

MA, MOTHER AND ME

A MEMOIR



By

Marge Huneke Blaine

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Chapter 12 Menlo Park 1961

Within a few weeks we moved back to the Bay Area from Richland, Washington. We stayed with my parents while we looked for a house in Menlo Park. We found one that we loved at 1141 Westfield Drive and bought it. Timmy's fifth birthday was celebrated a few days late, with all his Tham cousins at Grandma and Grandpa's house. Thanksgiving was celebrated at Ev and Rudy's house. The whole family was together for the first time in years. Everyone teased us because we brought bologna for Timmy, since he didn't like turkey. Mother didn't worry about her grandchildren's eating habits. All she had to do was love them and enjoy them.

We moved into the home we bought "in the country." Hartnell and Margaret Blaine came from Tulare to share Christmas with us for the first time. Mother and Daddy were there many times before Christmas, helping to decorate the Christmas tree, make carrot puddings and prepare the house for the holidays.

A few weeks before Christmas, a large truck arrived in front of the house and unloaded two huge boxes. I went out and asked the driver to put them in the garage. I could see they were from I. Magnin's toy department but I didn't know what they were. Timmy was in morning kindergarten but Greg was with me so I didn't look until Terry after came home and the boys were in bed. We opened the boxes and were speechless at what we saw. We removed a child sized motorized car from one box and a similarly elaborate, un-motorized vehicle from the other box. The card said they were for Timmy and Gregory for Christmas with love from Grandpa and Grandma. After all, Greg was only 3 ½ and too young to drive, right? Timmy on the other hand was 5 and old enough to handle the motorized car. Keep in mind, mother was driving on the chicken ranch in Sebastopol at 14. I'm sure she thought Timmy surely could handle this at 5. We were in awe of the elaborate gifts but decided they had to go back into the boxes right away before the boys saw them. We took some time to think about this and decide what to do.

But before we could decide another truck arrived. This time there were at least twenty boxes. Once again I asked the driver to place them in the garage, next to the other two boxes. I could see from the labeling, the boxes were from City of Paris gourmet shop and contained specialty foods and liquors. That night when Terry came home and the boys were in bed we went out and began to open

boxes. There were gallon sized bottles of every kind of whiskey, scotch, gin, vodka, even a fifth of Slivovitz; and a bottle of German Steinhager, (white lightning) There were cases of imported wine, elaborate bottles of every kind of liqueur, boxes of imported cheeses, cookies, marzipan, Christmas candies with liqueur, candied nuts and more. We sat on the garage floor amidst the boxes and talked about what we should do. We didn't want to offend, but this was radically different from our lifestyle.

We decided first to thank my parents, especially Mother, for their enormous thoughtfulness. But then we told them that we could not accept this overwhelming generosity. We considered these gifts inappropriate. We preferred that our children have toys, not luxuries. Daddy kept nodding and smiling, "I told you that's what they would say" Mother took it well and was more than willing to have us return the cars. She was still in such a glow at having us back home, she agreed with everything we said and promised to check with us before she bought anything else for the boys.

But the luxuries from the City of Paris Gourmet Shop were another thing. She argued that we would be having many more guests now that we lived closer to our families. She said that she wanted to feel free to bring her friends to visit us and felt more comfortable if she knew we always had a supply of refreshments to serve. She did not want us to feel we had to spend our money to do this. She wanted us to save our money to do our own things. We listened and finally came to an agreement. We would gratefully accept most of the luxuries from the City of Paris and use them with pleasure. But we would pack up the oversupply and return it to the City of Paris with credit to her account.

One late afternoon, soon after that, we loaded the trunk and the back seat of the car, got a babysitter for the boys and went to the City of Paris shipping entrance. We got a huge dolly, loaded it and headed for the Gourmet Shop. When we got there and explained our intent to a clerk, he went to get the manager. The manager remembered the order well. My mother told him she was buying this for her daughter and son-in-law. He couldn't understand why we were returning these wonderful things. "You'll use these things in no time. They'll keep you know. You don't have to drink them all in one month you know" We explained we couldn't drink them all in one, or even five years.

Actually, as I write this, one or two elegant bottles are still in our cupboard, more than forty years later. He continued, "What do you want, cash back for this? Do you want the money?" It seemed as if this would explain everything to him. "No we want it credited to my mother's charge account." Eventually he understood and we accomplished our goal. to return the stuff and credit it to my mother's account. He finally laughed, "I thought you kids were alcoholics and your mother was indulging you." Before we left we shook hands and assured him this wouldn't happen again. He made a wry face as he laughed, "Well I don't know if that's so good. I thought I had a wonderful new customer here." We told Mother

the story and she had a good laugh, but she promised not to do that again. In return we promised that she would be allowed to buy things for us so she could visit frequently and bring guests without feeling she was imposing on our hospitality. It was a generous arrangement and lasted for the rest of her life.

The funny thing was that Mother didn't drink at all. She wasn't a teetotaler but she usually only sipped at whatever was offered, just to see what it tasted like. She claimed it didn't really agree with her. She never drank coffee either. Ever. She claimed even the smell made her feel sick ever since she drank it every day in steerage, on that ship coming over from Europe when she was a child.

Part of the arrangement included allowing her to take the boys clothes shopping at Young Man's Fancy in San Francisco right away. The boys were outfitted in Eton gray suits with caps and camel coats. From that time on they were outfitted as well as any boys in town, and Mother was very proud.

Our house bustled with activity, confusion and noise, especially as Christmas Eve approached. That night for the first time in their lives, the little boys were allowed to stay up to see Santa Claus, in person. It was the beginning of a new tradition in our home, echoing my childhood Christmases. After supper, I played all the old Christmas songs on the piano. Mother watched with tears in her eyes as Daddy sang joyfully. The little boys were surprised at this, but soon learned to join in. We all sang "Jingle Bells", and "Oh Come All Ye Faithful", but at the end Daddy and I sang "O Tannenbaum" and "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht", in German. Mother remembered her childhood Christmases in Schiltern and the Christmases of my childhood in the flat on Page Street. She loved seeing some of the old ways continue. The bounty of food and drink for guests reminded her of her childhood in Schiltern – tables laden with food and drink for everyone.

Suddenly there was noise on the back patio and Timmy and Greg ran to the window to see what was happening. "Santa's here!" they shrieked joyfully as they scurried back to Grandma and Grandpa. Santa came into the living room with a huge sack on his back. The boys were awestruck as he pulled out one present after another. He had something for everyone that first Christmas in Menlo Park. When the sack was almost empty, Santa held up a finger and said to the boys, "Sh—h-h-h. Be very quiet now. Sit quietly by the fireplace." He reached carefully into his bag and lifted out a Beagle puppy, with long, soft ears and a sweet face. Santa placed him in their arms, where he curled up and went to sleep. "His name is Sir Nikadik, but you can call him Nicky." The boys were in awe of Santa's gift. Both grandfathers smiled, but shook their heads sagely, knowing that this might not be a wise addition to the family. But Mother was thrilled. She loved animals. She cuddled the puppy to her bosom as the boys snuggled close, petting and hugging him. Finally she carried him to his bed in the kitchen where he went to sleep.

Mother and Daddy drove home that evening. When they were alone at home, they agreed that this was a wonderful Christmas. Finally their daughter and her family were home again. The whole family would be together for Christmas dinner. The Tham clan arrived at the house on Westfield Drive for the first time on Christmas Day to share a day of celebration.

A few months after we arrived, Terry told my mother that he wanted to buy more real estate. They had temporarily helped us with the down payment to our house and when we wanted to repay them they said, "Do something else with it." So that was what Terry wanted to do. No one was happier than my mother, though Daddy rolled his eyes when he heard about it. "Not another one", he said. She talked to her realtor friends and soon confided to Terry that the best place to look was College Terrace in Palo Alto. It was a little slot of land off El Camino, about twelve blocks deep and three blocks wide, smack in the middle of Stanford land. The location was unequaled.

Soon Terry found three little detached one bedroom cottages at 2051-2057 and 2063 Harvard Street, just a couple of blocks from the campus. It was on a beautiful piece of land, 75 feet wide by 100 feet deep. We bought the cottages for \$32,000, the same price as our house, with the same down payment that we would have used for our house on Westfield Drive in Menlo Park. It took two cottage rents out of the three to make the mortgage payment each month and we were off and running. Soon we were talking real estate with Mother as Daddy groaned and shook his head. After we closed escrow and the first of the next month approached I told mother I was nervous because it was the first of the month and I had to pay the mortgage. She laughed and said, "No, that's the best time of the month. All the rents come in." Of course. I had forgotten. The rent comes in. And the payments go out. And a little bit sticks in your pocket. Or that's the way it's supposed to work. Mother laughed. "If you take care of your real estate when you're young, it'll take care of you when you're old." We kept the Harvard houses for many years, refinancing several times to buy other properties. Finally we sold them to Tim for \$250,000 in a trade and he kept them for many more years until he sold them for \$795,000 and traded up for 3330 Pierce in the Marina for \$4.1 million.

My parents established a happy routine. Every Wednesday afternoon and Sunday, Mother would drive down Skyline Blvd then Canada Road, to Sand Hill Road into Menlo Park. Mother was at the wheel of her new navy-blue Cadillac, with Daddy happily sitting next to her. Sometimes Saturday was added, especially if the weather was nice. Most Sundays, we had dinner in Menlo Park, with everyone joining in the cooking. Mother had discovered Draeger's, a grocery store in Menlo Park, which she thought was even better than Petrini's, her market in Lakeside in the city. Frequently she "loaded up" groceries and meat with me while all "the boys" played games at home. Soon a freezer was purchased so there would always be plenty of food for visitors, as well as for our family.

We seldom went out to dinner in Richland, since there were few restaurants, so it was always a treat for Timmy and Greg when we went out for dinner with Grandma and Grandpa. Our favorite was The Hippo in Menlo Park, and in San Francisco. We loved the Hippo-burgers, as well as the frivolous purple and pink aprons on the hippos, which were painted all over the walls. Sometimes we ate fried bananas. When the weather was nice, we all learned to play croquet in the backyard. We took the new puppy, Nicky, for walks on his leash. In winter Daddy always brought his chessboard and tried to teach the boys to play chess, but usually, we all enjoyed checkers or card games together.

Mother and I talked as we cooked and baked and she told me stories of her childhood. She told me all she knew about Ma and Pa, Rudy when he was young, and about Evelyn too. She'd roll her eyes as she said, "After all he met her when she was just a kid in junior high. I think she was only twelve years old when they started going together." Mother had a wonderful smile, big white teeth, creamy skin and an infectious laugh. It was easy to laugh with her because she loved life and reveled in all the different people she knew and kept in touch with. Nothing they did or didn't do surprised her too much and no seamy detail turned her off. Mother was not a gossip. Though she told me everything, it was implicit that I would not share the intimate details of other people's lives and I have not done so before. Most of them are gone now and I'm sure there is little I can say that would harm them.

She laughed so hard sometimes telling about her cousin Fini with her sea captain husband Mike and their kids. It all started out so badly. Fini with rickets, coming through Ellis Island with Ma. The years in the house on Newcomb, the whisky recipe, and Fini running away with Mike. Mother still visited Fini several times a year. Fini was her only blood relative – a third or fourth cousin. They had so much history together. Mike was a sea captain now and shipped out at least six months a year. But sometimes when he was home Mother would bring him salmon cheeks, a Norwegian specialty that she had access to through her fish man at Petrini's Manor Market in Lakeside. Mother enjoyed her visits with them. He still laughed uproariously about peeing on the third rail line, and still having the manhood to father two strapping sons. He told over and over about meeting his father who had abandoned him as a boy, in a bar in Petersburg Alaska, "That old sumbitch", and he'd roar with laughter as he leaned back on two legs of his chair. Then he'd go on, pretending he didn't care. "An old prostitute lived in Coos Bay, Oregon and the young seamen used to visit her. They'd tell me, you know Mike, an old pot still makes good soup. Nah, nah, Fini, you know I wouldn't do that", as he laughed uproariously. Sometimes my children and I would visit with her and hear the stories for ourselves.

Mother confided the stories of the people in her life. There was constant updated gossip about Lillian Price and her current love life with Rufus Hale who she eventually married. Though his sexual potency ranged from fair to middling,

she'd proclaim over and over, "Lee, his thing is the biggest one I've ever seen!" With limited intelligence, Lilly didn't focus on too many interesting topics, but it was enough to entertain Mother if she didn't talk to her too often.

Old Jo Stone, my nanny and her daughter-in-law Naomi, kept in touch from time to time. Though Naomi was divorced from Jo's son Nick, the three of them would sometimes get together. Sometimes Nick was flush with money and shared with them and sometimes he came begging. They didn't know exactly what he did that caused his fluctuating money supply, but they hoped it was something innocuous, like betting the ponies or dog racing or even cock fighting.

Kitty and Richard Bachman continued their friendship with my parents because they had much in common. Mother had known Kitty through her first marriage to Hans Gehlar, but more important she had introduced Kitty to Richard when he was Ferdinand's roommate. Not only were they from the Old Country, Kitty was an intelligent woman, well read, always looking to invest in something to make a lot of money. She and Richard were looking to invest in a pair of flats, or better yet, a small apartment building. Eventually they bought a lovely four-plex on Winchester Avenue in San Jose, which they kept for a few years. But Kitty could never resist taking a profit and making a better deal, so eventually they were off to San Martin where they could get more for their money.

Bert and Barbara Silver were a young couple who lived across the street, with their two little girls Lani and Lynn. Bert was an attorney downtown and eventually handled Mother and Daddy's estate settlement after they died. They were very happily married and Barbara frequently confided to my mother what a good husband and father Bert was. She also confided when she got pregnant with the third child that she and Bert were both totally surprised since she had her tubes tied and she supposedly couldn't get pregnant again. At any rate the little girl Lori was born and became the light of their lives. They were always grateful to have her, but especially later when Lani, eventually a women's rights attorney herself, "came out" as a lesbian in a rather public way. Lani Silver is still going through life making headlines from time to time.

Once in a while she even talked to Dorothea Olsen whose child molester ex-husband Olaf, was still in jail at San Quentin. "Thank God", we would both say in unison, remembering that astonishing love letter he had sent to me from his jail cell in San Quentin. Understandably, Dorothea was a reclusive mouse of a woman, still living in the neighborhood where her mailman ex-husband had molested many of the children. Her son Jimmy McGuire, had moved away from the area, never married, and lived an outdoor life much like his biological father. We could never help but wonder if he had been sexually abused by his stepfather. It seemed possible.

Mother liked keeping up with Gesine Kruse and her husband Herbert. Lee was always happy to know that Gesine and Herbert were doing well together. They

had two children, owned real estate, worked hard and were successful. We both laughed when Arthur, the Hillebrandt's son, who still stuttered badly as a grown man, did not pass the CPA exam, and elected to stop trying and be simply a PA. Margaret Hillebrandt explained to Mother that most people *preferred* going to a Public Accountant rather than a CPA so it was better for Arthur's business to be a PA. It was hard to keep a straight face at this, but to Mother's credit, she did. Arthur married a lovely young woman named Jeanine; they had three children and moved to Marin. There, with Jeanine's help, he established a thriving business. They did very well.

During my school years two of my parent's closest friends were Hilda and Elmer Edward Rupp. Hilda was Kitty Bachman's sister and they all met when Kitty worked as a beautician in Elmer's shop, "Edward's" on Irving Street. Elmer was a good chess player and he and Carl loved playing the game. When it became evident that Hilda and Mother had a lot in common the two couples spent much time together. During my Dominican years the two couples often took trips together and included me if it was during my vacation. San Franciscans always quested for someplace with sun. We'd go to Tahoe Tavern or to the Ahwahnee in Yosemite. Sometimes we explored other less known places that had been recommended, like Feather River Inn. During the winter when I was in school the two couples often went down to Palm Springs, which was beginning to be a very stylish winter place for people from Los Angeles to visit on weekends. Hilda loved the glamour of it all. It was her kind of place.

Hilda listened to Mother talk about real estate. Hilda thought she would like to have a beautiful building in the Marina too. So she started looking and was soon impatient with the reality of the prices. She wanted a thirty unit building like my mother had, but had to settle for a beautiful twenty-one unit building down the street from Marina Court Apartments on the northwest corner of Pierce and Alhambra. They were happy with the building except for two things. It wasn't thirty units and it didn't have as big an income as they wished for. But Mother kept telling them to be patient. Everything would come in time.

They were sick of the fog in the city and Elmer moved his business to the Town and Country Center in Los Altos. Once there they bought a home on a small lot on Selby Lane in Atherton. It was important for Hilda to have the prestige of living in Atherton but Mother laughed when Hilda found out after the close of escrow that the mailing address was Redwood City. She thought they got a bargain because the price was cheaper than any nearby houses in Atherton, but then she was furious because she wasn't really in Atherton, only right next to it. This always piqued Hilda so they only lived there a few years. Then they bought a new house in Los Altos – well almost Los Altos. Actually the mailing address was Mountain View. But this time they stayed put.

By then Elmer was getting disgusted with the beauty salon business. Hilda, as his receptionist, always smoothed things out when he got temperamental with the

fussy customers. But he had reached the end of his artistic rope. He didn't want to style women's hair any more. And the Marina apartment building still didn't bring in enough money for their desired life style. They both decided that my parents had gotten rich in the grocery business. So would they! They bought the Village Market in downtown Palo Alto. It was a medium sized supermarket and they took it on with a vengeance. Granted there was no more time for chess games or little trips to fancy hotels in the Sierra with Mother and Daddy, but they knew if they worked hard for a few years they would make a fortune, buy a bigger apartment building and be set for the rest of their lives.

But the work was hard and dirty, with long hours and lower profit margin than back in the old days when you didn't compete against big supermarkets. Elmer was used to high tips in the beauty shop, which he considered tax free income. Nobody slipped a tip to a grocery clerk, especially if he was the owner. Then they had an even better idea. Hilda's sister, Hedwig, in Chicago, was married to Henry Heider and they had two girls. They convinced Henry to quit his machinist's job, move out, buy the house next door to Hilda and Elmer in Los Alto, enroll the girls in Castilleja, a fine private girl's school in Palo Alto and join Hilda and Elmer in the grocery business. Now the work was a little easier with four of them to share the load. But, oh my gosh! How could they have forgotten? Now the profit got split two ways! After a few years of this they decided they had made enough money to sell the business before they all went crazy. Henry went to work for Varian as a machinist, made a good salary, got health insurance and a retirement plan. And there was even enough left over from the sale of the grocery store for Henry and Hedwig Heider to buy – can you ever guess what! – an apartment building in Menlo Park. A gorgeous four unit building on Waverly, in one of Menlo Park's best areas. The two daughters still own it today and it was one of the best things their parents ever did.

But Hilda and Elmer had a bigger scheme in mind. They were determined to get a big apartment building – at least thirty units – like Lee and Carl had in the Marina. They still owned their beautiful twenty-one unit building on the corner of Pierce and Alhambra. They would sell it, add their money from the sale of the grocery business and buy a beautiful building with more than thirty units. They'd get a good resident manager like Lee had and relax and travel for the rest of their lives. They were sick of the fog in San Francisco and they were ready for sunshine. Lots of sunshine. Hilda had fallen in love with the glamour of Palm Springs. They could buy a lot more for their money down there. She was ready to become part of that scene.

By the time they surprised Lee and Carl with the news they had already sold the building in the Marina, sold their house in Los Altos and bought a "fabulous thirty-two unit luxury building in Palm Springs called "The Riverside Arms". They were so excited, they were like kids again. They had finally made it! They bubbled over with their enthusiasm. "You have to come see us! You're going to love it!"

Mother and Daddy were busy and by the time they got down to visit them their enthusiasm had dimmed a bit.

They were both working very hard to cater to their mostly Jewish tenants who were somewhat well off escapees from winter in other parts of California, mostly Southern California. Because they were well off, they demanded whatever extra services they could get. Palm Springs had a glut of empty apartments as winter passed into spring and an avalanche of vacancies in summer. In order to keep their tenants staying as many months as possible, Hilda, who gave a good manicure, though she was unlicensed, and Elmer, an accomplished hair stylist, found themselves performing many personal services for their tenants, including but not limited to hair care, nail care, clothes laundering, mending, cleaning, interior repairs and just about anything else they could think of to keep the apartments rented.

They told Mother and Daddy they had not yet hired a resident manager because they wanted to do that job themselves until they got the vacancy issues under control. They knew that once they got and kept these good tenants they could hire good help and everything would straighten out. In the meantime Lee, Carl, Hilda and Elmer had a good time together. The men played chess and the women laughed about the crazy tenants that they had both encountered. My parents promised to visit often but before they could leave, their new Cadillac was sandblasted by one of the spring sandstorms which sometimes swept the area. Hilda and Elmer were amazed and said this had never happened before. My parents took the car home, had it repainted and promised themselves to always park in a garage, not a carport, the next time they visited. Mother said to Daddy, "They've sure got their tits in a wringer this time."

Hilda and Elmer survived the terrible summer months though they couldn't get away because of the very high vacancy in their building. As winter approached they knew they would have a great season. They had resigned themselves to the idea that there would always be a seasonal rental but high winter rents would even this out. They worked hard, put all their money into fixing the building and made it as attractive as possible. As winter approached the building began to fill up with good tenants and they finally knew everything was going to work out. They still provided lots of personal services to their tenants, hoping to keep them as long as possible. But that was all right – as long as the money came in.

The weather had been beautiful and everything was going well when a flash flood struck Palm Springs. These floods happen annually in the desert, but always in varying locations. Any particular location could be dry for years at a time. The Riverside Arms, as the name verified, was built on the bank of an arroyo that had seen no water for many years. Even when it did see water, the arroyo was deep enough to carry away the runoff. But the flash flood that filled the arroyo this year was like no other that had been seen in memory. It not only filled it, but flooded the surrounding area. Granted the water was gone in a

couple of hours, but The Riverside Arms was one foot deep in debris, mud, brush, rock and even construction material from around the area.

Hilda and Elmer were appalled at the cleanup and repairs required. The pool had to be refinished, the pumps replaced because of sand in the motors, the building exterior painted again on the ground floor, the landscaping replaced. Of course all the ground floor tenants left, breaking their seasonal leases, because their units were damaged. There were always plenty of other buildings that could take them in. Insurance didn't cover floods because they were so rare in the Palm Springs area that it was not considered necessary. Once again they had a very bad season with all the ground floor units vacant.

That was the beginning of the end. Elmer's health started to fail. He took great comfort in his church, the Church of Christ in Palm Springs. He had been a member most of his life and his brother Theo was a minister in Mississippi. Elmer asked Daddy to create four faceted glass windows for his Church and convinced the Elders to permit this, though it was not the custom in the Church of Christ. The windows were installed in July after Elmer died in February 1968 at the age of 63.

The dedication was in November that year. Mother and Daddy were there. Hilda was sad but not despondent. His church was of no comfort to her but she was gracious in finishing her relations with them. She told Mother that she had come to the sad realization that life was short indeed. She and Elmer had worked hard with some great successes and some dismal failures. She wished they had stayed in the Marina in San Francisco, but they didn't. She was going to stay in Palm Springs and make the best of it.

November was a great time to sell the Riverside Arms. It was all cleaned up and full again and she was sure she could find some other gullible people from a cold climate to buy the building. And she did. With the money she netted she rented a glamorous apartment in Palm Springs and set herself up as a rich widow. She lost some weight, had a stylish hairdo and polished nails. Beautiful clothes and stockings completed her redo and she looked quite beautiful. She soon attracted a very nice looking man, many years her junior. She wasn't interested in catering to an older man. She had plenty of money. She wanted someone to cater to her. And Bill did. Mother took Terry and I and the children down to visit and we were cautiously charmed by Bill who catered to Hilda's every wish. She confided to Mother that she had breast cancer but had chosen not to have a mastectomy. She couldn't bear the thought of looking mutilated for Bill. She was continuing to lose weight and had never been so thin since she was a young girl. She reveled in her thin figure and craved Bill's constant attention to her.

Within a short time the cancer progressed and soon she needed the kind of care that Bill did not want to give. Hilda's sister Kitty came down, took one look at her and said "You're coming home with me." Bill objected. He wanted her to stay in

Palm Springs where he could be close to her money. But Kitty wanted the money close to her. And Hilda was too sick to care. She lingered in Kitty's home for several months before she died. Cancer, untreated, doesn't necessarily go easy or fast.

Before she died Kitty got the money in the bank in her name, with a valid will which left everything to her. There was a time when Hilda wanted to leave everything to her two nieces, Hedwig's daughters Linda and Gretchen, but Kitty convinced her otherwise. "They already have plenty and I have practically nothing. I have a daughter too. Shirley needs something too." And Hilda was too sick to care. I saw her near the end and wept as I held her hand. Bill called many times and tried to talk to Hilda but Kitty hung up. He called Mother and begged her to intervene, but she told him there was nothing she could do. In the end he only got the cash Hilda had given him and good living during the time they were together. At least she enjoyed that part of it too.

Kitty was happy with the money too. She kept downsizing her real estate after Richard died. She sold the house in San Martin and moved to a mobile home in Colma overlooking the cemetery. Mother kept telling me "I don't know why she wants to look at the graves every day. She'll be there soon enough." Her daughter Shirley was a huge woman, like her father, and a heavy smoker so Kitty resisted living with her, but finally she gave in. Eventually she sold the mobile home and they both moved to Central Point, Oregon, where there was cheaper housing. She and Shirley lived in a lovely mobile home on Hilda's money. After Shirley died of lung cancer Terry and I visited Kitty in Central Point. She was looking at a care facility which we agreed looked very nice. Kitty used Hilda's money to buy attention and favors from willing sharks, who surrounded the old ones in the area. I believe she was well cared for until the end, which came a few years later, by doling out her money and promising more where that came from.

The years after we moved to Menlo Park were my parent's happiest years. They loved their grandchildren and now had the leisure and opportunity to spend time with them regularly. Mother refinanced the Union Hyde building and paid off all the other mortgages, so they were virtually debt free. Finally, there was plenty of income and she never again had to ask Daddy for money to pay the taxes.

After Mother agreed not to buy extravagant gifts for our children, we agreed that she and Daddy could give them each \$100 for birthdays and for other special occasions. After a few years the boys had each accumulated a nice bank account. Mother decided it was time for them to invest in some stocks with their money. She knew they heard enough about real estate over the kitchen table. So she made a date with the boys one summer day and the three of them went down to the bank where each boy withdrew a few hundred dollars in cash. Then they walked across the street to the stock brokerage and told the receptionist they wanted to talk to a broker. Someone came to the counter and she

explained they wanted to buy some stocks. Soon the broker was ready to take their money and when they pulled it out from their pockets in hundred dollar bills, they created quite a flurry in the office. Soon everyone settled down and the transaction was done. Mother got a big kick out of the effect of the cash

Later when she told Daddy he laughed and said that had always been his technique. There's nothing like cash in your hand to get favorable attention. In addition he told them to always tip at the beginning of your trip. All the guide books say you should give the tip at the end of your stay, calculating the amount according to your degree of pleasure with the service that had already been given. Daddy thought that was ridiculous. "If you give a generous tip at the beginning of your cruise or stay, the server has no question that you are a generous and appreciative customer. There's always that anticipation that you might give even more, later. But then again you might not." We have found that to be good practical advice.

One day the phone rang while Daddy was home alone. He answered, prepared to hang up if it were a tenant. It was Horst calling from Pennsylvania, where he was stationed with the Air Force. Because of Castro's uprisings in Cuba the year before, scheduled releases after four years in the Air Force were extended for an indefinite time. Horst had now served for four years, nine months. "Uncle Carl, I've fallen in love with a farmer's daughter back here and I'm going to get married. But, say nothing to Aunt Lee – Sag nichts – I don't want her to know. I don't want her coming back to Pennsylvania for the wedding." Daddy said promptly, "You're not old enough." He answered, "I'm twenty-eight years old." Daddy said, "Why don't you come home first and visit?" "No. I've told her parents. I've told her I'm getting married. But I'm not staying in Pennsylvania. As soon as I get my citizenship papers, I'm out of here. I'll bring Vonnie and her two year old daughter, Wendi, to California with me."

When Mother got home, Daddy shared the news with her. "I knew he had a female. I could tell it from his voice when I talked to him. I bet she's pregnant already." Daddy said, "Don't be silly. They aren't even married yet." She looked at him and laughed. He was so sweet, and so naïve! They talked to Terry and me and we all agreed that Horst, and his ready-made family, would stay with us in Menlo Park.

On February 20, 1962, everyone was glued to the television, watching John Glenn's space flight. He circled the Earth three times, observing everything from a dust storm in Africa to Australian cities lit up at night for him. Everyone was thrilled at the event and he returned to Earth a national hero. At the same time, Horst was traveling across the country in the old Volkswagon with his new wife, Vonnie, and her daughter, Wendi. They arrived in San Francisco at my parent's house at 1765 Eucalyptus Drive, and were greeted warmly at the front stairs. Mother came down the front stairs first, with Daddy close behind. "So this is little Wendi," Daddy said, pronouncing it "Vendi", as he hugged the little girl. She was

petite, with dark, curly long hair and blue eyes. They all went in and sat down and Mother got right to the heart of things. "What are you going to do, Horst?" "I'm going to get a job." "Well, I should hope so," she snapped indignantly. She wasn't surprised to see that Vonnie was pregnant and expecting a second child in July. They told Horst and Vonnie that they were going to our house in Menlo Park. Mother and Daddy drove the Cadillac and the little family followed in the loaded Volkswagon.

The greeting at our house on Westfield Drive in Menlo Park was just as warm as in San Francisco and Wendi was happy to have new friends. Beds were made ready for them all, dinner was set and we shared the first of many happy meals together. Plans were made to look for a place to live the next day. At the same time Horst would look for a job. "It's better not to pay rent. We'll look for a house to buy," Mother explained, with Daddy in complete agreement. "But we have no money to buy a house. We're going to rent and save our money for now," explained Vonnie. Mother said, "We'll worry about the money after we find the house." Horst had a resume and started looking for a job the next morning. Vonnie and I, with the children, went searching for a place for them to live. By evening everyone had good news. Horst was offered a job with Vidar, a new company, at \$525 per month. He would be employee number thirteen. Vonnie and I found a darling little corner house at 695 Arnold Way, in the Willows area of Menlo Park, for \$16,850. It had three bedrooms, one bath, a garage and a nice patio and backyard. It was perfect for their small family.

Once the essentials were taken care of, we settled down to a month of having fun living together, before they could move into their home. Vonnie asked her father to loan them \$1,000 for a down payment, but he said no. Mother asked Vonnie, "Does he have the money?" She was getting to know Vonnie well and liked her very much. "Of course he does. He's got plenty – the old fool! He just likes to control everything. He doesn't like it that I'm out here and he's going to make it hard for me." My parents loaned them the money, and before too long, Mr. Hugo changed his mind and sent Vonnie the money. Spring was around the corner and a croquet game was often in session at our house. The lanai in the back yard served as a playroom for the children and a suntrap for Daddy and the children when they visited. It was his greatest joy to sit in the sun and listen to the games and imaginative play of Timmy, Greg and Wendi.

Vonnie enjoyed singing as much as Daddy did and she also played the piano. Anytime my parents visited, which was several times a week, singing around the piano after dinner was the evening's entertainment. I bought the Mitch Miller sing-a-long music and we all learned the words to the songs. We sang our hearts out to "Side By Side", "Alabama Bound", "If You Knew Susie" and Daddy's favorite from the old Depression days, "Yes, We Have No Bananas". At the end of every evening, we'd sing "Wagon Wheels, Wagon Wheels, Carry Me, Carry Me Ho-o-o-ome." Mother had a terrible singing voice but she loved listening to all of us.

We all helped Vonnie and Horst settle into their home. Mother went grocery shopping at Draeger's so their home was well stocked with food. She helped them with furniture and soon they were ready to have the family at their home too. My cousin Warren Gade had graduated from USF in June and was now at Stanford University studying for his Master's degree and then eventually his Doctorate in German History. He was happy to be a frequent visitor, along with Evelyn and Rudy Tham and their children. Daddy and Mother were full of joy with the constant round of family fun, with all the grandchildren.

In July 1962, Vonnie and Horst had a baby boy whom they named Marcus Johann Huneke. Timmy had already started school at St. Raymond's. Soon Greg would go to kindergarten and Wendi would start kindergarten at the same time in her neighborhood. In the Fall I told everyone that we were expecting a baby in March. My parents were overjoyed. Once again they would enjoy a new grandchild, and this time they would be there for the birth.

March 24, 1963, Terry called my parents and said "You'd better come down to take care of the boys. I'll take Marge to Stanford Hospital when you arrive." They left San Francisco and arrived in Menlo Park within the hour. By then we were ready to leave for Stanford Hospital. My parents stayed with the boys, waiting for the phone to ring, playing croquet as they always did. When at last the call came, Terry told them that the baby was a little girl, healthy and beautiful. Her name would be Constance Lee and we would call her Connie. An hour later he came home to be with the boys and Mother and Daddy drove to Stanford Hospital. They came to my room and I walked with them to the nursery window, to see the baby. On the way, I explained, "She's not very pretty, so don't be surprised when you see her. Her hair is long and black and sticks straight up like Greg's did." They stood before the glass. She was beautiful. The nurses had brushed her hair into a large soft curl on top of her head and secured it with a pink ribbon. Black eyelashes rested on her beautiful white skin. She was small and round and they stood there, enchanted. They said, "She's the most beautiful baby we've ever seen." I looked and thought to myself, "I think they may be right."

From then on, life was even more charmed. My parents came to Menlo Park several times a week, not to miss a moment of time with the family. Both little boys were at Saint Raymond's School and my parents shared in all of the activities.

Mother couldn't wait to buy a lovely plaid baby carriage so we could all take long walks around the Allied Arts area near San Francisquito Creek. A couple of weeks after we bought it, Terry collapsed it to place in the trunk of the car, but forgot to actually do so as he got in behind the wheel. A crunch of metal as he backed out made all of us cringe, but no harm was done except to the carriage which was crushed. Mother was so unnerved that she went down *that day* to buy

another and remove the destroyed one from her sight. She didn't ever want to be reminded of the potential horror of that moment again.

In spring, 1964, Honey Boy died. He was a wonderful dog, sharing our lives for fifteen years. He was buried in a pet cemetery, with a special marker because we loved him very much. This time Daddy did not argue about getting a new dog. He was used to having a dog by now. He didn't even argue about getting another Pekinese. He was used to that too, but he was never quite prepared for Chang, who waddled, close to the ground, with very small steps. Daddy told Mother he didn't seem totally alert, as if he were not quite awake. But she defended the dog staunchly. He didn't bite grandchildren and he liked going for a walk each day. They agreed there was not much more that you could ask of a dog.

The Marina Sea and Ski store was now the most successful business on Union Street. Don Cappa, the storeowner, renewed his lease for another three years, with a sixty per cent increase in rent. Daddy finally agreed with Mother that it was a good investment. On the other hand the Page-Lyon store in the Haight - Ashbury neighborhood, was becoming a haven for hippies and dropouts from all over the world. Never Wong's grocery business continued to be successful, but now with less desirable customers. Daddy said to Mother, "How did you know this was going to happen?" She said, "I didn't. Who could guess? I just had a feeling inside that the Haight Ashbury was going downhill. Maybe this time Never Wong was wrong." They'd both laughed at the play on words.

My parents had fallen in love with our home on Westfield Drive. It had a lovely back yard with roses, and a large lanai with sliding doors that opened wide to capture the afternoon sun. For San Franciscans this was heaven. But in May 1965, we moved to a new home in Sharon Heights, which we had built. My parents, though they liked the new home and shared in all the angst of building it, felt that it would never be as nice as our first house. But they came to love the new house and its beautiful back yard, which was soon as charming as the first. In addition, it had a much enlarged croquet court!

In spite of all the good things that happened life was not totally perfect. The last I mentioned Egon Mahdal, Mother thought he was happily settled in his apartment in Redwood City. Alexander Poniatoff, the founder of Ampex, was good for his word and arranged for Egon to have a job at his expanding and successful company. Mother was fairly bursting with pride at her role in making that happen. For a while all went well. Then she got a call from the manager at his apartment. He was being evicted because he was drunk every night and smoked in bed. He set fire to the mattress more than once. Mother had a hard time finding him and when she did, she learned that he had lost his job because he was drunk and didn't show up for work.

His friend who had escaped the communists with Egon had arrived now, sponsored first by a Canadian, then an American, landing him in San Francisco. His name was Milan Sikela. He was a drunk too, but his sponsor simply dumped him, so he had to get on his feet or starve. And he did. He fell off the wagon often, especially when he and Egon got together. But mostly he took care of himself.

After Egon lost his job and his apartment, there were a series of new places to stay, more mattresses to burn, more attempted jobs, evictions, drunken episodes, once coming to our house drunk, where Daddy threw him out. Mother kept getting letters of inquiry from Egon's parents, especially his mother Wilma, who worried about her baby boy, wondering if he was being well taken care of? Mother ignored their letters until she had to answer something. So she sent them money to buy a television set, which they claimed they could never afford. She told Daddy, "Maybe this'll keep them busy enough so they'll shut up and stop nagging me about their drunken son."

Mother tried to distance herself but it was impossible. Old Julius Tham and the drunk, Ferdinand, were incapable of helping. They could only whimper, "I don't know what to do." Eventually she got Egon to commit himself to rehab where he stayed for a month or two. When he came out he was ready to take on the world with a new job, a new place to live, new clothes. It always lasted a few weeks, or a few months, but always ended the same way. Back to a rehab hospital. One time he ended up in jail for six weeks. Judge Glickfield gave him a stern tongue lashing before sentencing him.

Finally he was committed to the State Mental hospital in Mendocino for six months. While there, he met Debby Lee, a darling young woman who had been committed after a mental breakdown. In the hospital everyone has a story to tell and Egon found plenty of audience for his tale of escape from communism. But Debby had a story too. She had borne twins, a boy and a girl. It was a hard birth and she couldn't have more children after that. When they were toddlers she divorced their father. She had custody, but one day he took the twins on an outing and they were both killed in an automobile accident in his car. After that she didn't remember everything because she had a mental collapse. Now, after a year in the State Mental Hospital, she was feeling as though she might be ready to face the world again.

After Egon was released he told my mother about Debby. He wanted to marry her. Mother shook her head and later said to me. "He had to go to the nuthouse to meet another nut!" But after she met Debby she was charmed by her. She had a pretty face, was a little overweight, and had kind of a dreamy look about her. She went back to her job as a legal secretary. My mother hoped that the two of them might find enough comfort in each other to both stay straight. After that Egon had bouts of drinking, but Debby would pull him through most of the time. He still lost jobs, but always managed to find another one.

Finally he found his niche which was selling men's clothing. When sober, clean and well dressed he looked dapper and had a certain way with showing off men's clothes, which made him very successful at it. Hope springs eternal and Mother hoped that Egon, now no longer young, might yet creditably represent Gus Tham's family in America. She wanted with all her heart to see him well settled and living a successful life.

The years passed, changes occurred in everyone's life. One day the Stanford Hospital in San Francisco called Mother. "Warren Gade is a patient at Stanford hospital. He's had a serious bout of hepatitis and he says he has no other close relative than you." Aunt Adele was traveling, so that was true. They wouldn't release him unless he had someplace to go where someone would care for him. Mother took care of him at her home for ten days while she fed him the special diet he required to recover successfully. Eventually he went back to Stanford to complete his studies.

Gus graduated from Prescott College in Arizona. Mother was happy that Rudy's oldest son was graduating from college. That was something she had always wished for Rudy. Mother was proud to go with Ev and Rudy to attend the ceremony. And Brad was a good student at Saint Ignatius Prep. He would be off to Chico State College one day.

Horst and Vonnie continued living in Menlo Park. Mother became Vonnie's good friend. Vonnie confided her thoughts to Aunt Lee as she called my mother. She told her that her father was a gruff old guy who was very domineering. He always had to have his own way. He had to control everything. Though Vonnie's mother had worked very hard with him on the farm he was very stingy with her with money or anything. "All my mother has ever known in her life is hard work. She raised five children without any household help or help from him. Evelyn, Rosie, June and me and my brother, Bobbie. She worked on the farm every day; helped him slaughter everything. And he's given her very little back. Aunt Lee, I'd like to do something nice for her."

That was all Mother needed to hear. Vonnie's mother, Mrs. Hugo, came to visit and my parents took her to see all the sights. She had never left home before, never been out of the Pennsylvania county in which she was born and never been on a plane before. She was enchanted with my father and his art and enjoyed his company greatly. She was quiet and soft spoken and loved to listen to him tell her about his stained glass windows. They took her to the top of Mount Tamalpais to view the city from afar. Aunt Adele entertained her at home. Vonnie's sisters arrived, one by one, with their husbands, and my parents enjoyed introducing all of them to California.

Later they reciprocated and Mother went to Pennsylvania to visit Vonnie's parents, then went on to Lancaster and the Pennsylvania Dutch Country. She

had a wonderful time seeing all the sights with Vonnie's mother and sisters. They took her to someone who still knew how to do tating and she had some special table linens made for me. She got to see the land that Vonnie had always talked about and loved so much – the beaver pond, the woods and the swimming hole at the river.

Some time after that Mrs. Hugo died. She was heavy, had diabetes and didn't take very good care of herself. But how could she – she was always taking care of Mr. Hugo. She kept telling him she wanted to make out a will, but somehow he never made time for her to do that. He said she didn't need to. He'd take care of everything. Within six months after she died he remarried a younger widow with two children of her own. They moved into the farmhouse with him and she wouldn't tolerate things being rundown the way his first wife let him get away with. She got everything fixed up nicely. She made him lose weight, take care of his health, take some time off and have some fun and lo and behold he lived a good long time after that.

When he died everything went to his second wife. Everything. Not half. Everything. The house and all the valuable land. She invited Vonnie's sisters and brother to come to the old farm before she sold it and each take one piece of the old furniture. The farmhouse and all the land sold pretty quickly and the money was put away for the second wife's children to inherit when she died, which was only a few years later. Easy come. Easy go. It's a sad story, but it happens all the time.

Out in California Mother became good friends with Vonnie's sister June Wilson, who was the most attractive of the bunch. June had been an airline stewardess and was married to a hot-headed Italian named Paluzzi who lived in New York. June had a daughter with him, Lori, who was now a teenager. June was divorcing Paluzzi and knew he had some money that was partly hers. June decided to stay in California but still kept the leash on Paluzzi and his money.

While in California, she met a nice old guy named Chris Christensen. He owned a successful nursery on the Old County Road in Belmont. He had a grown son named Jack and the three of them had a lot of fun together. The father had a wife he wouldn't divorce because she had Alzheimer's and he felt he owed her his loyalty. But he fell in love with June and wanted her to be with him. She liked California and decided to stay for a while.

In the meantime, Horst was earning good money at Vidar, an up and coming electronics company. He was employee number thirteen and his stocks accumulated every month. But he was always impatient with not getting ahead fast enough. He wanted to make more money, faster. He kept telling Vonnie that he wanted her to go to work and get a job so they could make more money to buy a bigger house and get more out of life. Maybe they could even buy some real estate. He constantly complained that she spent too much money on

frivolous things. "Why do you need to decorate the house for Halloween. My mother never did that." "You're always spending too much for birthdays, and presents and coffee klatching with the neighbors. My mother never did that." "Why do you have to spend so much for Christmas decorations? We don't need all those things" He nagged at her constantly "You could get a job Vonnie. I heard they pay good money right over there at the Veterans Hospital on Willow Road. You wouldn't even need a car. You could walk to work. That way we could really get ahead. You just spend money on nonsense when you're at home."

We received word from Germany that Horst's father died in December 1964. Mother and Daddy were grateful for the wonderful visit they had shared earlier. They were sorry that Hans and his wife, Gerda had never come to America. "Let's invite Gerda and Horst's younger brother, Hans Gerhard, now", Mother said impetuously. Gerda and Hans Gerhard arrived in time for Christmas. Gerda stayed with Horst and his family and Hans Gerhard stayed with my parents. We enjoyed all the holiday celebrations together. On Christmas Eve, at our house, Daddy sang the old German songs joyfully with Hans Gerhard. My parents took them to their favorite places in California. Palm Springs, Carmel, Lake Tahoe and the Napa Valley. They stopped in Disneyland and then enjoyed some shows and gambling in Las Vegas. Hans Gerhard reminded my father of his brother Hans. It comforted Daddy to be with him. Gerda and Mother enjoyed each other and discussed the possibility of remodeling Gerda's home in Achim. My parents agreed to loan her enough money to have work done to create a second apartment, so she could rent it out for income.

But Horst had an even better idea. He asked his mother to stay with them for six months so she could take care of the children while Vonnie got a job and brought in some extra money. "You can't remodel your house in the middle of winter. Stay here in California until summer when it's nice again in Germany" So Gerda stayed with them until July 1965. Vonnie got a job at the Veterans Hospital where she could walk to work and started earning some good money. Horst was happy that she was productive and not frittering away his hard earned money on nonsense. And his mother was at home taking care of Wendi and Mark. All was going well in his world.

He told his mother, "Teach her how to be frugal the way you used to be" And Gerda was happy to oblige. She bought the cheaper cuts of meat and cooked them a long time so they'd fall apart. She threw nothing out. Leftover meat and vegetables became leftover stew, which became leftover soup. When hot dogs were boiled in water, the water was not thrown out but used instead as the base for a thickened gravy to pour over potatoes. Vegetable water was saved as the base for soup. She instructed Vonnie daily after work. And Vonnie smiled politely, taking in everything. She was amazed at this woman's ability to pinch a penny and laughed at how much alike Horst and his mother were. She held her

tongue and said nothing, knowing that someday she would rule her own roost again. When all was said and done she would have the last say.

In May 1965, Marge and Terry moved into the new home they had built at 2285 Tioga Drive in Sharon Heights. On July 2, 1965 Gerda left America to go back home to Germany. It was summer and she looked forward to making plans to remodel her house with an income producing unit with the money Mother and Daddy had given her. Vonnie had her home to herself again. A little more than nine months later Horst and Vonnie had another child. Karl John Huneke was born April 29, 1966. They knew they had to find a larger home. The little house on Arnold Way had served its purpose but it was time to move on. And Horst thought "If Marge and Terry can move into that big new house, I'm going to get a better house too."

They found a nice house in Sunnyvale with an extra bedroom, a bigger backyard, well located on a quiet cul-de-sac in a good school district. The best part was that because of the extra money Vonnie had earned at the Veterans Hospital they wouldn't have to sell the Arnold Way house in order to buy the new house. They could keep it for their first rental unit. Horst was doing better at Vidar all the time, accumulating stocks every month. They were really getting ahead.

Vonnie enjoyed staying home with her children again. She loved being in her new house. Wendi was in a good school now. Mark would soon be in kindergarten. And Karl John was a good baby. The boys played wildly with each other but Horst was a strict disciplinarian with all of them. He had a heavy hand – more than Vonnie thought was necessary – but when she protested he raged at her too. He insisted that he was the head of the household and she must obey his wishes. Mother often scolded him, privately telling him he was too hard on the boys. Wendi, even as a little girl, was the only one with the courage to stand up to him. She dared him, with her flashing blue eyes, never to lay a hand on her and he never did.

Vonnie said little, listened to him, smiled and went her own way. Horst curtailed her from spending frivolously on birthdays and Halloween and Christmas, but she managed to have fun anyway. The Jehovah's Witnesses had started visiting her during the day when Horst was at work and she liked what they had to say. They brought a simple message of God and Christ to her. They believed in the Bible. They asserted that the husband was the head of the household and the wife subservient to him. They forbade such pagan celebrations as birthdays and Halloween. Further, any sort of gift giving, even at Christmas, was a pagan deviation from the simple pure celebration that Christmas really is. No Christmas trees, no lights on the house, no presents, no decorations! Who could dispute all of that? Surely not even Horst.

When she first invited him to the Jehovah's Witness meeting with her, he thought she had lost her mind. So she took the children and went alone, several times a

week. She embraced her new faith with the same fervor that she used to celebrate birthdays, Halloween, and Christmas. She obeyed her husband's wishes to the letter. She was content to accept whatever money her husband gave her and fed her family with that. She bought used clothing or received help from the Church when necessary. She obeyed everything he wanted except one thing. She would not stop going to the Jehovah's meetings several times a week and again on weekends. She defied him on that. He had gotten everything he had demanded. Subservience. Frugality. No wasteful celebrations. What more could he want?

He tried to submerge his frustration at Vidar. The company was doing very well and had grown enormously. He was always looking for ways to get ahead but Dalton Martin, his mentor and one of the top executives, said he would never get beyond the Chief Technician level because he had to have a college education to be an Engineer. He knew he could do everything as well as engineers could, so that stuck in his craw. Terry was an engineer at Ampex, with a Stanford degree and it was galling to Horst to still have his nose rubbed in his lack of education. He left Germany to get away from that nonsense. In Germany, his father had told him when he was young, that he had to go to school, but he knew then he didn't have to. And he knew it now. He decided to show them. He'd show all of them – including Vonnie!

Secretly he studied for the real estate salesman license exam from the state license book. He would study, take the state exam, pass it and then show them all. He would sell real estate at night and on weekends and make so much extra money that he'd buy more real estate very quickly. He flunked the first time and then crammed at Anthony School and passed. But by then he was frustrated with the system. It was hard to get listings. It was hard to sell real estate just on weekends and evenings. And he couldn't afford to just quit his job.

Then he heard about something even better. A new franchise called Weinerschnitzel. It was a match made in Heaven! He was the perfect man for this! He soon made a deal with the franchiser to buy the best location on the west coast. All he had to do was cash in his Vidar stocks, sell both houses and it would be his. He did that in no time, with Vonnie subserviently agreeing, as the Jehovah's taught her. But whoops! The franchise company had given that location to someone else. But they had a great one in Oregon for him. So he packed up his family and the Collie dog named Rain and headed north to Aloha, Oregon.

When they got there they saw they were nowhere. It was "near" Beaverton. But for now they rented a house and waited to see what would happen. Horst railed at the franchise company demanding the excellent location they had promised him. His properties were gone and the money lay fallow until they came up with something satisfactory for him. His family wasn't happy. The rain and

depressing little hole they lived in did nothing to make them feel better. But Vonnie found some Jehovah's and made the best of it.

Within a year they got a Wienerschnitzel on El Cajon Boulevard in San Diego and rented a temporary house for a year. They found a house they wanted to buy near the Wienerschnitzel at 4818 Fifty-fifth Street, but Horst refused to pay the asking price of \$42,000. He insisted he would bargain with them until they agreed to lower the price. After a year he paid \$42,000, using the \$10,000 my father had given him and they moved in. Vonnie found some Jehovah's and settled herself in the life that presented itself. In the meantime the Wienerschnitzel business was doing well. Daddy said, "How can you make a profit out of selling 25 cent hot dogs. But you could! If you sold enough of them. And Horst sold lots of hot dogs. It was located near El Cajon High School and was a popular hangout for students.

They stayed in the business for several years while the kids all went to El Cajon schools. Vonnie became ever more involved with the Jehovah's. Horst hated it but there was little he could do. She worked hard, asked for little, was obedient to him, took good care of the kids, lived within a tight budget and never celebrated birthdays, Halloween or Christmas again. Everything he had wanted

After several years he got bored with the Wienerschnitzel business. Several shootings had occurred in El Cajon. Clerks behind the counter were shot and killed. The high school across the street from the Wienerschnitzel had a bad element and drugs were part of the scene in the area. He decided his and his family's lives were at stake and it was time to sell before any of them were killed.

"Well, I've sold the business", he announced one day. "Sign here", and he handed Vonnie some papers. Vonnie smiled blandly, wondering what was next. "I've always wanted to own a Smoke Shop. You know – they sell all kinds of specialty cigarettes, cigars, imported tobaccos, pipes, magazines from all over the world." Vonnie was amazed. "I thought the government says that smoking is bad for you and everyone should stop." "That's a bunch of propaganda. People will never stop smoking. Besides this is a Navy town and the business I bought is in the best location – right downtown in one of the old hotels. Close to the docks. It's a natural. The magazines alone will make a huge profit. They're the kind of magazines you can't buy just anywhere. And besides I'll enjoy a relaxing kind of business where you can sit behind the counter, sell goods with a high profit margin and schmooz with the customers." Vonnie nodded and smiled, "Whatever you say Horst." At least she wouldn't have to work behind the counter anymore and she could spend more time doing good works for the Jehovahs.

Sadly, this time Horst was not riding a horse in the direction it was going. People did stop smoking. And it happened rather quickly – escalating right after he bought the business. But after a while that didn't matter. The store was located in an area that was slated for redevelopment. He acted in haste and forgot to

look into that before he bought it. One by one the businesses closed around him and soon even the old hotel itself couldn't keep the doors open any more. By the time he tried to get out, there was nothing left to sell. He had to slink away with his tail between his legs.

He owned a couple of small apartment buildings – he tried not to tell Vonnie everything – he just told her to sign papers from time to time. He tried to parlay those into bigger holdings and took on some partners who were doctors. They needed him to help them invest and he thought he could make a pile for himself too. But eventually that dwindled away too. They bought some land in the hills that Vonnie loved. Horst always had fears of wars and destruction and wanted to know he had someplace to run and hide.

During these years Mother kept in touch with Horst and Vonnie regularly. Vonnie's sister, June, stayed on with wealthy old Mr. Christensen – his wife lived on in her deranged state so they never married – but he was generous to June. When she got breast cancer he was her loyal companion to the end. Mother visited her often with the specialties she loved so much, smoked salmon, fresh paté and cheeses, and strawberries out of season, thick with cream. She brought out all the Hugo sisters to get together while June was still alive. They had some wonderful times together before June died.

June's daughter Lori Paluzzi was growing up and turning into a rather flamboyant young woman. She was in New York most of the time and wanted to become an actress. She fell in love and had an affair with Tommy De Soto, a handsome guy – older than she by a few years and a waiter in one of the good restaurants. She changed to a stage name – Sloan Wilson – using June's first husband's name because it had a nice ring to it. Wendi went to visit her cousin Lori, excuse me, Sloan, and also fell in love with Tommy De Soto. For a while Tommy managed a seamy double affair with two cousins, but eventually Wendi found him out and went back home to San Diego.

None of Horst and Vonnie's children were ever encouraged to become educated beyond high school. "High school was good enough for me" Horst said stoutly. And the Jehovah's supported that too. They taught that education poisoned the minds of children. Anything worthwhile they need to know is in the Bible. So Wendi went to work cleaning houses and in time started her own house cleaning business. Eventually she married Glen Hasting, nearly twenty years her senior, with two half grown children by his first marriage. Soon they had two more named Dylan, a boy and McKenna, a girl. Glen had something Wendi appreciated – a home of his own, a good job with the telephone company, and eligibility for a pension in ten more years. When that time came, they sold the house in Santee and moved back to upstate New York, where they live today, outside the town of Dundee. Wendi went back to where she came from, on a piece of land in the country.

Mark, a bachelor, still lives at home at age forty-three, and works as a machinist. He saves his money and as the eldest son has been told by Horst that he will inherit their house someday "The house always goes to the eldest son. Like my mother did for me. I was in control and divided things for me and my brother." So Mark is staying pretty close to home. Karl John, my father's namesake, except they spelled it wrong, couldn't wait to get away. He was easily enticed by Debby, an attractive thirty-five year old, when he was seventeen. We attended their wedding on the back of a small boat on Catalina Island. Her sixteen year old daughter was her attendant. Actually Karl and Debby made a cute couple. She was petite and cute looking; he was overweight and looked much older than his seventeen years. Debby was a whirlwind of business schemes, usually revolving around marine adventures and Karl was a willing participant in just about anything she promoted. Unfortunately when their only son Tyler was around eight, she died of multiple sclerosis before any of her schemes came to fruition. Karl still flounders in Hawaii, near his young son, trying to make a living. Hard to do without an education.

Horst and Vonnie had a fourth child after they moved to San Diego. Heidi is a large woman, with fair hair and skin. Horst thinks she looks a lot like me and the Huneke's. Her husband, John Morse, works for the city as a gardener and Heidi is a good manager. She runs a Big Five store and is one of their best managers. She's so good they keep moving her on to troubled stores to straighten them out. The problem with that is the profits are always low before she straightens them out and there are no bonuses until the profits improve. Plus it's very hard work. Surely she'll move on to upper management, but she can't do that without better education. Too bad.

Mother used to talk to me about Horst often. "It's a good thing that he never went into the stained glass business with your father. Carl built a good business and was proud of what he had accomplished. He had nothing to be ashamed of. Horst is a stubborn mule and has made nothing but one mistake after another during his life and dragged his family with him. God only knows what he would have done if he were in Carl's business."

When Horst sold his shares of Vidar stock that many years ago, he had a good number of shares. Eventually the Vidar shares were split and split again many times. Over the years the company was sold to Continental Telephone and then sold again to TRW, each time with stock splits, very favorable to the original Vidar shareholders. Many years ago I heard the stock price one day and Horst's shares were worth over a million dollars then. His Arnold Way house is worth \$750,000 today and the Sunnyvale house is worth about \$1.2 million. If he had done *nothing else* in all these years but kept working at a job, kept his stocks and those two houses, he would be a multimillionaire today. But I guess that wouldn't be very exciting.

Marge and Terry buy a home in Menlo Park at 1141 Westfield Drive.



Horst, Vonnie and Wendi come to stay with us for a month



Connie is born March 24, 1963. Greg, Grandma and Tim pose with her for a picture.



Left: Hans Gerhart Huneke, Vonnie, Mother, Gerda Huneke, Horst Huneke.
Taken at SF Airport December 1964.

Horst buys the Wienerschnitzel in San Diego.
From left to right: Wendi, Carl, Connie, Lee and Greg.



Above: Lee, Vonnie, Horst and Carl

Right: Terry, Horst, Connie and Vonnie.



MA, MOTHER AND ME

A MEMOIR

Chapter 13 Winding Down 1968

The years were filled with the sounds of a croquet mallet whacking a ball in the backyard, along with the shouts and screams, laughter and tears over the croquet game. Grandma became mellower. It was as if all of life's struggles had ended in fulfillment. She loved to go Draeger's with me to buy food for her old favorite dishes, which we would cook together. Sometimes we made beef rouladen with noodles and gravy, or breaded veal cutlets. The cutlets reminded Tim that, when he was a little boy, he called them meat cookies, which he ate in spite of not liking meat. We'd buy a huge corned beef and boil it with cabbage and potatoes for Saint Patrick's Day, because that was "a special day for Terry, who is Irish." But when Grandma bought smoked tongue and boiled it, all the kids drew the line. "No, Grandma, I can't eat that. That's disgusting. It has little bumps on it, like my own tongue." Once she cooked pig's knuckles with sauerkraut. For several hours, the wonderful aroma wafted through the house. Daddy, Mother and I loved it, Terry tolerated it, but the children refused, saying it smelled bad. The leftovers from their plates were placed on the floor for Nick, the ravenous beagle, who ate everything he could find or steal in one or two gulps. Everyone laughed uproariously, when he sniffed at it cautiously, looked up at us with a hangdog expression and limped away dejectedly. "See, we told you it smelled bad," they all shouted gleefully. "Even Nick won't eat it, that's how bad it is."

In the summer Grandma made fruit dumplings to show the children an Austrian summer treat. We gathered apricots and plums from the trees in our backyard. Mother made thick dumpling dough out of boiled white potatoes which had been pushed through a "ricer". The dough was rolled out, either with the heel of her hand, or a rolling pin, and circles were cut out of the rolled dough. Each circle was stuffed with a whole, unpitted apricot or plum and boiled in a large pot of water on the stove. First, each dumpling sank to the bottom of the pot, but as it cooked, it rose to the top of the bubbling water, inviting her to take it out. She removed each one with a slotted spoon and placed it in a large frying pan, where bread-crumbs, sugar and cinnamon, had been sautéed in butter. The wet dumplings were rolled in the mixture until they were well coated and placed on a plate to cool. Everyone stood around sniffing with appreciation until the dumplings were cool enough to eat.

I baked apple pies in the fall when the Gravensteins had just ripened. Daddy loved those pies, warm from the oven. Unfortunately the season was short, and the fruit was only available for a few weeks at the end of summer each year.

One year Mother took us all to Sebastopol to visit some old folks she knew back in the days when she lived on the chicken ranch. She knew they sold a few crates of Gravensteins each August and she wanted to see the old place again. "How's it going? How're you doing?", they asked as she drove into the yard in the navy blue Cadillac. She was proud to show off her husband, daughter and grandchildren and it seemed we were there as much for that as for the apples. Back home we had an apple pie production line each August and September. The whole family participated in peeling and slicing apples, mixing dough and then rolling it out with just the right degree of thinness. The extra pies were put in the freezer, for enjoyment throughout the winter. But the first pies were baked fresh, as "the boys" all played croquet, waiting for delicious samples from the oven.

One day, Mother and I went to Draeger's. While we were picking out fresh vegetables, a woman approached. "Aren't you Lee? Do you remember me? I used to work at the Chinese Laundry with you in Palo Alto more than thirty years ago. What ever happened to you? Didn't you marry that guy who was an artist? How did it all turn out?" Mother remembered her. "Everything turned out very well. My husband is a successful artist. Here is my baby", as she introduced me. She described her grandchildren and said she was very happy. The woman said she had also been successful.

At home, Mother shared the incident with Daddy. They laughed and shed some tears too, about those hard times so long ago. "Remember, children," they told Tim, Greg and Connie, "it isn't bad to be poor when you're young. But it's not much fun to be poor when you're old. The most important thing for you to do, is get a good education, work hard, and don't live too extravagantly when you're young." Mother added, "Buy real estate in the best location and remember, if you take care of your real estate when you're young it will take care of you, when you're old." They smiled at each other and Daddy didn't disagree with any of it.

The Beagle dog, Nick, continued to be a recalcitrant member of the household. When we moved to Tioga Drive he continued to break through or dig under fences. On his great escapes he could roam Menlo Park. He was smart enough to figure out that the builder's large trucks that lumbered up our Tioga Drive hill had to shift gears right in front of our house. If he could break loose and make a run for it, he could stand square legged, directly in front of the truck, right at that spot and they would have to stop. He felt full of power. After he stopped the first truck, there was no stopping him. Unfortunately he was too dumb to figure out that doing the same thing to a school bus coming *down* hill had a totally different result. The first couple of busses missed him but the third time he tried it he was nailed.

I watched from the kitchen window and ran out as he raced at the bus at an oblique angle. The front tire gave him a glancing blow on his front left shoulder. He went down mid-leap and was silent. I thought he was dead but he was still

breathing. I got a blanket to put over him just as Terry happened to drive up Tioga. First he thought it was Connie under the blanket. He was relieved it was the dog. We loaded Nick in the car and took him to the vet, who rushed him into the examining room. They said they would have to keep him under observation for a while and would call us as soon as they had some news. We went home, heads hung low. What a shame. We'd have to tell the kids – our dog is dead. He'd been a very difficult dog and we tried to be very, very sad. But it was hard. When the kids came home we had to tell them the news.

Then the vet called. "Well he's in bad shape but we have some good news for you. We've done x-rays and with some excellent surgery (\$\$\$), which we can do, lots of therapy (\$\$\$) and excellent medication (\$\$\$) – we can pull him through. Oh wow. What good news. He'll be with us a few more years. The kids were thrilled. They loved him. After all, hadn't he been delivered to them personally by Santa Claus? They couldn't wait to bring him home again.

After the dog got home, the therapy sessions began. Nick had a pin in his shoulder bone but he refused to put weight on it. So he ran on three legs. Unless he spotted the school bus. Then he used all four legs quite well. In fact he got up a good head of steam still trying to catch that bus. But for all normal activity he limped around on three legs. The vet said it was our responsibility to give him therapy every day to force him to use the bad leg, since he was now perfectly healthy. It was just a habit that he wouldn't use it. "How?", we asked. "Does he have a good appetite?" Well duh! Is the Pope Catholic? "O K. then, tie up the good front leg and put a tempting piece of food at the other end of the kitchen so he'll have to use his bad leg to get to it"

We couldn't wait to try our new therapy at home in the kitchen. We tied his good leg tight, close to his body with a large dish towel and put a piece of bologna that he would kill for, at the other end of the kitchen. We let him sniff it first so he'd get the picture. The floor was slippery. He used his back legs like fan blades as he sledged across the floor with both shoulders to the ground. The bologna was gone in one gulp and he turned around to look for more. The performance was amazing. My parents laughed so hard when they saw him do it. He enjoyed doing his act for us any time we wanted to feed him bologna. But for the rest of his life he got around on three legs unless there was a bus or a cat to chase. Then he ran on four legs with the best of them.

A few years earlier I decided that we should have a cat. In those days you watched the newspaper ads in spring and you had your choice of litters from which to choose a kitten. We picked out a long haired tortoise shell female from our friends Ed and Brunetta Terry. She had beautiful striped markings on her face and we called her P.C., short for pussy cat. There can't be much room for brains in a cat's small head, but P.C. had more smarts than any cat I've known. She was six weeks old when we brought her home. The first thing she did was tell the dog Nick that he should not approach her. He apparently agreed.

because he was always respectful of her as long as he lived. Then she started hunting and she delivered all the products of her wonderful hunting abilities. Mice, rats, snakes, gophers, birds, bats were all fair game. The porch was OK, but sometimes she brought things into the living room or our bedroom, which created temporary pandemonium.

She slept out every night and in spring when she was old enough, nature took its course. Eventually we noticed her bulging tummy and pink nipples. Nine weeks later she purred around my legs, jumped in my lap and kneaded my thighs with her paws. By then I'd read the cat books and put a box in my closet floor, with a towel in the bottom. When her time was close she went into the box and stayed there until she produced five perfect little kittens.

She knew what to do without any books – she just knew. We all marveled at her. Mother and Daddy loved all of it and came often to see the kittens grow. At about three weeks we put them in our old netted circular playpen in the family room where they were confined, but P.C. could visit them at will. At one point we got a cute picture of Mother, smiling broadly, with several kittens poking their heads up out of her bosom.

At seven or eight weeks they were weaned. We put an ad in the paper and gave them all to good homes, and that was that. Eight weeks later she started the whole process again and had a second litter. In all, P.C. had sixty kittens in five years, twice a year like clockwork. And every one of them got good homes. Until the last one. It was kind of a runt female, black and white and not too smart. Even P.C. didn't like her and kept looking up at me as if to say, "When are you going to get rid of her?"

We didn't give her a name intentionally. We just called her "Kitten", still hoping as she got older, that someone would take her. But eventually she did the smartest thing she ever did in her whole life. My father didn't really like cats and just watched them from a distance. He never touched them if he could avoid it. One day as he sat on the patio, working on his chess problems, Kitten jumped on his lap. She started purring and smiled up at him angelically. He touched her tentatively and she closed her eyes and purred loudly. That was the end of it. This cat wasn't going to the pound. No sir! She was a nice little cat and she was staying here.

She never quite got the hang of being a cat. She brought gifts home to us but they were weird: lizards, spiders, slugs, half a snake. Who got the other half for gosh sake? Even P.C. avoided her and hissed if she came too close, but she never seemed to mind. After about ten years she just disappeared one day. P.C. was with us until she was more than twenty years old. Pretty old for a cat! It was a sad day when we had to allow the vet to put her down. She gave us all many wonderful years. Her ashes are in my pet cemetery under the Saint Francis shrine in the back yard.

In 1970 Mother elected to have surgery which she had been considering for a long time. Dr Paul, her regular doctor, told her that the size of her breasts were more than an inconvenience. He said they were causing a strain on her heart. In addition, her bra straps cut into the flesh on her shoulders and caused her serious pain. He felt that her insurance company would pay for breast reduction surgery on those grounds. She agreed to let him make the inquiry and in April she was admitted to the hospital for a four hour operation to reduce the size of her breasts. The nine days in the hospital were difficult. She was in pain and to make it worse, she was a terrible patient. When she hurt, she yelled Loud. She kept all of this a secret from everyone. I finally got hold of Daddy, not knowing where they had gone. He was outside her room at the nurse's station phone and I could hear her voice bellowing in the distance. Clearly her youthful three day stint in nursing school did nothing to teach her restraint with nurses.

She allowed no visitors but eventually made her appearance with a much improved figure. Her watermelon sized breasts had been reduced to the size of cantaloupes. They were still large enough to conform to her two hundred pound body, but her appearance was much improved. And more important she was much more comfortable. She always dressed well and bought attractive clothes which enhanced her appearance. Now she could find clothes off the rack, rather than having them made by a dressmaker. She had colored her hair ash blonde all her later years. The attractive color complemented her lovely skin. She applied acrylic to her nails so they would be strong and long. She proudly wore attractive nail polish for the rest of her life.

One Sunday afternoon, my parents arrived at our house. Terry and I were in the kitchen and the children were outside. Mother said, "Well, my second husband died last week." I looked puzzled. "Mother, *Daddy* is your second husband." "No, he's my third husband. I was married to another man, before him and after Rudy's father." Daddy said sheepishly "Yes, it's all true, all true." Mother continued, "I went to the hospital to visit a friend when I saw the name Michael Laurson on one of the hospital doors. That was the name of my second husband. When I opened the door, it was him. He appeared to be sick and dying. We chatted for a while. We hadn't seen or heard of each other in all these years even though we both lived in San Francisco. We talked about Ma and Pa and Fini and the house on Newcomb Avenue. A few days later I read in the paper that he had died." "Mother, what if something had happened to you and that man showed up telling me he used to be married to you? I'd probably have hit him." She smiled, "Well, I didn't and he didn't, so don't worry about it any more."

And that was all she said. There was so much more to the story but she didn't tell it. She never mentioned that she and Laursen were legally married until I was more than two years old, because she couldn't find him in order to get a divorce. She told me so many things, but that was the one thing she couldn't find

in her heart to say I think it was out of respect to Daddy, who was so upset because they couldn't get married before I was born. He altered their marriage license himself, in order to keep the truth from me. Even after Daddy died she never told me about that, maybe out of respect for his feelings, even though he was gone.

Mother and Daddy took us to the Tourist House for Maifest and Kinderfest and to the Mountain Play once a year. Mother loved bringing new people to the Mountain Play. She always brought a picnic supper from Herman's Delicatessen on Geary Street, and after the play in the amphitheatre, we went to the meadow where we sat on blankets to enjoy good food and good company. Sometimes the kids even got the adults to participate in a game of baseball.

We enjoyed many happy vacations with my parents, especially in Yosemite and the Sierra. Though the altitude was hard on Mother we all walked to Parsons Lodge and nearby Soda Springs where she'd sip the cold soda water bubbling from the ground. She took us to Miller Cascade at Tuolumne Meadows Lodge. From there, we'd go for a short walk on the John Muir Trail. We crossed the bridge over the Dana Fork of the Tuolumne River and followed the trail to the Twin Bridges.

Mother loved taking us to the Ahwahnee Hotel in Yosemite, especially to the lovely cottages on the wooded grounds of the Hotel. She resented the Hotel's Modified American Plan where you paid for breakfast and dinner as a part of the cost. She always tried to diet and didn't want to be forced to eat two large meals a day. The American Plan was reminiscent of the early nineteenth hundreds at grand old hotels like the Ahwahnee, Tahoe Tavern, and Old Faithful Inn. Wealthy guests were drawn to the grand hotels in the National Parks in America, where they indulged in three large meals each day. In between eating they dressed formally and sat in rocking chairs on the verandahs, looking at the beauty around them.

Terry, Daddy, and the boys played golf on the Hotel's nine-hole golf course, surrounded by the awesome towering granite cliffs. Connie knelt on the terrace to feed squirrels. Mother remembered my doing the same thing years earlier when I was little. We enjoyed dinner in the beautiful dining room. When it was dark we went outside to the terrace to watch the Firefall. We all stood hushed, faces upturned, to watch the lovely display. Mother loved listening to the "Indian Love Call". We didn't know then that it would end forever on January 25, 1968.

One winter we went to Strawberry Lodge in Sonora for sledding and snow play. There were long toboggan runs, professionally groomed, and Grandpa took several turns with Tim, Greg and Connie. Even Grandma went down the sled run with them one time. During those years, all the hundreds of little things that children do were shared with my parents. They came to Menlo Park for basketball games, tennis meets, swim meets, horse shows, barbecues, backyard

fireworks on Independence Day, birthdays and every kind of family celebration. These were my children's growing up years.

During these years Daddy sometimes got more jobs than he expected. Since his faithful old employees were aging, Terry often helped him. Sometimes this was on weekends or during Terry's two weeks of vacation. One time Terry helped with precision glass cutting for the production of Saint Vincent de Paul's entrance doors. Often he used the big water-cooled glass cutting saw to cut the inch thick faceted glass. But Daddy particularly appreciated his help in installations when they would take Daddy's old scaffold to a church and set it up. Then Terry was an enormous help in handing up the sections of finished windows as they were placed and installed.

While the men were busy, Mother frequently took the children and me on little trips. She loved to explore the back roads of California. She looked up one interesting place or another which she wanted to visit. We prowled around the old hot springs in the foothills of the Sierra that were popular at the turn of the century. Most of the old hotels were nearly in ruins, but fun to explore. One time she read about a place called Coffee Creek Ranch near Trinity Lake. It took hours to get there and when we did we were lucky they could squeeze us into one of the old cabins for the night. Swimming that evening and horseback riding the next morning took away some of the sting of the long ride to get there.

Once when Connie was little, we left her with Vonnie in Menlo Park and Mother took Evelyn's mother, Nona Prini, Brad, 10, Tim, 9, Greg, 8 and me to Yosemite. Though Mother was often a doting Grandma, she was also short of patience and believed in discipline. So far each of her grandchildren, Judy, Gus and Brad, had been subjected to a "Grandma beating" when they displayed overbearing, spoiled behavior around her. Thus far, my children had escaped. We had lived in Richland for four years and she still glowed with happiness since we returned. On this trip we stayed in three tents at Camp Curry. Grandma shared a tent with Tim, Nona was with Brad and I was with Greg. After we watched the evening show and the Firefall we all went to bed. Grandma told all of us that we would leave early the next morning because we had a long day ahead of us. She promised to make sure we were all awake no later than seven.

Shortly before seven she woke Tim and then proceeded to each of the other tents. She was already showered, dressed and ready to go. When she returned to her tent Tim hadn't moved. In fact he had snuggled deeper into the covers. When she told him again to get up he said belligerently, "No. I'm not going to." She tried to pull him out of bed and he thrashed at her with fists and feet and refused. When I came in, now dressed and ready to go, he gave me the same answer. Mother told me, "Leave the tent. I'll take over." When he thrashed at her again she picked him up, fully suspended in her clenched hands. She set him on his feet and proceeded to spank his bottom long and hard, along with a tongue lashing that could be heard through the entire camp. Her tirade was only

exceeded by Tim's yowling, which made everyone around us think he was being killed. At seven a.m. our noise was the only sound anywhere in Camp Curry

Needless to say Tim got dressed, we packed up and loaded the car, ate breakfast and got on the road for Tuolumne Meadows, Mono Lake, Lake Tahoe and points beyond. Tim was very well behaved for the rest of the trip as were Brad and Greg. Brad had already had his "Grandma Beating", though he could have used several at various times in his childhood. Greg was a smart kid and could see the handwriting on the wall. He was going to avoid one of those if at all possible. But in truth Grandma was getting older and it turned out that Tim was the last grandchild to get a real Grandma beating. He always said that was why he turned out so well. Greg claimed that he didn't need one. And both boys insisted that Connie was spoiled rotten because she never got a Grandma beating, which they earnestly recommended for her.

After we bought the cottages on Harvard Street in Palo Alto Terry couldn't wait to buy more. But it was hard to save enough for a down payment just from wages. We had \$3,000 to invest but that just wasn't enough. We talked about it and Mother said someone told her Hexcel was a good buy. Terry looked into it and invested \$3,000 in Hexcel stock. In less than two years it had tripled and he cashed out while he was ahead. He found a building in San Mateo which could be bought for \$10,000 down payment. The owner was Fred Strebek, a locksmith in Foster City.

We went to look at the building. It wasn't in the best neighborhood, but it skirted one and it looked like the area was improving. That could be good for the future. It was on Villa Terrace, at the corner of San Mateo Drive in San Mateo. We could buy it for \$10,000 down on a total cost of \$60,000 - \$10,000 a unit for six one bedroom flats in a three story building. I'm convinced that the final thing that sold Terry on the building was that it had a boiler in the basement. Granted the pipes were spouting leaks, but Terry's eyes glowed when he saw that old boiler steaming away in the basement. What could be more fun than modifying that old thing! So the deed was done. Mother smiled and nodded her head, while Daddy smiled, and shook his head. She had a son-in-law after her own heart. But Daddy was happy for another reason. It looked as if we would never be moving away again.

My parents visited Europe again. This time, they flew first class, so they would be more comfortable on the long flight. They rented a large luxurious car that would accommodate mother and would have room for guests. Daddy's mother, Johanna, and his brother, Hans, were dead, but they visited Martha and her family, as well as Gerda and Hans Gerhard, who was now married and had a family. Mother had reached the time in her life where she felt she could say what she wanted and often did. She wasted no words telling Hans Gerhard that the hotel he had referred her to was awful. However, they were happy to see the

improvements that had been made in Martha's home and Gerda's home with the money my parents had sent.

They enjoyed a visit with Kathe and Anneliese in Hamburg, and then they went to Wiesbaden, where they visited Franz Amandi and his wife and children. Once again Mother complained about the quality of the hotel that Franz recommended. In each case Daddy smoothed things over but Mother was tired of being nice even if things weren't nice. She said exactly what she thought to everyone.

They stayed in Europe for more than two months, knowing it would probably be their last visit. They ended their trip with a week in London and took the time to really enjoy it. They visited the cathedrals, castles, theatres, shops and restaurants. They strolled in the parks and window shopped at leisure. Joe Hurley, Judy's fiancé, was staying at their house, taking care of Chang. Marge and Terry took care of the apartments. All was in order at home and they could relax.

When they returned, they shared in the excitement of Judy's wedding. Before going to Europe, Mother and Daddy had gone to Saks Fifth Avenue, on Grant Avenue, with Judy, to try on wedding dresses. They sat proudly in Saint Stephen Church as Judy walked down the aisle on Rudy's arm under the light of the beautiful faceted glass windows Daddy had created.

We were always close to my brother Rudy and his family and got together often. We all enjoyed Joe and Judy's wedding and the reception afterward at the Hilton Hotel in San Francisco. Our family was "comped" the Presidential Suite that night, because Joe and Judy and Rudy's family didn't want to use it. Henri Lewin, the general manager, was a good friend of Rudy's, so the whole affair was particularly nice. Rudy had invited many dignitaries, since he was a San Francisco Fire Commissioner at the time and was politically influential.

One day, a few months after the wedding, Rudy told mother and me that he wanted us to meet a Pakistani prince who was a friend of his. Prince Sayeed had seen Connie at the wedding and had an offer to make to us. Mother and I both agreed we didn't want to meet him. But Rudy prevailed. "Seriously this is a very nice, well educated man, very wealthy and he has some interesting ideas. I really want you to meet him. I'd like to bring him out to the house. Don't be rude. He's a friend of mine. I really want you to meet him." We agreed and didn't know what to expect. He was middle aged, nice looking, well dressed, well educated. But what he had to say bowled us over.

He had noticed eight year old Connie at the wedding and knew she was one of our family. He wanted to make an offer to us that would be very beneficial for her. He wanted to take her to his palace in Pakistan, where she would live a life of luxury, be well educated, groomed and taken care of until she was grown up. We could visit her whenever we liked. Mother and I looked at Rudy as if he were

out of his mind. We both said we weren't interested in such an arrangement, but Sayeed looked serious and said it was a wonderful opportunity for the child and we should seriously consider it. He did not make such offers very often. Please think it over.

When the men left, Mother and I exploded. What was Rudy thinking bringing this guy to the house! Who cares if he's a prince or not? That's the nuttiest idea we'd ever heard of. And we both scolded him unmercifully on the phone after the meeting. Mother warned me, "You better keep a close eye on her. I don't want any nutty Pakistani prince named Sayeed trying to kidnap her. I don't know what's wrong with Rudy." And so the story became a part of family lore – Rudy introducing Prince Sayeed, who wanted to take little eight year old Connie away to his palace.

It wasn't until I was writing this book and talking about this incident with Connie, that we both looked at each other and started laughing. Rudy's been dead since 1998 and it took us all these years to *know* that this was one of his practical jokes. And what a good one it was on us! We bought it hook, line and sinker. How I wish we could laugh with him and mother now. Rudy and Gus used to love getting out of a crowded elevator, and just as the door opened and they stepped out, one of them held their own expensive watch up in the air and yelled, "Got one!" They laughed, as everyone left on the elevator, groped to see if they still had theirs.

One of Rudy's good friends was Cyril Magnin. Cyril was the son of Josef Magnin, founder of the elegant ladies clothing store. He was one of San Francisco's well known businessmen and socialites. Rudy told Cyril that Ma, Rudy's grandma, used to work for Cyril's mother, who took her to Paris. When they got to Paris, Cyril's mother tried to pay Ma in francs instead of dollars and Ma took her to the American Consulate to make it right. Cyril knew Rudy's penchant for jokes and thought Rudy made it up, but this time Rudy was telling the truth and he always got a big kick out of it. Cyril finally laughed too, once he believed it, and it became a standing joke between them.

Some years before, Doctor Paul had suggested that Mother join an organization called T O P S which stood for Take Off Pounds Sensibly. He had tried to help her with diet pills but wanted her to find a better way. He felt that she should try to weigh less than 190 pounds since she was beginning to have high blood pressure, which was detrimental to her health. Now that her breasts were smaller she decided to try the club and found that she liked it. She had something in common with the women who were all trying to lose weight. Many of them were much larger than she was and this helped her self esteem.

The best thing about the club was the nice women she met there. One of them was Agathe von Durman, a former countess. Agathe was younger than Mother by at least ten years, but they had much in common. As Aggie got to know my

mother better she shared her sad story. In Czechoslovakia, before the war, she was the only daughter of a wealthy Count who was a large landholder in Bohemia. She had two brothers who were close to their father and who would inherit and manage the lands. Agathe, their beloved daughter, would be an heiress too. She would inherit the family summer villa on a beautiful sloping, wooded hillside in Salzburg, Austria.

When the Nazis came into power in Austria, Aggie's very Catholic father and brothers resisted and were forcibly removed from their lands. They were conscripted into the German army and all three lost their lives in the war. After Aggie's mother died, she was consoled by a young man who was a friend of the family. He was the nephew of the famous composer Peter Tchaikovsky. They married and immigrated to America where he was offered a job as an engineer in Boston, since he was brilliant and well educated. They moved to Boston, where both she and her husband had influential friends, who eased their way in the new country. But even before Aggie had learned English very well, her young husband became sick with leukemia and died.

Agathe was desperate and despondent. She had nowhere to go. Her family in Austria was all dead. Her beloved young husband in America was dead. For a while she languished in sorrow and fear. She would have succumbed to a nervous breakdown if it were not for her family's generous and caring friends. Eventually she recovered but it was clear that as a widow she needed to find some way to support herself, since she did not have an income. After the war the land in both Austria and Czechoslovakia was confiscated by the Russians. One of her friends was a doctor, well acquainted with the wealthy Guggenheim family in San Francisco. Martha Guggenheim, the forty year old daughter of the family, was mentally retarded and the family preferred to hire someone of a high social rank, who would fit into their circle and would be a kind companion and protector of Martha.

After references were tendered and interviews were made, Agathe was hired for the job. She moved to San Francisco where she lived in Martha's home, a magnificent condominium at California Street, on Nob Hill, overlooking the Golden Gate. There were maids, a cook and a driver to take them anywhere they wished to go. Martha was somewhat particular despite her diminished capacity and was well aware of her status. She expected and demanded a certain level of servitude and had an attitude of privilege about her. Her two brothers were quite devoted to her and always saw that her life was comfortable and interesting. She had already had several unsatisfactory companions.

But Agathe was different. Within a short time Martha developed a childlike love for Aggie. In a way, Aggie was a substitute for the mother she had lost years before. She was firm, patient and very sweet with her, though it sometimes tried Aggie's patience. She lived in the lap of luxury, but in some ways she was a captive. So she was looking for a friend when she met mother at T.O.P.S.

Agathe had one day off each week, though Martha cried when Aggie took her day off. Frequently Aggie and Mother went on one adventure or another. Sometimes they would visit me in Menlo Park. Agathe went on vacations with Martha too. One of Martha's favorite places was Hawaii, so they went to Maui each year.

Agathe kept urging Mother and Daddy to come to Hawaii while she was there and they finally agreed. First they went to Honolulu. Daddy fell in love with the warm soft waves washing over him. He discovered papayas and popovers, both breakfast specialties, at the Royal Hawaiian on Waikiki. Then they went on to Maui, where they joined Agathe and Martha. Martha was enchanted with Daddy because he treated her with kindness and respect and played with her in the surf. Martha was childlike, and Daddy always did enjoy children. This allowed Agathe and Mother some freedom to visit. The four of them went to dinner together, which was a relief for Agathe, who would otherwise always be alone with Martha.

Agathe persuaded the Guggenheims to allow her to take Martha home to Austria with her in the summer. Agathe's family summer villa had been returned to her by the Austrian government, but was in disrepair. She needed to evaluate how to fix it because someday she hoped to go there at least half the year. Eventually the Guggenheim's provided money to restore the villa to good condition and Martha spent many happy summers with Agathe near Salzburg. The Guggenheim family visited too and found everything to their satisfaction.

Later, after my parents died, Terry, Connie and I, with Warren, his wife Christy and son, Robert, visited Agathe in Austria. Martha was nearing the end of her life at that time and in poor health, but they both went out with us that day to a famous castle. In the van we passed some distinctly unattractive looking people, walking along the dirt road we were on. We all were silent but had the same thought. But Martha said loudly, "Ugly people!" We all smothered our laughter as we pulled away from them. Agathe told me later that Martha sometimes said similar things when my mother was with them and mother would laugh and say to Aggie in German "From the mouths of babes and idiots you get the truth"

Eventually Martha Guggenheim died and Agathe's job ended after many years. She said that loss affected her more than she had expected. She said it was like losing a child, even though Martha was older than Agathe. After Martha's death Agathe spent more than half the year in Austria in her villa and the rest of the year in an apartment on Pacific Heights in San Francisco, with a generous pension.

Terry was a development engineer with Ampex for seven years. Now he was offered an excellent job with Memorex, a new company in Santa Clara. Since Ampex had pressured him to move to Opelika, Alabama, he decided to switch to Memorex, with a better job and less chance of being transferred. The change was made and everything went well, for more than a year. But at the end of

1970, the electronics industry in the Bay Area was floundering. Early in 1971, just before Terry's fortieth birthday, his job at Memorex was terminated. He was laid off, along with thousands of other engineers at Memorex and many other electronics companies. This was the beginning of a change in the corporate mentality of, not only the Bay Area, but the whole country. The era of corporate loyalty was ending and it would not return. Employees were no longer compliant about doing whatever the company asked. And companies no longer had lifelong loyalty to their employees.

During this upheaval, my parents were supportive, sympathetic and watchful, but quiet. They feared that we might move away again. They also had concern for our economic security and self-esteem. They watched with amazement, and then respect, as Terry forged ahead, using his time to find a building in the Marina, at 2290 Francisco Street. He found a loan to buy it, and traded the less attractive, six unit building on Villa Terrace in San Mateo, for the building in the Marina. They remembered some of Lee's assertive actions in the past. "Maybe he'll make it work," they chuckled to each other. "The Marina building is beautiful. And if they buy it, they certainly won't move away again." They liked that idea. But they both had agreed, that they would not offer any money to help us buy this building. We'd have to do it alone.

Mother kept in touch every day during the escrow period, not wanting to miss any of the details of the deal, even if she weren't involved. The realtor's name was Bill Van Mucky and when he started suggesting some inventive maneuvers to make this deal close, she laughed and said only someone with a name like Van Mucky could dream up those ideas. At the last moment the seller had remorse and refused to sign until Van Mucky got his lawyer to drag him to the escrow office in his bedroom slippers. Samuel H. Edelman, who owned a jewelry store named S H E., was an eighty-three year old man with no heirs. He had given us a seven year term on an interest only second mortgage for \$37,500 in order to make the deal fly. Definitely an optimist. We paid him an outrageous price for his gorgeous Marina building. In return he paid us an outrageous price for our dumpy six unit building in San Mateo. At the last minute even the lender got cold feet and required two months mortgage payments in advance and that was a deal killer for us. We simply didn't have any more cash to put on the table. So Van Mucky loaned us his commission for two months until we retrieved income from the building's cash flow. Mother laughed so hard over "Mr. Mucky" making that deal fly.

All the while I kept telling Terry he had to apply for unemployment benefits, but he said he couldn't because we had applied for a \$250,000 loan to buy the building. Then he got a couple of consulting jobs. He kept looking for a new job in the Bay Area, but soon came to the conclusion that he should start his own business. Daddy said, "With your background, you can do much better on your own, than coming into the stained glass business." A friend from Stanford, Tim Sandis, suggested that Terry form a company to manage condominium

associations. They were a new type of property ownership, and no one knew how to manage them. Terry did a business plan and he soon had his first account, Sand Hill Circle, a new association on Sand Hill Road. The new business was off to a promising start. By September, he had incorporated California Property Services. And he never did apply for unemployment benefits.

I knew we'd need some income while the business was getting started, so I tried to find a job. I could start work when the children went back to school in September. As a Stanford graduate, I should be able to find something, even though the job market was very bad at that time. I applied at Varian and they told me I was "underqualified." I couldn't type sixty words a minute. I tried to get a job as a checker at Safeway because they had good health insurance benefits. They told me I was "overqualified." I tried to go back to Social Work, but San Mateo County told me I had lied on my application and they would prosecute me if I tried to get the job. I said I was a Social Worker in San Diego for one year but it had been only eleven and one-half months. Finally, the only offer of employment I got was from Jim Massey, the owner of Massey Temporary Services. I would be his Sales Representative and find new clients for his company. I would work three days a week for a total of twenty hours. The pay was \$400 a month, but I could be home for the children in the afternoons. I was appalled at the salary that would pay only for groceries.

My parents came down on Sunday afternoons for the usual family activities. We kept them informed of each new development. They listened and were supportive, but did not open their checkbooks. They understood our need to be independent and to get through this adversity on our own, as best we could. I had an especially hard time telling my parents about my unsuccessful search for a job that paid well. I told them about the job I had been offered. "Mother and Daddy, I've been trying to find a job all summer", I explained, before the tears came. "I'm so ashamed to tell you that, after all the wonderful education you gave me, I can't even find a job that would support our family. The best I can do is earn enough to pay for our groceries, but only if I budget carefully." My father put his arm around me awkwardly and hugged me. "But, Marge, that sounds like a wonderful job. Don't you know?—Don't you really understand? This will be the making of you. Of *both* of you."

That summer, there were no vacations, no trips, only working, job searching, buying a building and starting a company. The croquet games and family dinners went on as usual. At the end of summer my parents finally said, "Now, you both listen. Make a budget to see how much you really need to live on. Figure out how much you will make from your new company, and how much from Marge's salary. You have owned the Union Hyde Apartments, as equal partners with us, for fourteen years and you have never taken any income from it. Now it's time for you to start taking something from that building, every month."

After everything was agreed, my parents said, "If we can't go on a vacation this year then let's have a wonderful dinner together at the finest restaurant in San Francisco, the Carnelian Room, at the top of the Bank of America building." The next Saturday, Terry and I, Tim, Greg and Connie were dressed in our best when we met my parents at the Carnelian Room. The dinner, the surroundings and the view, were superb. We all felt as though we had been through a trial together, throughout the long summer. That evening was like a celebration. We were ready to face the challenges ahead. When the bill came at the end of dinner, Terry and I gaped at the amount. It was enough to pay for a whole week away on a vacation. My parents laughed, "How wonderful that we can do it, since we don't have the time to go on a vacation this year. We just did it all in one night."

In 1971 the whole family gathered in a private room at the Hilton Hotel for Thanksgiving Dinner. Henry Lewin, the general manager of the hotel, was Rudy's good friend. He personally arranged for a dinner that would please us all. Drinks were at the Vista Room on the 45th floor at four o'clock. The table was set with lovely flower centerpieces and red candles. Brad couldn't be there because he was in the hospital with a broken leg and Gus and Lynn were in Arizona. Warren Gade and Anna could only come for cocktails. But the rest of the family was there: Terry and I with our children; Rudy and Ev, with Joe Benjamin, a former boxer, known as the "Lemon Drop Kid", who was a friend of Rudy, and Judy and Joe Hurley. Evelyn's mother, Mary Prini and her son, Larry and his family were also there. Mother invited Kitty and Richard Bachman and her daughter, Shirley, and Egon and Debbie Mahdahl. My parents presided proudly as the turkey was presented for carving. Wine glasses were raised in a Thanksgiving toast.

On February 22, 1972, Daddy felt disoriented and Mother took him to a heart specialist, Doctor Denbow, who put him in the Hospital right away. He'd had a slight stroke. He stayed there until March 10, while he recovered. He enjoyed the sweet nurses, who "babied" him, to his great delight. After he came home, Mother hired one of the nurses to take care of him. The nurse drove him to his studio most days, so he could open the mail, answer letters and continue some of his work activities. After a few weeks, he felt fully recovered although Mother still worried about him.

My parents wanted to visit Horst in San Diego. Daddy felt completely recovered, so at spring vacation I took Greg and Connie with me and drove my parents to San Diego. I drove the Cadillac down Highway 101, with Greg and Connie sitting beside me in the front seat. Mother stroked Daddy's hand as they sat together in the back seat, as if enthroned. They enjoyed California passing before them in springtime splendor. They shared jokes and laughter with their grandchildren during the drive. The familiar sights of San Diego welcomed them. They remembered that first Thanksgiving on the ship when Terry and I were just married. This time we stayed at the Del Coronado, the beautiful old Victorian hotel on Coronado Island.

We visited Horst and Vonnie and enjoyed seeing their new baby. Heidi looked like a Huneke and my parents smiled at the resemblance. We all went to the Wienerschnitzel and enjoyed hot dogs and agreed they were delicious. But no matter how good they were, Daddy still didn't understand how you could really make money on something that only cost 18 cents. My parents said to Horst, "So, my boy-you need to get a house for your family. How are you planning to do that?" Horst said they'd found a house they liked for \$42,000, but they wanted to pay less. Daddy asked how they would pay for the house. "Easy. G. I. loan. And I have four or five thousand too." Daddy said he would leave him \$10,000. Sadly, Horst understood then that my father sensed his mortality.

After leaving San Diego, we traveled across the desert toward Phoenix. Mother said she wanted to visit some people who had moved to Sun City, Arizona, one of the new retirement communities. It was really an excuse for them to take us on a spring vacation while Terry worked hard at his new business and Tim attended Bellarmine High School. They wanted to wander a bit, and see the world from the "throne" in the back seat of the Cadillac. The desert was still in bloom and Daddy recalled that he had not painted for a long time. He bought some postcards, and said that he would like to try painting again. We stayed at The Biltmore, the famous old resort in Phoenix with charming bungalows scattered on spacious grounds.

The next day we drove to Sun City, but a brief tour and a short visit quickly convinced them that they weren't interested. San Francisco was still the best, and we were ready to go home. We started for home, planning to spend the night at Morro Bay on the coast. As we approached the California coast, the fog got thicker until it enveloped the car. No one could see anything through the windows of the car. There was a complete fog whiteout. I held the car door open on the driver's side, so I could see the yellow line on the road. I inched the car forward foot by foot, until we found the off ramp to a town with a hotel where we could stay for the night. Once we were safely inside having dinner, we laughed at our predicament. My parents laughed hard, remembering that foggy night so long ago, when Leonard O'Leary lost their car off a cliff in a similar fog whiteout. The next morning the fog lifted and we drove home in California sunshine.

Daddy continued to feel better and went to his studio every day for one little job or another. He loved the routine of tending his own business. One day Mother said to him, "Why don't you ever come with me to see the buildings? They're so beautiful now. I wish you'd at least come with me, to see them." "You know how much I hate to talk to tenants," he growled. But he went anyway.

He sat in the passenger seat of the Cadillac in his overcoat and hat as she drove proudly from one building to the next. First, they parked in front of Marina Court Apartments at 3445 and 3455 Pierce Street. He smiled at the lovely garden.

courtyard with the beautiful camellias still in bloom. The building was freshly painted, and he thought, at least it looked nice after all the money she spent on it. A few tenants walked in and out and smiled at my mother, but Daddy just looked the other way. They drove by the building Terry and I had bought at 2290 Francisco Street and they both smiled proudly. "It's good for them to struggle. They'll make it some day. It's a beautiful building." Mother still laughed about Van Mucky who pushed the deal to close, even if he had to loan his commission to make it happen.

Mother drove to 1919-1933 Greenwich Street, the eight Victorian flats. They looked stately, though Mother was in her "black" period, so they had been painted black. "Well, well, well", Daddy said, with a mischievous grin at her. "I see these haven't burned down yet." Then they drove to 1909 Union Street, where Marina Sea and Ski displayed their winter ski clothing specials. The store was an established location on Union Street. They both smiled, remembering that grand opening more than ten years before when TV cameras recorded the children's antics on the huge pile of snow in the middle of Union Street. That was the start of the popular Union Street retail District.

They drove to Russian Hill to see the building they owned with us, at the corner of Union and Hyde. They parked across the street, in front of Swenson's Ice Cream Store. Earl Swenson was in front, sweeping the sidewalk. He came over to the car, "Nice to see you, Mrs. Huneke. The building is looking good. It's a nice neighborhood." "How's the ice cream business?" they asked. "It's slow in the winter but it'll pick up again soon," he smiled, and turned back to his sweeping.

They looked across the street at the Union-Hyde building. Mother got out of the car, to walk over to the stores, but Daddy preferred to stay a safe distance from a potential encounter with a tenant. The Laundromat was quiet, but Gwendolyn and Harry Wong, the Russian Hill Florists, were inside their shop making flower arrangements. Harry came out and gave my father a little salute from across the street. Daddy smiled and gave a little salute back.

Every Friday was a ritual. Sam Matsuoka cleaned my parent's house for many years. It had become habit for my mother to cook an elaborate hot lunch for the three of them. This one day a week neither of my parents had to deal with the dirty dishes, pots, stove or kitchen because Sam did the dishes. The lunches included abalone, scallops, filet of sole, steak, fried oysters, breaded veal cutlets, veal scaloppini, chicken cacciatore, and every other wonderful dish Mother had in her repertoire.

On June 4, 1972, Daddy didn't feel well and Mother took him to see Dr. Paul. They all agreed that he should go into Hahneman Hospital for a checkup just to be sure he was all right. He laughed and said, "With pleasure. I always enjoy those beautiful nurses." They kept him four days in intensive care because they

felt he might have had a mild heart attack, but he responded well to medication and care. He went home on Saturday, June 10, with a nurse for one shift a day. Mother hired Ann, one of the lovely nurses, to come to the house each day for eight hours.

That week Greg graduated from Saint Raymond's School with highest honors. Though Daddy couldn't attend the graduation, Mother and Aunt Adele were there. Afterward Daddy told Greg on the phone how proud he was of him.

His seventy-fourth birthday would be on Monday, June nineteenth, the day after Father's Day. On Saturday, Judy and Joe came over to bring a present and wish him happy birthday since they would be at a picnic the next day. The best present for him was the news that they were expecting a baby in February. He was thrilled and told them he couldn't wait to hold the new little one in his arms.

That night he and Mother sat and talked, reminiscing about the past. They had both accomplished much but they agreed their greatest joy was in their children and grandchildren. Tim, 15 and Greg, 14, had been invited to Germany, for a summer visit with their Uncle Mike and Aunt Liz, who were living there on an assignment for IBM. As a Christmas gift my parents had given them some money to travel. Their flight left Monday for Sicily, where they would meet Liz and her relatives before going to Germany. Daddy was thrilled that they would meet their German cousins in Hamburg and Aldingen, while they traveled with Warren and his wife, Anna and little son, Robert. He wanted them to see Achim, the little village he came from and his mother's home. Mother had talked to Franz Amandi on the telephone, and he would meet the boys too. Terry and I were too busy to leave our business, but Daddy was happy that the boys would at least see a little bit.

The next morning was a beautiful clear day, unusual for San Francisco in June. He got up, showered and shaved, then walked to the front window to look down the street. He sang, "Oh, what a beautiful m-o-r-n-ing, Oh, what a beautiful day", when he came into the kitchen to give Lee a hug and a kiss. She was fixing blueberry pancakes, one of his favorites, for breakfast. "Be sure you make extra for Ann too." His nurse would be arriving soon. The day before she had driven him to the Studio, where he opened the mail and straightened up a few things for an hour while she waited for him. She had been fascinated with his beautiful drawings. He explained some of the design and production process to her.

She arrived and after they all finished breakfast, I telephoned. We all wanted to say "Happy Father's Day" before we left Menlo Park to come to San Francisco to visit. "Are you all packed to leave tomorrow morning?" he asked the boys. "Almost, Grandpa. We're each trying to bring only one suitcase, so it's hard to do." "All right, drive carefully on the way up here. I'm going to take a little rest now, so I can enjoy seeing you in an hour." After they hung up, Mother said, "I'm going to walk Chang now, so I won't have to do it later when the kids are here."

Goodbye, honey I'll see you in twenty minutes." From the front window he watched and he waved as the Cadillac moved down the street, with Chang panting at the rear window. Mother went to the circle at the end of Sloat Boulevard and walked quickly with Chang, who was in no hurry. She wanted to get back home as soon as possible and got back in the car about fifteen minutes later.

When she turned the car onto Eucalyptus Drive she saw the ambulance and thought the worst. She put Chang in the garage and hurried up the stairs where she was met by Ann. The two ambulance attendants had just placed Daddy on the floor on top of a blanket. Ann put her arms around my mother. "He was telling me about his childhood and laughing, when he gasped and clutched his chest. It only took a moment. I think he was gone right away." Mother lay down on the floor next to him and put her arms around him. He was still warm and she really believed if she hugged and kissed him he would breathe again. "Please don't leave me honey. Please don't leave me. You were doing so well. Please don't leave me." She sobbed as if her heart would break.



Above: Gus, Mark and Wendi Huneke, Judy, Brad with Connie, Greg and Tim Sunday on Westfield Drive in Menlo Park.

Below: Tham's back yard in San Francisco. Rudy arranged for "Lassie" to visit. (Rudd Weatherwax, his owner, was a friend of Rudy.)





Upper left: Carl, Connie and Lee in the meadow after the Mountain Play.



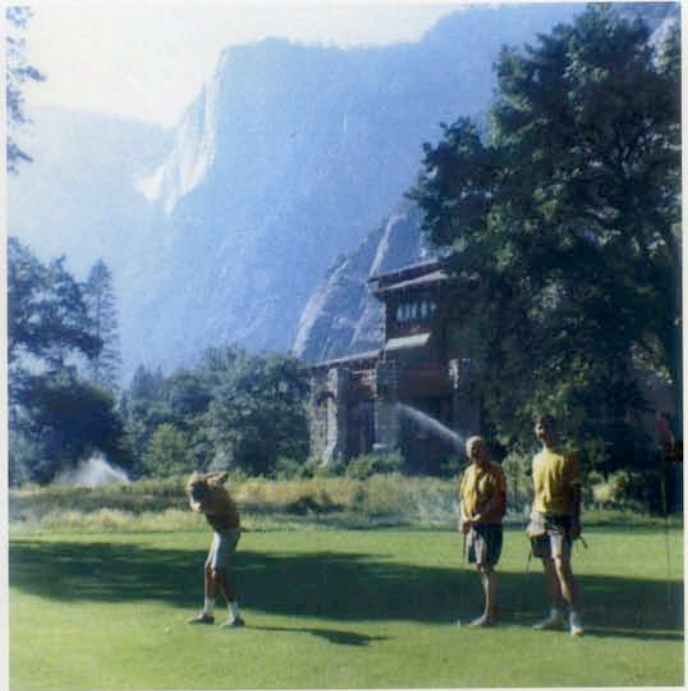
Upper right: Aunt Adele and Lee with Tim at Confirmation

Right: Starting to build our new house at 2285 Tioga.



Bottom: Tim, center, graduates from Bellarmine. Greg Cattermole at left, Mike O'Donnell at right





Above, Left: Ferry boat rides. Tim, Grandma with Connie, and Greg

Above Right: Golf on the Ahwahnee Hotel grounds in Yosemite with Grandpa, Terry, Tim and Greg.

Above Left: Sunday basketball games. Greg with his team at Saint Raymond's gym.

Above Right: Connie as Mary in the Christmas pageant, with Kathy Gilles. All of this and more were part of the family fun for Grandma and Grandpa.

Lower Left: Once in a while they took time to travel, enjoying Europe and Hawaii



Uppermost Left: Grandpa and Grandma with Connie. Wild card games were always part of the Sunday fun.

Uppermost Right: Grandpa was proud when Tim and Greg decided to hike over to the coast for a couple of days.

Upper Left: Judy was Connie's sponsor for First Holy Communion.

Upper Right and Right: Greg received top honors at Saint Raymond's eighth grade graduation. Grandpa cheered him on from his bed at home, where he was recovering from a mild heart attack.



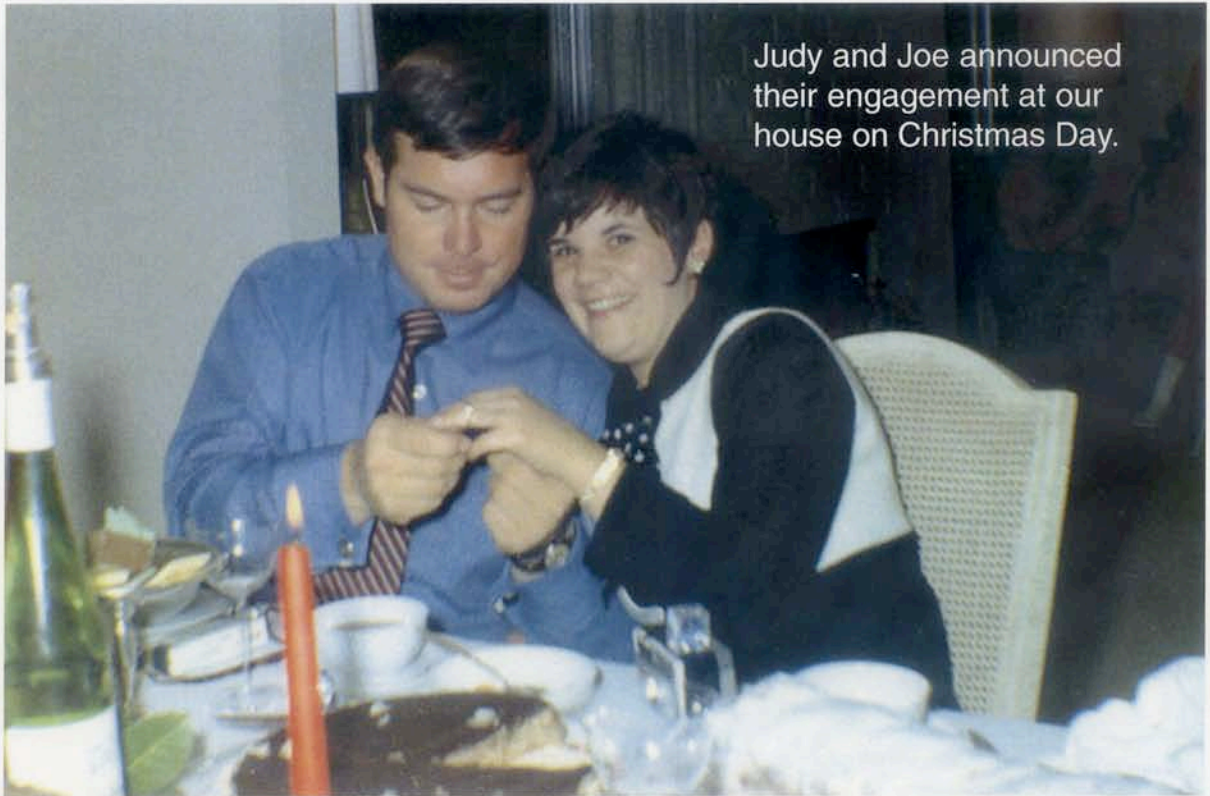
We go to Pajaro Dunes with our
Tham cousins for a weekend. Gus
had us all in hysterics depicting a
popular Broadway show as we all
screamed, "Jesus Christ Super-
star!!"



Judy and Joe were planning their
wedding and we all enjoyed being
in on the plans.

Greg was great at playing Charades.





Judy and Joe announced their engagement at our house on Christmas Day.



The whole family was involved in the wedding. Grandpa and Grandma enjoyed everything when they got back from Europe.