

In 1999, Janie and Emilie recorded a series of conversations about Emilie's life. Those tapes were transcribed into "Emilie's Story." It is a wonderful gift to have these stories because many of them had never been told to us kids. In time, Emilie forgot many of her own stories, and we had a way to tell them back to her.

Austria

Although I was born in Fiss, Austria, I have no real memories of being there. The things I know about have come from conversations that I heard at home from my parents or others who kept track of what was going on in Austria.

My mother, Rosa Hofer, was the child of an unmarried girl who came from somewhere in east Tirol. From the records that Christine Schranz has found we think she was born in a clinic in Innsbruck, but her parents are not well identified. She had been placed with a family in Hall but after the age of five, these people could no longer care for her. Someone from Fiss was doing work down in Hall and heard about the situation. He knew of a family, the Gruëns, that had recently lost a daughter about the same age as my mother and they agreed to take her. That's how things were done in those days. It was not important to have a legal adoption so that's why we have had so much trouble finding out about her. She kept her mother's name of Hofer. The Gruëns had a son who was only a little older than she and he was a friend of my father, Martin Schranz. Martin was a frequent visitor at the Gruëns and they would all play cards together. My father was four years older than my mother.

My mother worked in the fields and in the house. She had to go out and plow, plant, take care of kids, milk the animals that gave milk, clean, and wash clothes in the cold water out in the center of the town. My father did the same type of things. He was also the choir director and played the organ in church. He played the zither for pleasure. Before they were married, my mother was a schnapps girl with a band that my father played in; she would go around selling drinks while they performed at parties and other events.

After they were married my parents lived in Fiss in the family house which my father inherited as the oldest surviving son. I seem to remember that my mother did not like her extended family very much. The Gruën's son died before W.W.I and when her "adopted" mother died, Ma received a small inheritance. However, she had to fight her uncle for it, because he was also a beneficiary. After W.W.I, things were very bad in the villages and there were

stories in Fiss of a better life in America. The Kathrein family had already moved to Chicago. Joe Ritzler, a single man from Fiss or Serfaus who had been back and forth between the U.S. and the Tirol several times, told Pa he would be able to get a job and make more money in America.

I think my mother used the inheritance money as a lever to get Pa to leave Fiss and come to America. I vaguely remember that they may have delayed their trip for a year because someone, it may have been me, had a boil on their chin. It was impossible to travel with that obvious condition. The boil was lanced and they waited a year before we could travel.



A parade in Fiss

At that time, I was three years old and was the first of three children born in Austria. Pauline was born between Annie and me. I was born the 26th of February, 1921 and she was born either the 13th or the 18th of March, 1922. Ma said she looked perfectly healthy but died in less than 24 hours. We always knew when Pauline's

birthday was; I think it upset Ma a lot. I have a hunch that it might have been a difficult birth. I am not positive about that but Ma said that when either Pauline or Annie was born she lost all her hair. After that, her hair came in really fine. Maybe there were other complications but I remember her saying the baby looked perfect in every way. I wonder now if it might have been a situation where the baby had some birth defect that she was not willing to talk about. The midwife for me, Pauline, and Annie was Hanna Schranz's mother; Hanna told me that her mother delivered us. My mother and one of Hanna's aunts were good friends and she helped to carry either me or Annie down to Landeck when we left Fiss.

First Years in America

The ship that we traveled on left from Bremen, in Germany but I don't remember its name. We all walked down the mountain to Landeck where we got the train to Bremen. They had a lot of help in making the trip. We traveled in the bottom of the ship, but I really don't remember the trip. There is a photo where my mother looked like death warmed over, she was pregnant with Rose and was very sick on the

ship. I don't remember how long the trip took, but something like two weeks sticks in my mind.

We came into Boston, so all the talk about our arrival at Ellis Island is untrue. We went directly to Chicago. The Kathrein's, (Fr. George's parents) were sponsoring my father and the family. They had already made arrangements to get my father a job at Zangerle and Peterson, a furniture factory where Mr. Kathrein worked. Mr. Zangerle was from somewhere around Fiss and he would hire people from Tirol who had any skills. The Kathreins had come to Chicago when Fr. George was a boy; Fr. George was about 15 years older than I am. I don't think they had been here more than 10 years before we came. They had 6 kids and only one was born in the States, so she must have been young enough to have another baby in Chicago.

The second place we lived in Chicago had two flats on the second floor; we had the back half. The toilet (no bathtub) was shared by both families, and you can imagine how much fun that was. It was in the middle, on a common hallway, at the top of the stairs. There were a lot of houses like that in Chicago even much later. Each flat had its own kitchen and living room but I don't remember if it had one or two bedrooms. On the bottom floor in the front was a butcher shop. The butcher's name was Mr. Fleaser. At some point my father worked for him on Saturdays killing chickens. Customers picked their own chicken from the coop by reaching in to grab a chicken by the neck and then my father would kill it. As a side note, when my father lost sight in one eye, my mother would tell the story that he was drunk while working for Mr. Fleaser and he cut himself in the cheek and cut his eye and that was why he was blind in one eye. But it wasn't true at all. He had taken a fall or he had gotten glaucoma in his eye; he never had an accident like that. That was her story of Pa's payback for drinking when he was supposed to be working! Pa was a pantry drinker. He wanted to drink by himself and would hide the booze. He made his own wine and maybe beer, but he couldn't afford to be an alcoholic!

I think that house was on "crooked" Bissell St. They called it that because it was on an angle, while the other part of Bissell St. was straight. There was a wooden walkway from the sidewalk to the house and

an island on the street where the diagonal crossed. Right across the street from where we lived was a little grocery store. When I was 3 or 4, I would cross the street to the grocery store to buy the milk and bread in the morning. There weren't cars like there are today but there were lots of horses. Everything was delivered by horses. Everyone had milk delivered by horse drawn milk wagons. Horses pulled the ice trucks. Nobody had a refrigerator. We had to buy ice to keep things cool.

Coal was delivered by horses. Our whole house was heated with a coal stove in the middle of the dining room. We had to go downstairs into the basement and shovel coal into a bucket and bring it upstairs, being careful not to get the coal dust on the floor when you filled it up. You also had to be careful you didn't push your fingers through the eisenglass windows on the stove. They were multi-film things that were set like leaded glass in the heater stove. It was such a temptation to stick something in there, but of course because the smoke came out you were caught real quick if you were the guilty party. I guess my father had to get another piece of eisenglass to fix the holes. This was just the room heater. The cooking stove was in the kitchen. It had a shelf above it to store salt and pepper and other cooking necessities and the oven was underneath. Sometimes we kept the cooking stove going just to keep the kitchen warm. Of course there was no such thing as warm bedrooms.

If someone didn't remember to put coal on the stove at night, it was a real problem in the morning getting it started again and if you didn't open the damper you would get lots of smoke in the house!

Coal was delivered in two ways. If you had an outside wall to your storage area, they would open a window, put a chute down into the basement and dump the bags down the chute. The other way was to have the bags carried into the basement. The coal came in fairly large gunnysack bags. It was one rate if they could dump it and another rate if they had to carry it inside. Coal was either soft or hard and was sold by the ton. Soft coal was in bigger chunks but smoked a lot. Hard coal was more expensive. There were people who couldn't afford to have coal delivered during the Depression, so they would go to



**Rosie, Annie, Emilie
1926**

**Photo taken for the celebration of
the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago**

the coal yard with a coaster wagon and haul the coal home in fruit baskets.

Ice was used only in the summer. People put their milk outside in the winter to keep it cold. Everybody had window boxes. The milk often froze and in those days it wasn't homogenized. The cream layer would be at the top and it would be pushed out with the milk cap. It was the best damn stuff if you could get at it before your mother came after you. It tasted wonderful, only then everybody else was drinking skim milk and that was a real good clue that you would get whacked.

The second house may have been in the 1800 block on Sheffield and I think I remember that we were all in the same bedroom. I remember two things about that house. We had to hang our laundry downstairs behind the butcher shop near where the elevated train, The El, ran across the alleyway. The El raised a whole lot of dirt. My mother hung her clothes outside and I can remember in the winter my father's long underwear froze hanging on the line. The other thing I remember about that house was once when I was sick my mother bought Fletcher's Castoria, a laxative she gave to me. She left the bottle on the dresser near the crib. I remember being in the crib and getting the Fletcher's Castoria. I took the top off and drank the whole bottle. I loved the stuff. Then I was really sick. That bed was such a mess.

My parents were not particularly social but they would have friends over in the evenings. Because Pa was a musician, another zither player tried to get him to play at clubs. He may have tried once or twice, but he didn't like it. Pa wasn't much of a singer, but my mother liked to sing and she had a good voice. When she was younger she would sing when friends came at night. They had a friend who played the guitar and my father would play the zither and they would all sing. This friend was an old man, but he was fun and we always liked him. His name was Meinrot.

There was a school on the same block on Sheffield and I started kindergarten there. It was a public school and I didn't like it. From there we moved to a house on straight Bissell and I went to Catholic school. I had to go to school the first day by myself. I walked there alone and I registered for school by myself. My mother had the other kids to take care of.

I think I was five, going to be six in February. It was at least a couple of blocks to the school. I remember the nun asking, "Where's your mother?" and I said she didn't come. "Nobody came with you?" she asked. "No, I can answer the questions," I said. I was smart enough to take care of my self!

I didn't play any instrument but I remember that in first grade the sister asked "Does anyone want to take music lessons?" I stuck up my hand and said that I would

take piano lessons. At church on Sunday, the nun asked my mother about it. My mother said "No, she's not taking piano lessons, we don't have a piano and we can't pay for lessons." I figured if they asked I would volunteer.



**Pa and Ma
Joe, Rosie, Emilie, Marty and Annie
1929 Or 30
In yard at Bissell St. house**

Growing Up

Of course, I wasn't smart about everything! I was probably in the fifth grade when Dorothy was born, because she is 10 years younger than I am. When I went to church on the Sunday morning that she was born, the nun said to me "Has your mother had her baby yet?" For the life of me I couldn't figure out what she meant. When I came home from church and saw that baby laying there I kept thinking "How in the hell could that nun could be so smart?" I didn't even know she was pregnant-I just didn't know that. My mother was short and dumpy and I don't think I had a clue about her having that baby and I don't

remember her being pregnant with Rose, Joe or Marty either.

When Joe was born I remember standing near her when a doctor came to the house. She was sitting there holding her breast and he punched a needle into it and the pus squirted out. I remember seeing that. She must have had a breast infection and the treatment was to punch a hole in it to let it drain. She had all the kids at home. Since I didn't even know she was pregnant I have no idea how they were born. There was a midwife for me, Annie and Dorothy. Rosie, Joe and Marty all had a doctor whose name was Shoopman. He came to the house. He was bald and was kind of chunky.

Babies were put wherever there was room. If there was an extra laundry basket, that's where you put the babies. There was no such thing as formula or nipples or any special baby items, you just nursed them. When they could eat cereal, Ma would make *bapala*. To this day I don't know what went into it. All I know is that it was white and it was good. She would make it for us older kids when we were sick. It must have been made with flour and milk and sugar somehow. It would be like cream of wheat but it was real smooth. I know it wasn't corn starch because I don't remember having corn starch in the house until I was married. So it must have been something with flour. As the kids got older, she started with the big "messer" and she chopped up vegetables, chopped up meat, and feed it to them. She would get it as fine as she could get it. I don't remember how long my mother nursed her babies.

My parents did not hesitate to hit the kids-heads, butts, anyplace-and you were lucky if all you got was just a slap. I don't remember being able to sit down and reason with them about anything. Sometimes we got the strap which was a little different than the belt because the strap had a handle. Somebody in the family would always be smart and slit the strap thinking it wouldn't hurt as much that way!, And more than once the strap was "lost." Then Pa made a new one, and some idiot would split it in two again. I

can't remember the worst beating I got, but I got whipped a lot because I was the oldest. No matter what everyone else did, it was my fault. I don't remember what it was for, but I think the worst punishment I ever got was when I had to kneel with my arms stretched out next to the water heater in the back when we lived on Bissell Street. Ma would let the kids come in and out the back way and they would laugh at me. I waited until I got off the punishment and then beat the hell out of the kids. I didn't have to hit them very hard and they would tattle, and then I would get hit again. It was a vicious cycle.

My parents spoke both German and English in the



Eighth grade class play

house. They were more interested in speaking English so that they would get the practice. They didn't know any English when they came and were called "greenhorns." The Tiroilers all stuck together and managed to support one another the way the Asians do today. They would come into the same area. Our friend Andy Amman told stories about those times. I wish I had recorded the stuff he told about people he knew and how the kids, himself included, took advantage of the mothers when they first came over. The kids got them into all kinds of trouble by sending them to places they never should have gone and were really inappropriate. He told stories that we laughed at until we rolled on the floor.

I never hung around with Austrian kids. All my friends were our neighbors. On Bissell Street we had a friend that came from someplace near Fiss and I used to baby-sit for them, but that was the only family on the block that was a "kraut." We moved there when I went to first grade so it was between the time I was six and fourteen because we lived there until I finished eighth grade. My friends were kids in the neighborhood. They were Italian, Irish, German kids. It was a mix. When I started to date, my parents only cared that it was a Catholic. They went bonkers if I went out with anyone who was not Catholic. The first time I went to anything with a guy

was with Marty Stutz, When we were graduating from eighth grade and everybody had to bring a boy, I decided I would bring a boy that nobody knew. He was the nephew of the people who rented from my folks and wound up marrying Rosemary, one of my classmates. I just ran around with a bunch of kids. My mother would come and pick me up from parties, the things that happened after school. She was the only mother that did that.

I had a crush on a Greek fellow, Gus Dardavis, maybe when I was a freshman in high school. God, I thought he was great until I found out that my girlfriend was seeing him behind my back. What a blow. I thought he only cared for me. Poor guy drowned years later, trying to save some kid. Annie knew him. He was the driver for a bakery company and she told me about his death.

We all hung around in a big group and it was a lot of fun. My brothers and sisters were not in the same group. I didn't like my brothers and sisters particularly. I don't think I was a rebel as a child. I was strong willed and I always figured that I knew better than the rest. I didn't think my parents were too smart. I figured I was smarter than they were. Of course, I blamed a lot of it on the fact that they were foreigners.

My mother was a spy from the word "go." She didn't trust anyone. She always worried about my father having an affair behind her back, but I don't think he ever did. I know he didn't. My father was much better looking than my mother and she had nothing to do but stay home and take care of the kids and get what she figured was no thanks for it. And whenever she didn't like the way things went or she got into an argument with my father she would leave. I don't remember my parents fighting, but obviously she got mad enough at him to walk out. She would always go to St. Michael's Church. We got to the point where we knew where she was and a couple of us would always chase out after her. It's amazing when you stop and think of the logistics of this stuff. We would take off and go to St. Michael's Church looking for her. It was close to a mile away and if I went, I took a kid with me. Dorothy was ten years younger so it might have been Marty. Ma would be in church and we would have to talk her into coming home but I can't remember what we told her. Pa was so bullheaded he wouldn't send anybody. We went on our own. This was usually on a Saturday afternoon, so it probably had something to do with his drinking the night before. I don't think she ever went after dark.

I don't remember going as a family to anyone's house except for the Kathreins, when we might have stopped on the way back from church at St. Michael's when we were little kids. My father never had a car

so we walked to church and would stop to visit. My parents never socialized or went out to dinner. Other people had cars and did things, but we never did.

My father was a cabinet maker. He worked in a factory and he walked to work. It was a long walk. He could have taken the street car but he walked to save the fare. When he got older he did take the street car. When the depression came they cut his work hours. He took a second job as a night watchman and tried to stay awake during the night to punch the clock all the time. I don't know how many years he worked there but finally they fired him because he hadn't punched the clock on time. It was really hard on him. They had been buying a house a two-story house and renting the upstairs, but eventually lost it. Since they couldn't get another loan on it, we had to vacate the house when I was in eighth grade.

Fr. George's family owned a rental house up in St. Michael's parish and they must have given us really cheap rent so we moved into that place. It had three bedrooms and one bath, a living room and a kitchen. Eight people and one bathroom -that was a fun



We rented the lower apartment in the house at the back right on Mohawk St. when my folks lost the house they were buying.

outine. In the other place, on Saturday night you took the chair and a big box and put a large galvanized tub on it. You took a bath once a week. I don't think I wore deodorant until I started to work. You took a bath once a week whether you needed it or not! The guy who got the last bath got one more kettle of hot water, but not a fresh start. The first guy didn't get a lot of water because you had to keep warming it up with the kettle as the next guy got in. By the end they had everybody clean.

The place we rented from the Kathreins housed six families, four in the front and two in the back. We were in the downstairs. There was another family by the name of Lang who had more kids than we did on the second floor. The house was noisy at times. My mother decided at some point in her life she didn't want to be friendly with neighbors. I think she got that way when she thought

Pa had a thing going with the daughter of the people who were renting from us. She was suspicious of everything he did and so she didn't want to get close to the neighbors. I didn't get involved with any of the kids upstairs. When we moved up there, I still would go down to where we hung out before, on Fremont and Armitage, and pull in all the kids from around there. I stayed friends with them and didn't pay much attention to the kids in the new neighborhood. The names of some of the people I hung out with were Annie Mushong, Frank Gephart, Matt Webber,..... there were a lot of kids. We just hung out on the corner; there were no shopping malls but there was a hot dog vender a couple of blocks away. Our place was an empty lot with a big garden and a fence around it. The next house was quite a ways from it, so we didn't bother anybody. We would hang out there, horse around, laugh and then head home. Nobody had a car. I was about 14 or 15 at this time.

I cleaned house for the lady that rented from my folks. She was Marty Stutz' aunt. She had me clean the whole damn house including scrubbing the floors and the pay was either two cents or an olive. I took the olive because I could always get two cents somewhere else! Even in those days I was a smart cookie! She was a tight wad but her husband was the neatest guy. He worked for a bakery called

Schwafers. They dealt with all the restaurants in town and when the Worlds Fair was in Chicago, in 1933 I think, he delivered there too. Every once in a while there would be a whole bag of surplus rolls on his truck, so instead of taking them back he would drop them off at our house. There were hard rolls, salt sticks, poppy seed rolls; my god, we would eat rolls. What a treat to get a whole bag of Schwafer's rolls.

During the depression, Ma would fix rice and celery, maybe she thought she was cooking Chinese food. She'd cook rice and celery every day and that's what we would have for lunch when we came home from school. At some point a soup kitchen was opened in an unoccupied coffin factory on the way to school. It was just to feed the kids from around the area whose parents were on relief. My parents didn't get coupons but the nuns would list the kids whose

fathers were only marginally working. So we wound up on a list to get free lunches. They would march all the free lunch kids together over to the coffin factory so everyone in the school knew who we were. We had to go over there and have our lunch so we didn't go home for lunch anymore. And if I recall correctly, lunch always included some kind of sausage. I hated it because everybody else knew. Even though about half the class went-I didn't want to be in that half. At Christmas time they gave vouchers to go to Goldblatts Department Store. This was a special place, it wasn't in the regular part of the store. Each kid got a jacket that had snap buttons. That was something new, you didn't have buttons and it was not a zipper. You got a pair of shoes, maybe a sweater. But everybody

got the same thing. Either a green or maroon jacket. I hated it; I knew everybody in my class who got the same thing. I think that's why its emblazoned in my head that I wanted to take care of myself. I wanted to earn some money, I wanted to buy my own clothes. I had to be myself. I didn't want the stigma.

My father did some janitor work at the school because the tuition was 90 cents a month and a Catholic school education was a luxury for my parents. My father would work on Saturday. He would go and do things at the school. That was OK. I didn't mind that somebody saw my father helping out at school, that didn't bother me. But I didn't want to wear the free coat. I wore it only when I absolutely



**Emilie at back of Mohawk St. apartment
April 2000**

had to. I was about 10 or 11 at this time. It was in the early 1930s and I think I was in the 4th grade. We got a lot of hand-me-downs and my mother would dye them so no one could tell where they came from. She would send me to the drug store for Angel Dye garnet; garnet was the color and Angel Dye was the brand. So almost everything we wore was maroon. It took me years and years before I could wear anything that was maroon.

We wore navy blue uniforms with white collars and cuffs and a red tie. Ma would make the uniforms out of whatever she could get her hands on. I am sure the nuns probably gave her some uniforms that she cut down. She sewed with a treadle sewing machine. She sewed a lot of stuff. In those days they had books with pins in them that showed samples of wool fabrics. She would take these samples, cut the ends off and sew them all together to make blankets. She made quilts and lined the back with flannel. We had those all around the house. She canned. She worked hard because she had to.

Monday was wash day and Tuesday was ironing day. Sunday night she soaked the clothes under the kitchen sink. The wash boiler, with a lid, was filled with the sheets and water and they would soak from Sunday night to Monday. On Monday, she and my dad would pick this thing up (it was so heavy it required both of them to lift it) and put it on the stove where she would boil the laundry. There was no such thing as bleach in those days so you boiled your clothes if you wanted to keep them white. And then the stuff sat on the kitchen on the floor in two galvanized tubs on chairs with the backs cut away. She washed in one with a scrub board and rinsed in the other. The wringer had a hand crank that was bolted to the wash tub. It was an all day job. She finished just before it was time to start cooking dinner.

She never had an ironing board that I remember; she always ironed on the kitchen table. She would throw blankets onto the table. She ironed the sheets, the towels, the dishrags, the menstrual rags. Everything was ironed. We didn't use kotex when I first started having periods. I didn't even know there was such a thing as kotex. Everybody used rags that you pinned into your underwear. At least I knew about sanitary belts and I was able to buy myself one of those. It would take half an hour to get out of the bathroom because of problems getting the pin through all the layers of rags that you had to pin against your sanitary belt. I don't think I did that for long. I went to a girlfriends house and thought to myself, "God, she's having her period and she doesn't have any rags in here anywhere." I asked her and she said she bought kotex, so that was another thing I needed money for that I couldn't have gotten from my mother.

I earned money by giving people finger waves. There were a couple of people who would pay me a quarter to give a finger wave; they only would have had to pay 35 cents at the beauty parlor. A finger wave was done by combing the hair down, pushing it up and then putting your finger down to form the wave. It used a lot of wave set. It was the wet look that was against their head and then it was combed out after it dried. People with straight hair did this to make their hair have a little curl. I would go to their house and I would wash their hair and put the finger waves in it. It would take a half hour or 45 minutes. My customers were ladies in the neighborhood. I was about 12 or 13 at the time. When the finger waves were out of style I would do curlers. I made curlers out of wire. I cut rags and sewed strips of fabric around the wire.

I always wanted ways to make money. I used to go to North Avenue to buy things I liked and wanted, including hot dogs. There was no such thing as an allowance. My first job, when I was out of eighth grade, was in an ice cream parlor working for a Greek guy. This guy was a real winner. The first time I went in to ask for a job he told me he didn't need anybody. I told him I really wanted to work in an ice cream parlor. The next day I went back with my glasses on and wore some different clothes and he gave me the job because he thought I was older. (I got glasses because I wanted them. I faked the eye exam so I could get them.) I got the job and lasted maybe a week. He kept telling me to take a nap in the afternoon. He had a cot in the back. I think he was making moves on me and I was smart enough to figure that one out so I never took the nap. I decided I didn't want to work there.

I took care of kids one summer. The people owned a tavern. I had to keep house and take care of the kids. I think there were three kids and they were probably all under six. It was a long walk from our house to theirs. I don't think I worked during the school year, just in the summers and on weekends. I used to do the grocery shopping for a couple of women in the neighborhood for a nickel. They would give me the money for the groceries and one day I lost a 5 dollar bill. She didn't make me pay it back because she said at a nickel a week she would never get her money!

The depression lasted a long time for us. I think it was hard on us. My mother cried almost all the time. She worried about how she was going to make ends meet. I think they had their house about half paid for when they lost it. And there was absolutely no way to hang onto it. They got a year's free rent at the end. At the end they knew they were going to have to get out and they had to walk away from it. The Home Owners Loan Corporation (HOLC) would review

your status as far as indebtedness was concerned and if they felt you could handle it they would cover your loan for the difference. All they would cover was what you had to pay which at that point was three or four thousand dollars. They didn't feel there was any way my father could pay it. So they had to walk away. There were some people with plenty of money who bought a bunch of these repossessions, but the poor people who were trying to hand them on had no recourse. Who would you go to? Those were hard times, really hard times.

There was no such thing as not going to mass on Sunday, usually at 9 a.m. at St. Michael's Church. My mother insisted that I go to the novena every Tuesday morning even though I was working and sometimes I would go directly to work. I hated to go. Why I didn't just walk around the block a couple of times I don't know since I didn't think church was that important. But I went by myself because my mother expected me to. The other kids were in school or at home so I didn't have to do anything with them.

We only lived on Crooked Bissel Street when I was a little kid, before we moved to Sheffield. I was only about 4-5 or younger. The house on Mohawk Street, where I lived before I got married, was almost directly across the street from the church. There were only two main streets to cross and then there was the church.

I had my confirmation and first communion on the same day when I was in fourth grade. I made my communion in the morning and my confirmation in the afternoon because that was the day the bishop would be coming and he was the only one who could give us confirmation. There was no such thing as an evening mass or a mass after noon in those days. You had to fast from midnight until you went to communion. In fact, they were so strict about it that even if you were puking when you were pregnant, they wouldn't even let you have a glass of water. If you took a glass of water, you couldn't go to communion.

I remember a little about my confirmation. We all wore the same dresses and we all bought the same veils but there were different grades for the dresses and the communion veils. My sponsor for confirmation was the person who bought my stuff. She was a woman who never married, and of course had no kids of her own, so I really lucked in. She was the housekeeper for two men who lived on Astor Street, the Gold Coast of Chicago. Ma asked her to be my confirmation sponsor and so she bought my dress which cost \$6.90, the most expensive. There were three prices for the dresses and three prices of veils, and she bought me the most expensive ones, and the most expensive prayer book and rosary. The prayer book was not the one I really wanted but I

thought, OK, if she wants to buy me that one because it was the most expensive and all my friends will know that I got the most expensive thing, then fine with me. We wore the same dress for communion in the morning and confirmation in the afternoon, so you had to be very careful to keep it nice. The dress had a long waist and long sleeves and it had a kind of rose bud in the front right where the skirt and the bodice attached. I thought I was really nifty because there was probably only one other girl in the class who had a \$6.90 dress. Of course we were eating at the shelter during the week but because someone else was paying, for once in my life I got something that was really special. (I wasn't interested in sales in those days.)

My sponsor was Antonia Kammerlander. She was somebody they knew from the old country and may have come from one of the towns around Fiss, Kounts, Laddis, or even maybe from Fiss. S had coal-black hair and was really pretty ugly. She always had black whiskers on her chin.



In the most expensive dress and veil

During the summer I had to take care of the other kids. There was no running to the beach even though it wasn't that far to Lake Michigan. Dorothy was born in July and I had turned 10 in February; I guess Ma had just about had it with the new baby and all the other kids so she let me take Annie, Rosie, Joey to the beach. I was 10 years old! We took the street car but I was the only one who was old enough to need to

pay carfare. We walked to Armatige, which was about 1-1/2 blocks and caught the street car to Clark Street where you had to get off to go to Lincoln Park, which was on the lake. I don't remember if she packed us a lunch. When we came back to Clark Street, there were a lot of streetcars going by and I took all these kids and got on the wrong streetcar. I could see that nothing looked familiar so I got up and went to talk to the conductor and asked "When do we get off at Sheffield?" He said "This streetcar doesn't go there, you're on the wrong street car. You have to go back and get off at Center Street and get on number so-and-so." He gave me a transfer because I said I didn't have any more money. I got all these kids and got on another streetcar to go back and then took the right streetcar to get home. By the time I got home it was dark. I guess Pa came home from work and about had Ma's head off. She had two kids left but he wondered where the other four had gone. I can remember the look on his face as we were coming up the street at dusk. They had no way of looking for us because they didn't know where to start.

We didn't have a telephone until we moved to Mohawk Street. Up to that time, when we lived in that house on Mohawk Street which belonged to Fr. George's family, the only people in our building who had a phone were the Cassidys, whose daughter worked for the phone company. They would take messages for us and call us to the phone; what an inconvenience. We didn't get that many calls. After we were dating, Dad had a phone in his house and I lived in the Mohawk Street house for a little while so we could call.

We got our first TV when Dad got out of the army. My folks probably got their TV after we did. TV wasn't something that people had until later. We listened to the radio. That's what you did. We didn't even have a radio until I was maybe about 8 years old.

We played games outside for the most part, often on the stairs of the church. Annie and I were the older ones and I don't remember doing anything that was just for fun. I don't remember playing. I just goofed around all day. Saturday and Sunday I had to do hair and go to the store for the neighbors. I jumped rope, played ball, played hop-scotch. Except when it was snowing. I rarely remember playing games in the house. If you started to play inside you bumped into something, the house was so damn small. I don't ever remember playing any games with my mother. She taught me to sew and embroider and she was always looking for stuff we could do quietly, but it never happened.

The best Christmas present I ever got was twin China dolls in a basket. I thought I had died and gone to heaven when I got those. The worst Christmas I

ever had I opened an umbrella in the living room and caught it in the tree. The tree came down. The tree had candles on it but it wasn't lit. But that was the end of the Christmas tree that year. We always got something for Christmas, but it wasn't necessarily toys. There were Christmases when we would get the stuff from school coupons which were redeemed at Goldblatts for jackets and shoes.

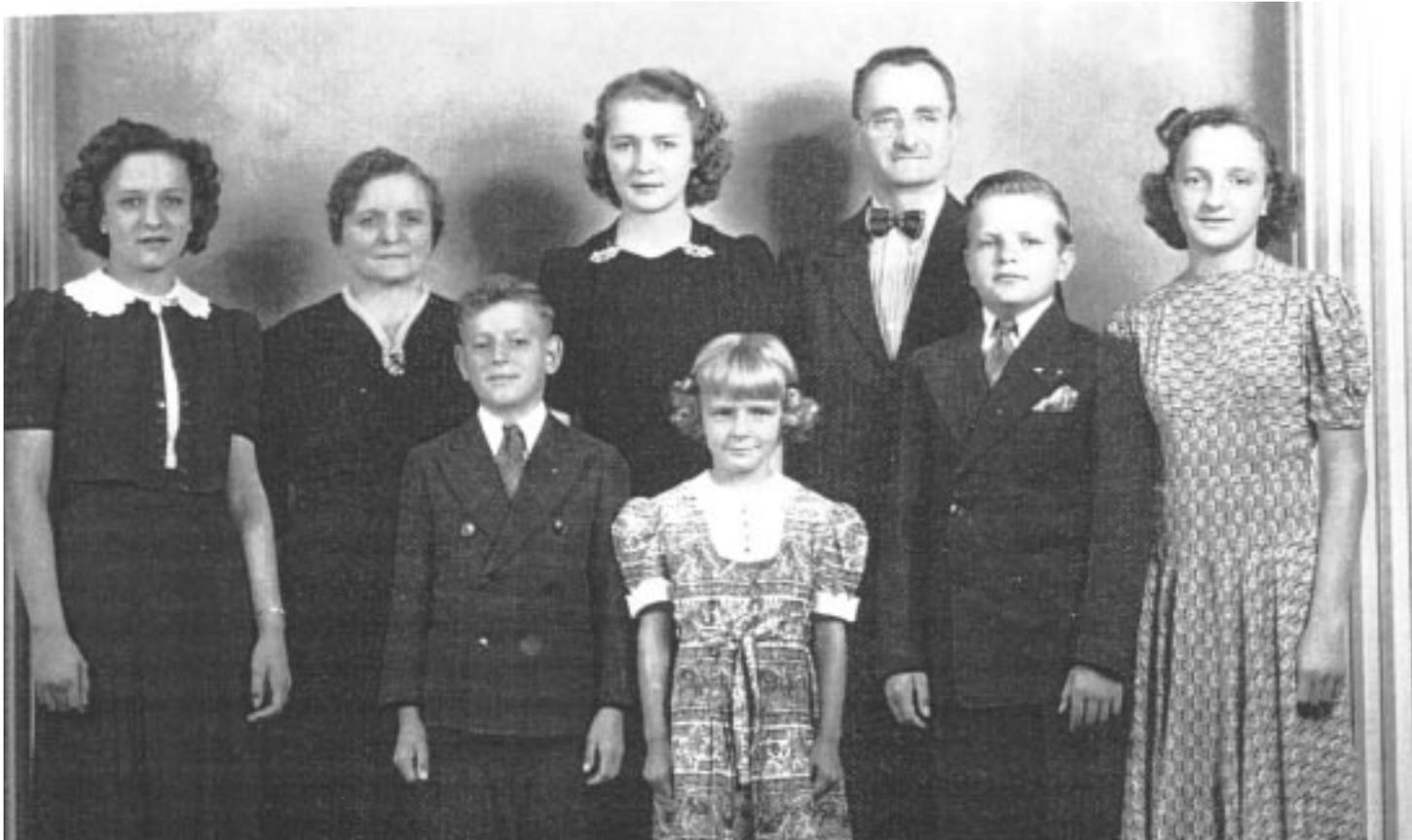
Out of high school I worked downtown at Hillmans. I got the job through Frank Gephardt, one of the kids we hung out with. He knew the chef down there. I worked a couple of weeks in the kitchen drying silverware and then they moved me out into the cafeteria as a bus girl. At that time we served at least two thousand people a day, half for lunch and half for dinner. With the split shift, we wound up working the whole day. I would come in at 11 and work lunch and then have two or three hours off in the afternoon before returning to work dinner. By the time I left it was 8 o'clock at night but was only paid for 6 work hours. We got meals there. The uniform was white with blue trim and a white headband trimmed with blue.

I worked my way up to manager, after moving from busgirl to checker. The checkers put the receipts on the trays. There was no such thing as punching every item into a cash register. You took a look at the tray and you knew the amount the person owed. There was a lunch special that cost \$0.29 and included a choice of one of two entrees, a starch, dessert, drink, bread and butter. All of the other items were a la carte. God forbid if you should charge the lunch special people the a la carte prices for their food! For the a la carte customers, you had to add up their tab in your head. First I stood on the stairway which led to a downstairs coffee shop to make sure that nobody walked out without paying the cashier. They had a Jewish woman at each of the two entrances and they actually took the money. These cashiers had both been there forever.

From that I went to being an assistant manager, just kind of walking around on the floor and wound up wearing regular clothes. Miriam Rainkin was the manager and when they let her go, they gave me the job. I was about 21. It was before I was married. Sadie Weiss was the head of the kitchen and her brother ran the candy shop so they had a lot of influence. She and another Jewish woman who was a friend of the owner didn't like Mrs. Rainkin, but she did like me and figured I was smart enough to be taken under her tutelage. She arranged to have me groomed for the job without my being aware of it, and then got rid of Miriam Rainkin. I really enjoyed working there. We had a lot of fun. There were a lot of younger and older people; it was a mix. At that time, there were a lot of Jewish people that came from Europe. These were people who had big jobs

over there and wound up being bus boys at Hillmans until they could get their feet on the ground. There were about 50 people who worked there. I used to make out the time sheets every week.

I knew who his mother was. She worked downstairs in the coffee shop and I don't think she liked me. When she and Rainkin found out that we had gone out on a date they weren't real happy about



**Annie, Ma, Marty, Emilie, Doroty, Pa, Joe and Rosie
early 1940s**

I don't remember when Dad started at Hillmans. He worked there during the time he was in high school. His mother worked downstairs in the coffee shop and was a friend of Rainkin and that was how he got the job. I really don't know how it all started between us. This was when he was still a busboy and I was either a busgirl or a checker. He only worked after school and we would go out with a whole group of kids. I think he asked me to go out saying his friends were going to the bike races and he didn't have a girl to ask so would I go with him. I was dating another guy at the time but he wasn't a Catholic and my folks hated him. He was someone from the neighborhood. I dated another guy who worked at Hillmans who was probably five years older than I was and I dated a lawyer for a while who used to come in to eat, but when Dad asked me I thought "What the hell, I'll do him a favor." I really don't know what the attraction was except he was a nice guy. I don't think Dad ever talked a heck of a lot but he always had a book under his arm. He was good friends with a friend of mine who was older, divorced and had a little girl. She liked to read and they would talk about books. She and I would go back and forth on the streetcar a lot because she lived fairly close to where we lived.

it. He used to ride home with me on the street car and then hang out at our house for a while before he'd get on the street car and go the rest of the way home at night. After a while he started working early in the morning.

Dad had left Hillmans by the time I was appointed manager. His mother got him a job through some friends of hers that started him in the tool and die business. He worked for Chicago Latrobe for several years. As a manager I made about \$30 a week. When we started we made \$12.80 if we worked a full week which wasn't very often. We got paid in cash at the end of the week. I was always expected to contribute to the family. One week I would give all my wages to my mother and the next week I would give her \$5. So every other week I had \$6 for myself. She added the money to the household account. When I was making \$30 a week, I think I was giving her half of every other week's pay check and the full pay check the other week. This was up to the time we were married. By then, things had gotten a little better. Annie was working too and giving her some of the money.

We probably worked together for a year. We dated for about two years before we were married. We were

good friends to begin with and got better. My parents liked him because he was Catholic. That was the only criteria. I think everybody was happy because I was kind of a pain in the ass to be around. In those days no one moved away from home until they got married. In fact, when Karen went to Stanford to attend graduate school, my mother asked me what I had done to drive her out

I don't remember where we had our first kiss, but it was probably down in the back of Hillmans going downstairs when we had to go down and change uniforms. He would wait for me down on the landing and we would always sneak a buzz there. Maybe that's where it happened. I don't remember. Wasn't anything I was going to have to remember for posterity!

One of the cashiers at Hillmans sent us to Dr. Yaney for a wedding gift. She figured that we didn't know a lot about married life and it would be better than other wedding gifts. He talked about sex. For one thing, he wanted me to have a diaphragm which I didn't use very often because the church told you if you used a diaphragm you were going straight to hell. I think was a good thing that we went to Dr. Yaney. We went together, but he talked to us separately. We didn't have sex before we were married. Those things weren't done in those days. The night we got married we went to our apartment. We were not living there yet. That apartment on Magnolia Ave. we got through Dad's father and stepmother who had been married a few years before. It was furnished when they moved into it and they left everything when they moved out. Helen left everything, just the way they rented it, with pots and pans, linens and furniture. We didn't have a honeymoon because Dad had to go to work on Monday morning. We got married on Saturday. It was during the war. We took a honeymoon when Tina was already about three years old. Karen and Tina stayed with Helen and grandpa and we went to Washington, D.C. That was when we had our new car. We drove and I think we stopped to see someone Dad had been in the Army with.

A New Life with Bud

Dad didn't get down on his knee to ask me to marry him. I think it was just a case of talking about getting married. I don't think it was any kind of formal proposal. Our wedding day was hot, the temperature got up to about 98° and we got married in the morning at St. Michaels. It was a really nice wedding. Rose was my maid of honor. There were two bridesmaids and Dorothy was the junior bridesmaid. One of the girls was Mary Unterreiner who was not originally asked to be in the wedding. Annie was going to be bridesmaid, but then her future husband said that unless he could be in the wedding too, she

couldn't be in it. So I said OK you can't be in. I wasn't going to make any concessions for him. The other girl was Betty Ragle. She was the daughter of friends of the family that lived down the street. Dad had Ed Kilfoy, Bob Morgan, and his brother Harold. His best man was Ed Kilfoy. My brothers were altar boys. Marty was the one with the holy water. It was in a bucket with a sprinkler in it. He reached back and got sprinkled Harold. I wanted to get up myself and go over and whack him. He finally let up on it. Early in the ceremony, Harold passed out on the altar. They carried him out and Dad's version of the story is that as they were dragging him, they dropped his head on the marble floor of the sacristy. They did bang his head, but not in the dramatic way Dad tells it! Ed Kilfoy and Bob Morgan dragged him out and his mother came out of the church proper and ran into the sacristy to check him out.

We got married in the morning and then went back over to the house and I think we had breakfast at home. The reception wasn't until night time. That's the way people did it in those days. I took my wedding gown off and put something else on that was cooler and then put the dress back on before we went to the reception. The reception was in a hall where they had wedding receptions. Hillmans catered and they also supplied the wedding cake. We paid for the liquor. Grandma and Grandpa paid for the food. I think we served roast beef and ham. We had a juke box with records, it was like having a DJ. There are several songs, including String of Pearls, that every time I hear them I remember that night but I don't remember what our first dance was. My Dad got enough under his belt to corner Dad and tell him he better be good to his daughter or he'd go after him. My parents didn't have much interaction with Dad's parents. My father didn't like Dad's mother because she was divorced and she seemed to have a different approach to being a parent than they did. He liked Grandpa Hedelin, but wasn't really excited with Mary. Helen and Dad had little contact. They pretty much stayed out of the picture. They got married only about a year before we did. Helen was pregnant with Kyle when we got married. Helen was about 15 years older than I. Kyle was born the October before Karen was born so she is almost a year older than Karen. We used to see a lot of Grandpa and Helen. We got their apartment when they moved to Lake Forest. We used to spend Sundays with them after we got a car. I think Dad liked his father.

I continued to work after we got married but quit when I was pregnant with Karen. I worked a little after I had Karen. I would take her down to my mother's on the El and would pick her up on the way home. I did that until maybe she was a few months old. Anyhow, it got to be impossible. And Rosie came to live with me then when Dad got drafted. Rosie was with me because my folks felt that it was

easier not to have Rosie help them financially than to have me move back with a baby. So she stayed in the apartment with me. I am sure I could have stayed by myself, but I think Rosie was happy to help me and she was happy to get out of the folks house. There were days when she threatened to go back home if I didn't feed Karen. In those days you fed kids every four hours. If Karen started to cry, Rosie would get angry and say, "OK, either you start feeding her when she cries or I'm going home."

Life in Chicago during the war was not easy.

Everything was rationed. Men had to register for the draft when they turned 18. They did that until Mike was about eligible, he was probably the tail end of that. I forget what they called the rationing offices. There was a name for where you had to go to register, it may have been the same as the draft places. You got a book of ration coupons. When you had a new baby they issued a book for the baby, which made it easier to get enough to get by. The books were like coupons. There were some things that were bought with points and there were others for specific items like shoes. Grandpa Hedelin used to give me his shoe coupons because he wouldn't use them. When Karen was little even baby shoes were rationed. Sugar, butter, meat, canned goods and coffee were all rationed.

Gasoline was rationed too. If you had a car you had to apply for gasoline coupons. People didn't drive unless they absolutely had to. Not only did you have to be able to afford the gasoline, you had to have the coupons for it. You couldn't buy things without the coupons. Money didn't buy what you wanted, you had to have the proper coupons. The store owners had to turn in the coupons when they got their stuff and they had to have the equivalent.



**Em and Bud
1943**

With Dad in the Army, I got an allowance every month and some for Karen. I sent a lot of it back to him for film and stuff which used to really annoy me. I told him "I'm struggling to make the payments here-quit buying film and developing pictures that I could give two hoots in hell about." We managed on \$40 a month. We didn't have a car. We got our first car after we had Tina. It was an old Nash. After the war there were laws that said you were only allowed to charge by a formula, but of course nobody would sell a car by the formula. There always had to be money under the table. We ended up paying about \$500 more than the formula, but everybody had to do it. The car needed to be painted. In those days they sold a powder puff kit to paint cars and Dad painted the car with this powder puff. It was beige and it did not give us very good service. We bought a new car after that.

When Dad got out of the army he had a job waiting for him at the University of Chicago. We also were in a different apartment by then, on Eugenie St., just a couple of blocks from where my folks lived. My parents would baby-sit sometimes but Dorothy baby-sat for us as much as anybody. We had lived on Magnolia Ave. a year or two before Annie found us this apartment that was close to where my folks lived on Mohawk St. The apartment on Eugenie St. had a bedroom and a Murphy bed. The place on Magnolia only had a Murphy bed. In the first apartment we only had Karen and she was in a crib that was in a tiny dining area. When we moved to Eugenie St. we wound up with a full bedroom, a living room, a dining area, a kitchen and a little tiny, tiny refrigerator. We had had a refrigerator in the other apartment too. This apartment ended up costing only about \$5 a month more than the other and it was much larger. It was a big help to have a bedroom. When we had both Karen and Tina, we gave up the bed and put Tina and Karen in the bedroom. We slept on the Murphy bed in the living room; we pulled the bed down each night. That's how I thought I lost Karen one night. She'd been crying and crying and so I gave her some booze. I put her in bed with us and she fussed and fussed and when I got up in the morning she wasn't there. I thought maybe I had carried her back to her bed. I went into the bedroom and she wasn't in the

bedroom either. I started tearing around the house-I couldn't figure out where she was. Finally, I found her under the bed on the floor. Scared the hell out of me. The Murphy bed tipped up and fit in a closet on the wall with folding doors, like the closets in the bedroom. You reached up, grabbed the foot end of the bed and it came straight down. The pillows were on a thing that punched down at two places to hold them and the mattress fast. It was the size of a full bed. Lots of places had Murphy beds. It think they are coming back into vogue.

When I had Tina and Karen I was busy during the day with chores. The washing machine was in the basement and the clothes were hung in the basement to dry since there was no place outside to hang them. A typical day with Tina and Karen was to get them up in the morning, or they would get me up. Dad would go to work and I would straighten up the house, put them in the buggy and take off. I'd go to the grocery store. We had to shop every day because no one bought meat for more than one day. We had a meat market and a bakery right next to each other across the street and I would just run over and get what we needed. I would look around to see what the butcher had and decide what to have for dinner. But to get vegetables and stuff like that we had to go to North Avenue which was a couple of blocks away. If it was a nice day we'd walk through the park. Dad was gone in the Army when Karen was a baby. One of the gals who lived in the same apartment building was also alone, and she had two kids. One day I convinced her that what we ought to do was only cook every other night and take the food down the hall to the other apartment. I'd put Karen in the buggy and walk down. So we shared meals for six months until Dad came back. That's about all there was to do. Visit friends. Go sit in Chase Park. Karen started kindergarten at St. Michael's School when we were living on Eugenie St. We had neighbors that we were close to in that apartment building, the Aamans, the Myers, and the Sapanos who moved in across the porch from us.

We would get together with my family every other Sunday for supper. We would go on the street car when we lived on Magnolia Ave. because we didn't have a car. When we lived on Eugenie St. we would just walk over there every Sunday and have supper with them. My parents would only come to our house if somebody had a birthday or special event.

Dad's mother would come around but we didn't see his Dad unless we went to Lake Forest. I didn't get along with his mother particularly. She was fun, but I didn't like her. She liked to be in charge, sort of like me. When she came to visit she would usually bring a friend, either boy friend or lady friend that she would drag along. We would see her when least expected. Most often when she showed up she had been to a

tavern before she got there. She talked and talked. She was happy and loud. She liked to party; she was a real party girl from way back. That was my impression. It may not be Dad's. I only partied with her once and I learned my lesson.

We would drink hi-balls, not every day. Maybe on the weekends. We would have somebody in and we would have a couple of drinks. Sometimes we would go out with friends and have several drinks and get kind of happy, but I think for the most part we didn't do much drinking. When Karen and Tina were little, I think we were the only ones who were married, besides the Morgans who lived with his folks and really couldn't have anybody in. We were the only ones who had a place where Dad's friends could go. They would show up and talk and laugh. I pretty much gave up all the girl friends I had, girls I had gone to school with, when I started to work at Hilmans. They just dropped away and we would do more things with Dad's friends. Later we got close to the people that lived in our apartment building, especially when we moved to Eugenie Street before we had Tina. We all had kids about the same age and so we did a lot of things with neighbors.

Every Friday I would see Grandpa Hedelin when he would come down for lunch. We got along really well. He didn't like Mary, his own daughter. God he didn't like her. I think that came from way back. When you get into Dad's stuff you find out how they connived against him and you can see why. There wasn't much nice he could say about her. I think he liked her when she was a kid, but when she got into the business of using him and doing things and lying to him, that just killed it off. I liked Charlie Hedelin a lot. I wish I would have had a tape recorder and taped a lot of stuff he talked about. He was always anxious to tell me about his life but I don't remember a lot about what he said. He came down every Friday, regular as clock work. He wore a bowler and took the street car. I would try to make something for lunch that I knew he liked and often he would bring something and tell me how to fix it. He did a lot of stuff around the house. Dad was absolutely worthless when it came doing anything and Grandpa used to crab and bitch about it. "I can't understand why Buddy can't do this, and Buddy is so damned lazy."

Part of it was that if I asked Grandpa to do something, he would do it. He liked to putz. He did everything very carefully and very methodically. A job that somebody else would do with paper and vinegar, he would have to get all the right tools, get a template, cut it right, everything had to be just so. I had never had a Grandfather and never knew any relatives who were older and I really liked him and I think he really liked me. We had a great relationship. He would go home before Dad came home from work. Karen and Tina liked him. Karen especially

knew him probably better than Tina. Tina was pretty little when he died. He taught Karen the Swedish alphabet and every time he would walk in the door he would ask her to say the alphabet. She followed through and he would teach her words, Latin words; he liked her a lot. I don't know what kind of relationship he had with the boys when they were growing up, but he sure liked Karen. He was 84 or 86 when he died.

Dad worked with someone who told him about a job in California. The company paid for his trip but we had to pay for my way out. I wasn't very excited about the plane trip, in fact, I told him I would never get on a plane. But I did fly out with him for the interview to see what it was like. We stayed with friends, someone who was in the same program that Dad was in during the war. We stayed at their house near Los Angeles. They had two little girls. I wore a hat because in Chicago, if you went someplace you wore a hat. These kids out here had never seen a lady with a hat on. We looked around. Dad liked the idea of being in California. He had been in California once

thought it would be a great idea, so when we decided to go it was OK-it was fine with me.

We did pretty much what Dad wanted to do, all along. That's not the way he sees it, but I think that's the way it was. We talked about things, everything that was a major decision, but I think I would have acquiesced if we couldn't agree. I figured that he was the one that had to go out and make a living and it was up to him to decide where he wanted to work.

I missed my family a lot at first. It didn't take long to settle in here though. We picked a good area where there were a lot of other young people who also had little kids. Also, the connections I had with my family were also not as strong as they once had been. At the time we left Chicago, the person that I was probably closest to was Dorothy. I think we saw more of Dorothy than anybody else. Prior to that, Rosie and I were really good friends and it's turned around now that I feel closer to Rosie than I do to Dorothy, for funny reasons. It took very little time before Mary Jo Devlin and I became close. The Develins lived right behind us. We made a gate in the fence so we could



**Family photo
1948**

before with his mother. We just went back and waited to hear. I left the decision to take the job up to him.

come back and forth. The Kohns lived across the street, where the McCanns are now. The Whitchies lived where the Watts live now and the Howards were at the end of the court. On the other side were the Franzes, who were in the Navy, the Bishops, the Farmers, us and the Camerons. Everybody had little kids. In fact, I think Karen was the oldest of all the kids in the neighborhood. Nobody had any fences. Everybody was just starting fresh so we did a lot of things together.

California Here We Come

I didn't know if I wanted to leave Chicago and my family behind. But there were days when I wished I was a long ways away from them. Some days I

We were the second owners of this house. The people who bought it originally were transferred and had never even made a house payment. We bought it, moved in and made the first payment. We paid \$20,000. The house originally sold for a little less. I know our house payments were about \$104 a month, which was a chunk. I think when Dad took the job here he made about \$3000 more than in Chicago. In Chicago he probably made \$7000, so here he made \$10,000 to start, and it seemed like a lot of money. We figured we were going to be living on easy street.

When we first moved in, the house had three bedrooms and a den. Our room was the back half of what is now the family room. Karen and Tina shared a room and Barbara and Mike shared a room. There was a studio couch in the den. We remodeled before Mary was born. Dad did a lot of the work. We took the wall out between the den and our bedroom to make a family room, enlarged our bathroom and added the two back

bedrooms, the sewing room and the popped out the kitchen. We put Barbara and Mike in one of the back bedrooms and Dad and I had the other bedroom. Karen and Tina each had a room of their own. When Mary got bigger, Mike had the sewing room as his room and the girls had the back bedroom until Karen moved out to go to Stanford when everyone switched again and Barbara got her room. Dad also had the sewing room as his den for awhile and my sewing place was the closet which was the passage between the front bedrooms and the family room. We've had a lot of happy times in this house. When we first moved in, we parked the cars in the garage, along with the pop up trailer!

The following comments are in response to specific questions from Janie.

Favorite poem: Barbara also asked me about my favorite poem. I said to Dad, "Do you have a favorite

poem?" and he said, "What?" I don't think I ever took time to read poetry.

Favorite food: I like head cheese but I don't go out and buy it anymore. I used to sneak that and go buy it at the grocery store and have them slice it into about 4 slices and eat it on the way home in the car. But I know its not good for me so I quit.



**Mary, Janie, Emilie
1964**

the books. I did all the running to the post office and stuff. I kept the boss from going through the overhead. I enjoyed going with Dad to meetings. Not anything very important. I collected my check every month.

Medical problems: As a kid, I had rheumatism in my legs. I would come home from school and I could hardly walk. My mother would rub wintergreen on my legs and wrap something warm around them. That usually made them feel good. After we were married I had an appendicitis attack and I had my appendix out. I had ovarian cysts removed when we lived in San Diego. It was probably the next summer after we moved. They took one ovary and one Fallopian tube and found hair and teeth and all kinds of guck growing in the cyst. Evidently that happens to a lot of women. Then I had my uterus removed. They left the Fallopian tube and the ovary but they took the uterus after Janie was born. I had my gall bladder out. I had a couple of lithotripsy treatments where they

Regret: That I can't swim or play the piano.

Most important thing: My family.

Favorite type of movie: Tear jerker

Favorite music: Zither, at least for a couple of pieces. I also like hammy music, stuff that's mellow and waltzy. I don't like a lot of noisy stuff.

What did I do for Graham Arc? I kept

exploded some kidney stones. I had a tumor taken out of my breast which was benign. Now I've got the other stuff which goes with being old, like arthritis and stuff like that. But I feel like I'm in good shape for my age. What the hell, I didn't expect to live this long. I figured everything ended about 60. ... And these front teeth are mostly covered up. Both my parents wore dentures. My mother was probably 45 when she got hers and my father was probably 55. She had no trouble with her dentures but he had nothing but trouble with his. He hated them and would have preferred to keep them in his pocket most of the time. They took them out at night and put them in a cup at the side of the bed.

Depression: The only time I can remember experiencing depression was when I quit taking Premerin which I began to take after the hysterectomy. I quit taking it for a couple of months and I got really weird. I went to the doctor about it and she said to try going back on the Premerin-it made a difference. I've never taken anything for depression. I've always been too busy to be depressed. I think a lot of it has to do with the fact

that I had two kids out here and that took care of any feelings I had about being lonely or having my family all back there. I don't think I ever really had any times when I have really been depressed, except now.

I never expected to have to bury a daughter. The night Barbara told us she had a lump in her breast. I felt like... It was the night that we had the Christmas lights tour bus come and pick us up. I'd so looked forward to that Christmas. We had the new kitchen finished and we were going to have everybody here. Mary was dating someone and it looked like everything was going OK for her. When Barbara told me about the lump the bottom just fell out of everything and I don't think I've been the same since. I go along for a while and everything is OK but I think about her all the time. When the bottom falls out all I want to do is curl up in the corner and cry. I get the hiccups when I think of her saying "Hi Mom" on the phone. I never thought it would wind up this way. But I'm grateful that Tina is feeling better. She's moving around like gangbusters anymore and she looks great. I hope that this is the quality time that we have all been praying that she get.



**Annie, Rosie, Emilie, Dorothy
1997**



65th Birthday



**Janie, Mary, Mike, Barbara, Tina, Karen
Christmas, 1991**



**Graham Clan
Christmas 1991**