my action, and rightfully so.

Another P.T.Boat experience follows. I was going to leave it out but Wilbur insists it should be included. He calls it "The Crapper Incident". You will recall that the toilet (head in Navy language) was invented by and frequently called by the name of Crapper (given name unremembered). In this particular case, we were practicing maneuvers at Miami, Florida. We left the dock and the water was smooth as glass and we just went right along. I went to the head and had just got settled when we got outside the harbor. The situation changed rapidly. The water got rough and the vibration of the boat was extreme. I tried to stand up but there was nothing to hang on to and everytime I flexed my knees the toilet seat came up to meet me. I couldn't get up. I could not get up. I had an impossible situation. Finally decided I'd sit down and wait for a calm. I don't know how much time I spent on that toilet seat but it must have been a while because I was missed on deck and someone came looking for me. Saved.

After reaching Key West, I was transferred to the Receiving Ship at Brooklyn. I was then attached to the USS Antaeus, a converted Graceline passenger ship, whose civilian status name was the S.S.St. John. It was converted to a submarine tender -- a mother ship for a group of submarines. The mother ship provided fresh supplies, mechanical help, doctors, etc. to the submarines in her care. There was a Submarine Base in New London, Connecticut and the family was settled there in order to be with me whenever I happened to be in port. That's why I was in New London on December 7th of 1941. I was just barely home from being at sea and looking forward to a couple of days with my family. We heard on the radio about the Japanese bombing Pearl Harbor with the words: "This is no drill -- all Navy personnel report to your ship." I knew it was going to be "hurry up and wait" and so decided to pretend for a few hours that I hadn't heard it so I could spend a few precious hours with Sally and the kids. But it was no use. The apprehensive neighbors made certain that I got the word -- many times over. So I went back aboard ship. And we sat there in port, and sat there in port, and sat there in port. No liberty. How long? Interminably. Rumors were flying that Germans had been sighted, the base was going to be bombed, etc. etc. It was frustrating. I'd been at sea -- barely got home to family and now stuck aboard ship doing nothing while my loved ones were so nearby but out of reach.

This was also a very sad time for me. You will remember that I was on the USS Arizona for six years and had only been off of her for six months when the Japanese struck. Most of the radiomen I had worked and buddied with were on board when she

was bombed and all but two were killed and remain with her at the bottom of Honolulu Harbor. The two who escaped were Johnny Nichols and O.W. Prosser. They were married men whose wives were in Honolulu and they were on liberty over the week-end. That information came directly from Johnny himself who I knew very well. In fact, it was he who stood up with me when I got my annulment from my first wife. I knew many of the ones who died and in memorial to them I'd like to include the names of enlisted communication personnel who were on the USS Arizona with me.

CRM J.M. Becker	CRM J.D. Campbell
CRM C.R. Pettit	RM1c E.L. Angle
RM1c W.P. Bucy	RM1c J.R. Walton
RM2c D.L. Hindes	RM2c A.G. Mudge
RM2c J.E. Nichols	RM2c O.W. Prosser
RM2c E.C. Schillat	RM3c W.J. Abbott
RM3c R.M. Braaten	RM3c J.J. Carter
RM3c A.L. Clark	RM3c E.A. Dieckmann
RM3c R.G. Delanges	RM3c C.O. Gaskin
RM3c L.C. Gibbs	RM3c J.a.a. Gosselin
RM3c F. Jones	RM3c O.A. Jahrling
RM3c G.J. Muenich	RM3c D.A. O'Brien
RM3c A. Pallagi	RM3c H.D. Shippen
RM3c H.J. Thompson	RM3c G. Ullman
Slc S.F. Deming	Sld W.D. Downing
Slc J.E. Duncan	Slc E.L. Higley
Slc J.L. Holland	Slc F.L. Hutton
Slc L.R. Pray	Slc F.L. Thomas
Slc V.R. Whitlock	Slc V.R. Whitlock
Slc N.H. Witt	PFC D.B. Saxon (USMC)
S2c L.C. Curtis	S2c U.T. Knutinen
S2c C.E. Jones	S2c W.A. Jones
S2c J.W. Wildt	RM3c G.P. Overstreet
Y3c B.R. Edmunds	Slc G.A. Bryning
S2c C.W. Gorton	Slc J.J. Schweighofer

Also in remembrance of the USS Arizona and my lost friends thereon, I'm going to include a poem that tells her story very well.

VOICE FROM THE ARIZONA

By Jack F. Langham, USN (ret.) Deceased

It's time to break the silence
I have kept for many years;
I want to send a message
To dry away your tears.

Let my story be heard by mothers
Whose sons I still enfold,
And to all the wives of loved ones
Who defended me brave and bold

To you who've served in battleships --
Or perhaps you shipped with me,
You might be mourning a shipmate
Who is resting beneath the sea.

My story began in Brooklyn--
Nineteen-sixteen was the date.
They christened me "Arizona"
After the Sunny baby State.

I was a proud ship "Arizona",
And my commissioning became complete
The day I took my place in line
With the mighty U.S. Fleet.

My bow cleaved through the water--
My sisters steamed at my side--
I was part of the greatest Navy
That ever graced a tide.

If you have been a son of mine,
You helped me earn my fame.
You served me well and faithfully--
I'll always cherish your name.

The years sped by too-fast, it seems,
And this lady was growing old;
Then infamy at Pearl Harbor
My destiny did unfold.

That tranquil Sunday morning
Found me secured in battleship row;
Then without a sign of warning
I suffered my first blow.

My crew rushed to battle stations
And valiantly began to fight--
The aggressors came on relentlessly--
Attack! Attack! With no respite.

My boilers blew with a resounding blast
When a bomb dropped down my stack--
The magazines were next to go--
A blow that broke by back.

Colors flying - a last salute
And with twisted and burning steel,
I gave in to merciful waters
and felt mud engulf my keel.

Now I rest beneath the waves,
Embracing my beloved crew--
Almost the entire compliment;
One thousand, one-hundred and two.

Though our worldly days are over,
Don't for a moment be misled;
The spirit within me is still alive,
Kindled by the gallantry of my dead.

We receive your prayers and tributes,
We hear you toll our bell;
We thank you for your reverences,
Much more than words can tell.

If we could ask one thing of you,
Our sole request would be;
Do every thing within your power
To keep our nation strong and free.

And I, Jesse, would ask of my descendents, that if ever you have an opportunity to visit the Hawaiian Islands that you visit the USS Arizona, which is now a National Shrine, and give a moments solitude and reverence in honor of my associates and buddies who "went down with the ship" -- the U.S.S. Arizona.

After Pearl Harbor I was pulled off the Antaeus and assigned to the U.S.S. Harrison, Destroyer 573. She was being built at a shipyard at Orange, Texas, the hometown of a more famous lady -- Bonnie Baker of "Oh, Johnny" fame and others with Orrin Tucker's Orchestra. Was sent to New Orleans to wait for her to be finished. I was stationed across the river in charge of the barracks.

Sally and the kids, meanwhile, had come to New Orleans. On the strength of seeing me in uniform and mistaking my gold service stripes as being Captain's Bars, a lady rented her home to Sally. We moved in and set her straight as to the difference between the stripes. However, my gentle wife and well-behaved kids disarmed her and all was well.

This might be a good place to insert a note about my new role of fatherhood. I had two very well behaved kids when I got married to Sally. We played together as three kids and any disciplining that was to be done was done by Sally. When she said "J.R." I stood at attention. I enjoyed every minute of fatherhood I had the opportunity to experience. Everywhere we went, we took the kids with us and that's the way we liked it.

When she was ready, the crew went to Texas to get the U.S.S. Harrison. We had a commissioning ceremony and then practiced with the green crew by going to sea for maneuvers and a shake-down cruise.

Then we went to the Pacific -- to war! The family went to California to wait out the duration of the war. I was credited with thirteen battle stars on my record. The first one

we engaged in, my radio technician and I were out on deck watching the tracer bullets going hither and yon. It finally dawned on us tht those things were real and we got inside behind quarter inch steel, which makes me laugh. What's funny about it is tht it wouldn't have done us any good had one come our way. We were scared. In the excitement of exchange of gunfire though, you are more or less unaware that one of those things might have ;your name on it. You just go ahead and did your business. And that's how it was for me throughout the war and all the battles I was a part of.

During those long months, my ship suffered no damage other than having a small piece of shrapnel from a floating mine strike our smokestack. On one occasion, I was alone out on deck at about seven a.m. watching the water passing by at ten knots. I suddenly saw a floating mine within inches of our ship. Too far from the bridge to make myself heard and too frozen in fear to try. The mine failed to explode and the USS Harrison passed safely. What should I have done? What would you have done? Looking back, I think I should have notified the Officer of the Deck of what I had seen and possibly save another ship.

I served at sea during all of World War II and in six years, Sally and I had a total of six months together! During those long years the main bright spot was mail call. I may be a man of few words in person, but I did a fine job of corresponding by letter during wartime. I wrote nearly every day and Sally did the same. Sometimes when mail was delayed in catching up with us I'd have a whole stack of letters to read. It was a delicious time, the reading of those letters, -- much savored. Sally kept my letters and samples may be read in her life story. I didn't save hers, but fortunately she saved a copy of a poem or two she sent me in her letters, the following being an example:

JAY

Although you're gone, you left behind
Inanimate objects that remind
Me of the one who is so dear,
And now is sailing far from here.

Your razor still is on the shelf
A very saucy little elf,
And also standing side by side,
Two soapy spools which have dried.

I turn around the room and see:
An ashtray that is still empty,
A chair you saved with rubber tape,
A pan I burned and you would scrape.

Oh, Darling, must I always think
Of you when I am at the sink?
Of all the little things you do
That make me simply worship you?

I really think you're very grand,
You always seem to understand!
You press your lips to mine and lo!!
I never want to let you go!!!

You can see how such letters would cheer a lonely fellow up. Letters were exchanged between Wilbur and Dorothy and myself also and these exchanges were much enjoyed by me.

The war was finally over and I found myself on the USS Skania and we were island hopping out in the South Pacific. What in the heck were we doing out there? I don't know. Meanwhile my orders to shore duty had been sent by mail and each time we left a port my orders arrived right after we left! Finally they caught up with me and I was immediately ordered to the Long Beach Naval Station. I was on a big transport full of troops being released from active duty and coming home. It had bunks four high in every possible place where troops could be bunked. Bathing was quite a chore as we were allowed one half bucket of water per man per day for personal needs. I made my way to the East Coast using one washrag instead of towels etc. Just one washrag, and I kept myself clean all the way. We went through the Panama Canal to get to the east coast and came within three or four hundred miles of San Diego to do it. Most of us wanted the WEST coast! I got transferred in Boston and took a train from Boston to San Diego Naval Receiving Ship (which was a ship but also a landing area and barracks) in San Diego.

There it turned out that my health record had been mixed up with someone elses and it indicated I had tuberculosis. Instead of the expected transfer to shore duty at Long Beach, there followed a time of apprehension until it was straightened out.

Sally and the kids had been living in Los Angeles, but now with my return, went to Long Beach to be near me. We settled the family into Truman Boyd in Long Beach. It was a low income housing development. There were long two story buildings with eight or ten apartments in each one. I was working eight hour days at the Naval Base as a radio operator. Also, I was supervisor of a watch which included a couple of Waves (lady sailors). It was no strain at all for me to adapt to "normal life".

We then moved for a time to Navy housing, which consisted of one level, cement floor duplexes. Ours was on Constitution Lane. Memory there is of a little dog we had that got run over by a car and was so badly injured I had to kill him in front of Wilbur and maybe others. Bad memory.

In 1947 we bought our home at 3166 Golden Avenue, joining the rest of the world in so doing. Life was good -- named the car (Calalilly) -- names the stove (Sir Evots -- stove spelled backwards) -- got a dog, dear little Buddy.

We got Buddy primarily to be a companion to Dorothy, but she didn't much care for pooches so he gravitated to me. I loved that little dog! He was a Golden Spitz. We found him from a private party who was selling Samoyeds, but they also had Buddy. They said that if he would come to us they'd sell him to us. I was wearing my chief's dress blues and thinking about all that white hair getting on my blues. But I called him and he came over and sniffed and wagged his tail and that was "it" for both of us. He was so very, very loving, and beyond that I couldn't express it. His death, about five years later, was caused by arsenic poisoning. We thought a vicious neighbor had done it but much later it occurred to us that I might even have been responsible. I had scattered snail pellets about the yard. Perhaps that is partially why I still grieve for him as much as I do.

Thinking of Buddy reminds of a valuable service he provided for us once. The back bedroom of our house had an outside entrance and since we were somewhat concerned about Dorothy's safety there, we had Buddy stay in that room at night. One night we all heard Buddy just barking his head off in there and Sally, Wilbur, and I all ran in to see what was the matter. There was Buddy, standing on Dorothy's chest barking loudly right into her face, and she sleeping right through it. The sight was so funny, we all had a good laugh and then went back to bed. It wasn't until the next morning that we found the screen to the door had been cut. Evidently someone was in the process of breaking in but thought better of it when Buddy sounded the alarm.

We began catching up for lost time, with family picnics and family fun. One of my lasting contributions was to teach the family the morse code signal for Z, da da dit dit -- two longs and two shorts of anything -- whistles, car honks, etc. It became the family signal and very handy whenever we wanted to get another's attention in a crowded store, at parks, wherever. Wilbur followed suit and uses it still with his family.

Herman Borden (sister Belle's husband) gave us a 1926 Buick Coupe shortly after the war. It had a rumble seat! It was a good old car -- a black and green Roadster with a turtle back. It seems, if memory serves me right, that something went wrong with the motor that couldn't be fixed because parts were not available. That wasn't my first car, though, there was one before it. I think it was about 1938 or so that I was stationed on the west coast and bought a 1923 or 1924 Studebaker Commadore for \$40.00. It was a four door and while I was dating Savilla and the kids in San Diego where she was living with her sister, we all piled into it and had a great time.

The door handle on the right rear door was loose and swivel-
led, so you had to be careful not to slam the front door on
it when it was out of position. Sally did that and was afraid
I'd be mad. It meant a lot to her that I wasn't and she
kept that door handle for a remembrance. It was a big sou-
venir with her and it must still be around somewhere. We
just closed the door and it stayed closed from then on.
There was no way to open it. Loved that car. It was a real
goodie. It burned oil like mad, but it got us there no strain.

After the Buick we were given by Herman, we bought the blue
1937 Dodge Coupe from my friend Carl Larse. He was another
Navy acquaintance, but mostly the acquaintance was that of
our wives, who as Navy wives in wartime, were a source of
help to each other. Anyway, he sold me the car for \$700.00
with nothing down and pay as we could. That's the one I
named the Calalilly for reasons I can't remember. It's the
one Wilbur frequently drove while dating, the one I drove
into the ditch, and the one that was totaled when we had a
wreck in Los Angeles. Wilbur was driving, Dorothy and Donna
were in the front seat with him, and Sally and I were
stretched out in the trunk with all the picnic food, the door
propped slightly open to give us air. Some dummy was looking
at a pretty girl and rammed us from behind while we were
stopped at a stop light. Sally's injuries were quite severe.
That accident probably occurred about 1949. I drove it into
the ditch earlier. Wilbur and Donna had been out on a date
and had come to Long Beach Navy Base to pick me up at midnight
when my shift ended. It was very foggy. We came to a place
where there were two lights to indicate the roadway -- I
thought. Made a left turn slowly to approach the Commodore
Heim Bridge turn off. We made the left turn about twenty feet
too soon and found ourselves at the bottom of a declevity.
There was no chance to get back out because the radiator was
pushed against the fan. I walked back to the Naval Station,
found the Officer of the Deck and told him about it and that
I had the kids with me. He arranged for a Navy Patrol car to
take us all home and with the help of a tow truck the next day,
I retrieved my Calalilly.

I had come home from the war alive and without injuries, but
had taken a toll on me just the same. I'd developed stomach
ulcers! I was hospitalized for six weeks in 1948 in the Long
Beach Navy Hospital, but that wasn't the end of them, and I
continued to suffer for a few more years with them. More on
that later.

I finished twenty-one years of active service in the Navy and
was transferred to Fleet Reserves as a Chief Petty Officer.
It was July 7, 1948 and I was only forty one years old --
young enough to start a new career. I would like to have
found a civilian job as a radioman, but didn't have the
required knowledge to repair the equipment. I was a user

only. So it was back to school to learn something else. I first went to sheet metal training but lacked the ability to visualize something on the other side of a curve. It wasn't working out so I went to the counselor for evaluation. The counselor recommended dentistry or chiropractic. Not interested. Dug further and they said try air conditioning, refrigeration. About that time Sally was getting pretty tired of working. So I persevered and graduated in 1951 from Long Beach City College with an AA degree in refrigeration. I never worked in refrigeration, but what I learned did help me later on.

It was while I was attending refrigeration classes at Long Beach City College that I had an unusual learning experience. It was the custom of students to go to an auction in Long Beach to pick up haywire refrigerators to repair. We would buy them, work on them, gain experience and hopefully a little profit from the resale thereof. On this one day in particular, everything was sold except thirteen old fashioned ice boxes. The auctioneer asked for bids and no one said anything. In the spirit of devilment I said "two bits" and quick as a wink the auctioneer said "Sold!" So I was stuck with thirteen ice boxes. A friend loaned me his help and his pick up truck. You should have seen our back yard! I dismantled all but three as fast as I could and salvaged the hinges, handles etc. I used the other three for storage cabinets in the garage. So don't play wise guy with an auctioneer.

Things had changed at home. Wilbur married in July of 1948, right after I retired from active duty. Since Dorothy didn't drive, it fell my lot to get her to all of her school and Church activities. I didn't mind. Even so, our household was crowded because we usually had Pop or Sally's mother living with us and sometimes both of them at the same time. Pop was blind and Belle needed some relief from looking after him. Also, she had a responsibility to Herman. Herman, by the way, died suddenly in 1948. He was a dealer in antiques. One of my lasting regrets about Sally's mother, Leila Long, is that I never encouraged her to play the piano. She was shy and retiring and perhaps sometime I criticized a wrong note or something. I'm sure had I urged her, she would have played the piano we had and brought pleasure to herself as well as to all of us. We missed having Wilbur around, but made do the best we could. I remember that in 1949 I made Dorothy's birthday cake. It fell and I tied it together with string. It was a big success and we had a lot of fun over it.

Having completed school, it became necessary for me to look for work, an unpleasant job at best. I remember Sally and I had driven into the Douglas Aircraft parking lot in Long Beach, but somehow ended up in the part that was leased to North American Aviation Corporation. I went into the hiring section and laid my credentials on the table and he said the *

He got The job.

* There is evidently a page missing

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between p. 24 and p. 25. After so many years it can't be located and must be
lost forever. So, Seven

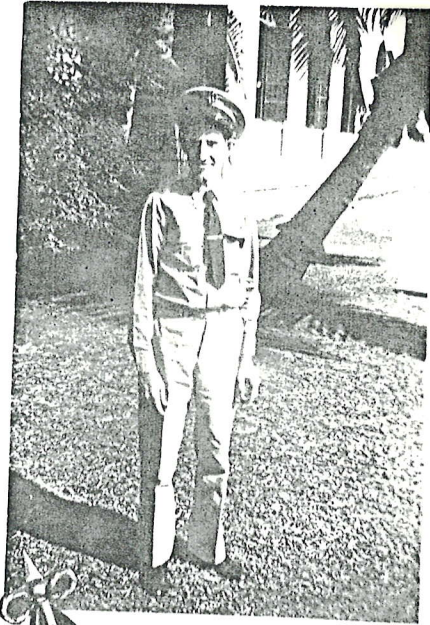
(Square dance group - The Lazy Eights)

of a Camp Hi Hill Rendezvous for square dancers. There were about sixteen couples. On the last night we were there, after all the baloney had been shot, we turned in; the men in one section of the cabin and the women in the other. I kissed all the ladies goodnight so they could never say they hadn't been kissed by a Sailor. At the party and dance in my honor, they presented me with two records of square dance calls by our caller, Jones. He sure was a good caller. Naturally a final word was expected from me but I was speechless. I was unable to get up and say a single word of appreciation and thank you. I was emotionally devastated and the silence was deafening. Someone finally took pity on me and broke the silence.

Fortunately, North American would give me a furlough from my job to re-enter active duty in the Navy at Uncle Sam's call, with my seniority continuing and the promise of my job back when I returned. I didn't want to go but had no choice. They asked me for three places I wouldn't mind going. I put down three -- not including Norfolk, Virginia. Nobody wants to go there. So of course, that's where I was sent. Norfolk has a name in the service that I can't repeat here but mainly because of the high humidity, no one goes there by choice. We rented out our house, took our little Plymouth, and wended our way across the country.

We arrived in Norfolk and I went to work doing the best job I could of teaching new radio communicators the basics of receiving and sending international code and typing. That is a big joke in the family because of the way I type -- not according to the "book". But I used the illustrations and a pointer and actually taught them to typewrite right. One of the two girls in the class looked like Dorothy and I was lonesome for my family. I told one of the girls about my square dancing experience and actually cried -- I was so lonesome for squaring. How embarrassing!

After having had someone living with us all the time, you'd think Sally and I would have loved having this time alone together, but nothing is enjoyable in Norfolk! The only thing we liked about it was going to a movie to escape the heat. Then too, we were worried about our parents. While we were there my father died (December 23, 1952). Belle had had the sad burden of caring for him, as she had our mother. Sally's mother was with her sister, Nellie, and her health steadily got worse while we were gone. In fact, Sally had to return home early because of her mother. I finished up my time and drove home solo in eighty hours -- almost non-stop. I had never had a problem with "sea legs" when returning to shore, but after this long stint of non-stop driving, the road was seemingly going up and down for a week after. Why did I do it? I wanted to get home -- simply that.



However, I couldn't be released from the Navy right away to return to civilian life because my ulcers were acting up. In fact, I had to go to the San Diego Naval Hospital for ulcer surgery, this in May of 1953. They removed seventy percent of my stomach! This required some extensive recuperation and I was finally detached from active duty status at ten a.m. on August 22, 1953, nineteen months after my recall.

While I was recuperating, Sally wanted a little vacation trip so we spent three weeks at Sequoia and Yosemite National Parks. She tried very hard to put the tent up by herself because of my condition. But I laughed so hard at her efforts that she finally ordered me to come and help. We had a wonderful vacation together, which we needed because of the hard times behind us and the hard ones still ahead in giving care to her mother.

I returned to my job at North American in Downey, California. Before going to Norfolk I had been transferred from the Long Beach facility to the one in Downey. Things were fine at work, but sadly, our square dance group could never be the same again. In fact, it broke up because the caller had fallen for one of the married members of the group and two marriages had broken up as a result. We never again did much square dancing after our return from Norfolk, to our lasting regret. Sally cared for her mother in our home until it became necessary to place her in a convalescent hospital in Los Alamitos, California. She died there not too long after.

Another long term friendship was formed at North American. Clarence Gulbranson and I became friends and fortunately our wives hit it off too so we had a lot of good times together. We still make contact occasionally.

After working for a few years at Downey, I was transferred to the Van Nuys plant because they needed an electrician there. So we rented our house again and bought another one in Van Nuys about one hundred and thirty paces from my work station. The first thing I did was cause an explosion of one of the main distribution points. I felt so deeply shocked I walked over to the time clock and punched out. The Foreman told me that I didn't have to do that and to punch back in, which I did and so was privileged to remain at North American Aviation. About a year after that I managed to get a transfer back to Downey. I worked for about six months at Chatsworth for North American creating propulsion equipment and space capsules. They tested them there in the Santa Susanna Mountains. So I worked on the early space program as an electrician. The distance and traffic from Long Beach to Chatsworth were a bit hard to endure and so was glad to return to Downey. I watched a couple of test firings, but no actual launchings.

I had been attending Church with Sally for many years so most ward members (of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints) thought I was a member. So some of them were plenty surprised with I was baptized on November 3, 1962. Son, Wilbur, who was then an Elder, baptized me, making the occasion extra special. Sally, children, and grandchildren rejoiced that I had finally come around to taking this step. My days at the convent as a child had been a deterrant. My Church activity increased, of course, and I found myself involved in many ward and quorum activities. I did (and do) my duty as a home teacher, taught several classes, gave several talks, and was a counselor in the Elder's Quorum.

This is one of the talks I gave that has been saved. Date given not known:

My dear Brothers and Sisters:

I am grateful for the opportunity to bear my testimony tonight that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God.

When I study and read of His life, I feel very humble and inadequate, but from Him I draw strength and inspiration for the performance of my duties as an Elders Quorum President.

Let us recall that when a lawyer asked Jesus, "Which is the greatest commandment in the Law?", Jesus said to him: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, on these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets".

Not only did everything in the Law and the Prophets depend on love, but everything that Jesus taught depended on love.

Toward the close of his ministry, on the occasion when he had taught humility by the washing of feet, Jesus said to his disciples: "A new commandment I give to you - that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love for one another".

It's a simple thing to understand what these words mean, but it is not so simple to translate them into action and to practice this fundamental Christian law of love and service. From the very beginning we have a tendency to separate our work from our faith,

our profession from our practice. It is so easy to give mental consent and then feel we have discharged our responsibility. Priesthood practice is more than Priesthood theory.

I am blessed by having two fine men for counselors, and another for secretary. Without their help I would find the going extremely difficult, and I want them to know how very much I love and appreciate them. I am also grateful to the other Elders and people who have helped me in so many ways.

We hear so much these days about POWER! Every day the newspapers quote "World Power, White Power, Black Power, and today's paper has an article about Green Power". Well, I want to say we have the greatest POWER on earth! POWER OF THE PRIESTHOOD! and the most perfect man who ever lived as our leader - Jesus the Christ.

I have been told there has been a considerable change in me since I joined the Church. I used to wonder why people gave so much of their time and money to the Church. I wondered why the Church so strongly stressed the Word of Wisdom. I wondered why my wife, my children, the Bishop, the Missionaries and various other Church members were so concerned about me. As Bill Cosby said - I Been Good - I thought!

As time went by, reasoning made the Gospel of Jesus Christ true in my mind, and I finally came to have a testimony.

I recall my pre-church days when I smoked and my wife married me in spite of that. I would light a cigaret and suddenly find my loving wife on my lap and I would temporarily forget my cigaret. When I came around to it my cigaret had burned out.

Later on I had the privilege of attending the Temple where my step-daughter chose to be sealed to her mother and me. That was a very real thrill, and something that would never have come to me had not others cared enough to help me find the way.

Jesus set the example, and to Him I turn in prayer for strength, health, and wisdom to carry out the responsibilities of my office. and I say these things humbly, in His name.

AMEN

Just as I had always helped Sally with her Church work, she in turn helped me, especially while I was the Elder's Quorum president during the late sixties. I remember well the ward social the Elder's Quorum was in charge of. I've always been nutty about barbershop singing so it seemed a natural for a program I was responsible for. Sally designed and made, with help from Dorothy and Nellie, darling little table decorations that depicted barbershop singers. There was a ward dinner too, and the whole night was a huge success. Sally and I were interested in and involved in genealogical research also, and in the helping of others in this task.

Things were going along pretty well when interrupted again by illness -- mine again. In early February, 1964, I had a heart attack. I felt no pain but was weary and fell asleep constantly. I expected to only be laid up six weeks, but it stretched to four months! In April the doctor finally told me that the prognosis at first of three weeks in the hospital and three weeks at home and I'd be able to go back to work was just a soft approach to a man in the midst of a heart attack. Finally, in June, I went to the doctor and was given a written release to go back to work with no restrictions. The EKG's showed a blood clot, which my medico said was a permanent thing. I didn't feel any ill effects. No pains at all - ever... All in all, I think I was a very lucky man. Off work for four months and eight days. Quite a vacation! My health is usually good -- no headaches or arthritis, but it seems that when something does go wrong, it is something major.

Sally and I went to the Los Angeles Temple on July 17, 1965. Dorothy thought her step-pop was a bit of all right, even to the point of going with us to the temple to be sealed to us. Wilbur did so at a later date.

I was president of the Ward Choir for a while and after I was ordained a High Priest by President V.J. Sponberg on August 29, 1976, served as Assistant High Priest Group Leader. Following is my line of authority as given me by President Sponberg:

Line of Authority

V. JAY SPONBERG was ordained a High Priest August 30, 1953 by Matthew Cowley.
MATTHEW COWLEY was ordained an Apostle October 11, 1945 by George Albert Smith.
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH was ordained an Apostle October 8, 1903 by Joseph F. Smith
JOSEPH F. SMITH was ordained an Apostle July 1, 1866 by Brigham Young
BRIGHAM YOUNG was ordained an Apostle February 14, 1835 under the hands of the Three Witnesses, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris.

THE THREE WITNESSES were called by revelation to choose the Twelve Apostles and on February 14, 1835 were "blessed by the laying on of the hands of the Presidency", Joseph Smith Jr., Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, to ordain the Twelve Apostles. (History of the Church, Vol 2, pp. 187-188)

JOSEPH SMITH, JR. and OLIVER COWDERY received the Melchizedek Priesthood in 1829 under the hands of Peter, James and John.

PETER, JAMES and JOHN were ordained Apostles by the Lord Jesus Christ. (John 15:16)

We always felt the need of a pet and for many years had a little black dog named Sheba. It seemed she was more Sally's pet than mine, although I enjoyed her. But my heart was still true to Buddy, and would remain so. Next we got a white toy poodle named Champ (short for Champagne) and later Cocoa, a cocoa colored toy poodle. Again, these were more Sally's pets than mine.

We had several cars over the years, that don't seem of enough importance to list. They served the need but didn't create any great fondness. However, in 1971 we bought a new American Motors Rambler Ambassador, the brougham model. It was absolutely the best in every way and we loved it. We had a wonderful vacation that year! We went to San Antonio to visit the eighty acre farm that Sally's dad once owned. We visited her childhood haunts, school etc. Then we went to St. Louis, saw the Arch etc. and on to Nebraska to the areas where she once lived. We went on to visit her Aunt Viola in Loveland, Colorado and then to Mapleton, Utah to visit Dorothy, Broadie, and family. We traveled nearly six-thousand miles that trip.

I'm not quite clear on when we took the trip to Washington and Canada to visit points of my childhood but it must have been somewhere around this same period of time. Highlight of that trip was going to the dreaded Catholic Convent where I had spent those two years of my childhood. The Mother Superior there was able to find and show me my signature in an old roll book from that time.

By this time I had retired from North American and having two pensions, we expected to be able to enjoy traveling to our heart's content. With that in mind, we bought a little travel trailer in the fall of 1972. I remember taking only one trip with that trailer. That was the trip to Yellowstone National Park. Laurie went along and we had a wonderful time. The rest of the Jones Clan joined us for part of that trip and it is a pleasant memory.



*Savilla Evelyn (Long) and
Jesse Ralph Walton*



Ralph Walton and
Savilla Evelyn Long Walton
(Mom and Dad)



Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Walton

The Shy Bride
 Mildred Clara Henley Blanchard
 and
 Jesse Ralph Walton



Sally's health had never been robust. She suffered terribly from migraine headaches and had had various other problems through the years, including major surgery a couple of times. But her most serious illness was ahead. In July, 1973, cancer of the lymph system was diagnosed and the next four years were difficult indeed. She had cared for me in my illnesses and I did the same for her, to the best of my ability. Sally died August 29, 1977 and my lonely time began.

Shortly after Sally died, I bought a new American Motors car but still loved the Ambassador best. So when I started out on a cross country trip -- I took the Ambassador. On my lonely trip I visited friends and relatives far and wide. I thought the freedom of finally being able to travel would ease the loneliness, but it didn't. When I came home I sold the Ambassador to Donna and drove the other exclusively. But it has never been such a joy to drive as the Ambassador and after nine years I only have twenty-five thousand miles on the odometer!

Maude Rowan, one of Sally's good friends from the Church, decided to do something about my loneliness, or try to anyway, and invited me to dinner where I was paired up with another friend of hers, Mildred Clara Blanchard. We hit it off right away because we had so much in common. her deceased husband had been a career Coast Guard man and those similar experiences gave us no end of things to talk about. It was so good to have female companionship again and I pursued her pretty relentlessly until finally she agreed to marry me. We were married in the Long Beach Fourth Ward building by Bishop Barton on May 11, 1978. Mildred's daughter, Kay and her husband, Bob, were in attendance, as were both of my kids and their spouses and quite a few of our grandchildren. We both agreed we would be satisfied if only blessed with five years together. We're approaching our ninth anniversary and still going strong, so feel blessed indeed.

We've both had some health problems in the past nine years, but there have been lots of pleasures too. I sold my house on Golden and moved into Mildred's house on Delta, in Long Beach, where we are quite comfortable. Mildred has had eye surgery twice, resulting in some improvement to her vision, which has been a great relief to her. I had emergency open heart surgery in 1982, which really gave us both a scare. From then on until almost the present, I suffered nausea, which was not pleasant to live with and kept my weight below normal. Then in April 1985, while having surgery to correct a hernia, they discovered colon cancer, which was removed with a sizeable section of colon. As I said, I don't seem to have minor illnesses. I'd rather have a headache!

In September of 1983, Mildred and I flew to Detroit, Michigan, where we were met my Wilbur and Donna, who were living there

for a few years. We had a wonderful trip with them to the Upper Peninsula where Mildred had once lived. Then in 1984 we flew together to Wrangell, Alaska to visit my childhood haunts. I hadn't been there since a little child. We found that the school which I had attended is now a museum. The Church I remembered attending was still there. My two old buddies who had remained in the area, were dead, I learned. But it was a wonderful experience for me. The hospitality of that small community was tremendous. The local newspaper even interviewed me and printed an article about me and the things I remembered about the town of Wrangell. We went to Juneau also, where I'd lived briefly as a child, but there was little there I could recognize.

This is a copy of a short talk I once gave in our High Priest Class in Priesthood Meeting:

"I've had three wives -- but not all at one time. Number one was a one-time beauty contest winner who led an unhappy life into which I will not delve. Number two was one that many of you gentlemen present have had the pleasure of knowing, she having been work leader in Relief Society -- name of Savilla (Sally) Walton, whom sadly, I lost to cancer in August, 1976.

My third is Mildred Clara, as of 1978, and a rare jewel she is. In early May of last year I underwent a quadruple heart bypass, losing a considerable amount of blood in the process. I was given two quarts of blood in transfusion. There must have been something wrong with that blood because nausea has been my slowly diminishing companion since then. In fact, I found it hard to eat at all in the hospital. My Mildred, knowing I'm an oatmeal nut, cooked a mess at home and brought it to me at the hospital early one morning with no fanfare -- only love and permission of the doctors to bring it to me. A real inspiration, it was. I was able to keep it down and started on my way to recovery. Thank you, Mildred, wherever you are!

That pretty well brings us up to date, except that I want to elaborate a bit about my grandchildren. Being a grandparent has brought me many joys and some regrets. The greatest regret is that Dorothy and Broadie moved their family all the way to Utah, thus taking away the opportunity of spending quantity time with their children -- especially their youngest ones.

I regret that I don't know Mark, Jay, Scott, and Matthew as well as I'd like. And I take my share of the blame for that, though distance was surely the greatest culprit. I know when

we've been together, I've spent the greater amount of time with the granddaughters, neglecting the grandsons. I feel sorry about that, yet I know of a certainty that but for the distance between us, the grandsons and I would just naturally have had many good times together. I would have taught them Morse Code, to harmonize, to make willow whistles, to play the ukulele, would have played word games with them etc. It would have happened had we been nearer together, longer, and more often. I know it would have and I wish it had -- for me, as well as for them.

A big part of the problem was losing Sally. She always took the lead in remembering the birthdays and special events of children and grandchildren. I had depended on her for that and when she was gone I didn't even know how to begin. I neglected to keep up the traditions we had begun together. I regret that.

But there remain many joys and I love each of my children and grandchildren very, very much. Each is special in his or her own way and the great blessing of my life is being loved in return by those I love. There follows a nutshell comment to or about each of those I hold most dear, as of my birthday, 1987.

MILDRED: Thank you for marrying me, careing for me, and loving me back.

WILBUR: He was always a good kid -- no trouble.

DOROTHY: She was a cute little squirt. She's been a nice kid. It seemed to me her eyes were bottomless. You could look into them and look way into the distance. The depth of a waterwell. She loved tricks, jokes, etc. yet always got them backwards when she tried to tell or demonstrate them.

ANDREA: My first grandchild. She was a joy and apparently she thought I was too.

RANDY: My fond memory of Randy is of taking him to the Pike when a youngster and telling him he could have his choice of any three rides. He stood there with his eyes just alive with anticipation. He grabbed his shirt front with both hands and just shook it in pure joy. He was "King for a Day."

DAN: I remember when we had little seedlings in the ground that we very much wanted to get rid of. We offered Danny a penny for each nodule root plant he could come up with. Boy, he really went to it and in a while came in with so many we couldn't afford to pay him -- had to cut the price. His grandma made the prediction that he would become a millionaire.

CHRISTINE: She had the best ears of anyone in the world. We couldn't sneak any goodies for the adults after the kids had gone to bed. At the first rattle of paper, Chris was up and out in front.

LAURIE: Laurie Love -- because she was/is a love. She was crazy about baseball. Always saying: "Let's play ball, Grandpa." She was the siren type -- all the little boys loved her. We share love of music.

LARRY: I love the memory of when he was 3 or 4 and I took him to town to see Santa Claus and to have his picture taken with him. He introduced himself by saying: "I'm Larry Wilbur Bliss, Sunbeam." He had just become a Sunbeam (class in Church) and was very proud. Larry was a gentle kid -- amusing. Shared my love of words and my love of music.

JANAE: Sally called her the Sunshine Girl. When we were visiting their family I used to sing her a wake-up song:

Wake with the buttercups,
Come on get up, get up,
Here comes the sun.
Open your sleepy eyes
Look at the blazing skies,
Here comes the sun.
Turn your back on the night
Morning's cheerful and bright,
Not a shadow in your way
This is your day.
Wake with the singing birds
Shout out those lucky words
Here comes the sun.
Lovers go hand in hand,
This is the promised land,
Daydreams are spun.
Laugh, your sorrows are over,
Half the battle is won.
Life's no gloomy race,
Light your happy face,
Here comes the sun.

BONNIE: Bonnie Boo -- what can I say about you? One thing I remember about her was that she loved milk. Because of so many spills, Dorothy had given up on milk. When I was there, I'd get some milk anyhow and especially for Bonnie. Bonnie is artistic, and I've saved things she made for me.

MARK: On trip to N. Carolina to pick up their Grandma Mitchell, I had some real enjoyable times with Mark. He was a very pleasant kid -- unassuming and pliable.

JAY: My namesake. The big thing with Jay was getting him to empty the wastebasket. I reminded him to help him keep out of trouble with his parents. It's become a by-word between us now. He was always a good boy -- probably didn't need my help after all.

SHAUNA: Very loving, very delicate, quiet and shy. Remember taking her to ZCMI to choose something special for herself. Of all things, she chose a colored chapstick!

SCOTT: A boistrous boy --just full of fun and nonsense and great fun to be around. Wish I'd been around him more!

MATTHEW: Matthew always has a twinkle in his eye and loves jokes a lot. Affectionate and sensitive.

BROADIE AND DONNA: (Son-in-law and daughter-in-law) Don't want to leave either of you out even though I'm sure you both know that I love and admire you and appreciate your being an important part of our family.

And ditto to the spouses of all my grandchildren. You're a great bunch!

I don't know how to end this except to say that I'm very happy for the relationship I've had and have with each one of you and that I hope it continues for a long, long while, during this life and on into eternity.

WN signing Off

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PARTY FOR JAY'S 80TH BIRTHDAY --Jan. 31, 1987

NARRATOR (RANDY): TODAY WE HAVE JOINED TOGETHER TO HONOR THE 80TH BIRTHDAY OF JESSE RALPH WALTON, OUR FATHER, GRANDFATHER, GREAT GRANDFATHER - AND - PATRIARCH OF OUR FAMILY.

JAY IS REVERED FOR MANY REASONS -- ONE BEING HIS LOVE OF MUSIC AND KNACK FOR HAVING AN APPROPRIATE SONG FOR EACH AND EVERY OCCASION. NOTHING TRUER CAN BE SAID OF JAY THAN THAT HE ALWAYS HAS A SONG IN HIS HEART.

THEREFORE WE DECIDED ON A MUSICAL TRIBUTE FOR THE OCCASION (HOPING HE WILL EXCUSE OUR POETIC LICENSE). WE HAVE ASKED JAY TO BEGIN THIS PARTY IN HIS HONOR BY SINGING A SONG APPROPRIATELY TITLED: "WITH A SONG IN MY HEART"

JAY: (ACCOMPANYING HIMSELF ON THE UKELELE) "WITH A SONG IN MY HEART"

NARRATOR: JAY'S EARLY DAYS WERE LOOSLY SUPERVISED AND THERE WERE SOME CLOSE CALLS AS HE PLAYED AROUND THIS COUNTRY'S NORTHERN WATER WAYS. HE, OF COURSE, WAS OBLIVIOUS TO THE DANGERS AND EVEN TRIED HIS FOOT AT LOG-WALKING, ON FLOATING LOGS, AS HE'D SEEN THE LUMBERJACKS DO. 'NEARLY DROWNED THAT TIME! BUT HIS LOVE OF WATER AND ADVENTURE REMAINED INTACT.

ALL THIS FREEDOM ILL PREPARED HIM FOR THE TIGHT RESTRICTIONS OF LIVING IN A CATHOLIC CONVENT WHEN HE WAS ABOUT EDWARD'S AGE (8 or 9). HE WAS HOMESICK, OUT OF PLACE, -- AND HE HATED IT THERE.

ONE OF THE NUNS, THOUGH, FOUND A SOLUTION TO ONE OF HIS PROBLEMS. EDWARD WILL DEMONSTRATE WHILE WE RELATE THE STORY IN SONG. NO FAIR, BY THE WAY, LOOKING AHEAD IN YOUR SONG SHEETS)

GROUP SONG: "ARE YOU SLEEPING"

SKIT: EDWARD AND "MOTHER SUPERIOR"

(They act out the way the nun tied a string around his big toe which she yanked during the night to wake him up.)

NARRATOR: JAY EVEN THINKS IT PROBABLE THAT HIS TIME THERE, ~~AND FORCED~~
DIET ~~WERE~~ WHERE HIS INTENSE DISLIKE FOR CHEESE BEGAN -- THAT
ANNOYING PHOBIA THAT HAS DISTRESSED HIS COOKS THROUGH THESE
MANY YEARS.

THAT WRETCHED PERIOD OF HIS LIFE OVER, JESSE AGAIN WAND-
ERED HAPPILY AND FREELY, OFTEN ACCOMPANYING HIS DAD, FROM THE
COLD NORTHERN LUMBER CAMPS TO THE WARMTH OF SOUTHERN CALIFOR-
NIA.

AT ABOUT THE APPROPRIATE TIME, HE BEGAN NOTICING GIRLS
AND DEVELOPING HIS WINNINGLY ROMANTIC WAYS -- WITH MUSIC,
OF COURSE. PICTURE HIM -- ON THE WATER AGAIN -- BUT THIS
TIME IN A BOAT -- WITH A GIRL (NO DOUBT ONE OF MANY), HIS
UKELELE, -- AND HIS EVER READY SONG. JAY WILL RELIVE THAT
TIME FOR US AS HE SINGS AND PLAYS "MOONLIGHT BAY."

JAY: "MOONLIGHT BAY"

NARRATOR: WELL, EVERY YOUNG MAN MUST EARN A LIVING -- AND HOW FOR
JAY BUT ON THE WATER? AFTER ALL:

THE SAILOR'S LIFE IS BOLD AND FREE
HIS HOME IS ON THE ROLLING SEA.
AND NE'RE A HEART MORE TRUE OR BRAVE
THAN HIS WHO LAUNCHES ON THE WAVE.
AFAR HE SPEEDS IN DISTANT CLIMES TO ROAM --
WITH JOYOUS SONGS -- HE RIDES THE SPARKLING FOAM.

GROUP SONG: "SAILING, SAILING"

(Valerie can get the children ready during this song -- either
someone else can accompany us or we can sing it without any)

MICHELLE, EDWARD, TIFFANY, RACHEL, TANNER: "ANCHORS AWEIGH"

GROUP SONG: (SING WITH CHILDREN 2ND TIME THROUGH) "ANCHORS AWEIGH"

NARRATOR: THE LOVE OF WATER, MUSIC, AND ADVENTURE UNITED IN THOSE EARLY NAVY DAYS AND JAY, AND A TRIO HE SANG WITH, OFTEN ENTERTAINED THE CREW OF THE SHIPS ON WHICH HE SAILED. HE WAS A RADIOMAN -- NOT A GUNNER, WHICH IN PART EXPLAINS THIS STORY WILBUR WILL TELL.

WILBUR: SHIPBOARD TALE ABOUT SAY POUNDING A HOLE IN A LIVE BULLET, WHICH EXPLODED, NARROWLY MISSING A SHIPMATE.

NARRATOR: BUT JAY WASN'T ALWAYS AT SEA -- THERE WERE THOSE TIMES ON SHORE. AND HE IN HIS "BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS, COAT OF NAVY BLUE" -- AND ROMANTIC WAY -- WON OVER THE HEART THAT BROUGHT HIM INTO OUR FAMILY.

THERE WERE SOME INTERESTING TIMES AS OUR FREEDOM LOVING HERO ADJUSTED TO FATHERHOOD. FOR EXAMPLE -- THERE WAS THE TIME, WHILE THEY WERE IN NEW YORK, THAT HE DECIDED TO TAKE THE FAMILY TO THE 1939 WORLD'S FAIR -- ON THE VERY LAST DAY IT WAS OPEN.

GROUP SONG: "SUBWAYS OF NEW YORK"

NARRATOR: THEY FINALLY DID MAKE IT AND THOUGH DOROTHY REMEMBERS IT NOT -- WILBUR REMEMBERS WITH APPRECIATION HAVING BEEN THERE AND HAS OFTEN MENTIONED IT DURING THE PASSING YEARS.

JAY ALSO TOOK THE FAMILY BOATING, TEACHING WILBUR EXPERT "ROWMANSHIP" AND FOR ONE (ONLY ONE) HORSEBACK RIDE.

GROUP SONG: "PLEASE SAUNTER" OR "LOOSE RIDER ON THE TRAIL"

NARRATOR: JAY EXPECTED TO BE MOSTLY IN PORT FOR AWHILE -- NEAR HIS FAMILY. HE HAD SPENT A LOT OF TIME AT SEA DURING HIS 8 YEARS ON THE USS ARIZONA AND NOW WAS ON THE USS HARRISON.

THE ARIZONA YOU'VE HEARD OF. WHEN JAPAN BOMBED PEARL HARBOR IN DEC. 1941 - MANY OF JAY'S FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES WENT DOWN WITH HER. SHE REMAINS AT THE BOTTOM - A WELL VISITED HAWAIIAN ISLAND SHRINE TO THIS INFAMOUS EVENT THAT BEGAN OUR WAR WITH JAPAN.

NARRATOR: A WELL USED WARTIME SLOGAN WAS "REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR."
JAY HAD MORE REASON THAN MOST TO REMEMBER THE TRAGEDY OF THAT
DAY.

IT ALSO ENDED ALL LEAVES FOR THE DURATION AND CAUSED AN
ALMOST INSTANT FAREWELL TO THOSE HE HELD DEAR. ANDREA'S
SONG WILL RECALL THAT SAD TIME.

ANDREA: "NOW IS THE HOUR"

NARRATOR: THE MONTHS GREW INTO YEARS -- AND WORRY AND LONELINESS
WERE THE NATIONAL EMOTIONS. A PRE-TEEN-AGE DOROTHY --
DUBBED "DORLENE" BY HIM (a combination of Dorothy & Ilene) --
DREAMED WISTFULLY OF HER DADDY JAY.

GROUP SONG: "MY DADDY SAILS OVER THE OCEAN"

NARRATOR: FOR WILBUR'S PART -- HE FELT DEEPLY THE RESPONSIBILITIES
OF BEING THE MAN IN THE HOUSE.

GROUP SONG: "I'VE BEEN HOLDING DOWN THE HOME FRONT"

NARRATOR: FOR HIS WIFE THERE WERE OTHER FRUSTRATIONS BESIDES
LONELINESS.

GROUP SONG: "JAY WALTON, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME"

NARRATOR: AFTER FOUR YEARS OF SEPARATION, THE WAR YEARS WERE FIN-
ALLY OVER.

GROUP SONG: "AFTER THE WAR" (Narrator -- please tell them first
verse only)

NARRATOR: WELL, THE WAR WAS OVER, BUT
A NEW ONE WAS JUST BEGINNING.
AS THE FATHER OF TEENAGERS
MANY THINGS HE WAS NOW LEARNING.
AND FIRST AND FOREMOST -- IN FACT BEFORE MEALS,
HE FOUND THAT TEENAGERS - CANNOT SURVIVE WITHOUT WHEELS!

NARRATOR: SO-----

GROUP SONG: SECOND VERSE OF "AFTER THE WAR"

NARRATOR: THEY BOUGHT A HOUSE IN LONG BEACH AND INDEED, DID BUY A
CAR -- NAMED THE "CALALILLY"^{By} - GUESS WHO?

GROUP SONG: "CALALILLY BUILT FOR TWO"

NARRATOR: REMEMBER THE SUBWAYS OF NEW YORK? WELL DADDY JAY COULD
GET THE FAMILY LOST JUST AS EASILY IN THE WILDERNESS
OF CALIFORNIA. ONE OF^T TOLD AND WELL LOVED STORY IS HOW HE
GOT THEM LOST IN A GOLF COURSE ON THE WAY TO A MOVIE!

MUSIC, AS ALWAYS, WAS IMPORTANT AND SQUARE DANCING AND
BARBERSHOP SINGING BECAME CHERISHED PARTS OF HIS LIFE.

BARBERSHOP? JAY'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION WOULDN'T
BE COMPLETE WITHOUT SOME BARBERSHOP SINGING. LET'S LISTEN
TO SOME BARBERSHOP IN HIS HONOR.

BARBERSHOP NUMBER:

(SOMETHING FROM THE MUSIC MAN)

NARRATOR: JAY BEGAN A NEW CAREER WITH NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION COMPANY
AND BEGAN LOOKING TOWARD THE SKY INSTEAD OF THE SEA. HE DREAMED
OF SPACE FLIGHTS INSTEAD OF OCEAN VOYAGES AS HE PARTICIPATED IN
THE BUILDING OF SPACE CAPSULES -- INCLUDING AMERICA'S FIRST
MANNED SPACECRAFT.

JAY'S LIFE TOOK ON A REALLY NEW DIMENSION WHEN HE JOINED
THE CHURCH IN 1962. HE HAD THOUGHT HIMSELF SOURED ON RELIGION
AFTER HIS CONVENT DAYS BUT THE SIMPLE TRUTHS OF THE GOSPEL
TOUCHED A RESPONSIVE CORD IN HIS HEART.

GROUP SONG: "I AM A CHILD OF GOD"

NARRATOR: SOME OF YOU MIGHT RECALL THAT PRESIDENT MC KAY ASKED THAT THE ORIGINAL LYRICS OF THAT SONG BE CHANGED FROM "TEACH ME ALL THAT I MUST KNOW" TO -- "TEACH ME ALL THAT I MUST DO -- TO LIVE WITH HIM SOMEDAY.

THAT EMPHASIS HAS ALWAYS BEEN RIGHT FOR JAY -- NEVER A GOSPEL SCHOLAR -- BUT ALWAYS A GOSPEL DO-ER. HE IS ALWAYS DEPENDABLE IN HIS PRIESTHOOD ASSIGNMENTS -- WITH A SPECIALTY IN HELPING THOSE IN NEED OF HELP -- WILLINGLY AND CHEERFULLY. AND THAT, WE ARE TAUGHT, IS RELIGION IN ITS PUREST FORM.

JAY HAS AND DOES SET A WORTHY EXAMPLE FOR HIS DESCENDENTS TO FOLLOW.

IT SEEMED THE FAMILY WAS JUST GETTING SETTLED IN AFTER THE WAR WHEN SUDDENLY THE KIDS BEGAN LEAVING. WILBUR IN 1948 AND DOROTHY IN 1951.

BUT THE GRANDCHILDREN BEGAN ARRIVING AND TO HIS SURPRISE--- BEING A GRANDPA WAS RIGHT DOWN HIS ALLEY. A WHOLE NEW GENERATION TO TEACH THE APPRECIATION OF MUSIC.

DAVID: "I'M A LITTLE TEAPOT"

DOROTHY'S FAMILY:

- (1) Tape by Jones children still at home. Mark narrated and spoke of good times on trip with Grandpa. Shauna played the piano, Jay joked about emptying the trash and read a favorite poem. Scott played the trumpet and Matthew told some jokes.
- (2) Chris and Jim's Family's tape hadn't arrived yet.
- (3) Laurie told about Jay playing ball with her and Jay and children sent best wishes and sang songs.
- (4) Bonnie + Jeff likewise sent personal messages and their children sang, counted to 80 etc.
- (5) Tanae and Corey and family also sent a tape of similar fond wishes to Grandpa.
- (6) Dorothy told how Jay took time to turn the jump rope for her on the morning he was shipping out.

San Remembering Grandpa:

I CAN REMEMBER GRANDPA TAKING LARRY AND ME INTO THE BACK ROOM AND TEACHING US A SONG TO SING IN HARMONY. WE'D THEN PERFORM IT IN THE LIVING ROOM. AND I REMEMBER HIM TEACHING ME TO PLAY THE UKE. I WAS NEVER ANY GOOD AT IT. AND I REMEMBER HIM MAKING ME A MORSE CODE SET WITH AN OSSILATOR. WE'D "TALK" BACK AND FORTH AND NO ONE COULD UNDERSTAND US. WE ENJOYED THAT.

'SEEMS LIKE GRANDPA WALTON WAS THE ONE THAT TAUGHT ME TO WRITE IN "CHINESE." ACTUALLY IT WAS MORSE CODE. DIT'S WERE VERTICAL LINES, DAH'S WERE HORIZONTAL. "YOU" WOULD BE WRITTEN ㄟ≡ㄥ. THAT WAS A LOT OF FUN TOO. AND I'LL NEVER FORGET LOOKING THROUGH HIS NAVY SCRAPBOOK AND FINDING A PICTURE OF A NAKED LADY KISSING A BIRD! BOY, WAS SHE NICE LOOKING! BUT THEN, GRANDMA DIDN'T APPRECIATE IT. AFTER ALL, I WAS YOUNG AND IMPRESSIONABLE.

MOSTLY I REMEMBER LOOKING FORWARD TO VISITING THEM. THEY ALWAYS HAD ICE CREAM BARS IN THE FREEZER FOR US. OH, AND I REMEMBER SPENDING DAYS LOOKING FOR A SUIT THAT WOULD FIT ME WHEN I WAS 12 YEARS OLD. I WAS A HARD ONE TO FIT. GEE, THIS COULD GO ON ALL NIGHT. LOTS OF MEMORIES.....

Happy

Birthday

Grandpa

WILBUR'S FAMILY: A LETTER was read from Dan and Andrea, Randy and Larry's Families. were present and personally expressed love for Grandpa and Happy Birthday wishes.

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NARRATOR: THE SONGS THE YEARS' EXPERIENCES BROUGHT TO JAY'S MIND WERE NOT ALWAYS HAPPY ONES. THERE WAS ILLNESS, SURGERY, BEREAVEMENT AND LONELINESS.

BUT THE TIMES FOR SAD SONGS ALWAYS PASSED AND A HAPPY SONG WOULD ONCE AGAIN FIND ITS WAY INTO HIS CONSCIOUSNESS.

SUCH A TIME WAS MAY OF 1978 WHEN HE MARRIED MILDRED AND THEY LIFTED THE BURDEN OF *Loneliness* FROM EACH OTHER'S LIVES. THEIRS IS A COMFORTABLE COMPANIONSHIP OF MUTUAL CARING AND SWEET REMINISCING AS THEY SHARE THEIR PASTS AS WELL AS THEIR PRESENT WITH ONE ANOTHER.

THEREFORE, PERHAPS "LOVES OLD SWEET SONG" IS AN APPROPRIATE ONE TO COMMEMORATE THAT HAPPY DAY AND THE HAPPY ONES THEY'VE HAD TOGETHER SINCE.

GROUP SONG: "LOVES OLD SWEET SONG"

NARRATOR: SO THIS HAS BEEN THE STORY OF JESSE -- OUR JAY -- OUR DADDY JAY, OUR GRANDPA, OUR GREAT GRANDPA, AND OF COURSE, SWEETHEART.

WE ALL LOVE YOU AND WE ALL WISH YOU A HAPPY

80TH BIRTHDAY

AND MANY, MANY MORE!

GROUP SONG: "HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU"

GIFTS: The Party itself was a much cherished gift. The surprise arrival of Dorothy and Broadie to share in the day was THE BEST. Laurie's giant sized greeting card, with candy bars helping^{to} express the sentiment, was a special delight to Jay. The numerous other gifts were thoughtfully chosen and deeply appreciated by the honored guest.

4 May 1985

Dear Bud:

I had a flashback when thinking of you, your mom & your sis, when we were first together as a family in our Brooklyn sub-apartment and how you two kids and I would play together - such a nice look back at me carrying you & Dorothy a la totem pole - always ending in a break-up tumble. I've greatly enjoyed you kids and the "Willies" you used to bring about. So nice. I didn't realize it at the time, but later came to see those "willies" were your attempt to have a family home evening. You were & are a good boy, son Wilbur. Your mom would be so proud of her son, the Bishop. I love you kids. Happy Birthday & Cinco de Mayo!

Papa Jay.

Let a little rub off on Donna, too.

Oh, yes - P.S. Dr. Hickman, who did the exploratory on your mom, remembered me. He examined me and said it appeared to him that I had a simple hernia and could be helped only by an operation. So we are thinking of having the op done soon so we can get on with living & be less of a burden to ourselves.

Luv again J.