

The Life Story



of
Savilla Long Walton

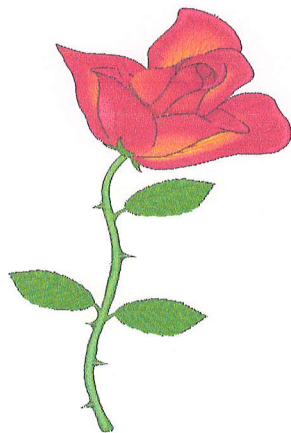
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Savilla Evelyn
1912 - 1977

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*Savilla
Bong
Walton*

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(This is not really a complete table of contents, but hopefully it will help you find what you're looking for. There are no headings within the story and so you will still have to do a certain amount of searching.)

(Compiling this life story has not been an easy task because the sources were so varied and scattered. But the love of family records and family history were things we shared and which brought us our greatest closeness. I have felt a great obligation to organize and preserve the many things she saved pertaining to her life and her ancestry, and to compile her life story. It has been a gift of love -- to all of my family and descendents, but especially for my husband's mother and sister. And in spite of its imperfections, I feel Mother is pleased to have it finished at last. Donna)



Savilla Evelyn Long



MAR • 61

*Bertha, Nellie
+ Savilla*



Savilla Long



8th Grade Graduation

All grown
up





My Parents, Clark and
Leila Malinda Long.

Below:
Savilla, seated, and
Sisters Bertha at the left
and Nellie behind her.





Clark Jarnum
Long
in his usual
"Uniform"



Leila with Brandon
Wilbur



Leila was a
dressmaker and she
was always well
dressed (and hatted).



Bertha Long and Husband Lafayette Thurman



Bertha Long



Savilla - a Teenager,
 Holding Phillip Thurman,
 Her Sister Bertha's Baby.
 Bertha passed away
 shortly thereafter and
 Phil was raised by
 Savilla's parents.



Clark and Leila with Bertha

LIFE STORY OF SAVILLA EVELYN LONG WALTON

(As much as possible, Savilla is quoted directly from parts of her life story she had written and from letters and other writings. When the writings are not her own it will be so stated or indicated.)

I was born February 13, 1912 at North Platte, Lincoln, Nebraska. My father, Clark Varnum Long, was born December 26, 1868 at Stockport, Jefferson, Iowa. My mother, Leila Malinda Slafter was born May 8, 1881 at Minneapolis, Hennepin, Minnesota. My father was the son of Isaac Long and Sarah James. Isaac had two other wives. His third wife, Savilla Ann, raised the children and I was named for her.

My mother was the daughter of Rev. Orren Augustine Slafter and Mary Malinda Covey. She was the daughter of Smith Covey and Charlotte Sheffield. My grandfather Slafter was the son of Elijah Dexter Slafter and Maria Lucretia Lilly. He was the son of Calvin Slafter and Jerusha Dexter. He was the son of Eleazer Slafter and Mary Freeman. He was the son of Samuel Slafter and Dorothy Fenton. He was the son of the immigrant ancestor, John Slafter and his wife, the former Mrs. Abiah Bartlett.

My oldest sister, Nellie Malinda Foster was born October 2, 1900 at Cheyenne, Laramie, Wyoming. She had brown hair with so much a red-gold cast it was almost auburn, and blue-green eyes. The last few years it is turning grey. Her father was Thomas Arby Foster, my mother's first husband. He was a soldier at Fort Warren near Cheyenne, Wyoming.

My mother's second child and my father's first, Etta Long, was born December 2, 1902 and died December 21, 1902 at Gering, Scotts Bluffs, Nebraska. Mother said she was the image of my father with dark brown eyes and long dark hair.

The third child, Bertha Viola Long, was born March 31, 1905 at North Platte, Lincoln, Nebraska. She too, had dark brown eyes and hair. She married Lafayette Ethermine (changed to Lawrence) Thurman and had one son, Phillip Lawrence Thurman. She died May 28, 1924 at Gering Nebraska of tuberculosis. That time is almost too painful to remember. My parents raised Phillip and I was still a young girl at home (12 years old) so he seems more like a brother to me. I cut his hair the first time and took him to school his first day. His eyes are blue and his hair brown.

I am the fourth child and I have a brother, Donald Francis Long, who was born June 30, 1918 at Marshfield, Webster, Missouri. He has light brown hair and blue grey eyes like mine.

My mother was almost a blond when my parents were married and as she grew older her hair grew dark and my father thought she was coloring it. She had very heavy hair and it was a big disappointment to her when it turned grey when she was still a young woman. My father

was twelve years older but his hair remained dark throughout most of his life. I have a lovely picture of my mother which she gave me many years ago, even before my father died. In it she is wearing a very pretty dress that leaves both shoulders bare. She told me that Papa especially asked her to have that picture taken because he thought her shoulders and back were so beautiful. But then after the picture was taken he didn't want anyone but himself to see it. My parents were hard working people and sincere Christians.

My favorite pictures of my parents show Mama playing the piano and Papa beside a car. They look so natural and remind me of the way they lived. I will never cease to be thankful for their firm belief in God and prayer. Life was not always as they planned and worked hard to obtain but always there was love of family, our Heavenly Father and our country. I think I inherited more characteristics of each of them than my brother and sisters did. Maybe it is only because my heart turns to them as I grow older and understand more their self-sacrifice for us.

My mother was an excellent seamstress and it is only natural ;my earliest memories are about sewing. I can vividly remember sitting on the floor by her sewing machine while she pedalled away, making our clothing. Before I went to school she had me sewing by hand on doll clothes. I will always be grateful for her patience and efforts to teach me to sew. It has not only been a source of much pleasure but a most thrifty hobby. I sencerely believe I have saved more by sewing than any other household chore. I can not understand why any woman does not learn how but neither can I remember when I first held a needle in my hand. Thank you, gentle, little Mama.

Several years ago, 1957 to be exact, I was taking a class in genealogy under Brother Stevenson of Brigham Young University. Beginning my Life Story was the lesson for one day. Feeling that my life was quite uneventful, I decided to finish my life story by writing "I Remember When" notes. The following several paragraphs had their beginning in those notes.

Strange as it may seem, I have a vivid memory of a big, black locomotive thundering down upon us and I thought for many years I had been run over by a train when I was a child. One time I mentioned it to my mother and she said: "It just doesn't seem possible you could remember that incident; you were only one year old."

My parents lived on the north side of the railroad tracks in a residential section of North Platte, Nebraska where many engineers, conductors, and trainment lived. My father, Clark Long, was a blacksmith at the roundhouse. North Platte, at that time, was a thriving railroad town and a railroad division point.

My father bought land on the north side of North Platte, subdivided it, and sold all but two lots. The first house he built was a two story house where my sister, Bertha, was born. He sold that house

and built another - a one story building which Mother liked very much.



"Bertha was born in this house Papa built. He built two -- I was born in the one with the hip-roof."

She said he had hand-picked the oak boards for the kitchen floor to be as free of blemish as possible and as long as the room was. He then bought the very best varnish available and put on three coats. She was very proud of her kitchen floor. Seems a simple thing to be proud of in this day of colorful linoleums that are glued on top of sometimes inferior plywood. But that was really quality flooring.

I can understand her pride in her kitchen floor because in 1956 when my husband and I moved to Van Nuys, California for a year, thinking we were making a rental out of our home in Long Beach, we purchased some very good quality gray and pink mottled linoleum for the kitchen. A year later we moved back and for 20 years I lived with that ugly gray linoleum on the kitchen floor. Last year, 1975, we had some new, beautiful floor covering laid and my husband used the scraps to line the drawers and lower shelves of the kitchen cupboards. I love it!

I have digressed considerably, but there was a reason. Once a month my mother would dress up and take my two sisters and me in a baby carriage across town over the railroad tracks to do her shopping for her sewing needs. She told me it seemed impossible to think I would remember the incident and get the impression that I had been run over by a railroad train at such an early age. I have only to close my eyes and I can see that train bearing down upon us, whistling and screeching and bells ringing. Mother said what really happened was that she got part way across the tracks and had to wait until a train came through. She said it frightened me so I went into hysterics. I can remember my sisters on each side of the carriage holding on to the rolled rim of the reed-rim of the basket-type carriage.

My next memory is one I cherish. My sisters were in school and during the day my mother would sew, sitting me down on the floor beside her, threading a needle and showing me how to sew a butterfly doll dress. I can also remember how gentle and soft her hands were

when she bathed me in the big round washtub.

I can remember sitting on the edge of the porch and picking up a pebble and throwing it as far as I could and saying a naughty word. My sister said "I'm going to tell Mama." I picked up another stone, threw it a bit farther and said the word a little bit louder. I don't know where I'd heard the word, but I felt very daring. The third time, two strong hands grabbed me from behind and a voice said "Young lady, come here! Your mouth needs washing out," which I promptly got with homemade laundry soap in my mother's capable hands.

When I was a year old my folks moved to a farm in Missouri, which they rented because it had a bigger and better house on it than the farm which my father had purchased. He intended to some day build on it and pipe spring water down the hill to the kitchen. In 1972 we took a vacation and drove our 1971 Rambler Ambassador to the area near Springfield, Missouri, but nearer to a small town named Marshfield. I had always wanted to go back and see if things were as I remembered them. It made me heartsick to see the pond overgrown with reeds, the banks broken down to the overflow pipe from cattle crossing there as they grazed. The pond was on the side of a hill and was fed by a natural spring.

One day when I was about five years old, a little neighbor girl came down to play with me and I'm afraid I wasn't a very gracious hostess. I had a lovely set of tiny toy dishes and she was deliberately breaking them. A fight ensued and I told her she couldn't play with my dishes any longer. I'm surprised to think I had the courage to defend my property but Mother came out and settled it all.

We also had an old blind mare. When she was saddled, the older girls could ride her, but when I rode her someone had to lead her around by the halter, which irked me. There were many wild-growing berries and I remember being left with my elder sister, Nellie, while Mama and Bertha went blackberry picking to make jelly.

When I returned to that area on that vacation, I found the house we had lived in had burned down, leaving piles of flint rock to outline the rooms just as I had remembered them being. After we had left there someone had poured cement in the floor of the smokehouse, but it was easy to locate. I also located the entryway to the old cellar, which had a sod roof but had now fallen in. I can remember very well the jars of canned fruit on the shelves, the hams hanging from the rafters, the sauerkraut barrel, piles of Hubbard squash, and boxes of apples stored for the winter. My father often gave apples and things to a rather poor, shiftless family in the dead of winter, which angered my mother. Not that she was a selfish person, but they had a large family and they did not work hard to prepare for the coming winter. My mother was a very compassionate, generous person, but definitely a Northerner, who combed her beautiful hair in a stylish mode and was never completely accepted by the other

women in our backwoods area. They wore their hair in a knot at the back of their heads and made sour-dough bread or biscuits, while my mother was an accomplished cook who made all kinds of pastries and light, fine grained white-flour-bread.

On this vacation trip we found the Church we children attended and the school which been converted into a large farmhouse. I met one of our neighbors who took us around to help us locate many places, which helped because we didn't have too much time left that day. I was in the first grade in that school and because my father had been ill, we moved to Nebraska, where my mother's people were and I started second grade there. I guess I'm the only one in the family now living that has happy memories of the years lived in Missouri. I brought a 20 pound piece of flint rock from the foundation of the house to each of my brother Donald, sister Nellie, and nephew Philip. None of them shared my interest in those childhood scenes. I have collected rocks from many places in the Western States and hope to use them someday to build a fountain.

I was a quiet, shy child, and I think this is the reason I spent several summer vacations with my Grandmother and Grandfather Watkins at Bayard, Nebraska. I remember one time when my Aunt Cora came to visit and I slept with her in Grandma's big feather bed. I loved to hear my elders talk of pioneering days and I wanted a book like my grandmother had of a family history entitled "The Slafter Memorial."

I always admired my mother's appearance. She was an attractive woman and had the ability to make her family and self look well on a meager sum. She was an expert seamstress and artistically talented. My father earned his way through the Seminary at Fairfield, Iowa, to get his teacher's certificate but was too bashful to continue as a teacher. He loved God's green earth and was happiest farming in Missouri.

When my parents were first married they lived at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and then on my Aunt Cora's ranch after her husband died. Before my sister Bertha was born they moved to North Platte, Nebraska. Here my father bought some land and blocked it off in lots. He sold some of these to build a house, selling it to build another where I was born. When I was a baby they traded that for a farm in Webster County near Marshfield, Missouri. It had a lovely spring coming out of the hill above the house. My father planned to pipe the water to the house and enlarge the house someday. He rented it and we lived on another farm he rented, with a larger house and barns. We lived there seven years and small though I was, some of my dearest memories go back there.

I remember my sister Bertha and I writing on a big flat rock down by the barn with pieces of brick or colored soft rock. My old cat, Tom, and the many kittens arriving down at the barn. I played with them like my dolls. The pond at the bottom of the hill and the

creek with the crayfish in it. The swing under the big old tree by the back door. The fruit cellar smelling of apples and me with one in each hand. The hornets' nest I showed a little visitor and they passed me by to sting her seriously. The buggy and team of horses that took us to town over a crushed rock road. Meeting my father at the bottom of the hill by the little creek when he came from town, and how I'd hold his hand and he would swing me up to sit beside him. These memories are as sweet as the peppermints he brought to me.

It was here I first went to school with my sisters. I can't remember when my sister wasn't near and taking care of me. So it was when I first went to school. In good weather we walked the miles. In bad, Papa hitched up the team and took us. It was a one room school, all grades to nine. We went to church at a little country church, Mission Home Baptist.

After my father's health failed and he was hospitalized, my mother moved us to Gering, Scotts Bluffs, Nebraska, where her family lived. (It seems Savilla said her father had some kind of nervous or mental breakdown and was hospitalized for about two years. This, of course, was a great disruption to the family, and was seldom talked about, which was in keeping with the era in which they lived. Other than the brief mention above, I can find nothing in her notes and mementoes concerning her father's illness.)

The remainder of my childhood was spent in Gering, Nebraska. I remember that I amused myself mostly sewing doll clothes, playing with paper dolls and coloring with crayons and water paints. On my 12th birthday I received roller skates. I took on my share of household chores including learning to cook on our wood or coal-burning range.

Gering is in the Platte Valley surrounded by rugged hills. West of the town is the range from the Bad Lands to the south, of Scott's Bluff, and Dome Rock. These are famed landmarks on the Oregon Trail and it was between the two, through Mitchell Pass that the wagon trains had to pass. A rocky climb to the top was rewarded with a breathtaking view of the valley. Chimney Rock, farther east, near Bayard, was also a distinctive land mark on the Trail. When I was a child the deep wheel ruts were still visible on the pasture land. Since irrigation was made possible by large dams, I imagine they have been plowed under now. I was thrilled to study early Nebraska history in school and enjoyed talking to my mother about pioneer life. Her family moved to the Valley in 1887. Her father preached the first sermon for the Christian Church there. He was the minister at Cheyenne, Wyoming at the time of his death in 1900.

I loved the hills and spent many happy hours hiking there. There is a road built to the top now and Devil's Hole (or Slide) is no more. The brilliant colored sunset over the hills is a picture for anyone.

School



I entered the second grade at the little wooden building that was east of the new Senior High School building. The next two grades were in the old building north of the Senior High School. The new Grammar School buildings were completed and the east side attended McKinley and the west side, Lincoln. The Lincoln School was one block from my home. We were so proud of the new building and moved in during the school term. It was a thrilling experience and very well organized (so it seemed to me!). My parents taught us to love and appreciate our public buildings, something I think the children of today take for granted too much. I enjoyed school and was quite fond of several teachers. One was Mrs. Coughlin, sixth grade. Junior High School was upstairs at the Senior High building, about seven blocks from home. The subject I enjoyed most and recall often now was the history of Nebraska. I guess that was because my grandparents were early pioneers and I heard the personal experiences of my mother as a child. It was in Junior High that a penmanship teacher shamed me for using my left hand to write and I tried to change. The result made me nervous and Mother found out and stopped it. But my writing with my left hand did not seem as good as before. I am most decidedly left-handed in action and thought. I graduated from eighth grade on May 20, 1926.

In Senior High School I took college preparatory work, intending to be a teacher. We could take the state teacher examinations on work completed in the Normal Training class. My grades were excellent for the examinations I took. Among my subjects were General Science, Biology, Algebra I & II, Geometry, Latin I & II, Agriculture, Junior Reviews (Normal Training), Glee Club and Physical Education. My favorite teachers at Gering High School were Alice Lewis, Science, C.E. Tavenor, Math, and Amanda McHenry.

A highlight of my Junior year was the Junior and Senior Class Banquet. It was a lovely occasion and I have a newspaper clipping describing it. I had the honor of giving the last program number of the evening, a poem I composed portraying a fictional glimpse into the future of the seniors. The poem was a big hit with the crowd. I loved high school and I am sure the biggest mistake of my life was my sudden decision to marry at the end of my Junior year. Many serious mistakes and much unhappiness that resulted in divorce was the result of two young people who married before they were prepared for that responsibility. I did not lack much at that time to complete my high school education and tried three times to return to school to do it but something always prevented my continuing. I finally succeeded in 1965. It was a long cherished dream.

I began going steady with William Henry Bliss in July, 1928. It was during the Oregon Trail Days celebration. I had met him at church, although he was one of the older fellows who came to Gering to work in the Sugar Beet Factory and stayed to paint at the factory in the summer too. His father and mine worked there too during the season of harvest and my father liked Bill. In the spring Bill quit because of poor health and went to the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation to farm flax on virgin soil. When he came back in June we suddenly decided to

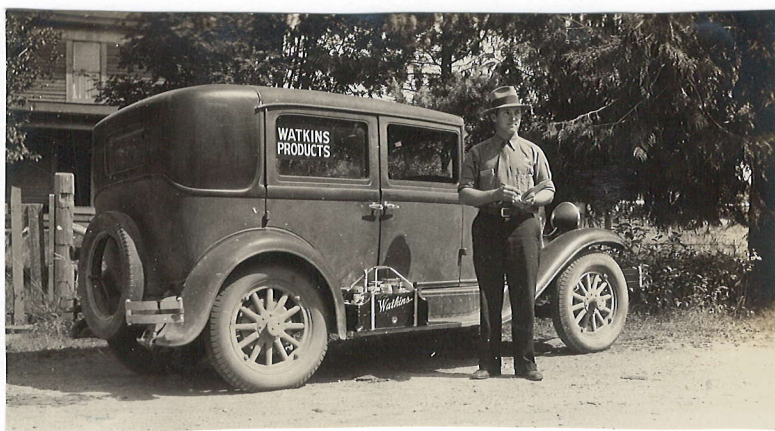
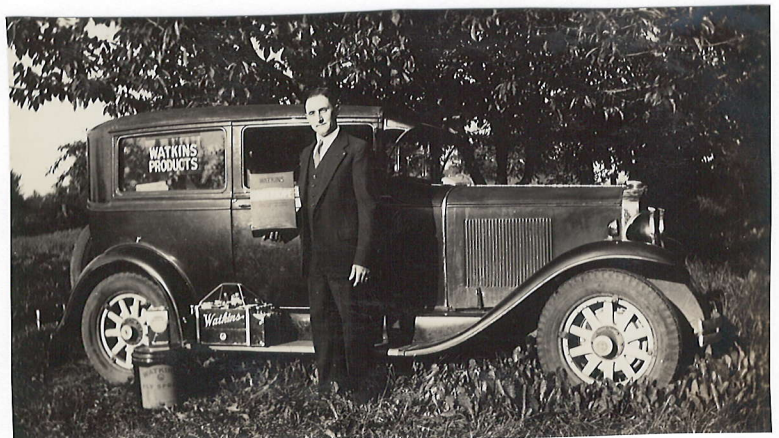


Bill Bliss



Savilla Bliss

Before the
Divorce







Wilbur + Dorothy



Dorothy



Dorothy Davis



To Cry
or
To
Laugh?



The Bliss Kids - Enjoying Life in Washington -
Before The Divorce



be married on the 15th and I returned with him to South Dakota. We were married at my parents' home with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Spray as witnesses. Mama picked the beautiful red peonies just beginning to bloom. I wore my Junior-Senior banquet dress Mama had made, beige georgette over rose satin. In July we went to Gibbon, Nebraska to visit his parents and married sisters. This was 1929.

(A note from another source on the same period) "At the time of our marriage William Bliss was employed at the Great Western Sugar Factory at Gering as a carbonator in the manufacturing season and a painter in the off season. He quit this work to raise flax on the Seoux Reservation, not realizing the flax seed imported from Australia was for fiber and not seed, he lost all he had invested."

We made our home at McCook, Indianola, Franklin, and Gering, Nebraska until 1933. My son, Wilbur Lee Bliss, was born at my mother's home in Gering, May 5, 1930. He had lots of dark brown hair, blue eyes, and weighed seven pounds. His hair became light within a year or so but dark brown as he grew up. His skin is fair and sunburns easily.

I made by first baby's first dress all by hand. I was so happy and proud to do it. I don't think it will ever mean as much to Wilbur as it does to me for I see it with a Mother's loving, expectant eyes. The stitches are not as small or perfect as I thought they were then. It does, indeed, look very plain and ordinary but when I pick it up a million memories make it beautiful to me once more.

Wilbur first smiled on June 8th, had his first hair cut on July 5th, first put out his hands to Opal on September 27th, fell off the bed on July 10th, fell out of a chair on October 2nd, first crawled on November 22nd, and first burned his hands on November 23rd.

(Part of a letter written to D. & B. in 1964 gives this information:)

"Sorry to hear about you having such a large boil, or carbuncle and the kids having them too. I'm sure I've told you, but it bears repeating -- When Wilbur was a baby and I came to Nellie's in Long Beach for the summer for my health, all of Nellie's family had boils and Wilbur and I got them. I had 13 at one time on my body. My cousin took me to the doctor and he said they were very infectious. He gave me a perscription for bi-chloride of mercury tablets and directions to sit in the tub of water with two tablets in it to bathe and soak the boils. Then open them carefully, pressing away from the core, washing with bichloride solution and then take towel and all clothing I had worn and put in the bath water for sterilization. I got rid of mine but Nellie and family still had theirs a year later."

Then came the depression years and it was a struggle to keep body and soul together. We moved to McCook, Nebraska where Bill became a Raleigh Products Dealer. Although he was a successful salesman in that

county, the depression hit hard and many farmers could not pay their bills. The cities had their bread lines but only those who lived it know what it was like, to plant seed to feed hungry livestock and fowl only to see it dry up in the hot, dry wind, and the valuable top soil blown about and piled in drifts. To add to the miseries of the depression, the Midwest was suffering at that time from severe drought and dust storms.

Nellie also was having her problems and her children were sent to Gering to be with us. I was expecting a baby in January and the food we had was not a good diet for me. It was difficult for everyone that year. The factory season was short and that closed the small hotel my parents were managing. Both my father and Bill were out of work, trying desperately to find anything to do, without success. Dorothy Ilene Bliss, my daughter, was born January 10, 1933. She had dark brown hair and brown eyes. Soon after she was born my husband left for Lynden, Whatcom, Washington, where he could find work and where there was an abundance of food being produced on the small farms. Uncle Will, his father's twin brother, had settled there sometime previously. The last of June I followed on the train with the children.

Before I left Nebraska for Washington, our friends, Jesse and Opal Spray, had their first baby, a beautiful little girl who died from injuries at birth. They had been married seven years and wanted a baby so badly. It was sad indeed. Years later they had a son.

Whatcom County, Washington was a beautiful place of dairy and chicken ranches, orchards, fir and pine trees, and fresh air. My husband started by selling for the Watkins Products Company and was quite successful. Later we bought a house and orchard at the northwest corner of Lynden, Washington, and made a small store and Standard Oil Company station there. With various hired help I managed the store during the day and he helped at night and weekends.

I failed to mention that I had been baptized by Mormon missionaries when my son was a tiny baby, on July 26, 1930 (my sister, Nellie and her husband had joined a little earlier). I then had no contact with an organized ward until I was contacted at Lynden, Washington, by Bishop Henry B. Lindembolt in 1938. Church was held in Bellingham, 20 miles south, and I frequently attended. I really knew very little about the Mormon faith when I was baptized. I had been converted to the truth of the Book of Mormon but my parents and friends were strongly opposed to my becoming a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. At one time I even renewed my membership in the Christian Church in which I was raised and an active member. It has taken many years of contact, chiefly to begin with, by my desire to raise my children in the Latter-day Saint way of life, to gain the testimony to the truth of this gospel that I do have now. Sometimes I feel it has come too late. Too many mistakes and heartaches mixed up with the joys I've known.

I had grown up attending the First Christian Church of Christ and it was a shock and a disappointment to my parents and friends when I became a Mormon. I was vice-president in the Christian Endeavor in 1928 and became president when Miss Hazel Ewing (president) got married. I loved the Evangelists, Warren and Phyllis Anderson very much and appreciate their love and influence. But that is one of the dear friendships I lost after I became a Latter-day Saint.

I've loved my activities and associations in the Mormon Church very much. It is my prayer that I may have the health, time, and initiative to continue to serve my Heavenly Father in a better way and to be successful in my work in genealogy. I know this is the true Church of Christ and that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. It is my prayer that someday my beloved husband will come to know these things are true and be baptized, and that my grandchildren will never falter in this faith.

(A quote from a letter to D.&B. gives these insights into Dorothy's babyhood) "Did not want to be held or cuddled very long. Quiet and sometimes mysterious for one so young. Other times she would squeel with delight and giggle at another's antics without feeling any need to be a part of the activity. Later she would ask 1,000 questions and want to know WHY for everything." Dorothy also weighed seven pounds at birth.

We built the neighborhood store and gas station to a pretty good paying trade. It would take more space than I have here to recount the many experiences living there. We belonged to the Farmers' Grange Association and both held offices at one time or another. He was treasurer and I, "Pomona." The climate and locale was conducive to picnics at Birch Bay, Lake Whatcom, Mt. Baker, Canada, or the Seattle Zoo. There was an abundance of food to can at home including garden vegetables, fish, beef, chicken, fruit, and berries. I took some prizes at the county fair with such entries one year, and bought myself a much needed pair of shoes. It was while at the store that Wilbur had mumps and whooping cough at the same time. I was busy taking care of business and it was hard on both of us. The trials of the depression continued and both Bill and I had to work very hard to make a go of it. I well remember one time when I did not have one good dress left, or money to buy one. We had lost everything in business failure and were starting over. Mother sent me dress material for my birthday and how glad I was for her thoughtful gift. I was so happy to be able to sew and used this skill to keep my family quite well dressed in spite of the hard times. I learned the skill of making over, making do, and making warm quilts from cast-off articles.

Later we bought a house on the Guide Meridian, fondly known to the family as "The Glass House." The children had a dog named Trixie * and in many ways things seemed ideal. There are many good memories. Swimming in the lake is such a fond memory. Wilbur's knee injury when he fell on a thorn or spike is not so pleasant. It was very painful to him and treatment seemed ineffectual. The elders administered

*(and a cat named Minnie)

to him and the next day it was well. An earlier happy memory was when Wilbur planted onions in the garden and we couldn't imagine why they never came up until Dorothy, only a toddler then, was spotted eating the tiny sprouts! Bill's sister Lilah broke her leg and came to stay at our home where I could give her care. I was always very fond of Lilah and we remained friends even though Bill and I divorced. Actually it seemed as though we were never alone as a family. Bill's brother, Darold, lived with us quite a bit of the time and others were with us from time to time.

(In the absence of Mom's own written details, I am filling in a bit here - Donna).

In 1934 or 1935 there was a silver thaw in Washington that created a breathtaking display of beauty. We have heard it mentioned many times over the years and even a few pictures have been preserved.



SILVER THAW IN WASHINGTON - 1934

Although on the surface everything looked fine with the marriage of Will and Savilla, things were not fine. She felt his expectations were far too great and that there was little appreciation for all of her hard work and all that she accomplished. As Mom always gave credit, he worked hard and long to support the family during those Depression years and she found much to praise in his abilities and accomplishments. He provided well for her financial needs but not for her emotional needs -- at least in her view. He was a successful salesman who loved to talk with his customers and seldom remembered the time or that he was needed and expected at home. Romanticisms were not his thing and she had a great hunger for them. He took for granted that which he had, until he lost it, and then could never become reconciled to the loss. There was a powerful force between them that lasted throughout their lifetimes.

Savilla's long years of illness began early in her marriage. She left a note saying she had surgery in 1935 in St. Luke's Hospital, for appendectomy and repair of female organs. There was also the men-



Savilla (shoot) 29



Savilla



March 1945 L.A.



Savilla Long Walton - Enjoying Life



tion of going to spend some time with Nellie shortly after Wilbur was born -- for her health. About 1940 she was tested for tuberculosis, a fact that caused her mother much anxiety because Bertha had died of it.

Savilla continued to express her innermost thoughts in poetry and perhaps her poems are the best place to gain an idea of some of the inner pain she was feeling during these years. Others with whom she shared her poetry admired it greatly and urged her to seek publication, which evidently she did, though not very successfully. The following record in Savilla's writing gives some clues as to these efforts. There was also a short story she tried to publish that Bill had in his possession until a few years before his death when he gave it to Wilbur.

Mar. 11 /39.

United Pub. Co. A Little Man's
E. A. Weishaar Dream
Myandotte St.
Kansas City, Mo. My Babies
Sorry.

CH

Mar. 31 /39.

Sylvester L. Cross
Portland, Ore. Kiss Me
Suite 605 - 7a. With Your Eyes.
Studio Bldg.

Mar. 31 mailed me contract

Apr. 10 " " ans. 50-50

Apr. 14 I mailed \$1.00 downpayment.

Apr. 14 S.C. mailed me contract
on covering special offer.

Apr. 17 Received above.

Mar. 10, 1946

Diamond Music Co.
Los Angeles Calif.
Kiss Me With Your Eyes
My Love to Wilbur

Truman Wyatt

KISS ME WITH YOUR EYES

By SAVILLA BLISS

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Arr. by Sylvester L. Cross

Valse moderato

Verse

Till ready

It's
Your

Fm6

G7

C

C#dim

Dm

hear
eyes

en - al -
ways

to hold you -
spark - le -

When - ev -
When - ev -

G7

C

Fm6

G7

er we're
er I'm

danc - ing,
near -

But it's hard
But lurk

to pre-
ing be -



C A₇ D₇ G₇

tend, Dear, - - - That we're not ro - manc - ing. - -
hind it - - - I see there's a tear. - - -

C Chorus F Dm₇

- - - So kiss me with your eyes, - - - And

p-f

G₇ C E₇

I will prom - ise you, - - - No one

A₇ D₇

will sur - mise - - - The love I have for

G7 C F
 you; - - - So kiss me with your eyes, - - -
 Dm7 G7 E7
 - - We'll keep our se - cret true - - -
 F Fm6 C A7 D7
 As the day that I fell - - - In love
 G7 1. C G7 2. C Fm C
 with you. So you. - - -



Handwritten musical notation on a single staff, featuring a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The notation includes a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a final measure containing a double bar line and a sharp sign. Fingering numbers (1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3) are written below the notes. A large, curved line is drawn over the staff, spanning from the first measure to the end.

Two empty musical staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The staves are connected by a brace on the left side.

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Good friends to Savilla and Bill were the Gutenburgs, Thedie and Jack. Thedie became also, a close personal friend and it was to her Savilla turned when her marital problems became most unbearable to her. It was to the Gutenberg home she fled when she felt separation from Bill was a necessity, and it was also there that she met Jesse Ralph Walton, a cousin of Thedie's, home on leave.

Savilla's life story for the Covey book put it all neatly in two or three sentences. "We were divorced in March, 1940, and I took the children to my sister's in San Diego, California. Later we went to my parent's home in Gering, Nebraska. That fall I took the children to Brooklyn, New York, where I was married to Jesse Ralph Walton RMIC in the U.S. Navy." Fortunately there are some miscellaneous notes to help fill in a few of the details.

Although there is not much written among Savilla's life story notes concerning it, there can be little doubt that the romance between her and Jay was a powerful and lasting one. A look back at their lives reveals so many obstacles and serious problems to contend with and yet the love light in their eyes never grew dim. Jay was a romantic and provided the tender phrases and moments that she had always longed for. He romanced her with songs, special words and phrases, and with gifts and cards containing their own secret meanings. "Harles" (the meaning their secret still) and "Always in All Ways," come quickly to mind. No doubt her song "Kiss Me With Your Eyes" was written for Jay -- and other poetry as well. He seemed to add a special touch to everything and their moments together were special enough to make all the waiting in between bearable. His special little touches enriched the family. At his instigation the Morse Code signal for Z became the "family" signal. "Da Da Dit Dit" brought (and still brings) all ears to attention. It's easy to understand why his charms were always irresistible to her and we're so happy she had this great romance to enrich her life and that it promises to be an eternal one.

There are two letters from Savilla's mother that I'm going to include here. The first was written on June 29th, 1940 and addressed to Savilla in Long Beach, Ca. at Nellie's house where she stayed for awhile after her separation from Bill. It doesn't look as though it would xerox well. The other was written the previous November and I am enclosing it mainly for a sample of her handwriting, which was very pretty.

"Gering, Nebr., June 29th/40. My dear daughter and children, Received your ever welcome letter this P.M. Sorry to learn you were ill. I do hope you are better by now and I do hope that T.B. test will prove you are no worse.

I don't see why you did not come direct home at first instead of Nellie's, of course I realize you wanted to visit Nellie. Glad Ilene is better. But the time has come to act immediately you have got to come home here as soon as possible. But the bus or train fare is the question, now. Which way will you come by train or bus?

Letter From Sevilla's Mother
Leila M. Slaughter Long

Gering Neb.
Nov 14th /39.

My dear daughter & family:

Received your lovely Birthday gift; thanks a lot, also the handkerchief from Wilbur & Dorothy, pray who is Dorothy? I did not know I had a new granddaughter but where is Glenn? I missed her name.

The Buffet set was or is very nice & nicely done to, my fingers just itch to crochet a narrow edge for it of same color, will send you a sample when I get at it. I never dreamt of getting it at all I thought the \$1.00 check replaced it. I am lucky this time sure.

Yes Xmas & holidays are always a little low on funds for us & many others I have talked to so we are not alone, ha! ha! Oh well dear why worry, I am used to it & I believe we think more of it, get more out of it or choosing smaller things after all. choosing things which fit the person intended for & is rather out standing for the price & well chosen.

Yes I know Bill likes to send more expensive things, Clark does too I think that

the man of it.

I certainly appreciate this price of embroidery for I am getting low on such things for a first time, I have not had time to work on such things & my girls all have homes of their own so have not been at home to help keep the supply up. ha! ha!

Yes we were happy at home & our Xmas & birth days are always remember.

I always have enjoyed these occasions in the past, I always enjoyed getting & choosing for this & that, making things & so on. After all that's what life is made up of, if it wasn't for that life would be rather empty.

A card & handkerchief is enough for a birthday remembrance to sister & brother handkerchiefs are always welcome, that's how I have collected my best ones & I have some very nice one to.

Glad you spoke out & send all & what you have are both feel better afterwards & mother knows you love me, but I do wish I could of been a little better in anyway, some how I feel I am lacking love.

Tell the little tots I will keep their handkerchiefs it's their first present - to grandma. Thanks a lot.

Dad is at work, comes off at 12 midnight.

will soon.

with loads of love.

Mother.

Enclosed clipping of
Everett Boggs illness which will explain its self.

"Bill may be short but if he can help get you and kiddies home, it will be a help as we are short of cash. This high altitude and dry hot summer climate will be a help. Bill better arrange to change climates too. He can put in for a change of climate to Nebraska or midwest states and get a route in a different location.

"I always worried about that climate in the west, it was so wet. You see what money you can raise from Nellie, write Bill by air and see what money he will send you. You must of had that cold when he was there. Did Bill know of your T.B. test? Answer and in the meantime let us know how you are at once. We must get you home and built up above it quick. Very few had Bertha's kind. Then let us know by air how much fare money needed, how much you can raise from Bill and Nellie, as we all must act now.

"Answer by return mail by air if possible, everything how you are, what the test proved, and about the money.

Loads of Love, Mother
Mrs Clark Long."

Savilla left quite a few writings to use in the compilation of her life story but there are some pretty large gaps which she covered with a few short words. These include the wartime years. Perhaps they were too painful to recount. The letters from Jay would no doubt give much interesting information but it is just too time consuming to try to use them for that purpose. Mom had intended to complete her story and left little note reminders to herself which I will quote here for whatever insights they provide.

1. Leaving San Diego (this would be from Aunt Nellie's after separation from Bill) 8/12/40
Leaving Gering 10/14/40 for Brooklyn, U.P.R.R.
(Evidently she spent two months with her parents. Jay's instructions for arrival in Brooklyn are on following page.)
Leaving Miami 6/16/41 - for Philadelphia.
2. 1940 -- New York World's Fair -- General Motors Futurama, largest and most realistic scaled model ever constructed.
3. 1941 -- Feb. Hospital in New York -- Kings County General
(Was this the time she told me about that she nearly died because she needed blood transfusions and the interns, unable to find a vein, were allowing the blood to just run down the drain of a nearby sink? This was also a frightening time for the children because Jay was at sea.)
4. Feb. 18, 1941 - Weights -- Savilla 110 lbs, Wilbur 75 lbs, Dorothy 51 lbs.
5. March 1941 -- Miami -- Aquarium -- Leave canceled.
6. Children left Bellingham alone. Back to New London, Conn.
Jay St. Beldon furniture. (this written on bottom of March 1941 note)

I-N-S-T-R-U-C-T-I-O-N-S

I-N-S-T-R-U-C-T-I-O-N-S

1. ASSUME YOU ARE TAKING THE TRAIN. OKAY.
2. YOU ARRIVE, PROBABLY[?] AT PENN[✓] STATION IN N.Y. AT 0744/16. UNTIL I KNOW DEFINITELY WHAT SYSTEM YOU USE, I CAN'T SAY ANYTHING MORE ON THIS SUBJECT.
3. I CAN, IF NECESSARY, MEET YOU IN N.Y. AT 0744/16 BUT THINK IT UNNECESSARY UNLESS YOU THINK YOU'LL NEED ME RIGHT THEN.
4. YES. GET TICKETS FROM NEW YORK TO BROOKLYN. IT WILL BE SO MUCH EASIER FOR BAGGAGE TO BE TAKEN CARE OF. BY GETTING TICKETS FROM N.Y. TO BROOKLYN, THE TRUNK WILL ALSO BE SENT TO BROOKLYN, OBVIATING BAGGAGE CHARGES WHICH WOULD OTHERWISE HAVE TO BE MET.
5. I'M ALMOST AS MUCH A STRANGER HERE AS YOU ARE, SO I DON'T KNOW JUST WHAT YOU WILL MEET UP WITH IN REPURCHASING TICKETS TO BKLN. I THINK YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE AT ALL AND YOUR BEST BET IS TO TURN YOUR BAGGAGE CHECKS OVER TO A REDCAP WHO WILL ATTEND TO ALL DETAILS AND GIVE YOU THE RIGHT DOPE ABOUT TRANSPORTATION TO BROOKLYN. REDCAPS CHARGE 100 PER PACKAGE CARRIED AND 100 PER BAGGAGE CHECK HANDLED. A MERE TIP TO HIM WILL NOT SERVE. IT'S TEN CENTS A PACKAGE AND TEN CENTS A CHECK.
6. I'M QUITE SURE I'LL BE ABLE TO MEET YOU IN N.Y. PROPER AND WILL DO MY BEST (SHORT OF LEAVE) TO DO SO. AT ANY RATE, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, IF I DO NOT MEET YOU, IT WILL BE BECAUSE I CANNOT TAKE THE TIME OUT DURING OFFICE HOURS.
7. IF I DO NOT MEET YOU IN N.Y., YOU WILL ASSUME THAT I CAN'T GET AWAY FROM HERE AND YOU WILL PROCEED TO BROOKLYN ON THAT ASSUMPTION WITH YOUR NEW TICKETS.
8. AT PRESENT, I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE, IN BROOKLYN, YOU WILL LAND. LET ME KNOW IN YOUR NEXT LETTER WHAT SYSTEM (RAILWAY LINE) WILL BRING YOU INTO N.Y. THAT WILL DETERMINE, FOR ME, WHERE YOU WILL LAND IN BROOKLYN.
9. IF I DON'T MEET YOU IN N.Y., YOU'LL KNOW I COULDN'T GET AWAY AND YOUR FIRST MOVE WILL BE TO CALL BROOKLYN, CUMBERLAND 6-5000 AND ASK FOR THE RADIO STATION, THEN ASK FOR ME. I WILL BE HERE WAITING FOR YOUR CALL. (IF I DO NOT MEET YOU IN N.Y.)
10. WHATEVER HAPPENS, IF YOU GET LOST AFTER ARRIVAL IN N.Y., CALL THE NUMBER GIVEN IN PARA. 9. NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, IF WE MISS EACH OTHER, I WILL CALL BACK HERE, TOO, AND WE WILL USE THIS PLACE AS A CENTER OF OPERATIONS.
11. I LOVE YOU.
12. I love you. *Maybe it's the Grand Central Station*
hi?

7. 3/1/41 -- We three left New York
3/3/41 -- Arrived Miami
3/4/41 -- Jay left on cruise
3/16/41 - Jay hitchhiked to Key West - Miami
3/17/41 - Returned via bus
8. 30/August 1941 -- Arrived New London. Kids returned August 27.
Arrive N.L. Saturday. Bike ride across river in
New London.
9. Dec. 7, 1941 -- Jay left ("We were arranging newly purchased
furniture in an apartment in New London, Con-
necticut on the day of the Japanese attack on
Pearl Harbor.")

Lucille moved in.

Ilene baptized. Navy house.

Elders held Primary in our house. Always left it immaculate.

10. 1942 -- Children in Washington. Dorothy hit with shovel.
Church in Lodge Hall.
11. 1942 -- Met children in New York
Statue of Liberty
Double-decker bus and shopping.
12. Aug. 1942 -- Our Navy Magazine listed authorized advancements
to C.P.O. A.A. of men passed exams.
Visit Statue of Liberty when children
arrive from Washington.
13. South Elliott Place. Children crowd around to cross street. First
lesson in race prejudice.
14. May 21, 1942 -- Commencement exercises Gering High School for
Philip.

Papa died ("In 1942 my father died and mother and Phil
came to live with me in New London, later going to my
sisters in Philadelphia. Papa worked as a caretaker
at a cemetery and one day he died while on the job, of a
heart attack.")

15. October 1942 -- New Orleans Children November
Mama -- Nellie Phil in the Army
Worked at Thom McCann's Store (shoes)
Christmas Party "And the Worms Came!"
Ride to end of line -- 15 cents (For an after-
noon's entertainment Savilla, Wilbur, and Dorothy
rode to the end of the bus line, spending their last
15 cents - 5 cents each. Fortunately the bus driver
didn't make them get off at the end and they were able
to wait until the bus returned to service to return home.)

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



William H. Bliss and Miss Savilla E. Long were married last Saturday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Long, in this city, the nuptial ceremony being pronounced by Rev. E. H. Maynard. Mr. Bliss has been an employe of the sugar company here for some time, his home having been Batesland, S. D. The happy pair left for that section after the wedding, but will in due time return here to make their home. Each of them has a circle of warm friends who wish them great joy in their wedded life.

Aileene Bliss, of Lynden, is staying at the Martin Everts home while her mother is at St. Luke's General hospital in Bellingham.

Savilla Bliss has filed suit in superior court for a divorce from William Bliss, charging cruel treatment. The couple married in Gering, Nebraska, 1929, and there are two children.

12:00

The ideal of every normal woman is a man in whose keeping she can commit her life to be controlled, guided and protected. Otherwise she had better remain alone. For such as they are of no earthly use to man.

F. PHILIP HAFNER.

Today Is Mine

I've shut the door on Yesterday
Its sorrows and mistakes;
I've locked within its gloomy walls
Past failures and heartaches;
And now I throw the key away
To seek another room,
And furnish it with hopes and
smiles
And every springtime bloom.

No thought shall enter this abode
That has a hint of pain,
And every malice and distrust
Shall never therein reign;
I've shut the door on Yesterday
And thrown the key away—
Tomorrow holds no doubt for me
Since I have found Today.

*A poignant
Page from Savilla's
Clipping book.*



Dorothy - 1941 Miami, Florida

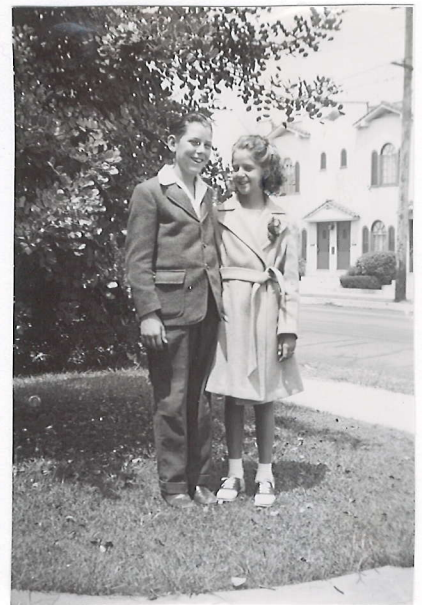


Dorothy's
Baptism Day
Brooklyn





Ready To Travel
Across The Country



The Bliss Kids
Growing Up!



Wilbur - The Boy Scout



In L.A.

FEB 25.

DEAREST DARLING SALLY BABY;-

JUST A RUSH LINE ON ACCOUNT OF WE ARE GETTING UNDERWAY IN A FOO MINUTES AND I HAVE JUST LEARNED THE REAL PROSPECTIVE DOPE WHICH MAY OR MAY NOT BE ADHERED TO.

WE LEAVE HERE MARCH 6TH AND ARE DUE BACK HERE FOR ONE DAY ONLY IN LATE APRIL. AS I SEE IT, HOWEVER, THESE BOATS ARE INCAPABLE OF MAKING TRIPS SUCH AS IS PLANNED WITHOUT BEING GREATLY IN NEED OF OVERHAUL OF ONE KIND OR ANOTHER. THIS PORT OFFERS TWO SHIPYARDS WHICH CAN DO SAID WORK, SO IT'S MY PRIVATE OPINION THAT WHEN WE COME BACK HERE WE WILL STAY HERE FOR MORE THAN ONE DAY. A WEEK OR TWO IS MORE LIKE IT.

SO START PACKING, HONEY. PUT EVERYTHING YOU DON'T ACTUALLY NEED IN THE TRUNK - INCLUDING ALL MY CIVVIES - AND STORE IT. LEAVE EVERYTHING YOU DO NOT ACTUALLY NEED IN STORAGE AND MAKE ARRANGEMENTS TO LEAVE FOR MIAMI AS SOON AS YOU GET YOUR ALLOTMENT CHECK. WE WILL HAVE NO MORE THAN TWO DAYS TOGETHER THIS TIME, BUT ALTHOUGH THIS SORT OF MOVE MAY SEEM FOOLISH EXPENDITURE NOW, I THINK WE CAN SAVE IN THE LONG RUN. RENT CAN BE HAD VERY CHEAPLY AFTER THE TOURIST SEASON ENDS. OUGHT TO PAY NO MORE THAN 15 BUX PER MONTH THEN.

SEE MR. SLADE AT NR 3 SOUTH ELLIOTT PLACE AND GIVE HIM THE NOTE I WILL ENCLOSE. WHEN YOU READ THE NOTE YOU'LL SEE WHY I WANT YOU TO CONTACT HIM. CALL ON HIM AT ABOUT 9PM AND IF NECESSARY WAIT UNTIL HE GETS HOME. HE IS A YEOMAN FIRST CLASS, ON SHORE DUTY AT THE YARD.

I'M SENDING THIS AIRMAIL BUT WILL WRITE TO GREATER LENGTH TONITE.

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW, HONEY. I LOVE YOU AND WILL BE COUNTING THE HOURS UNTIL YOUR ARRIVAL. LET'S TAKE WHAT HAPPINESS WE CAN WHILE THE OPPORTUNITY PRESENTS.

ALL MY LOVE AND KISSES AND B/E FROM YOUR

DADDY

JAY.

P.S. SAVE EVERY PENNY YOU POSSIBLY CAN, HONEY. BUY GROCERIES ONLY AS YOU ACTUALLY NEED THEM - FROM MEAL TO MEAL. I THINK WE CAN MAKE OUT QUITE WELL AND IF NECESSARY I CAN BORROW ENOUGH TO MAKE UP THE DIFFERENCE WHICH CAN BE REPAID OUT OF THE MONEY SAVED IN RENT AND GROCERIES HERE. C? OK, HONEY, COME A-RUNNIN'!

WALTON-JR July 3, 1944.

Mommy Dearest;

Here's that man again - wishing he could see you and hold you and whisper sweet nothings in your shell pink ear. Right here.

Enclosed are two checks, Baby mine. \$200 shipping over money along with \$100 I have accumulated in monthly pay. Another for \$165.94, the mileage allowance for my theoretical fare at 5¢ per mile from Trisco to the place of last enlistment - Wash. D.C. As I said before, you will have to do with it as you see fit. Always in all ways, what's mine is yours - from heart to worldly goods. I love you. Heaps.

Hey, lady, I've got a proposition for you; We do not have a bonded mail clerk and mostly it's a lot of trouble, and sometimes impossible to obtain a money order. So, inasmuch as I am de new Our Navy Rep, I propose to send the orders I get through you via registered mail containing the cash for same; you in turn, obtain a money order for the necessary amount and mail the works to Our Navy for me. Our mail clerk can register letters but isn't authorized to handle money orders. So stand by for further orders. Slick, huh?

Again I thank you, my darling, for sending the water and every other thing I've asked for. I love you. The pictures you sent really filled the bill, too. But such big squirts we have! I'm certainly losing out on their most enjoyable period of life. To think that at one time I used to get somewhat impatient at them for wanting me to read them every single word of the funnies. One never realizes what one has until suddenly comes the realization that something precious is gone. We

2.
WALTON-JR

must share together the fun of raising a squirt all the way from a dribble— Another girl maybe? I was serious when I last mentioned the subject, Baby, and I still am. The kids have been a lot of fun for the short time I've known them.

I'm sure you must look absolutely gorgeous in the new flower print dresses, Baby. You always looked so sweet and gay in that jersey skirt and print flower blouse. As for price paid— Okay by me, hon. You're da manager and your judgment hasn't been wrong. And last nite in my letter I asked you if you had ever dressed Elene as yourself, like the Bon Ami ad. Today, in re-reading your letters I find I must have somehow shipped over just that idea expressed by yourself. Another instance of Cross thought tho I fear mine was a bit late. Hi!

Don't feel dutiful about voting, Hon. I'm not going to start something by voting. In peace time, as I recall those dear days, the Fleet always went to sea during election time and the matter was thereby settled for us. So vote as you wish, Baby.

One of my shipmates used to run a milk route in your vicinity. Name is Buckingham, CG-4. His wife left L.A. to live with her mother for the duration. Too bad, for she might have been a good contact for you and you for her, since he and I are on the same ship. Sorta like the old Antaeus lachup of the Waltons, Lars, Blicke and such.

My gentle baby sewing for Margai first party. I can see you so delightfully serious and industrious. Putting lil bluebirds together and even making them sing. You would have that power, honey. I know it. The one you sent me sang the song named after it. Some of the words escaped me. (I've forgotten 'em, hi) but mostly I understood them all. They say that somewhere a bluebird is singing and somewhere the skies are blue. Somewhere the hours are scented with a huge first floor for you. All my love from your own loving Daddy. Jay.

#48-45.

J. R. WALTON, CPM.

at Sea
Aug. 15, 1945

Dearest Baby Doll;

I hear tell the war's over!

Some say yes, some say no. But today I copied a six page press edition, getting the word almost two full minutes before the broadcast receivers aboard picked up the President's statement that Japan had accepted the Potsdam Terms. Ah, yes! The Daily Blast editor was on the job all right.

Later in the day I turned in on a Jap station and got a page and a half from him; then still later finished with an American station to fill a 4-page special edition, both of which are enclosed for entry into my scrap book.

Most assuredly I have been putting in some real hours on press: Witness the callous on my right thumb from hitting the space bar!

All in all, I think it is needless to say that I, and all others, am exceedingly glad the war has come to a sudden successful conclusion. Aboard ship there was no real celebration, as you are familiar with. Actually the war is not over for us and I suppose will not be until even some time after the signing of the surrender. However, it is good to know

2.

that chances of getting back to normal - and home - are not beyond the near future. I love you, Mommy Dearest and want no more than a chance to be with you. Chances are good for that tho of course there is no info about when.

Most of the men have started worrying now about establishment of a new point system and in a way I'm halfway glad I've nearly two years obligatory service - or I'd be fretting too. As it is, I know when my time is up and there's always a good chance in the meantime that I'll get to come home.

How about yourself, Baby Doll; It was about 4PM in L.A. when the definite word came through. Somehow I pictured you tensely waiting until late the previous nite and again today. Still, even after getting the good word I imagine you said a little prayer of thanks but refrained from further celebration because you knew how far from home your loving Daddy was. I wouldn't blame anyone for celebrating, though. Today was really quite a day - any way you look at it.

I offered my hand to Gill some time after the word and he wondered skeptically what I meant until I exclaimed "Well, Maxon we came through all right, eh wot?" He then smiled and returned the pressure and said "He sure did, though there were times ---"

3.

Admiral Halsey spoke to us of the Fleet today, congratulating, etc, on the fine work with a "Well Done" to all hands. There were several such statements issued.

By way of letting off a little of my personal steam I sat in on an evening of Pinochle with the Commissary Stew as my partner opposite Gill and the C.F.C. A buck a game. We won 2 bucks each - pin money, maybe, but an incentive for the keenest playing. First gambling - if it may be so termed - that I've indulged in on this ship.

We have now been at sea since July first. That's doing a lot of sea duty! We certainly get tired of it but in some ways we prefer it to being anchored at any of the advance bases we've hit so far.

Also, of late we haven't had any mail and very few chances to get mail off. Believe me, Baby, I get word to you when I can.

The report on Turnage must have been at least partly wrong because yesterday he and I exchanged pantomime signals and said we'd have a few beers together when opportunity next presented.

That's all for now, Sweetie Pie. I'm still safe and sound and looks like I'll remain that way. All my love, always in all ways to you, Baby, from your own Daddy,
Jay

16. 1943 -- Jay to the Pacific
We to L.A.
Apartment until furniture arrived.
Ilene operation
D. skipped 5B - 6B

17. 1944 -- Braces

Additional "War Time" quote: "My husband served eight years on the U.S.S. Arizona just prior to our marriage and it was with shock and horror that we listened to the radio on Dec. 7, 1941 and learned that it had been sunk by Japanese bombers. He had many acquaintances on board. In the following six years we followed him to Miami, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, New London, Provincetown, New Orleans, and Los Angeles. He served at sea during all of World War II. During that time we could count a total of six months together as we met when his different ships came to ports up and down the east coast, and finally back to the west coast in 1943." This all amounted to a lot of traveling, which prompted this note by Savilla "Travel was not one of my childhood dreams, nevertheless enjoyed very much."

During those war years Savilla not only traveled, with all the preparations that required, but made every dwelling a pleasant home for her family. I've heard her tell of certain things she always packed in such a way that she could get to them quickly and make each new place seem familiar and home-like. Savilla also had several jobs to help with the support of her family. As she put it "I worked in several stores but liked photo-finishing best." Meanwhile, besides all the stresses and strains brought on by the war, there^{were} the stresses and strains brought on by the divorce from Bill. Bill could not seem to give up the hope of winning her back and his many communications were a mixture of pleading and anger, with implied threats. The agreement was that the children would spend their summers with him and that required the two of them to cross the country several times on the train. This was a great worry, in addition to all the arrangements that had to be made. Wilbur as "big brother" shouldered the responsibility very well and the two of them were able to see a great deal of this country while gaining experience and independence. And meanwhile, they were growing up. This poem was undoubtedly written for Dorothy, and since it wasn't included in the poetry booklet, I will include it here, even though it doesn't appear completely finished.

Don't put away your dollies
For it means you're growing up
Or your little toy tea set
With its one remaining cup.

Life may beckon with its glamour
Like a precious shining star
But you'll look back and wish you were
The little girl you are.

Don't rush away and leave the land
Of Make Believe and Nod
For no where in this world you'll find
Such magic in the sod.

Remember how a cup of dirt
(And some got in your eye)
Mixed with a little water
Made your dolls a perfect pie?

There was a time when Mama's kiss
Was balm to every pain
And tears were dried by laughter
Like sunshine dries the rain.

But now you think you are so big,
I'll never understand...
Have you forgotten it was I,
Who showed you Fairy Land?

(Alternate ending "Who shared your Fairy Land?)

(An excerpt from a letter written in 1963 to the Joneses in Samoa)

"I find that in my desires for the best things for my children in this life that I set goals too high for Wilbur to jump upon and therefore was critical of his little failures -- which I know was very wrong. It made him feel he could not please me sometimes -- why try? He was always affectionate and did little things to show me he cared but I missed the potential he had and fell short in the encouragement and understanding he needed. I am so happy to see him pull himself up by his bootstraps."

Jay was hospitalized for 6 weeks in 1946 at Long Beach Navy hospital for stomach ulcers. In 1948 he finished 21 years of service and was transferred to the Fleet Reserves as a C.P.O. Savilla went to work for City Photo Service and Jay went to school for three years hoping to gain good health and a new vocation. He graduated from Long Beach City College in 1951 and received an A.A. degree in refrigeration. Instead of working in refrigeration however, he went to work that fall for North American Aviation.

In 1947 the Waltons bought a home at 3166 Golden Avenue in Long Beach, California. Prior to that the family had lived on 24th street in Los Angeles and in Truman Boyd Manor, which was Navy Housing, in Long Beach. They thought it wonderful to own their own home. At first there was no garage, but in a few years they added one. Savilla said: "There are so many memories in every room of this house. Jay's sightless father, my mother, and two children, all lived together here for a time, amid much activity. The children were by then teenagers and were active in high school and Church activities."



The Bliss Teens



*April 1945 - 1430 W.
24th St. Los Angeles CA*



*Dorothy + Brother
Wilbur*



She's Growing So Tall.



*Dorothy Elene
Bliss*



Dorothy -
 More Beautiful
 Every Day.
 Almost all
 Grown up!

Savilla's little reminder notes to herself, for the time when she would complete her life story, provide more clues as to events she considered noteworthy between the war and 1950. They attended Wilshire Ward in Los Angeles and the children went to Foshay Jr. High School. In Long Beach they attended Long Beach First Ward, which was then meeting in the Masonic Temple. The children attended Franklin Jr. High and Stephens Jr. High, and Long Beach Polytechnic High School. They moved into their new house on Golden Avenue in July of 1947 and Wilbur planned a surprise birthday party for Dorothy on January 10th of 1948. The kids from Church were invited. (I remember that party -- it was lots of fun and we had a terrific Scavenger Hunt). On December 25, 1947, they took Wilbur and Dorothy to Christmas dinner at the Naval Station on Terminal Island, California.

In 1948 Wilbur was married and this is what she wrote in her Book of Remembrance about that:

"Wilbur has always been an affectionate and thoughtful son. When he was a little boy he brought the first flowers of spring to me and we marveled at their beauty. Each spring I looked forward and wondered which flower he would bring this year.

"When he was a young man I suddenly realized one spring day, he'd forgotten to bring me a flower. When I told him, he gave me an embarrassed smile and said, 'I took it to Donna.' Then I knew my son's heart belonged first to someone else.

"They were married at the home of her parents, Charles and Nora Tyler on July 16, 1948. It was her parent's wedding anniversary. They were sealed for time and eternity, October 26, 1953 in the Mesa, Arizona Temple.

"I lost the first flowers of spring but I gained a daughter. As the years go by I find her sweet, gentle nature, and gracious manners endear her more to me. She is truly my second daughter. I am especially happy and grateful for the sisterly love and friendship between my daughter Dorothy, and Donna."

In 1948 Jay made Dorothy's birthday cake and it fell. He tied it with string and it was a happy occasion "proving that it's the spirit that counts."

On 20 February, 1949, the first Sunday School was held in the newly completed Long Beach First Ward Chapel. With donated labor, the final cost was \$146,000. It was dedicated 17 April 1949.

On April 1, 1949 Dorothy was 'Queen of the Rosette Ball' with Joyce Jacobs as her attendant. And then this note about Dorothy: "If you could see Dorothy window shop -- no prices." Dorothy graduated from high school on June 15, 1950 and their graduation gift to her was a Lady Hamilton watch. And Dorothy worked at the town hall office in 1950.



Dorothy Elene Bliss & Broodie Jones
Note the lovely hand made gown
and veil by the bride's mother.

Savilla continued working as a photo finisher for Snap Pack at City Photo Service in Long Beach, California. She made a note of this "City Photo Snicker: Angie, 'Did you work in a photo studio in Switzerland?' Margerita, 'Oh no! A butcher shop.' Angie, 'Oh well, it's similar.'"

A whole new phase of life began for Savilla on February 16th, 1950, when Andrea, her first grandchild was born. Right away she gave a dinner in her honor, with lovely table setting and place-cards, listing herself as "Grandma." She was only 38 years old but the title of Grandma was okay by her.

There was a sad event that year also. Their little dog, Buddie, that they were so very fond of was poisoned and died. The reminder note says he took sick on September 2, 1950 and died on September 8th. They were heartbroken.

Dorothy was married in 1951 and Savilla took special pleasure in being able to make her wedding dress. "There is something about making a wedding dress that is like stitching all your fond hopes and dreams into a wordless blessing. I loved every painstaking part of it. What a thrill to see it fit smoothly in the bodice without pulling any place. After several attempts the slip held it out just right without breaking the flowing lines. Dorothy wanted it floor length without a train. Finished it just cleared the floor evenly all the way around and it was so full she could hold each side shoulder high. A nylon tulle skirt over the satin skirt seemed to be just the thing to make the dress especially for her. I practiced on the scraps until I could roll the silk for her veil in a tiny unstitched hem. I covered the little Juliet cap with satin and lace. So many things go into a wedding dress, a few tears, a few laughs and a mother's love and best wishes." (See Photo at left)

For her Book of Remembrance she wrote "Dorothy has always been a sincere, affectionate and dependable girl. Her quiet manner often hides her intense loyalty to those she loves. She is usually calm and easy going but with the ability to be persevering and careful when necessary. Once in a while she seems lost in deep thought that rejects intrusion, yet again, her spontaneous delight in response to someone's clowning, is a delight to see."

"I should have known as she collected many dolls and would not part with any, that little children would be her chief interest in life. Her family comes first, then her work in Primary, but often she opens her heart and home to other little ones."

"She has always known what she wanted, and her favorite expression is, 'There must be a way.' When she was to graduate from Poly Highschool, she wanted a red suit of a particular shade and style. We shopped until our feet were sore, but we found it, and ten years later she still wore it with pleasure."

"And so it was when she met Broadie F. Jones, the nephew of our next door neighbors. As the summer passed I realized they were falling in love, and I thought of the red suit, for it seemed once more my daughter had found her heart's desire."

"They were married December 20th, 1951, at Long Beach First Ward, with the reception following. The next spring, 1952, she graduated from City College. They were sealed for time and eternity in the St. George Temple on September 12, 1953."

"Broadie is a hard-working, ambitious, family man. I am so very grateful Dorothy found someone she could depend on who shares her love of the Gospel, children, and home. The harmony that exists between our families is one of my choicest blessings."

(Excerpts from a letter written to Janice, a cousin, June 9, 1964);

"My daughter, Dorothy Ilene Bliss, married Broadie Firmon Jones Jr., of La Jolla, California. His aunt and uncle are our next door neighbors, so you can see how they met. Every date they had she took the Book of Mormon with them, or "Preparing for Marriage," an L.D.S. book, and he was baptized the month before they were married. I thought at the time he may have joined the Church because she did not want to marry outside the Church. I could never have been more wrong. He has never wavered in his faith and has been a most enthusiastic worker in the Aaronic Priesthood, Boy Scouts, and Church and Los Angeles Temple Building programs. He is a licensed electrician."

Savilla's own writings: "The Korean War recalled many service men to duty, among them my husband. He was sent as an instructor in radio to the Naval Training School in Norfolk, Virginia, in March of 1952. We rented our house and went to Norfolk where I worked at Campbell Photo Service and learned to print and develop. I loved photo finishing and continued to enjoy it as a hobby in a small way, for several years.

When my mother became seriously ill and his father died, December 23, 1952, we returned in haste to Long Beach, California. I stayed to help solve the problem of Mother's care. She had been living with my sister while I was in Norfolk and my sister's husband was ill too. Jay returned to Norfolk to obtain a transfer near to Long Beach. Soon after his arrival in San Diego he was hospitalized because of his ulcers and underwent surgery at the Naval Hospital there. During his convalescence we borrowed a tent and spent three weeks at Sequoia and Yosemite National Parks. After his transfer again to Fleet Reserve, we moved back to our home."

While Jay and Savilla were in Norfolk, Dorothy graduated from Long Beach City College -- the 12th of June, 1952, and their second

grandchild, Rand L. Bliss, was born -- June 15, 1952.

Before going to Norfolk, Savilla and Jay had become interested in square dancing and joined a club of square dancers called the Lazy Eights. This brought each of them a great deal of pleasure and Savilla did herself proud with matching costumes for them to wear. On November 4, 1951 they participated in the South Coast Association of Square Dance Clubs Promenade (the fifth) at the Long Beach Auditorium. They continued with the square dancing after their return from Norfolk. Savilla said, "A few years ago we had learned to square dance. My husband and I had so much fun in this friendly fashion until my health stopped it. He loves music, close harmony in trio, and square dancing."

It was after their return from Norfolk that Savilla became active in Relief Society. She said, "I will always be grateful to Sisters Carroll Appleberry, Maude Rowan, Beryl Garrett, and the late, dear Jenness Connors for their influence and confidence in my ability to help by serving, first as Magazine Representative and last as Home Management teacher. Sister Garrett was the teacher for our Genealogy Home teacher training class. I considered it a privilege to attend the classes in genealogy by J. Grant Stevenson in the East Long Beach Stake Center. In 1953 I had purchased a copy of "The Slaughter Memorial" from an antique book dealer and began to think seriously about genealogy but didn't know how to start. Eventually I took several B.Y.U. courses in genealogical research and all the classes my sister, Nellie Gamage, taught for many years. We both searched the available public records, but the most help in compiling these records has been through correspondence, family records, pictures, and personal contact.

"The collecting and verifying of these records has been an exhausting, expensive, and time consuming, but interesting hobby. I am most grateful to a patient, generous husband. I have collected family photographs from my mother, Aunt Viola, and Blanche (Siver) Henry, which gave me valuable clues for genealogical research. I have another negative file of pictures I have taken and a collection of colored 35 m.m. slides as a result of my hobby."

In April of 1953 Savilla's third grandchild, Rochelle, was born and lived only four days. Rochelle was Dorothy's first child and Savilla eased her heartache by writing a poem of comfort for Dorothy and Broadie regarding the loss of this sweet and beautiful baby.

Savilla's words again: "On November 7, 1954, my mother died and our sorrow was dimmed only a little because she no longer suffered. It is truly heartbreaking to see one who has been so sweet and gentle and kind to everyone spend their last years in confusion and pain and misery.

"Just before Easter, 1955, I went to work again at City Photo

Service for one year. The following spring we took a trip to Canada and the scenes of my husband's childhood in a convent on Vancouver Island. I had bought an Argus C4 and projector while working. In Oregon we bought an Ansco reflex. I really had a wonderful time sight-seeing and snapping pictures.

"In August, 1956, my husband was transferred to Van Nuys, California and we bought a small home one block from work and three blocks from the Van Nuys Stake Center. While there I continued my genealogical research."

They were happy to be able to move back to Long Beach a year later because they had so much missed their family and friends. It was about this time that the Christmas tree decorating parties began (perhaps closer to 1954). Savilla decided she was not going to put up a Christmas tree because she no longer had children living at home. Dorothy took a dim view of that, and together with Wilbur, planned a party in which the two families arrived at the Walton's door, tree in hand, and singing Christmas carols. It proved to be such a wonderful evening that it became a tradition. Savilla concluded each evening by having each grandchild choose a favorite tree decoration, to keep. Even today, at each Christmastime, those ornaments remind of those pleasant evenings together at Grandma and Grandpa Walton's house.

Savilla speaking again, "I always seemed to have one health problem after another and about this time difficulty I'd had with my foot flared into arthritis and with other physical difficulties, I was frequently limited in my activities both in Relief Society and social life. In March (of 1957, I think), I had surgery at Corona Naval Hospital, and again major surgery there in June. Everyone was so kind to me. I know I was truly blessed when Brother Norman and Brother Arnold administered to me. It took longer than I expected to completely recover but I've had much to strengthen my testimony."

Quote from June 9, 1964 letter to Janice, "Two years ago Dorothy and Broadie went to Apia, Western Samoa, where he is Superintendent of buildings and grounds and in charge of the Boy Scout program in that new nation. His most recent Church assignment, I think, was stake president of the Elders' Quorum. I really can't keep up with what they are doing. There are so few members from the United States that they have to double up on jobs, but they say it has been the most wonderful experience in their lives. Dorothy teaches the Relief Society literature lessons, the Stars in Primary, and the five-year-olds in Sunday School. One time she had to fill in teaching school to finish the semester when a teacher returned to the States before school was out. Their assignment will expire in October and we will be glad to welcome them home. I surely have missed them. We were a close, compatible group who got together frequently."

Letters are the best source of information we have about Savilla's life in the 60's. Fortunately she kept copies of most of the letters she wrote to Dorothy and Broadie while they were in Samoa.

Savilla's long held dream was realized when Jay was baptized. In a letter to brother Don, she said, "I think I told you Jay was baptized a Mormon in November, 1962 and was made an Elder last January. Through all of the difficulties of the last year the Lord has surely blessed us. We can always look at a situation objectively and see that certain things are just a part of mortal life and could be so much worse if it were not for the blessings we receive."

In 1962, when Andrea, the first grandchild, turned twelve, Savilla and Jay started a tradition that they hoped to carry out with all of their grandchildren. We do not have an account of the first one, but a letter tells of the plans for Randy's. "We will bring Rand home because he was 12 years old Monday. Saturday will be his own special day with Grandpa and Grandma Walton. That means a new suit as he'll be passing the Sacrament after he is ordained, and maybe new shoes. Depends on what we have to pay for a suit. Then lunch at a cafeteria - anything he wants -- and off to Marine-land. We want to help make it special for the children when they enter Mutual or for the boys, when they are ordained Deacons. Important days in their lives to always remember. We try to make it a special present of clothing such as they will wear to Church. We're happy to help them remember it and in a loving way impress on them the sacredness of the ordinances they receive, or step up in Church activity at age twelve."

In a letter dated October 3, 1963, Savilla said, "You will know by now that Belle is suffering no more from her fatal illness. She was rational and unusually alert and well of mind to the last day. She was unusually cooperative and complained very little, the head nurse told us. We took Thedie back to the cemetery later, the day of the funeral, and took pictures of the grave and the view from all directions. We had bought undeveloped property in the new section, but all 4 grave sites were transferred to the Vista section. There is a beautiful little chapel nearby and by having a small, virtually private funeral we could sit out in the lovely chapel in front of the speaker, instead of using the family room. I am more convinced than ever that that is my desire for either Jay or myself when we pass on. I am much opposed to using the L.D.S. Chapel for funerals. It is a place of worship for the living. Besides, funerals are really for the family and close friends, like birth, or marriage -- sacred to those concerned."

From 6 November, 1963 "Donna & Wilbur are so busy and last year was such a flop that we are not having the Tree Decorating Party. We will try to get together one evening here for fun in the

Holidays. I think they invited us for Christmas dinner; I'm sure they did. We may never have the tree party unless you want it when you come home. It was no fun without you. We sat around after getting off to a bad start by the tree not being up and Jay cutting it too short for the holder. Finally it was up and we threw on a few lights and decorations, tried to sing carols -- no one was in the mood -- made a tape which did not go right and finally eating the refreshments -- missing you all. (We remember that too. We arrived all dressed up and excited, determined to make the best of it even though we knew we would miss the Jones family badly. Our feelings were hurt when nothing, absolutely nothing was ready. It was as though it wasn't worth the effort without Dorothy and family. A year later, with the Joneses still gone -- we had no heart to try it again. DB)

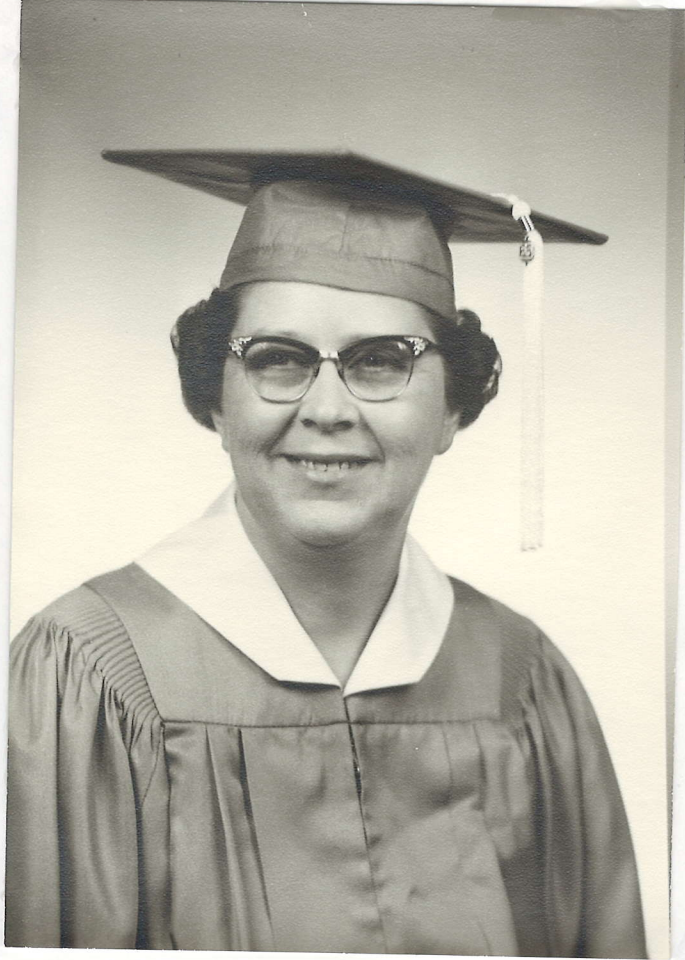
Early in February, 1964, Jay had a heart attack. There seems to be no account of the immediate happening, but several letters give information concerning it.

Feb. 12, 1964: "Just a letter in haste today to tell you Jay is getting along well. He is a little unhappy to have the Doc make him put the bed no higher than 12" and no pillow at all bunched up under his head so he could see T.V. with his bi-focals. He seemed cheerful this morning so I guess he has adjusted to it. He has had no pain, he says, since the morning after the attack but the Doc said that makes no difference. It is impossible to tell how much damage is done until later. He was not in shock and was walking around until he went into the hospital so I feel it will not be very bad. I am going to take his specks out to the Base to let them see what they read and they will make him a pair of distance glasses free -- rather that is one of the fringe benefits he has earned."

Feb. 20, 1964: "Jay had a complete physical exam last month because I felt something was wrong. He was so tired looking and fell asleep everytime he sat down. The Doc said he had no heart trouble then so this was a surprise. The doctor expects him to come home next week and in 3 weeks be able to go back to work. He isn't going to let Jay rush it, thank goodness."

March 26, 1964: "I took Jay to the Doc's office this last Wed. for the first time since he came home. He was feeling so good he was sure he would be allowed much more activity than before. The EKG shows a small amount of improvement but not enough to permit much added activity. He feels good but said he felt a starboard list when he was walking while downtown. Yesterday I took him to the hospital for his blood test and it showed the need to increase the Coumarin (for the thinning of the blood) by doubling it 3 times a week. Dr. said at least two more weeks of rest. He can be up between meals, flat after he eats for a half or one hour but no working. He can ride for 15 miles. I can see he looks tired."

H. S. Graduate - Savilla Wheton



Date Not Found

April 9, 1964 "I, Jay, came from the hospital Feb. 28th and have been up and around for the past few weeks except for a prone half hour after meals. Yesterday I went to the doctor who said the prognosis at first of three weeks in the hospital and after three weeks at home I'd probably go back to work was just a soft approach to a man in the midst of a heart attack. He said yesterday it would be another month before I could possibly go back to work. I feel good, eat well, have gained about 10 lbs., look (they tell me) ten years younger, but as to whether I am going to be able to go back to my former work remains to be seen.

June 9, 1964: "Yesterday I went to the doctor and was given a written release to go back to work with no restrictions. Now I must pass the doctor at North American before I can actually return to work. That will be done this week, because my medical leave expires June 15th. The EKG's showed the blood clot which my medico says is a permanent thing. I, however, feel no ill effects at this moment, nor have I at any time since I entered the hospital. No pains at all, ever. I must continue medication for blood thinning and prothrombin tests periodically to check progress, but all in all I think I'm a very lucky man."

July 8, 1964: "I don't know whether I have written you since June 15, but if so I'll repeat that I went to work on the 15th day of June and am now half way thru my fourth work week since the fateful day. Counting it out, I found that I had been off work for four months and eight days. Quite a vacation! Hope my next one isn't due to such a drastic cause. I am very well, indeed, and am having no trouble keeping up with the herd."

Jay's illness was, of course, a hardship on Savilla also as she had everything to handle herself. Doing all the driving was a responsibility she did not relish and she said at one point that Jay was going grey from the experience of her being always at the wheel. But by July their lives had begun to get back to normal.

July 9, 1964: "Surprise! Donna and I are taking swimming lessons at Norwalk Park. Much fun but Oh! Our painful sunburn and aching, long unused muscles! I go early and we are making ourselves some much needed dresses. I can turtle float, jelly fish float and come out of it without a splash. If I get to floundering in my efforts to swim -- I just go into a turtle float and up I come smooth and confident. Hi, Hi and another HI! When I was kicking with a paddle board I went backwards -----the instructor said she didn't know how---!"

June 18, 1964: "The MOST WONDERFUL THING happened this week! Daddy Jay received a package from Western Samoa and when he opened it there were pictures of our four precious grandchildren -- you look so far away! I know it is God's will and you are doing a noble work, but you'll never know how much we've missed you. You, my son and daughter, know how much you love your children but you have yet to

know what it means to have them grow up, marry, and have babies. Those children are just as dear as your own are but you must not say the wrong word or usurp any of the parent's privileges -- because these children God has given to them to raise. You, as grandparents, have been over the same road and don't know all the answers but you are wise enough to know you do know a few of the answers. So you must stand by and silently see if your children can do a better job of raising their little ones than you did. You must not spoil them, not because of the parents alone but because the child will only suffer later in life. Sometimes you love them so much your heart will almost burst and sometimes you would like to lovingly but firmly turn them up (and their parents too!) and paddle their pants. Then suddenly they are thousands of miles away and time goes on. You know they are growing up and you wonder what they look like??? You'd love to put your arms around them. Then comes the best gift of all -- pictures! YOU WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT JOY THEY BROUGHT UNTIL YOU ARE IN THE SAME OLD BOAT! THANK YOU*.

The time finally passed and the Jones family was due to come home. The letter written October 8, 1964 reveals the following "The closet, chest, etc. in the middle bedroom is empty for you to use. We plan to sleep at Clarence's and Wanda's. You will have our room without the drawers and closet. The folda bed in front bedroom sleeps two big girls, middle sleeps 2 small girls, B.J. and D.D. and Son in back B.R. and excess gear in garage. O.K? You'll feel the difference in climate. I'll come down when Wanda goes to school and the men go to work. We'll go out there to sleep. Jay's sleep won't be disturbed, you will be alone with your family at night and when you get your house back and ready -- good. We will meet you and probably Wilbur and Donna too. If not we can drive both our cars to the airport -- the Rambler and the Vauxhall. Will cash checks as requested. I have not found figures on things I sent. Twixt Jean, Belle, and Jay's illness I have done my best and it sometimes wasn't good enough. Such is life. We are happy to have each other and our children and grandchildren and what we do have. This is such a fleeting thing -- life on earth. Tomorrow you will be home..." There is also a slip of paper that says it contains the date and time of the Pan American Plane which brought Dorothy and family back to U.S. from Western Samoa. Actually no date is given. However, they arrived at Gate 29 at 7:20.

The reference to "Jean" is another reminder of the many kindnesses Savilla gave to others. Jean was a daughter of Jay's cousin, who was also Savilla's good friend. When she was expecting her second child out of wedlock, Savilla and Jay opened their home to her and little Cindy and looked after them for six months -- growing, of course, very attached to Cindy in the process. Their grief was considerable when she died a few years later as the result of a severe burn.

It was also about this time that Savilla returned to school to complete the requirements for graduation from high school. She en-

joyed very much being back in the classroom. Fortunately she saved some of the original compositions she wrote for those classes. They give valuable and interesting information about her life and I will quote some here.

A GOOD EDUCATION

(Walton, Savilla -- 3/10/65 -- 703, Wed.)

A good education is the key to success. A diploma will open the door to a better occupation. The knowledge acquired will build self-confidence, technical skill and appreciation for higher learning. The earlier in life a good education is acquired, the greater an individual's chance for success will be. Many persons could improve their opportunities by going back to school after they are grown and married. It would help the wage earner to merit a promotion or the homemaker to be more creative, interesting and thrifty. Time spent in learning skill is like putting money in the bank.

BEST TIME OF LIFE

(Walton, Savilla -- 3/29/65 -- Mon. 9:00)

We frequently hear this remark made and followed by numerous reasons why that specific time was, is, or will be, to the speaker, the best time of life. It is good that youth thinks of it often as tomorrow, next year, -- the beckoning arch of a promising rainbow. It is good for the mature person to think of it as today -- a day to dare to do all of the worthwhile things maturity recognizes, appreciates, comprehends, visualizes, and hopes to accomplish. It is good for all of us to appreciate the ruminations of those who are nearing the sunset of life. Some of these people found pots of gold at the end of the rainbow, some are eagerly, zestfully still striving on to new horizons, and some, disallusioned, have given up.

SAVING BY SEWING

(There are two scratch copies of this -- perhaps it was never finished and handed in. But it contains Savilla's thoughts and I will do the best I can with it. It is dated March 29, 1965.)

More saving by sewing in the home should be done. The family income seldom increases to meet the growing needs. Money saved by sewing is a double saving because it can lessen expenditures and is not taxable! Valuable skills are learned and taught by utilizing discarded articles and new materials. While it will clothe the family less expensively, the savings are not limited to making wearing apparel.

Children's play clothes and costumes can be made from out-grown or partially worn garments or from curtains, tablecloths and bedding.

Pillow cases are quickly made from the good outside strips of old sheets. Wash cloths, bibs, bedroom slippers, pot holders, dish towels, sofa pillows, buffet or patio napkins, decorative and useful net dish or bath scrubbers, curtains, personal small laundry bags, quilts and bedspreads are some of the many items that can actually be made from discarded clothing, turkish toweling, sheets, tablecloths, formal evening gowns, blankets, net petticoats, and draperies. The list is as endless as necessity, imagination, and desire are present. These seldom require spending more than a few cents for thread or patterns and trimmings. It is a pleasure to discover what you can possess for a trifling cost and two willing hands with scissors, needles and thread.

One Christmas we made adorable toys -- poodle dogs from a black, machine laundered coat and a lamb from a pink chinchilla coat. I almost hated to part with them.

CHILDREN ARE DELIGHTFUL
(4/5/65)

Children are an endless source of delight to me. Their astute observations, candid remarks, and amazing vitality are usually underestimated by their parents.

When my son, Wilbur, was a child he frequently volunteered for extra-curricular activities, an admirable trait but we moved frequently to follow the Navy ship to which my husband was assigned, at our own expense. Just before payday while in Miami, Wilbur came home from school and asked for money to go with a group to the local weather bureau.

"You would volunteer," I exploded, "if it takes my last dollar of bread money! Here, take it!"

The next afternoon he came home from school and happily handed me the dollar bill. "My teacher said she didn't want anyone going without bread!" He explained that she, therefore, paid his way. I almost dropped dead then but have laughed many times since.

My grandson, Larry Wilbur, saw mud hens diving for food at the lake and exclaimed, "Look at those silly shickens (sic) trying to drown themselves!"

Christine, my daughter's little girl, loved to hold a book and jabber before she could talk, much less read. My husband was entranced and patiently listened. His training in communications enabled him to pick up a definite rhythm and inflection in her attempt to read. We were all amazed when he discovered she was repeating, "Send a dollar, send a dollar," that sounded like "sed a dolla, sed a dolla." She had heard it on the radio.

I could continue with my experience in the Bon Marche, when an innocent (?) little boy in front of me, swatted an elderly maintenance man who was polishing brass trim near the floor. I was carrying an umbrella. It rains frequently in New Orleans. That is as high as the gentleman could see until he looked up into my surprised eyes!

Children are delightful!

MY FUTURE FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS
(6/16/65)

I have given serious thought to my future during the next twenty years. I realized the goals I had made were obsolete. Some things that were important to me twenty years ago, such as raising and educating my children, buying a home and helping my children to become successful in their married lives, were finished.

I had worked while my husband went to school. Now, he is established with a secure future. However, my desires for more education have been often put aside. It is too late to become a school teacher, therefore, new goals must be set.

I have time and ability to learn, perhaps make it profitable financially, with new goals. I will be a more interesting person, as a wife, with new interests. I may delve into new avenues that will attract participation from my husband.

We have our home almost paid for but need to replace a few furnishings before my husband retires. We have only seven years. Purchase a new car.

In the next twenty years I want to acquire an A.A. degree. I hope we can be sealed in the L.A. Temple of the Latter-day Saints Church. I want to learn the techniques of writing for an emotional outlet, fun and perhaps profit. I want to take care of my health to remain mentally and physically active. Last but not least, I want to strive for independence as an individual.

In these efforts I hope to reach retirement renewed in spirit with something to offer of myself to my husband, family, and society, that is of value. I hope to be prepared to share my time, to travel when we retire and always, to be too busy to need a rocking chair as long as I live.

There are two more, which can be copied as she left them, plus this little observation that was written on May 17, 1965:

"One Saturday in April my husband and I took a friend back to the departing Lurline and then we drove over the Vincent Thomas Bridge. As we crossed this span of magnificent engineering, the large ocean liner was approaching at about five knots.

continued 4 pages on

Vocabulary Bldg.
Monday 9:00
3/29/65
Walton, Savilla

Father-in-Law

The blind can see! In one sense of the word, determined by the context of my narration, this is true.

When I first met my father-in-law I was prepared to pity him but after twenty sightless years he had become self sufficient.

I had moved to Los Angeles with my son and daughter after my husband's ship had been transferred to the Pacific Fleet in 1943. As soon as I was settled in our new home my widowed mother and father-in-law came to live with us. It was Pop who taught me the routes and transfer points in the maze of Metropolitan transportation. He soon adjusted his established routine to our hectic life. By listening to the radio he acquired the knowledge to converse with anyone about the most unusual and amazing subjects. Yes, Pop was hep, my children loved him and I was happy for them all.

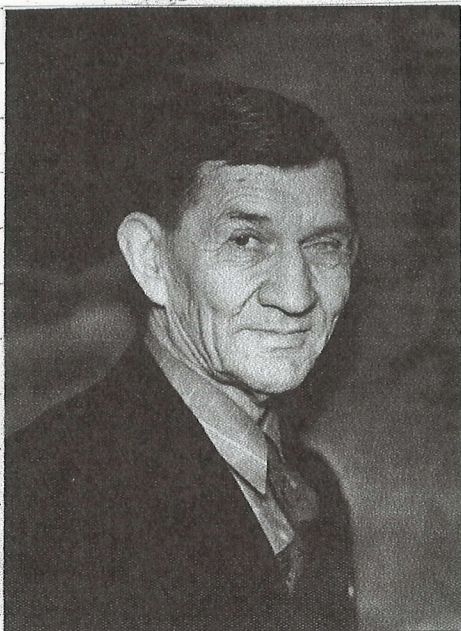
When my husband came home our family consisted of three age levels: children, parents and grandparents. Pop was the only one

who knew without looking how much money he had, where he kept it, what was in each neatly stacked pile of clothing in his chest of drawers. and how to make a bed in two minutes.

When we showed him our new golden spitz dog he said, "Oh gosh!", feeling his fleuffy fur added, "It's a mope!"

If he requested I describe anything beyond his reach, I was inspired to graphically depict it because he drank up every word I dropped.

It truly seemed Pop could see everything except the right shoe to put on the left foot! I'm not sure he didn't see that too, but loved the badinage.



JAY'S DAD LIVED IN LOS ANGELES NOT TOO FAR AWAY. IT WAS RIGHT ON THE STREET CAR LINE THAT CAME BY OUR HOUSE. HE HAD BEEN BLIND FOR MANY YEARS. WE VISITED HIM OFTEN. HE USED TO MAKE ME NERVOUS. AS YOU TALKED, HE LOOKED STRAIGHT AT YOU AS IF HE COULD SEE. HE COULD PLAY THE FIDDLE AND LISTENED TO THE RADIO A LOT. HE HAD QUITE A MIND. WHAT HE HEARD HE REMEMBERED ALWAYS. WHEN HE WENT TO THE BANK TO CASH HIS BLIND PENSIONERS CHECK HE TOLD THE CASHIER TO GIVE HIM THE BILLS IN ORDER. HE THEN PUT EACH IN A CERTAIN PLACE IN HIS WALLET. HE HAD NO TROUBLE WITH MONEY. BY FEEL HE COULD COUNT OUT CHANGE AS FAST AS ANYBODY. HE DID HAVE ONE HABIT I REALLY DIDN'T CARE FOR AT ALL. HE CHEWED TOBACCO AND SPIT IN A TIN CAN. A MOST REVOLTING PRACTICE TO ME. (Wilbur)

Walton, Savilla
727 M 9:00
May 17, 1965

PROMENADE OF A SQUARE DANCE DRESS

I had a humble beginning and who would have guessed that I, fashioned from six yards of printed percale, a scrap of French organdy and eighteen yards of black bias tape, would travel so far or bring joy to so many people? Many of my contemporaries, more beautiful and expensive than I, were discarded long ago. I am happy to share my promenade through life with you.

I was conceived in the mind of an enthusiastic Lazy Eight Club member for the Fifth Annual Promenade of the South Coast Association of Square Dance Clubs in 1951. What I lacked in quality was made up in quantity as the voluminous skirt was skillfully put together. The provincial print of tiny white hearts outlined in black on the blue cotton material, was a symbol of the love two happy people shared and I adopted it as my personality image. I didn't need the fluffy petticoat she wore to make me bouffant. By the night of the promenade I was eagerly awaiting my debut. I had heard Her and Him talking and I knew I could twirl with the best of them and form a star as high as she could reach. I proved myself that wonderful night at the Long Beach Auditorium and expected my life would be one of gay episodes with periods of absolute rest between.

Imagine my surprise after five faithful years of service, to hear Her say she would have to give up square dancing and I was to be given to her adorable grandchild. No more parties or Promenades? How horrible! With a vivacious flourish she presented Me to the Little Lady the next week. She was a beautiful child only eight years old. Her long, curly hair was tousled, and her cheeks pink after she had successfully struggled to dress up in Me. My skirt fell all over the floor. Little Lady could not possibly dance in Me! Before I could be downcast she swept Me up in her arms with a flourish and exclaimed, "Oh, Grandma! I love it!" Dancing about, she promised, "If you ever want it back, you can have it. I'll be ever so careful with it." I travelled to the Land of Make Believe many, many times with the Little Lady and her friends. I had my picture taken more times than I did when I was with Her.

One morning I was surprised to find myself swishing furiously in hot, soapy suds and heard Her telling someone that I was going to an International Program at the church. With my coloring, a good starching and ironing and the addition of a white cap and apron, I would serve very well as a Dutch costume. It was a lovely, informative evening. There were flags of all nations, colored slides projected on a large screen and several people spoke about the importance of loving our fellow men.

As might be expected after such a thorough renovating, I was folded neatly and put in a box in the attic because Little Lady no longer played Make Believe. A few years later I recognized her voice immediately when she asked, "Grandma, may I have that square dance dress to wear to the Pioneer Day celebration?" Liberated once again to fill an assignment! I was almost a perfect fit for Little Lady after a generous tuck under a ruffle. We had so much fun! Almost like old times when we were square dancing.

However, I knew it would be back in the box for Me. I lay there for ages, it seemed, and then I could scarcely believe what was happening to Me. An excited, laughing boy about twelve years old, was pulling and tugging to put Me on. Shocked as I was, I held myself together and was soon off to a Halloween party. I was masquerading Little Lady's brother as a girl! I was quite efficient in this new assignment and we had a "ball" (that is not the same as a Promenade or Dance).

By this time I was accustomed to my routine of odd assignments and then rest in the attic. I enjoyed the variety of experiences, the interesting people I met, and wondered what would be next. I hoped it would not be like the time I travelled to Seattle to the World's Fair and was never taken out of the box. I heard Her tell friends they had spent a week at Victoria, B.C.

The next time they put Me in the attic my box was beside others labeled "Bazaar". Boxes from this stack were removed and replaced and added upon. As time passed the activity increased as if there were a deadline to meet. Finally, all the boxes were brought down and my box was the first one opened. I heard Her say, "I knew this

would do. The "Good Old Days", to me, meant square dancing. This will carry out the theme." My spirits rose when I heard Her telling a neighbor about the entire year's planning and work by the women for this event. To separate the dining and shopping areas in the Cultural Hall, a large General Store had been made with a simulated facade, from large cardboard cartons. There would be men in Firemen's hats and red flannel shirts to serve the diners and a Barbershop Quartet would entertain. I was no longer an ingenue and took it in my stride, happy to be able to contribute in a small way to the atmosphere.

After the big night at the bazaar I was tossed, rumpled and limp, into a sack and given to the Little Lady's mother. She left Me in the den at the mercy of any children who came to visit that large, gregarious family. Surely this was the end of Me! I was the same age as Little Lady, fifteen years old, and I had given considerable service I have not mentioned. I wasn't faded or torn, but a certain mellowness pervaded my being.

One day I heard Little Lady's mother talking to Her on the telephone. What's this? "... five dance numbers! ...two girls to dress, ... three costumes for each, ... two chiffon dresses to make, ... an old, white dotted Swiss party frock to rejuvenate by dyeing (dying? dyeing?), ... two square dance numbers!" My spirits soared! I was a square dance dress, long and full; surely I would be called to swish and swirl above dancing feet. I waited patiently while three, not two, white chiffon dresses were made for three girls and magic had turned the dotted Swiss to seafoam blue. My turn at last! Imagine my dismay, Little Lady did not want Me and chose a black and white check dress that was two years older than I. Soft brown hands claimed Me and soon scissors were snipping away at my skirt, cutting off six precious inches. I knew I was ruined and lay damp and enervated under the charging, hot iron. What pecadillo had contributed to this fiasco? Was it because I flirted with that whirlwind? More likely, it was the time I got caught in the car door when she locked the keys inside the car! Not given to loquacity, I could only ruminate as the steam poured forth and the pressure was on.

Two hours later, as I hung on the hanger near the door, I realized this was the most important assignment of my career. I would be the square dance costume for Little Lady's foster sister, a young Navajo Indian girl, I will call Princess. We will participate in the "Portraits en Danse", the 1965 M.I.A. Area Dance Festival at the Long Beach Auditorium where I made my debut fifteen years ago. This time, too, there will be twelve hundred dancers on the floor at the same time.

I am so glad to be what I am and have the pleasure and opportunity to bring happiness to so many people. I wonder where I will go from here? ...to college, maybe??

- Savilla Walton

We hastened to find a good vantage point along the western shore and were rewarded with one of the most beautiful sights I've ever seen. It had stopped raining, the sun was shining cumulus clouds were drifting from the north across the deep blue sky to catch the crest of a vividly colored rainbow. Even the water was unusually blue and calm; the rippling surface reflected the sunlight in silvery sheets.

I longed for my camera to capture the entire scene as the Lur-line passed under this immense suspension bridge. I felt insignificant yet uplifted, as I realized we are linked to the rest of the world even as this network of steel and concrete has united the harbor cities.

The bridge and ship, in contrast to the surrounding water and land, with the clouds and rainbow over all, was indeed a most beautiful and moving picture. I know I have found a place I will return to many times. The setting is such, I will always find, I'm sure, an ever changing picture of beauty and interest."

Savilla realized two of her longtime dreams in the summer of 1965. She graduated from the Long Beach Evening High School in May and received her Temple endowments and was sealed to Jay and to her parents in July. Dorothy was also sealed to Savilla and Jay at that time, while Wilbur waited until November of 1973, largely because of remaining heartaches from his parent's divorce and the difficulty of thus seemingly rejecting his father. However, there ~~never~~ was any doubt that his strongest allegiance was to his mother. She never did pressure him to make a decision on this and could therefore just rejoice when he chose this step.

November of 1965 marked the Silver Anniversary for Savilla and Jay. She insisted she did not want any big celebration, such as the one she and Nellie had been so helpful in planning and organizing for Donna's parents. But it seemed too special an occasion not to mark it in some special way. Wilbur's and Dorothy's families planned a party to be held at the Jones home in Los Altos, California, and attended only by family members and friend, Lucille Larse. The grandchildren participated with song and dance and stories, the scripts of which cannot be currently found, if indeed they were saved. However, the narration, which I believe was tape-recorded by Wilbur, was as follows (it seems that Jay and Savilla were given the tape and perhaps Jay still has it):

IN TRIBUTE

We've gathered here this evening to pay loving tribute to two very special people who have now marked 25 years of married life. The romance has never gone from their relationship and theirs has been a love that has survived good times and bad, since that day in 1940 when they took their vows.

There have been many rough roads along the way. Right at the

beginning there were the hardships of the 2nd World War with the new husband and father having to be away much of the time defending our country.

In an effort to be together as much as possible the family followed him around the country -- to New York, New London, Miami, and New Orleans. The periods of being together made all the difficulties worthwhile and the travels gave the children an education that they could not have gained any other way.

Things were not financially easy during this time but the family was happy and they found great enjoyment in such simple things as taking long bus rides and walking many blocks to the cheapest movies.

Except for the periods of separation, the memories of those years are happy ones because they had learned the secret of enjoying one another to the fullest during their times together.

This being a normal home, with children, it cannot be denied that there were moments when the war was not all abroad, but also at home.

(Danny and Laurie)

But love, of course, prevailed. Always the romantic, the young sailor husband charmed his bride with the tender songs he sang to her to the accompaniment of his ukelele. When he sang to her he was totally irresistible -- and he knew it -- and many a tense moment was soothed as he serenaded his true love and placed the stars once again in her eyes.

Through him, the children too, gained a greater appreciation of music and singing. One of the songs they best remember him singing to them and with them was "Play Mates."

(All grandchildren sing "Playmates")

During the lonely times when they were, of necessity, separated, they devised many means of keeping their love intact and growing, and meaningful letters, poems, and gifts passed between them.

The memory of him singing this little song to her sustained her on the days the mailman passed right by.

(Danny and Larry do song)

While he brought music and laughter into her life, she brought into his the security and contentment of a homelife he had not experienced before. Truly the characters and talents of these two complemented each other and together they were one complete and happy whole.

Her talent for sewing and getting the most mileage from every

dollar helped the family through the many difficult times.

When the one she loved most in all the world was aboard ship in the midst of the great war, she always had a prayer in her heart for his safety.

(Andrea singing "Whispering Hope")

And we all rejoice that her prayers were answered.

It is a great talent to be able to laugh at yourself. The members of this family had this talent and their many funny experiences are often repeated -- much to the enjoyment of us all. Remember this one?

(Larry and Janae -- "Getting Lost")

The years passed. The war ended and the family moved to Los Angeles where they took up a more normal life.

More quickly than they liked to realize, the children were growing up and their unity and love for each other were a great aid in solving the many problems that arise in parenthood. Sometimes the children had their own solutions and brought much happiness to our honored couple. An example:

(Christine and Randy - about the Willy Nights)

Soon the family bought a home in Long Beach and really began to take root in a community for the first time.

Already -- could the years really have passed so quickly? -- they were faced with the problems of teenaged children.

(Andrea and Daniel)

It's a good thing these parents had a good sense of humor to carry them through. There were happy times when the mother and daughter sewed together and the father and son shared interests in mechanics. And less happy times when husband and wife shared concern over the safety of their children when they were out on dates.

Soon the children were married and they were faced with the task of adjusting to the changes this brought about in their lives. It was lonesome around the house and they decided to heed Arthur Murray's suggestion to "Put a little fun" in their lives -- and tried dancing.

(Andrea and Randy doing the Tango)

No, No, Not the Tango (pause) Yes, the Square Dance!

(Andrea and Randy square dancing)

They were happy members of the "Lazy Eights" square dance group and were a colorful sight in the pretty handmade dresses and shirts.

The children may have been married but they were still very much a part of their lives and they truly made the son and daughter-in-law feel a part of the family. The occasions when the whole family met together gave great pleasure to all.

One traditional get-together had a unique beginning. Because the children were married and no longer living at home, it was decided one year not to have a Christmas tree, but instead to decorate the table and place the gifts under it. The two children got together and decided this was not to be. They, with their families, and a Christmas tree, arrived at the Walton home one December evening and thus began the annual Christmas tree party so much enjoyed by one and all.

At a recent meeting between Wilbur and Dorothy the conversation went something like this.

(Wilbur and Dorothy)

Both of these dear ones have suffered considerable ill health over the years. Always they were a source of comfort and strength and love to each other during the major surgeries and other afflictions that have assailed them both. And through the years they have also been a source of comfort and strength and love to their family and friends.

While at first they did not share the same religious faith, they refused to let it be a source of contention between them. He supported her in all her callings in the Church and often went along with her to meetings.

It was an answer to her prayers and a time of great rejoicing to them both, as well as to the children and grandchildren, when he joined the Church and subsequently took her to the Temple, thus sealing their love and unity for all eternity.

Each grandchild -- there are 9 now, has been a source of great joy to them, and they in turn have been a source of great joy to their grandchildren. They never fail to remember their special occasions and give extra attention when they're sick -- in addition to the loving attention they render at all times.

All of us here tonight love you both very, very much, and want you to know how glad we are that you found each other and that we have you to love. You have always been, and are, the pillar of strength in our lives. The ones we turn to in times of trouble and joy. May God bless you both with many more years of happiness together in this life and an eternity of joy together in the next."

(Turn Time over to Broadie)

Pets continued to be important in the lives of Savilla and Jay. Buddy was replaced with a little black dog named Sheba which they had for many years. Sheba especially loved it when the children came to visit and when they were getting ready to leave would beat them to the door, hoping they would take her with them. Savilla also had canaries for several years and derived much pleasure from their songs. After Sheba died they got a little white toy poodle named Champ, short for Champagne. Champ did not prove to be very healthy but they enjoyed his breed and soon after he died had another toy poodle of the color and name of Cocoa.

Savilla's health problems increased during the 60's, as a few quotes from her letters will verify.

Jan. 17, 1963: "I consulted a specialist and start taking tests the 27th. At best he promises only 50% relief from my headaches from allergic causes. He says the serious illnesses I have had that should have had better attention at the time, have contributed to them and make them more difficult to cure. Measles is one."

October 27, 1963: "Just take a bit of advice from Mama and don't burn yourself out physically before your age. We can't possibly do all the things in the world or in the Gospel we want to do in a lifetime. Neither can we take on all the cares of the world for too long of a time. God gave us today to work and set the sun in the sky. He knew we needed rest so He gave us a beautiful moon to light our way for occasional periods of certain activities but mostly rest. We have a whole life ahead of us and if we are to be productive, creative and self sustaining, we must use wisdom in all things. The Words of Wisdom are more than just abstinence from tea, coffee, alcohol, and tobacco.

"I speak from experience, knowing I can't live my life over. The last month I have had several sick spells. The doctor said it was from exhaustion and to rest, but where was there time or money? Last Wednesday I had to go back to bed and Thursday went to the Navy Dispensary. The doctor ordered an electrocardiograph, blood tests, etc. I am sure it will prove to be functional and not anything organically wrong. I'm just tired out. This has been a hard year for us but things are looking up now, I think."

May 7, 1964: "Mommy has undergone physical exam from my Dr. Johnson. He has prescribed some kind of pills for her that give her a great deal of relief from her ever-present backaches. She also gets considerable headache relief from another type of pill. The poor gal will never be what one might call strong, though. It's just a thing with which she was born and must live. I'm sorry for my Mommy!" J.R.W.

January 10, 1964: "I was sure I needed to be taking hormones and something for a thyroid deficiency, as I did previously. He affirmed that I needed both badly and probably would for the rest of my life. I can't seem to get feeling well and haven't gone out much during

the holidays. When I feel good and look decent I go. Appearances are deceiving. I look well but feel lousy! I'm plagued with headaches the pills do not always squelch. Yesterday I went to an allergist."

A letter to her cousin, Janice, in June of 1964, gives some good information about Savilla's Church work. "My activity in the Church has been mostly Relief Society. I have been Home Management teacher, Relief Society Magazine Representative and Work-Day leader in the ward. I was Stake Magazine Representative in 1961 and 1962 and went to conference in the fall of 1961 at Salt Lake City. It was one of the biggest thrills of my life. I had to give up my stake job because of ill health. Today I accepted the job of Work-day leader in the Long Beach Fourth Ward. I don't know how I can do all I am committed for in genealogy on the Covey line, my own sewing and household tasks, and accomplish what needs to be done as a work leader, but I guess the Lord will provide the way if I work. My talents are best suited to the work department and our president badly needs someone with experience to take the job. There is very little finished work in the cupboards for the upcoming bazaar, but we are going to try to schedule it for the first Saturday in December."

Oct. 8, 1964 - to D & B -- "Yes, I am up to my ears and more -- in work for the Bazaar. Your Samoan friends and people could not be more childish and unreasonable to work with than some of our elderly women. There is such an undercurrent of feelings being offended and such."

Dec. 4, 1963 -- "I was called to teach the genealogy class while Belle was ill and I was not well. I do not feel I have had the support from the Bishopric I should have had and the publicity it was supposed have had to get it off to a good start. I've knocked myself out to give a good lesson, with visual aids at my own cost -- and it has been a flop.... I have had so much on my mind to do besides the class. Result: I have had repeated attacks of headaches -- prescription pills about \$20.00 a month and still waking up at 3 - 4 A.M. with a bad headache. I got no good from the Navy Base doctors. These folks that want socialized medicine so bad won't like it so well when they sit in a clinic for hours and then seeing a new doctor, who couldn't care less, each time they need to go. So to finish it off -- I went to Bishop Norman's home Sunday evening and told him how I felt about the emphasis on the new file system, its merits and doubts about it even being endorsed by the genealogical committee in its entire outline as taught by Bea Robbins, my own physical condition, and asked to be released. I did not feel well enough to take it to begin with and told him so, and now he said I had proven it to him."

Included in all of her anxieties was Savilla's constant concern for the happiness of her sister, Nellie, as evidenced by this letter of October 8, 1964

"It would take too long to bring you up to date on my activities.

I am up to my ears and MORE in bazaar work. Our ward has changed and we have many young marrieds and many more older women from Gold Star Homes (part of old Truman Boyd). Nellie felt she was not wanted so I made her my hand-craft chairman. Nellie is in poor health, overly generous, super-sensitive, artistic, dexterious with her hands, burdened with financial problems (as always), affectionate, sweet, filled with ideas (some impractible) she has neither time nor health to execute, needing to have praise and love beyond normal, worried (as always) by the problems of her children and their children ---- and she is similar to others. It drains me dry. I have made two trips with her to Temple City to see and buy for Relief Society, two trips last month to Moskatels and 5 Fridays to work at the Genealogical Library at the L.A. Temple grounds and one more trip to Moskatels that she drove. Tuesday after Relief Society I took Nellie and three other widows to Moskatels. Yesterday I had a work meeting at our house to make ribbon flowers. Next week Work Day and a meeting here Wednesday. I just cannot control things when the new president says "don't hurt her feelings." She will be wiser a year from now. Jay has made up his mind we are selling and moving out of the stake. He wants to go to Whittier. You can't help loving Nellie but she has to run everything or she is hurt. It is nothing new -- only worse and now her heart is so much worse. She is not to be upset -- doctor's orders."

These "words of wisdom" were found among Savilla's things, in her own writing -- the date or object not known.

You become by overcoming.
It is better to travel hopefully
than to arrive.
Silence is thy protection,
I will speak convincingly
and to the point.
Supersensitiveness is your
greatest enemy.
Trouble goes where it is
expected.

At some point, while Savilla was working in Relief Society -- teaching the theology class, I think -- she gave this talk in Sacrament Meeting.

We are fortunate in our Relief Society to have so many capable women who love the gospel and their sisters in the ward. It is proven by the love and friendliness at our work meeting. That is the day when busy hands take time to pause and welcome a new sister. New friendships grow and old friendships are renewed on work day.

In sharing our spiritual experiences we gain strength from another's experience because we know the person and it is real to us. We count our many blessings and our testimony grows. I've seen the joy on everyone's face when another's prayers are answered and she tells us she and her husband are going to the Temple. Or the interest we all feel when someone has had a letter from a son or a daughter on a mission. Experiences we may never know, but their testimony strengthens ours.

Our Relief Society was the first women's organization in the world to hold a charter for the collection and disbursement of moneys for charity. We do not receive any money from the church budget for our expenses. All year long we are making things to sell. Many of our faithful and busy women take material home to make things. In the Fall we have a Bazaar. This year it is November 20th.

Doing something without thought for personal gain, but for the good the organization can do as a group develops the individual more than anything else.

We all have varied talents, some still undiscovered. Sharing our talents is such a wonderful way to gain friends. It is good for us to learn how to use our hands creatively, and sometimes we discover by doing - we, too, had unsuspected talents.

Occasionally the work is for the welfare of others. Here the words of the prophet, Joseph Smith, are exemplified: "True sisterhood consists in being armed with mercy, full of tenderness, prudent in thought and action, pure in heart".

Sometimes we have special days when a program is planned that is not only entertaining, but inspirational as well.

Working together harmoniously, we are truly blessed. I wish everyone could have been at the last work meeting and heard the happy hum of the busy women at work. There was such a sweet spirit of love and friendship. Many people commented on it. We want all the women of the ward to join us and get better acquainted.

In such an atmosphere of love and affection our testimony is strengthened.

(Savilla was always concerned about the writing of her life story, which prompted two efforts to help, by her loved ones. This first was written by Andrea. I don't recall why the blank spaces -- perhaps Andrea remembers.)

LIFE STORY OF SAVILLA EVELYN LONG WALTON
by her granddaughter, *Andrea*

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Savilla, but everyone called her Sally. She was born in _____, _____ and did most of her growing up in _____, _____ with her sisters, _____ and _____, and brother, _____. Her parents worked hard to provide for their children.

One day Sally met a boy named William, but his friends called him Billy. They liked each other right off and were married in practically no time at all. But since they were still children, it didn't work out. So after two children, _____ and _____, they *parted ways*.

It wasn't long before Sally met a man in uniform called _____ who swept her off her feet. They were married in New York and to this day are happily ever aftering.

Since he was a navy man, they spent most of their first six years of married life writing letters to each other. They did a lot of traveling, but (gpa) didn't get to see much but the navy bases and ports along the coasts. Their dream is to do some more traveling after he retires from _____ where he has worked for _____ years.

Now our Sally isn't any plain Jane. She's awfully talented. Why I'll bet if she hadn't devoted so much time and energy to her family and church, she'd be the poet laureate

and her great grandchildren would study her writings in a high school literature class. Or maybe she'd be a famous artist and Norton Simon would be offering her thousands of dollars for her paintings. She might have been a well known dress designer with her dresses setting trends all over the world. Maybe she would be wealthy by now from doing genealogical research for John Doe and finding he was the long lost heir of the _____ fortune. And maybe she'd be a photographer traveling all over the world to photograph rulers and presidents in the most flattering poses.

But even if she had chosen to pursue any or all of these careers she could not have benefited mankind any more than she has with her many and varied talents. She is always eager to share her talents and abilities with no price tag attached.

Her poetry and writings, though not offered to publishers, have given pleasure and joy to friends and family. Her dressmaking and designing skills are constantly utilized much to the delight of daughters and grand daughters.

Her painting interest is usually pushed aside because other pursuits take her time, but the talent is there and often shows up in decorative endeavors in behalf of her family, friends, and church.

No professional photographer ever posed his models any more skillfully or imaginatively than she. Family members may frown when they see her with camera in hand but never fail to be happy with the results. She is also skillful at retouching negatives and tinting portraits.

Her deep interest in genealogical research and history seems to have successfully blended together many of her talents. Her Journalistic abilities, artistic abilities, attention to detail, photographic knowledge and skill, all are useful in this field which probably has to take credit for being her deepest and most absorbing interest. The family histories she has compiled and corrected and the beautiful Books of Remembrance she has created are matters of great pride to her family and will be for generations to come.

She gives of her time freely and generously to her family, friends, and church. She has great compassion for the needs and feelings of others, offering transportation to the elderly, delicious dishes to the ill, and always a friendly, listening ear to everyone.

Jesus Christ of

Her Church service in the Church of Latter day Saints, to which she converted in _____, has included offices in the Primary Association, Womens Relief Society Organization, ward and stake, and as genealogical instructor. She has assisted her husband in his callings as Elders Quorum President and Sunday School Superintendent.

One of her greatest pleasures in life is spending time with her grandchildren, with whom she has great understanding and rapport. Each in turn is invited to spend time with the Walton grandparents and each discovering anew how young in heart the older generation can be. Dreams are shared and enlarged upon and the important bond between child and grandparent is strengthened.

(I'm quite sure this was written about 1965 when Andrea was 15 years old. That is also probably about the time that Jay made the record that follows.):

She was a small town girl who never quite got used to living in a big city, although she was no stranger to New York, Los Angeles, Seattle, although crowds terrified her.

She loved music, poetry and art, and was somewhat gifted in all three mediums, having at the same time a deep feeling for all humanity, especially the underdog. Her children were her life and those feelings were later to include her grandkids, and is while at the same time giving deeply of herself to her husband. She was/very unselfish, giving of herself and material things until she had little more to give. Perhaps the biggest disappointment of her life was her inability to give to her husband an heir, a child, because in her former marriage a crippling operation had been performed on her.

She died many times when Navy men, visiting her as emissaries of her sailor husband, would tell her implausible tales of his danger-filled life in the war at sea - which she believed implicitly and which drove her nearly out of her mind. In those days her favorite popular song was "Put Me In Your Pocket".

She tells of having two children. Actually, she has three. Her husband has never really grown up, although at present he is 63 years of age. He is a child at heart and most of the responsibility of home management fall upon her shoulders, because she is as deep-thinking as he is shallow.

It is, perhaps, solely through her far-sightedness and planning that she and her husband have acquired a house and all that goes with it. Too, though he is usually ready to help her in most of her undertakings, it is still she who makes the decisions as to what shall be done and when.

One wonders how two such different-minded people ever got together. They met because he was a sailor on leave who visited her best friend, his cousin, and were introduced to one another. There was no mutual attraction at first. He was quite a bore to her and she was just another person to him. But he saw in her a love of life and people, he found her easy to talk to, she found him to be gentle and gentlemanly. He liked her and her kids. So they married and both have been very happy in each other.

Their first six years together ~~were~~ mostly periods of separation - perhaps a total of six weeks together out of the first six years of their marriage due to the war then in progress and his being so much at sea.

After completion of ~~the~~ 21 years service they were finally able to live a complete civilian life together - for a time. Then he was recalled to serve during the Korean conflict, for another 19 months, but this time she was right there with him, most of the time.

The children, Wilbur and Dorothy (she was called Ilene in her early life), thought their step-pop was a bit of all right. Dorothy so much so, that she had herself sealed to her stepfather in a religious ceremony, which also included the sealing to each other of her mother and stepfather.

The children were more than a little deprived of the father - child relationship because he, as a stepfather, didn't want to alienate them from their natural father. For this reason he held himself aloof from them and thereby missed some of the closeness that might have resulted had there been no such restraint.

Remember some of the things that happened to them (Savilla and Jesse), Wilbur and Dorothy). Picture Savilla (Sally) and Jesse on a streetcar in New Orleans in wartime. A crowded time of day, he holding on to a strap with one hand and steadying her with the other because she, too, had to stand. "What will we do if your husband is home when we get there?" he asked in teasingly loud tones somewhat directed toward a pair of disapproving spinster-like women seated nearby. She was quick to catch the reason for his query and both were delighted to see the even more disapproving looks cast at them by the good ladies. They had a lot of fun on that occasion. Picture another time in Miami in spring when Jesse and Savilla were out for a walk hand in hand. He spots a pretty little wild flower, picks it and gives it to her. She puts it in her hair and says "Wish I had a mirror". No sooner said than done, for Jesse, usually quite unobservant, spots a broken fragment of mirror embedded in the ground, picks it up and hands it to her. He thought her fairest of them all! Recall the time she and the kids had just arrived one evening in Miami from New London Connecticut. Jesse met her with long face, although mighty glad to see her and the kids. His reason: His ship was going to leave at 6 A.M. the following day for the very area she had just left!

What about the time again when she and the kids, still in Miami, were reunited with Jesse as he began a two week leave. Once again it was not to be. An order comes to him cancelled leave, report to Naval Base, Philadelphia for further transfer to USS Antaeus, a converted Grace Liner turned Submarine Tender. He reports for duty as directed, only to find he is cooling his heels for nearly a month and doing absolutely nothing. Could most certainly have been still on leave with his family. To add a warm note to this otherwise unhappy tale; When he was recalled from leave he had but a dollar or two on hand. His prospect was to hitch-hike back to Philadelphia. No, says his loving wife, we will get the necessary bus fare somehow. She goes to the nearby little grocery, lays the problem before the kiddly storekeeper, asks for the loan of bus fare until the first of the month when her monthly Navy allotment comes in the mail. The grocer had been a serviceman once and recognized the need and the responsibility of the couple. Without demur he loaned the required amount and Jesse was on his way to "Philly". Needless to say, the grocer received his money back when the allotment arrived. Jesse and Sally always paid their debts, hard though it might be to make ends meet. They, Jesse and Sally, have been, and still are, very much in love with each other. To say they never disagree or have harsh words is simply not so, but they are in love with each other and never stay out of agreement for long. He is of the firm opinion that if he had the opportunity he would choose to have her for his own, always in all ways.

During the late part of the 1960's Jay was serving in the Elder's Quorum presidency and a ward program of barbershop singing was planned, along with, it seems, a ward dinner. Savilla took the responsibility for the table and other decorations. The results were beyond anyone's dream -- so clever and well made were the little (a foot high perhaps) barbershop singers, in full costume, on every table. It was a huge undertaking and Nellie and Dorothy, among others helped her. The evening was a huge success -- largely because of Savilla's efforts. Many pictures were taken and you will be sure to want to see them in Savilla's Book of Remembrance under Hobbies and Activities. (*In possession of Dorothy to whom it was willed.*)

But the Sixties did not end on a happy note. Dorothy and Broadie and Family moved to Utah! Savilla always regretted not having them nearby. She did her best with letters, visits, and phone calls but it was just not the same, or the way she wanted it.

(This letter contains so much wonderful information about Savilla, her dreams, the terrific vacation she and Jay had in 1971, her feelings about his coming retirement etc. It must be included in its entirety.)

Long Beach, Calif.
July 6, 1971

Dear Ones,

This letter will explain many things, I hope, and I hope you will understand my motives or reasons for doing what I do. Sounds ominous, doesn't it? Not really. It is something I should have done years ago (for my own benefit), but my wonderful husband didn't want me to. I will keep you in suspense no longer: I have gone to work at my old type of employment and my major hobby or second love - photofinishing as a Printer.

We are in no financial bind, it is for my best interests. I worked for many years and I never seemed to click socially in church groups. The ones I knew and loved best have died or moved away. I have gradually lost my self-confidence and become a bore, partly because the things I liked to do were not of interest to my Ward members and I could not seem to adjust to their way of thinking. I love the Church and I will work five days a week, off Saturdays and Sundays, if I can keep my job.

The first day of work proved I could still read a negative, or, in other words, judge the exposure time, after fifteen years of not working. Now, if I can improve my speed, I will be OK. The place is a large, air-conditioned plant, the machines are improved, the working conditions so much improved from what I knew. I like the Manager and the women are of all ages, some older than I, many younger - all in all a better class of girls than I once worked with in one plant.

Jay will be 65 next January and may retire. He has earned it. Many people do not realize that if he died I would not receive his Navy retirement pay he has had since 1953. I would get a widow's pension (about \$65. a month). I would not get his North American pension (20 years this Fall). I am too young to collect his Social Security for a few years. So, I would have our home, our new Rambler and the insurance that would be in force at his death. I was raised to be independent if physically able and I think this work will be good for me in many ways.

When Jay retires his life-long dream has been to have a trailer and travel all over Canada and this wonderful country of ours to really see it - staying as long as we want wherever we want. Remember, he has sailed the high seas for 21 years plus an 18 month recall period to teach communications and typing during the Korean War. He was at sea in war or battle zones all during WWII. The first six years of our marriage was spent moving as the Service directed. I followed, even for short periods at our own expense, to be together. All in all, we had a total of six months together in those years. But we were blessed more than many - we saved our marriage from the casualty that often happens to those separated for long periods, and we are well aware that many servicemen gave their all for our country. Jay only gave 70% of his stomach (ulcer surgery) but I really did not mean to be facetious. I know there are far more men in V.A.hospitals, who will never walk or write or talk, than most citizens realize. I would like to do volunteer work in the hospitals with the blind, because Jay's father lived with us and he was blind the last 20 years of his life. I understand them and feel I could share my eyes with them and make their world a little brighter. That may come, too, some day. Now, I feel I have become such a bore and a bundle of nerves that I must first go to work and lose myself in the magic game (and work) of pressing the right exposure button as I look at a negative and see the beautiful pictures come out of the dryer. I can't lift and do the heavy work in our yard I'd like to do, or cleaning, or painting. This photo job requires no lifting. I've wanted to go back to work for years, but another reason was the working hours in recent years. To give 24-hour service, most plants worked from 9.00 PM to 3.00 AM. This plant used to. It now starts printers working at 4.00 AM and

and they are finished at noon or a half hour later. I arise at 2:45AM, drive almost all of the way on nearly deserted freeways (35 minutes) and am coming home between the rush hours. I sleep in the afternoons and Jay gets home at about 4:PM, at which time I arise. I go to bed at about 8:30PM and if MY DARLING wants to watch that idiot box longer, he may. I guess you all know I am no TV fan. Most of it seems so insipid, or boring, to me. Even the David Frost show interviews people I wouldn't care to know or imitate. So, why clutter my brain or waste time with TV?

My other love is genealogy.....and how many people really want to hear that I just found my great Uncle John in a census? See what I mean? I need this job, even if Uncle Sam gets most of the pay, and I hope I can improve my speed and prove my employer needs me.

My only sister, who has had more than her share of illness, plus a serious heart condition, has had a bowel blockage for five weeks. Not complete, but serious. The Navy Hospital has taken at least 30 X-rays, and more to come. She has polyps in the entire intestinal tract and a tumor or something besides. Her husband is retired and home with her. A daughter lives next door and two other daughters live within 15 miles. Another daughter lives at San Diego and another one in Oregon. If she has surgery, she will be in the hospital for quite a time, I am sure. She is going to be 71 this Fall. I feel terrible about it, but life goes on and I don't feel my staying at home will help her. Please write to her. It would cheer her, because she doesn't get out as she used to and people like that get so they feel nobody cares or remembers them.

Now I have bored (?) you explaining myself, so let me tell you of the most wonderful vacation Jay and I had this Spring - 30 days. We went to Philip and Louise Thurman's for the week of the Fiesta at San Antonio, Texas, and that weekend to their mobile home at Lake Buchanan (100 miles away). Then on through Oklahoma to Carthage, Missouri, toured the country's largest marble mine, or quarry. Next night at Springfield, Missouri, in order to visit the old 80-acre farm my Dad owned and the other one he rented because it had a larger home on it, where we lived. I saw the school building, inside and out, that was recently made into a dwelling, where I first went to school; walked the land I remembered as it was, lugged a large flint rock from the remaining house foundation where we had lived - one for me, one each for my brother and sister. Pure nostalgia. No one has lived in the house or on the land my Dad owned, since we left. The man we sold it to just runs a few cattle on it and I gathered from conversation that he makes more money just letting it sit idle. What a pity our tax structure is as it is. I'd love to go back and buy it, rebuild and add on, but I know it is foolish. My family, friends and interests are not there.

We next visited with my brother Donald, and his wife, Ardis, for six days. They work in St. Louis, but their home is in Cahokia, Illinois. They surprised us on Sunday by taking us to a lovely L.D.S. Church instead of one of their faith. We took Ardis with us to her mother's at Scott's Bluff, via Independence, Missouri. (Historic church sites), stopping at Holdredge, Kansas to visit briefly with my first husband's sister, and my good friend, Hazel Eklund. I must tell you briefly about her home being invaded by those cute little tree swuirrels. Quite a story of her efforts to be rid of them. She is 76. They chewed through the attic wall, near a tree. Her son had modernized her home with a lower false ceiling and wood paneling. Well--- they chewed through into the hpuse in the bath, ran races in the false ceiling space, climbed her drapes, her furniture, knocked over vases, figurines and sounded like a herd of elephants at night, she said. Exterminators could not help because a dead one could cause extensive repairs. So they sealed up the outside with wire, metal and wood. Then this amazing old(?) lady waged a daily battle with a broom, chasing them outside, whenever they came down for water or play. She won! and is now rid of those "darling little things" I used to love to watch.

From there to Scott's Bluff, to visit relatives and old school buildings, Scott's Bluff Hill where I struggled to climb long ago and now find

there is a fine road to the top and an Information Station (State Park). On to Loveland, Colorado to visit my mother's youngest sister, Aunt Viola, and her husband, who were in a lovely convalescent home. She has been such a help to me on this genealogy manuscript we have just finished for the Covey Book to be published this Fall. We are only a small part of it, for it goes back to 1620, I think. We had such a lovely visit with them and I am so glad we took the time to visit them. Only last week Uncle Billy passed away. He had more cancer operations than I can count during the last ten years. They were married for 65 years as of last summer and he was aged 86. They raised 11 children besides having remarkable and profitable hobbies. In Cheyenne we visited my grandfather's and grandmother's graves and discovered that although grandma died in 1932, no one has had the date put on her stone.

Then we breezed on to Mapleton, Utah, arriving in time for dinner and our children Broadie and Dorothy Jones took us to BYU to an excellent play. Broadie is Building Inspector of new constructions and is at present busy on the huge new indoor athletic building which can house two football fields and has no center pillars. He took us through it one noon hour. Fantastic!

They had a baby girl on March 1, 1971, making 7 living children. Our six day visit with them was wonderful, with never a dull moment. I haven't been well, off and on, for these past few years. After the first three days of our trip, I rested up and discovered somebody inside me that's been hidden for many years and Jay found a cheerful, enthusiastic, person he once knew, as his wife.

We could hardly settle down after we got back, but we're slowly getting back to it. Jay accepted Elder's Quorum 2nd Counselor, David Grotegut, President. A fine fellow. (Dave, that is)!

I proceeded to rearrange the bedrooms as I have wanted to for years. The front bedroom, that was a dinky den, is now a guest room with a double bedroom set. The small middle bedroom that had a single bed and my sewing room is now our dinkier den, and I've done what I wanted to do for years: I had Jay set our bookcase on top of our desk(!) I knew it would fit and we saved all that wall space. The folda-bed will sleep two small adults, or 2 children, nicely. I have two large card tables already covered with genealogy that I can "leave out", cover with a plastic drop-cloth, and go back to work it whenever I have a minute, or pick it up if I want to "set up for sewin'". I've still room for my ironing board and with the card tables up. Gee, I love it!

The yard took a bit of a beating while we were gone, but it's coming back. The four squash plants Bishop Norman set out for us (volunteers he had) are doing nicely, plus a dozen or more tomato plants.

We felt badly to return and find that Dr. Orville Polly had passed away. It won't be the same without him - a prince of a fellow!

Our son's oldest boy has been called to a Church Mission in South Argentina and leaves for BYU in August.

Please forgive us for not writing before, but know we love you all and miss you. Best wishes, as ever,

Among Savilla's things are a few notes pertaining to the trip she and Jay took in the spring of 1971, including these: "We traveled 5,918 miles on the trip to Texas, Mo., Kansas, Nebr., Wyo., Colo., Utah, California (April 13, - May 15, 1971). We used 352 gal. of gasoline. Averaged 17 miles per gallon. Top speed 85 miles an hour.. Most of time 75 miles per hour.'

Notes to Remember: Jay: Singing "Wayward Wind" on road to Phoenix, Arizona. Sally: Suggesting Jay take vocal lessons to develop breath control and volume. Sally and Jay singing "Hey Look Me Over."

(This letter contains the bad news about the cancer diagnosis. Also the trailer purchase and the Patio slab etc. -- all important events)

Long Beach, Calif.
July 23, 1973

It was so nice to get your letter and we apologize for not answering sooner. Things have been quite hectic at times since I came home from the hospital.

(Sally) I have been sick off and on for the last two years, but the doctors could not find out what the matter was with me. Last summer I was hospitalized for five days and they took x-rays of my gall bladder, kidneys, stomach and bowels - upper and lower G.I. They said I had a small amount of diverticulosis and a stomach hernia, but I grew more ill than those things should have caused. On December 16 I slipped in the kitchen and broke my wrist (left, and I am left handed). Two minor accidents caused arthritis to settle in the fingers. Digestive problems and pain in the abdomen made me lose 23 pounds. Finally an excellent Doctor located a lump on my right side, sent me to one of the best surgeons for exploratory surgery two days later. The swelling was a lymph gland enlarged by cancer. There was also a mass of cancerous lymph glands around my navel area. The lymph system is inoperable and therefore the treatment, which is relatively new, is chemotherapy. Ten days after the surgery I had a 3-1/2 hour surgical method, called a lymph angiogram, to plant dye in the lymph glands in my feet, which could only travel upward and lodge in the lymph glands in my body and thereby become visible to the X-ray. The doctor was successful on one foot, but not on the other. After a three week stay in the hospital I went home for two days, and then returned for ten days, during which time I had two chemotherapy treatments. After the first treatment the swelling in the lymph gland went down until the swelling could not be felt in my abdomen through my skin. This is excellent, and I know it is a blessing from Our Heavenly Father. It is impossible for the Doctors to tell me what the future will be, but I am sure that I will receive a lengthy remission and enjoy life for several years.

Before I went to the hospital I asked Wilbur and Jesse to administer to me. Wilbur was inspired to give me the most beautiful blessing I have ever heard. After my surgery when I lay there suffering, I remembered the blessing and started to pray. Suddenly, an invisible cloud flowed through me, over me, around me and under me - as if to lift me from the bed - and my pain was gone! I lay there in humble awe, that such a thing should happen to me - for I knew it was the Spirit of the Holy Ghost. After a while I put my hand out from my body and ten or 12 inches from my body my hand felt beyond this the coolness of the airconditioned room. I drew my hand back and it felt warm and I was more comfortable than words can describe and I went to sleep.

I am getting along fine and we have been blessed in so many ways. It's hard to remember them all. - *Sally*

Last November we bought a 19-foot trailer intending to do genealogy research in the Cleveland, Ohio area, go on to the Northeastern States and back through Canada and to here. The Doctor says I may not travel for a year, so we decided to build a patio - which will be completed this Friday. (At this point I, Jesse, take over for a bit and tell of patio). Well, we first contacted and contracted with Sears to do the whole thing...a 18 X 18 foot cement slab covered by an aluminum overhead which has two rain downspouts. The digging would cost \$150.00, which would include hauling away old cement and dirt. Wilbur and his son Larry agreed to help me and we split the 150 three ways. Then, the contractor was late about coming in to pour the slab and we decided to do it, too. Wilbur had had some experience, having built a 20 X 30' garage and his house lot perimeter cement fence, as well as a number of small jobs. I called Bishop Barton to rent tools and wheelbarrows from his tool rental business and he (Barton) volunteered to get together a working party to help. There they were, when the cement truck arrived. 4 wheelbarrows and the Bishop, Bro. Jagerson, Bro. Bean and two young men you haven't met - Greg Laret and X. Cadena. Bro. Jagerson stayed on to do the finishing and Randol White showed up to help with about a third of that. It was truly a blessing because Wilbur had worked until 3AM and had to go back to work that afternoon at which time he was changing shifts and he

went home at 1:30 to go back to work at 7 the following morning to begin his new work hours of daytimes. Without the help of Bishop Barton's working party we would never have made it. The Sears contractors will install the aluminum roof on this Friday.

I, Jesse, am President of the 4th Ward Choir and as soon as we get the finishing touches in our yard we will have a party for the choir. This fall, I expect to teach Beginners Genealogy in S.S. and Savilla will teach the Spiritual Living Lessons in R.S.

Two weeks ago Savilla's brother Donald and his wife Ardis flew out from Cahokia, Ill... across the river from St. Louis to see her. He and his wife wanted only to visit only with the Gamages, the Blisses and us. No big family get-together. We had a wonderful visit.

Last nite Dorothy and Broadie called and they are coming on the 10th to 18th of August, but will only bring the two smallest children. If Sally is able we will go to Mapleton and spend Xmas there with them.

Wilbur's oldest boy, Rand, has been on a Mission to Buenos Aires and will be home on August 22. Second son, Dan, left this spring on a mission to Spain.

There are handwritten notes of a letter Savilla composed to send to one of her doctors that explains well her frustrations in getting proper medical care. It also gives good information about her illness. Whether or not it was ever sent to the doctor, we don't know. On second look, perhaps it is what she intended to say to him on the telephone.)

"Dr. Fass. I called you because I'm ill but first I want to say something. When Dr. Richardson came to my room instead of you at the hospital, he said "You worry too much." And he didn't even know me. When I saw him last week I had written down several things because my husband is worried and insisted I speak to him. Dr. Richardson again said: "You worry too much." I told him he was the doctor and if I couldn't ask him these questions, who could I ask? I told him I'm not a hypochondriac. I'm going to get well! I'm happy. I've been very sick the last two years. I've been pushed around by too many young upstart, know-it-all doctors the last two years and I'm not having any doctor treat me that acts like I'm a hypochondriac.

It will soon be a year ago that Dr. Malcolm called you in on my case when I was a patient at Memorial Hospital. You saw me twice briefly at Memorial and once in your office. At the office visit I was kept waiting until the last patient, regardless of an appointment time!

When I did see you, you had reached a diagnosis on the basis of Dr. Malcom's exrays, kidney, gall bladder, and upper and lower G.I.'s. You told me I had a small amount of diverticulosis and a stomach hernia that I had probably had for some time. You also said pain was a relative thing and some patients tolerance for pain was exquisite. I told you I did not. Then you said I didn't have to worry about cancer because it wasn't in the blood stream and if it was, by the time they found it there it was too late to do anything. Then you turned on the psychosomatic bit and I laughed and told you I had had the best one of the psychiatrists in the area and left your office terribly disappointed in you.

I asked Dr. Malcom for another doctor's name and he gave me

me Dr. Eugene Bouch. Dr. Bouch obtained records from all my previous doctors and thoroughly examined me each visit, to the best of his ability. This spring he found a lump in my abdomen and sent me to Dr. Hickman. I had exploratory surgery which showed I do have cancer of the lymph glands. I had a lymphangiogram and am now under treatment with chemotherapy by Dr. Fast.

I cannot help but feel my chances would be better if you had practiced your specialty and truly sought my problem instead of making a diagnosis on the basis of x-rays and then writing me off with pulling this psychosomatic bit. Perhaps my case will help you become a better internist.

The problems Savilla encountered just didn't ever ease up. In the 70's, besides the health problems described above, she suffered from arthritis, had several lumps (skin cancers) removed from her arms, had her leg in a cast, and was mugged, with resulting injuries. In spite of it all, she continued to be a pleasure to be around and found something to laugh about in every situation.

Throughout those years of sickness she always extended herself to the utmost to do meaningful things for others. Her children and grandchildren continued to me uppermost in her mind and she put a great amount of effort into the gifts to them and the communications with them. Realizing she would not live much longer, she actually made a great time of choosing something to leave to each grandchild. Often she was smiling through tears and pain but she was so valient in her effort to keep things manageably light. She expressed her desire that her Book of Remembrance, rings, and sewing maching go to Dorothy and that her share of community property be equally divided between her two children. She wrote letters and made tapes -- one describing to her grandchildren a beautiful dream she'd had.

Much of Savilla's last summer was spent in the hospital but she never gave up the fight for life or her pleasure in life. The visit from the Jones family gave her a special lift, as well as her grandson, Larry's, return from his mission. She often spoke of how much strength she received from Jay just by holding his hand. Yes, their romance survived even this.

The following is a quote from Donna's "book."

"We have sweet and precious memories of some of the things that made my mother-in-law laugh during her final illness. Typically, they usually revolved around her grandchildren. Once my teenage son, Larry, was visiting his grandmother in the hospital. With his usual curiosity, he pushed a tiny button on the bottom of the nurses' call box next to her bed. In a moment the room was swarming with nurses and orderlies he had inadvertently summoned by pushing the "panic button." Mom laughed and laughed, and consequently felt better all the rest of the day. Another time she told Larry she was leaving a

special book to his father but that it was eventually to be passed on to him. She was absolutely delighted when he replied "Can't we eliminate the middle man?" As I said before, it constitutes cruelty to separate dying grandparents from their grandchildren."

Savilla's suffering near the end was great but it seemed that her will to live was even greater. In the last week it became so unbearable for the family to see her suffer and linger so, that it was hard not to plead with her to give up the struggle for life. Her life was in order, the important things God had sent her here to do had been completed and it was time to return to Him. But it seemed that life was so very precious to her that she could not willingly give it up. She finally died quietly on August 29, 1977, just 5 minutes after Wilbur had hurried to her bedside. It was early in the day and no one else in the family was with her. He was able to wipe away her last tear and kiss her goodbye before she left. He was grateful to her for waiting for him -- her last gift to her oldest child and only son.

Funeral services were held for Savilla Evelyn Long Walton on August 31, 1977 at the Long Beach Fourth Ward Chapel of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The eulogy was given by her first grandchild, Andrea, which will serve as the conclusion of the life story of Savilla.

SAVILLA

Savilla Evelyn Long Walton, -- sister, wife, mother, grandmother, -- friend, -- was born at North Platte, Nebraska, Feb. 13, 1912, to her parents, Leila Malinda Slaughter and Clark V. Long. She grew up near Marshfield, Missouri and in Gering, Nebraska, having a pleasant childhood with her sisters Nellie and Bertha and brother, Donald. When her older sister, Bertha, died, leaving a baby boy, he was raised by her parents and Philip always seemed like a brother to her.

Her mother was a professional seamstress and Savilla learned at her knee, becoming expert at fitting and finishing clothing and at embroidery, at which she achieved perfection few could duplicate.

After her marriage, the skills she learned at home were a big help, because her children were born during the Great Depression. With her ability to sew and make over, they never wanted for good and stylish clothing. She was equally versatile in the kitchen and they were never aware of want. Later she would relate many trials that the children were totally unaware of at the time.

Shortly after the depression came the war years and again she proved her versatility. Wanting to keep the family together as much as possible, Savilla took her children and followed her sailor husband around the United States from base to base. She knew just what to take to make every apartment seem immediately like home. She had a knack for deriving the most pleasure and humor in the smallest things -- and kept the lives of her loved ones happy in spite of the hardships. The gift of love was hers. She knew how to give it and how to receive it -- fully.

Savilla loved the Gospel of Jesus Christ. She converted to Mormonism when she was a young mother and raised her children in the Church. She held varied positions through the years, particularly loving her service in the Relief Society. While serving as homemaking leader, she found great joy in helping her sisters perfect their workmanship. The supper bazaar held that year will long be remembered by the Long Beach Fourth Ward -- its success due largely to her efforts -- truly a labor of love.

Perfection was sought in anything she did and she often achieved it. Each task was important enough to give her best, whether darning an old sock, fashioning a wedding gown for her daughter, or a flouncy dress for her grand daughter.

Photography was one of her many interests and talents. Her young subjects -- her grandchildren, of course, often grew restless during her posing instructions. But the resulting pictures are a permanent joy to them all. She found much joy in sharing this hobby with her brothers and son. She also loved to photograph scenery and in addition had a talent for capturing scenic beauty in oil paintings, a hobby she always intended to give more time to. But time ran out.

She loved to play games and played to win. These memories bring great pleasure to her children and grandchildren. Especially her squeals of delight as she took the lead. She played with concentration, skill -- and mostly pleasure. She had a great zest for life and found the greatest pleasures in the seemingly smallest things. She never did anything by halves ---- submerged her whole self into the task at hand.

Music and dancing were among her loves. She and her husband, a few years back, belonged to a square dance group, the Lazy Eights, which they only discontinued when her health interfered. As recently as a year ago, she demonstrated the Charleston for the amusement of her grandchildren. She always loved to listen to good music and received great comfort during her final weeks when her sister or husband played the organ for her. She and Jay had a standing Saturday night date with Lawrence Welk -- a special hour for them both.

Her children and grandchildren could always look to her for interest and encouragement, whatever their fascination of the moment might be. She initiated several traditions which are important and dear in their memories. Included among them are:

At our families' annual Christmas Tree Decorating Parties -- allowing each grandchild to choose and take home his favorite ornament from her tree.

Special occasion dinners complete with her best china and crystal and all the trimmings. How she loved it when the group began "singing" her crystal goblets with their fingertips. To other grandmothers this would probably have been an annoyance and forbidden. This grandmother joined right in, laughing and loving.

The 12th birthday was always the occasion for a new suit or a new dress from Grandma and Grandpa Walton.

Special effort always went into letters to far away grandchildren.

Her grandchildren serving missions brought her special joy and on these occasions, the best Missionary Bible available was presented by these loving grandparents. The flow of letters and tapes from them continued throughout the two years, always lifting their spirits. So far, 3 grandsons and a granddaughter have served missions for the Church. No doubt there will be more and no doubt, from her special vantage point, she will view them all with loving interest also.

She longed to do more traveling with her husband. As her health caused them to give up one planned trip after another -- she never gave up and continued to make plans. And she always rejoiced at the dream trip they had been able to share when they crossed the country visiting loved ones and loved places from their childhoods.

Savilla, known to many as Sally -- was a friend to be cherished. Nothing made her happier than to do a kindness for another. Many times during her own illness, she prepared food to be taken to others who were sick. Her perfect custards were a special treat received at one time or another by many here today. She made numerous lap robes for patients in a nursing home during her final illness.

Some of her happiest hours were spent in pursuing the branches of her family tree. One of her most satisfying accomplishments was compiling information on her ancestry for temple work, as well as for publication. Her greatest disappointment was not being able to do more -- not having the health to pursue some of the leads she had uncovered. To her children and grandchildren she leaves that task. As in so many other things -- she has set the example.

Savilla is survived by her husband Jesse, the most devoted of companions, a son, Wilbur, daughter, Dorothy, -- thirteen grandchildren, two great grandchildren, a sister, Nellie, and brothers, Donald and Philip.

There will be great sadness as her loving presence is no longer with us. But the richness of the memories will sustain us until the happy day we await with faith -- when we will meet again. Meanwhile we trust she is enjoying her long awaited reunion with loved ones gone before.

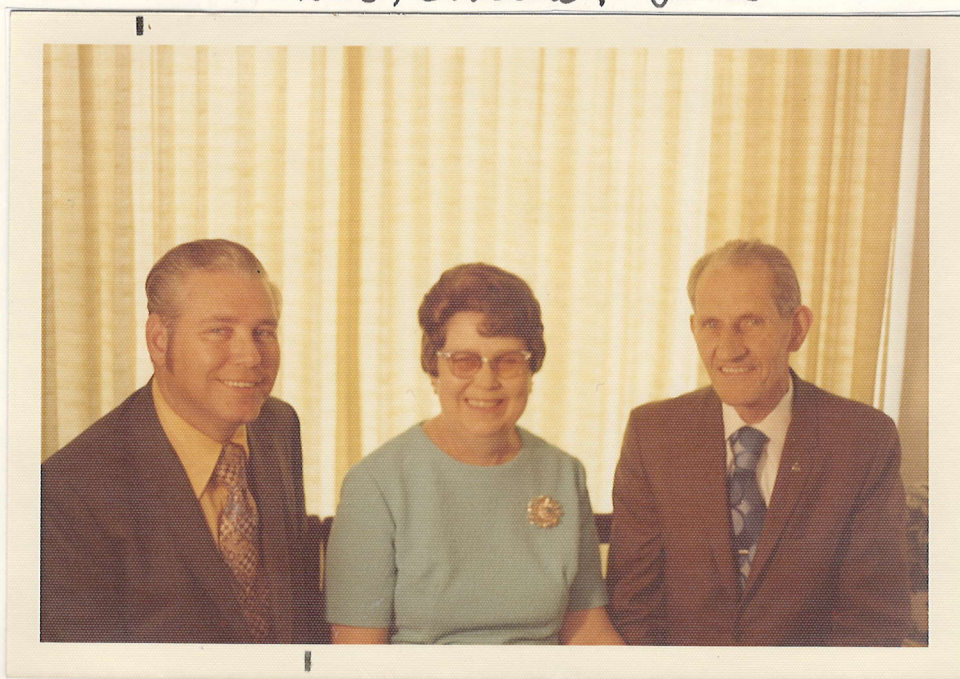


SAVILLA and JESSE, Eternal Companions

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Wilbur, Savilla, Jesse



The day Wilbur was sealed
to them
in the Temple

SAVILLA and JESSE, Eternal Companions



Jesse Ralph Walton and
Savilla Evelyn Long Walton
(Mom and Jay)

Savilla saved this article -- it was meaningful to her. She had been sick so long -- she too wanted people to realize her life had been more.



People Talk

F. C. Anderson

SHE'S gone now from the nursing home where she spent her last years, a memory to the few who cared, her sole legacy a poem the nurses found among her effects. It read:

What do you see, nurses, what do you see?

What do you think when you're looking at me?

A crabby old woman, not very wise, uncertain of habit, with faraway eyes;

Who dribbles her food and makes no reply.

When you say in a loud voice, "I do wish you'd try."

Who seems not to notice the things that you do,

At 40, my sons have grown and are gone, but my man is beside me to see I don't mourn.

At 50, once more babies play round my knee, again we know children, my loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me, my husband is dead;

I look to the future, I shudder with dread.

For my young are all rearing young of their own, and I think of the years and the love that I've known.

I'm an old woman and nature is cruel, 'tis her jest to make old age look like a fool.

The body it crumbles, grace and vigor depart;

There is now just a stone where I once had a heart.

But inside this old carcass a young girl dwells, and now and again my battered heart swells.

I remember the joys, I remember the pain, and I'm loving and living life over again.

I think of the years, all too few, gone

And forever is losing a stocking or shoe.

Who, resisting or not, must do as you will.

Is that what you're thinking, is that what you see?

Then open your eyes, nurse; you're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am, as I sit here so still.

As I do your bidding, as I eat at your will.

I'm a small child of 10, with a father and mother, brothers and sisters who love one another;

A young girl of 16, with wings on her feet,

Dreaming that soon now a lover she'll meet.

A bride soon at 20, my heart gives a leap, remembering the vows that I promised to keep.

At 25, now I have young of my own, who need me to secure a happy home.

A woman of 30, my young growing fast, bound to each other with ties that shall last.

too fast, and accept the stark fact that nothing can last.

So open your eyes, nurses, open and see—not a crabby old woman,

Look closer, see ME.

THAT'S the end of the poem, but not the end of the message. For the words linger on to haunt the thoughts of those who are blind to what their eyes see and their hearts tell them.

Look in the mirror, and what do you see? A face one day older than yesterday, a line that wasn't there before.

Walk in the park, and note the pace a half-step slower, the heartbeat two counts faster.

Sit on the park bench and think of the years flying by. Time will sit beside you, and you'll hold a wake for what used to be and is no more.

You're in the sun, but the chill finds your bones. As age finds and evicts your youth. Still the spirit harbors the child you were, the spirit that one day becomes you only companion in a nursing home, the only person to whom your inner heart can speak.

Unseen, unheard and unremembered, you drift quietly out of this life to join the old woman who left a poem as a legacy. It was her autobiography—it might well be yours.

Think about it. You're older than you were when you started to read this column. You're one step closer to her.

Life Story



Savilla Evelyn
1912 - 1977

of
Savilla Long Walton

PROGRAM

Processional Orchestra
 Invocation Rev. J. A. Moorman
 "If With All Your Hearts"..... Mendelssohn's 'Elijah'
 Eighth Grade Chorus
 "I Love a Little Cottage" Stott-O'Hara
 Beth Thornton and Helen Barton
 "Gaily the Troubadour" Bayley
 Mixed Chorus
 Introduction of Speaker..... J. Fred Nelson
 Address Niles E. Olsen
 "Beneath Thy Lattice" Hopkins
 Girls Glee Club
 "A Life on the Ocean Wave" Russell
 Boys Glee Club
 Presentation of Class Iva Lyda
 Presentation of Diplomas Pres. Harry Barton
 Benediction Rev. Harry K. Franks

Eighth Grade Commencement

The Eighth Grade of the Gering

Junior High School

requests your presence

at their

Graduation Exercises

High School Auditorium

Thursday evening, May Twentieth

nineteen hundred twenty-six

at eight o'clock

CLASS ROLL

DANIEL ACHZIGER	SAVILLA E. LONG
OPAL M. ALLISON	ORAL WALTER MACKEY
MARIE ASCHENBRENNER	ROYAL MACKEY
SILVA MAE BAKER	ALBERT E. MOORMAN
HELEN EDITH BARTON	EVELYN E. OUTHUSE
ERMA HARRIET BECK	MARION PARKS
LAWRENCE GERALD CLURE	MARGARET IRENE PECHIN
MARTHA CADELIA COOK	ORVILLE LOUIS PROHS
DOYT LADEAN CONN	ESTHER IRENE ROBINSON
FRANK THORNTON DONAHEY	EMMA SCHAFER
BENJAMIN EHRHARDT	DOLLIE VIOLA SELBY
ROY FENNING	WILLIAM JOSEPH SINDELAR
EMANUEL FLOHR	IRENE KATHRYN SINNER
HANNAH FLOHR	DONALD STANNARD
ROBERT GINGRICH	BETH ALBERTA THORNTON
HENRY F. HARDING	ROBERT G. WARE
DORCAS JUANITA HEIM	EVELYN WILSON
LEONARD VERNON HERRON	CARLES LLOYD YOCUM
THELMA MAXINE LAMM	JESSIE EILEEN ZIMMERMAN

Class Flower—Lilac

Class Colors

Heliotrope and White

Class Motto

"Gain everything fairly or not at all"

Savilla Long

Eighth Grade
Commencement

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Long.

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Savilla Long

Mr. and Mrs. C. V. L



*Think this a Long Home in Gering, Neb.
Below Savilla's High School Record Card*

*9/6/63
MR Zahman*

PERMANENT RECORD CARD — GERING SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Student **Long** **Savilla** Date of Birth _____ How Verified _____
 Last Name First Name Middle Name
 Parent or Guardian _____ Occupation _____ Previous School (H.S.) _____
 Date Enrolled *Sept. 1926* Date Withdrawn *Sept. 1929* Graduated from Jr. High _____

GRADE IX	1st Semester		2nd Semester		GRADE X	1st Semester		2nd Semester		GRADE XI	1st Semester		2nd Semester	
	Yr.		Yr.			Yr.		Yr.			Yr.		Yr.	
	Marks	Cr.	Marks	Cr.		Marks	Cr.	Marks	Cr.		Marks	Cr.	Marks	Cr.
Algebra	2	5	2	5	Geometry	2	5	2	5	English	3	5		
English	2	5	2	5	Latin 2	2	5	2	5	Am. History	3	5	3	5
Latin 1	3	5	2	5	W. History	2	5	3	5	Algebra 4	2	5	3	5
PE	s	2	s	2	Biology	3	5	2	5	Jr. Review	1	5	2	5
Gen Sci	3	5			Glee	3	3			Geog, Agri	2	5		
Agriculture	3		3	5						Civics			3	5
Total Credits		22		22	Total Credits		23		20	Total Credits		25		20
Days Present		82		80	Days Present		78½		84	Days Present		78½		78
Days Absent		3		7	Days Absent		3½		6	Days Absent		5½		12
Times Tardy		2		2	Times Tardy		0		2	Times Tardy		7		2

Scholarship Code _____ Key 1—94-100% 2—86-93% 3—78-85% 4—70-77% 5—Below 70—Failure
 Rank in Class _____ Course of Study | College Prep | Commercial | Vocational | General
 Number in Class _____ Majors _____
 Average Grade _____ Minors _____
 Type of Diploma _____
 Grades in Red from Other Schools _____



Sanilla Evelyn Long
First Marriage to William
Henry Bliss



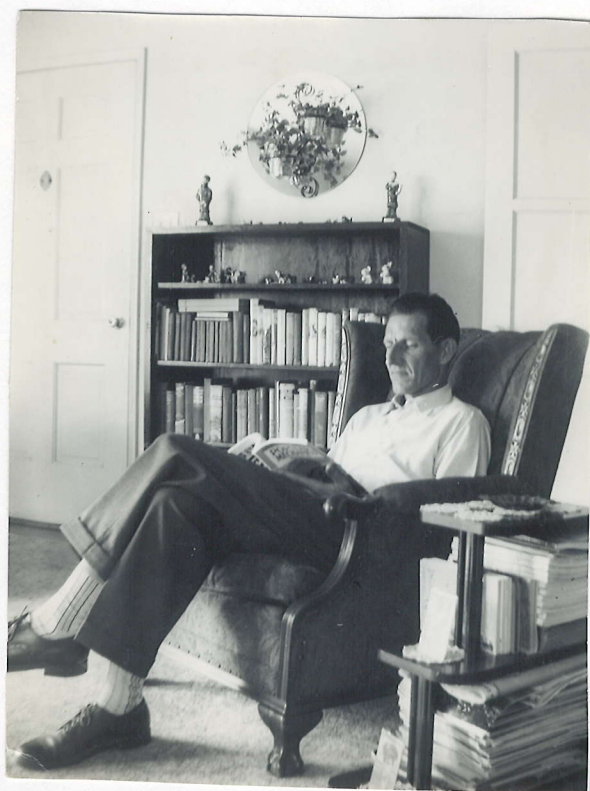


Savilla + Jay





Saville
made the
Square Dance
clothes





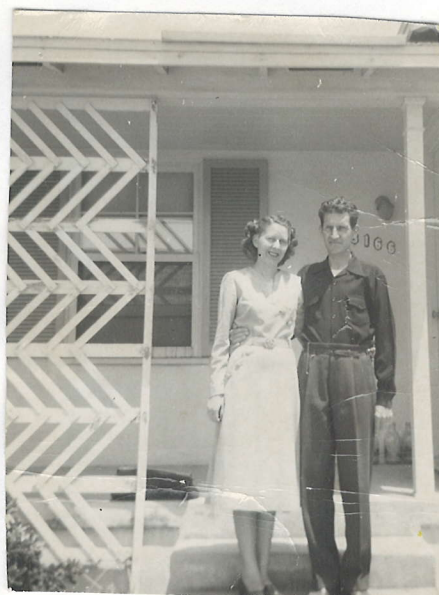
a Handsome Couple



*Savilla at work (2nd from left)
at Photo finishing plant.*



*Savilla and Jay Through The
Years*





• DEC • 87



1970s Having Lost Her Hair With Cancer Treatments.



• DEC 60



MAR • 62



DEC • 60

*During exhausting but successful
Relief Society Bazaar*



JAN 68



*Savilla decorated the Church Hall for a
Barbershop Quartet Program*



*Savilla loved to entertain her family,
preparing a wonderful meal and using her
lovely china and crystal. "Singing" the
crystal goblets usually concluded the meal.*





Sanilla with daughter,
Dorothy, and sister,
Nellie Malinda



Another photo Sanilla
"doctored" up. In this
one she removed a
flower from her hair
and provided a different
background.





1430 W. 24th
St. Los Angeles,
CA. Samilla, Jay
& children lived in
the lg. front house
and Leila in the
back one. Later
Nellie's family moved
into the back house
and Leila moved in
with Samilla's family.



Back door at 1430
W. 24th St. L.A.



3166 Golden Ave.
Long Beach, CA. - first
home Samilla + Jay
owned.

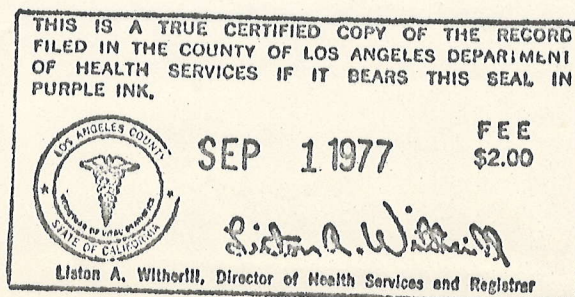
CERTIFICATE OF DEATH

STATE OF CALIFORNIA—DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH
OFFICE OF THE STATE REGISTRAR OF VITAL STATISTICS

STATE FILE NUMBER

LOCAL REGISTRATION DISTRICT AND CERTIFICATE NUMBER

DECEDENT PERSONAL DATA	1a. NAME OF DECEASED—FIRST NAME Savilla			1b. MIDDLE NAME Evelyn			1c. LAST NAME Walton			2a. DATE OF DEATH—MONTH, DAY, YEAR August 29, 1977			2b. HOUR 11:45A.			
	3. SEX Fem		4. COLOR OR RACE Cauc		5. BIRTHPLACE (STATE OR FOREIGN COUNTRY) Nebraska			6. DATE OF BIRTH February 13, 1912			7. AGE (LAST BIRTHDAY) 65 YEARS		IF UNDER 1 YEAR MONTHS DAYS		IF UNDER 24 HOURS HOURS MIN. SEC.	
	8. NAME AND BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER Clarke V. Long, Iowa						9. MAIDEN NAME AND BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER Lelia Slafter, Minnesota									
	10. CITIZEN OF WHAT COUNTRY U.S.A.			11. SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER 535-12-9038			12. MARRIED, NEVER MARRIED, WIDOWED, DIVORCED (SPECIFY) Married			13. NAME OF SURVIVING SPOUSE (IF WIFE, ENTER MAIDEN NAME) Jesse Ralph Walton						
	14. LAST OCCUPATION Photo Finisher			15. NUMBER OF YEARS IN THIS OCCUPATION 10		16. NAME OF LAST EMPLOYING COMPANY OR FIRM (IF SELF EMPLOYED, SO STATE) City Photo			17. KIND OF INDUSTRY OR BUSINESS Film Developing							
PLACE OF DEATH	18a. PLACE OF DEATH—NAME OF HOSPITAL OR OTHER IN-PATIENT FACILITY Long Beach Memorial Hospital						18b. STREET ADDRESS—(STREET AND NUMBER, OR LOCATION) 2801 Atlantic Ave.						18c. INSIDE CITY CORPORATE LIMITS (SPECIFY YES OR NO) yes			
	18d. CITY OR TOWN Long Beach						18e. COUNTY Los Angeles		18f. LENGTH OF STAY IN COUNTY OF DEATH 37 YEARS		18g. LENGTH OF STAY IN CALIFORNIA 37 YEARS					
USUAL RESIDENCE (IF DEATH OCCURRED IN INSTITUTION, ENTER RESIDENCE BEFORE ADMISSION)	19a. USUAL RESIDENCE—STREET ADDRESS (STREET AND NUMBER OR LOCATION) 3166 Golden Ave.						19b. INSIDE CITY CORPORATE LIMITS (SPECIFY YES OR NO) yes		20. NAME AND MAILING ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Jesse R. Walton 3166 Golden Ave. Long Beach, CA 90806							
	19c. CITY OR TOWN Long Beach		19d. COUNTY Los Angeles		19e. STATE California											
PHYSICIAN'S OR CORONER'S CERTIFICATION	21a. CORONER: I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT DEATH OCCURRED AT THE HOUR, DATE AND PLACE STATED ABOVE FROM THE CAUSES STATED BELOW AND THAT I HAVE HELD ON THE REMAINS OF DECEASED AS REQUIRED BY LAW AND			21b. PHYSICIAN: I HEREBY CERTIFY THAT DEATH OCCURRED AT THE HOUR, DATE AND PLACE STATED ABOVE FROM THE CAUSES STATED BELOW AND THAT I ATTENDED THE DECEASED			21c. PHYSICIAN OR CORONER—SIGNATURE AND DEGREE OR TITLE <i>[Signature]</i>			21d. DATE SIGNED 8/30/77						
	21e. ADDRESS 2865 Atlantic Ave Long Beach, CA 90806			21f. PHYSICIAN'S CALIFORNIA LICENSE NUMBER 614326			21g. DATE RECEIVED FOR REGISTRATION & LOCAL REGISTRAR AUG 30 1977									
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND LOCAL REGISTRAR	22a. SPECIFY BURIAL, ENTOMBMENT OR CREMATION Burial			22b. DATE 8-31-1977			23. NAME OF CEMETERY OR CREMATORY Rose Hills Memorial Park			24. EMBALMER—SIGNATURE (IF BODY EMBALMED) LICENSE NUMBER <i>[Signature]</i> 4958						
	25. NAME OF FUNERAL DIRECTOR (OR PERSON ACTING AS SUCH) Spongberg Mortuary						26. IF NOT CERTIFIED BY CORONER WAS THIS DEATH REPORTED TO CORONER? (SPECIFY YES OR NO) no			27. LOCAL REGISTRAR—SIGNATURE <i>[Signature]</i>						
CAUSE OF DEATH	29. PART I. DEATH WAS CAUSED BY: ENTER ONLY ONE CAUSE PER LINE FOR A, B, AND C															
	IMMEDIATE CAUSE (A) MAIGNANT LYMPHOMA, HISTIOCYTIC TYPE															
	CONDITIONS, IF ANY, WHICH GAVE RISE TO THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE (A), STATING THE UNDERLYING CAUSE LAST. (B) _____ (C) _____															
INJURY INFORMATION	30. PART II: OTHER SIGNIFICANT CONDITIONS—CONTRIBUTING TO DEATH BUT NOT RELATED TO THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE GIVEN IN PART I CHLORAZEPATE															
	33. SPECIFY ACCIDENT, SUICIDE OR HOMICIDE			34. PLACE OF INJURY (SPECIFY HOME, FARM, FACTORY, OFFICE BUILDING, ETC.) FREEWAY, HIGHWAY, STREET			35. INJURY AT WORK (SPECIFY YES OR NO)			36a. DATE OF INJURY—MONTH, DAY, YEAR			36b. HOUR			
	37a. PLACE OF INJURY (STREET AND NUMBER OR LOCATION AND CITY OR TOWN)						37b. DISTANCE FROM PLACE OF INJURY TO USUAL RESIDENCE, ITEM 19. MILES			38. WERE LABORATORY TESTS DONE FOR DRUGS OR TOXIC CHEMICALS (SPECIFY YES OR NO)			39. WERE LABORATORY TESTS DONE FOR ALCOHOL (SPECIFY YES OR NO)			
40. DESCRIBE HOW INJURY OCCURRED (ENTER SEQUENCE OF EVENTS WHICH RESULTED IN INJURY. NATURE OF INJURY SHOULD BE ENTERED IN ITEM 29)																
STATE REGISTRAR	A.		B.		C.		D.		E.		F. 81-8-2-65					



Long Beach Fourth Ward Relief Society Sisters



↑

Savilla Walton