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JAMES WILDER TRUHER, JR. - HIS EARLY LIFE

As Remembered by His Mother

1980





SUMMER, 1934

This was the cabin your Dad built in 3 days. You can't see the front door, but the back door is open.



SUMMER, 1934

This is a close-up of the door to the office, and we had two little rooms behind.



FALL, 1934

This is the cabin after the snow fell and I was about to leave for Seattle. This is from the bank of the stream behind.

July 4, 1934 through December 10, 1934 - THE MOUNTAIN CABIN.

You and I arrived by train to meet your father at Berne, Washington, where your father had spent three days building a little house (a shack, really) of three rooms. He was employed by Coyle Construction Co. as a superintendent of highway construction. There was no place for me to live (with you) so he built this little place of three tiny rooms--the first was his office, the second was our living/dining room and the third was our bedroom (just big enough for a double bunk (you and I slept on the top bunk) and some orange crates to use as a dresser of sorts. Outside in the woods was the needed toilet. Also outside were beautiful woods and a delightful mountain stream. The house was built across the highway from two tents in which two of your Dad's foremen lived with their wives. A half mile or so down the road was the big camp for the workmen--about 100 of them who worked, at that time, for 50 cents an hour.

Your grandmother visited us during the summer for a few days and as I think of it now she must have worried about the circumstances in which her baby daughter was living, but she never complained. She enjoyed the beauty of the surroundings and so did I. Really, it was a very pleasant summer. We had a little excitement one day when they were blasting tree trunks for the new highway, and our little house could have been destroyed. One huge trunk (about 4 feet in diameter) was blown under the back door of our bedroom. From then on, I had a back porch.

But the big excitement came early in November when we awakened to see a beautiful white world. Snow on every branch of the evergreens, snow and ice on the road, snow on the rocks of the stream. I was very excited, but your Dad was worried, and with good reason, it turned out. The highway to the coast and to the east was closed and the train couldn't get through. I learned later that the two women across the highway began boiling water as soon as they got up, just in case you should decide to arrive a month early. But I wasn't a bit worried--I just enjoyed that snow. But that night there were avalanches all around us and the stream became a river. We stayed up a long time while Dad went out every hour to measure the rise of the river just in case we needed to get on higher ground. But the river went down before morning. And by noon the next day the train came through. And you know who was on it--you and your mother.

One of the women across the road had a sister named Nell Barber who had 6 kids (aged 2 to 20) and lived in Seattle. Arrangements were made for me to stay in Nell's house and pay board until Jim came home from the construction job. I missed your Dad a lot at that time, but there was a lot of distraction with the Barber family. They were very good to you and me.

On December 9 your Dad finished the work at Berne for that year. He loaded our car on a big truck and again, couldn't get to the coast over the shortest route and had to go a couple of hundred miles out of the way to get to Seattle. I had started into labor before he arrived at Barber's, so they took me to Providence Hospital that day (the 9th of December). However, my labor pains were spasmodic so I went to sleep. I had pains off and on the next day, and you were born about midnight. You weighed 7 pounds and 5 ounces and had a strong pair of lungs. The doctor had to make an instrument delivery (it was Johnny Marcks fault--really the nurses' fault) so your lip was cut and your head was kind of pointed. These things disappeared (the cut and the point) in a couple of days.

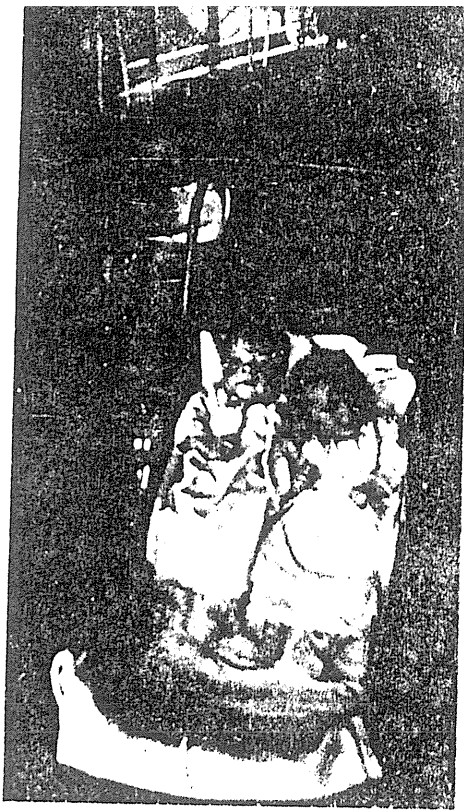
Your Dad and I were delighted with our new little son. In fact, your Dad was so excited the night you were born that he called my mother and told her that the baby was 7 feet 5 inches and weighed 20 pounds. Your grandmother and grandfather Truher and May were at the hospital when you were born. You, of course, were the first grandchild in that family and they were almost excited as your Dad.

December 10, 1934 through April, 1935 -- SEATTLE APARTMENT

On December 11 and some days following, I was in a state of euphoria because I sincerely felt that I had participated in a miracle. Here was this healthy, strong, cute little boy brand new to the world. I was in a room in PROVIDENCE HOSPITAL and my roommate was Helen Marcks. In those days mothers and babies stayed in the hospital two weeks, so you and I and Helen and Johnny Marcks got well acquainted.

While we were there, Dad scoured Seattle looking for a furnished apartment which we could afford. He found one at 1616 E. Howell, on the third floor. I'll never forget going home from the hospital. I carried you until we got ready to go in the apartment house and then your Dad carried you for the first time. He was so very, very careful of you that I had to smile, but I couldn't let him see me smile because he was so earnest and obviously felt such a sense of responsibility. I had a hard time walking up all those stairs (no elevators) because I had a lot of stitches and was all bent over. It was a nice enough apartment and we kept you in our bedroom (the only one).

The four months or so we spent there were pleasant and uneventful after the first couple of weeks. You and I had problems those first two weeks because my doctor insisted that I should nurse



You were about 6 to 8 weeks old when this picture was taken. You are on the left with Johnny Marckx. I was very proud of you because you sat up so straight (remained propped up, really) and looked so alert.



This was taken in the Reine's yard, so you were 6 to 8 months old and very healthy.

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©
you and I was anxious to be a good mother. However, you cried and yelled and acted as if you were hungry all the time. The doctor had us buy a baby scale and weigh you before and after feeding and the quantity of fluid was sufficient so the doctor said I must be exaggerating and to let you cry--it was good for your lungs. But I didn't believe it after a while and went to the drug store and got a baby formula to supplement your feeding and after that you were fine.

Somewhere in March or April we had word that Bob Erskine and three or four other fraternity brothers of your Dad's were coming to Seattle en route home from playing basketball in Japan. The first we knew any more about it was about 8:00 A.M. on a Sunday morning when a lady from downstairs came up and told us there were a bunch of guys down there yelling "Truher! Truher! Truher!" So they got acquainted with you and spent the day with us. The reason this was a big event for me was that I didn't know anyone in Seattle except Nell Barber (You and I lived with her before you were born) and your grandparents and Mike and Minerva McDermott and Mike Jr. who was about 3 years old.

You were baptized in the church in Renton, Washington, with your Aunt May and Uncle Louis as godparents. Your grandparents and parents also attended. I don't think you cried, but maybe a little.

Your Dad did all your laundry because the tubs were in the basement four floors down. I remember Mike McDermott looking down his nose and saying that was "women's work", but your Dad was helping you and me the way he has done all his life.

This apartment was on Capital Hill and grocery shopping was nearby. We never had money to have a baby sitter or go anywhere except drive to your grandparents so you had a great deal of attention from parents and grandparents. I used to take you in your baby carriage over to see Minerva McDermott and past Volunteer Park to see Nell Barber--but that was only when it wasn't raining and in those months it was very, very rare.

By the time we moved you were about four months old and weighed somewhere around 16 pounds. I took you to a pediatrician regularly and he said you were in perfect health. You had grown about 6 inches, and were beginning to get sore gums because you got your first tooth at 5½ months after we moved. You were sweet and good natured and fun to play with. I talked to you a lot and you seemed to try to talk back.

APRIL, 1935 to early January, 1936 -- Reine's Housekeeping Rooms
1416 E. Howell, Seattle

The construction job at Berne was not finished when Dad and the crew had to leave and come home because of the snow, so he had to go back to the mountain cabin in April when the snow melted. It was obvious that I couldn't take good care of you up there in the circumstances I already described--nothing but a small wood stove, carry water for a half mile and so on. And the apartment was quite expensive. So we looked around and found two housekeeping rooms in a big old house just two blocks from our present apartment. In many ways, this was a happy choice. Paul and Jeanette Reine (a couple about our age--I'm sure you met them years later) were managing the rooms. They had 3 rooms on the ground floor, and rented out our two rooms plus 3 or 4 bedrooms upstairs. There was one bath at the end of the hall upstairs which everyone shared. I washed your things (and ours) by hand in an old tub (no such thing as a laundromat in those days. We had an electric hot plate to cook on and a sink and table and 2 chairs in one room and a bed and a couple of straight chairs in the other room. You and I played on the bed a lot. I used to try to mimic your every movement and get my exercise that way, but I couldn't keep up with you.

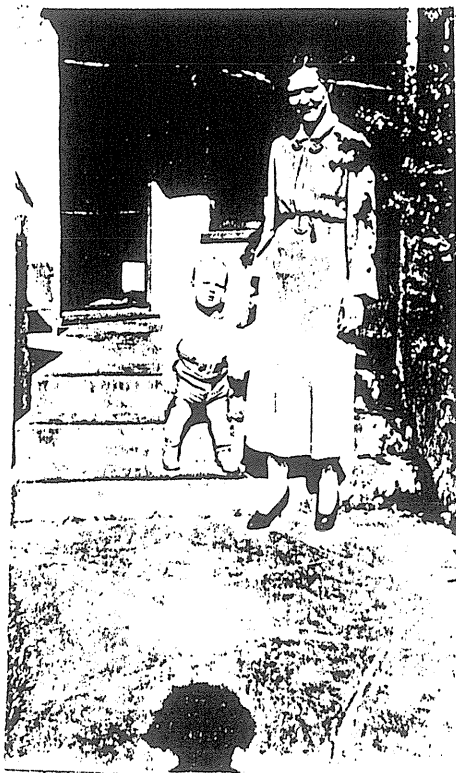
Helen Nelson came to visit during the summer and we all went to the zoo on the street car for entertainment. Again, you and I went out in your buggy over to Volunteer Park and to visit McDermott's and Nell Barber. I had no car, of course, but there was a library nearby. We had no radio, and of course it was long before television.

Your Dad came home a couple of times a month when he could get a ride to the city and was always surprised at how quickly you were growing up. By the end of 6 months you had four teeth and weighed about 20 pounds and were 28½ inches tall. One thing you didn't get was hair--just some blond fuzz. But you were trying to crawl.

Dad came home again to stay when the snow drove them back to town. He worked in the Coyle Construction Co. office about 3 days a week during the winter. We were both happier when he came home and the fall passed quickly. I notice that I wrote in your baby book that we had a pleasant Christmas at Truher's in 1935 and you played with your toys, of course, because you were just over a year old.

In January, 1936, Coyle got a construction job in Walula, Washington, where the weather is often 20 below zero, but little snow so they could work. Dad and I decided it was time to take you to visit your grandmother in Los Angeles so in mid-January Dad went to Walula and you and I went by train to L.A. The porter kept the berth down through the whole trip so you could climb around or sleep or whatever you wanted. It was a pleasant trip, considering everything, and you seemed to enjoy it. I had fun watching you.

In October on the day you were 10 months old we had your picture taken. There was a contest to select the most perfect baby and we thought that was you. Later I had Jack's and Mike's pictures taken on their 10 month dates. The three hang above our bed now.



February or March, 1935
on the front steps of
your grandmother's home.

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JANUARY, 1936 to MAY, 1936 -- Grandmother's home at 2007 W. 73 St.
Los Angeles

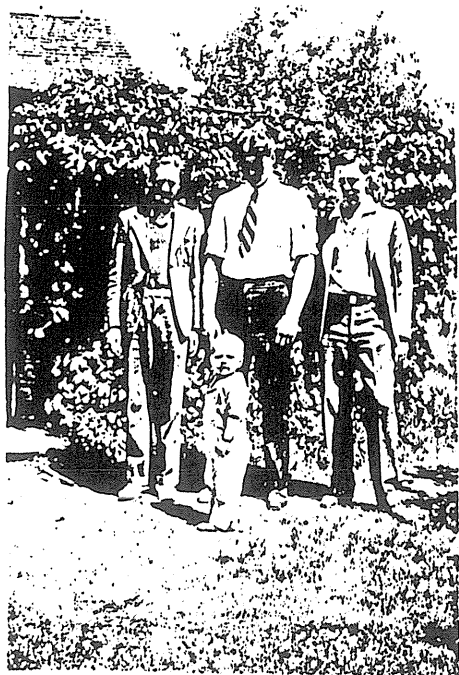
Your grandmother and Aunt Edna met us at the main L.A. railroad station, and of course you were the center of attention because they had never seen you before. We had a room of our own at my mother's and were very comfortable while your poor father was working long hours in below zero weather where there usually was a strong wind. He got very sick during the winter and probably had pneumonia, but fortunately I didn't know anything about it until the following summer.

You took your first steps on New Year's at Grandparents Truher--that is, your first steps alone. Within a couple of weeks you were walking quite well. Of course by the time your Dad saw you again you were running all over the place. You weighed about 28 pounds when we got to mother's, and I soon learned that I had a weak back. Picking you up and carrying you caused me to have problems so that if I bent over I had to lie down on the floor to straighten up. Well, I had to stop picking you up and encourage some climbing on your part. That was the only problem I can remember from those months except that we both missed your Dad. I remember that Edna brought home a boy friend one day and you ran up to him and cried out "Daddy!"

You learned to talk very early. By ten months you said a few words and I wrote in your baby book that you had a vocabulary of 18 or 19 words by the time you were 14 months old. In fact, you were already beginning to put words together.

One day my friend Lorraine came to visit me. I ran out to the car to welcome her and when we came in the living room you had climbed up in a big chair and were holding a newspaper in front of your face. You didn't even look up when we opened the door. Lorraine (who knew nothing about babies) said, "Oh, I didn't know babies could read!" A number of my friends and your Dad's (such as the Pierces and the Woodhulls and the Boswells) came to make your acquaintance and exclaim over our accomplishment. Actually, it was Bill Pierce alone who came because he wasn't married yet. Anyhow, I saw more friends in that four months than in the three years I had lived in Seattle.

You can see from the attached picture that you were a very sturdy little guy.



Left to right, Jack Coyle, Dad,
Jim Coyle Jr, and you standing
in front of the porch of our
cottage on the farm near Wenatchee



This picture was taken late
in January, 1937 so you were
2 years old. That little red
suit you were wearing was very
attractive on you. This was
taken in front of the house on
15th ave (see next page). An
apartment house now stands there.

MAY, 1936 to JUNE, 1936 -- Wallingford District, Seattle

I don't even have the address of this one month sojourn. Dad had finished the Wallula job and Coyle had no other job. So Dad rented a couple of housekeeping rooms (again with a shared bath) and you and I came back on the train anxious to see him. We must have stored your crib at Truher's because it was there when we came in.

Dad could hardly wait to see you (me, too) after so many months. By this time you had quite a vocabulary and were about 34 inches tall and running all over the place.

We enjoyed our brief stay, but the only thing I can remember about the other roomers is that there was a man who was very interested in reading people's character by the shape of the head. With your lack of hair you were a perfect subject and he expressed great interest in what he said were unusual contours of your head.

After about three weeks Coyle got another job and we moved to Wenatchee, Washington. By this time, we had to tie a crib on the car along with all our clothes, minimal dishes, pots and pans. Moving was beginning to be difficult.

JUNE, 1936 to SEPTEMBER, 1936 - Wenatchee, Washington (Route 2)

We were fortunate to find a small, partially furnished house on a farm between town and the job. It wasn't especially nice, but it was located on a lovely knoll with a view of the Columbia River, and you and I really enjoyed that summer. We had our own bathroom this time!

You were putting words together and I remember that you would walk up to a wall and say about 6 indistinguishable words and walk away. You did this many times, but I never found out what it was all about. Otherwise you communicated well. Mr. Coyle had two high school sons working on the job and they stayed with us, so I had quite a lot of cooking and cleaning to do. Also, Helen and Owen Miller (Helen Nelson now) visited us one week end.

You were interested in little toys by now and had a wonderful place to play all day long. This is where we were living when you stuck the raisin in your nose and Dad and I had to hold you down while the Wenatchee doctor got it out.

SEPTEMBER, 1936 through part of OCTOBER, 1936 -- Cashmere, Washington

I don't recall why we had to move to Cashmere. This is a small town near Wenatchee. Anyhow, the only place we could find to live was a two story hotel. We had one room (shared bath), but running water in our room and a washing machine on the other end of the lower floor. You got mad every time I left you with Dad and went down to wash. But we had some long, lazy afternoons in a porch swing on a porch which extended across the front of the building. I have a note that we stayed in Seattle 2 weeks of this time, but I don't recall where we stayed. I think we had a hot plate in our room in the hotel so I could heat your food and a few things for us. The time passed fast.

OCTOBER, 1936 to JANUARY, 1937 -- 1730½ 15th Ave, SEATTLE

We rented housekeeping rooms on Capital Hill again; this time just a few blocks from the Reine's where we had lived before. This time we had a living room, bedroom and kitchen, but again, a shared bath. We were only about three blocks from a grocery store, so you and I walked to the store every day. If we were going to visit Nell Barber you got a ride in the collapsible buggy. This was only on nice days, of course, and between October and January in Seattle there aren't many nice days. That reminds me that those years we had a wooden folding clothes drier, so I always had baby clothes drying in the house. That made for a lot of dampness, what with the dampness outside too.

At the time of your second birthday you were 36½ inches tall, and we were told that this should foretell that your eventual height would be just twice that or 6 ft. 1 in. I have noted in your book that you chattered continually at this age and would attempt even such words as "automobile" though your attempt wasn't always clear to others. I had a little birthday party for you on Dec. 10 and my friend Nell Barber and her daughter Mary Ann (age 4), her daughter Betty Paine (age 19) and her granddaughter plus Jeanette Reine attended. Helen Marckx was going to attend and bring Johnny, but Johnny caught a cold and they couldn't come.

Your father worked for Coyle in the Seattle office two or three days a week, but there wasn't much to do. So when your grandfather Truher offered us about 50 feet off the corner of his 2 acres in Riverton Heights, your Dad immediately began to make plans for building a small house on it. At the same time your grandfather gave the same amount of land to Louis and the same to Helen Alderman. I guess Mary and May were to get the house and the property on which it stood. However, it turned out that none of the brothers and sisters ever did anything with the property except your father. He started drawing plans and when our rent was up the end of January we moved in with your grandparents while he built the house.

FEBRUARY, 1937 through JUNE, 1937 -- 3115 So. 135th St.
Riverton Heights, Seattle

Once in a while Seattle has snow and ice for a week or two. It happened that early in February, 1937, the ground was frozen, then covered with about 8 inches of snow which stayed on the ground more than a week. But that didn't stop your Dad. He started preparing the ground right away.

He cleared off all the snow where the house was to stand and made a path through the snow from Truher's big house to the new site. We got you dressed in your warm red suit (see previous picture) and you trudged back and forth following him around for an hour or two every day. He had to carry boiling water in a teakettle from Truher's in order to level the ground where the foundation posts were to stand. But in a month or two he had built a little house which included a living room, a tiny bedroom just large enough for a double bed and your crib, a bathroom, a kitchen and a back porch with a brand new washing machine. The underlined words illustrate the importance of the new conveniences which delighted me and kept you neat and clean.

Of course the three of us moved in before the house was finished (A few years later we added a larger living room and used the old one as a bedroom. That was because we had Jack and needed more room.) It was wonderful to have our own house. You had a big yard to play in and loving grandparents to fuss over you as well as parents, of course.

I continued to take you to Dr. Somers, the pediatrician, for regular check-ups and he continued to say you were a perfectly healthy little boy. That is important because when you were six he is the one who had me keep you in bed for several months.

We learned in June that Coyle had been awarded a new job up in the mountains. It was on the west side of the same pass where we spent the summer before you were born (see page 1). The new job was at Scenic which is the entrance to one of the longest railroad tunnels in the country. We came home to the Seattle house once or twice a month and spent a night or two. But we didn't move back until December.

JULY, 1937 to DECEMBER, 1937 -- SCENIC, WASHINGTON

You can see from the picture on the opposing page the house we lived in for two summers--1937 and 1938. By the summer of 1938 we had Jack with us. Living next door were the Roaches (he ran the big shovel on the job) and they had a little girl you played with. She was only about a year old that first summer and couldn't talk to you. This was the summer that Marnee, English and Poncer appeared one at a time. I don't know where the name Marnee came from, but we think that English came from a workman who couldn't speak English very well and we had to explain that to you.

You can see that the houses were very rough. We had wood stoves for cooking and heating. We had an inside bathroom but no tub. So we took turns taking a bath in the kitchen in a big wash tub on the floor. Of course there were no rugs and what furniture was there was broken down from years of use. The houses had been built for the construction foremen at the time the big tunnel was built. That reminds me that one day officials came to all the houses and said that from 11 to 1 that night we were to keep all lights off and stay in the house because the President's train was coming through. Of course we all stayed up (turned off the lights and went outside) and that's as close as I ever got to a President. It was Franklin Roosevelt, of course, and his train went roaring by and into the tunnel.

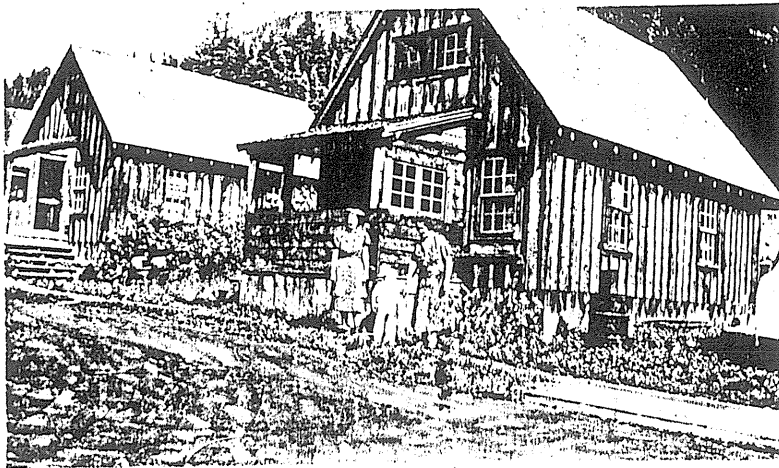
My mother and Edna visited us that summer (we had one bedroom down and a big attic type room upstairs) but they only stayed a night or two. In the lower picture you can see the beautiful little stream that ran about 50 feet in front of the house (the railroad was about 30 feet behind it). It was fun for you to climb around on the rocks, but the water was too cold even to wade in.

From the time when Marnee came to stay with us until he went out of our lives without fanfare, you never did anything wrong. For example, I remember one day when I had brought in from the line a huge basket of clean clothes and left the basket on the floor to look at something on the stove. When I got back the basket was tipped over and my clean clothes were mostly on the wooden (and not very clean) floor. I said, "Why, Jimmie, you shouldn't tip over my clean clothes!" And you said, "Oh, I didn't do that--Marnee did it." So I said, "Well, if Marnee is going to act like that I won't let him stay in the house. He'll have to go outside until he is ready to behave." And pretending to be mad, I took hold of the nonexistent Marnee and opened the front door, pushing him out saying, "Now, you get out of here, Marnee!" At that moment a neighbor came around the corner to knock on the door. I think she thought I had a screw loose. Maybe I did?

Mona also visited us that summer, and we had lots of walks through the woods to the postoffice (one of 4 other shacks). Once a bear got on our porch at night and ate some meat, but we didn't see him.

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PHOTO A

SCENIC, WASHINGTON

This is the house we lived in for two summers. Edna, Mother and you are in the picture.



This is the stream at Scenic which ran in front of the house. Mother, you and I are in the picture.

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You were about 3 years and 4 months when this picture was taken in your grandparents' driveway.

DECEMBER, 1937 to MID APRIL, 1938 -- RIVERTON HEIGHTS

We were able to stay at Scenic until December because of the mild winter and the fact that we had a real house to live in at Scenic. But we got back to Seattle in time to celebrate your third birthday. I have always thought that you were such an appealing, sweet child when you were three years old--very loving and dear. Of course you talked about everything and talked very clearly. I remember one amusing incident. In those days the airport was at Boeing Field where the Seattle Boeing plant is now--the old one. There are hills on either side of it. There was one airplane beacon which could be seen clearly from the windows of our home there in Riverton Heights and you enjoyed watching it flash on. But one late afternoon we had a severe electrical storm and you came running to me crying, "That airplane's peekin (beacon) at me again!" It was hard to get you quiet and accepting the fact that it wasn't going to come in the house after you.

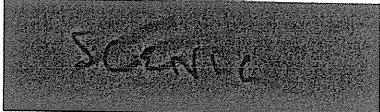
You knew that you were going to get a new brother or sister before long. Jack was born a couple of months after we moved back to town. You stayed with a nurse that we hired most of the time when I was in the hospital and your Dad was at work or at the hospital. Once in a while your grandparents took care of you. I was in the hospital 10 days to 2 weeks (I don't remember exactly) and you were all excited when Dad and I came home with the new baby. I remember that day very well because you came into the tiny bedroom and stood by my bed for hours--sometimes talking to me and sometimes just looking at me and the baby. Usually you were very busy playing with your little toys (you got a lot of toys for your birthday in December) but that day you didn't play at all--you just stayed there with Jack and me.

I used the same collapsible buggy for Jack that I had used for you in all those trips through the Volunteer Park in Seattle. You can see a good picture of it on the opposite page when Jack was just a couple of months old. The house is your grandparents' and you and Jack are in the driveway; this is the back of their house and it looks about the same today.

The winters in Seattle are very rainy and usually about 40 degrees during the day. The house had no basement and there was always laundry drying on a wooden rack. If it would freeze, I would hang the clothes outside and let them freeze still--that would whiten them--then dry them inside. As a result the house was quite damp. I used to read to you a lot. I never had any feeling that you resented Jack in any way as the psychology books suggest. You played with him as soon as he could respond to you. I had really no one to talk to most of the time except you and Jack, so we talked a great deal. We bought our first nice piece of furniture that winter--it was a stand-up -on-the-floor radio. I was so delighted with it I used to polish it every day and check hourly to see if it was still there for the first week or so we had it. Your Dad worked in the office for Coyle for practically nothing per week just to be sure he had a job when the weather permitted construction, but he was home with us a lot and enjoyed both of his little sons.



The second summer at Scenic you enjoyed playing with Marilyn Roach (Jack was only months old). You were about $3\frac{1}{2}$ years old in this picture.



APRIL, 1938-to END OF AUGUST, 1938

In April we moved back into the same house at Scenic that we had the summer before. Let me tell you a little more about Scenic. There were about a dozen houses of the type you see in the picture opposite page 10. On one side of us lived the Roaches, as I told you. The first summer on the other side of us lived an old Japanese man about 55-60 or so who spoke almost no English so I never got to talk to him. He worked for the railroad as a maintenance man in the tunnel and lived there 12 months a year. Anyhow, the next summer ('38) when we returned he was living with a beautiful young (16-22 years old, it was hard to tell) girl. He had bought her from Japan. He sent money to her father in Japan and the father sent the girl to be a wife to the old man. She was bright and friendly but shy, and she began to learn English quickly. But we were only there 4 months so of course I don't know the end of the story.

The picture on the opposite page shows you playing with Marilyn Roach in front of the stream. You can see that it is beautiful country. Men used to leave their cars around Scenic and go up in the high mountains fishing. They often gave us some trout. I have never tasted fish that could compare with those fresh-caught trout. Also the produce trucks from Wenatchee would stop on their way to Seattle and we could buy wooden lugs of the most beautiful peaches I have ever seen--larger than your fist!

Mother came to visit again this summer and so did Mona. I gave a tea party for Mother. Somewhere I have a snapshot of all the ladies who lived in the town, Mother, Mrs. Coyle, and you and Jack. It was the social event of the season (the only one, really).

Marnee, English and Poncer were with us all summer. The first one to go (not mentioned) was Poncer, then English. But Marnee was around for a year or so more. Sometimes he used to ride in the car following behind us, but most of the time he was close around so you could talk to him.

You had your first bout of illness that summer. It was intestinal flu and I was very worried about you for a couple of days. That was only because it was my first experience with a sick child and I didn't know the symptoms of mild vs. serious illness. We had you checked over as soon as I could get you to town, and we took Jack in to the doctor too. He gave you both a glowing report.

Some men caught a wild bear and put it in a cage about a half mile from where we lived. We all went to see it, of course. They kept him in the cage for a week or so and then let him go. The first thing the Bear did was to go and take a bath in the stream; then he went off into the woods without looking backwards.

Again this summer we would go down to our home in Riverton Heights. You seemed to like it there better than in the mountains, but you had a good time playing in the mountains too.

SEPTEMBER, 1938, ONE WEEK -- BIG FOUR INN, WASHINGTON

We stayed with your Dad at this interesting Inn for a week while we waited for a house in Silverton. The Inn was built years ago about the time the Inns at Yosemite and Yellowstone were built. We had a house-keeping cabin about 50 yards from the main building. It was a very beautiful location with a small glacier within comfortable hiking distance. We enjoyed our week there. The Inn has burned down.

MID-SEPTEMBER, 1938-through OCTOBER, 1938 -- SILVERTON, Washington

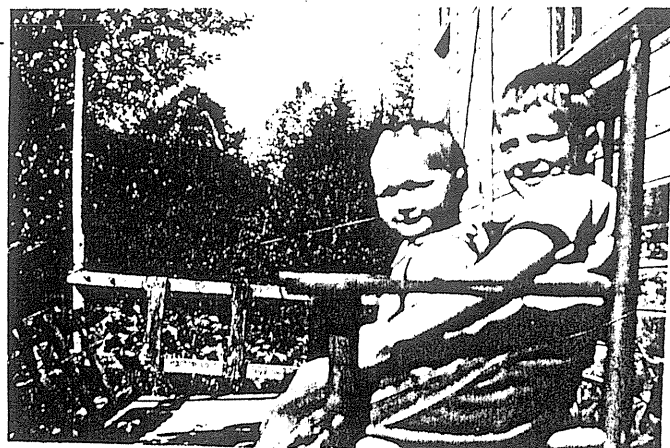
Dad rented a really nice big house for us in Silverton. This is a little town of about six houses along the road to Big Four and across the river there were a couple of dozen summer cabins and also a silver mine. In order to get to the cabins across the river you had to go over a suspended pedestrian bridge which wobbled badly as you walked on it. There was no doubt that it was perfectly safe, but the Stillaguamish River ran below it and it seemed a long way down, even to me. So it must have been frightening to you, no matter how tightly Dad or I held your hand. He often carried you across. Of course I couldn't take Jack unless Dad was along, so I don't think I ever took you over there without Dad. There was one little store in Silverton and two or three families who lived there the year around. They were feuding all the time like the McCoys and the Martins. One old man was named Caboose because he was the last of 12 kids in the family.

You had really nice places to play because the house was on a hill with natural grass around it. One day I came outside and you were playing with some little toy dump trucks. I noticed a garter snake in the bushes near you and (hating snakes myself) I said, "Jimmie, come away from there--see that snake." You said, "Oh, ut won't hurt you if you don't hurt ut." I think a lady living behind us had told you that. But the snake slithered off anyhow.

We had bats in the attic but they didn't bother us. There was no electricity. We had coleman lanterns (and of course wood stoves) so we went to bed very early. I enjoyed the nice big house, but there is quite a story about our leaving the house. The road--the whole area, in fact,--was a heavy blue clay. We knew we would have to leave when the winter rains or snow began in earnest. Well, one day when I was least expecting it, and in the pouring rain, about six men plus your dad came in the house with their muddy boots. I was told, "We are leaving right now or we won't get out all winter!" I had clothes drying by the fire, lunch cooking on the stove and nothing packed. All I could do was get you and Jack bundled up and Dad and those men started carrying things down to the road where they had to carry them to a dump truck clear out of town. We slipped and slid down the path to the road and then we had to walk behind Dad (in his tracks which were deep in the blue clay). He was carrying Jack, so you were behind him and I came up in the rear. I wish I had a picture of it! We got down the mountain and stayed in a mote



This picture was taken in the living room of the Riverton Heights house before we enlarged it and this room became a bedroom. Jack is just starting to walk, and I don't recall if the picture was taken before or after he had pneumonia.



This picture was taken on the porch of the second Riverton Heights house. Dad had fixed up a make-shift railing so Jack wouldn't fall off.

OCTOBER, 1938 to Sept. 1939 --See Below--Riverton Heights most of the time

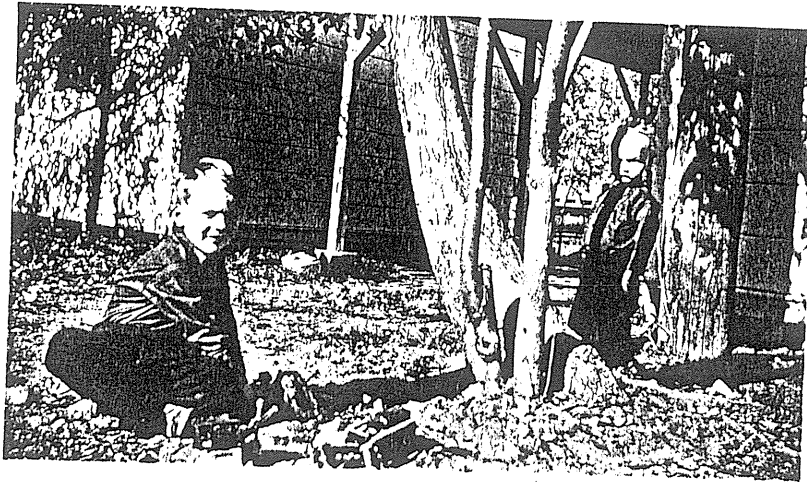
As you can imagine, the house at Silverton was left in an unbelievable mess. I worried about it a great deal but couldn't get back up there to clean it out. Muddy boots left mud all over the floor, pots and pans (which had been left there for us) with food in them and so on. Well, the following summer when Dad tried to rent the house again, they refused to rent to us. And I don't blame them!

We were in Riverton Heights most of the time, but about the time of your birthday the four of us took a trip in an new-old car to California. You and I had been there in 1935, of course, but Jack was only about 10 months old and of course none of our friends or relatives (except Mother and Mona) had made his acquaintance. And you had grown into such a handsome, responsible little boy. We stayed in Mother's house. Jack was something of a problem. We had a car seat in front, I carried him a lot, but couldn't carry him all the way to L.A. And he cried most of the way up and down the coast. Then when we got to Mother's and the three of us wanted to go to a friend's to dinner (you could be taken anywhere by now), we would leave Jack in Mother's tender care. The problem was he would start to yell if she or anyone else but me or Dad or you came near him. Other than that, we had a very nice trip. We went home by way of Helen and Owen Miller's in Caldwell, Idaho. (Helen Nelson now). Gary was a baby and I hadn't seen him tho' he was my godson (by proxy). Christmas at Mother's was fun, and we enjoyed seeing the relatives and friends. You seemed to enjoy it all.

Dad worked at Coyle's office until April 11 when he had to go back to Scenic to clear up some things at that job for a week or so. We didn't go. Shortly after Jack's first birthday he got very sick with pneumonia. There were no antibiotics then and I was afraid he was going to die. It was a very traumatic experience for me. He had just started to walk alone about 12½ months, then he was sick about a month and had to learn to walk all over again. You were fine. On the first of May Dad went back to the Silverton job, but as I said above no one would rent to us. Finally he talked someone into renting us another house that was o.k. but not nearly as nice as the first one. We rented the house for \$15.00 a month and it had 2 bedrooms upstairs--kind of a Tom Thumb cottage. Wood stoves, no electricity.

Edna had married Don during the previous year and they came with Donna to stay a few days with us. I remember we took them to Big Four Inn and we all hiked back to the glacier (Dad carried Jack). You followed Donna around and when she picked up some stones saying she wanted a souvenir, you called out, "I want a soup-in-the-rear too."

Jack still wasn't much of a playmate so you had Marnee and his friends. Once you pointed to a tall spruce tree and said, "Can you see Marnee way up in the top of that tree?" We left in September without any problems because the road was completed.



Playing outside the cottage
at Jackson Hot Springs near
Ashland, Oregon

SEPTEMBER, 1939 -- RIVERTON HEIGHTS

Before we left Silverton Mr. Coyle told your Dad that he was going out of the highway construction business in Washington and was going in business with his brothers mining gold in Alaska. They had made their original money after coming from Ireland as gold miners. Now they were setting up a big business with big equipment. He wanted your Dad to go with them at a very good salary, saying they would be home all winter when it was too cold to work up there. I didn't want your Dad to be gone so much and he didn't want to leave you and Jack and me, so he turned down the opportunity. Mr. Coyle, one of his brothers and several workers died in an airplane accident as they were coming home for the winter! Their bodies were found on an Alaskan or Canadian mountainside the following spring.

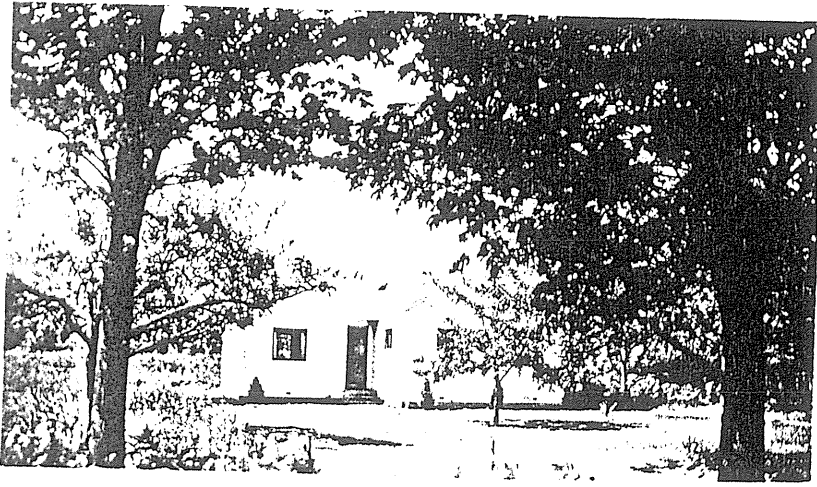
So Dad looked around for another job. Remember, this was still deep depression. He got a job with a man named Stevens and only worked for him a couple of weeks. He had worked about 10 days when on a Sunday night he got a phone call that went something like this, "Jim, I think it would be a very good idea if you had business in Seattle and didn't go up on the job (mountains, I think) tomorrow. There's going to be a strike and it could be nasty." I can't recall details now. I used to have front page headlines and story about it but I can't find it. Anyhow the union and non-union people had a pitched battle with shotguns and several men were killed and others injured.

OCTOBER, 1939 through FEBRUARY 1940 -- ASHLAND, OREGON

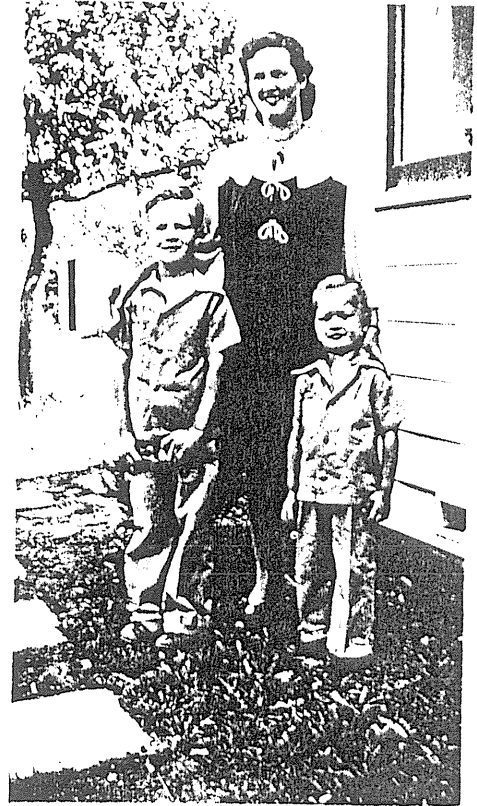
Dad got a job with the Houck Construction Co. which was building a road on top of the Siskiyou Mountains (highway 5 between the California Border and Ashland, Oregon. He found a motel for us called JACKSON HOT SPRINGS (it's still there). We had a living-bedroom, kitchenette and bath with electricity and good heat (gas, I think). It was very pleasant for you two boys (You celebrated your fifth birthday there) because the weather was sunny and nice most of the time. I had the use of an electric washing machine, so we were very comfortable. But--your Dad was working the shift from midnight to eight a.m. as a foreman in the dirt moving. About in November, the nights on top of the mountain got bitterly cold. I worried about him a great deal. Also, we had to be quiet during the day so he could get some sleep.

Late in November we found a house so he had a bedroom and got a little more sleep. It was at 107 4th St. Mona visited us there. Ashland is a nice little town. I can't recall why we moved on Jan. 30 to 148 Wimer St. but we did. Your Dad's salary wasn't all that good and I remember that our gas bill on Wimer was \$17.50 that month which was cause for great alarm. We lived at the Wimer address until the end of February. Jack was two years old now and lots of company for you. I don't recall hearing any more about Marnee unless we brought it up just

for the fun of remembering. But there was a library nearby and I read to you boys a lot. We used to drive over the mountains into California and that made me feel good. I have always loved California.



This was the Riverton Heights house after Dad added the living room (on the left.)



In front of the new addition Jack was almost three when this was taken and you were five .



Jimmie and his dog.



This was a typical family picture. Sitting-- Jimmie, his mother, Jack age two, Aunt May, sitting in rear--Aunt Clara with Clare standing--Grandmother, Louis, Grandfather Truher

FEBRUARY 29 to MAY 22. -- RIVERTON HEIGHTS 1940

We spent a couple of months at home in Riverton Heights between jobs for Mr. Houck. I think it was about this time that Dad began planning for the addition on the house. Also I haven't mentioned that about the time Jack was born Dad took his father's old Star car and stripped it down to make a trailer out of it. We had cribs and highchairs etc. by then and had to have some way to haul them. We kept and used that trailer when we moved to Los Angeles in 1944 and for several years after that when Dad got materials to build 803 Morada Place. Eventually we gave it to Dave Barry who was moving around, but he has disposed of it.

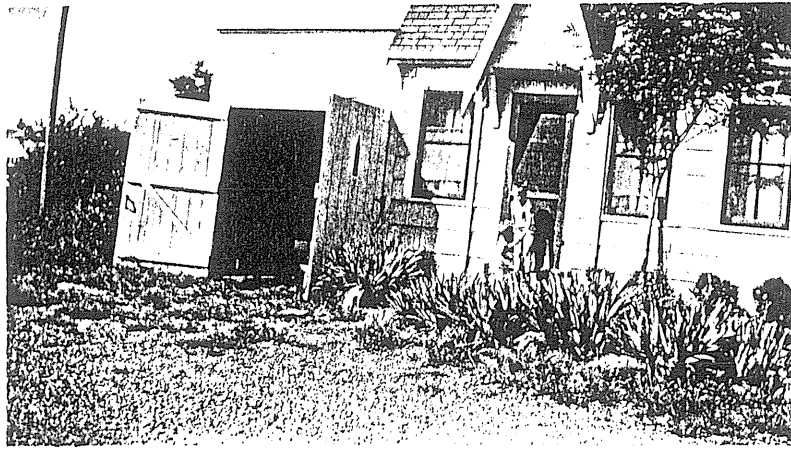
I think I mentioned that when Jack was a year old he got pneumonia. Both of you got lots of colds and temperatures after that time. You got exposed to whooping cough during this period, but didn't catch it. I became a great health-worrier. Some of Jack's first words were, "Who sneeked?" (sneezed) because I was always worrying about it.

The picture on the opposite page shows you playing with your little dog in Riverton Heights. We had to haul such things as the wagon, the wheelbarrow and the dog in the trailer during this period. I don't know where we were when the dog ran away and got lost, but we didn't have him very long.

Dad got called back to work in Ashland about in March but expected to be gone only a few weeks so we didn't move back down there. The job stretched on until May, but Dad took the Grayhound Bus home every other week end or so. It was very lonely and dull without him. I think he had the car but it wasn't running very well. We had groceries delivered. So you and I and Jack were together a great deal. Your grandparents enjoyed you both a lot during this period. You used to walk up to the next road with your grandfather to get the mail every day. There was a vacant acre next to our house and one day when you were walking up there someone shot off a gun (a kid at a bird, I guess) and the bullet came close to your grandfather's head. Both your grandmother and I used to read to both of you a lot. May lived at home and liked to talk to you. This was about the time Louis got married, I think. They had a big Polish wedding with breakfast afterward at their home. Both of you boys attended. Grandfather Truher didn't like Polish people much; this was because his Prussian parents and ancestors didn't like them, I guess. But he made the best of it.

In April of 1940 I worked outside the home the only time while I was in the Northwest. I took the census in the area around our home. I got the same lady to take care of you boys who stayed with you when Jack was born. It was very interesting work and entirely safe--quite different from the way I would feel about taking the 1980 census in most areas of Pasadena!

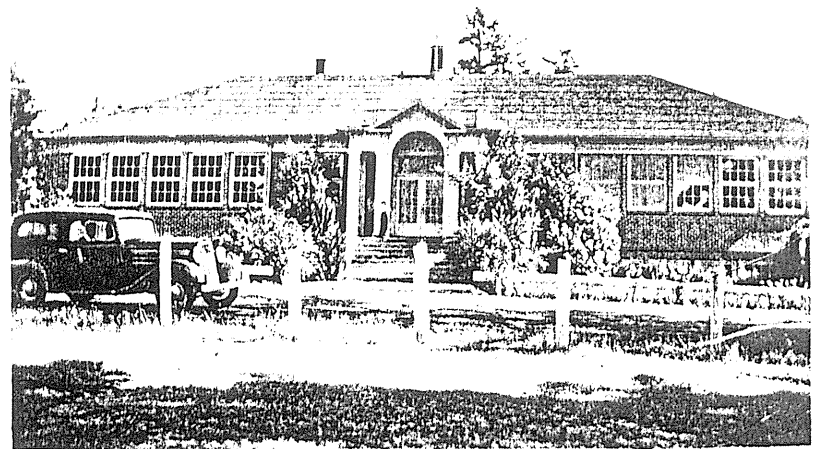
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You and Jack are standing in front of our auto court in Tigard.



Here you are ready for first grade. Our little cabin is behind the trees. The girl lived nearby.



This was your two room school on Sauvie Island. Dad is sitting in our car and you are on the front steps.

May 22 to July 3, 1940 --ALBANY, OREGON AND TIGARD, OREGON

We moved with Dad to a new job of Houck's at Albany, Oregon. We stayed in a typical auto court, as it was then called. We had one big room with beds and a kitchenette and a table in each case. We lived in Allen's Auto Court in Albany and in the Pier Auto Court in Tigard.

The only memorable part of those short jobs was that they were using huge dirt hauling equipment and we used to walk out to the job and watch the progress and watch your Dad helping to direct it.

Also those locations were quite close to Gresham, Oregon, where Uncle Dan and Aunt Marie lived. They loved to have us visit them so we stopped there almost every time we went to Riverton Heights while we were in Ashland or at these two places or at Sauvie Island. You would help Aunt Marie with chores like stacking wood down in the basement or later on, picking up pears from their trees in the yard. Another reason this was memorable is that Uncle Dan got interested in the money which could be made in the construction business and offered to set your Dad up in business. You were getting to be a big boy and would have been in kindergarten except they didn't have kindergartens where we lived. But you were well ready for first grade in the fall.

July 4 to October 30, 1940 -- SAUVIE ISLAND, near Portland, Oregon

At that time there was no bridge to the island so we used the ferry as everyone else did. The ferry had turned over carrying big equipment so you can imagine I hoped there would be no trouble with the four of us, our packed car and our packed trailer. Dad had spent a week end or so building a one room house for us on a farm. We made dividers for rooms by using blankets. We carried water from the farmer's yard and we had an outside toilet. However, it was lots of fun for you boys because of all the cows and other animals. We would go and watch them milk the cows, especially the 17 year old daughter who had the longest fingernails I ever saw and had lost all her teeth (some misguided calcium?). The barn was filthy dirty and they sold the milk to an ice cream company in Portland.

In August you had a cold with sore throat and fever about 101. You began first grade early in September. The school was only two rooms, but they had a doctor who examined all first graders. I was there during the examination and he told me you had a heart murmur, but he didn't think it was too serious. Our pediatrician in Seattle had never found any heart murmur so I didn't worry about it too much. You seemed to enjoy school; it wasn't much of a walk for you, but Jack and I often walked with you until we could see the school and waited for you after school.

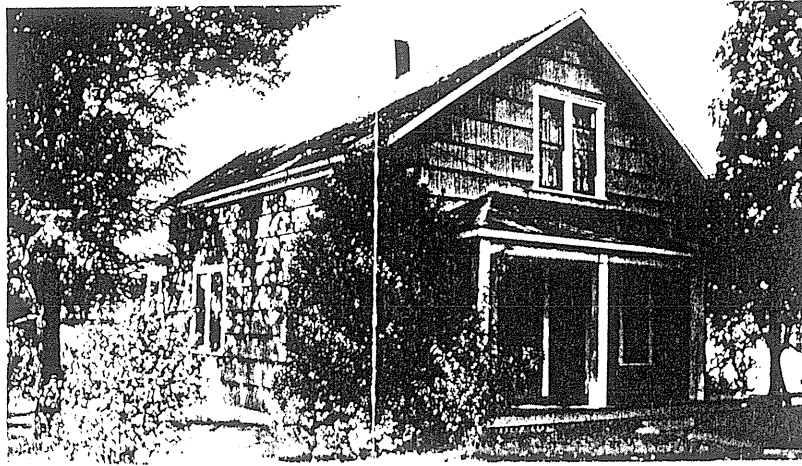
Dad brought us some Indian artifacts which were dug up by the big machines and I still have them. Dad and I went to the island several years ago, but there have been many, many changes.

OCTOBER 31, 1940 to SEPTEMBER 1, 1941 --RIVERTON HEIGHTS

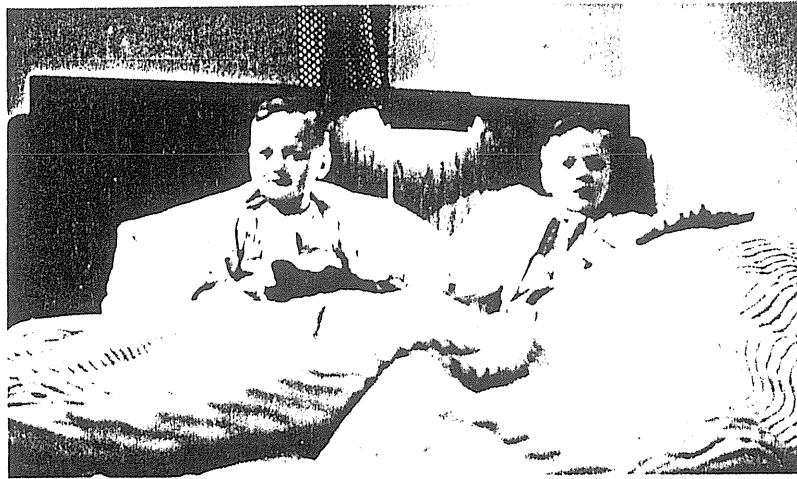
This is the longest period we had lived in one place since you were born. The job for Morrison-Knutson on the dike at Sauvie Island was shut down for the winter because of the rain and of course Coyle was no longer in business. Dad found a job in a housing project in Seattle for a firm called Hendrickson-Alstrom. But Uncle Dan was anxious to start a construction business, so it was during the early part of this period that Dad formed the corporation and bid on some jobs. One time you and I drove to eastern Washington to put in a bid for them (Dad didn't want to be absent from his job). But it was discouraging, and when Dad got an offer to be superintendent of the big telephone job putting in an underground cable between Seattle and Portland, he took it. So the last few months of this period Dad was working for the phone company. Also during this year he finished the addition to the house and generally made it more comfortable.

You started, or rather continued, first grade at the nearest available school. There was no bus and I had no car (Dad needed it to get to work). It was 1½ miles to walk every day--most of it in drizzling rain that winter. I walked with you until we could see the school several blocks away and met you after school. Jack stayed with his grandparents except on nice days when he would walk with us--that was slow going up and down those hills. One day when you were coming home a dog ran out from behind a house and bit you on the leg. Fortunately, it was near where I met you, but I couldn't carry you home. I guess it wasn't such a bad bite through your cords, but we took you to the doctor and we had the dog locked up by the county until it was certain there was no rabies. After Christmas there were a lot of mumps cases at your school. I have never forgotten that your grandparents wouldn't have us in their house and wouldn't take care of Jack while I walked with you because YOU had been exposed to mumps and Jack or I or Dad might carry it to them. That was hard for me to understand then and it still is. But otherwise they were always very good to you boys while we lived there.

You had several colds and sore throats that winter, pink eye, possible German measles and many sore throats. On May 17 I took you to Dr. Somers, the pediatrician who had taken care of you since birth, and he found your heart murmur more disturbing. He said now you had 2 murmurs, one of no consequence, and gave me to understand that he believed you had 7 out of 10 chances of having an active case of rheumatic fever. At that time, this was a horrendous disease since no medication but rest was effective. You had to have 2 weeks of complete bed rest, not even up for the bathroom, then back for an exam. Also you had 5 asperin a day. You seemed fine to me, the sore throat went away and you played with your toys happily in bed. However, it turned out that he didn't let you up after 2 weeks. When I took you on June 28, Dr. Somers said you still had a bad throat and slight fever and give a definite diagnosis of rheumatic fever. I stopped at a Dr. Dalton's office on the way home and then to a Dr. Douglass--both of them said you had an unimportant murmur and certainly not rheumatic fever. But I was very torn, wanting to take the best possible care of you. Your tonsils were taken out on July 17 at Maynard Hospital and you started normal activities slowly.



The house on Market St. in Chehalis. When we moved to this house we rented our house in Riverton Heights for about an even exchange. We were here when World War II began.



As you will read on the next page, you had a great deal of sickness in Longview. I took this picture of you and Jack in bed when you were recovering from scarlet fever (1942).

(CONTINUED FROM P. 17)

You were in bed, then, from May 17 until a week or so after the surgery on July 17. As I remembered it, the time seemed much longer because I worried about you so much. Here I was a young mother in an alien land (I didn't like Washington) with my beloved first son having rheumatic fever and my dear little baby (I always thought of Jack as my baby until Mike was born 9 years later) subject to pneumonia. I think you realized the extent of my worry because you were absolutely a model of cooperation. Children usually are very good when they are sick--I guess they sense the seriousness of the situation.

I recall one incident when you were in bed and Mr. and Mrs. Temple (Dad's new boss when he went to work for the phone company) came to visit us. They walked into the room where you were and little three year old Jack walked up to Mr. Temple and said to him in a very determined and a little angry way, "Don't you dare hurt my brother!" Dad and I decided Jack must have believed that Mr. Temple was your doctor. Poor Mr. Temple tried to assure Jack that he didn't intend to harm you.

As soon as the semi-monthly checks from the phone company began to come in on a regular basis we were able to relax because we were no longer living on the ragged edge of a few dollars until the next check. We could plan and budget and begin to save. It was a great relief to me.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1941 to DECEMBER 13, 1941 --1431 Market St. Chehalis, Wn.

Dad had a number of men working under him on the plow train and most of them moved to Centralia or Chehalis about this time. Skip and Marguerite Worthington (younger than Dad and me by 6 or 8 years and newly married) became our best friends, but we saw a lot of the Amondsons, Doris and Fred Angus and Peggy and Val Rankin as well as the Temples. We have kept in touch with all of them except Doris and Fred all these years.

We found this nice little house all furnished. It was only about a block from a parochial school where you began second grade. You had missed a lot of first grade by moving and being sick or in bed so much in Seattle, so I worried about how well you would get along. I tried to help you with reading--not that you had any trouble, but you were a little rusty. You seemed to like the school and you came home every day for lunch.

You may remember that on December 7 I took you to a movie there in Chehalis. This was three days before your seventh birthday and we were celebrating a little in advance. When we came out of the theater it was still light, and for a Sunday afternoon there were a lot of people on the sidewalk--all talking excitedly. Of course that was how we learned of the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the beginning of the war. By the next night, the black-out had begun. We could have absolutely no ray of light showing from the house after dark. One night we slipped up in the upstairs room where we slept and a great pounding on the door let us know we had better turn off that light no matter how inconvenient it was. You still had colds and some temperatures and Dad had a seige of flu while we lived in that house--he ran a temperature for a full week, but you didn't get it, nor did Jack nor I.

18 a



This picture was taken on the side of the Longview apartment house in the summer.

DECEMBER 13, 1941 to DECEMBER #, 1942 -- 2025 Hudson, Apt. 3--Longview, Wn

Of course as a seven year old, you weren't aware of the world condition leading up to the war, but Dad and I were very concerned. We watched every step that Roosevelt took in getting us into the war. We didn't know how it would happen, but we knew that the country wasn't far from war. Just six days after Pearl Harbor we moved to Longview. This was because the plow train was moving south and the crew needed to live as near the work as possible.

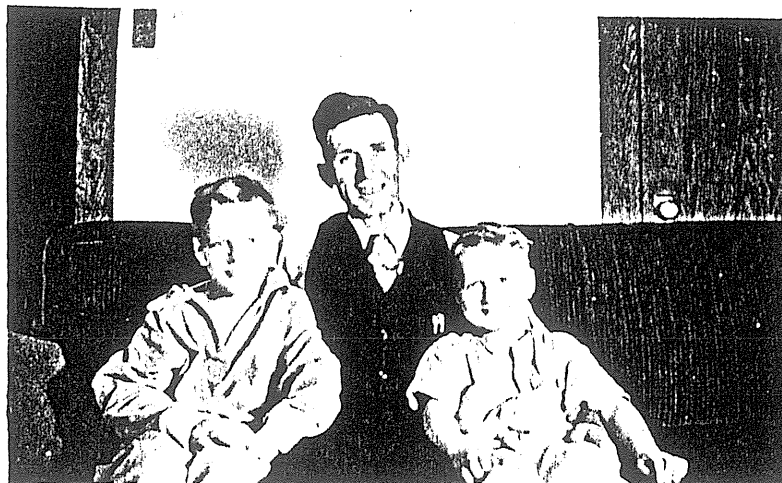
Dad was able to rent this very nice apartment on the second floor in Longview. I liked it better than any place we had ever lived. Dad was working such long hours now that the war had begun that he never saw the apartment house until we had been there two or three months. That was because it gets dark up there about 4:30 in winter and stays dark until almost 8:00 A.M. and Dad worked 7 days a week. All such construction was speeded up with the war.

We had friends as mentioned before who worked on the plow train and then Helen Marcks lived only about 100 miles away and came to see us a couple of times. One day she and I went to a sale and each bought a full length rabbit coat for \$15 each. She told me in 1980 that one of her daughters-in-law is still wearing hers. You and Jack enjoyed playing with the Marcks boys, but you also made some friends there in the Longview neighborhood. You transferred into second grade without any particular problem except that both you and Jack were sick a lot that winter.

First you had chicken pox about Christmas time. It took a month before all the scabs were gone so you missed two or three weeks of school then. Then you got a long-lasting cold with a temperature (mild) that came and went, usually with a sore throat. Then another cold, I took you to the doctor there and he could find no heart murmur. (What a relief!) More sore throats and temperatures, and then in March you got scarlet fever. It was a rather mild case, but of course I stewed and fretted a lot. By this time they had the sulfa drugs, but your temperature went to 103 anyhow. During this seige you had a severe stomach ache and I was afraid it was appendicitis, so we had the doctor. He said, no, it wasn't appendicitis and he didn't know what it was. That was in February. In March you got a sore throat again and we started sulfa again, but you got lumps on your neck with the left gland badly swollen. We decided it was not mumps but a type of glandular fever. The doctor said it could be mumps, but he thought it was glandular fever because glands all over your body were swollen--heart o.k. You had those swollen glands for several weeks and couldn't go to school. April 20 you went back to school.

Well, with the above you can see that if you were to be promoted to third grade I needed to help you at home. You were such a big, bright boy for your age we didn't want you kept back. That's why you remember my trying to teach you at home.

We took a trip to L.A. in June (were there less than a week) and you got along fine on the trip, but as soon as we got back to Longview you got a cold and a rash. This turned out to be a fairly light case of red measles or a heavy case of German Measels--the doctor wasn't sure. Your temperature went up to 104. Shortly after that Jack got pneumonia again and you got another cold. I felt so sad about my little boys!



My older brother, Glen, visited us for a couple of days in Chehalis. This was the couch in the living room where any guest also slept since it made into a bed. I guess you and Jack are in pajamas.



I think this was a costume for a school play. But you used to play superman here in the back of the Kauffman Apartments. Gary Nelson and his mother visited us here after his father (Owen Miller) died of nephritis and before Helen married John Nelson.

PAGE 19 CONTINUED

During the summer of 1942 You had several illnesses but none very serious. The weather was great and you and Jack played outside a lot. We visited with neighbors and friends but didn't go to Seattle because Dad was working all the time and also our house was rented. The war was on in full force and the plow train work was drawing to a close. Dad had to decide whether to stay with the phone company, try again to do something with the Murphy-Truher Construction Company, or perhaps get into high paying construction overseas. Because of you boys mostly, he decided to stay with the phone company. The regular check was something we deeply appreciated because we had gone so many years on a hit-or-miss basis.

While we were still in Longview the cable job was completed and Dad had a job at Fort Lewis in Tacoma for the phone company. We decided that Chehalis would be a central place to live while he was moving around for the phone company.

DECEMBER 3, 1942 to JUNE 1, 1944 -- KAUFFMAN APTS., CHEHALIS, WASHINGTON

We had a one bedroom apartment for a year and a half. Dad was gone a great deal. When the big construction was finished for the phone company, he was offered a job as a lineman. He was convinced this was a training type of job, but it went on a long time and was one of the reasons we moved to Los Angeles in 1944. He worked in rain and snow all over Washington, especially around Queets and Shelton. Once I remember he had a motel on the coast--in Raymond, I think. He usually came home to Chehalis every week end but this time we drove down there. When we arrived he had cooked the best hamburgers for us that I have ever tasted before or since.

You started or rather continued third grade there at the parochial school and continued entirely through fourth grade. You have your fourth grade final report card so you know that we had been able to keep you up with your class in second and third grade and you had excellent grades ending fourth grade.

One event of note was that we moved to Underwood's Resort in Olympia and stayed there until December 9. We sub-rented our Kauffman apartment to some telephone friends. Dad thought you boys would enjoy living on the bay. It was fun at first, but it rained all the time. I simply cannot recall what we did about your school, but I think there was a school nearby. One day the four of us went out in a row boat on that little inlet near our cottage. It turned very cold and began misting. You were fishing and landed a small shark. It was about 12 to 14 inches long and you and Dad hauled it into the boat. For some reason this surprised and upset Jack (age 4) so much that he tried to jump out of the boat and into the water. We restrained him but he began to scream and yell and there was no stopping him. We rowed the boat in to the shore as soon as possible--but he was sick all night. The next day he had a high fever and we had the doctor--he had pneumonia again (3rd time). We wasted no time getting back to the warm Kauffman Apartments. Our friends had to move out, with only a few hours notice.



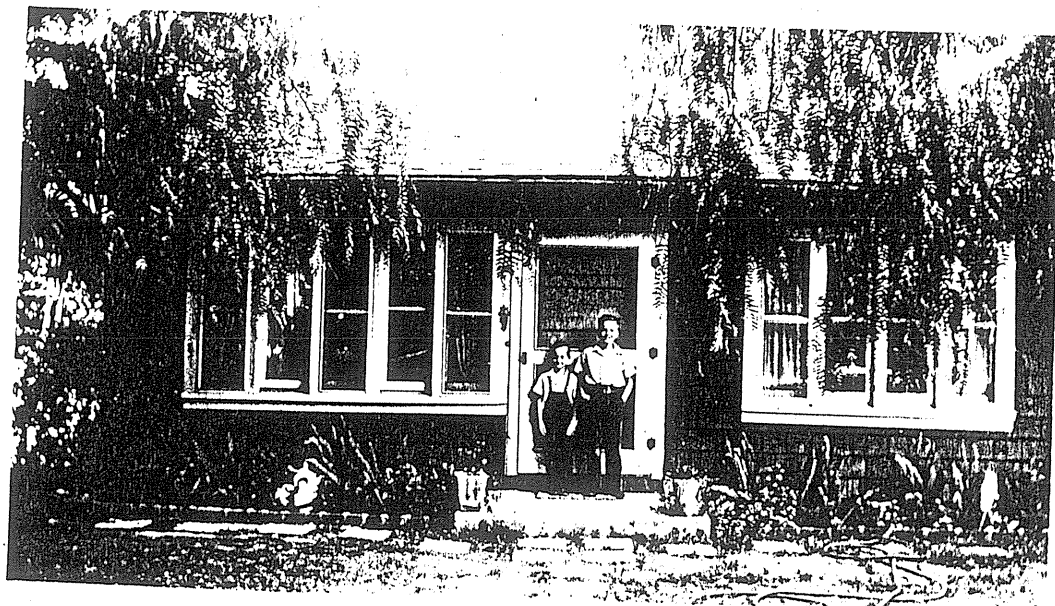
When we went to California, ^{to visit} we stopped
off in the San Francisco area to visit
Mike and Minerva McDermott. We went
by train, as I recall. This picture
was taken as we were looking at one of
the big San Francisco bridges which
was under construction at that time.

PAGE 20 continued

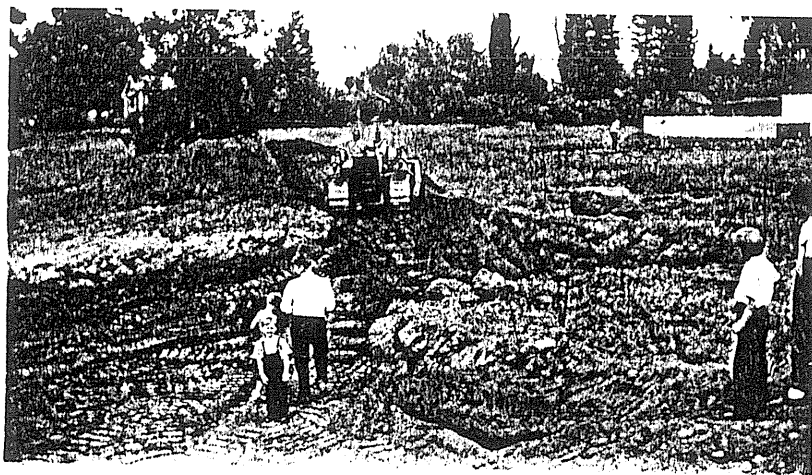
The most important thing that happened during the stay at the Kauffman was the birth of Terese Marie on August 30, 1943. I wanted a little girl, and so did Dad. I had a fairly comfortable pregnancy with no special hint of trouble. Always I was nauseated--all four times. But I was not as ill as before you and Jack were born. So it was a great shock to all of us when she lived only 11 hours. I saw her only once right after she was born and I remember saying, "She looks like my sister, Edna, but she's dark like a negro baby." Of course she was a blue baby because her heart was imperfect. At least, that's what they told me. I have always doubted it because my labor pains stopped and started and they gave me so much medication to re-start labor that I got a touch of pneumonia there in the hospital. I always thought that if the medicine made me that sick, it could have deeply affected the baby. I felt very, very sorry for Dad because he had to take her little body with the priest for the burial at Winlock. I am so grateful to you and to Jack that you visit her grave when you go to Washington. I wanted to bring her to California with us when we came, but we decided that her home was there where we had lived when she was born and died. I was very very upset after we lost her and Dad tried to cheer me up in every way. You boys were good, but I don't know how you felt about it at that time. I suppose Jack didn't understand very well, but I think you did. Well, I believe that if we hadn't lost Terese our lives would have been different. Dad brought us to L.A. to cheer me up and while he was here he got the offer to go into the L.A. engineering department of the Phone company. It wasn't hard to see that this job was quite a step up from lineman so he accepted it and we made plans to move south. I must say that Dad never liked living in California and did it only to improve the health of his sons and the mental turmoil of his wife. He loves the rain and the black clouds and the dripping trees. I like this for a few days, but the 9 months of Washington drizzle was a nightmare to me. I grew up in the California sun among the palm trees. You see until I was nine years old I lived in Wisconsin where I was sick most of the time--pneumonia, measles, double pneumonia, nose bleeds etc. etc., and when we moved to California I recovered and lived a healthy life.

My brother, Glen, left the farm and got a job at the nuclear plant in Eastern Washington. He visited us in Chehalis. I hardly knew him. I had seen him only once in the 24 years since we left Wisconsin and that was when he came to take my father's body to Wisconsin for burial. Glen was 22 years older than I.

The owner of the apartment house lived in the adjacent apartment to us. Mrs. Kauffman was an older lady, about 55 I guess, and when we were about to leave she gave a lovely party for me. I have always felt that was some kind of accolade to live 18 months next to a single woman in an apartment house and continue such pleasant relationships. She thought you boys were well behaved and we were a lovely family. She said this to everyone at the party--it was a tea for the ladies in the apartment.



You and Jack are standing in front of the front door at 400 E. Pine where we lived for the summer while our house was being built. You were ready for fifth grade and Jack was going to start first grade (he told me the night before school started that he had changed his mind and couldn't go to school after all because (whisper) "I can't read yet").



You and Jack and Dad are standing in the hole which would eventually be our house. I don't know who the boys on the right were. We shocked the whole neighborhood at 7 A.M. on a Sunday morning when Dad started the bull dozer man digging the basement. The man made several passes and the dozer broke down and we all went away about 7:30.

JUNE 1, 1944 to SEPTEMBER 24, 1944 -- LOS ANGELES AND ALTADENA, CALIF.

Your health was much better at the Kauffman Apartments than for several years previously, but still you had colds and swollen glands. As I told you, I worried about Jack because he was so subject to pneumonia. Then losing the baby made me fear that climate and the whole place. I was very happy when we were planning to move to California. We had been able to save \$2,500 since Dad went to work for the phone company and we sold the Riverton Heights house for about the same amount, so we planned to buy or build a house in California.

We had a furniture mover move everything but clothes, blankets, kitchen ware, dishes and a bunch of newly canned fruit. Dad warned me that I shouldn't try to take the fruit, but I had put so much work into it that I insisted we take it. He said the old Star tires wouldn't hold up for that long trip and they were sure to blow out on top of some mountain and then what could we do? Tires that size were no longer available. You can imagine that I held my breath all the way to California. As we were approaching the corner of Crenshaw and Florence in L.A. one of the tires blew out. We limped into Mother's house on one tire and one rim, but we made it to 2007 West 73rd St. where Mother, Edna & Milo welcomed us.

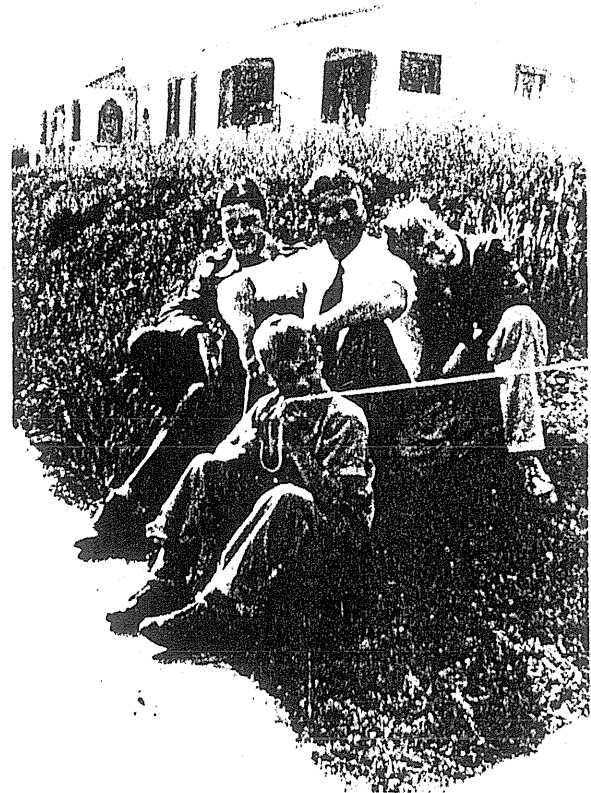
Mother was delighted to have her baby daughter back in California and her baby daughter was just as delighted to be there. Dad went to work immediately on two tracks--the phone company and looking for a place to live. We decided we didn't want to be in the central city and I loved the mountains. We found St. Elizabeth School and decided it was just right since you had done so well in the Chehalis parochial school. Then we looked for a lot or a house within walking distance so you boys could walk home for lunch. We found the lot where we built, but it was \$825 and we had decided we couldn't go over \$800. We deliberated about it for two days before we bought it.

We moved to the Kobey Hotel in Pasadena as a temporary move so Dad could start getting contractors to build the house. The Kobey was a slum and we found a house to rent in Altadena in about 3 weeks. It was at 400 E. Pine, and it was a comfortable little house with a lovely yard for you boys. This is where the 1 inch by 60 feet line of ants tried to take over one Sunday when we visited Mother. The Nelson and Pheasant kids visited us there several times and we visited them.

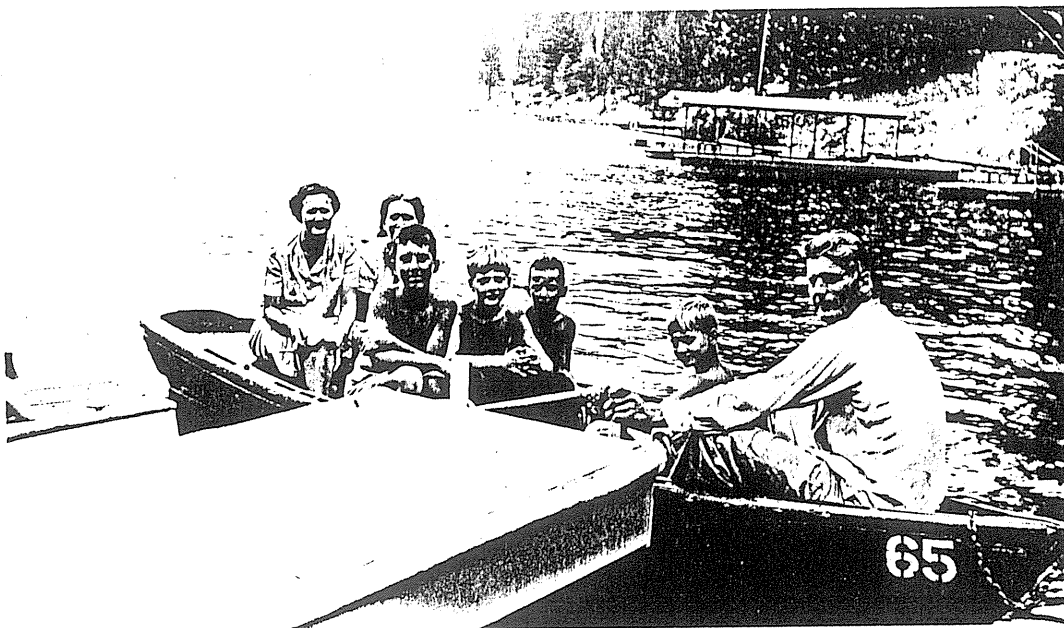
We moved to 803 Morada Place on September 24, 1944, and this was our last move until December 1962 when we moved to 245 Hillside Road, South Pasadena. I tell Dad that the Washington cabins he built were his term papers, Morada Place was his Master's thesis and Hillside Road is definitely his Ph.D. dissertation--that is, architecturally speaking.



Our Cub Scout. Note that the mailbox isn't in yet and the door has only an undercoat of paint.



You, Dad, Jack and Bob are involved in flying a kite.



Back to front--Mother, Betty Boswell, Thornton, you, Cole, Jack, & Dad at Lake Arrowhead.

SEPTEMBER, 1944 to SEPTEMBER , 1945 -- FIFTH GRADE AT ST. ELIZABETH'S

Your first year at St. Elizabeth's was a healthy one. Except for a couple of colds, the only problem was that Jack accidentally jabbed a stick in your eye. I could see two scratches and I took you to the doctor but no serious harm was done. Your Dad was extremely busy trying to finish the house.

When we moved into 803 we couldn't use the front door because there were no steps--Dad built them later. Also, none of the floors were laid. Night after night when he was home, and also on weekends he spent his time nailing those narrow hardwood floors. The kitchen cabinets weren't finished and some of the doors and shelves weren't done. And all of the painting inside and out was still to be done. I helped a little inside, but Dad did 90% of everything alone.

You joined the Cub Scouts right away and I offered to be an assistant cub scout mother. Also I was quite active in the Mother's Club and they asked me to be president the next year, but by that time I had decided I should substitute teach the following year. You also became active in Little League baseball. I don't recall whether it was in fifth or sixth grade that you joined Little League and Dad and I tried to go to your games. Dad was better about going than I was, I guess because he thought it was more important.

We hadn't been in that house long when Glen, Mayme, Joe, Midge and Midge's boy friend arrived in Glen's trailer. Probably you were in 6th grade, but I'm not at all sure. Anyhow, I didn't like the trailer being parked in the yard and I didn't like the feeling of too many people in too little space. I guess I wasn't as hospitable as I could have been after a month or so. But Joe stayed on with us after they left so he could finish eighth grade at St. Elizabeth. He was a very nice boy. Also we saw quite a little of Bob Burke because he was going to a boarding school not far from us. His mother died of Tuberculosis within a year or so of our arrival. By that time Milo was married to Bonita and she was having serious nervous problems.

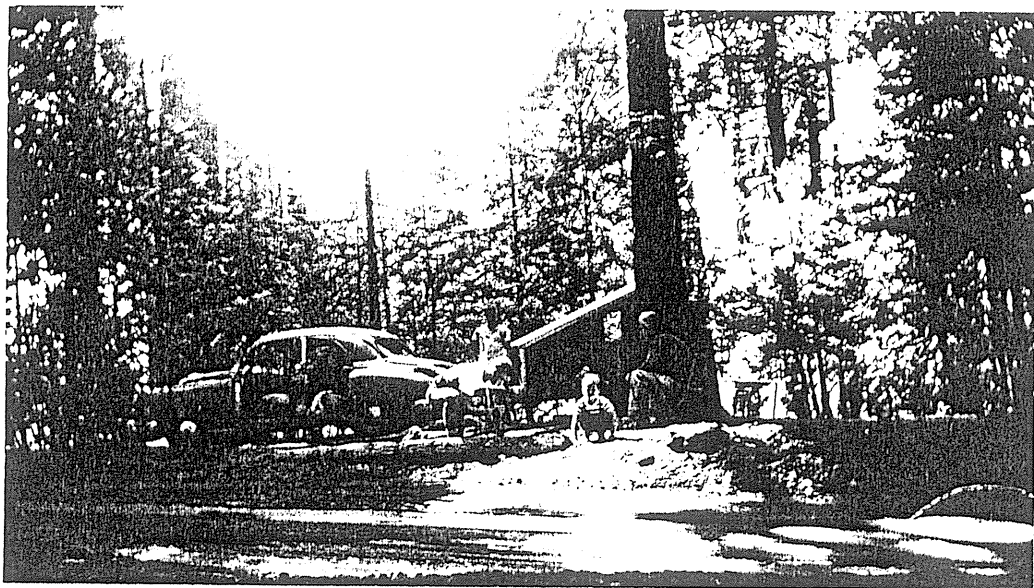
Also, we visited at Lake Arrowhead with the Boswells as shown in the picture. They had a cabin there, and a boat. It was a big treat to you boys to go up there for the day.

I found an autobiography that Jack wrote when he was in about 7th grade, I think. I'll quote from it. "I started to school when I was six. . . . I had trouble at first finding my way to the first grade room and for several weeks my brother had to show me where it was." So I guess you took good care of him when he needed you.

Do you remember the day of the end of the European (WW II) War in May, 1945? Do you remember the day Roosevelt died later that year? On the later day we were returning (you and I and Jack) from visiting Bonita in Bel Air when we heard the news. The dropping of the nuclear bombs in Japan and creation of United Nations also came in 1945.



This picture was taken on the front porch during the time that your grandfather stayed with us.



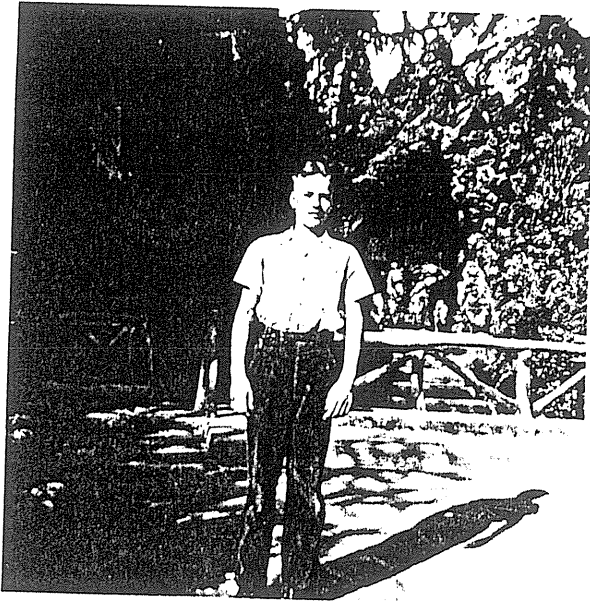
This was taken at Sequoia or Yosemite (we camped in both places).

SEPTEMBER, 1945 to SEPTEMBER, 1948 -- Grades 6,7,8 at St. Elizabeth's

As I was typing the last page I realized I couldn't keep the events of your years at St. Elizabeth's separate. It was relatively easy when we were moving about. I'm not exactly sure when it was that your grandparents Truher were planning to move to California, but the events were very sad. Your Grandmother Truher, like your Dad, loved the rain and greenness of Washington and never wanted to move to California. However, your Grandfather Truher had wanted to move to California ever since I had known him. By this time both of their sons and daughter May were living in California. Lou was in San Diego and May was working and living in L.A. So they decided to move. The arrangements were that all of their furniture was to be shipped to our house and they would find a place to live after they arrived. Mrs. Truher had had some small strokes but was not incapacitated except that she became easily confused. Well, just a week before they were to leave on the train (their furniture had already gone), your Grandmother had a heart attack. She was 71 and had had heart trouble for years (rheumatic fever result, I think). She was hospitalized and lived less than a week. Her body was shipped to Pasadena and she is buried in Holy Cross Cemetery. Your Grandfather was upset of course, but was very stoical about it. He stayed with us a month or two and for some reason you and he weren't especially good friends. I was never sure why but he complained to me about you several times, saying "You ought to do something about that boy". He wasn't easy to get along with, although I never had any problems with him. Anyhow, May decided to move to Honolulu and live with her sister Helen Alderman. Mr. Truher decided to go over there, also. First, he sold all their furniture except what he gave to May. He lived there a year or two and died at the age of 81 (he was considerably older than your Grandmother). May brought his body back and he is also buried in Holy Cross Cemetery.

I don't know just how to handle the problem that has been bothering you lately. I'm sure your Dad and I didn't use good judgment in attempting to discipline you, or you wouldn't remember the punishment with such resentment. Both of us were attempting to help our cherished older son remain the stalwart, considerate and honorable boy we knew he could be. But we must have made some serious mistakes and of course we regret that deeply. We have talked about it so much I'm not going to try to repeat our various conversations.

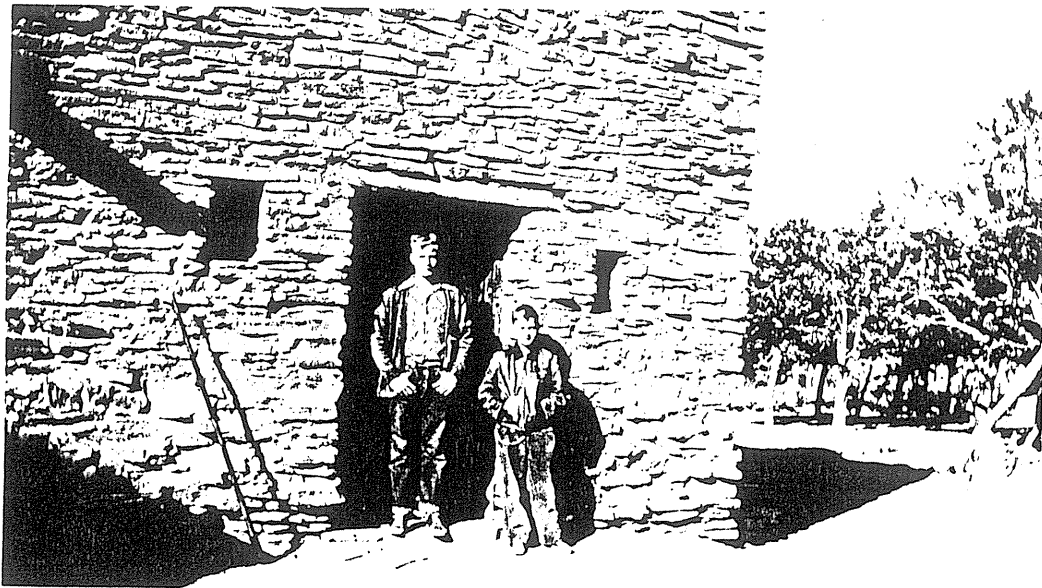
I made a note that you had very serious hives about this time and that I couldn't trace a cause unless it was over-saturation of peanut butter. When I took you to the doctor he noted the murmur and said he thought you probably had had rheumatic fever. In the summer of 46 I took you and Jack to a specialist who said you and Jack had the same kind of murmur and it was probably of no significance and that you probably never had rheumatic fever. This was a great relief to me!



Christmas, 1947 in front of
the grotto at St. Elizabeth's.



Mike was about 8 months
old so you were twelve. Note
the broad shoulders already.



You and Jack in front of an Indian structure at Grand Canyon.

PAGE 24 continued

We got several other opinions about your health. To summarize, some doctors have said they couldn't hear a murmur, but most of them heard a murmur. Some said the murmur was of no significance, some said it was congenital, some said it came from rheumatic fever. They kept me in a state of turmoil, and I kept worrying about you. We decided to believe the ones who said it was of no significance and not to restrict your activities in any way.

Edna built the garage apartments during this period. Also my mother was getting increasingly ill. It turned out that her thyroid was over-reacting and about the time Mike was born she had surgery. She was 75 at that time. We closed off the dining room and made a bedroom for her, but I'm getting ahead of myself.

The big event in these years was Mike's birth. Dad and I had mourned our little girl for more than two years, so we were very happy when Mike was coming. Only, of course, we wanted and expected a little girl like Terese (5 lbs. 8 oz.) Instead we got huge Mike (9½ pounds). But he was healthy and a dear little baby. He was born five days before Jack's birthday so we always called him Jack's birthday present. Jack spent a lot of time with him during his first few years. You were getting to be a big, handsome, athletic young man. You were excelling in every kind of sports offered at St. Elizabeth and were apparently very attractive to girls. I know one little girl who lived the other side of Lake used to come and sit on the curb across the street from our house just looking at our house for long periods of time.

When Mike was about 18 months old we took a trip to Grand Canyon. I remember it as a very pleasant time. Mike loved the "Boom, boom, Indians" and we all enjoyed it. There was snow on the ground and our cabin at Bright Angel Lodge was either too hot or too cold. But it was fun. Dad took you boys on some camping trips too. We bought a lot of equipment for camping, but I always liked it better when we had a motel. We went up to Lake Mary in the High Sierras once and Dad took you fishing in a boat but you didn't catch any fish in two days. I remember that we stopped at one of those commercial places on the way home so we would have some fish to bring home. Jack seemed especially interested in fishing. In those days one of the three of you was always getting a cold or fever and we planned many trips that had to be cancelled. Finally we got to the point where we wouldn't tell you our plans--we just got you up by surprise and started out in your pajamas. Do you remember all the arguments you and Jack had? "Dad, he's on my side!" There was an imaginary line down the middle of the back seat.

After Mike was about two, I started to teach on a regular basis. First we had a baby sitter who was from Denmark. But her father died and they moved back suddenly. Finally I got Mrs. Duffy who was with us for about 12 or 13 years--she was a wonderful help.

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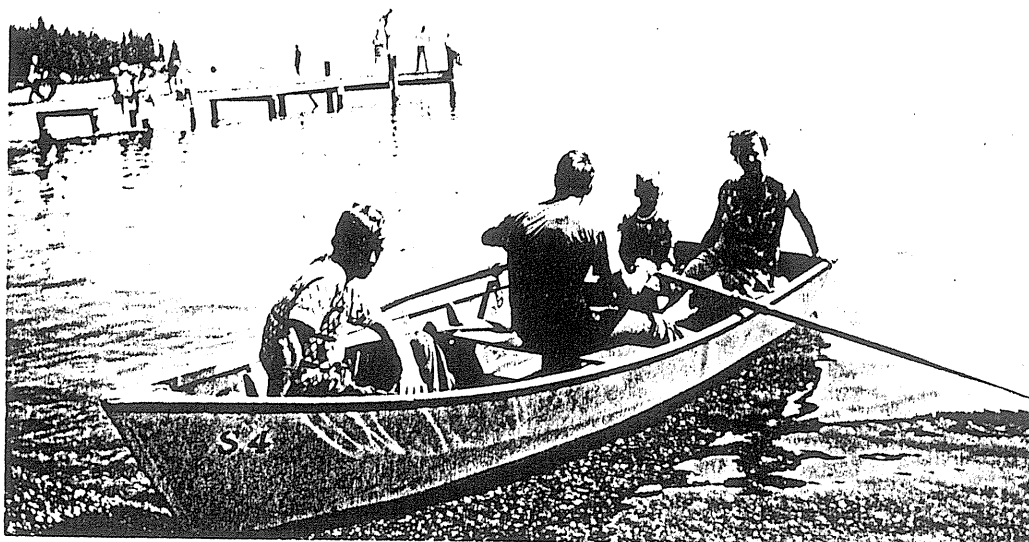
It was about this time that Edna and Don bought a trailer and parked it on the beach at Huntington Beach. All five of us went down there frequently in the summer, and one time you three boys and I went down alone to stay several days. I was nervous most of the time because I was afraid someone would go out too far in the water or something. You had learned to drive and so you drove to and from the beach (you must have been 16 that time). You started learning to drive when you were about 14. Do you remember that we went out to the Santa Anita race track for those illegal driving lessons?

I haven't mentioned other important things such as the Christmas and birthday celebrations. Also, you received your first Holy Communion in Chehalis and were confirmed when you were in St. Elizabeth's. Those were big days for us. And I remember how thankful I felt to see you and Jack on the altar serving mass. Somehow, I knew those were special and wonderful days for me, and hopefully for you. At Christmas we used to write letters to Santa Claus (when Mike was little) and the Kiwanis Club sent a real live Santa with gifts. I never did lie to any of you about Santa. Whenever you asked if there really was a Santa, I would say, "What do you think?" Little by little the message was clear to you without all the big deal of telling lies that later have to be explained.

When you were in eighth grade we had long discussions with you and without you regarding where you should go to High School. We visited La Salle and St. Francis and a boys' school in L.A., but we finally decided on Eliot. I have never known whether this was a good decision or a poor decision. Your friends (and Jack's) from St. E. who went to Catholic high schools usually went on to Loyola or St. Mary's or Santa Clara. Who knows what is right to do?



YOU WERE IN 10th GRADE AT ELIOT WHEN THESE PICTURES WERE TAKEN IN OUR BACK YARD.



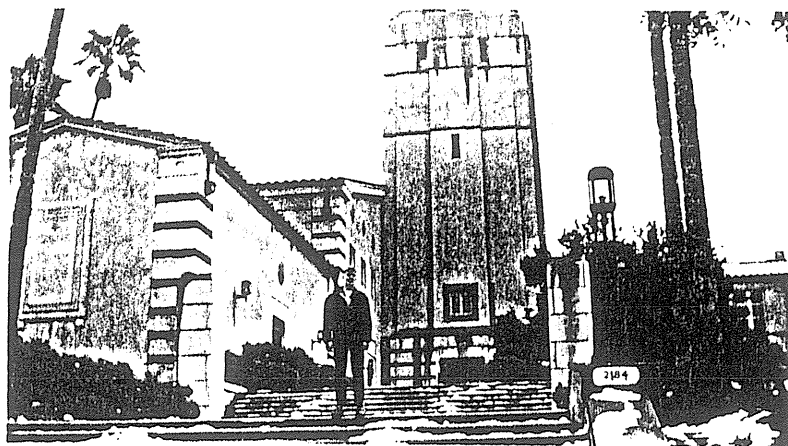
ANOTHER PICTURE WITH BOSWELLS AT LAKE ARROWHEAD. YOU ARE ROWING THE BOAT.

SEPTEMBER, 1958 to SEPTEMBER, 1950 -- YOUR YEARS AT ELIOT

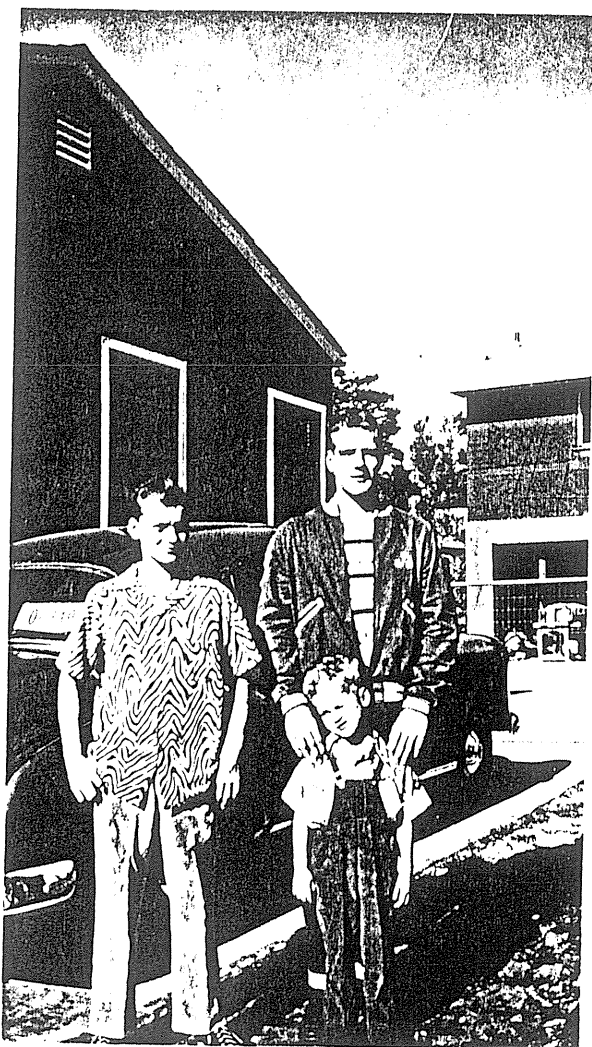
Probably you can remember the important events in your life during the Eliot years better than I can because naturally your friends and activities away from home came to assume far more importance than those related to home. But I'll comment on the highlights as I saw them.

As soon as school started you went out for football. And the public schools had a doctor who examined all athletes. He called or sent home a note that your heart should be checked and recommended a Dr. George Griffith (now deceased). Dr. Griffith was head of cardiology at the U.S.C. medical school and was always being written about in the papers. He examined you (rather cursorily, I thought) and asked both of us to come in to his office where he proceeded to tell us that you could not be permitted to play football, basketball, track or any other active sport because you had a hole in the middle of your heart which didn't close as it should have at birth. This was a terrific shock to you and to me. On the way home in the car we were both crying. When Dad got home he said, "Any doctor who doesn't have any better sense that to shock a 13 year old boy like that without serious evidence, should be completely ignored. I'm going to find the best cardiologist in California and get his opinion." After asking phone company doctors, Homer, and others, he decided that the current present of L.A. County Heart Association was the one who should examine you. So he took you in to Dr. Wm. Paul Thompson who fleuroscoped, ex-rayed and so on and stated that yes, you had a murmur but no one could tell what caused it and it might or might not be a problem. But right now you were the picture of health and that you were compensating extremely well for any possible problem and not to restrict you in any way. So he wrote a letter to the Eliot coaches to that effect. Thompson just had you come in for a check up every year, and always gave you clearance for no restrictions. Since Dad had the problem last year, with the swollen and black-and-blue leg he thinks that Thompson has not kept up with the latest medical discoveries, and none of us go to him any more. Well, I was very relieved, but in the back of my mind I worried about you a great deal and prayed that you would live a healthy life and take the best possible care of your body through school and adulthood.

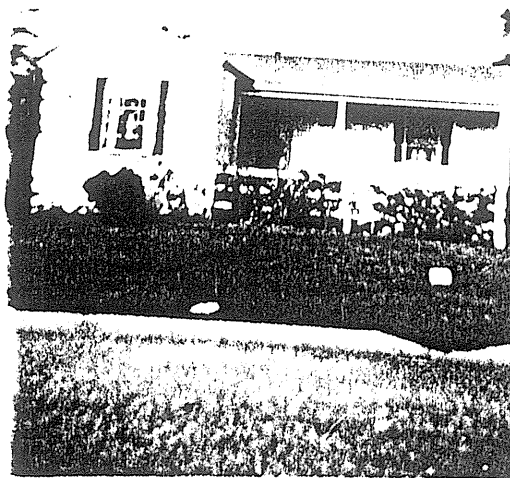
We took a trip back to Washington when you were in Eliot. We didn't tell any of you until the moment we were leaving, and we had a fine trip. We stopped to see Uncle Dan on the way up and stayed one night at the Chehelis Hotel next to the theater. It was midnight when we got there and Mike got stuck in the revolving door and woke up the entire town with his screaming. The next day we went to a park near Olympia and met with the old plow train crew. We went to Seattle and have color slides of our wandering around Volunteer Park (where I used to wheel you in your buggy) and the zoo and a mountain area that Dad especially liked.



You are standing on the steps at Eliot on the day after we had several inches of snow.



This was taken when you were in 10th or 11th grade. You can see that the garage apartment is partially finished.



This is the way 803 Morada Place looked when you were at Eliot.

PAGE 27 continued.

In the almost 36 years since we moved to California we only had snow once there in Altadena. It was almost gone by noon when the picture on the opposite page was taken. Jack built a snowman in the front yard, but Mike had a bad cold and couldn't go outside. That reminds me of the time we lived in Ashland and we went to Crater Lake in the winter. We had to climb a huge hill of snow (maybe 14 feet) to look down on the lake. We had rented a pair of skiis but there was no place to use them except on the road. So I put them on and Dad tied a rope on the car and pulled me slowly. Except the road was icy and I had never been on skiis and I almost cracked my head open when I fell. You and Jack and Mona (who was visiting) were watching me out the back window. How could I have been so stupid?

Dr. Thompson continued to give us good news about your physical condition. However, he did say that if you had a tooth pulled any time in your life you should have a shot of penicillin first--something about strep germs not uncommon in the mouth but serious if they get into the bloodstream, especially for persons with rheumatic fever in the family. I have a slight leakage of one valve, so I have to rest a lot and also have the penicillin if I have a tooth out. I've had the leakage since I was young. I wrote down what Dr. Thompson said, "All respiratory infections should be treated within 12 hours of onset by the injection of 400,000 units of penicillin, a similar injection should be repeated 3 days later. The same treatment before nose or throat operation or having a tooth pulled." He stressed the business about the tooth pulling on later visits. But you had a slightly raised bloodpressure, so did Jack and so did Mike during high school, so I guess it was a developmental thing like the lumps under your nipples which went away. Well, anyhow, I am convinced that all the worrying I did about your heart was completely unnecessary, and I blame the doctors for upsetting us so much. I am convinced that your murmur was just functional like Jack's and mine.

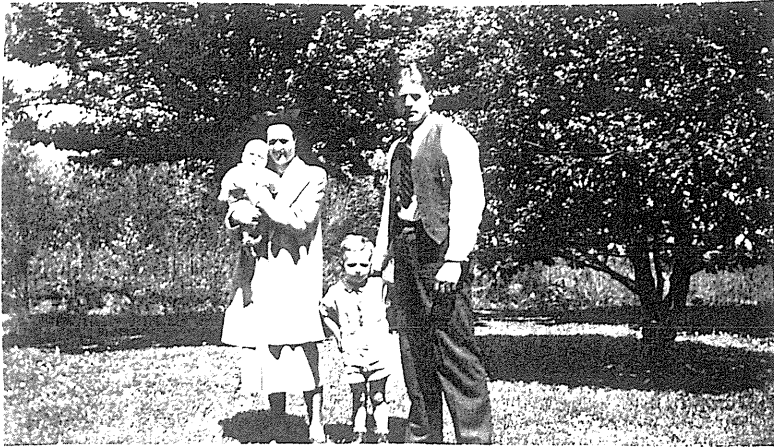
Do you remember helping Dad build the garage apartment? He did that, you know, so I could have Mother close to me to take care of her. He fixed an intercom from her bed to my bed so she could get in touch with me at any time. By the way, the autopsy showed that Mother had had rheumatic fever, too, but like the rest of us, she compensated well. She died of pneumonia at 83. Your Dad was very, very good to my Mother.

As I said before, I'm sure you remember all your triumphs at Eliot and Muir in track and football better than I do. Besides, you have those books of clippings. You were always an excellent student, cheerful, optimistic and cooperative. I attended the assembly at Eliot when you were elected class president and also when you received some important medal (wasn't it for leadership or citizenship)? I couldn't stand to go to football games and see people hurt, but I attended your track meets whenever I could. Dad always went to any night events when he wasn't working. I'm going to end this account by telling you what little I know about your ancestors.

JOHN BURKE TRUHER _ HIS EARLY LIFE

As Remembered by His Mother





FEBRUARY - MID APRIL, 1938

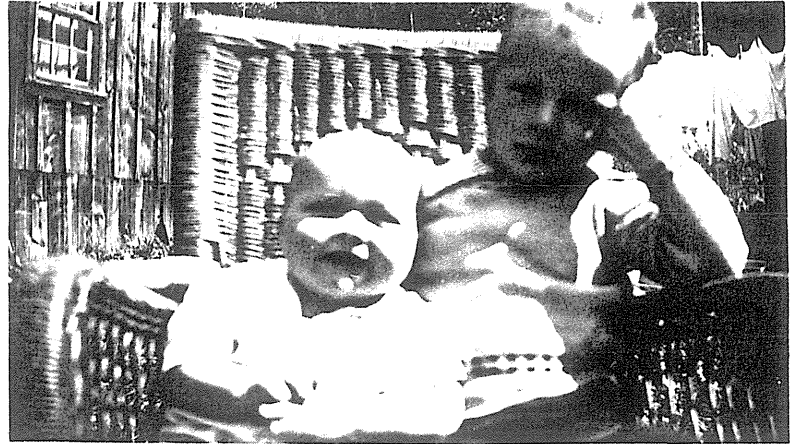
You were born in Maynard Hospital in Seattle on February 5. You were a very healthy (and I thought beautiful) baby weighing 7 lbs. 14 oz. at birth. You were born at 8:25 p.m. and I had been in the hospital about 24 hours, but your birth was not unduly difficult. You came home to a little one-bedroom house which I described in Jimmie's story.

You were baptized on March 20 in Renton, Washington. Your Godparents were

Michael McDermott and Helen Carey Miller (now Nelson). In those days they broadcast births over the radio, and your announcement came Feb. 10, 1938 on Station KIRO.



The picture top right was taken just a few days after we came home from the hospital in the front yard of our house. On top left you were about three months old and the picture was taken in front of your Grandparents Truher's home which was next door. You were 3 or 4 months old when the picture at lower right was taken. You were very healthy the first year of your life and gained weight rapidly, as you can tell in the pictures. I don't want to repeat details of our living conditions which I wrote in Jimmie's story. One thing I remember about your early weeks is that I used to put your bathinette in the kitchen and if I put you on your stomach you could crawl about 6 inches. Ever yone tells me that isn't possible, but I know better because I watched you. Of course you didn't begin to crawl in the conventional way until many months later. Jimmie watched over you with an air of responsibility, and your grandparents, May and Lou as well as your proud parents watched over Jimmie and you.

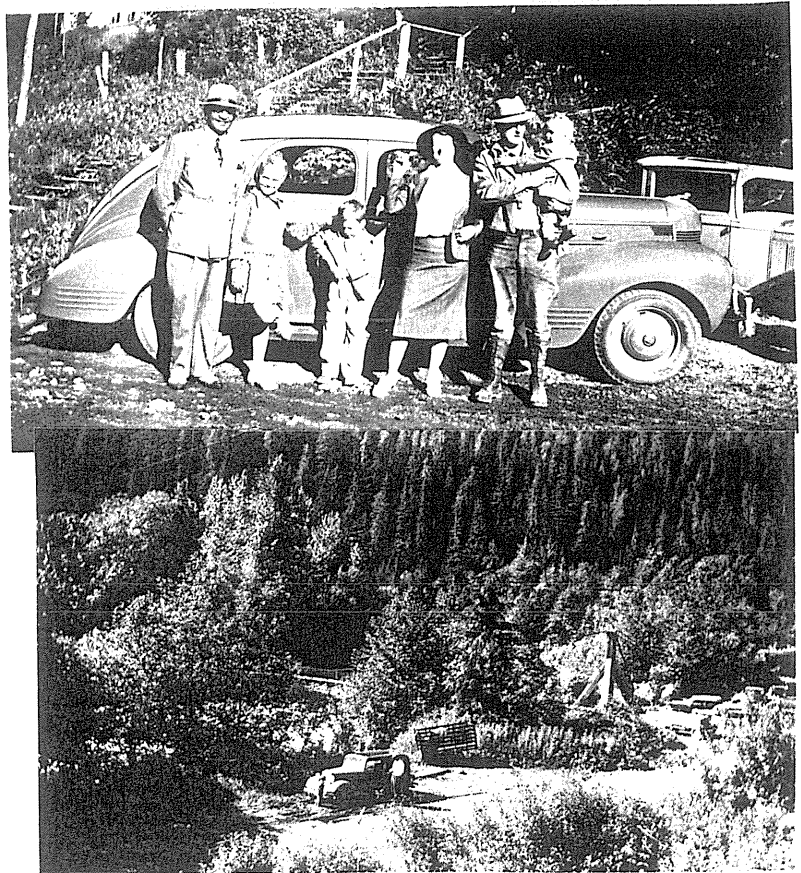


MID APRIL, 1938 - FEBRUARY, 1939

We moved back to the little cabin (shack?) in Scenic when you were only a couple of months old. In July my mother came to visit us and I had a party for her where all of the ladies in town came to tea. The picture top right shows all the women and babies in Scenic. All of the husbands either worked for Dad (Mr. Coyle, really) or for the railroad. Mother is holding you, the lady on your left is Mrs. Coyle. The lady on the extreme left is the Japanese bride that I discussed in Jimmie's story. Her elderly husband worked for the railroad.

The picture top left was taken about the same time. You can see the rough wood of the cabin in the background.

Bottom right picture was taken at Silverton where we moved in August. The job at Scenic was finished and we moved to Big Four Inn for a week or so until we got the house in Silverton. You were a good baby, hungry and healthy and starting to say words by the time we took a trip to Los Angeles in December (the Silverton job closed down because of weather). We spent Christmas, 1938, in L.A. I remember that we had a car seat for you which was between Dad and me. You stood up most of the way coming and going to L.A. and home, and Dad said you stepped on his pockets the whole way. You didn't like it much and cried a lot--I don't know why. Jimmie had the whole back seat to himself--I can't remember if Marnee and Poncer et al were around or not. The picture in bottom left was taken in L.A., probably on Christmas day. Edna and Don hadn't been married long and I hadn't met him before.

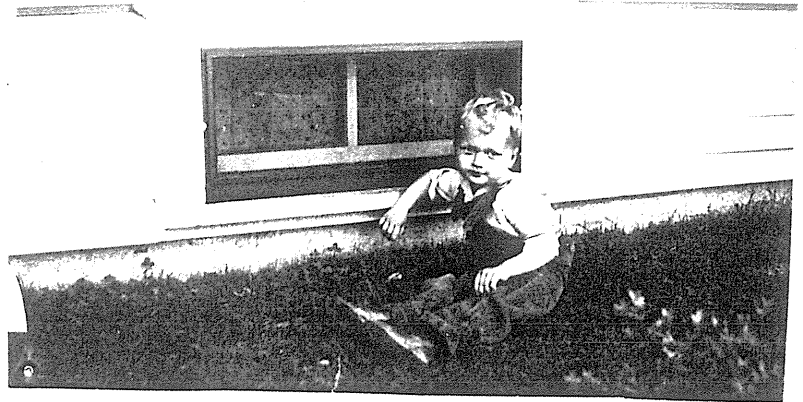


SILVERTON (continued) and EARLY 1939



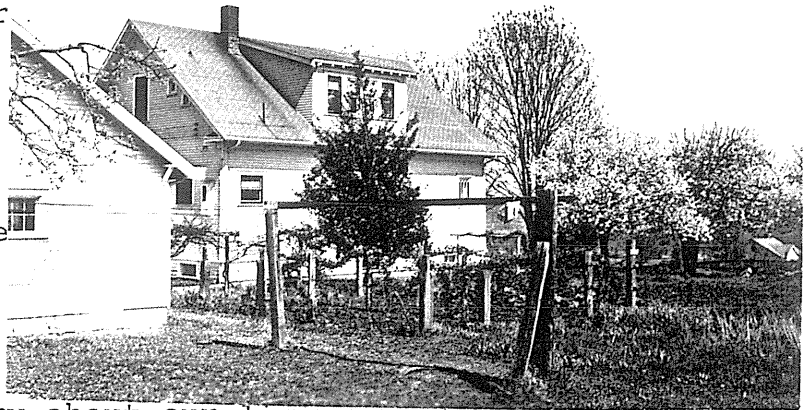
The picture on top right was taken from our front porch in Silverton. You can see the beautiful trees, our car and trailer, and the footbridge to the island where the silver mine was. Lower right picture shows Edna, Don, Dona, you, Dad, and Jimmie when the Nasbys visited us that summer. The steps go up to our rented house.

We had a nice summer, then the trip to L.A. which I discussed on your previous page. But-- on February 25 you got a temperature and two days later we called the doctor to the house, and he confirmed our fears that you had a case of pneumonia. This was a very, very frightening time for me. No penicillin nor other antibiotics. Your temperature went up to almost 104 and your breathing was so fast, I was scared out of my mind. You were still running a temperature by March 6 and 3 weeks later you got another cold and temperature. Fortunately, it wasn't serious except that I was scared. The picture on top left makes me sad because it was taken the day that you started the bout with pneumonia. You can tell by looking at your little face that you didn't feel well. That evening you started the fever. The lower left picture was taken a couple of months later. You had just started to walk when you got pneumonia and then were in bed and weak, so you had to learn to take your first steps all over again. By the lower picture you were back in good health, but thinner.



ASHLAND, 1939 - RIVERTON,
TIGARD, SAUVIE ISLAND, 1940

During this period, you grew fast and talked quite well. Your health was good until October when we were back in Riverton. We were taking a trip to Bremerton on the ferry when you got sick. It turned out to be an ear infection. They had sulfanilimide and you soon got better, but had a series of colds until December when you got the flu and a temp of 104.

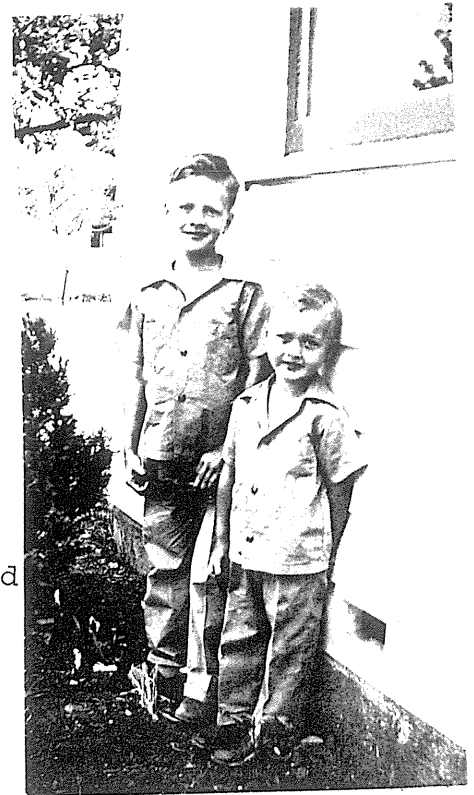


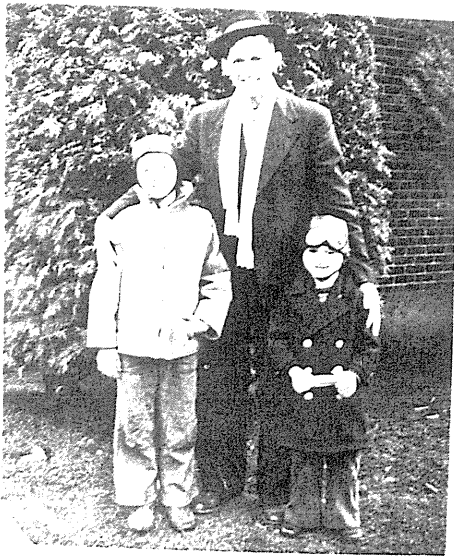
You can read in Jimmie's story about our living conditions and so on at this time. The picture at top right was in Ashland, Oregon at the motel (Jackson Hot Springs. Middle right is one of my favorite pictures of you--very typical of you as a two year old. Taken in Riverton at your grandparents'. Lower right is your grandparents' home taken from the side--see all the fruit trees in bloom! It was May. We saw a lot of Uncle Dan and Aunt Marie when Dad was working in Oregon and at Sauvies Island (just outside Portland, Ore.) and the picture at top left shows Dad with Aunt, Uncle, you and Jimmie. Uncle Dan had always loved me as a child and he took a particular interest in you and played with you a lot.



-1941-

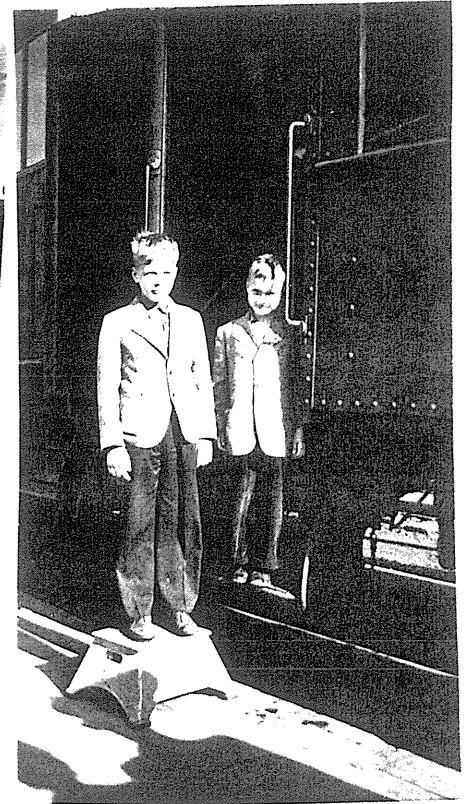
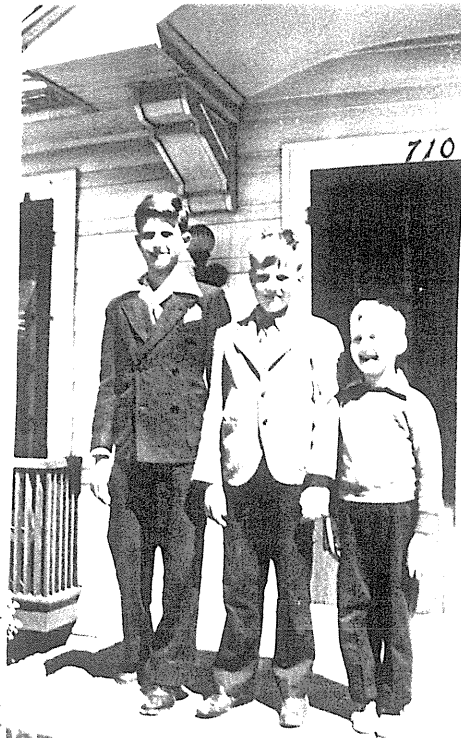
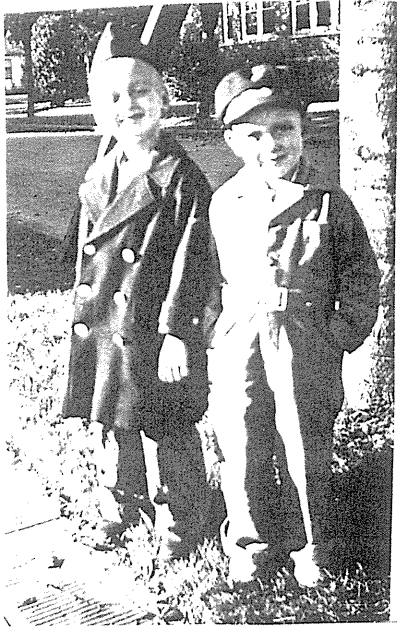
Upper left picture was taken at Crater Lake, either late in 1940 or early in 1941. Crater Lake is not too far from Ashland, Oregon where we were living. Upper middle picture was taken on the day you were three years old, as I recall. You are standing on a little porch in front of the door when we had only the first part of the Riverton Heights house built. Upper right picture was taken in your grandparents Truher's big Seattle home on Capital Hill. It has been replaced by an apartment house. Your grandmother often read to you boys like that (she used to be a teacher, you know), so it is a typical pose. The lower picture was taken after the addition was built to the house, so it was taken in 1941, toward the end of the year. In March of that year I thought you might have had German Measels--light case, but you were well broken out. But in a couple of weeks you got very sick with a chest cold. You had a lot of colds all spring, were well during the summer months, and got Chicken Pox in December. I worried a lot about you, but we got a lot of pleasure with the two of you. Both of you were bright, talkative, active and affectionate. You tended to stand very close to me and pull the hem of my dress to get attention. Then you would whisper what you wanted if strangers were around. Cute little guy!





-1942-

We lived in Longview from Dec. 13, 1941 until Dec. 3, 1942. Our apartment was on the second floor (left corner) of the apartment house shown above. The picture on lower right shows you in bed--you and Jimmie spent a great deal of time in that bed while we lived in Longview! You had a cold and temperature after the Chicken Pox until early March (temperature off and on with heavy coughing and I continually worried about pneumonia). However, all that sulfathiazol kept you from getting Jimmie's scarlet fever, I guess. In June you got a bad case of Measels with temp up to 104. Much worry about pneumonia because I almost died of pneumonia and Measels when I was your age. Sure enough, you did get a rather light case of pneumonia, also infected ears. You had a lot of bad colds, even in summer, and then about four bouts with intestinal flu. What fun! It's a wonder I ever got out of the house to see the town. The picture on upper left was taken toward the end of '42 or early '43 when Glen visited us. He worked during the war at the atomic plant in eastern Washington. The picture on lower left was taken when we visited the Marckx family in Gresham, Oregon. Doris and Fred Angus lived above us and one day I told her I had to go to the store to get food or medicine and you were alone about 20 minutes except she was alerted. Anyhow, the phone rang, you got out of bed, pulled a chair to answer the phone and said, "Hello". The lady told me later that she asked for your dad and you said he wasn't home. So she asked you to take a message and you said, "Oh, I can take a message, but the problem is I can't read and write!" You were only 3 years old, but as your later pattern indicates, you expected a great deal of yourself!



- 1943, 1944 -

We lived in the Kaufman Apartments in Chehalis, Washington, all through 1943. You had your fifth birthday there and had some young friends to help celebrate. Do you remember Richard, the son of the apartment caretaker? You played with him by the hour. The picture on top left isn't Richard but a friend whose name I don't recall. The picture on bottom left was taken out by the plow train (Dad was superintendent of plowing in the underground telephone cable from Seattle to Portland) with a couple of kids belonging to some of the workers on the plow train. See how you are taking care of the little ones? Typical of you. Unfortunately, the year also contained the 30th of August, the day when Terese Marie was born and died in the St. Helen's hospital, just a couple of blocks from our apartment. I wrote more details, of course, in Jimmie's story so I won't repeat. I was very unhappy and depressed afterward so Dad found a motel on the Puget Sound at Olympia and we moved there for a change. That's where you yelled so loudly and so long when Jimmie caught a small shark (12 inches or less) that a little cold turned into pneumonia. Back we went to Chehalis and our warm apartment. Later, Dad took us all to Los Angeles on a vacation and got the offer of the job with the telephone company in L.A. We moved to L.A. in June, 1944. The picture top right shows you and Jimmie boarding the train for the 1943 trip to L.A. and the middle one is Bob Burke and the two of you in front of Edna's house. Jimmie's story has a picture of the Pine Street house where we lived while we built 803 Morada Place, also a picture of the bulldozer at work carving out the basement. The war was almost over when we moved to L.A. but building of new homes wasn't permitted. We got a doctor's note that you had a weak chest and needed that climate. Otherwise we couldn't have built the 803 house!

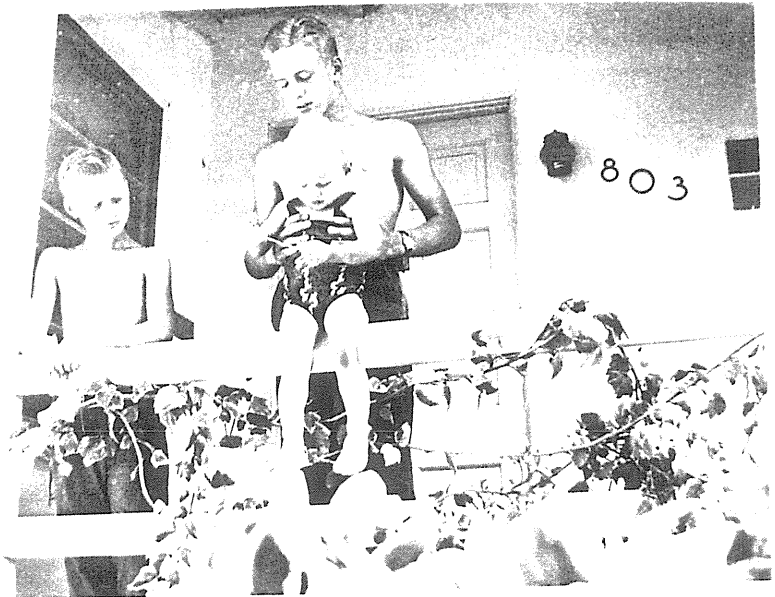


- 1945, 1946 -



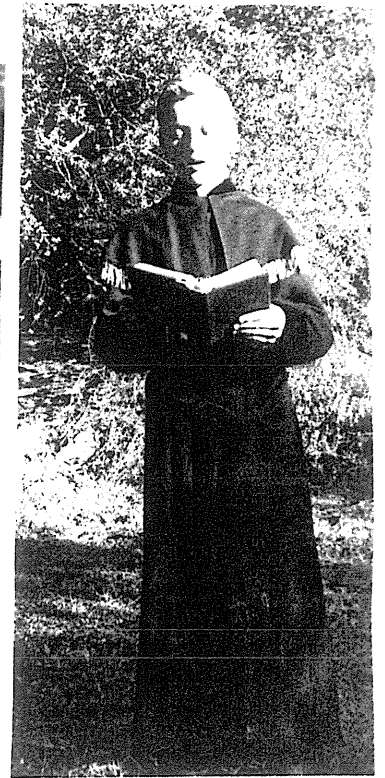
On the last page I didn't leave room to write that the biggest event of 1944 for you probably was starting school. There was no kindergarten in Chehalis but you were all ready for first grade, except that you decided you shouldn't go. I'm sure you had been thinking about it for quite a while, but you didn't say a word until Sunday night before school was to start at St. Elizabeth's. Then you came up close, pulled on my dress, looked up at me and said, "I've decided not to go to school tomorrow." "Why?" I asked. You got me to bend over, and whispered, "I can't read and write yet." It took some doing to convince you that was the purpose of school. Anyhow, once more a behavior that was destined to repeat at Muir when you convinced yourself that you weren't prepared for Stanford. Oh, well! You made friends at school quickly, and except for some swollen glands and infected ear problems (with high temperature sometimes) your health was good. As far as I know you never had pneumonia after we moved to L.A. Nor did I, as a child, though I had several bouts with it in Wisconsin. You made friends at school--I think the picture at upper right was in second grade--perhaps you can remember some of the boys. I thought you might like a picture of your grandmother Burke and Aunt Edna, so I included the one on lower right. You were a good student and the teachers told me "a model of behavior". I guess you and Jimmie had your minor arguments at this time, but they couldn't have amounted to much because I don't remember any of them. You learned to read quickly and always were a good student. You wanted to change your name to a "boy's name" because there was a girl named Jackie in your class. We wouldn't cooperate.

- 1947, 1948 -



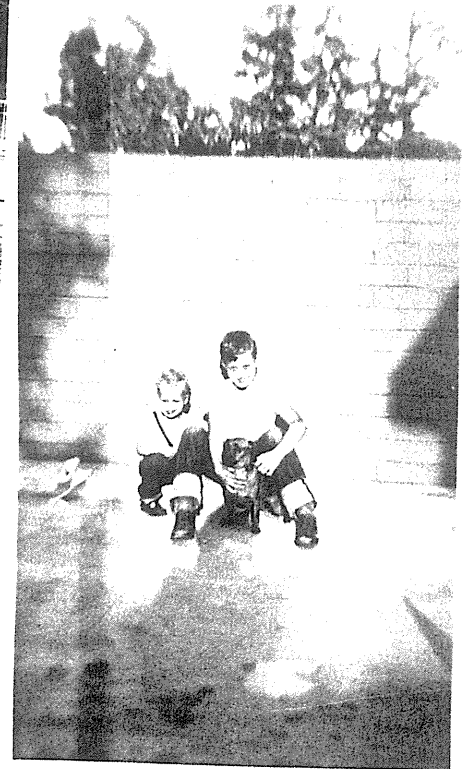
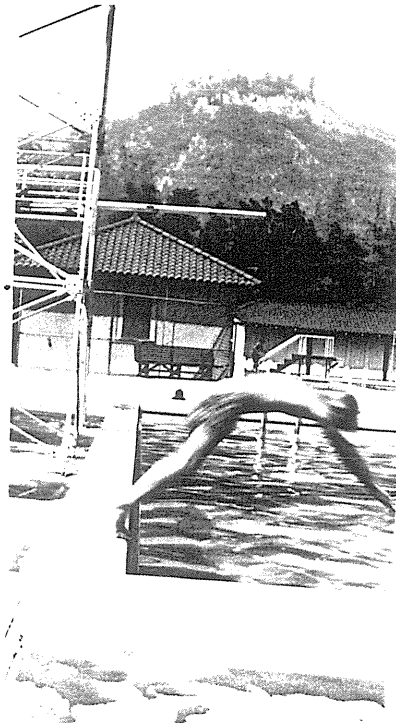
As you know very well, Mike came home from the hospital on your 9th birthday. You often said during that year that you would take care of him for me--I think you did feel he was a birthday present for you. Not long after he was born, a little girl came to the door with a tiny brown puppy. You begged to keep her and it was arranged. We named her Marnee after Jimmie's imaginary playmate (see Jimmie's story). She was a wonderful little dog and lived happily in her kingdom of the fenced backyard for about 15 years. She was always called "Jack's dog",

The picture on top right must have been about your 10th birthday. I can remember a couple of the kids--Charley Baney and Gary Nelson--but you probably can remember most of them. Your dad was a lot heavier about the time of the picture on lower left than he is now. In these years you had your share of colds and at least one staph infection and an ear infection, but generally your health was good. These were the years just before the creation of the polio vaccine, so of course I worried about all of you when you had any symptoms of polio at all--which you sometimes did in 1949. I had a brother, Jimmie, who died at 16 of polio a year before I was born so of course I was very afraid of it--my mother always cried when she talked about him. But thank heavens, the 5 of us escaped that scourge!

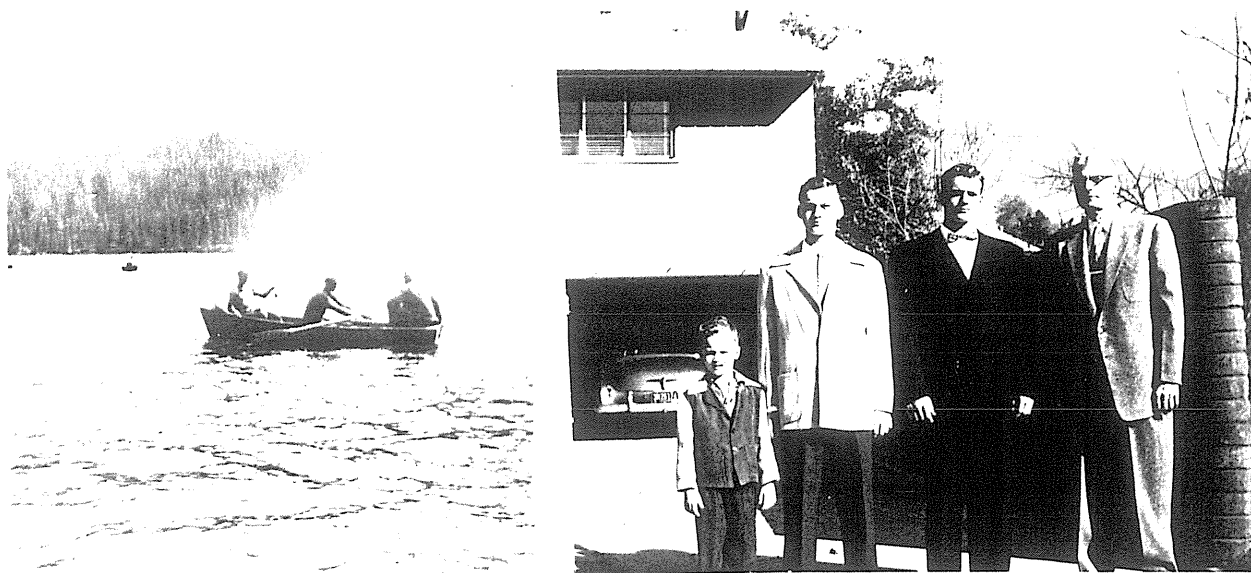


- 1949, 1950 -

When you were in fourth grade you decided you wanted to be in St. Elizabeth's choir. Your teacher told me you sang a solo in class (she was astonished that you would do it) and you made the choir though most of the kids were 6th graders and above. The picture at right was taken when you were in 5th or 6th grade. You and your snowman were taken in January, 1949, when we had the "big snow" in Altadena (the only snow that ever stayed on the ground). You learned to swim at Brookside and were very proud of teaching yourself to dive there. The picture on lower right is typical of you and Mike in those years. You seemed to enjoy him very much as he grew a little older and could talk to you and be instructed by you. But Marnee remained your dog, and she knew it, Mike knew it, and we all knew it. Aside from two or three colds and some bouts with intestinal flu, your health was good. Do you remember saving Mike from the black widow? You were about 16, I think because you could drive. Mike tells me now that he swallowed a black widow when he went to drink from the outdoor faucet in some bushes. I had understood a spider bit him. Anyhow, you very properly took him to St. Luke's emergency. I always admired you greatly for good thinking in an emergency, but you were mad at me because I had scared Mike too much about black widows. Anyhow, the point is, you were a responsible person at an early age!



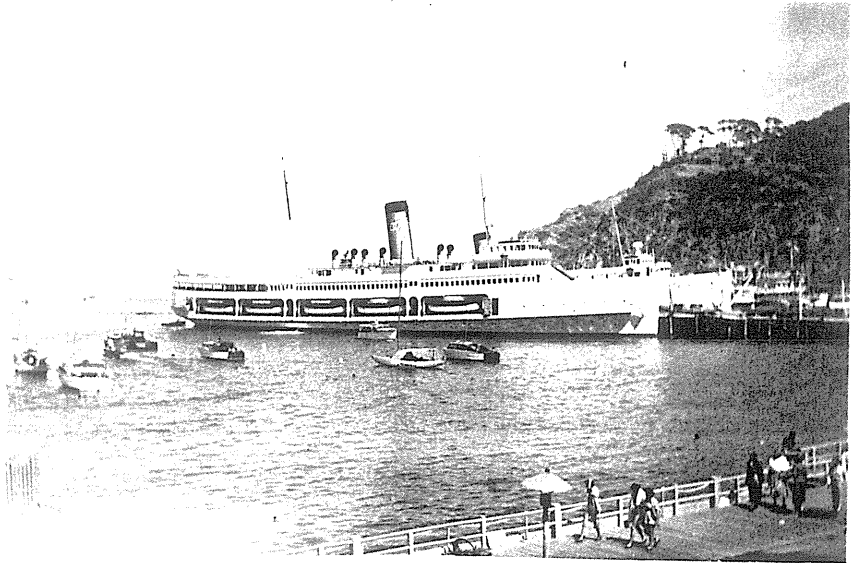
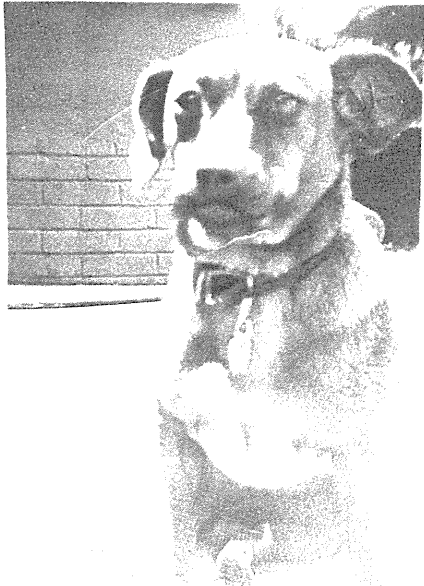
1950 - 1951



The Nelsons had a house in San Clemente during these years, and we used to go down there to spend the day. Left to right in the top picture are Mike, Melinda, Bill, Jack, Gary ("Coz"), Margie holding Johnny Nelson, and Jim Jr. Dad took you guys on fishing trips in the high Sierras and to Clear Lake, Arrowhead etc. during these years. Jimmie is rowing and you are holding up the fishing pole while Dad supervises (I don't recall frying many fish!) I don't know the exact year the picture on lower right was taken, but it must have been '52 or '53 because you all look older than you were in '51. Anyhow, you can see the fence you built right there beside Dad. Jim and you both helped Dad build the garage apartment for Mother. Then, of course you helped on the 809 house---I can't recall, but I think Jimmie was at Stanford by then.

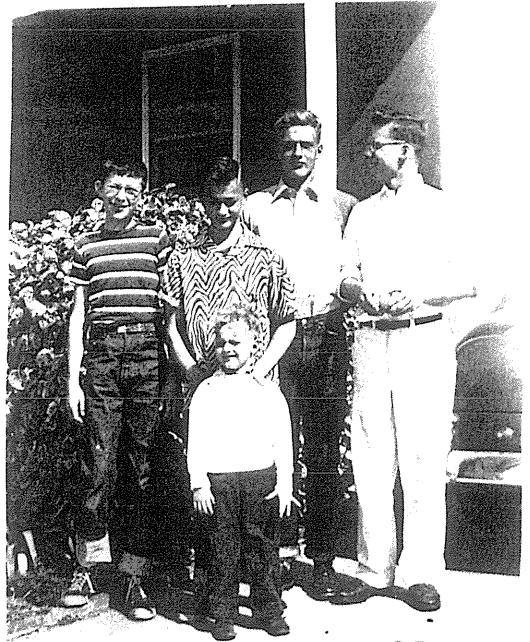
On June 24, 1950 you got appendicitis. You were sick all night, we went to the doctor at 10 A.M. the next day and you said you were "better". Your white cells didn't show typical appendicitis and the doctor said he thought it was intestinal flu. As soon as we got home you started crying with pain. By another sleepless night I was certain it was appendicitis. I called Homer, took you to the Doctor, they operated about 11 A.M. Homer was there in the operating room to watch over you though he wasn't on the staff at St. Luke's and had to make a big fuss to be accepted.

(continued)



1950-1952

You had a lot of pain when you got home from the hospital. The doctor said some of your organs weren't in their expected places and you should tell any doctor that in later years. Anyhow, the big white boat (Upper right) took us to Catalina. We had rented a cottage and planned to stay several days to get your mind off your pains, but you were so uncomfortable that we only stayed one night. That was about 2 months after the surgery. By Christmas you had just

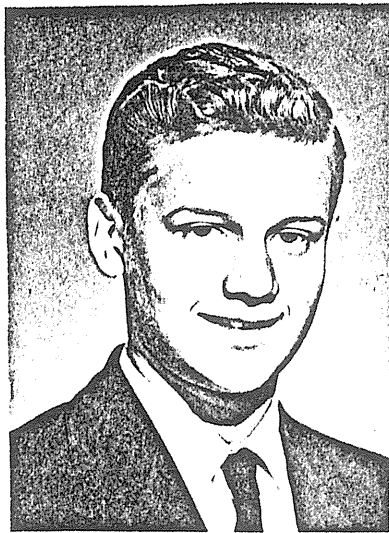


about stopped complaining. Later the doctor told me your organs were in o.k. position. Except for a few problems with gas pains, intestinal flu and ear infections, your health

Picture on lower right includes Gary Nelson, you, Jimmie, Jim (?) from La Canada, and Mike. As you can see, Mike was growing up fast. Your first year at Eliot, Dad and I had 3 freshmen--Jimmie at Stanford, Jack at Eliot and Mike in first grade at St. Elizabeth's. You remember Eliot and Muir well, of course, along with your class and student body offices, your excellent grades, football, and your convictions that you weren't "college material". What a guy!

MICHAEL BARRETT TRUHER - HIS EARLY LIFE

As Remembered by His Mother

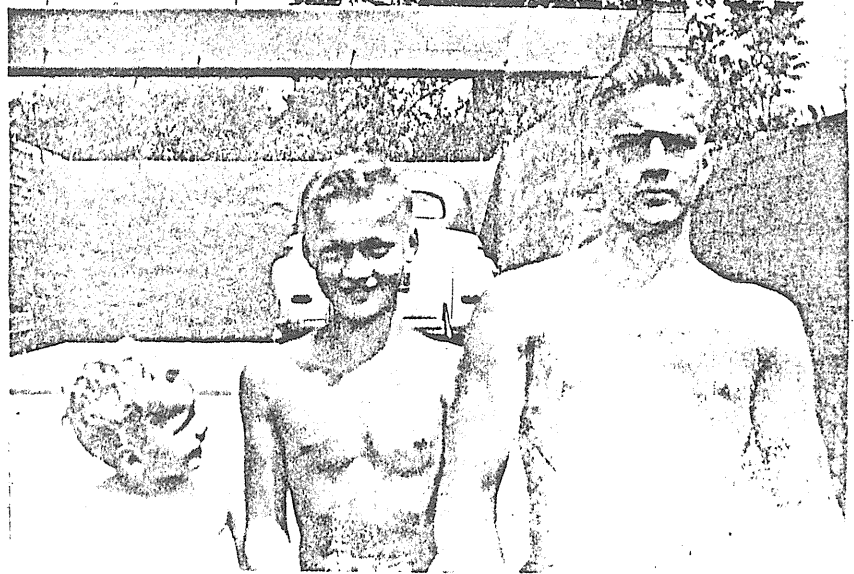
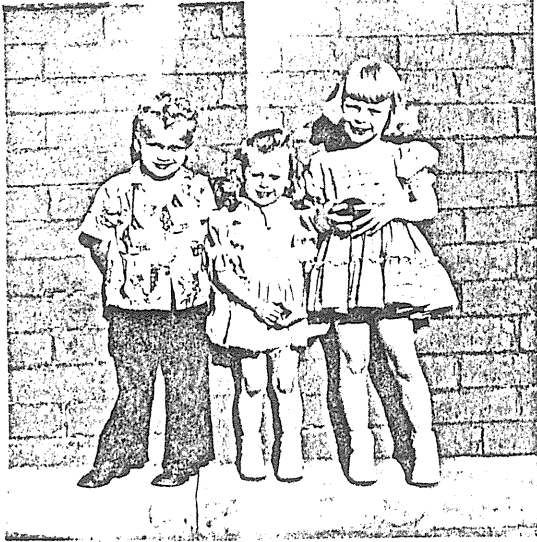


MICHAEL

-1947-



Your dad and your brothers and I were waiting for you with great anticipation. Especially I was waiting for you--and waiting and waiting and waiting since you were supposed to be born in late December or early January. Mother was in the hospital the last couple of weeks before you were born and you didn't like the trip in and out to see her, so you would kick me unmercifully each night on the way home. Jack expected that you would be a birthday present for him and sure enough he was right. I brought you home from the hospital on his 9th birthday. He took a very proprietary interest in you from that moment and helped me as a permanent baby-sitter. He was very careful that you didn't swallow safety pins and that you were generally safe. You weighed $9\frac{1}{2}$ pounds at birth and were $21\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall. Edna said she saw you looking all around and rubbing your eyes less than a half hour after you were born. On the day I brought you home you began "talking" and expressing yourself in ways most babies don't begin until about 2 months. Honest truth--I couldn't believe it. Also, you did talk early as did the other boys, saying clear words by 10 months. These picture don't need any explanation, I guess. You were baptized in St. Elizabeth's and your godparents were Glen and Mayme Burke (my brother and sisterinlaw). The 803 Morada Place house was painted a dark green at that time. Your blonde hair was curly as soon as it began to come in--you can see if you look at the picture above taken at about 10 months. We had lots of friends and relatives around and you were good with people.

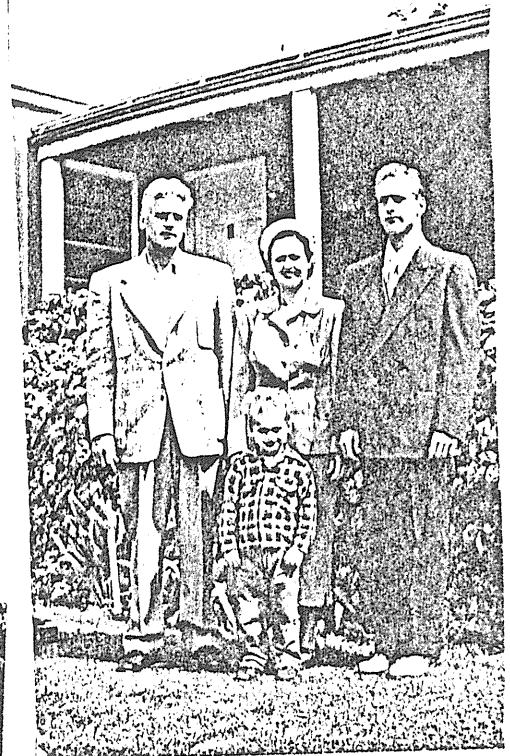


- 1948 -

I like the picture on upper right. It was taken when Dad had only the foundation for the garage apartment behind 803 which was soon to be where your grandmother Burke spent her last years. You were two, Jack was eleven, and Jimmie was 14. You looked up to your big brothers about as you are doing in that picture. Jimmie was an athlete and student body president at Eliot about then, Jack was becoming a leader and athlete at St. Elizabeth's and you were busy learning all about the world as shown on the picture at right. The picture on upper left is one of the few I have of Milo's girls--Lana was 2 and you were 2 or 3, Sherry must have been about 5 years old. Milo and Bonita had come to spend part of a Sunday with us--rare occasion. At age 2 you were 38½ inches tall--that's supposed to be about ½ your final height which would make your height now 6'5", Well, it was a good indication that you would be extraordinarily tall! I didn't believe it at the time, but Jack always told me you were going to be taller than he or Jimmie. You had no health problems to speak of and the pediatrician said you were exceptionally strong. Most of my close friends from college had children about your age (examples--Michelle Pheasant and Jimmie Siegfried and Cheryl Brown--so you had playmates while we had frequent get-togethers. I especially appreciated all of this because I had been so lonely in Washington. And of course we saw a lot of Edna and Don and Glen's family. It was a particularly nice time of my life, your second year.

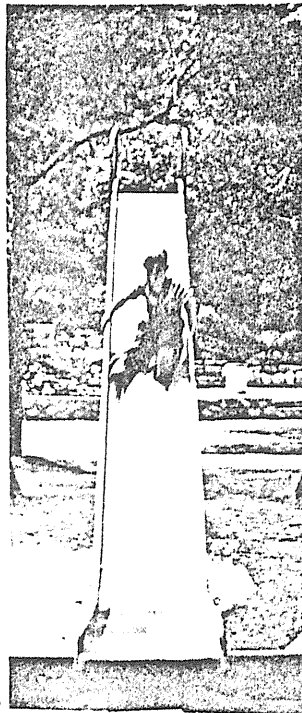


I think I'll tell you about a strange worry I had when I was waiting for you to be born. I kept worrying that I couldn't possibly love you as much as I did Jimmie and Jack. After you were born of course I adored you as I had them as little babies, but I kept worrying that I didn't really know you and what your personality would be and I knew them so well, so was I REALLY going to love this little stranger as much as I did those big boys?? But , guess what--I REALLY DID--AND DO!"



-1949, 1950

Do you remember the "boom-boom Indians"? We took a trip to Grand Canyon and you were absolutely fascinated by the Indian exhibitions. I wrote in Jimmie's book that you were about 18 months old; actually I think you must have been about 26 months because it was Easter vacation and icy cold in our cabin at night. We went to see Hoover Dam and Las Vegas and everyone enjoyed the trip.



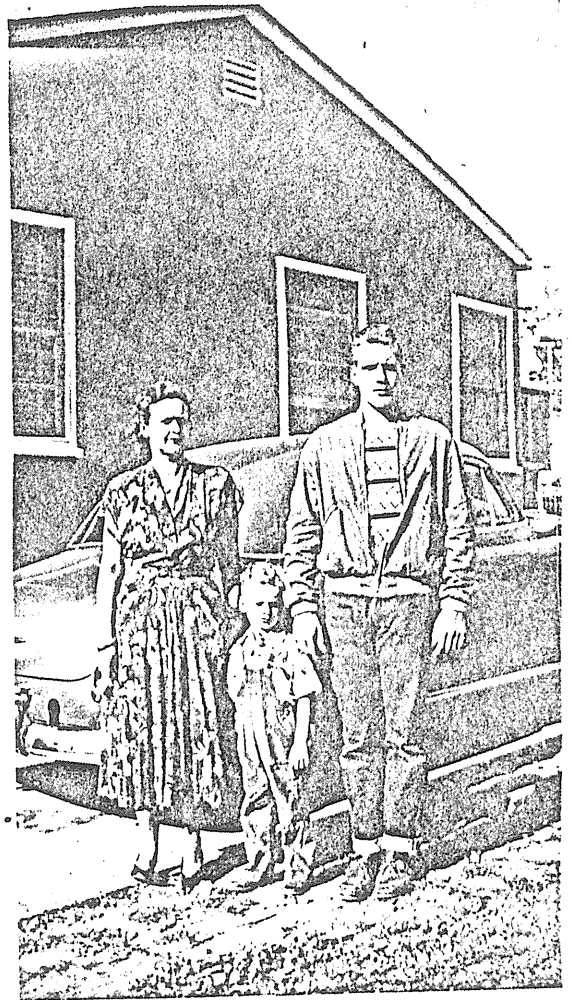
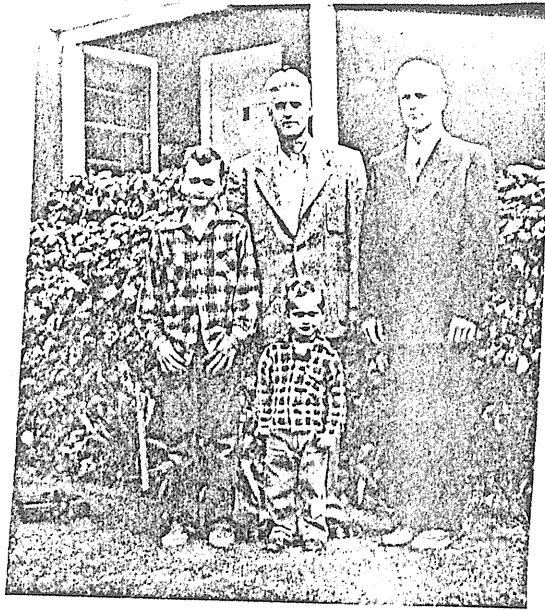
The day of the big snow in Altadena you had a temperature of 102 so you didn't get to experience snow at an early age.

When you were two I started to work. First we had a Danish girl who took care of you, then Mrs. Laisel, the wife of a minister. But really you got a second grandmother in Mrs. Duffy. She cared for you as if you were her own; she was never absent, and she stayed helping us for about 15 years.

We went to Lake Mary one of these years, and the lower picture shows you in your own style of fishing. The slide was at Brookside Park. Jack learned to swim and you learned to be daring and brave in a little boy's way. Your health was excellent during these years.



1951-1952

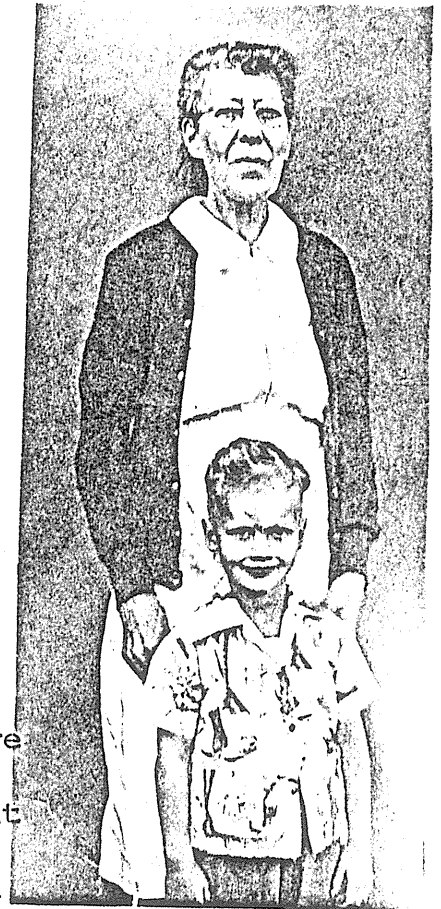
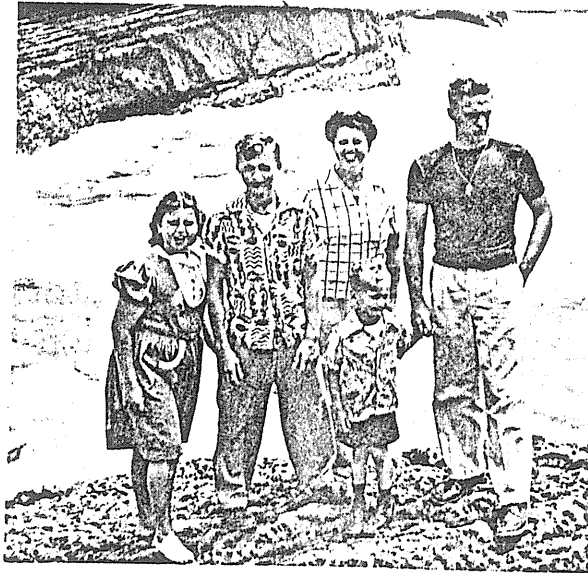


It was about this time--no, I should have written about this on the last page. Anyhow, our trip to Washington was the last long trip that the whole family took together. Jimmie and Jack argued about where the middle of the back seat was so one couldn't get on the other's "side", but you seemed happy in the front seat in your car seat. We stopped in Gresham to see Uncle Dan and Aunt Marie and then decided to drive on to Chehalis and stay in the St. Helen's Hotel. You went to sleep happily in your seat, but we had to wake you up at MIDNIGHT when we got to the hotel. You stumbled along with the rest of us (carrying bags) but when you got to the revolving door you got frightened and set up the loudest and longest howling that Chehalis ever had! We couldn't stop you. The next morning we all crept quietly away. We had a date with a group of Dad's friends at a beautiful park. We enjoyed the picnic and seeing our friends, and you had a good day along with other kids and your brothers. We went on to Seattle, of course, and stopped at interesting places on the way home. When we got to Devil's Gate Dam you started talking about "getting home", though we had all been careful not to tell you we were almost home.

You had serious ear aches one of these winters. Lots of pain and many trips to the doctor. In fact, my records indicate you had a temperature every day from Nov. 16 through December 16, 1951, varying day to day with the highest 105 and the lowest 99½ (of course it varied during the day, too).

I was teaching at Webster School during these years. They had a good pre-school program for mothers and their pre-school children. Mrs. Duffy brought you to the school most of the time a couple of mornings a week so you learned to play with other children. She was supposed to write an observation report on you, but I never saw it. I got to see you once in a while, and I liked that. You and she took the bus because my hours were longer.

1952-1954



You started kindergarten in the fall of 1951, so this should be on the previous page (I never leave enough room). Anyhow, you went only one week to St. Elizabeth's kindergarten because there were about 60 kids in the class and you didn't like sitting still so long at a time. So Mrs. Duffy and I decided you should go to Altadena School. The second week of school you went up the hill to Altadena. Mrs. Duffy walked to school with you every day and met you at noon.

The fall of 1952 you started first grade at St. Elizabeth's. You had friends in the neighborhood (David Barry, I think was in first grade with you). Anyhow, I don't think Mrs. Duffy walked you to school. You seemed to like it in spite of the large classes, and you learned to read without any problems. Like Jack, you decided you didn't like your name (there was a Michelle in your class) and you wanted to be called Billy. So we called you Billy sometimes for awhile. You always maintained you were a poor reader because some little girl was a better reader than you, but your teacher told me you were one of the best readers in the class. In any event I was teaching second grade and by Christmas more than half my class couldn't read as well as you could in first grade.

Your Dad had a heart attack in 1952, and I made a note that he was taking care of you when you had a bout with intestinal flu. But you had few colds or illness during first grade. You got chicken pox when in second grade, but it was very mild. Of course I was very worried about your Dad but he got along very well. If I had known he would go 25 years without a further heart problem, I wouldn't have worried so much! Mother was sick during these years and you used to go up to her apartment to visit her, but you worried about her health, so you didn't enjoy going up there. Then you began to worry about your Dad and me, you wanted to be sure we were o.k.



1955-1956



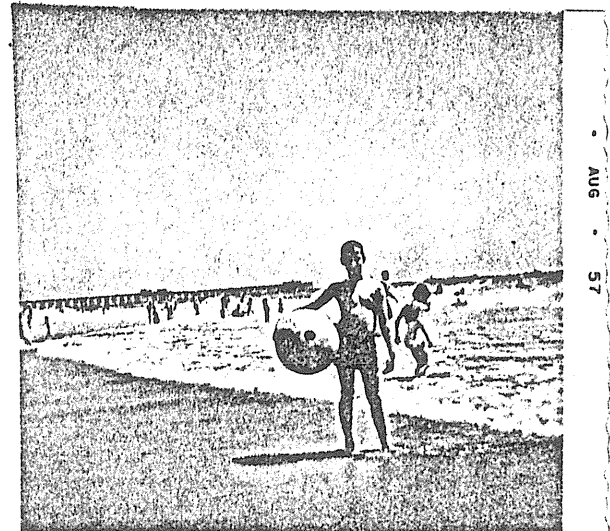
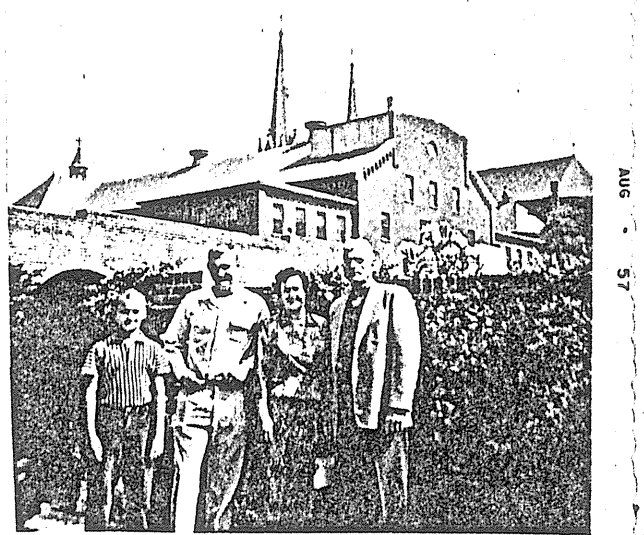
You were in fourth and fifth grades during these years. Your school years at St. Elizabeth's were relatively uneventful because you were always a good student. You had lots of friends at school and in the neighborhood. You played most with the Christopher children, Alan Kutcher and Dave Barry. Pat Fox was also around--in everybody's hair (but his teacher told me he was an angel in school).

Dad had started to build the house at 809, and Jack was helping him a lot when he had vacations (I think Jack graduated from Muir about 1956 and started Stanford that September). Unfortunately, my mother passed away in August, 1955. She had Parkinson's Disease; her mind was very clear but she had little control of her muscles the last years. We had private Nurse-housekeepers (live-in) the last few years she lived. My mother was a very remarkable woman, I think. She did her level best to mind her own business and be as little trouble as possible to the rest of the world when she was incapacitated. Also, she had excellent judgment and was able to stretch the relatively small estate my father left (the farm and the house in L.A. and some cash) for the thirty years she lived after his death so that her estate was almost as much as his (and she never worked outside the home). I know dozens of people with lots of money who went broke during those depression years.

I was getting my M.A. at CSULA during these years, and finished in 1955. That fall I started on my doctorate at USC and finished that in 1961. This meant evening and Saturday classes, but either Dad or Mrs. Duffy was available to cover for me. But I was one busy lady!

Jim Jr. got married about the time he graduated from Stanford. The picture on top right was taken at the Naval Base on Skaggs Island where we went to visit him and Joby. It looks as if Jack was going to take you fishing. I think it was during these years that we took the trip to Yellowstone Park. You had the back seat to yourself, and we all enjoyed the trip. We stayed at one of the huge old lodges at the edge of Yellowstone Falls.

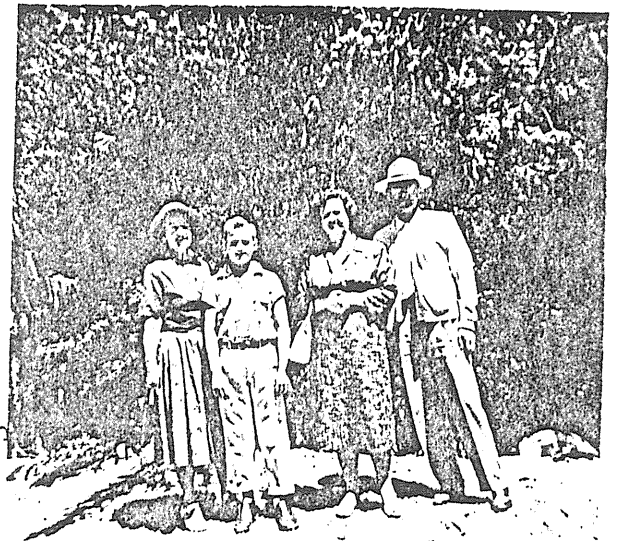
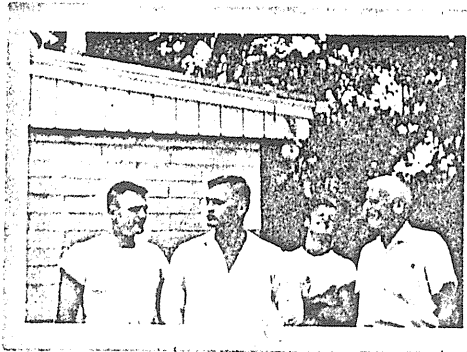
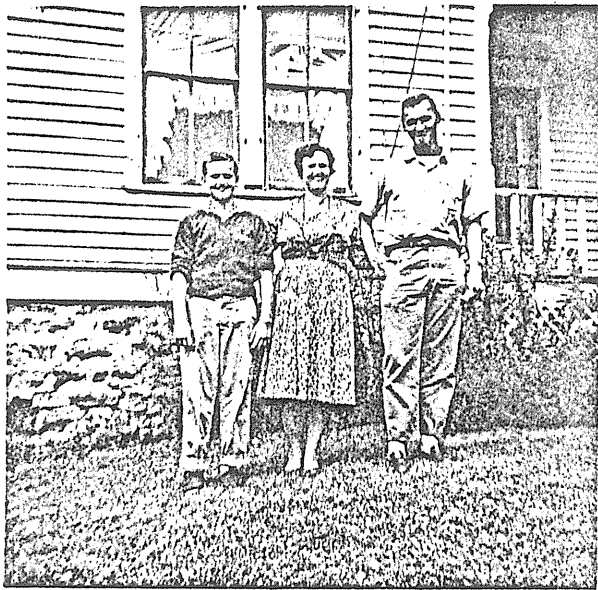
There were frightening polio epidemics during the summers of your first years at St. E. In 1956 you got your first polio shot. I had some scares about you and Jack during these years because both of you had a tendency toward intestinal flu which is usually a symptom like polio. Also, people were afraid of the polio shots at first, but happily we all escaped. I do think, though, if there is an epidemic we all should have further shots because it was pretty experimental when you boys got your shots.



1957-1958

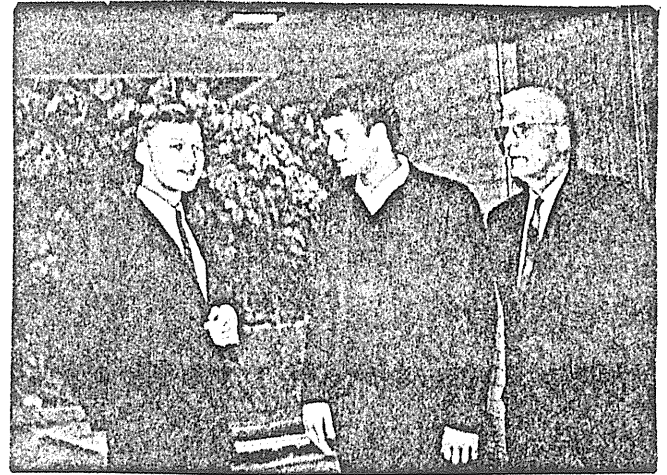
Jack was at Stanford in the picture at top right. Jim probably was still in the Naval Reserve. I wish I could remember where the picture was taken, but I can't. I was teaching at USC on Saturdays and I was a Reading Consultant in Pasadena Schools during the week. In addition, I was taking classes toward my doctorate. Sometimes I wonder How I accomplished all I had to do in each 24 hours. Fortunately, I didn't have to worry about you. Your health was excellent, Dad had recovered well from his heart attack and my own health was good except that I had a ruptured disc and Homer Pheasant operated successfully.

The beach ball pictures probably were taken at Huntington Beach, Edna and Don had a trailer-home parked right on the sands for several years and then built the small rear house on 11th Street which we bought from her estate. Anyhow, we visited them often on week ends during these years, and often spent the night. One time when Jim Jr. was in high school I took the three of you down there for almost a week. I am a great worrier, and I couldn't relax when anyone was out of my sight. Dad took you fishing as he did the other boys, as shown in the lower left picture--often enough so you could decide if you liked it. You didn't seem too interested.



1959-1960

The summer between Jack's Junior and Senior years at Stanford we took the train trip around the U.S. You and I took the train to Portland and stayed with Helen Marckx et al until Jack got there. We went to some exposition with her and also to that grotto near her home. When Jack arrived we took the train along the Columbia River and back across the prairies to Chicago. Then to Richland Center, Wisconsin to stay at the farm where I was born. Jim Burke, his wife, two daughters and young son lived on the farm, but the youngest daughter was in the hospital in Madison as a result of Polio. Remember all the hay and the cows and the creek and the orchard on the hill and the baseball game where you saw so many unknown cousins playing. Then we stayed in Beloit with Dan Burke and family and then by train to Niagara Falls, then Boston, then a stop-over with Kirkpatrick in Connecticut, a few days in New York, Washington D.C., then to Texas to see the Carlsbad caverns. The train trip was mostly hot and uncomfortable but we saw a lot of the nation, that's for sure. The picture on top left was taken in front of the farmhouse in Wisconsin. Top right is a typical view of what I would see looking out the front window in Altadena. Bottom left was taken next to the addition which we built when Jim Jr. was a Freshman at Stanford. I'm not sure where the bottom right picture was taken, but it was typical of some trip we took with Edna and Don Nashby



1961 - 1965

Your health was excellent all the intervening years since I last mentioned it until you got Measels in high school. You were quite sick with Measels, and then in 1965 when you were a Freshman at USC you had that mysterious severe pain for more than a week. I was certain it was appendicitis, but the doctor was equally as sure it wasn't. And I guess he was right because after you went to the hospital for 3 days it went away and as far as I know it never returned. The doctor eventually called it "messonary lymph adenositis" but Homer Pheasant told me that is just a medical wastebasket term that doctors use when they can't figure out what the problem is.

Do you remember the summers that Johnny Christopher stayed with us? I don't know when the first summer was, but the last one was after you entered South Pasadena High School--after your first year, I think. Johnny was very cooperative and no trouble at all--in retrospect I think he was probably scared all the time. In your last few years at St. Elizabeth's your best friend seemed to be Phillip Walsh. He came to our house quite a lot for Friday supper because he liked that tuna casserole I used to make. He's an attorney now working for So. Cal Gas Co. and living around Seal Beach.

You always liked school and had lots of friends with the possible exception of 9th grade at Eliot. Your brothers were there two years, but we moved to South Pasadena for you to start tenth grade and you never really got well acquainted at Eliot. You seemed to be a big hit in South Pasadena with your football awards and your presidency of the boys' organization, whatever it was called. I guess I should mention the problems with your back as a senior at South Pasadena. That was a tragedy for you at the time because the ex-rays showed you couldn't continue football, but they also kept you out of Viet Nam, years later. You remember South Pas H.S. and U.S.C. better than I do. I remember the semester you got 21 units of A, that you graduated with honors, that you were president of Beta Theta Pi and of your class, but I never knew that much about inevitable problems that are part of daily living. In 1961 I finished my doctorate and shortly after that stopped part time teaching at USC and my Pasadena consultancy and began 18 years of teaching at Cal State University, L.A. But all the time your , Dad and you 3 boys were the most important part of my life--the rest of it just kept me busy. I loved all four of you deeply every minute day and night! And I still do!