

## FORTY YEARS WITH THE COURTNEY'S

Once Upon a Time back in the Summer of 1942 two people met-- courted--fell in love and married. This is a picture history of that marriage as narrated by Marjorie Ogg Courtney.

My memory is not as good now as it could be, but I remember the day I met Ray Courtney as if it were yesterday. It was a Sunday afternoon in August on a city bus. My girlfriend and I had gone downtown to a movie and were riding the bus home. We had planned for me to spend the night with her because school would be starting soon and we would be starting our last semester before graduating in January and knew this would be our last summer of time for fun. I was almost seventeen and thought I knew what life was really all about. When we got on the bus there were no empty double seats and just two vacant ones. One was occupied by a young man in uniform and Ray was in the other. Normalee beat me to the seat by the young man so I had to sit in the one with Ray. I did not pay much attention to him at first because he was an "older" man in civilian clothes, but we struck up a conversation after a short while and by the time we got to Normalee's bus stop I decided I did not want to break it off and get off with her, so told her I would not be spending the night after all. We continued on out to 19th Street where I would catch one shuttle bus to my house and he would take another to Garden Oaks. Before catching our shuttles, we went across the street to the Kline Ice Cream Store and I had a cherry soda and he had a strawberry malt and we continued our conversation. Our buses came and I figured that would be the last I would see of him. But just before we parted he remembered he had not asked for a phone number. There was no time for it then so I just told him I was the first "Ogg" in the phone book but really did not expect him to call. But he did and we dated and had fun. He gave me a gold ankle bracelet for my 17th birthday--we went out to dinner--when horse back riding in the park--went to movies -- and fell in love. We broke up for a while when he told me he had been married and divorced because that was a taboo thing in those days as far as my family was concerned and it scared me. But by the time he called again I knew this was

what I wanted and we started dating more seriously then. He took me me to Graduation and we were together as much as possible until he left for Marine Boot Camp in February of 1943.

It was not until July that he finally got out of Boot and more time at Jacques Farm where there was no place for wives to come, before I could go out. So---six months of every day letter writing. He could write a beautiful love letter and made me want the time to pass quickly so I could go out there, but as I think back now, he did not tell me anything about himself in all those letters so I knew him no better than I did when he left. I had gone to work for American National Insurance before I got out of school so my days were filled and I was just waiting until I could go to him. Finally he was stationed at Camp Pendleton at Oceanside, California and we started planning for me to come out. Oceanside was a very small little beach town in those days and there were thousands of Marines at Pendleton wanting wives to come out so housing was almost impossible. Finally Ray met the Telford's at the Red Cross Rooms and they convinced him that if I came out to be there the three days it took to get a marriage license, I could stay with them and they could help me find a place for us. So when he called me, I quit my job, packed all my worldly goods in two suitcases, caught a Continental Trailway bus and headed for Sunny California. The schedule was all messed up so instead of arriving at 10 AM, I arrived at 2 AM in a completely blacked out town and had to call the Telford's and wake them up. They had a small daybed in their living room that I slept on and Mrs. Telford and I combed the town for vacant rooms and she called everyone she knew to no avail. We had our blood test and got our license but still had no place to live. I had arrived with \$11 in my purse and Ray had \$5. But even with money there was no place to stay. So Saturday the 17th of July came and the Telford's put up a tent in their backyard, bought a couch that made a bed from a house trailer, put in a little chest of drawer and a chair and ran a light from the garage and this was out first "home". We knew it would be for just a short time and then we could move into the house because one of the couples living there was being transfered. So it was fun and we had a ball. After a week we moved into the front bedroom and lived there during the rest of our six month honeymoon before Ray was sent overseas.

## THE TELFORD'S

This page has got to be devoted to the Telford's. Frank, Iva and their son who was twelve at the time we were out there have to be the nicest people I have ever known. Frank was a little past the age of fighting in the war, but they did as much for the war effort as anyone I know. They lived in a small two bedroom house with a little study off the dining room and screened in back porch. But that little house held a lot of people and gave a lot of happiness. If ever I have done anything along the way to help someone, it could never be as much as they gave. At the time we came to their house there had been other groups before us, but there was Sybil and Gifford from Mississippi in the front bedroom, the Telford's had the back bedroom, Ruth, a single girl from Montana, was set up in the study and Bobby, the son, was sleeping on the screened porch--and we were in the tent. Sybil and Gifford were transferred so we got to move inside. They charged us \$37.50 per month for the room. This was the price of a \$50 War Bond and that is what they did with the money. We were all young and happy and did not mind being crowded up and I never remember a cross word in the house. On Sunday mornings we all gathered for waffles - one small waffle iron- and fresh oranges and good fun around the table. Sometime it would take all morning waiting for your turn at a waffle. Our rent was not supposed to cover food, but if our man did not get in any evening she insisted we eat with them so we would not be on the street alone. After the weather turned colder, Sybil and Gifford were transferred back and it was too cold for the tent so they moved the couch inside, built a screen to go around it, and they slept in the living room. Then Ruth married Ken and he moved into the little study with her. Christmas of 1943 at their little house was a wonderful day even though we knew that anyday the guys would be leaving. They made the whole time out there wonderful for us. I knew so many of the girls I worked with that were having to live in awful places and it cost them all they could make. We kept up with the Telford's for years after the war but somehow we slipped in the writing of letters and lost contact. The last time we tried to contact them we were able to get hold of Robert--who I can't believe is in his mid-fifties now--and Frank and Iva had retired to Arizona but we heard nothing after that. I assume they may be dead as they were quite a bit older than us. If they are, they should have a very special place in Heaven for what they did during the war years.

As I said before, our six months in Oceanside was one long honeymoon. We had no money, but we also had no responsibilities. We just enjoyed our time together. Long days at the beach--walks in the canyon--movies--and loving. We had a picnic in the canyon and to show how little I knew him, I fixed avacado dip sandwiches--which he called onion sandwiches--and got some gooey chocolate eclairs for desert--he did not like avacado or chocolate!--but it didn't matter--we laughed and enjoyed it. I got a job working in the PX and enjoyed it and had a chance to meet a lot of other wives and realized how lucky we were to have our place with the Telford's. Some of them had terrible times finding any place at all to live. I made enough money to pay our rent and put aside enough to come home on and with what Ray made we had enough to enjoy ourselves.

But all good things come to and end--and right after Christmas of 1943 he shipped out. The word had been that it was just for a week of maneuvers and that they would be back before they left for good. So on New Years Eve I spent the day up on the hill watching all the little PT boats bring them back in--but Ray did not come home that night. The Amphibious Corp. went on ahead and the others came back for a week. I stayed on and worked in the PX for that week before the others all left and helped close it down until the next group came in. Ray was able to get a letter out to me by one of the guys coming back, so I knew he was gone and started making my plans to come back to Houston. I rode a Greyhound Bus back and that was quite an experience during the war. It stopped in every town and at each place you had to fight for a seat to get back on--I missed busses--was bumped off to make room for Service Men--and finally discovered at if I met one of them I could get on as his wife--I had several "husbands" on the way home. But it was fun and I was eighteen and thought the world was great.

I got back and went to live with my brother Leo and Chris for a while. I got my old job back with American National Insurance and settled down to wait for my man to come home. His love letters were wonderful and each new batch--I would get bunches at a time when every they got somewhere where mail could be picked up--made me more eager for him to come back. I left American National for a better paying job with Kitchen Specialty--it was not a very interesting job and I was in the office by myself most of the time. By that time I had gotten an apartment on 26th Street--next door to my old home--

and was by myself too much, so I welcomed the chance to go to work for Dr. George Hodell. He and Lou Crouch, his nurse, came in to look for a cabinet for a treatment room one day and before they left he had offered me a job. I called Jean Miller and she was glad to take over my job which was not demanding and left her free time to be young and single. I worked for Dr. Hodell until Ray came home and until I was pregnant with Margie Lynne.

I had two years to do a little more growing up before Ray came home and had great plans for a home and family. I saved money so that we would have a start and dreamed about a house--furniture--dishes--all the things young brides think about but had to be delayed because of the war. I had fun during those years too. Jean and I spent a lot of weekends at Galveston--riding the bus down and back--and after I met Lou she and I became great friends and did lots of things together. We went to parties and met lots of Service guys--but I was so proud of that gold band on my left hand it left no room for anything except having fun and all the guys seemed to respect it. I think mostly because he was overseas fighting and they had not gone yet.

I was lonesome a lot of time too and sometimes very frightened that he would not come back to me. There were weeks without letters and such terrible news on the radio about the fighting in the Pacific and how much ground we were losing. Then the news began to get better and we were moving ahead, but I still lived in fear of that Telegram. Finally it came--but just to tell me he had been injured--not killed. The telegram did not tell me how he was injured and it was not for several days that I got a letter from him written by someone else telling me about his eye. I was not really convinced he was not blind until I finally got a letter written by him after the bandages came off. Either way, I knew he was my man and we would make it somehow when he got back.

Finally, in August of 1945 he came home for a month's leave before going back to California to the hospital to have his artificial eye made. It was a wonderful month and I don't know when I had been so happy and then he had to leave again--but he was in the States and we could talk to each other so the time passed until he could come home to stay

## THE WAR YEARS

Recently I had a young college student friend ask to interview me because as part of her term paper she had to write up an interview of someone who "remembered" World War II. It seems so funny to me now to think that most young people just know what they learned in a History class, and that words like Dunkirk--Guadacanal--Pearl Harbor Day--D-Day and all the rest are unfamiliar to them.

I was just 16 on Pearl Harbor Day but I remember it so well--and most of all I remember the whole school being assembled at Gretna High to listen to President Roosevelt deliver his famous speech asking Congress to declare a State of War. I still can feel the goosebumps on me when I think about it and have never before or since been in a room so full of young people that had such total silence.

It was the last "good" war. There were a lot a bad time and a lot of sadness for ones who had loved ones hurt or killed, but it was "our" war and everyone I knew was behind it. This is so different for the ones since that involved people we knew nothing about and no one seemed really interested unless they had someone in it. And there were a lot of good times--especially for young people--USO parties--War Bond Rallies--farwell parties for those leaving for the Service--and just the fact that everyone was so "high" on America and knew we would win even in the bad times. We had no Television in those days so the news came from the radio or newspapers and the only pictures we saw were in the Newsreels when we when to the movies. I, of course, was most interested in what was going on in the Pacific but had many friends with husbands or boyfriends in Europe so I tried to keep up with it too. When Ray first left it seemed all the news was bad and I did a lot of praying and hoping that he would make it through to to end. We all tried not to think about it too much but we lived in dread of the Telegram from the War Department. I had several friends who hear their man had been killed or was missing in action, so that when I got mine I was able to accept the fact that he was injured but would be coming home.

One of the questions in my "interview" was what did I think about President Roosevelt. I have read and heard so many things about him since his death it is hard to express what I thought at the time. All I can say is that for that particular time in the history of America, I still believe he was the only man who could have done the job of pulling all the people together and making it "our War" and seeing that we came out on top.

The whole country mourned his death so near the end of the war and the end was not as joyous as it could have been because he was not here.

Toward the end of the war when we begin to hear of all the terrible things that had been happening to the Jewish and non-Nazi people of Europe, it was hard to understand how such atrocities could take place in our time and really hoped that this war would end the chance of any such thing happening again.

Yet all these years later, I still hear people talking about sending all the Jews to Israel--lining up all the Negroes and shooting them--sending all the Koreans, Vietnamese and any other people not just like us back to where they came from.

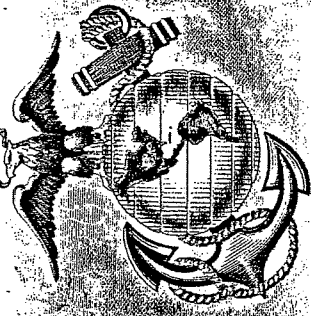
Except for the Grace of God and a few million good people who believed in America, we could be the people on the run looking for a place to be Free. How little we appreciate what we have here in this country and no matter how much we see that is wrong--we can still live our lives--express our views--and live a good life without constant fear of what the people in other countries have to live with.

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Series A.

# Honorable Discharge

SEMPER PARATUS



FIDELI CERTA MERGES

UNITED STATES

# United States Marine Corps

*This is to certify that*

—Richard R. COURTNEY—

—a—

Corporal—

is **Honorably Discharged** from the Marine Barracks, U. S. Naval Base —

Marine Island, California.

and from the United States Marine Corps

—this—14th day of—

November 1945.

This certificate is awarded as a Testimonial of Fidelity and  
Obedience.

*King Moss*

KING MOSS



## AFTER HE WAS HOME

As I have said, I was living in a garage apartment on West 26th St. when Ray was discharged and was working for Dr. Hodell. Ray had great plans during the war about going into welding when he came home because he had done this before the Marines at the shipyard and all during the war on tanks and had been to school to learn underwater welding. Because of the loss of his eye, everyone discouraged him in this and he finally gave it up and started looking for a job in accounting that he had done before the war. He went to work for the Firestone Tire Stores and stayed with them for several years, first as an accountant and later as a Store Manager.

One of the other things Ray did not tell me before we were married, or after until he had to, was that he and Muriel had a house in Garden Oaks that was still in both their names. During the war it was rented and Muriel was to make the payments from the rent money. For whatever her reasons, she did not do this. Nothing could be done during the time he was in the Service, but as soon as he got out, foreclosure proceedings were started against it. As I have said, all the time he was gone I had saved my allotment checks and as much more as I could so that we could have the things for our home that had been delayed by the War. So thank goodness, I had the money to clear the house and Muriel signed a Quit Claim to it and we had a house. This was what gave us our first real start. We notified the renters and gave them time to move and then we moved in. It was a nice little house and I enjoyed fixing it up for us, but somehow I always felt I was living in someone else's house. We both continued to work and were doing well and could hardly wait to start a family. I finally got pregnant and could think of nothing else to complete my happiness. We had talked about having children ever since we were married and had either Richard Ray, Jr. or Margie Lynne named long before Ray went overseas, so when it finally happened and she was born there was no doubt about a name.

It was shortly after I know I was pregnant that Ray's brother Ralph and his wife Dudy came to visit for the first time. Mary Dawn was nine and Ricky was a baby when I first met them. They were to become a very big part of our life and our family over the years to come.

## AND THEN WE WERE THREE

MARGIE LYNNE

All during my pregnancy I wallowed in self contentment and happiness-- and gained thirty pounds. Finally on a Sunday morning, March 23, 1947, it happened and I started in labor. We did not have a car so we had to call my brother Andrew to take us to St. Joseph Hospital. I think he was more nervous than Ray or I. I had her in the days when the doctor believed in putting you out so I remember very little about that day until they finally brought me that little fat cheeked bundle with the mop of black hair standing straight up all over her head--and I was completely overwhelmed.

I guess you could have a dozen babies and the feeling would still be there, but there has got to be something special about the first one. At first I was so thrilled at having her all I could do was look and check her over to be sure all the fingers and toes and everything else was okay--and then it really hit me! This little bit of human being was a God given thing where He had taken a part of my body and a part of Ray and with our love had produced this. I don't think there is a better feeling in the world or anything that can make you feel so close to God than holding your child in your arms for the first time.

She was not the best of babies and did not sleep much but as I look back I know a lot of that was my fault. I wanted her awake so I could play with her and would stand and watch her sleep and pick her up at the first wiggle. I can remember spending hours those first weeks and months with her laying on the big footstool and me sitting in the chair talking by the hours. If she could only remember, she heard my deepest secrets and all my dreams for her future. If wishes could make it so, I would have been the best Mother in the world and she would have had the most happy and exciting life of anyone.

The next couple of years were happy ones for me. Watching her change from day to day and starting to walk and to talk and to learn so quickly and become a real little person with a mind of her own. No matter what problems the future years brought for both of us, nothing will ever change the love I have for her or change my prayers that God will watch over her and give her the very best. I wish her life could have always been easy but I hope she knows I love her through it all.

Margie Lynne was such a smart little girl. It seemed she came up with something new everyday. She was not a very good little baby and did not sleep very much but I know now that that was my fault. Either that was the days before "burping" was such a big thing or either Dr. Bickle thought I know more about babies than I did because I didn't know about that. I would put her down to sleep after a bottle and I guess when the first burp was forming she woke up and I got her up to play. She was sitting up by four months and crawling all over by six months and walking at nine months. And talking--she started saying words well before nine months--I remember her first Christmas and her saying "Christmas Tree" as soon as I up it up. The only thing she would not say was "Yes". One day we were riding in the Firestone truck and Ray was bugging her to say it and finally she came out with "Wess" and continued to say it that way for a long time--and was saying "Wess Mam" to me along with "Please" and "Thank You" and could say almost any word she wanted to by the time she was two. She had a coloring book of animals that she would go through and read off things like "elephant" and "rhinoceros" and "llama" and all the rest without any problem. Books were her favorite thing. Any time we went to the store that was what she wanted. I think we must have had every "Little Golden Book" printed but our favorite was "The Pokey Little Puppy" and we must have read it a million times. She would bring me a whole stack of books and say "read to me" everytime I would sit down. After Nancy was born I would sit and nurse her and read to Margie Lynne at the same time.

I know now I expected too much of her too soon because I was so proud of her and wanted her to be perfect. I was so anxious to get her into the cute little silk panties, I nearly drove us both crazy trying to get her potty trained and by the time she was a year old we had very few slip ups. Overall she was a real good little girl.

It was brought home to me real early how much they learn by example. I had a old beat up sewing machine with a bad shuttle and the thread kept breaking every few inches. One day she climbed up to the machine and sat turning the wheel and saying "Damnit" because she had heard me say it so much she thought that was what made it run. I was a little more careful after that. She continued to learn and I was so proud of her during all the learning years--we had our problems but we loved each other.

## OUR NEXT MOVES

We lived in the house on 33rd St. untill after Margie Lynne was born and even though I was not working, we were making it on what Ray made but there never seemed to be any left over for anything except the routine of living. The post-war housing boom was just getting started and the price of houses were skyrocketing. We put the house up for sale and were real lucky to have a buyer so quick and sold the house for \$8500 which was a fortune in those days. We found a house we liked on West 43rd Street and used part of the money for a down payment and had enough left that for the first time we could by a used car and a washing machine and some of the things we needed. I loved the house on 43rd and settled down to be there a long time. We were lucky to have real good neighbors in Frank and Grace Gerault with their little son Jerry on one side and Skippy and Rusty Rusk and their little Judy and later Sherry on the other side. The kids played good together and Skippy, Grace and I had good companionship. But after we were there for awhile, somehow Ray found out about some lots off of Mangum Rd and got all excited about building a house. We bought the lot and spent a lot of time out there clearing it and making plans. We came up with a really fabulous plan of a H shaped house with the living room and kitchen on one side and bedrooms on the other with a big garden-music room in the middle of the H. Had plans all drawn up and I really though we were going to do it--but there was no money. We sold our house on 43rd, but since we had just had it a couple of years we did not have enough in it to start building. So--when I was about six months pregnant with Nancy we moved into some little duplex apartments in Pasadena with the hope of saving enough to start building. But by then Ray had changed jobs and went to work for T.J. Bettis Co. as Collection Manager and his interest in building seemed to disappear. He decided he needed another car--he started bowling with the company league--and took on the problems of his secretary, Evelyn. I was very uncomfortably pregnant and Margie Lynne was little and I had no transportation so I was not the happiest during those times. I did make some good friends with Jean and Pat and their children who lived in the other side of our duplex and with Nita and Doug who lived down a couple of houses. Nita was pregnant too and spent days together trying to get comfortable and to fight the heat and somehow the time passed until our next move.

DANA SUE

When Ray and I broke up when we were dating after he told me he had been married before, when we got back together he also neglected to tell me he had a little daughter. I did not know about her until after he had left for the Marines and found out very accidentally. A group of us were going skating one night after work and one of the girls in the group was talking about a Marine she knew who had just left for Boot Camp. She did not know him well and had just talked to him on the Garden Oaks shuttle bus and that he had a beautiful little girl. At first I did not associate this with Ray, but the more we talked the more I realized we were talking about the same guy! When I wrote to him asking about this, he wrote me back a beautiful love letter telling me he did not tell me because he was so afraid of losing me--so I really do not know if he would have ever told me before we were married or not. No matter, I got to know her in later years and learned to love her and her children and her grandchildren as if they were my own. We were just twelve years apart in age so we never had a real mother-daughter relationship--but I consider her my very close friend and think we have a very special love.

When Ray first came home we made a trip to San Antonio to try to find her. He had lost track of her during the war because his letters were returned. We did not find her then but later tracked her down and found that Muriel had remarried and they were living in Ft. Worth. He made a trip up there and found them. Muriel had married a man named Winfred Wilson who had a little boy close to Dana's age named Danny and then they had a one of their own named Larry. Over the years we had a good association with them and never had any animosity toward each other. The first trip we made to see them in 1946 we stayed at a hotel and visited back and forth. But in the years after that we stayed at their house and were able to spend more time together and get better acquainted and spend more time with all of our kids. After Dana was older and could come down to visit us during the summer, I loved her dearly. As I look back now, I wish I had been a little more mature and could have helped her more during her "teen years problems" but I think just knowing we were here and loved her helped some. Her visits over the years have been a highlight of my life.

## A BELATED CHRISTMAS GIFT

NANCY JANE

My pregnancy with Nancy was a lot more uncomfortable than my first-- I guess because of the hot weather and having Margie Lynne to care for--but it was worth it all. She was due on Christmas Eve but did not arrive. I went to bed that night feeling all kind of twinges because I just knew we would have to get up in the middle of the night and move Margie Lynne and "Santa" to Sister's before going to the hospital. But it didn't happen and we had Christmas of 1949 with just the three of us. When she still had not arrived by December 29th Dr. Gardner had me take castor oil and then later check back with him. I was ready by then and went on to the hospital. Dr. Gardner had eleven of us in that night so we could get our little "income tax deductions" before the end of the year. I checked in the hospital at 5 PM and she was born a little after 7 so I did not have much time to think about it. Again I was knocked out and did not know any thing until they brought her to me.

I had thought there could never be at feeling again after the first one, but it was the same. Again, I felt I had been given a gift by God who was a real little person but also a part of Ray and I and our love.

From the very beginning she was a very different baby from Margie Lynne. She slept better--I was able to nurse her where I had not with Margie Lynne--and she let her likes and dislikes be know from the very beginning. I did not have as much time to sit and talk to her as I did with the first--but she got her share of attention.

We had quite a time deciding on a name for her. Every time we talked about it Margie Lynne would not agree--it was just Baby Sister until we finally hit on Nancy Jane. Judy, from 43rd St., had had a rubber doll named Nancy Jane that Margie Lynne had loved so that was a good name for her Baby Sister. When I came home from the hospital I stayed with Sister for a few days and one day Margie Lynne came carrying Nancy into the room where we were. When we told her she might hurt our baby by trying to get her out of bed she said "But she's just a rubber baby". Nancy has always been more like me over the years so I have been able to understand her better==and outthink her==over the years and I am sure she knows I always have and always will love her dearly.

Nancy was a whole different baby from her sister. She slept better and the first few months were easier--but she very fast became a Mommy's Girl and I had a hardtime leaving her with anyone. I remember on our anniversary in July after she was born Ray and I were going to go to dinner and a movie and we left her with a teenager who lived close by. We spent more time over dinner then we expected so did not go to the movie. When we got back the whold house was full and neighbors trying to quite her--she had cried the whole time we were gone and the poor little baby sitter was about to go out of her mind. The minute I walked in she shut up and was as good a gold. The temper lasted her whold life. As she got a little older there was no reasoning with her so I would sent her to her room and I would listen to hear the door slam and then the little red rocking chair would hit the wall. After a few minutes out she would come all smiles and ready to do whatever it was I had told her to do. If she couldn't throw the rocker she would jump up and plop down on her little fanny and scream. Putting her in panties instead of diapers brought a stop to that!

She was a smart little thing too! She did not start talking as early as Margie Lynne, but she was walking at seven months. The first time we were over Sister's and I stood her up on the deep freeze and she proceeded to walk all the way to the other end and didn't stop walking after that. People used to stop me on the street in Pasadena and ask if that was the little baby who could walk and I would put her down to show them. But she was also my "Hold Me" kid. I though she would never get past the time of wanting me to carry her around all the time.

When she did start talking, she talked in sentences right from the beginni. Again with her I learned how much they were learning from me. She wanted something one time and I told her "just a minute"--she stamped her little foot and said "Don't you just a minute me" and I could hear myself talking to them. And the television ads--My favorite was when she wanted hand lotion--"Because it makes my hands so caressible".

She was such a loving little thing and could really wrap us around her little finger. We went to the Thanksgiving Day Parade one year and all the other kids were sitting on the curb--but she wanted her Daddy to hold her. He tried to reason with her about sitting on the curb with the others--but she came back with "But Daddy, I want you to hold me because I love you so much"--he held her through the whole parade!

She has given me lots of problems over the years of growing up, but has been one of the great lights of my life as well and I love her dearly.

## HOME AT LAST

After several moves and giving up on being able to build, we finally found a house at 5106 Balkin in MacGregor Terrace which was finally home for the next seventeen years. We moved in on November 30, 1950 when Margie Lynne was three and a half and Nancy was eleven months old. This house held a lot of good times and bad times which went together to make a home and family.

The girls grew from babies to school age kids to teenagers and Margie Lynne to marriage in this house.

I went from a young mother staying home with kids--to working with the school in PTA-Paper Drives--Selling Savings Stamps and all the rest of school activities--and then into Girl Scouting with Margie Lynne starting in the second grade and lasting until high school with Troop 918. I worked as co leader with Joyce Martin and Jacque LaValle in the troop and then on into the adult end of Scouting as a trainer of new leaders. I hope I contributed some good to the girls along the way, and I know Girl Scouting did a lot of me.

Shortly after we moved into this house Ray left T.J. Bettis and went to work for Addressograph-Multigraph Corp. as office manager and later into Sales. He had good and bad times with this company and it reflected on our home life--he spent so much time away from home the girls did not really know him and during some bad periods he got into drinking real bad which was rough on all of us, but I still thought we had a good marriage and that our love would see us through the bad times.

We had our problems during the times the girls were going through their teen years and I wish I could have helped them more, but I know now all parents have more or less the same problems. I just hope the girls learned some from the good and the bad that I did during those years to help them through the same period with their own children.

Ralph died of lung cancer during these years and it was very hard on Ray. I really think he never really got over it. It was a bad time for me too with his family at our house--trying to work every day--and Margie Lynne and Ernie getting married all at the same time. But we made it through. And until we finally sold this house and moved into an apartment I loved the house and all the living that took place in it and hope these pictures show the happy times.