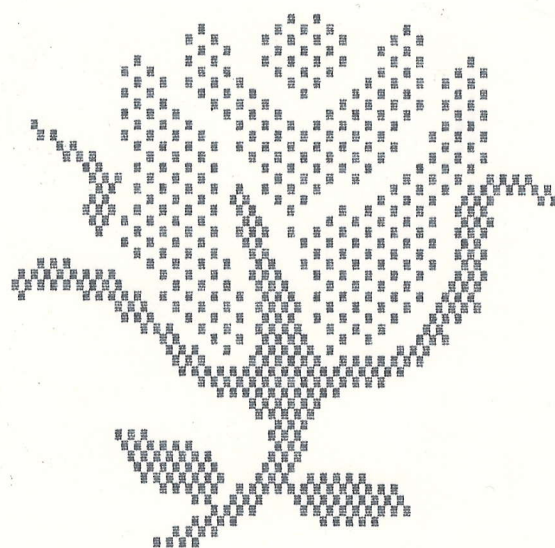


The Life Story
of



Mildred Clara
Hurley Walton

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 L. + Doris Tyler Blinn*



Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Walton

The Sky Bride
Mildred Clara Henley Blanchard
and
Jesse Ralph Walton



TABLE OF CONTENTS – Mildred Clara Hurley

	Page
Parents & Ancestry.....	1
Birth.....	1
Aunt Annie & Uncle Martin.....	2
Mother's Re-Marriage.....	2
Christmas With Aunt and Uncle.....	3
Brinker Grandparents.....	3
Starting School.....	3
A Horse Named Daisy.....	4
Hotel Business in Hibbing.....	4
Move Back With Mother.....	4
Snapping Turtles At The Lake.....	4
Working In The Hotel.....	5
Making Mince Meat.....	5
Meeting Future Husband, Leo Michels.....	5
Marriage & Motherhood.....	5
Divorce & Career in Cosmetics.....	6
Bleeding Ulcers.....	7
Move To Sault St. Marie.....	7
Meeting Joe Blanchard.....	8
Second Marriage.....	8
Tourist House Business.....	9
Problems At The Tourist House.....	10
A Criminal & A Fire.....	11
Joe Gave Everything Away!.....	11
Kay's Marriage.....	12
Pearl Harbor – Navy Wife.....	13
Nurses Aid Training.....	13
Newport, Rhode Island.....	13
Joe Had Pneumonia.....	14
Wonderful New York During Wartime.....	14
Wartime Travel.....	14
Home To Duluth.....	14

Move to Los Angeles During War.....	15
Pursued In The Night.....	15
Re-Adjusting At War's End.....	15
A Home in Long Beach, CA.....	16
Korean War Transfer To New Orleans.....	16
1954 – Oakland, CA.....	17
1956 – Retirement.....	17
Enjoying Grand Kids At Last.....	17
Major Surgery – 1960.....	18
College Classes.....	18
Joe's Death – 1971.....	19
Regret No Grave To Visit.....	19
Adjusting To Widowhood.....	19
Comfort With Church Groups.....	20
Sincerity In Prayer.....	20
Acquaintance With Another Navy Man.....	20
“Let's Get Hitched” – Jesse Ralph Walton.....	21
Re-Marriage, 11 May 1978.....	21
Eye Problems.....	21
Jay's Illness.....	22
Becoming a Mormon – Temple Etc.....	22
Two Memorable Trips.....	22,23
Sister Visits.....	23
Favorite Movies & Books.....	23
Philosophy of Life Etc.....	24

TABLE OF CONTENTS – Mildred Clara Hurley

	Page
Parents & Ancestry.....	1
Birth.....	1
Aunt Annie & Uncle Martin.....	2
Mother’s Re-Marriage.....	2
Christmas With Aunt and Uncle.....	3
Brinker Grandparents.....	3
Starting School.....	3
A Horse Named Daisy.....	4
Hotel Business in Hibbing.....	4
Move Back With Mother.....	4
Snapping Turtles At The Lake.....	4
Working In The Hotel.....	5
Making Mince Meat.....	5
Meeting Future Husband, Leo Michels.....	5
Marriage & Motherhood.....	5
Divorce & Career in Cosmetics.....	6
Bleeding Ulcers.....	7
Move To Sault St. Marie.....	7
Meeting Joe Blanchard.....	8
Second Marriage.....	8
Tourist House Business.....	9
Problems At The Tourist House.....	10
A Criminal & A Fire.....	11
Joe Gave Everything Away!.....	11
Kay’s Marriage.....	12
Pearl Harbor – Navy Wife.....	13
Nurses Aid Training.....	13
Newport, Rhode Island.....	13
Joe Had Pneumonia.....	14
Wonderful New York During Wartime.....	14
Wartime Travel.....	14
Home To Duluth.....	14

Move to Los Angeles During War.....	15
Pursued In The Night.....	15
Re-Adjusting At War's End.....	15
A Home in Long Beach, CA.....	16
Korean War Transfer To New Orleans.....	16
1954 – Oakland, CA.....	17
1956 – Retirement.....	17
Enjoying Grand Kids At Last.....	17
Major Surgery – 1960.....	18
College Classes.....	18
Joe's Death – 1971.....	19
Regret No Grave To Visit.....	19
Adjusting To Widowhood.....	19
Comfort With Church Groups.....	20
Sincerity In Prayer.....	20
Acquaintance With Another Navy Man.....	20
“Let's Get Hitched” – Jesse Ralph Walton.....	21
Re-Marriage, 11 May 1978.....	21
Eye Problems.....	21
Jay's Illness.....	22
Becoming a Mormon – Temple Etc.....	22
Two Memorable Trips.....	22,23
Sister Visits.....	23
Favorite Movies & Books.....	23
Philosophy of Life Etc.....	24

TABLE OF CONTENTS – Mildred Clara Hurley

	Page
Parents & Ancestry.....	1
Birth.....	1
Aunt Annie & Uncle Martin.....	2
Mother's Re-Marriage.....	2
Christmas With Aunt and Uncle.....	3
Brinker Grandparents.....	3
Starting School.....	3
A Horse Named Daisy.....	4
Hotel Business in Hibbing.....	4
Move Back With Mother.....	4
Snapping Turtles At The Lake.....	4
Working In The Hotel.....	5
Making Mince Meat.....	5
Meeting Future Husband, Leo Michels.....	5
Marriage & Motherhood.....	5
Divorce & Career in Cosmetics.....	6
Bleeding Ulcers.....	7
Move To Sault St. Marie.....	7
Meeting Joe Blanchard.....	8
Second Marriage.....	8
Tourist House Business.....	9
Problems At The Tourist House.....	10
A Criminal & A Fire.....	11
Joe Gave Everything Away!.....	11
Kay's Marriage.....	12
Pearl Harbor – Navy Wife.....	13
Nurses Aid Training.....	13
Newport, Rhode Island.....	13
Joe Had Pneumonia.....	14
Wonderful New York During Wartime.....	14
Wartime Travel.....	14
Home To Duluth.....	14

Move to Los Angeles During War.....	15
Pursued In The Night.....	15
Re-Adjusting At War's End.....	15
A Home in Long Beach, CA.....	16
Korean War Transfer To New Orleans.....	16
1954 – Oakland, CA.....	17
1956 – Retirement.....	17
Enjoying Grand Kids At Last.....	17
Major Surgery – 1960.....	18
College Classes.....	18
Joe's Death – 1971.....	19
Regret No Grave To Visit.....	19
Adjusting To Widowhood.....	19
Comfort With Church Groups.....	20
Sincerity In Prayer.....	20
Acquaintance With Another Navy Man.....	20
“Let's Get Hitched” – Jesse Ralph Walton.....	21
Re-Marriage, 11 May 1978.....	21
Eye Problems.....	21
Jay's Illness.....	22
Becoming a Mormon – Temple Etc.....	22
Two Memorable Trips.....	22,23
Sister Visits.....	23
Favorite Movies & Books.....	23
Philosophy of Life Etc.....	24

LIFE STORY OF MILDRED CIARA HURLEY WALTON

It is my desire to write an account of my life's experiences for whatever benefit or interest it can be to my family in the years to come.

My mother's name was Julia Brinker and she was of German descent. Her mother's people came from a German town on the Rhine River. The Brinker women were all tall and my mother and I both inherited that trait. I think mother's father's people came from Germany and settled in the Lima, Ohio area for I remember Grandpa Brinker speaking often of Lima. My Grandfather Brinker was a stone mason by trade.

My father was Judd or Judson Hurley and the Hurleys were prominent people in Wisconsin. In fact Grandpa Hurley was an attorney with his own law firm. When my parents met, my father had just completed law school at Yale and was joining his father's law firm as a junior partner.

The Hurleys were Irish. Grandpa (James Hurley) came to America with a neighbor of his family's when he was only twelve years old. His people were fanatic Orangemen and I heard frequent mention of that when I was young. The Orangemen were members of a secret Irish society opposed to Catholicism and supporting Protestantism. Those Irish prejudices rage to this day.

My parents met and married in Hurley, Wisconsin. Having the town named for them is an indication of their prominence. Grandma Hurley was a snooty old lady who refused to accept my mother as part of the family. She once said: "All working girls are prostitutes," so that was how she labeled my mother.

I don't know why my mother was in Superior, Wisconsin, but that is where I was born on November 26, 1903. I'm not sure if my father was even there because my Aunt Liz, who was there to serve as midwife for my mother always spoke as though just she and Mother were in Superior. Aunt Liz said we had living quarters upstairs and that we were so poor that she used to creep downstairs at night and fill her apron with wood from a neighbor's woodpile to keep them warm.

The next sequence I know about after that is that Mama and I were living in Hurley and Grandpa Hurley got train tickets for my mother and told her to go home to her own people because she would never fit in with them. Actually, Grandpa was of a congenial sort and I think he would have accepted Mama but Grandma never would. They told Mama she could leave me if she wanted -- can you imagine? I was ten months old at the time.

That was just about the end of my contact with my father or his people. Once when I was a teenager the Hurleys offered to take responsibility for my education. But having been spurned by them years before, and considering how they had treated my mother, I was not about to accept their "charity" and told them so.

My father never showed any concern for me and so no closeness or regular contact ever developed between us. Years later, when we heard he had died, Mother said he would have been in his mid forties then. I feel a lot of inner sorrow for both my mother and me for the way we were rejected by the Hurley family.

Mother's parents lived in Ashland, Wisconsin, but when we left Hurley, we went to stay with my mother's oldest sister, Annie, and her husband, Martin Welch. They had no children and had room in their home and in their hearts. Uncle Martin was a full blooded Irishman and was the sweetest, most wonderful man. Aunt Annie raised chickens and Uncle Martin had a team of horses and a contract with American Express. He was like a drayman and would haul freight to the various merchants in town. Later on Uncle Martin made and sold cigars. I remember helping pick out cigar bands from a catalog. They were very individual and interesting and he changed styles often and sometimes his customers wanted their own style of band for his hand rolled Havana cigars.

While we were living with Aunt Annie, and when I was about three years old, Mother met a man named Daniel Francis Ryan. He was the best looking Irishman you ever met in your life. He was an angel in public and a devil in the home. They married and went to live in Hibbing, Minnesota, which was only about 30 miles away from Eveleth, Minnesota where we were living with Aunt Annie and Uncle Martin. I stayed on with Aunt Annie. Daniel was a diamond driller in the Oliver iron ore mines. Later he became a policeman and they moved into the town proper. He made about \$90.00 a month as a policeman. When I was six and a half years old Mother had twin babies, my half sisters, Florence and Frances.

I used to go and visit them sometimes on the streetcar. Aunt Annie would take me to the streetcar and put me in the care of the motorman who happened to be her cousin. He would drop me off at the streetcar stop nearest my mother's home. I had never been around children much and it seemed to me that the twins cried all the time. One time Mama told me to push them around in their double carriage and I hit a stump and the carriage overturned. No one was hurt but my step father was fit to be tied. I was afraid of him. Everyone was. He was a real Simon Legree. Once Mother made dandelion wine and that seemed to be the beginning of his bad drinking. When he drank he got meaner.

I remember that my mother was very beautiful. She had perfect skin and coloring. Her hair stayed blonde and taffy colored. She was refined and aristocratic. Her height was 5 ft. 7 inches and she had very, very sparkly blue eyes. She weighed about 135 pounds. Mother was a good business woman and could improvise real well. She was a whiz at the stove, as are all of my people. When Mother grew older she used to say: "You don't hold it against Mama, do you, that I kind of got weaned away from you?" And I didn't. I wasn't real close to her but all in all we had a pretty good relationship.

Really, I was better off with Aunt Annie and Uncle Martin during those early years. I was their whole life and they were so good to me. My memories of Christmas with them are

especially dear. Uncle Martie would harness up his four beautiful horses and we would go a few miles out of town into the woods to choose our own tree. There were no restrictions then about cutting wood. There were the most beautiful northern pines there and we made a big production out of choosing the most perfect one for our Christmas tree. I was always able to invite some friends to come along and Aunt Annie would have made a wonderful lunch. Uncle Martin would light a fire and heat the cocoa -- oh, what fun we had. I remember they would heat bricks and put them in the bottom of the wagon with hay on top for us to sit on. We kept warm and cozy.

And the tree trimming parties lasted for two weeks in December. We'd go from house to house to help each other decorate the trees. We'd use homemade decorations using popcorn and cranberries and of course string candy. Do you know about string candy? We also used candy cherries on wires and it all looked very beautiful -- and tasted delicious. We made candy and popcorn balls. Those were the most festive, wonderful times.

Aunt Annie always ordered the gifts from catalogs well before Christmas. She'd get the candy early and hide it in the attic. It didn't work though because I learned how to pull the chain down and climb up into the attic and get into the candy. It would be all gone when they went to get it but they only laughed. That love of candy has been a lifelong problem to me!

Aunt Annie used to sew for me and she was a beautiful seamstress. She even made my slips, bloomers, and hats. She was a supreme cook and cooked very special things. I used to stand on the milk stool to help her cook. How I loved her. She was the most docile, humble, sweetest person. I don't ever remember her being cross. My mother was. She had a very quick temper.

I can remember going to visit my Grandma and Grandpa Brinker about once a year at Ashland, Wisconsin. Grandma's name was Louise Beck Brinker. Grandma and Grandpa Brinker had seven children, My mother, Aunt Liz, Aunt Annie, Aunt Julia and three boys. There were always so many people around their house -- it was exciting for me to go there. I most remember Uncle Bill who was divorced and living at home again. He managed a free food bar in the hotel in town. He'd secretly take us all into a back room at the hotel and we'd sample the food while Grandpa sampled the beer. I always had some sarsaparilla to drink too.

I started school up on the hill from Aunt Annie's. It was always windy and on cold winter days Uncle Martin used to walk ahead and break the way for me and the neighbor kids. It got so cold there -- sometimes down to 60 below! Ours was a red brick school house where there were several grades in one room and Miss McNulty taught them all. She's the main teacher I remember, maybe because she used to come over to our house for dinner sometimes.

When I was about ten years old I started going to a Catholic school in Hibbing. I had told my mother I wanted to be baptized because her family were Catholics, and I thought that

would make me feel more like I belonged to her family. I just lived a life of going back and forth between my mother's and Aunt Annie's. The twins would ask me why I didn't live with them all the time and I felt very confused about it all. They always complained about how spoiled I was, and I guess I was pretty pampered by Aunt Annie and Uncle Martie. I had nice clothes including a little fur coat. And I even had my own pony and a carriage I could take into town by myself when I got a little older. My horse's name was "Daisy" and she wore a straw hat in the summer time with holes for her ears and in the winter time she had a felt hat that Uncle Martin would decorate appropriate for the season. It was a rich life in many ways. Uncle Martin had become pretty prominent in their little town, having been mayor, police commissioner, and chief of police.

Meanwhile my mother and step-father had gone into the hotel business in Hibbing. It was there to accommodate railroad men from the DM&N (Duluth, Mesaba & Iron Range) Railroad which served the open pit mine areas. Just as an item of interest, they used to ^{do} underground blasting that would shake the ground pretty violently. Hibbing had the biggest open mine iron ore pits in the world. But the shaking got so bad that they had to move the entire city about ten or 15 miles. New buildings came up so fast it was almost unbelievable.

When I was about 15 I decided to live with my mother's family full time. I've always regretted that because dear Aunt Annie and Uncle Martin were heartbroken when I left. And it was a real drastic change for me too but I went because I wanted so much to be a part of my mother's family. But of course my father just put me right to work waiting on tables at the hotel and taking care of my little sisters. I had thought I'd have more freedom there than I'd had at Aunt Annie's but there was very little time for that. I really didn't feel well treated or loved there and it was a big disappointment to me. I went back to visit Aunt Annie and Uncle Martin occasionally, but of course not enough, and Aunt Annie died a few years later (about 1922). I only saw Uncle Martin a few times after that. He had some one living with him and I didn't feel comfortable.

Life was exciting at the hotel and there were some aspects of it that I really loved. Then too, my mother and step-father had bought a car, it seems maybe it was an Overland, and that was a big attraction to me. We used to go see other relatives in Wisconsin. And we went to the lake. My folks, and everybody who was anybody, had a cabin on a lake. Ours was on Big Sturgeon Lake and we went there often every summer. Sometimes the twins and I and a housekeeper would stay for a month at a time. I had the main responsibility for looking after Frances and Florence. I remember Grandpa Brinker scared us by telling us about snapping turtles in the lake. I think it was a way to keep us safe -- I never saw a turtle. I could row a little boat out to a raft and we always had a wonderful time at the lake.

Winters were cold but wonderful. There were lots of winter sports, and carnivals, and we even had a Snow Queen. For the carnival people would carve ice and make polar bears, angels, and a great variety of things. They'd be put on floats and we'd have a parade.

For Christmas we usually got toboggans, sleds, or skates. Everyone flooded part of their yard and had personal skating rinks. It became a competition to see who could have the best one. Oh, what a time we had! We'd have a shack by the ice, with a fire, music, food and the works.

Mama made good dark fruitcake -- no molasses -- the spices made it dark. I used to get up early to help mother make pies. We'd have the rolls and 40 pies made before I left for school. Then of course there were the big breakfasts too. For 55 cents we served pancakes, eggs and steak. You never saw anyone as efficient in the kitchen as my mother. I could wait tables, do the rooms, order supplies -- anything. Mother said I was the best "girl" she ever hired. It was a good education for me and helpful to me later in life. In order to have plenty of fruit for the pies, I remember that we'd have bushels of apples shipped up from Wisconsin. And in the summer we'd go out to the blueberry patches. Aunt Liz used to come for that. We'd take four bushel baskets and we couldn't eat any until they were filled. Oh they were scrumptious.

Sometimes hunters stayed at the hotel and they often gifted mother with large pieces of deer meat. Mama had big 20 gallon crocks and she would fill them with deer meat, apples, spices, currants, plums, lemon, orange, and dandelion wine, bourbon or brandy. Thus she would make many huge crocks of mince meat to make mince meat pies. Even the newspaper wanted her recipe but she never gave it out. They never knew it had wild meat in it and many would have objected had they known.

I was about 17 when a fellow came to the hotel and began working as the baggageman there. His name was Leo Michels and he came from a refined German family who had a beautiful dairy farm. They were well to do people. Leo's father was a banker and it was expected he would go into banking -- in fact he had been to school and received training as a banker. However, his interest wasn't there and when he had an opportunity to hire on with the railroad, that was what he did. However, the railroads began having trouble because of the bus and truck competition and Leo was layed off. That's when he began working at the hotel and when I met him.

Although Leo was 8 years older than me, he took an interest in me right away. I was very flattered to have an older man interested in me and especially so when he bought me a diamond ring. I remember thinking how much that diamond would impress my mother. I tried to protest and tell Leo I was too young but he wouldn't take no for an answer. I did care for him and besides that, saw marriage as a way to remove myself from all the hard work at the hotel. I often felt unloved, mistreated, and overworked. Mother objected to our marriage plans but not too much. We fooled the summer away (honorably -- Mother was a very strict woman), and were married on July 23, 1921. We were married in the Catholic Church, of course, and it was a lovely wedding. I had a beautiful wedding gown -- short, because that was the style then. I had a very nice wardrobe when I was married.

After Leo and I were married we went to Duluth, Minnesota and lived in an apartment over a Jewish house. Duluth is the sister city to Superior, Wisconsin, where I was born. I got pregnant at at once and became sick almost immediately. The smell of garlic from downstairs was more than I could endure. I finally was so sick I had to go back to my family and go into the hospital. Miraculously I was able to carry my baby full term, but I was sick the whole nine months and had to go into the hospital periodically for treatment and care. Kay was born on May 5th, 1922 and oh, what a beautiful baby she was -- ample reward for such a difficult pregnancy. Soon I was working in the hotel again to help support us because Leo, who was supposed to be working there too, was mostly drinking and lazing around. Marriage hadn't exactly made my life easier, as I had expected!

I was just too young and inexperienced to know how to handle the difficult situation with my mother and Leo. I think now that if I had been older I could have done better and maybe salvaged my marriage. But the situation seemed too much to bear and I felt I had to do something to help myself. One of the hurtful things I remember was that Leo, a supposedly devout Catholic, would go to Church with the baby and me and then disappear right after the services. He didn't ever tell me where he went and he would be gone for hours. I began looking for a way out.

I knew a Mrs Nides who owned a ladies ready to wear shop. It was a beautiful shop and the clothes were beautiful too. I separated from Leo and went to work for Mrs Nides. Leo stayed on at the hotel for some time and then eventually went back to Marshfield and became a bartender. There are some good memories with Leo. He was a great dresser and a great dancer. His drinking was the main problem, so bartending was an unfortunate choice for a vacation. He died fairly young, at about age 63. He kept in touch with Kathryn and she stayed with him sometimes while she was young.

When Kathryn (often called Kay) was about 4 years old I learned of a business opportunity to sell cosmetics. My mother took care of Kay while I took a 6 or 7 weeks training course in selling Madame White's Cosmetics (believe it or not). I had to learn how to wear them, demonstrate them, and explain their pure quality. After my training was completed it was necessary for me to get to Marquette, Michigan, on Lake Superior, to meet the rest of the crew. I had just \$14.00 in my purse when I picked up Kay and my one suitcase of things and headed out into the world to make my own way. We spent \$6.00 to take a boat from Duluth to Marquette on Lake Superior. When I got to the hotel where I was to meet the Norbeks, they weren't there. They had left word for me to take their room and wait for their return but it was a pretty frightening experience for me. I was learning to look out for myself -- I've always done it. Five days later they returned and I went to work. The Norbeks had two cars in which they took our crew around from city to city. We traveled three states, Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. They were supportive of me with Kay, but it was hard. I often had to rely on hotel housekeepers to look after her while I was out knocking on doors to sell cosmetics. Part of the job was to give facials as a complementary to sell cosmetics. We received 33 1/3 % commission, but no salary. It was sink or swim. I "swam" but the emotional price was high.

The realization that my family couldn't be depended on being "for me" and leaving home had just killed me inside. I'd only been gone three weeks when I came down with bleeding ulcers. I remember feeling dreadfully, dreadfully sick with headache and stomach ache. I went out into the hall having mistaken the hall door for the bathroom door, and fainted there. As I came to I could hear people exclaiming over me, and Kay was there acting very alarmed. I hemorrhaged and lost a great deal of blood. I really needed a transfusion and no doubt would have gained back my strength more quickly if I had had one. It took me quite a while to recuperate and I always had to be careful of my diet after that. While I was getting better, Kay pretty well took care of me because the others had to be out selling. Kay would get in the elevator and go down to the kitchen and they'd send her with a pot of hot milk and bread for me. God bless her soul, I can see her yet -- I can see her yet. It took me all summer to come back out of that and when I went back to work the Norbecks made it as easy as me as they could

I was worth the trouble though, because I was their head saleswoman for 8 years. I'd had good salesmanship experience in my family's businesses, worked very hard, and was a good advertisement for the cosmetics company. I looked good. That illness, by the way, occurred in Hoten, Michigan at the Douglas House Hotel. I pretty much lived on a milk diet and tried to stop brooding about the home situation I had left. I did brood though -- about how hard my step-father had been on me and how my mother and step-sisters didn't stand up for me. And of course I brooded about my broken marriage and my lost dreams. But bit by bit I did stop looking back and looked to the future I was trying to make secure for myself and my child.

Kay was a darling, darling, darling little girl -- so warm and sweet. We were alone together so long -- eight years. We were very close -- very, very, very much so. We had nice holidays together, sometimes with my mother at the hotel. One year during the depression, Kay stayed with my mother so she could be in school. But she missed me so much that she failed that year in school. That was the winter of 1933 and '34. That kind of made me realize that I had to stop traveling with the cosmetics company. I had to get an apartment so Kay could stay with me and go to school. I was in Sault St. Marie, Michigan at the time and decided to stay there because I could work in Winkleman's Dress Shop and sell cosmetics on the side. The Norbecks gave me Sault St. Marie (both the American and the Canadian cities) to sell their cosmetics.

I liked Sault St. Marie anyway. It is a town on Michigan's Upper Peninsula and the big ships going through the locks were a constant fascination. Many things about the town were appealing to me. I found an apartment and went home and got Kay in August. In September she started school at Loretta's, a Catholic school for girls. I think she was in the 5th grade then.

There was also another good reason for staying in Sault St. Marie. In 1933 I had met a Coastguardsman named Joe Blanchard. Our crew was there staying in the Annex to the Ojibway

Hotel while we were selling cosmetics. It was very reasonable. There's a Coast Guard Base there and when the ships were based there the sailors often preferred to stay in town at a boarding house or hotel. Joe was on an ice breaker named the Seminole. He and his friend, "Doc" Colter, who was the pharmacist on the ship, palled around together and had a room in The Annex. My friend Berniece and I were in a crew together and were good friends. We were in the lobby, just preparing to go out the door, when Joe and Doc arrived. I heard Joe say to Doc, "We have Percy Granger Concert tickets." Joe looked at us and asked if we would be there on such and such a date? Percy Granger was a well known pianist and their ship was going to be out on the day of the concert. They handed us the two tickets.

When their ship returned to port we happened to see them again and thanked them for the tickets and told them how much we'd enjoyed the concert. Joe said, "If it was so fine -- how about going out to dinner with us?" We hesitated because sailors had a bad reputation and we usually tried to avoid them. However, they seemed nice and we did go out to dinner with them. At first I liked Doc the best. Joe was auburn haired and kind of devilish. He did some cartooning on napkins and that intrigued me. He was so talented. Later he left me notes and drawings in my box at the hotel. I was quite flattered, and soon found myself in love once again.

Joe and I went to Green Bay, Wisconsin to be married because Joe had friends there who were our witnesses. We were married on November 6, 1934 and had a very simple wedding. I wore a little brown tweed suit with a little beanie-like hat (it had a little berry-like attachment that Joe always said looked like an onion). We had a rented car, a little Plymouth coupe, and we headed home right after the wedding. It was snowing and the road was icing up -- we were sliding all over the road. Finally we stopped and put sand bags in the car and were able to continue on.

Kay never really took to Joe, though he showed her a lot of attention. Her father was in Marshfield, Wisconsin, and she gave him her first allegiance. Joe wanted to help Kay, he'd always dreamed of having children. However, we decided not to have children of our own. I somehow wanted to give Kay all my mothering. I guess that was foolish as she would have enjoyed having a little brother or sister.

Joe loved people but still was a private person. He read a lot and was very ambitious, busy all the time. He was a career serviceman and an artist. But I did not depend on him for support and continued to work full time. A friend talked me into taking a 9 month cosmetology course so I could be a hairdresser. It seemed to go kind of naturally with the cosmetics business. At Winkelmans I had been getting \$90 a month plus commissions but they went out of business when Montgomery Wards came to town. So -- I went to work for Montgomery Wards. But they paid only \$15 a week and that just wasn't enough. So -- I tried hair-dressing. But I just didn't like it at all. Kay had only one year left at Loretta's and then would be needing money for college. I had to have more money. It was Kay who came up with the idea I decided to give a try.

Kay told me she had noticed tourist houses across the street from her school and that they always seemed to have people coming and going. Sault St. Marie was a popular winter sports area and in fact many people came there to train for the Winter Olympics. Kay had also noticed a house that was for rent on Portage St. that looked as though it would accommodate a tourist house. I was getting nowhere fast in the beauty shop -- only got 50 cents for a shampoo and wave. A year of that was enough. Kay reminded me that my experience at the hotel when I was younger would help me succeed. So I checked and found out that I could rent the house for \$42.00 a month. It had a dining room, kitchen, and space for 14 beds (two to a room). So I rented it and got it ready, and hardly had to advertise. Joe just put up a card at the base and right away I filled up with Coast Guardsmen who had been transferred there and were waiting for their wives to arrive.

I got \$30.00 a month for room and board, including lunch. This was in November of about 1937 or 1938. Joe was mostly away during those years and so I handled it by myself. He was transferred to the Mississippi for service on a sidewheeler. But I had no problem -- none whatsoever. Cooking is second nature to me. I put in a good stove and went to work. There was only one bathroom in that house but it worked out okay. I bought whole hams and cooked big breakfasts. I was in my 30's with lots of vim and vitality. I needed it! I made the beds, washed the linens and clothes (had to hang them to dry in the attic in the winter), shoveled snow, shopped -- everything. I used 23 ton of coal a winter and had to go down a ladder into the basement to shovel coal -- had to get up twice at night to stoke the furnace.

Kay had lots of friends and fun in Sault St. Marie. She was popular -- captain of her basketball team. But it was about then I began to notice she was getting crabby sometimes. She wasn't always as courteous to me as she should have been and didn't help me as much as I needed. But I suppose that is typical teenage behavior. I remember having a hard time, financially, providing the uniforms her school required. They were navy blue serge with detachable celluloid collars. She also had to wear a black scarf-tie -- tied in a bow. She had a fine reversible all-weather coat that she wore for many years. It was a big effort on my part to pay for it but it was lovely -- so nice.

Looking back, I remember so many lonely times, especially before I married Joe. Kay would spend time visiting her father or other relatives and I would be alone. And my efforts to get along financially bring sadness to remember. I didn't feel sorry for me then and neither did anyone else. I seemed more self sufficient than I sometimes felt. But I did what it seemed I had to do and I got along. But now, remembering, I realize the struggle, and feel sorry for the person I was then. I remember I had one slip when I went to work for Montgomery Ward. I had mended it and mended it and mended it. I wore used uniforms when in the beauty shop. I didn't get a sewing machine until 1938 in the tourist house. I had a man staying there who sold and serviced Singer Sewing Machines. He wasn't doing

very well and when he left couldn't pay me. So he gave me a sewing machine for what he owed me. I still have it. It's a heavy machine, a portable with a knee pedal. I've made lots of clothes and quilt tops on that machine.

Life was always pretty interesting at the tourist home, in addition to the hard work. And incidently, I had fresh hot bread every night and pie or cake or pudding. And when I did the laundry with my old second hand Maytag, the rinse water would often freeze over before I could finish. But I always managed. I never asked anybody for anything but worked things out my own way. And I tried to be fair to everyone and expected the same in return. I can remember children coming with blueberries to sell for 10 cents a pail. I wanted them for my pies, but always gave them 25 cents instead of the dime they asked. They'd been out in the woods all day.

One evening the doorbell rang and I answered, and there was a well groomed elderly lady. She gave me her name and introduced her grown daughter, Gilberta. She asked if I had a room and I told her I had one left. She registered and later came downstairs saying she'd need another room in a few days for her son, Paul, who was coming then. Paul, by the way, was to pay their bill. After a week of providing food for her and Gilberta and her dog, and still no Paul, I asked for money, telling them I needed it. She just kept assuring me that Paul was coming and asked me to be patient. After about 10 days when I was getting pretty perturbed about the whole thing, she came downstairs one day and said they were going to the park for a while. For some reason I was suspicious -- intuition I guess. I went up to check their room and found they had taken their belongings, with only a few small exceptions. I went right to the police chief, who I knew, and explained. He went down to the park and no one was there. He called St. Ignace, where the fairy used to take passengers to the mainland before the Macinac Bridge was built. Sure enough, they had been seen boarding it a couple of hours earlier. He said: "Do you want us to pick them up?" And I said yes. He said okay and called later to say they had them in custody. I went down to identify them. Gilberta was very angry with me. "Have you no respect for gray hair" she said. I put in a bill for \$325, which included lodging, food, and damage to my furniture by their dog. The city wanted to get rid of them but I refused to drop the charges. I couldn't afford to be so generous and I was not the first one they had cheated. Someone had to put a stop to it. But finally the police paid me and released them. They took them to St. Ignace and put them on the ferry and told them not to come back to Sault St. Marie.

Another time a couple came to the door and asked for a room for a week. She was pregnant and I took quite a liking to them both. She was a very good sewer. They were there some time and helped me a lot. He used to clean my car, shovel the walks, and bring in coal for the little pot bellied stove. They were nice people to have around -- just like your own people. They were so in love with each other. She used to help me in the kitchen with the dishes and cooking. I became very fond of them. Then one day the Police chief called and asked about the young couple. Then he said: "Brace yourself, we're going to have to pick him up because he's a criminal. He has a bad record and has even killed a man." I

could not have been more shocked. They had always paid me, and been so fine. I took my long chance after considering how they had been to me. I said a prayer about it and then went up and told Leo about the call from Chief Mitchell. I asked him not to let any shooting or rough work go on in my house. He said: "Mildred, I bow to a gracious lady, indeed I won't." And he kept his word. When the police came they handled him very roughly, in spite of the fact that he offered no resistance. It about broke my heart. They kicked him all the way down the stairs -- it was terrible. I tried to protect him and called the police down for their behavior. I wanted to hit them with a broom! It was an awful experience, seeing the brutality of the police. They didn't arrest her but she went along. He was taken to Detroit to face trial and I understand they threw the book at him. I found the gun and a good supply of cash hidden behind the bathtub and turned it over to the police. It was a machine gun! From then on I just took steady boarders and tried to avoid tourists. Coast Guardsmen were better even though they "ate the legs off the table."

My tourist house was so nicely located, just 1½ blocks from Brady Park. You could walk from the house down to the water (St. Mary's River) and drop a line into the water and catch a fish. We were at 401 Portage St. Portage ran parallel to the river and only Water St. was between it and the river. The house was 75 years old then.

Once I had just finished serving supper when a nice gentleman rang the bell. He said: "Excuse me lady, I'm sorry to disturb you -- but your house is on fire." All I could think of was Kay's graduation dress that I was paying for on time. I grabbed her graduation things and put them in the car while my guests called the fire department. I drove the car up the hill and then wondered what I was doing there. The old house had a shingled roof and after supper when they started up the fire in the fireplace, sparks from the chimney caught the shingles on fire. My guests carried buckets or pans of water up to the attic and put out the flames that were dripping down. The firemen came and saved the house. Not too much damage had been done and the landlord had it repaired.

The following summer I heard water down the basement and went down to find it flooded with sewer water. Oh, it was terrible. I didn't know what to do. I called my miserly landlord and threatened to call the health department. He came with a plunger! He had to get it fixed and the plumber charged \$250 for the necessary repairs. He was upset!

One pleasant thing there were the roses. Evidently the people who owned the house at one time were rose lovers and they had a rose garden. The lot was big -- very deep, with a 75 foot frontage. Far in the back I found the most beautiful American Beauty roses that I have ever seen. There were also lots of old fashioned moss roses in a soft shade of pink. I picked bowls and bowls of them for the table. They were so gorgeous. I don't know how they'd survived all those cold winters of neglect.

I had two figure skating instructors staying at my house one winter. They had come in

from New York state. There were worlds of things to do there in the winter. There were toboggan parties, winter parades etc. They loved their winter sports -- hockey especially. Everyone had wonderful times. My memories are such that I wouldn't mind living there again.

I got two Cocker Spaniel puppies while at the tourist home. I had Buck, the male, and Penelope, the female. They were black and from the same litter. Penny was just like a dust mop running around there and how she could shimmy! She'd pick up her feed dish to beg to be fed. Two dogs were just too many so I didn't keep Buck but Penelope was with me for quite a few years.

At the end of two years in the business I had bought a new Plymouth coupe for \$800 (I'd traded in the old Studebaker), bought an electric stove, and saved \$900 to be put towards Kay's schooling. I sent her to St. Mary's College of Nursing in Detroit. Joe got transferred to Duluth, Minnesota to help open up the old shipyards left from World War I. So it was time for me to move on and join him there. I am still irritated when I think what Joe did. He was the world's worst business man. When he knew I was going to close down the tourist house he went and told the landlord we were leaving soon. I had intended to wait a while to tell him. I would have sold some of my things privately and taken some of them with me. I had my own furniture, linens, washer, refrigerator, and a wonderful bedroom set I had paid \$100 for, used. It would be worth thousands now because the quality was superb. Joe gave it all to that "money miser" for \$138 -- all my dishes, everything. He was drunk when he did it. The guy gave him the money and Joe spent it and I walked out of there with nothing.

We moved to Duluth where Joe was doing well at the shipyards. He had already received several advancements in rank since I'd married him. He'd made chief while on the Mississippi River and at the shipyards became chief warrant officer and then ensign. He hated that -- liked chief better. But then he was advanced to Lt. junior grade and finally lieutenant commander. And that's how I became an officer's wife, with all the accompanying advantages.

Unbeknownst to me, Kay left nursing school and returned to Sault St. Marie. She had returned there to be with her boy friend, Robert Tardiff. She and Bob were married secretly and I didn't learn of it for six months. I had asked her to wait until she finished school. I was disappointed, of course, because I'd struggled so hard to provide the funds for her schooling. But she was so crazy about Bob -- he was all she could think about. I had a fit, naturally -- just about lost my mind. I didn't handle it very gracefully. I can tell you that. I just thought I couldn't live -- it was so shocking to me. I had sacrificed so much. She was 19 when I heard about it and called her on the phone. She stood right up to me (her mother's daughter).

Joe was at the shipyards in Duluth six months before the war opened up. They got the shipyards operating. On December 7, 1941, I was upstairs in the house we had rented in

Duluth. It had four bedrooms -- a big house -- right on Lake Superior. Big veranda -- we could watch the ships go by. I was making the beds. I had a little radio on in the bedroom and heard them tell about it. I went downstairs and told Joe about the bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japanese. He dropped his paper and said "We're at war." He was called to come in within the hour. They hurried up operations and were building ships soon.

While Joe was busy in that way I took a four month class in nursing at the same place registered nurses were trained. I was trained for hospital work and worked there helping with injured men from the shipyards. Then early in 1942 the axe fell and Joe was ordered to New York to wait completion of a ship and he was to go to war. He was to be on the Randall, a troop transport ship. So we went to New York and lived on the 17th floor of the Paramount Hotel. I did more nursing work while in New York, even more extensive, with a final 1500 hours totaled up. I helped mostly with men just out of surgery and with burn patients. I often took them for their therapy treatments. They had big vats of paraffin and lowered them into it. It helped keep down the pain. Then I'd help pick off the paraffin and dead skin. It was very, very painful for them and the smell was almost unbearable. We treated war casualties too. I'd take the Staten Island Ferry from Manhattan over to the hospital on Staten Island.

Joe was sent to Newport, Rhode Island for a short stay and I decided to join him there, though most of the wives didn't. The regular train went only as far as Providence but during war time they ran troop trains in on freight car rails. I took a bus from Providence to Newport and we agreed to meet at the Y.W.C.A. The place was swarming with white caps (sailors). I asked the bus driver about getting a room and he said everything was filled up. I got off the bus and a nice gentleman offered to help me with my bags. He was so fatherly and nice to me so I asked his advice on getting a room. He sent me to a big brown and white house a block away saying that Anna Push might be able to help me. I went up there real brave and pushed the bell. Anna came to the door -- a fat little thing who you could tell liked the bottle. I told her my needs and she said she had a room for me. I got settled and dashed to the "Y" and saw four officers coming. Miraculously one of them was Joe. It was a pretty place, with English ivy growing all over the trees. Very pretty.

And it turned out to be a good thing I did go to Rhode Island, as it turned out Joe was going to need me badly. We were only there a few days when Joe went to a place called Horses Neck, for target practice. It rained and he got wet and chilled and ended up with pneumonia. There was no room for him in the hospital so was sent to our room for me to take care of. I followed through carefully. It wasn't easy though, because Anna Push got drunk and locked off the kitchen and I couldn't get in. I was supposed to have kitchen privileges with the room but under the circumstances there was little I could do about it. There was a big USO sign on a lovely home down the street. It was so cold, but I walked down there to see about hot food for Joe -- soup or something. It was for enlisted men only -- a real nice set up. But even though Joe was an officer, when I explained my prob-

Lem, I was permitted to use one of the little kitchens. I got a wide mouthed Thermos and took chicken soup and other nourishing food to him that I cooked myself. I had to walk a block in the freezing cold but once in a while I was even offered a ride. He was a very sick man but I nursed him back to health. Before we left to take the bus back to New York, we took the USO lady out to dinner and thanked her for her help.

New York State was so good to service people during the war. We got 10% off all restaurant bills and officers wives got discounts on everything as well as free facials and many other things. Sak's and Yardley's gave us many favors. I used to go to the Cathedrals just to look --- they were so very magnificent. And New York parades are like nothing you could ever guess. I remember rich ladies parading in their gorgeous hats and their little dogs wearing hats to match!

Joe had an office at 42nd and Broadway to do blue print work for the ship (Randall). This would be 1942. He bought a round trip ticket for me before we left Duluth and told me that if some evening he didn't come home, to wait two more nights and then if he wasn't home to figure he had shipped out. So, after the third night I went to Grand Central Station. I took an empty suit case to sit on in line. It took several hours and when I finally got to the front of the line the man said "I'm sorry, Lady, but you've already had the trip." He thought my ticket was already used and what I had was a receipt for a trip I'd already taken. I didn't know what to do. I was stranded.

I searched my memory carefully and figured out what had happened. When we bought our tickets there had been a substitute ticket agent --- an old man who was retired but helping out that day because there'd been a train wreck. He had somehow made a mistake in preparing our tickets. I went back to the hotel and wrote a letter to the president of Grand Central, explaining what had happened, and asking him to investigate. The next day he called and apologized and said I was right. First they gave me show tickets and then sent me home in style with a private compartment, candy, and everything.

I went back to Duluth to the cute little house Joe and I had bought there for \$5,000 with a \$400 down payment. We had furnished it up real cute and Joe had painted it inside and out. It was a Cape Cod style house with two bedrooms and a bath upstairs and two bedrooms and a bath downstairs, and a full basement. I had rented it out while I was in New York and soon rented it out again.

In 1944 I decided to go to California. Joe's transport carrier stopped in California ports from time to time. While in New York I had left the Plymouth Coupe in the garage and when I went to California I had a dealer sell it for me. I would like to have driven it across country but gasoline was rationed and there was no way I could get the gasoline for such a trip. He sold it for \$1600 but only gave me \$800 of that. I had left Penelope with friends while I was in New York, paying them 30 cents a day to feed and care for her.

But when I went to California I had to give her up because animals were not permitted on public transportation. How I cried about leaving her, and I missed her for a long, long time. I later sold that house through the mail -- I didn't go back. We'd bought it for \$5,000 and I sold it for \$8,000. When I went back in 1971 it was on the market again for \$36,000.

I arrived in California in August of 1944 and lived first in San Pedro in a little house behind another house, on the back of the lot. I lived there from August until November and then had a bad experience that caused me to move. I was coming home alone at night and there was a blackout. I was walking on the sidewalk and had the feeling that I was being followed. I had on high heels and still had a good block to go. I got my key in my hand, kicked off my shoes and ran like a deer. I got into the house and locked the door but he had seen me and came banging on the door. He pounded on the doors and windows. I had no telephone to call for help and was so scared. I was just petrified all night. But morning finally came and I was safe. I told Joe about it and he had me move to a room in Long Beach.

I shared an apartment with a teacher who taught at Edison. I cooked for her. It was on the 2100 block on east 7th St. Those Edison Company teachers were so good to me, but really, I've always gotten along well with people. They had a cabin in Idyllwild and would invite me to go there with them. Then I met a girl who had an exercise ship on E. 7th and she told me she could use part time help. She also asked me what I knew about cosmetics. So I worked two or three hours a day and sometimes all day on Saturday. It all helped me get through the terrible anxiety of wartime. Every time I heard about a transport ship being torpedoed, I'd be beside myself with worry.

The war finally ended and Joe came home in the spring of 1946. We found an apartment that was furnished just up the street away from where I'd been living. It was on St. Louis St. I remember the buses went on strike and Joe had to take a cab to the Times Building in Long Beach to the Coastguard headquarters. Joe understood he was being transferred to the San Francisco area so we bought a second hand Cadillac for \$750 and drove up there. But it was a mistake and they sent him back to Long Beach. The car acted up all the way.

My health seemed to be getting worse. I'd had problems all through the years with my stomach and in fact had gone to Mayo's on the bus when we were living in Duluth, before the war. They took a lot of tests and told me there were 11 places in my intestines that had ruptured and healed over. They didn't recommend an operation but gave me guidance on my diet to help me feel better and avoid more serious complications. Now, back in Long Beach I found I was so nervous and I had insomnia and couldn't get any rest. I got -- oh, it was terrible -- I'd try to get dinner and the stove would come right up at me it seemed. Finally I went to the Navy Hospital in San Diego, but to no avail. It was terrible. I was so nervous and so sick but they couldn't diagnose my problem. Joe was patient in his own way. The best thing about him was he was good to my little girl and her children.

I could endure the rest for that.

We stayed in the apartment that summer and then began looking for a house. We found the one we liked at 2701 Delta in Long Beach and began buying furniture and preparing to move in. Kay and Bob came out in October of 1946 and joined us in the apartment while we waited to move into the house. Actually Kay came alone at first and Bob joined us after we had moved into the house, just a few days before Christmas. We were relieved when he arrived because they had been running up a terrific phone bill talking to each other.

Kay and Bob stayed with us the first year and Kay was expecting her first child. She got along a lot better with her pregnancy than I did when I was expecting her. Tommy was born on November 25, 1947. It was wonderful to welcome our first grandchild. Tommy was four months old when they moved to Redondo Beach. I just thought I'd die when they left but finally adjusted to being without them. We saw them often and Tommy stayed with us some of the time. I loved being Grandpa and Joe loved being Grandpa.

We had just had new carpet installed in our home in 1950 when Joe got transferred to New Orleans. He only had six years to go until retirement and he thought he'd be able to stay put in Long Beach. Wrong. So we rented the house and moved to New Orleans. Joe wanted to sell it but I knew we'd never be able to get another and so insisted on hanging on to it. We only got \$90.00 a month for it. During the four years we were in New Orleans I only got to see the family on Christmas. While we were gone Mary, our second and last grandchild was born, on June 28, 1951. I wanted so much to be with them but couldn't.

I didn't like it in New Orleans at all. The heat and humidity were so terrible. We rented an apartment again. I was sick while we were there and just had no energy. I mostly had to stay in the house because of my health and the conditions there. When you'd come in you'd be soaking wet and your clothes stuck to you. It was awful. I read a lot and sewed. But, true to my previous pattern, I also went to school. I went to art classes in New Orleans where I learned art appreciation and technique. I also took classes on Creole cooking and that was very enlightening. Together we went to all the art exhibitions and many musical shows and concerts, just as we had done in New York.

Joe was stationed at the base and his drinking was always a problem between us. Before we leave New Orleans, I must tell you another reason I hated it there. The cockroaches! They have cockroaches an inch long. They'd get into everything. They'd get in the dresser drawers and eat my stockings, and climb up the walls. They came out mostly at night but many were brave enough to come out in the daytime too. And speaking of things I hated -- let me include the Mardi Gras. People came to visit just to go to Mardi Gras so we did go once but I hated it -- so decadent. We had service people friends but most of them were drinkers and I never felt I had much in common with them.

In the summer of 1954 Joe got transferred to Oakland, California. We drove out in a

Ford Victorian car. After the war we had cashed in our war bonds and bought a 12 cylinder Lincoln. You know, during the war, servicemen were asked to buy a war bond every payday. The Lincoln had 100,000 miles on it. We traded it in on the Ford and it was a wonderful car once they got the bugs out of it. We rented a very nice apartment in Oakland.

I liked Oakland up to a point but was having trouble with my tenants in Long Beach. They kept sending short checks, claiming to have done various repairs around the house. I took art classes again in the Bay area and also studied the history of the area. I always used to do that when we moved to a new area. Some of our friends from Sault St. Marie, Michigan were there at the same time we were and that was nice. There are many cultures in the Bay area and you could go every minute. We spent a lot of time in San Francisco. After taking the classes on California history, we visited the gold country in northern California. We took many pictures and even had the opportunity to show them in class when we were asked to substitute for our teacher who became ill. We saw Kay's family only occasionally during that time because they were living in Pasadena and very busy operating a motel. We usually saw them at Christmas and one other time during the year.

Joe retired in 1956 and we came home. The tenants had abused the house and we had to get new linoleum, a new lawn, and make many repairs. A tree limb had fallen on the roof, causing damage, and just been left there. It was terrible. But Joe was no problem to have around the house. He always had to keep busy and was never underfoot. He was very physically fit and always had a project going. He said a house is like a ship -- you have to work on it every day to keep it fit. He was a wonderful carpenter. He was still young -- only 58 when he retired.

The best thing about retirement was that finally we could spend time with our grandchildren. Tommy was one of the most compatible of children. We loved having him around. When we came home he was eight years old and had changed so much -- he had become shy. But oh how he loved his grandpa and me and how we loved him. And Mary was a very sharp little girl and she caught onto things real, real quick. She could retell stories we told her almost word for word. She was the apple of Kay's and Bob's eyes.

We did many things with the children. We took them to the zoo in San Diego and to the beach, and to Kernville fishing. I'd pack the lunch and off we'd go. Joe built Mary a bicycle with wonderful cartoons on each side of it. He built Tommy a wagon that was the envy of everyone and called it the Grasshopper. Then there was the Jelly Bean Farm. You've never seen anything like it, I'm sure. He carved animals and painted their faces. They were darling. He worked all summer to do it. There were tractors, a farm house with a picket fence, and a train that ran all around the farm. It was a masterpiece if there ever was one. Unfortunately, I don't think all of it has been saved, but they were wonderful. All the pictures (slides) we had of those, the family, etc. got destroyed in a flood in Bob and Kay's garage. I still grieve their loss.

I was getting sicker all the time. I wanted the children with me so much and yet they made me nervous and I was sometimes short with them. My problem still hadn't been diagnosed. I usually got one of the older doctors and they probably just thought I was going through the change. One time Joe called the Public Health in San Pedro and I went there. This time I got a young German doctor and he recognized right away that my problem was hypothyroidism. He sent me to San Francisco to go into the hospital for observation and treatment for three months prior to surgery because I was too toxic. It was a long three months but because I was an officer's wife I received extra special attention. This was in 1960 because I remember the presidential elections when Kennedy was elected were going on at that time.

After my surgery something wasn't quite right because my thumb and finger drew together and my feet seemed to be starting to do the same. It was possible brain injury had occurred during surgery -- or something. There was a big to do as the doctors and interns tried to figure out what was wrong. One intern thought it might be a chemical deficiency of some kind and that reminded me that in New Orleans I'd been diagnosed as having a calcium deficiency. I don't assimilate or manufacture calcium. I still couldn't talk because of the throat surgery but managed to convey to them through the use of pencil and paper that I had a calcium problem. They ran a test and found it was very low. They gave me a calcium solution and right away I could feel the difference. I was in the hospital a total of 4½ months and had a long convalescence even after I returned home. Joe had painted the whole house while I was in the hospital. And in honor of my recovery he bought me a 5 piece mink!

We both returned to school in earnest now. I took classes in interior decorating and family law, as well as the usual art and history courses. I also took speed reading, typing, creative writing and music. Our friend Earl Thomas had come out from Michigan and besides running a music shop, was teaching music at Long Beach City College. Of course I signed up for his class and enjoyed it very much. Joe meanwhile was studying art and taking classes in real estate. We coordinated our subject matter so our schedules pretty well matched up. We each took 16 units. From LBCC we went on to LBSU and it was from there that I graduated in 1959 with an AA in general education.

We pretty much enjoyed life all through the 1960's. We enjoyed our grandchildren and our neighborhood. This was a wonderful neighborhood -- such nice people here. A group of us ladies got together and called our group "The Sewing Club," though we haven't done a lot of sewing. These have been lasting friendships and after all these years those of us who are left still get together once a month. We had lots of associates including quite a few ex-service personnel and their wives. Joe wasn't always drinking and smoking. He kept so busy and kept the house so beautiful. We had no desire to travel, as we'd had enough of that during the service years.

In 1970 we became aware that Joe was sick. He had lung cancer and had such terrible

pain. I think he got it because of all the asbestos he was in contact with in the ship yards, though his cigar smoking probably contributed to it. He said he was prepared to go but he didn't want to be alone. He wanted me to get a bed brought in so I could stay right there in his room with him. That wasn't possible, so I wasn't with him when he died. I went into his room one time and he was gone. Joe was baptized into the Catholic Church a few days before he died because he thought it would be comforting to me. It had been Joe's request that his body be cremated and his ashes scattered at sea. I was making arrangements for that and when the Catholic priest learned of it he declined to participate in the memorial services. I had to make other arrangements at the last minute. It was most difficult for me and I was very hurt. I followed Joe's instructions concerning his body, but later on had reason to regret it. My widowed friends found comfort in visiting the graves of their deceased husbands and placing flowers there. That comfort was not available to me.

In spite of all the years I'd spent alone through the years, I was in no way prepared for widowhood. Even though our marriage was in many ways not satisfying to me I missed him terribly. As I've mentioned, I could not participate fully with him because he liked to drink and socialize with worldly people and I could never enjoy those things. I always had a yearning to be more deeply loved.

I tried to find solace at church. I was a Catholic, though not real gung ho. I've never been one to be real involved in church. I grew up in the Catholic Church and raised Kay in the Catholic Church -- with communion and confirmation. But in my bereavement I found little comfort in the Catholic Church. The fact that the priest had hurt me so badly didn't help.

Joe died in September of 1971 and I went back east to spend Christmas with my sister Frances. I saw Florence too and stayed on until early February. But I finally realized I was just putting off making my adjustment and came home to try to put my life back together without my husband. I was out watering my plants when I heard a friendly voice calling to me. I didn't know the lady but she introduced herself as Nina Gore and told me she was taking a survey of radio and billboard ad influences. She appealed to me right away and I invited her in to visit. Nina was a widow too and understood the difficult time I was having. She came back in a day or two with her sister-in-law, Edith, and the two of them invited me to go with them to the women's group in their church, the Assembly of God. The group was called the Missionary Council and they did a great deal of volunteer work. It sounded like just the thing for me and I became very active in the group and very good friends with the ladies. We were a very busy group and the things we did were worthwhile and helped to give me the inner peace that I so much needed at that time. We made clothing for their missionaries and their families, worked at nursing homes and had wonderful bazaars. I made afgans and quilt tops and was president of the widow's club. I also taught rug making and pleat making to the ladies. I attended their Sunday services and participated in a Bible study group, but never did join their Church. During that time I came to feel more spiritually close to the Lord than I ever had before. I

quickly that: 1. I would have stayed with Aunt Annie longer and let her know

how much I loved her.

2. I wouldn't have gotten married at age 17.

3. I wouldn't have married men who drank or smoked.

4. I would have had a career in the medical world -- been a doctor or something.

The biggest lesson I have learned in life? Not to be quite so spontaneous and outspoken. I've had to learn to sometimes keep my opinions to myself.

My message to my posterity: To set a goal and go after it no matter how difficult. Fulfill your vocation to the hilt. Continue to seek more education all your life for fulfillment and benefit.

In a nutshell - my advice on how to live successfully: Know thyself and be honest with yourself about it. If you're honest with yourself you'll be right with the other guy.

My secret for a happy life: Bridle your temper. Be a good business person and get things in writing. Get things right. Don't think negatively.

My favorite possession: An old serrated knife I had when Kay was a little girl and I was traveling for the cosmetics company. We'd get a loaf of bread and some milk. I'd cut up the bread with that knife and we'd have a feast. Such good memories. I'm reminded of them every time I use that knife so I do so regularly.

Am I superstitious? No. I don't believe in ghosts or UFO's either. I'm not imaginary. I'm a realist.

What is my favorite hymn? Probably "Rock of Ages" and "I Need Thee Every Hour," though there are many, many hymns I love.

I would like to be remembered as a kindly, understanding individual -- someone who tried to be good to others and add a little happiness to their lives.

I find I'm mostly happy in these precious later years with Jay. We enjoy each other so much. Neither of us is sensitive about past spouses and we can (and do) share our past experiences with each other freely. We don't see our children and grandchildren as much as we'd like, of course, because their lives are busy, as were ours at corresponding ages. But we relish the times we are together. We've spent special times recently with Kay and Bob (my kids) and Wilbur, Donna, Dorothy, and Broadie (Jay's kids) as well as quite a few of our grandchildren and great grandchildren. Life is good and I wish it could continue on like it is forever.

Pedigree Chart

Completed Ordinances:

- B Baptized
- E Endowed
- P Sealed to parents
- S Sealed to spouse
- C Children's ordinances

2 Judson Harley (?)

B: _____
 P: _____
 M: _____
 P: Hurley, Wisconsin
 D: _____
 P: _____

6 Daniel Francis Ryan

B: _____
 P: _____
 D: _____
 P: _____

1 Mildred Clara Hurley

B: 26 Nov 1903
 P: Superior, Wisconsin
 M: 23 Jul 1921
 P: Hibbing
 D: _____
 P: _____

(1) Lee Michels
 (Spouse of no. 1)

3 Talia Brinker

B: _____
 P: _____
 D: _____
 P: _____

4 James Hurley

B: _____
 P: Ireland
 M: _____
 P: _____
 D: _____
 P: _____

B: _____
 P: _____
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6 Brinker Hurley
of Ashland, Wisconsin

B: _____
 P: _____
 D: _____
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7 Louise Beck

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Prepared by _____

Telephone _____

Date prepared
 8 NOV 2005

(2) Joe Blanchard
 (3) Jesse Ralph Walton