

FROM :

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MOTHER REMEMBERS

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Our family line, as much as is known to me, owes its start to Mr. Figil Hede Nielsen, a manufacturer in Horsens, Denmark, and dates back to 1750.

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Having always been very proud of my dear parents' accomplishments, I've been urged by both my children and grandchildren to get as much as possible down on paper. Dates and time will only be correct from what I have and can gather from relatives in Minnesota.

Papa, as we all called our Fathers in those days, was born in Horsens, Denmark on February 7, 1868 and dear little Mama, in Vjele, Denmark on January 29, 1866. Papa's parents were a fine looking couple. I have their pictures taken in late life and have so enjoyed being able to look into those strong faces - so full of character. I'm sure Grandpa was a watchmaker when young. All the young men in those days had to learn a trade and watchmaking and jewelry was their line for many generations as far as I remember hearing. I have pictures of their home - a solid, red brick house and quite large. I imagine it was needed with the family of seven, Dad being the oldest. He came to America in 1888 at the age of 20, landed at Ellis Island and, while going through immigration, decided that inasmuch as he was going to be a new citizen, he might as well Americanize his name too. He had been christened "Rasmus Nielsen" but changed it to "Robert Nelson." We lived to find this confusing later as we were the only ones in the family with that spelling.

For some reason Dad had it in his mind to go all the way to the West Coast. His two sisters, Karen and Lena, and one brother, Nelse, also came, if with him I'm not sure but will endeavor to find out. They got as far as Minnesota where they ran onto a heavily populated Danish settlement, and also other Scandinavians. Uncle Nelse later got into business on his own -

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watchmaking and jewelry and ran a very nice shop until his death in November 1934. I feel, being five years younger, he may have followed later on although Karen, born in 1870, and Lena, born in 1869, being older, it could be they all arrived together.

As planned, Dad pushed on to Seattle where he made our home until he passed away in 1916. Some time after his arrival, he met and married Mother, whose maiden name was "Sophia K. Dinesen." They had not known each other in Denmark.

Mother was a dainty little lady - never weighed over ninety-eight pounds in her life. When she and her brother, Christian, got to Seattle they parted company. She was most insistent on going to work for an English speaking family but not he. As a consequence he never ever mastered the language like she did but we all loved dear Uncle Chris. He looked so like Santa Claus - fat little tummy and a cherry-red nose when the weather got nippy. He became a boiler-maker but later, due to that I assume, lost a good deal of his hearing. He married a woman much taller than himself but they were most compatible. They had just one daughter, Lenora. We had another Aunt and Uncle, Carrie and Louis Jorgensen (Carrie and Mama were cousins), and they had two children, Louis and Else. Aunt Carrie passed away when Else was about eleven. From then on we grew up like sisters and still, to this day, she is my very favorite cousin. Else's brother, Louis, died in his twenties.

Back to Mother who took a job as a house maid in the home of Henry Nelsen out at Orillia, a small town between Seattle and Tacoma. The old house and barn are still there and I recognized them at once when my dear friend, Fern Sevold, drove me out to reminisce during one of my recent trips to Seattle. The house has had some remodeling over the years but not so much that I had

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difficulty finding it. It is across the road from the river up whose banks Mother and other hired girls had to carry all the water that was used by the whole family and all the hired men who worked the farm (hay etc.). They carried the water in small wooden kegs on a yoke over their shoulders. She told us how they often had to bake bread four times a day to feed them all. While she worked there, a typhoid epidemic raged through the valley and many, many folks died. Whole families were simply wiped out. One day a man from up river came to Mrs. Nelsen begging for help. His wife had just died and his five little children were all down with it. Told of his plight at the dinner table that night, Mother volunteered to go. She did manage to nurse all the children back to health before she came down herself. She was very ill - in fact all her hair fell out and when it came back in it was never the same again. From a blond with ringlets all over her head, her hair became brown and wavy, not curly, but very pretty. While she was working there in Orillia she saved most of her wages which were pretty small in those days. However, with this saving she bought a tract of land (40 acres to be exact) in Stanwood, Washington. It was a beautiful piece, heavily timbered and with a lovely stream crossing it. As long as Dad was alive we managed a trip there each summer, but after his death we never got up again. A lumberman called on Mother every so often to buy \$100 worth of the choice timber but heaven only knew how much he cut with no one to follow up. However, the extra money helped a lot as we had a pretty hard time for many years. Mother did rent the three bedrooms upstairs but each brought only \$5 a week and she did all the washing by hand - sheets, towels etc. In spite of it all we were very happy. We attended church, St. Clement's - Episcopalian - just a short block away. Often on Sunday nights we'd have our little walk and then while still warm from the

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exercize we'd go into the front parlor, seldom used in those days as we couldn't afford to heat the whole house, and I'd play the piano and we'd sing hymns together. Mother told me later that as a child I was much like a bird, always chirping and singing.

I must add here that I know very little about my grandparents on Mother's side other than that Grandad was a linen weaver and did beautiful work, table cloths, napkins, towels and various other nice pieces. I know too that my Grandmother had six sets of twins, all born dead except Mother - her twin, a boy, was lost also. Mother told how Grandma had made pretty little dresses of pink waxed paper, all fluted and ruffled, to lay out the dear babies in. They were very poor then.

As a child, one of my favorite stories was about the day when little Helen would pack her trunk, get on a train to take her to the big city of New York where she'd board a steamer and sail away over the big Atlantic Ocean to Denmark. I'm still hoping to make that dream come true, almost 73 years later. It would be wonderful to see my parents' native land and to visit the few remaining relatives. Who knows - it could yet come to pass, God willing, of course.

As I recall hearing, Dad worked as a watch maker the first year or so after he and Mama were married. He also started to get heavy and his hair turned from dark brown to a beautiful, soft, wavy white. He started finding it very miserable sitting bent over the table hour after hour and day after day - tinkering with tiny parts, his big hands and fingers making it even more difficult. One day he came home and announced that he was quitting his trade. One can well imagine Mother being horrified and somewhat apprehensive as they'd already built a new home and were expecting my sister, Anna. As a side note here, I think it might be of interest to know that later in years I asked my

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Mother how Dad knew where to buy a lot. In those days there were no streets - only dirt roads and trails leading out from Pioneer Square on First Avenue and Yesler Way. She said Dad just started walking in a straight ahead route, up steep Yesler hill until he came to a place that looked good to him and that he could afford. I wish I knew what he paid for our property at 217-24th Ave. but have no way of finding out now. At that time he could look back and see beautiful Puget Sound and in the other direction, equally lovely Lake Washington. Of course as time passed and more building was done, both views were gone but it was still a convenient and nice area in which to live.

On to his new job. He was hired by Moran Brother' Ship Building Corp. in the steam-fitting department. In a few years he became head of both that and the pipe fitting shops with over a hundred men under him. They built torpedo ships, submarines, and the first battleship, U.S.S. Nebraska. This was christened in October 1904. Each one of us received hand-engraved, embossed invitations with a picture of the ship on it and signed by the President of the United States, Teddy Roosevelt. Mine was addressed to: "Baby Helen K. Nelson". I'd give anything to have it now but it got lost with many other treasures Mother wouldn't part with and when she entered a nursing home in her later life what was left was put in storage and as years passed no one paid the charges and it was all lost. By this time we were back in Hawaii and my brother seldom wrote me and Mother could not. With these things there was also a large framed picture of the ship and around it pictures of six or seven men below which it said: "The men who built the first U.S.S. Nebraska" - the Moran Brothers in the center and Dad in one corner. Heirs of the family have left their summer home to the State and it is now a museum at Rosario on Orcas Island in the Puget Sound. I have a good idea a copy of this picture hangs there and I still hope to find out.

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My sister, Anna, was born at home in 1892, so I know 217 was built prior to that. Dear Fern also drove me by to see it last year and it still looks pretty good. Brother Jim was born in 1896 and seven years later I followed. All of us attended Walla Walla grade school, then Anna went on to Broadway High School where she made quite a name for herself in elocution and debating. She was sent out of State several times and Dad was so proud of her. She graduated in 1911 and was the valedictorian of her class.

During Anna's high school days, Dad bought a car - a Rambler, no windshield and no head lights, only little brass lanterns hanging on each side. It was my chore to keep them polished and I was so puffed up over our car. It was really hard to get Mama into it - she was scared stiff of the "Nelson Contraption" as our neighbors called it. One spring Sunday however, Dad got her to agree to pack a picnic basket lunch and go over to Black Diamond, a small coal mining town across Lake Washington. We had a fine time - Mother was a master with food, and on the way home we were coming down a rather long grade (dirt roads, remember) when Mama reared up in the back seat, looked over Dad's shoulder and said loudly "Papa - you slow down - you are going over ten miles an hour and downhill, at that!" I can still see her - a little tiny lady in a long linen duster with a big hat tied on under her chin with a scarf, all to keep clean on the dirty roads. Casual wear for Father was a shiny black sateen shirt with a white bow tie - most attractive with his white hair. I have a couple of snapshots of the old Rambler - precious to me.

When I was about five years old, Daddy planned a trip to Denmark to see his parents and other relative and friends he was raised with as well. Unknown to Mother, he very nicely made all necessary arrangements with a very fine lady

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to come and keep house and take care of we three children so they could go together for about two months. No amount of talking could convince Mama she should leave us, the house and all her plants to anyone. Dad tried so hard to get her to realize it might be her last chance, and sadly it was. He had a wonderful time, was royally treated and appreciated by all. I have a cousin near my age, Peder Nielsen, who can remember "when great Uncle Bob came all the way from America." Peder has a nice jewelry, camera and watch making shop in Horsens. We correspond each Christmas. Two years ago my dearest friends, Fern and Milton Sevold, when they made a trip to Norway where Milt's folks were from, visited Peder and Musse - were entertained in their home and brought back pictures for me.

When Dad returned from this voyage with so many gifts for us all, he hand carried a grandfather clock (wall type) with the two brass weights and a swinging pendulum. After Mother's death my brother Jim had it. When he passed on his widow promised to have it sent to me but I have never received it and she is now gone. I would love to have had it as I grew up winding it every Saturday and listening to its lovely chimes.

After Anna's graduation she went on to business college and then to work for a criminal lawyer as his private secretary. During this time, as in much of her senior year, she dated a young man named Ray Greenwell. After his graduation from the University of Washington Law School, he went into private practice and my father was so sure he would be Anna's choice as a life partner. However, she was also dating a young athlete, Horace Page, who was by then working for A.G. Spalding Athletic Supply. He graduated from Broadway High with her and played football. In those days, athletes were rather frowned upon and Dad was most opposed to their keeping company. As a culmination,

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they eloped, were married and managed to keep it a secret for several months, in fact until Anna became pregnant. I was a pesty little ten year old and, while digging through one of her dresser drawers one day, I came across a little box containing a pair of hand painted salt and pepper shakers. Also in it was a card "To the happy bride and groom" etc. I tore down stairs three at a time to tell Mama the startling news and she had to see it to believe. She then called Papa at work and he almost went into shock. How could she - they'd always been so close and told each other everything. It all broke that night and it was very unpleasant. I, naturally, was most unpopular but Sis later kissed me and said to stop crying as they'd have had to know soon anyhow. Then she told me of the expected baby and I soon forgot all about the trouble I had caused. I loved Horace then and always. He was a fine, clean-living young man.

When the news got out, the Seattle Daily Times came out with a front page splash and big pictures of both Horace and Anna with the following caption: "Brilliant Broadway Debator Elopes with Gridiron Hero." I had two copies of this but gave each of their children one recently. Their first, Marion Alsa Page Hagman is now a grandmother and is in charge of the American Red Cross Blood Bank in Kalamazoo, Michigan. She has always been a capable girl. Her husband is Richard Thomas Hagman. They have three sons and one daughter.

About two years later Anna and Horace had a son and named him "Robert Nelson Page" after my Dad who was very pleased, naturally. He was by now seeing Horace in a different light and this baby seemed to really do it, as one often sees happen. Anna's son Bob, lives in Seattle, and is with the Boeing Plant - in the space program. He has done well and is a very intelligent man. He and his first wife, Florence, had three children. They were divorced

and he is now married to Charlotte who is making him a good wife and they seem real happy.

Daddy became ill in 1915 and failed steadily for a whole year. We lost him in February of 1916 from what was called dropsy in those days. Now they have medication to control edema - what a pity they didn't then. He had so much knowledge, had gone so far in the few short 28 years in the U.S.A. and was truly a very strong character, likeable and such a happy individual. He and Mother lay side by side in beautiful Washelli Memorial Park on the Northern outskirts of Seattle where they are surrounded by the graves of Edmond Meany and many of the old time founders of the city. It is of interest to know that when they arrived on the West Coast, Washington was still a Territory so they both automatically became citizens with the State.

On my brother's completion of high school, our folks sent him back to Minnesota to live with Uncle Nels and learn the watchmaking trade and at the same time our cousin, Harry Jensen, who was Aunt Lena's son, came West to live with us and to go on to business school to learn accounting. He was with us when Dad passed away and was kind and helpful during those days. I have always loved Harry like a brother and still do. He enlisted in the Army when the first World War broke out and was sent overseas and fought in Germany and France. Brother Jim enlisted in the Marine Corps and after boot camp was sent to Quantico, Virginia where his outfit sat, praying to be sent across too but they never were. Harry returned to his home in Hutchinson, Minnesota and when he retired recently was a Vice President and part owner of the Citizens' Bank there. When Jim was discharged he came home and went to work for an instrument corporation, repairing all sorts of government equipment.

By now I was attending Franklin High School and had met a lovely girl named Alice Grimes. I learned to really love her and asked if I might invite her

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home to dinner to meet Mother and Jim. In no time those two were dating, in love, and decided to marry. I was so thrilled - always boasted that I had a hand-picked sister-in-law.

By this time Horace, Anna and their children had returned from Hawaii where they had been stationed at Schofield Barracks. He was with the Y.M.C.A. and was sent out to conduct athletic activities for the Army. They had lovely officers' quarters on one of the old horseshoe loops and, other than missing Mother, Anna was quite happy there. They made a host of friends who were later very helpful. After their return to Seattle, Horace was offered a position as Welfare Director at Kilauea Plantation on the Island of Kauai. A Dr. Patterson with whom he had served at Schofield, highly recommended him. Pat, as we all called him, had gone over to be their plantation doctor. Horace talked it over with the family but also said he'd not consider it unless Mother and I would go also to be company for Anna. Of course Mother balked - I had not graduated yet, had a half year to go but when Alice and Jim announced plans to be married and said they would move into the house and take care of everything, they prevailed upon her to talk to Dr. Reid, my principal. He felt it would be the chance of a lifetime for me. Horace then wired the plantation to see if there might be any openings anywhere on the Island for a stenographer. I had done quite well in shorthand, typing and commercial mathematics. A return wire said the manager, Mr. David Larsen, needed a secretary and if I could handle the work the job could be mine. So - in August 1920 we were on our way to Hawaii.

We went by train to San Francisco where we spent two days and nights at the Stewart Hotel. I was so taken by it all - to occupy a sleeper on the train, to eat our meals while rolling over the beautiful countryside, to taxi to the hotel - all expenses paid, all experiences I'd only heard others talk about - never done. My Sis had forewarned us that they dressed very nicely for dinner

aboard ship and that the Captain's dinner given the last night before landing in Honolulu was a formal affair. We went to shop in San Francisco and Mother bought me my very first long gown. It was a pretty blue organdy, the entire skirt of ruffles about 1½ inches wide and very full. I felt like a Southern Belle with the purple velvet sash and dark pansies at the waistline.

We got under way at Noon, 12:00 exactly, and were soon given our seating for the dining room. I'd never seen a big ship before other than from looking at them at the docks in Seattle. I thought the salon and dining room were just too much and the menu about bowled me over. By the time our orders came we were heading out and into rather rough seas and before the entree was served Horace had to leave. He was soon followed by Mother. When Anna and the children went back to their stateroom, both Marion and Bob got sick. Anna also took to her bed so I spend most of my first afternoon between the two rooms doing whatever I could to try to make them more comfortable. The high seas kept up all night but by Noon the next day we ran out of it and all the sick passengers were up and about again. From then on it was all fun for me, all day and till about 1:30 a.m. Of course I loved the dancing most of all and a Hawaiian orchestra added to it. There were almost no young men my age aboard but some of the young ship's officers were very good company. Six days and seven nights later we saw the Islands, early in the morning. In fact a whole group sat up all night to see the first lights. Crazy as she thought I was, I finally convinced Mother to allow me to join them and I thoroughly enjoyed it. They sang all the popular music, Hawaiian mostly of course. A very merry night and one I've never forgotten.

After claiming our luggage on the pier, we went by cab straight up Fort St. to the Blaisdell Hotel where we stayed over night, leaving the following midnight for Kauai on the old S.S. Kinau. Landing was an experience one never

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forgets. Before dawn the ship approached the Island, lush, green and so beautiful with its volcanic mountains running down right into the sea. The ship's engines were turned off awaiting day break before starting the landing process. Then a launch came out towing four or five boats behind it. Each passenger took his place on the bottom rung of the portable stairway and as the little boat reached the crest of a wave a big Hawaiian man on each side took you by the arms and practically tossed you into the boat just as it started down a wave - wow! Baggage was also handled in the same manner and it took some time to get us all ashore. We had had a very rough night and all were seasick again except me so they were more than happy to be on firm footing once more.

Dr. Patterson and his wife were there to meet us and drove us out to Kilauea to the Larsen's house where we had a warm greeting by most of the plantation staff. After a nice lunch they drove us to the house we were to call home for the next few months. It was the plantation beach house and called Manini after the yellow and black striped fish that were so plentiful in the ocean there. A large, typical, rustic house with punees (we had to learn all these new names) in the living room for lounging. Off to each side were bedrooms. There was no fresh running water - only sea water for showers (cold) and for toilet flushing. All our drinking supply had to be carried in five gallon demi-johns from the office area - five miles from us. Imagine our shock when evening came (early in the tropics) and we discovered we had no electricity, only kerosene lamps and a charcoal iron which we had to be told about as we'd never seen one. We were assured that all this was very temporary as they'd be starting our house any day. It was to have been underway by the time we arrived. After everyone left we sat on those punees, looked at each other and really wondered what we'd gotten in to. At this point I should

mention that just a matter of a few days passed after Horace had signed and mailed back the year's contract when a wonderful offer came to him to return to Schofield as a civilian in the same capacity he'd held during the war and again with a lovely, two story house on the Loop. Anna tried in every way to prevail on him to accept and break his contract but, being a man of his word, he refused. He felt he'd never get another chance with the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association. As we sat discussing our whereabouts she reminded him that he should have listened to her.

It was really bad for the family. Horace and I left for work very early and were never home until around 6:00 p.m. The long drive was all through solid sugar cane fields and there was no transportation for them once we left. There were no neighbors other than a pathetic Japanese family who had two poor little imbecils that were more like animals than humans. They were kept in a corrugated-iron fenced off pen - one like they usually kept pigs in. They were the result of hereditary syphilis we soon learned. Both of Anna's children (five and six years old) loved to sneak off as often as possible and hang over the fence to watch and listen to those sad little souls. This about drove Anna into a tizzy naturally.

Mother, always a happy little person, busied herself by helping with the housework, cooking and laundry in addition to her knitting and crocheting. She also took the children for long walks on the really beautiful sandy beaches and they so enjoyed the colorful fish in the clear, clean pools along the rocky coastline. She gathered shells by the thousands and showed them in glass gallon jars - really lovely. None of this interested my sister - she thought only of the wonderful days we could have had at Schofield - the bridge games, luncheons, showers, and so forth. It all became very depressing to her and for the first time in their wedded life she and Horace found themselves unhappy

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with each other. Day after day she'd ask: "Have they started our house yet?" The answer was always the same: "not yet but any day now." By Christmas there was still no sign of a new house but we made the best holiday possible for the children. We cut a scrawny ironwood tree but did manage nice decorations and I, personally, got a big kick out of a make-shift tree after so many traditional ones.

For the first time I had money of my own to spend - in fact I made a fabulous salary for one so new in the business world. Sugar was at an all time high and they paid us a monthly bonus in addition to our regular wage. I went hog-wild at the cute little Chinese store - in fact my pay was usually all gone before I even got it. That charge account proved really bad for me.

Of course by this time I was dating - often to dances away on the other side of the Island and many of the weekends I was invited to stay over at some of the school teachers' cottages.

After the Christmas season Horace began to really realize we just weren't wanted. We were far too straight laced, did not drink or gamble, liked to attend church as usual on Sundays and were simply square pegs in round holes. He then talked it over with us and decided he'd send us over to Honolulu where we could rent a furnished house and await his final decision. He told Mr. Larsen he'd give them until March to get our house ready or he'd leave. He loved his work and was so well liked by all the laboring class he had been hired to direct. He had gotten all sorts of athletic tournaments going and it was fine for them but we just were not liked by the top brass.

When the five of us got to Honolulu we went directly to the Army and Navy Y.M.C.A. where we were most welcome and had very nice rooms. Anna got a paper and started house hunting and found a real suitable one in Kaimuki. The owner was Mrs. Lily Wilkinson, my future mother-in-law. We moved in and were as

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happy as we could possibly be without our Horace. I met Mrs. Wilkinson's four sons, Al, the oldest who worked in the Bank of Hawaii, Jimmy was the second and a machinist by trade and had a real good job as a pattern maker and draftsman for a well known machine shop, and with whom I fell head over teakettle in love. Charlie was next and although he seemed like such a boy then, was really only a bit over a year my junior. Jackie was a dear little seven year old. He, Marion and Bob were soon bosom pals.

Anna was a go-getter. She went to call on a man they'd known well at Schofield. He was now out of the Army and back into education, was the Principal of McKinley High School. When he heard Horace was not happy on Kauai and that there was a chance he might be leaving soon he told her he'd write over at once and offer him the position as gymnasium instructor which was then open. Horace accepted as of March first and we were all so pleased to be a complete family once more. It was short lived however.

In April, the first week or so, there was a track meet up at Punahou and Horace had been up there every afternoon until quite late. Friday he came home on the streetcar ahead of us - Jimmy and I both waved to him. I was also working in town so many days we met and came home together. I thought it very strange that Horace went on up the hill and didn't wait as usual but when I got to the house I walked to the back of the lot and came in our rear entrance. I went right upstairs to change to shorts etc. and then down to see the family. A little later I asked when we were going to eat as I was starving. Anna answered that they were all ready but were waiting for Daddy. Of course I told her he'd come up ahead of us so she went to the front porch to find him laying on the punee just inside the door. He said he didn't feel at all well and wanted no dinner. He complained of his throat which seemed all hard on one side just below the ear. Calling the doctor was discussed but he insisted they wait until

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morning when he felt he might be better. He had never been ill that we knew of. By the morning it was much worse and definitely very swollen so they called Dr. Benyas who came right out. He felt it was a hospital case but Horace refused. He continued to get worse and Sunday was really bad and the doctor wanted to call in a specialist, to which they agreed, and Dr. Pinkerton came. At about 3:00 p.m. he made the examination and said it should be lanced which he proceeded to do. Horace still would not go to Queen's Hospital. The next decision was to call a registered nurse and she was there in short order, introduced herself and said "Can I get you anything, Mr. Page?" He asked for ice water which she got and when she returned he was sitting up on the edge of the bed. He took the glass, got one sip, drew a deep breath and fell back - dead. An embolism had formed and gone either to his head or heart. What a shock - just twenty-nine and until two days earlier in perfect health. Mother felt from the beginning that it was what they used to call quinsy and had it not been lanced it would have run its course, burst and taken care of itself.

Naturally we were all sick, frightened and at a loss to know what our next move should be. After the funeral, Mother said she thought what would be best for all would be to go back home where at least they had no rent to pay. They gave notice to Mrs. Wilkinson and booked for a sailing the latter part of May - the soonest available. It was on a Canadian ship landing in Victoria which was much less expensive.

Jimmy and I got talking and he asked me to marry him - in fact had spoken of it even before we lost Horace. When I told Mother of course she said I was too young - that I should go home with them for a year or so and then if we still felt the same she'd give her consent and blessings. Every night we talked of being apart and felt we just couldn't do it. Then I asked to be allowed to keep my job and move to Fernhurst, run by the Y.W.C.A. At that Mother really

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balked, saying she had nothing against Jimmy, that she felt he was a fine young man and that if we were really sure, she'd rather leave me married than single and way out there alone. So on May 11, 1921 we had a very small and quiet ceremony at Central Union Church, Dr. Albert Palmer officiating. Norman and Teddy Oss stood up with us and only the very immediate family attended.

Jim had hired a limousine to take us to the Haleiwa Hotel on the north shore, dropping off Mother, Anna and the children at Schofield on our way out. They had been invited to spend the last ten days with Mr. and Mrs. Thacker, good friends from their former tour of duty there.

Having been married at eight p.m. it was about 9:30 when we reached the hotel and almost ten o'clock by the time we were finally shown to our rooms in one of the cottages in the coconut grove. Imagine our surprise and chagrin when the lights were all turned off for the night and we had to be content with candle light. Some dear rascal friends had gotten into our suitcases and with the smallest stitch on the sewing machine had closed the bottom of my beautiful nightie and had zig-zagged up and down both it and the legs of Jim's pajamas. We sat for some time trying to pick loose those tiny stitches but with just a candle, soon came to realize it was futile. So that bride and groom spent their first night in a slip and b.v.d.'s - horrible but no choice. We spent four lovely days there, swimming early each morning and a couple of times more during the day. The food was excellent - really fresh fish right from the ocean and they had pool tables on the wide porches so for the first time I tried that. One night during the week we were invited to dinner at the Thacker's home and had such a pleasant time although of course the shadow of all that had happened and another of the up-coming parting hung over us all quite heavily.

The honeymoon was over so we felt we must get back to Honolulu and look for a place to live. We did spend the first night with Jim's family but then found

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a small place in Manoa. It was really a double garage converted into a studio apartment. We had no sink as kitchens were taboo in that residential area so had to draw water from the wash basin for dishes, cleaning vegetables, etc. Jim used to love to open those two big garage doors and say "Drive right in, folks!" For this we paid \$75 per month. Rents were high in those days too and, in addition, there was a housing shortage. We were not too comfortable there so in two months moved to a "Cresarty Place" in Waikiki, just across from the duck ponds.

There was no Ala Wai canal in those days and it was one big swamp from Ena Road up and past the Moana Hotel (incidentally the only hotel out there). This area was full of swamp growth, ducks etc. and was fed by all the rivers and streams from Palolo and Manoa Valleys and had no outlet to the ocean. As a consequence there was a strong and unpleasant odor all the time and the fumes often caused our eyes to burn. Our apartment was upstairs, roomy and airy. We had Jim's family for dinner several times and "Mum" (everyone called her that so I, too, fell into it) always raised a fuss about the smell - "it wasn't healthy" and on and on. One night she asked us if she built a little house on her property if we'd rent it. We agreed so she went ahead with a tiny one bedroom cottage - cute too. We moved in, I fixed it all up and we were quite happy.

While there I got the sad wire that my sister, too, was dead. We could not telephone in those days so I wired back. I was told a letter was on the way with details. The mail took weeks and I was quite beside myself with grief and anxiety. My good friend, Kay Beerman (bless her) took me under her wing or I'd never have made it. By then I knew I was pregnant which did not help either.

We talked it over and decided I should go up but to get out was another thing. Often one had to book six months in advance for passage. Jim went to T.H. Davies where he had a friend, Arthur Andersen, who through their steamship

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department got me on a Canadian ship to leave in three weeks. As the time to leave got closer we'd look at each other and dread the very thought of a separation. One evening I brought up how long I should stay and Jim's reply was, "Well, honey, we have just been married a very short time." A couple of days before my departure date, I heard Jim come in about noon, carrying his tool chest and all his instruments. At once I asked if he'd lost his job but he assured me so such thing, but that he felt he should go with me, bless him! He said he realized I was needed there and that his place was with me.

October found us aboard the S.S. Orangi and on our way. We did not tell Mother we were coming, rather that it be a surprise for her and the children. They were all sound asleep upstairs when we rang and I can still see that dear little lady in her long flannel nightie with curlers in her hair. At first she was afraid to open the door but when she finally recognized my voice we were soon in each other's arms. Such joy and happiness I shall never, ever forget and Marion and Bob were all over us, the poor little confused orphans. We have both lived to see what going back really meant to them.

The next morning early Jim was off to job hunt and I can't remember where he first started but it was in the midst of a depression and he felt lucky to be working at all. When he'd get into a shop then they'd cut back and work a four day week. No matter what, he always found something to do and brought home a check every week. I remember one time I felt so badly - he trucked and loaded radiators, very hard, heavy labor, but he'd grin, show his lovely dimples, and say: "Well, it's honest work and somebody has to do it." When times got better, he got on with Western Gear Works as a tool maker. Then later he went to work for Washington Iron Works.

All this time Jim was so wonderful to those two dear little people, Marion and Bob. How they both loved him and what an impression all the games, the

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stories he told and things he did with them made - they were almost too young to remember their Mother and Daddy. Seldom a payday passed that he didn't stop at a dime store on the way home to get them some little surprise. No better Uncle ever lived - is it any wonder my love for him was so deep! How many a young husband would have done for theirs what he did for me. It was not always easy either. Mother's home was so definitely hers and he was never allowed to be really at ease. We both longed for a home of our own but our financial assistance meant a great deal to Mother and I was torn, dreadfully - my duty to my poor little Mother and also to a wonderful husband.

In January that year (1922) a dreadful flu epidemic broke out in Seattle. I was the first in our household to come down with it. I coughed like mad and my doctor was most concerned when it became known I had fluid in my lungs. However I was well on my way to recovery when Mother and both Marion and Bob took sick. Jim was working way out of town - he had filled the wood boxes and the coal buckets but we had a dreadfully raw day and by late afternoon I had to make a trip to the woodshed. I did bundle up well but still felt very chilled and extremely weak when I got back to the house. That night my temperature rose and by morning I, too, was flat down again. Jim stayed home and called the doctor asking if possibly he could get a nurse to come and help out. It took a few days to find one who came in late in the afternoon on February 20th. By morning I was really bad - 103° temperature and the cough more violent.

My expected date of delivery was March 20th but that morning things started and fast. Dr. Slaughter didn't like it a bit, called an ambulance and told the men to drive as fast as they felt it safe. There were several inches of snow on the ground and slow driving was hazardous enough. I was in the elevator with my doctor and three nurses at twenty five to ten. He had them take me directly to the delivery room, omitting all preparation etc.

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At ten minutes to ten our dear baby girl arrived, just a bit under five pounds. They took her away from me at once, put her in a small nursery with a boy baby who had also arrived early. I never saw her until she was eight days old. Those Catholic Sisters were the most dedicated nurses. They hand-pumped my milk each time it was necessary, feeling the tiny one needed it very badly. My hair was so matted I felt I'd probably have to have it all cut off but my good nurses worked at it a little each day until they finally got all snarls out and it looked good again.

After twelve days they felt I was ready to go home. What a joyful day, and were those at home ever happy to see our precious bundle. We still had not named her - we'd been so sure she'd be a boy we just hadn't even thought of any feminine names. One more day and the doctor got after us. He had to turn in the papers to get a birth certificate. So, little Virginia Mae was finally named and everyone seemed pleased with the selection till one day about a week later our new Daddy came home all upset. He had forgotten he had a cousin he was not fond of by the same name but we talked it all over and he finally agreed that if she was never, ever called "Virgie" it would be o.k.

Poor baby, she came down with the flu in spite of all precautions we'd taken - all congested and coughing. It about tore my heart out to hear that tiny darling having difficulty breathing. We were plenty frightened when told she had a heavy case of bronchitis, which the doctor hoped wouldn't develop into pneumonia. Grandma Nelson really worked on her. I remember one night when she was so croupy and Mother had lit the gas oven to get heat quickly, and she was holding her in front of it as it was so beastly cold. We had to make tiny mustard plasters which were used widely in those days, and put Vicks on her little chest, and prayed that God would spare her for us. She did have a weakness though for many years. I never dared to allow her to stand in an

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open door way - the least little chill and she'd get a cough again. She was a darling little cherub and quickly grew and learned all the cute tricks. Marion and Bob adored her and used to fight to push her buggy. Being with and around them was not always the best in the world for a baby. As is common, during their first years at school they seemed to contract most of the diseases that came along. We had an awful epidemic of measles and she took it from them.

All this time Jim was getting more and more restless to have a home of his own. I really was too, but was so torn. We were helping in so many ways sharing the cost of food, electricity, phone etc. We were both able to do so many things around the house that were really hard for an older lady to handle. Also, those two poor little orphans just filled up at the mention of it. As much as I wanted it and knew it was right, I still couldn't bring myself to go ahead and do it. Finally one day, after a very trying time between Mother and Jim, he decided he would just leave alone. She was a very set person - wouldn't budge an inch and assured me he'd never leave the baby even if he could walk out on me.

Jim packed his bags and asked if I'd come to the depot to see him off. It was blustery and cold and Mother said if I went I'd have to take Virginia. I didn't dare after what we'd been through. She was born in February and this was the end of the next January. Well - he sure enough went and I was heartsick, sobbed all night and couldn't look at Mama. His train stopped in Portland; he said later he almost got off to return but on second thought wrote me instead. Another message came from Redlands, California. I had no way of answering until he got word to me from San Francisco. He wrote he'd be back on the first available train if I'd only say one word - "yes" so we could find a house to move to. He assured me he really did love me and was

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wild about our Jinny Mae. I wired back "yes" and back he came. In the meantime I'd been out looking. Like a dear cousin, Else kept Jinny and I weeded the prospects down to a cute little cottage at 3311 35th Ave. So, We were able to move in the day before Virginia's first birthday. I baked and decorated her cake and we had a real nice little party with Marion, Bob and Grandma.

It worked out so much better for all concerned and we went home often to help out. Jim got me my first Singer and I made all of Bob's shirts and Marion's and Jinny's dresses. We were very happy in that cute house, had good neighbors who were in love with our little doll. We stayed until we felt it was time to buy a home and stop paying rent.

Next stop - to get out and look. We were very fond of Winifred and Edgar Hunt. He was Jim's boss at Washington Iron Works. They lived out in the University district on Meridian Ave. so we started looking in that area. After some time we found a row of brand new places on Ashworth Ave. It got down to two, one I loved as it was most attractive with the fireplace in front and large windows on either side. There were two beautiful horse chestnut trees on the steep bank which were my downfall. I held out for this cottage. It had one bedroom on the first floor and one upstairs, but no garage. My argument was that we had no car anyhow. The other place had two bedrooms, all on one level. It would have been so much better for us and for re-sale but I hated the looks of it and the color it was painted so I won out and we put our \$5000. down on 3610 "Aswuff" as our dear little Jinny soon learned to say.

We moved in and soon after a Mr. and Mrs. White bought the other. He was a very homely man, a commercial window washer but a real prince of a fellow and in no time we were real good friends and liking him so well he soon got to be good looking to all of us. They had no children - loved our darling and she, them as well. In back, joining our property, was a family by the name of

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Harrison, Max and Edna. They had Leroy and Eleanor but soon another arrived. Edna was an accomplished wig maker, took orders and made them at home. Max was just a bank teller and it was really she who kept the home fires burning. It proved to be a very good choice as far as a neighborhood was concerned as the surrounding families were mostly young couples in about the same financial bracket, struggling with monthly payments etc. None of us had much left over for any pleasure or entertainment so the boys made a horse-shoe court and even strung up lights for night time use. The girls got together to sew, exchange recipes or just visit and we had many happy times. New lawns, flower beds etc. occupied a good bit of our time but it soon got to look very nice. Win and Ed Hunt came often to take us on a picnic or just a nice long ride in their old Model T. We often had dinner at each other's homes and Win taught me much of what I know about cooking, baking etc. and gave me recipes that I still use. She was my very best friend up there, and I always see her each time I'm in the Northwest.

My brother Jim, Alice and dear little Doris lived in Tacoma. We so enjoyed the trip over and went by boat which took a bit over an hour. We usually stayed over night and they came to Seattle to be with us frequently too. I was delighted when I heard they would be moving over to Seattle as Jim had gotten a better offer. Alice and I got our heads together and decided we simply had to find a house near us for them to rent. The only one at all suitable really wasn't very nice - old, but to be close they took it. It was wonderful to have them just a block and a half away and so nice for our sweet little girls. They were there some time but then Jim decided it was time to open his first store so they moved to Port Angeles.

We were beginning to find our own life pretty dull, had strapped ourselves

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to such monthly payments that we hardly had a dime left over to spend - even a quarter for the neighborhood movie was difficult to squeeze out. Finally we decided to sell but lost a little by so doing. We then rented a nice flat on Meridian Avenue, across from Hunts. We lived there some time but found the long ride to Mother's pretty hard once or twice a week - over an hour and on two lines. Jim often came up there after work, did odd chores for her and then we'd come home together. By now I was expecting, so we found a house on 29th Ave. near Jackson St. Bert and Ethel Whitten, from whom we rented, lived in the same yard. We became very good friends and were happy but had several harrowing experiences there, i.e. attempted breakins, robberies etc.

Jimmy Jr. was born at the Swedish Hospital on June 11, 1927 - King Kamehameha Day, no less!

Our son was such a joy as a baby. He had a much better start than his poor little sister. He was normal in every way but for some reason the cord was wrapped around his neck and when the doctor tried to lift it over his head he was strangled so badly his poor little eyes practically bulged out of his head. Praise God it was not thyroid difficulty as they first thought, and in a very short time his eyes cleared up and were quite normal. Jinny loved him, was so proud of him, and so good to him. In September following his arrival she started at Leschi School. She had to cross the cable-car line, a good two blocks from us, then down steep hills from 29th to 33rd ave. It was really hard as each day I bundled the baby up, took him in the buggy and walked along to see her across Yesler Way. After two weeks of this I found a little boy she could walk with and then felt better about her.

After another bad experience in that little cottage we went to see an old friend of our family, Mr. Larsen. He had two nice apartment houses a short block south of Yesler and right on 33rd Ave. He let us have one in a four

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family arrangement - so close to the school, also near enough to Else and Uncle Louis who we often played cards with. He was so fond of Jim and of course I always did love Else, more like a sister than a cousin. She had a hard life, first losing her mother when about ten or eleven. They had housekeepers at first but then Else took over. I marvel at what she managed to do while so young. Her only brother, Louis, died from tuberculosis when just in his early twenties. He was a really fine young man and it was an awful shock to us all.

Our new home was on the edge of Frink Park with all its lovely dogwood trees and shrubs of all sorts. There was a pretty little brook where Daddy took the two children to "fro tonies" in the water. Uncannily, even before little Jim was a year old, he seemed to know when it was almost time for his Dad to come home and he'd pull at his little coat till he got it down and then go and sit by the door - waiting. There was a nice trail leading through the woods to Leschi Park where we loved to go to see all the boats - as Jimmy said "the wudder makes the boats go dis way and dat." In summer when it was warm we often went down to swim either at Madrona - to the North - or Mt. Baker, south of Leschi. Both had nice beaches and good shower and locker facilities. The only problem was going home - all up hill. We often walked up or down on the cable car trestle. I was so disappointed the first time I went back up there for a visit to find no more cable cars, no trestle, and many of the old landmarks gone.

It was while we lived in this apartment that our poor dear little girl came down with pneumonia following whooping cough. She was very sick, no miracle drugs in those days. Win Hunt, bless her, came every day to help me nurse her through - she had seen most of her family down during the horrible flu epidemic when people died by the hundreds. Jinny was ill in February and when once over

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it, her Daddy announced he felt we had stayed with Marion and Bob long enough and it was now time to return to Hawaii and give our own two a break. He said he'd never go through another winter up there. Of course there was great sadness in the family. Bob and Sis were near their high school completion. Bob insisted he was going to stow away and go with us. I thought of it all with apprehension, no job to go to, where would we live, etc.

We ran ads, sold or practically gave away all of our furniture except my portable Singer which we were able to pack in a large trunk surrounded by bed pillows.

We sailed out of Seattle on the old Wilhelmina. It was her last trip from the northwest as Matson found it did not pay. We took nine nights and eight days to cross but with only forty-five passengers it was ideal. As we pulled into Honolulu harbor (Nov. 1, 1929) our captain gave three big blasts on the whistle and it frightened little Jimmy so badly that he had an accident and wet his pink linen panties - the first time it had occurred in months. To my dismay all our luggage had been taken to go ashore so we had to land with a big dark spot on his little front. He was most embarrassed and ashamed.

As we entered the harbor and got closer to the pier, diving boys started climbing aboard and jumping off. How they dived for all the coins thrown over from our passengers! We had little money left but, believe it or not, Jim went below and had it all turned into coins. Up he came, all smiles, started pitching it over and even gave some to Jinny. I saw her tossing it in, one coin after another, and asked what in heaven's name they thought they were doing. Jim said it was all going in, Seattle money and it was a jinx, and he wanted to start all over, clean. I was horrified, what if no one met us, we couldn't walk all the way to Kaimuki - luggage and all. He assured me his folks would be there and sure enough, Al, his mother and Jackie were on the

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pier. Al had taken time off from the bank and he seemed to be quite impressed with the children. We drove home, where Mum prepared lunch. When Al left for work, Jim said he'd ride in to town with him and start looking for a job. He asked his mother if she'd lend him ten dollars. She looked at him and said: "What's the matter, Jimmy, are you broke?" He told her he was, and she burst forth with "Well! You sure are a failure, aren't you!" That was more than I could take so I countered with: "Don't you call my husband a failure. There isn't one man in a thousand who would give up a good job to take me home to help out an older Mother and two little orphans and be as wonderful to them as he had been. We'll make a come back and fast - you just wait and see, and on top of that, we wouldn't need a cent if Jim hadn't thrown his money all over board on our way in." With that Jim told her if she didn't want to lend it to him, then he knew Al would so she gave it to him. He, in turn, kept two dollars and gave me the rest and went off with Al.

Jim was back in about an hour and a half, had a job in the machine shop at Hawaiian Pineapple Co. Bill Beerman, who hired him, wanted him to start the next day, a Friday. Jim begged off until Monday as we had very bad sea legs and he really wanted to get us a bit settled, too. He worked on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and came home with two and a half days' pay. He returned the borrowed ten, again kept only two dollars for car fare and cigarettes and gave me the rest. We insisted on paying our share of the food and I cooked, baked and cleaned daily. In a very short time, we were able to move into one of Mum's cottages, 1259-B, pay our rent and be on our own. Little by little I fixed it all up to be really cozy and we were as happy as possible living in the same yard with Mum. She did a lot of interfering - I soon learned it was really her nature but difficult for me to understand.

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Virginia went to Aliiolani School, quite a walk down Waialae Avenue to Seventh, but she did very well - in fact they put her ahead a year in less than a month. From there she went on to Roosevelt - from seventh grade to graduation. She was an A student and we were very proud of her; she was chosen as a charter member of the National Honor Society. After graduation she went to business college and then to her first fulltime position with Bishop Insurance Agency. She started on the switchboard, but soon became the President's secretary. After the war broke, she took over the claims desk, and stayed on in that capacity until after her marriage to Paul Tognetti in 1946.

Jimmy went to St. Louis College (his Daddy and uncle Al had graduated from there) and did top work. The brothers were very good instructors and ranked the pupils from number one to forty five or as many as were in the class. Our Jimmy did not start at the top but soon worked his way up to No. two, out of fifty. His one aim was to beat out the Chinese boy who held No. one and, bless him, he finally did. Jimmy was in the Drum and Bugle Corps and looked real snappy in his red, white and blue uniform.

When the war broke in 1941, St. Louis was turned into an army hospital as were many of our schools. This meant he had to go to a portable building on McKinley High School grounds. In his junior year, Jimmy transferred to Punahou where he ran on the track team and played football - making letters on both.

While still at St. Louis College he met a young police officer, Paul Tognetti. Paul came to Honolulu with the San Jose football team to play the University of Hawaii. The game was not destined to be, as the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7th. Immediately after the attack their coach took the whole team down to police headquarters to volunteer their services, and they were all sworn in as special duty officers. When the convoys got going they gave these boys a

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chance to go home but Paul and three or four others stayed on as they knew they'd be in the service soon anyhow. Paul went into the Army and was assigned to the Counter Intelligence Corps after his basic training.

Soon after arrival in Honolulu Paul organized a boys' football team and they practiced at the Elks Club in Waikiki. Jimmy heard about it and asked permission to go out. He was still at St. Louis and too light to make their team. In no time we heard nothing but "Tog this and Tog that" - a real case of hero worship. We wanted to meet this young man he was so fond of but no way! He said he knew if Tog met Virginia that would be it, but after the season he'd like to have him up for dinner. They played their last game of the season in the big, empty Honolulu stadium and we were all invited so finally we met Paul and asked him up. He came and that was the beginning of his and Virginia's romance, and he has made the most wonderful son-in-law. No one has a better one!

Paul was shipped over seas just before the Okinawan Campaign, and sure enough, was among the first waves of troops to land on that island on April 1, 1945. We were all worried sick about him but, praise God, he made it but went through plenty. When the war was finally over, he was sent to Korea and eventually to Camp Roberts for discharge in July 1946. His folks met him and took him home to King City where he spend less than a week before catching a ship and sailing back to Jinny. Their engagement was announced and they were married on Sept. 20, 1946 at the Church of the Crossroads. She was simply a beautiful bride and Paul such a handsome groom. Jimmy was best man and head usher. He was in uniform as he had enlisted in the Army the day after he graduated from Punahou. (A little sideline - Jimmy was playing for an Army football team and was in a game the night before the wedding and came home

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with a big bruise and scrapes on his face and his nose was almost broken - a fine way to be a best man.

We had a nice reception at our own home. We decorated our double garage with palm leaves, plumeria etc. We filled our nice poincianna tree with colored lights. Dad got card tables and chairs and we had a huge tarpaulin put up over the driveway and it really looked like a little night club - so festive. We had a long buffet table under the tree laden with beautiful canapes and other tasty morsels.

The happy couple spent the night at the Halekulani Hotel and then sailed off to Kauai to honeymoon. On their return we left on vacation for the mainland, and because of a critical housing shortage, they moved into our house until we got back.

I worked at Bishop Trust Co. in the Real Property Department for some time and while there we bought a beautiful lot on the North Shore at Sunset Beach. It has 206 feet on the water and we were most fortunate to get it for \$4000. cash. Today it is valued near \$200,000 - really hard to imagine.

The first year Jimmy was away in college we thought it would be fun to build a little weekend cottage on it and surprise him when he came home. Many out there had put up small places for about a thousand dollars but by the time ours was finished it cost over fifty five hundred. We wrote Virginia & Paul about it (they were by then living in California) but asked them not to let it out. We have a movie of Jimmy taken in the car when he first saw a building on our lot. His mouth fell open and he was sure someone had made a mistake. How thrilled he was to learn it was ours.

This place became the best investment we ever made - a place to have the whole family gather and enjoy together. We are close to Kahuku where the boys

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played golf and loved it. We named the house "Hale Kimo" which, in Hawaiian, means "The House of Jim." We still have it but in order to insure it, it must be occupied so I keep it rented. I have recently deeded over one half interest in each lot to the children.

After Jimmy's eighteen-twenty months in the Army he was off to San Jose State College where he spent two years in engineering. Ever since he was a boy his Dad had spoken of Stanford and finally prevailed on him to transfer, which he did. There being a difference in semester system he had to change his major. In three and a half years he got his degree in Political Science. He returned home and went into a trainee program at American Can Co. but it was not for him so he left and started looking elsewhere. He was hired and went to work for Hawaiian Telephone Co. where he still is today, some twenty years later. He is Director of Revenue Research. It was at a company Christmas party shortly after starting to work there that he met the girl who is now his wife and mother of their five wonderful children. He and Carolyn Mickelsen were married on June 27, 1958 at the Ft. Shafter Chapel in a very pretty wedding. They, too, were such a fine looking bride and groom. The reception was held at the Officers' Club. Our dear little twins, only three and a half years old, were flower girls and made such a hit. These newlyweds, too, went off to Kauai to honeymoon. Carolee, as we call her, has been a very good daughter-in-law and is very good to me now that I'm older.

Going back a bit - our adorable twins were born at Kapiolani Hospital just a few days after their Mother and Daddy returned to Hawaii from King City where they had lived for two years. The babies arrived prematurely and Helen weighed only 4 lbs. 3 ounces. Paula weighed 5 lbs. Jinny had to leave them in the hospital until each reached 5 and a half pounds. After they came home they

gained steadily and grew beautifully from then on. They stayed up home with us for about a month and then moved into one of Mum's cottages. What adorable and bright little ones they were - I simply can't put it all into words - we were so happy and proud. Pop Pop, as they called Grandpa, just adored them. They stayed in the court until time for the girls to start school, when they moved to a nice little place on Lawelawe St. in Aina Haina. They chose this so the girls could attend one of our very best public schools.

In 1957 Dad and I decided to develop the back half of our property by putting up another house. As it progressed I became more and more enthused about it and finally talked Jim into making it nicer and moving into it for our retirement. We had such fun adding here and there (also to the cost) but we finally got it just as we dreamed of. Each had our own bedroom, an over-sized shower, more plate glass windows to take full advantage of the gorgeous view. We had very high ceilings under the house for Dad's shop and made a den for me where I had my desk, sewing machine etc. and could get off and away during baseball and football season broadcasts.

It was truly a darling place - we got all moved in and had our first and only company. - Jim, Carol, Annie (a baby), Jimmy and Mrs. Mickelsen. I served Dad's favorite - a stuffed leg of lamb. They all left for home and we went to bed. About midnight, Jim was up, feeling very nauseated and sick. He took soda and felt that the dressing hadn't agreed with him - - had I only known then these were the first signs of a heart attack. He still didn't feel good on Tuesday but insisted on going to work. Each day he complained and I begged him to go to the doctor but he was sure it was only indigestion. On Friday, he kept a dental appointment but Dr. Brash refused to work on him - advised him to go over and see our doctor but instead he came right home to me. He got in

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the back door, threw himself across the counter and said in a most pathetic voice: "Mommie, I'm sick." I took one look at him, picked up the telephone and called John Chalmers, our doctor and good friend. I asked John not to leave as I was bringing Jim down, that he was very ill and complained of a pain in his chest. Jim so wanted to shower but I told him we were holding up the doctor and had to go at once. I drove as fast as was safe and was most upset. John put his stethoscope to his chest, looked at me and raised his eyebrows and said: "Jim, you've had a coronary and I want to take you over to Queen's Hospital and give you a little oxygen and see how you are in the morning." Jim refused to ride with John so the doctor followed me but managed to get me aside and say it was a very severe one. After we got him in bed and under the tent he seemed to relax. I called the children and our vigil started. We were there day and night, but they were unable to stabilize his blood pressure and after two such weeks, on Saturday August 3, 1957 at 1:30 p.m. we lost him. The shock was almost too much to accept.

Even now, eighteen years later, I wonder how I've made it, but I know it's my faith alone - God's loving care has made it possible. It is so hard to have them go on alone after so many good years together. Jim is now resting in Diamond Head Memorial Park. It is really a very fitting place for our final sleep as we had our first date there, too. Jim hired a cab to take me through Waikiki and up past the light house and on back around Diamond Head to Kaimuki.

When the twins were ready for seventh grade their folks started them at Punahou School where they both really made names for themselves. They were real participators and got into everything. Paula won the State speech contest and a trip to Nashville, Tennessee, with Helen her first runner-up. This was a hard loss but she was compensated the following year by being chosen as

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"Hawaii's Junior Miss of 1968." She was sent to Mobile, Alabama, and Paul and Virginia went with her and her chaperone. In addition to her \$1,000 scholarship and all sorts of wonderful gifts, she got a huge engraved cup. At the finals she won one of the highest honors by taking scholastic standing and another \$1000 - out of fifty States that's really something. We were so thrilled, but it was very grueling and hard training for the girls prior to the finals. Later in the year, Helen got a free trip to New York City to model for Seventeen Magazine.

Next - on to Stanford. Helen got her degree in English and went on the next year, earning her Master's. In Paula's junior year she decided to switch her major to Nursing but at the end of the fourth year she got her degree in Psychology, the next year in nursing. She had a really outstanding honor by being chosen as the first woman to speak at the Medical School commencement. She wrote and delivered a tremendous speech, got a standing ovation, and you can imagine how we all felt to see the many Doctors and Professors rise in applause and to greet her personally after. Even at dinner that night at the Velvet Turtle, a gentleman came to our table with a glass of champagne for her and congratulated her as the best speaker at the graduation and the only one who really said something of any importance.. Quite an honor from a total stranger.

Paula was married on August 18, 1974 to Lt. Joseph C. Michelsen, a Navy pilot, and a Seattle boy at that. Their wedding was lovely - full military - coming out through the arch of crossed sabers. Virginia and Paul had a beautiful reception at the Cannon Club on the slopes of Diamond Head. They, too, went to Kauai for their honeymoon. Paula is a beautiful person both in appearance and nature - my "little dear."

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Helen now lives in Palo Alto - teaches Creative Writing part-time at Foothill Junior College. Her full time job is as Literary Editor with the National Academy of Education there on the Stanford campus. Helen is a born teacher and has gotten such wonderful letters from her pupils - of all ages. A very outstanding man who took two courses from her wrote the finest I've ever read. His name is Foster and he was with NASA in the space program until his recent retirement. He wrote he feels she will be one of the outstanding teachers of her time. We so hope she gets a full time teaching position - with so much to give, she should. She is as beautiful as ever, no wonder her mother calls her "Twinkie." She's "Little Darling" to me and has been Toodie to all of us since a wee one. We were at Hale Kimo, both babies in their little pen, and I'd bend way over sideways and say "Hello Toodie" and each time she'd bend way over in the exact same way and was so cute. The name stuck.

And now for Jim and Carol's five grand youngsters. Our first grandson, James William III, was born on October 11, 1954 at Kapiolani Hospital, where all our grandchildren were ushered into the world. Again, Grandpa was so thrilled and the baby even looked like him at first, and he was swinging his little fists wildly when we first saw him. As he grew older and started to toddle he imitated Pop Pop in so many ways - walked with his hands behind his back, crossed his legs in the same manner, and even pulled off his shirt, saying "Hot day - shirt off." He had such a cute way of wrinkling his nose - we all sure loved him.

Next to arrive was our Annie (Ann Carolyn) on November 22, 1956 - a darling little dark eyed and dark haired doll - more like the twins, and the only one of their five not a blond. A very active child, she climbed all over

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at such an early age and had none of the self-cautiousness Jimmy had. She was cute and bright and lots of fun too. She also loved Pop Pop and the last time she saw him, she hung onto him almost as if she knew.

Michael Arthur arrived on August 9, 1958. It was such a good time for me as he sort of helped to fill the gap in my life. He was so full of affection and would put his little cheek up to mine and cuddle close every time I held him. Big blue eyes, very blond, with a really sturdy build - he was a love and still is. When the first two had their tonsils removed, I got to keep him for three days - what a joy for me! I took him to a photographer and we got darling pictures of him - I still treasure them. Mike is now a Junior at Punahou, a member of their soccer team which has just won the State championship.

Next came our little beauty, Karen Elaine, born April 30, 1962...more blue eyes, and so cute - dainty would be a better word for her. She is an eighth grader now, also at Punahou, and such a good girl, most helpful.

Last, but not least, Virginia Lynn was born on May 10, 1966. She has been little Miss Personality - very out-going and gregarious. Another blond, much like Mike. She makes friends with everyone and it is wonderful to have another "Virginia Wilkinson". Auntie is very pleased, naturally.

At this writing, December 1975, Jimmy is now twenty-one. He is a shake-shingle roofer and making very good wages but also working very hard. He has always had drive, works much like his father - a really fine young man.

Annie, now nineteen, is enrolled at Colorado State University in Ft. Collins as a sophomore. She is very happy there and is aiming at fashion design and merchandising - has been in snow for the first time, trying both skiing and ice skating.

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Karen is happy and busy at school, enjoying a large circle of friends. She is sort of a Dresden type and a pleasure to be with.

Gini, as we call her, is nine now and in the fourth grade. She attends Kainalu Elementary, just a short block from home. She has joined a Girl Scout troop and is most enthusiastic about it all. Her hair is especially lovely, various golden shades and so silky.

Basically I've lived quite a sheltered life, yet in my own little world I was quite independent. My travelling was very limited and I'd never done things really alone. When I lost Jim I thought I'd never go anywhere again. However, in the fall of 1971 I went to Palo Alto with Jinny and Paula. We joined Helen at Kirkpatrick's home on the Stanford Campus. Virginia had a two month vacation so we swapped houses, cars etc. and it made it very nice for all concerned. During this time I flew to Seattle and had two lovely weeks with Fern and Miltie. I returned to California and then flew home with Jinny and Paul.

The following June my namesake was graduating from Stanford. This I couldn't miss, and I flew to California over a month early. The twins met me and I spent two nights in the guest room at the dorm with Paula. I then was off to Minnesota. Harry, Andy, Alpha and Helen met me in Minneapolis and we went to Alpha's home for a beautiful mid-day meal. Doris was there from the nursing home and Ruth came in her lunch hour and joined us too. After that, we left for Hutchinson, stopping in at Dagmar's so I could meet her. I loved her immediately and had several good meals and get-togethers with her family - all wonderful. I stayed in Harry's beautiful home for a month of entertaining - one luncheon or dinner after another. One Sunday they had a family reunion and gathered about twenty-six of us together. What a day that was - one I'll never forget. Marion had flown up from Kalamazoo too, and met so many relatives for the first time - just as I had.

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Ken and Lil had me over often. Ken took a couple of days off just to be home and visit and what food Lil prepared - heavenly and so much! One Sunday we went to their lake cabin, even fished from pontoons and Ken broiled our catch. It was such a fun packed day.

In June 1973 I went with Jinny and Paul to Paula's graduation, then on up to Lake Tahoe where I spent a few days with Jim and his family at the Stanford Sierra Camp on the edge of Fallen Leaf Lake - very picturesque and lovely. Before returning to Honolulu I flew to Seattle again for another good visit with Fern and Milton, and Else.

Prior to Paula's receiving her Nursing Degree from Stanford the following June, I flew to Seattle and another great visit with my dear friends and family. Jinny, Paul and the twins flew up from California for a few days, during which time we all ferried over to Poulsbo to see the dear little house and farm where Paula and her husband-to-be will someday be living.

And now as I finalize my story I hope I've made it at least a bit interesting so that my family can read it and know it was only for them that I have even bothered. I've had a wonderful life, thanks to our Heavenly Father and I thank Him also for a fine husband, my blessed children, for my good in-laws and my super grandchildren.

Fondly,

Allen P. Wilkinson

Footnote: My dear cousin, Alpha, has provided me with the following, and I quote: "An interesting item for your journal is one I recall Dad (my Uncle Nelse) telling with a degree of modest pride. When the Danish King and governing body reorganized into a more democratic form into two bodies in the legislative branch, they added a 'Stoneting' meaning a larger body comparable to our 'House.' Our grandfather was one of the protelariat to be included in the group of men chosen to counsel and offer suggestions. Members of that body were men of recognized standing in their hamlets."