

# Wind Chimes

## In



## My

# Apple Tree

*Josephine B Korth*

Wind Chimes  
In My  
Apple Tree



Wind Chimes  
In My  
Apple Tree

Josephine B Korth

Island Winds / 1978 / San Francisco

Copyright © 1978 by Josephine B Korth  
Printed in the United States of America

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book, or any portion thereof, in any form, without permission. For information address JK Applegate, 930 Lawton Street, San Francisco, California 94122.

*I dedicate this book to my loving daughter, Dorothy Jean Applegate, who not only gave me the courage to write this memoir, but also spent much time and patience editing it and having it properly printed.*

Occasionally we may read a news item of a very famous person who is writing or has written his or her memoirs. Rarely does the public read of a very ordinary person writing or having written a narrative of his or her own life, though many could have led very interesting lives worthy of being written.

No doubt, many of us have written and will write stories of our lives in the everyday letters we have exchanged with our families and friends throughout the years. Perhaps had these letters been saved they could have been the nucleus of a very interesting narrative. It is not likely that most people would be interested in saving letters all of their mature life for this one purpose.

Letter writing as such is an art in itself and for many it is a chore which they confine to a minimum. Yet others like myself can go on writing full pages of thoughts until the last quarter inch is filled, or even go back to the top of the page where they began the letter and add a few more scrawls. The extreme has been the tiny notes on the back of an already closed envelope.

Why, you might ask, would I want to write the story of my life, I, a very ordinary person? One reason is that I like to write and also to read what I have written. Another reason is that I believe I have led a very interesting life, perhaps a wee bit out of the ordinary, and in very interesting surroundings. Another reason is that I find therapeutic value in having something of interest to do and what better than to either paint or write. Every morning I awake with the thrill that I will have the whole day to either paint or write, which I would never have been able to do years ago when there was scarcely the time to do the work I was expected to do. Above all is the reason that I know very little or almost nothing of my own ancestors and this narrative if handled with care may go down the ages to my grandchildren's grandchildren, and that's a very interesting way of not being forgotten. I wish that I could have a narrative to read of my own great grandparents of whom I know nothing.

December 1976

J B K

**M**y father, Joseph Silva Vieira, was born on the island of Saint George, Azores, in 1865. He was the third child of Matthew Vieira Sequira and Joaquina Rose Borges. Nothing is known of his maternal grandparents or of his paternal grandparents. His siblings were Manuel, Rose, Mary, Antone, Matthew and Domingos.

For many generations the lands on the Azores Islands have been the only inheritance left from parents to children. This in turn has been apportioned equally to children's children and on to the present time. With this division the plots became smaller until they were scarcely large enough to grow the wheat and corn so badly needed to support a family. Jobs as we know them were scarce and were generally government jobs. Many people knew what hunger was, which was partly eased by the numerous infantile deaths.

The islands of the Azores have been under Portuguese rule since the first two islands, Santa Maria and San Miguel, were discovered by Portuguese explorers in the year 1430. At first they remained uninhabited for a number of years. Later a small group of Portuguese colonists spread throughout these two islands. It was years before the islands of Pico, Fayal, Terceira, Graciosa and St Jorge were discovered. The last two, Flores and Corvo, called the outer islands, were discovered years later.

The first information brought back to Portugal by the explorers was that the islands were bleak and appeared to be deserts. The only life found on them besides vegetation was a large quantity of sea birds that appeared to be some species of hawks, which in Portuguese are called *acores*. Thus the islands were named Acores, or Azores as they are known in the English language.

When the Moors were finally dispersed from the Iberian Peninsula back to their own province, Morocco, in Northern Africa, they left a heritage behind them, a mixture of Spanish, Phoenician and Moorish blood, and a country much decreased in population. From this mixture the small kingdom of Portugal was born.

Owing to the lack of people to colonize the Azores, the King of Portugal began looking to other countries to begin colonizing the remainder of the unpeopled islands. Toward this end the King sent sixteen ships loaded with every species of domestic animals that could be found in Portugal and had them scattered evenly among the islands. They were left there solitarily to fend for themselves and to multiply. This they did and years later there was an abundance of domestic animals on every island.

Since the Count of Flanders and his army had helped to drive the Moors out of Portugal, the two countries became more intimate because of this and also because of the successful commerce the two countries maintained between them. At this time there was also a great famine in Flanders and the King of Portugal, wanting to return the gracious help he had received from the Count of Flanders, offered to transport many shiploads of Flemish people to colonize the vacant islands of the Azores. The Portuguese king also sent many ships laden with supplies, material and provisions so that the colonists would be able to cultivate the land, build homes and sustain themselves for a period of two years. From then on they were expected to fend for themselves.

The Flemish people that were scattered on the islands did survive and thrive like the domestic animals that had been put there before them. On the island of San Miguel which had been colonized by Portuguese natives, the climate was found to be excellent to raise sugar cane and pineapples. Soon sugar was being manufactured and sold to the mainland. Huge hothouses had also been built in which to grow the pineapples which were soon being shipped to European markets. The offspring of the animals that had been put on the islands also were being shipped and sold in Portuguese markets. In time the Flemish established creameries, and butter and cheese were also being sold in the

mainland. The island of Saint George, where many of the Flemish had settled, became noted for its excellent cheese processed by the Flemish method. The oxen which had grown wild on the islands were tamed and taught to pull the wooden plows that tilled the lava soil. Life on the Azores Islands became very good, except for the earthquakes which were numerous and devastating.

The colonists found that not only were they subject to the earth tremors but that also in a far-off time the earth must have shaken the islands so tremendously that it had knocked down forests of cedars and buried them, so that it was by chance that they were discovered. From these dead cedars whose wood was found to be in perfect condition they made their small fishing boats, doors and door jambs for their stone houses and many other uses.

The colonists were great fishermen and among the fish caught were sardines, garopa, mackerel, tuna, bonito and eels. The Flemings lived in a semi-paradise and with great abundance of food. Only the sea gales that swept the islands occasionally with a devastating force were to be feared. They would lay the grain fields flat on the volcanic soil and many times ruin crops.

It did not take long for the colonists to begin making their homes of stone for a more permanent structure, thatching the roofs from wheat straw left from their harvested wheat crop. Their floors were of dirt which was hardened and swept with a broom made of corn stalks. On the higher hills where the clouds lingered and kept the area moist, there grew great mounds of spagnum which was hauled down and scattered in the sun to dry and eventually used to stuff mattresses and pillows and for bedding in the animal shelters.

Almost every evening great dark clouds could be seen poised over the higher reaches until early morning when they came down to pour their blessing over the cultivated lowlands, then went out to the ocean to replenish their moisture, then back up to the higher hills where on the following morning they would repeat this process. This would leave the air fresh and clean and the creeks running with sparkling water. The women took their soiled clothes to

the nearby creek where selected stones had been placed to be used as a washboard. Here they knelt in the creek and scrubbed the clothes on a stone, all the while laughing and chattering with their neighbors who were also kneeling at the bevy of stones.

There was much work to be done, land leveled and cleared of the stones left by upheavals throughout the ages. The stones were used to make rock walls, not only to keep stray animals from devastating the crops, but also to outline each family's property.

In due time there also gradually came to the Azores many natives of Portugal, many of them looking for a haven as the Flemish had done. The two nationalities intermarried and bore strong offspring that lived and thrived in the rugged area. Their language also intermingled until it became one language, Portuguese, interwoven with many Flemish words that were unknown and amazed the natives of the mainland.

The Azorians were mostly of the Roman Catholic faith and sturdy edifices were soon built to take the place of the simple shelters that had been first erected as churches. There also had been a great increase of priests and monks in the colonies for the colonists' faith in God never left them. Today, Portugal is one of the most Catholic countries in the world.

When the permanent houses were being built they were all aligned along a cobbled walkway, sometimes for a long distance. These were called *villas* or villages. No one built their homes in the fields but walked instead from their homes to the *quintas* where they worked, sometimes a long distance. There were also stone schoolhouses for boys, with a long cedar bench where the boys would sit and recite their lessons while swinging their legs back and forth in unison with one another. The girls were not expected to attend school but would gather in small groups and teach each other how to read and write, which also comprised the extent of the boys' schooling. Many of the children of both sexes did not have any schooling.

Eventually dogs and cats were brought into the islands, the dogs to help round up the cattle and sheep and the cats to hunt for the mice and rats that disembarked from

the ships and schooners that came into port with their cargo.

Into this setting after four hundred years had passed my father's family and he were born. The islands and the islanders had changed dramatically. The houses were still made of stone but plastered of stucco and with roofs of tile. Some of the people were living comfortably in well organized homes spacious for the number of occupants living in them; others with large families had to do in whatever was available, parents and children sometimes sleeping all in one room. The population in the Azores had increased greatly so that the squares of land left by the parents to be divided equally among their children had become smaller and smaller with each generation. Marriage meant children and much poverty. Many continued to live at home and never married. The elders were beset with the misery of surviving.

There was only one thing uppermost in a youth's mind, to get out of the Azores by any means possible. Into this latter setting my father and family were plunged. Neighbors, friends and relations were leaving the islands as fast as they could obtain a passage out. The Statue of Liberty was standing at the entrance of America with her right arm extended to the whole world asking the poor and the wretched that needed a haven to come into her arms.

From the Eastern seaboard there were whaling ships plying between Boston and the Azores. Many Azorians with no other means to come to America found this to be their salvation. When, on a dark night, the rumor went around that a whaling vessel was seen at dusk anchored off shore a mile or so away, my father who was only sixteen years of age knew that his wish to leave the island had arrived. The ship was from New Bedford and was due to put in to its home port after its holding capacity was filled. That night my father and several other youngsters bade farewell to their families and under the cover of darkness boarded a dinghy that took them to the ship and on their way to America.

They were several months at sea. The work was boring and tiresome. The youngsters were eager to arrive at their destination. On reaching New Bedford with the few American dollars they had earned, they all jumped ship. Most of them went on to California, including my father. His

objective was Elmira where a friend by the name of John Brazil had a ranch and had advised him that he would have a job for him when he arrived. The Brazil family consisted of a young couple with two small sons, one of whom was still sleeping in a very beautifully hand-carved crib. Mr Brazil was a native of St Jorge, while Mrs Brazil was of Irish origin.

My father went to work immediately on their hay press and was paid ten dollars a month with room and board. He remained with the Brazil family for several years, saving most of his money so that he could some day go to school and learn to read and write in the English language, since he had no education in the Portuguese language. Mr Brazil helped him to enroll in a private school in Sacramento and also helped him find a place where he could board with fellow students. He studied hard, not only to read and write but also to sum figures. He also was able to study English which was the only language spoken in the Brazil household. After finishing the fourth grade in four months, my father was ready to face the world. He went back to work at the Brazil farm where not only was there hay to be pressed but pruning to be done in the grape vineyards.

A few years later, my father left the Brazil farm and set up a small butcher shop in Elmira. Eventually he sold the shop and bought a small farm close to Elmira and also close to the Brazil family. The farm consisted of a three-room cabin and also a small vineyard. He not only worked his own farm but also helped his neighbor whenever he was needed. He lived very frugally, saving his money for the day he would have sufficient funds to visit his homeland and perhaps marry a pretty Portuguese maiden.

In the year 1891, my father left his small farm in the care of Mr Brazil and sailed to St Jorge, Azores. Most of his kin had already emigrated to the United States. Though his father had already passed away, his mother was still living in the small house he was born in, and still living off the small acreage which was being worked by his younger brother, Domingos.

It was a wonderful two years my father spent at St Jorge. There were girls in abundance, vying with each other to be the one whom he would marry. He was now an

American, aged twenty-six, very handsome with reddish-brown hair and sporting a well trimmed red beard and mustache. He looked more like a Doctor than a farmer.

My father's blue eyes kept scanning the pretty young maidens for almost two years, searching for the right one. He could have his pick of them and he took his time to decide. He remembered the girl in Elmira who was fond of going to see him while he was working in the hay press. He remembered her standing there with uncombed hair and unbuttoned shoes and calling him Joe in such a lilting voice. He finally made his decision to marry a young second cousin who had been only sixteen years old when he had arrived there. By the time he was ready to marry her and return to the United States, she had reached her eighteenth year. Her father had also passed away and her mother was left alone but planning to follow her youngest daughter to the United States in due time.

My mother's maiden name was Maria Vicente. Her family was believed to have been descended from the family of John Vaz Corte Real, an explorer. Her father was Antone Vicente, a professor who taught the boys' school in the Villa of Rosais, meaning village of the rosary. Her great grandfather was an exile, and thought to have been one of a group that had been deported to the island of Terceira in 1810 for being a liberalist. The family had eventually moved to St Jorge.

The Vicente family was not happy when my grandfather married my grandmother, Anna Silveira Borges. They felt that my grandmother was of a lower status and they did not accept her nor her children as belonging to their family. The elder Vicente lived in the port city called Villa das Vellas, meaning village of the sails. My mother remembered on one occasion when she and her friends walked to this village and as they passed the sumptuous home of her grandparents, they saw her grandmother outside combing her long flaming red hair. One of her friends said, "Look, Maria, there's your grandmother. Go ask her for her blessing." My mother said, "I will not," and kept on walking.

On arriving at Elmira from the Azores, my parents began living in the three-room cabin on their small acreage. A year later the first of nine children my parents were destined to have was born. My sister Clara was very fair with red hair and amber eyes. Clara means white in Portuguese. When she was about six months old my father again had new depths of vision, and leaving his small farm in the hands of the Brazil family he decided to move to Forbestown, a mining town in the high Sierra above Oroville. My uncle Domingos who had arrived in the United States also went with them. From Oroville to Forbestown the road was very hazardous as they rode in a stagecoach. It rocked wildly through the narrow, crooked, graveled road as they climbed through richly timbered mountains and fragrant patches of wild shrubs and huge firs and cedars. The road became a tunnel of overhanging green branches that seemed to touch the sky. It was late summer and the earth was colored a rich sienna as if it had been baked by the heat of summer. As they kept climbing to a higher altitude, they saw that even the white granite rocks had been blanketed by the hennaed soil. On the down run between the mountains, the horses galloped as if they feared the coach would hit their back legs if they did not keep well ahead of it. Inside the coach the passengers were thrown around like stuffed dummies.

My mother was so frightened that she would scream at every bend of the road for fear they would all be plunged into the deep canyon below. It was with great relief that they arrived at the little settlement with no broken bones. They were given a small cabin to live in, one of a number that were available for miners and their families. My father and uncle Domingos were immediately put to work in the Gold Bank Mine on day and night shifts.

Forbestown was a very small village with one store and also a large building that was used as a hall for one or more social organizations. There was also the small cemetery where a number of granite tombstones spelled the names and places of birth and the dates of those who lay there. Many were of newly born infants or of a few months of age, attesting to the somber situation of trying to raise children in such a remote frontier. One of the tombstones depicted a

miner's goldpan and pick.

My uncle Domingos had a cabin where he lived and cooked for himself. He was quite young then and single. Neither he nor my father seemed to mind the hard work and dangerous conditions of working in the mines. Almost half of their everyday living was spent underground. They did not even seem to mind the day and night shifts. They were earning a good salary and were content, even though they had to work for long hours.

My mother, though, was very unhappy. The night shifts were a nightmare for her. The dark nights that my father worked on the night shifts were long and frightening for her. She did not like to be left alone in the darkness through so many hours. She brooded and wept, looking out from window to window throughout the long hours. The approach of winter, and the trees that darkened the shortening days, made the nights appear longer. My mother could not sleep or rest properly. Her health began to decline. The climate and living conditions were a great change from the island of St Jorge where she knew all the villagers and there was always a family member with her. It had been an exceptionally early and bleak winter that year, or so she thought. She was not used to seeing an earth blanketed with snow. All the wood she carried and pummeled into the wood stove could not keep the house warm. The wind and the peals of thunder together with the frightening flashes of lightning made her envy the men who were sheltered in the mines. Occasionally, a mass of iced snow would break apart from the trees overhead and crash recklessly on the roof of the cabin, leaving her weak and nauseated. She wept and thought her heart would break with her agony.

In the spring of 1895, as soon as the roads were passable and the long awaited stagecoach started making its circuit again to the little mining camp of Forbestown, my father decided to take my mother and sister down to the flatlands for a change and also so she could visit a Doctor. The loss of sleep and food which she could hardly swallow had left her little more than a skeleton of her former self and my father was greatly worried.

They went to Elmira where the Brazil family took

them in and sheltered them for a few months during that summer. Mr Brazil had rented out the three-room cabin on the little ranch my parents had left in his care. The Doctor's verdict was that he could not find anything seriously wrong with my mother except that she was very anemic and that she also was pregnant with another child. Within a couple of months she was so well with the medication the Doctor had given her for her anemia and also the food and rest she was able to assimilate that my father was greatly encouraged to take her back to Forbestown.

She faced the long tortuous climb up the mountain roads more bravely. Now she had something else to think about besides herself. There was going to be another child and both parents were hoping it was going to be a boy.

Under the most stormy conditions, and with just my father and a neighbor-woman attending, I was born on November 27, 1895 into a white world. The snow was so deep that my father had to dig his way out of the cabin and make a trail to a neighbor's cabin to fetch the milk my mother needed so much that morning. I must have frozen that day for throughout my life I have always complained of scarcely ever feeling too warm.

Within a very few days of my birth I became ill. There was no Doctor to attend me and my parents did not expect me to survive. Since a baptism is valid performed by any person in case of an emergency, a neighbor was asked to baptize me which he did. It was but for the grace of God that I was not buried in the little cemetery in the mining camp of Forbestown, nestled high among the peaks of the Sierra mountains, amidst the many tiny plots and small monuments that were already scattered there, hidden away forever from the rest of the family, at the site where I had been conceived, born and died, never to have seen the beautiful world I was destined to see, nor to have left my footsteps on so many faraway places or to have enjoyed the adventurous life I have led. I also would have never known my loving parents and siblings nor my wonderful children and grandchildren and great grandchild that God gave me, and I never would have met the man I came to love and marry.

My mother's health did not improve with my birth.

She had fallen into the same circumstances she went through the previous winter. My father again became very concerned and as soon as the stagecoach could negotiate the treacherous roads to Forbestown my family left the little mining town forever. My uncle Domingos left also.

We moved back to the three-room cabin in Elmira and life went on for my parents about the same as it had been before they had left. The only difference was that besides my sister they now had me. The first thing they did was to take me to the Catholic church in Suisun to have me baptized by a Catholic priest. My sister's godparents also became my godparents.

Since my godmother was my mother's lifelong friend in St Jorge, it was only natural that after my godparents' marriage they should follow my parents to the United States and subsequently live close to us in Elmira. Contrary to what my parents did, my godparents remained in the vicinity of Elmira and Fairfield throughout their whole lives.

Since my father's coloring pulled more toward our Flemish ancestors, and since my parents were second cousins, it wasn't unusual that I also should be born with red hair and with gray-green eyes. My family nicknamed me 'Owl Eyes' and later on in years my mother said I had lost my wide staring gaze that I had when I was very young.

In Elmira we now had two very close families as friends, the Brazils and my godparents. When my father was working away from home my mother did not have to pass a single night alone. During these occasions my mother and we two youngsters would spend the night or nights with either of the two families.

The Brazil family had a beautiful crib in which I slept when we spent the night with them. It had been made and carved by hand. It had been the crib of both of the Brazil sons, and which they had outgrown. I liked it so well that I was given the crib for my very own.

Though my mother was content with our living conditions even though my father's mother began to live with us, my father was far from being happy. The work had been hard in the mines but it was also hard in the lowlands around Elmira, with lower pay. He decided to visit Watsonville

where he had several cousins. We rode there in a spring wagon pulled by our two horses. We took along my aunt Rose and my uncle Antone who were living nearby, my aunt working for a family in Dixon by the name of Rice. My grandmother also went along. The two brothers rode on the seat and the rest of us females nestled amidst the mattresses and hay we took along to feed the horses.

It took several days to get to Watsonville and we would camp on the side of the road, cook over a campfire and some slept on mattresses on the ground and others slept inside of the back of the spring wagon. My father scanned the scenery very carefully, with the intention of moving out of Elmira, selling the small acreage and buying something somewhere else.

After days of this gypsy life with a lot of merry singing as we drove along the dusty roads, we finally arrived at Watsonville where we all moved in with some cousins who lived there. Within a very few days we were back on the trail to Elmira. My father had decided he did not want to live in Watsonville.

Back in Elmira my father heard of a village situated on the bank of the Sacramento River and called Rio Vista, which in Portuguese and Spanish meant River View. It sounded intriguing and he decided to go see it. It was only twenty four miles away from Elmira and he thought he could get there in the spring wagon in one day. He went alone and my grandmother remained with my mother and us two children. When he arrived close to the Montezuma hills he was fascinated with the rolling land and the large plantations of wheat. There were also sheep pasturing on the hillsides. The air smelled clean and fresh with a wift of the sea in it. He was enamoured by the clean little village of Rio Vista, nestled on the river's edge. The river beckoned him to come fish and swim in it as he did back in St Jorge. He remained in the little town for a couple of days, savouring of the atmosphere, looking around and asking questions. It seemed just the right place to set up a business and make a good living.

He went to the wharf when a steamer approached and thought it was one of the most marvelous sights he had seen in a long time, a big boat being pushed along at a rapid pace by

a wheel that kept churning round and round in the water. He envisioned a sailboat on the river and him in it skimming the river in front of the beautiful villa, for that's what he called it, as it reminded him of the villas back in St Jorge. There was such a stark difference between the ocean breeze that came up the river from San Francisco Bay and the hot dry plains around Elmira.

He walked up one of the low hills where a convent stood and met a nun and talked to her. Sister Liguori explained to him that the convent school was not only for the boarders who lived there but also for any day scholar who wished to attend it. She also indicated that there was a Catholic church nearby and also a public school in Rio Vista, but he was not interested in it - his children were going to go to a Catholic school if he could have his way.

He saw fishermen go down to the river and get into their boats which held mountains of net inside of them. He went out salmon fishing with one of them at night and thought it was a clever way of catching salmon. The fishermen were mostly Portuguese with names like Azevedo, Mesquite, Souza and Freitas. In fact he found that the village had many Portuguese families living in it, some of them even from his island of St Jorge.

He looked at a site on Front Street near the wharf and pictured a home there where he could see the steamers paddling up and down the river. He thought of buying the lot on which he stood if it was for sale, and building a house on it with an upper floor to live in and a saloon on the lower floor. He could not get back to my mother fast enough to tell her what he had seen and what his plans were. She went back with him to see Rio Vista and she too fell in love with the village.

By this time there had already been another birth in the family and to my parents' dismay it was another girl, dark haired and dark eyed Ulinda. They wished so badly that it could have been a son.

When my sister Ulinda was about a year and a half old, my father had our home and saloon practically constructed. My mother and grandmother began preparations to move as soon as my father returned from putting

the finishing touches on the house. He had already sold the little acreage in Elmira and the buyer was just waiting for us to move out so he could move in.

There was a trunk already packed and several valises ready to be filled at the last minute. There was not much furniture to be moved and it would all fit inside of the spring wagon. With all this commotion around us, my two sisters and I crept into bed one night all excited about the prospects of moving to a better place that my parents had told us about, where we could see a river from our house, something that appealed to us. Ulinda slept in my parents' room and my sister Clara and I slept in another little room that held my sister's small bed and also my beautiful crib. My grandmother slept in the kitchen. It was dark and my mother had lit a kerosene lamp and was carrying it into our bedroom. As she went to place the lamp on the small dresser between the heads of our beds, the base of the lamp hit the edge of the dresser and flipped out of her hand and on to the floor, breaking the glass container and spilling the kerosene which instantly burst into flames. Fortunately, my mother backed away before the flames touched her. Almost instantly she also gave a piercing scream and in one fearful leap Clara and I were jumping over the footboards of our beds and out the door, leaving my beautiful hand-carved crib to be consumed by the flames.

Clara and I stood outside of the kitchen door watching my mother and grandmother dragging the packed trunk and anything they could grab within reach. When the smoke became unbearable my mother came over to us and anxiously asked us where Ulinda was. We told her we didn't know. She rushed back into the burning smoke-filled house and in seconds came out with Ulinda whom she found behind the kitchen door where she was hiding.

Our neighbors, the Brazil couple, were soon running over to us, having seen the flames from their home. There was nothing anyone could do. While the elders stood by watching the house being consumed by the flames, we youngsters were lifted into a packing box close to the barn where we huddled together with cold and fear and chattering

teeth. We spent the rest of the night and the days that followed with the Brazil family until my father returned from Rio Vista. It must have been a harrowing sight on my father's return to find our home in ashes.

The following day we bade farewell to the wonderful Brazil family, and taking with us the few things my mother and grandmother were able to rescue from the fire, together with some hay to feed the horses, we left for Rio Vista. Fortunately, my father had gone to Sacramento while still in Rio Vista on one of the beautiful paddlewheel steamers and had bought the furniture for our house.

Regardless of the loss of the house, my father was very happy as we rode along that spring of 1899, with the horses sometimes running and at other times trotting. He whistled and sang during the day on the long ride. When we got to the Montezuma hills in late evening, the horses began running at a fast pace as if they also knew they were getting home. This must have been one of the happiest days of my parents' life. Moving to a new home wasn't being done every day and perhaps they were secretly planning that this new home was going to last them for the rest of their lives.

It was an adventure for us and for my mother who had not yet seen the house. There had been no way my mother could have gone to see it. There were no cars in those days, not even a stage on which she could have gone and come in the same day. Rio Vista was very much isolated. To my knowledge there wasn't even a family that they knew well enough to have asked for accommodations for a couple of days and also for a grandmother and three small children. There was the River View Hotel where my father had stayed during the couple of months he was building the house, but it was no place for children. They could have left us with the Brazil family but they didn't.

The long stairway with its small platform where it turned to ascend a few more steps fascinated us as we entered the front door. There were four rooms upstairs, two bedrooms, a kitchen and a fairly good-sized living room that led out to a veranda that overlooked the river. On the

outside of the dwelling as in the rest of the town there were wooden sidewalks that made a lot of noise as we ran up and down on them. We thought this was great fun and we instantly proceeded to do this. There was also a wooden raised sidewalk with sloping sides at the street intersections, the reason for that shape being that it was easier for the horse-drawn vehicles to drive over these.

We were very excited about the rooms upstairs. The walls were of white plaster, not of wood like our old home was. It was fun to run up and down the stairs and slide our hands along the silky walls. There was a big privy in the smaller yard closest to the house. It was divided in two, with a side for us and the far side for the saloon customers. There was a high board fence dividing the two sides. Beyond this yard was a larger yard fenced off all around. Here we were to grow vegetables and raise chickens on part of it.

On the outside of the downstairs part of the house there was a large sign on the wall facing the river road reading, THE DEWEY SALOON. Below this was, J.S. VIEIRA, PROP. My father had read a book about Admiral Dewey who was a hero at this time and was so enthralled with the man that he named the saloon after him. There was sawdust all over the floor of the saloon and a brass foot rail running the length of the bar. There were also brass cuspidors here and there on the floor and a card room. At night after we were in bed we could hear the rasping of the chairs on the floor of the card room, sometimes accompanying argumentive exclamations. The best part of the house was the veranda overlooking the river. It was a beautiful sight to see the river steamers, barges and small boats and sailboats going up and down the river. The veranda had a stout railing high enough to keep us children from crawling over it yet low enough for most of us to see over it. The smaller ones looked through the spoke supports.

There were two paddlewheeled steamers called Modoc and Apache that would tie up at the wharf every day about 6 o'clock except Sunday. Around midnight the Navajo and the Seminole tied up there also. Each two boats would be headed in the opposite direction, either to San Francisco or

Sacramento. There would also pass up and down the river many schooters with their tall extended sails catching the breezes that came up the river from San Francisco Bay. These schooners were loaded mostly with hay in season and sometimes with potatoes or other bulk vegetables going to the San Francisco market.

One of the steamers that we saw quite often was the San Joaquin which would be towing one or more barges behind it either full or empty of freight.

Since my father was the owner and also the bartender of the saloon, we were allowed to play in it when there were no customers. It was fun to run and slide on the sawdust and at times even roll in it. Every now and then we would find small coins in the sawdust. On one occasion Ulinda found a five dollar gold piece.

Before my father started building the saloon, he applied for a license to run it from the Rio Vista authorities. He was told that there were enough saloons at the time in Rio Vista and was refused a license. He was stubborn and went ahead with his plans. When he was ready for business he again applied for a license and was again refused.

My father was in a quandary as to what to do. He could not sell hard liquor without a license and yet he had to utilize the building. Most of all he had a family to support and had to either convert the saloon into something else or go out and find a job.

He and my mother came up with a brilliant idea. She would cook pots of beans and stew and my father would charge for the food and give the liquor for free. The authorities tried to stop him from doing this, saying that it wasn't legal. My father ignored them and asked them to prove that it wasn't legal. They gave up and issued the license he had asked for.

My father never borrowed a cent in his lifetime that I had ever known of. There was always money in the bank to live on. On one occasion I was told by a small child that her parents had ten thousand dollars. That didn't seem very much to me and so I said to her that we had much more in the bank than that. That same day I told my mother about my conversation with the little girl and that I had told her we had

much more than ten thousand dollars and I wanted my mother to confirm this. She said, "No, we do not have ten thousand dollars." As young as I was, I was shocked to hear this.

Our finances at my parents' home were never discussed when we children were present. I don't even remember that we were ever told anything about saving money or even how much money we had. There was always sufficient food and clothes and shoes as we needed. We did not expect more than was available and did not sense that we could use more.

The river beckoned my father and he decided to make a net so that on some nights he could go fishing for salmon. As he had plenty of time between customers, he would spend long hours doing nothing and the net-making helped him to pass away the time. I liked to come into the barroom and sit on the floor while fascinated at the way the net was fashioned by his agile hands. Sometimes when I came in and found some of the bobbins empty he would patiently show me how to fill them. Since it was only slipping the twine in and out over the needle, it wasn't very hard for my tiny little hands. He complained, though, that I left the twine too loose.

In January of 1900, my dark eyed, dark haired sister Mary was born. Since a midwife called Tia Madeira was there taking care of my mother, I presumed that she was the one who brought Mary for my mother to keep. About that time my father had finished the net and had bought a sailboat to go salmon netting. He would go out each night during the salmon season and would sell his catch to a fish buyer. There was a shoe repairman living across Front Street from us by the name of Rapozo who would come into the saloon early in the morning and clean it up and also wait on the guests while my father slept. Mr Rapozo, or Old Man Rapozo as we always called him, lived in a scow all alone. He would keep his eye on us and when he thought we were getting too rowdy he would admonish us to quiet down or we would fall and get our dresses dirty.

My uncle Domingos who had been in Forbestown with us was now living near Rio Vista where he was working

in the Montezuma hills bailing hay. It wasn't long before he not only married Tia Madeira's daughter Mary, but he also bought a small island in the midst of the Sacramento River near Isleton, a very small town on Andrus Island, and began farming and living on his small acreage called Ida Island.

Since my father now had a sailboat and it was only a few miles to Ida Island, we would occasionally sail up the river to visit my aunt Mary and uncle Domingos. Since the West wind blew rather strongly a good part of the time, it would take no time for us to get there. My father would tack back, which would sometimes be a frightening event. Each time he would tack he would shout to all of us to get down in the bottom of the boat as he shifted the sail from one side of the boat to the other. Most of the time my sister Clara had to operate the center board. One minute he would holler to her to put the center board down then a little later to again raise it. I was so frightened all the time when the wind was blowing that I did not enjoy the sail. My mother took it very nonchalantly as if she had a lot of confidence in my father.

On Christmas Day of 1900, my godparents had given Clara and me each a lovely doll. Since my mother was so afraid that if we played with our dolls we would break them, she hung both of them up on the wall in the parlor in their cardboard boxes. Occasionally, she would take them down so we could hold them for a little while then she would hang them back on the wall again. That summer I became very ill with typhoid fever. I do not remember coming down with it, but I remember very well coming out of the delirium. One of Tia Madeira's daughters was standing by my bed and since the house seemed so quiet, I asked her where my sisters were. She said that they were at Ida Island. I told her that couldn't be true as they had been home the night before. It was then I was told that I had been in a delirium for several weeks and that my sisters had been staying at Ida Island with my uncle Domingos and my aunt Mary. Later I was also told that Dr Clark, who attended me, had wanted my mother to put me in a tub of cold water to lower my fever, and that she was so afraid it would kill me she would not consent to having it done. To offset her decision Dr Clark had placed a coiled rubber tubing on my stomach with one end of the tubing in a

container of ice water attached to the head of my bed and the other end in another container on the floor, so that the ice water could trickle through the tube and cool my body.

As I came out of the delirium and began noticing things around me, I felt something in my arms and quickly saw that it was my doll, completely without the paper box it had been confined in during the months it hung on the wall. I hugged it closely to me and it felt so good to hold it without the encasement it had been in for so long. It must have been a tortuous thought for my mother as I lay in bed day after day so close to death, to see and think of my doll and wish she had given it to me to play with when I could enjoy cuddling it and holding it, and that perhaps I was going to die without ever having had that pleasure completely. Could the doll have stared down at her with accusing eyes?

After I was over the fever but still in bed, my hair fell out and I was practically bald. My mother made a small hood to cover my head and I had to wear it day and night. On one of the nights that I still lay in bed we heard the fire bell ringing. My mother jumped out of bed and ran to the window facing Front Street. The fire was on Front Street about two blocks away, and since it was a house burning on the opposite side of the street, it could be seen very clearly from our house. My father was not home that night and was probably fishing in his sailboat for salmon. My mother, as she usually was at the sight of a fire, was very frightened. Her first thought was that the fire might spread and engulf our house. She dressed me for the first time after my illness, even putting on my shoes and stockings. She left me sitting on the edge of the bed and went into the living room, or parlor, and out onto the veranda to be able to see better. I didn't like being alone in the room and decided I would go out there with her. I stepped down off the bed very confidently and found myself crumpled on the floor as if I had no legs. I couldn't even take one step. My mother picked me up and carried me to a chair by the window where I could see the fire. It wasn't long ablaze.

When I was well enough to walk, we went in the sailboat to Ida Island to get my sisters. I was still wearing my hood and everyone stared at me as if I had dropped out of

Mars. I don't know what they had heard about me but my sister Clara had obviously been told how serious my illness had been. The other two sisters were too young to be concerned.

My uncle Matthew was working for my uncle Domingos at that time and came in from the fields where he had been working and stood there gaping at me like the rest of my relations. I was very conscious of him for he had a cucumber in his hand and was eating it, and my mouth was watering so much for a bite of that cucumber. When I asked my mother for a piece of it, she said she didn't think I should have one, so I stood there, less interested in my sisters and other kin than I was in watching every last bit of that cucumber go down my uncle Matt's throat.

After we all were settled back home in Rio Vista again, Clara started school at the convent. Since my father knew Sister Liguori, who worked in the kitchen, he took my sister to her and one of the girls took Clara to her classroom where Sister Madelyn was teaching the first grade. Since my parents spoke Portuguese all of the time, Clara knew how to speak very little English. It did not take her long to learn to speak English with the other girls in her class. The Sisters were very patient and helpful.

Under our house there was a cellar with a trap door behind the bar and another double doors leading into the yard behind the house. The double doors were slanted upwards enough to make a very good place to slide down. Underneath was a stairway. My father kept his liquor including barrels of wine and other things down in the cellar. He had also made a swing for us at the bottom of the stairs. When we got tired sliding on the doors we would open wide the doors and take turns swinging. When we got tired doing this we would go outside and run up and down on the wooden sidewalks, chasing one another, or run up and down the long stairs, now and then one of us losing her balance and going tumbling down instead of running. My mother was always concerned that when she would hear the screaming, one of us had either broken an arm or a leg or even our neck.

We all had long hair and most of the time it was braided down our backs in one braid with a ribbon tied almost at the end. Sometimes my mother would make two braids with two smaller braids on the top sides that would be then braided into the two longer ones. Occasionally, on special days like Sunday, my mother would make a lot of tiny braids on Saturday night and the next day when she combed this out our hair would be fuzzy and would stick way out.

I had a habit of just buttoning the top button of my dresses in the back. Then when my hair was braided in a single braid it would have a tendency to curl around the unfastened buttons and was hard to untangle. We had a neighbor called Mrs Carter who lived in the house across Sacramento Street from us. She kept promising me a gift if I would learn to button my dress so that my hair would not get tangled in the buttons.

This Carter family and my family were very close. The family consisted of the senior Carter, his son and wife, and a baby granddaughter called Roberta. We youngsters were allowed to go into their house to play with the baby. I liked to go into their house as it was different from ours, with several sofas and stuffed chairs and always kept sort of dark with drapes over the windows. The best reason I liked to go into their house was that it smelled so different than ours did. It smelled of food and mostly of apples. Our place always smelled of liquor and Havana cigars, the smell coming up the stairs more strongly when the saloon door was open at the bottom of the stairs. It wasn't a particularly agreeable smell.

One day Mrs Carter's husband died. I don't know exactly what he died from but I was left with the impression that it had to do with a horse, or maybe that's what we were told so that we would not ask any more questions about his death. His body must have been kept in the house before the funeral. There were quite a number of men at the funeral in a sort of uniform and also with hats on their heads, and they marched with the body to the cemetery. I had the impression that he had belonged to an organization for they seemed to be holding maneuvers before they left.

It must have been a sudden death, for Mrs Carter was very sad for a long time after that day. My parents would not allow us to cross the street and go see the baby. Gradually she began calling us to go play with Roberta, her daughter.

My sister Clara had been given a holy book which could have been a catechism and the day she brought it home from school I asked her if I could look at it. She was sitting in the privy and she let me thumb over it. I don't know what I expected to see in it, not words for I had not started school yet and could not read. As I was standing there with her and looking through the book, it slipped out of my hand and fell through the second hole of the privy, frightening me. Clara was so mad at me that she said God was going to punish me for what I did. That afternoon my stomach began to hurt frightfully. I lay in bed with the pain. My mother's cousin was due to arrive on the six o'clock boat that evening and when the boat whistled she tried to get me out of bed and go to the veranda to see the cousin wave as the boat docked. I refused to go out for I really was in much pain. After the cousin greeted the rest of the family she asked, "*Where is Josepha?*" I did not like to be called Josepha for that was Josephine in Portuguese, and it disgusted me when I was addressed thus by any of my kin.

In May of 1901 my mother had her fifth daughter, Anne, with red hair and amber eyes almost like my oldest sister Clara. That summer we had a visit from my godmother who was still living in Elmira. My mother had written to her after the birth of Anne, letting her know she had another daughter. It must have stunned my godmother to think that her best friend, when they lived in the Azores, was bearing one child after the other without any difficulty and she herself could produce not even one child. She must have discussed it with my godfather and had come posthaste to see what she could arrange with her best friend. Surely, she must have thought, my mother would let her borrow one of her children for a while, and after the ties between mother and daughter had been loosened somewhat she would even decide she must adopt the child.

My mother had no idea what was in my godmother's mind when she arrived without my godfather who had to

remain on their farm to milk their small herd of cows. My mother, no doubt, was very pleased to see her. We, her goddaughters, were very pleased to see her also. She and my godfather had been the ones who always sent those nice gifts to us each Christmas, the dolls, the toy xylophones, the candy eggs which when viewed through the opening on one end contained such marvelous little figurines in them. My godmother was a very special person in my mind.

I don't know how it started but I soon noticed that my mother and godmother were in a bitter altercation with one another. They didn't look like friends, let alone best friends. The worst part of their wrangle was that I became aware that it had something to do with me. My mother was repeating, no, no, no, and my godmother was repeating, yes, yes, yes, in such a hostile way, as if she was compelling my mother.

I was sitting very quietly glancing first to one, then at the other with my big owl eyes, trying to understand what the fury was all about. I heard my godmother say, "*you have Mary that looks just like her. You would never miss her.*" My mother continued with her no, no, no's, and then she began to cry. At this demonstration, my godmother gave up and held me in her lap and tried to console me for the tears were pouring from my eyes also. I was understanding perfectly that my godmother wanted to take me away from my mother. At this point I didn't seem to care much if she did. I liked my godmother very much. It was sad to see her leave alone.

**I**n late August of that year I started school at the convent. I shall never forget the first composition book that the Sister placed on my desk before me. She also handed me a lead pencil. I stared at the beautiful glossy white sheets, so clean, with not a smudge on their ruled surface, and I dreaded making a mark on them that would mar their beauty. I had already begun writing on scratch paper but the composition book was different. The cedary aroma of the pencil and the faint smell of the glossy book left an indelible fascination in my mind that has remained with me ever since. To this day I never see a blank piece of paper that it doesn't seem to

beckon me to write something on it.

My mother had her hands full by this time, taking care of five girls. Not only were our ruffled dresses and other clothes washed by her hands, but she also had to carry wood to stuff into the stove to heat the iron to press them. She also made most of our clothes and mended them when necessary and that would be quite often. Many were the times that I came home from school and found her sitting in the kitchen, darning a stack of black stockings full of holes which our restless feet had managed to tear into them. The way she mended them seemed so easy that I would ask her to let me do a little of the mending, and patiently she would try to show me how it was done, but it took me a few years before I could master the art. By that time I had found that mending stockings was a trying chore.

The midwife, Tia Madeira, who had brought Mary and Anne, or so I thought, was a great help to my mother who was never too strong. I knew she was being paid for occasionally I would see my father take money out of the till in the saloon and give it to her. I also saw him give her a bottle of wine now and then. Since she had a husband, I presumed that the wine was for him.

Our home and saloon being situated so close to the wharf, it was handy for the upriver friends and relations to stop in for a visit while waiting for the steamer that would take them home from a shopping bout in Rio Vista. While the women and children came upstairs, the men folk patronized the saloon. My mother tried to keep the house neat and clean for these visitors, so that practically every day was cleaning day and she spent so much time running up and down the stairway cleaning the marks our dirty little hands had left on the white walls.

When Clara was about eight years old and I was about six, we were sometimes allowed to go salmon fishing at night with my father. He would not stay out too long on these special nights. It was exciting to watch the wooden buoys bob up and down on the water by the light of a full moon, as the silvery dark salmon found itself enmeshed in the gill net. We could always see in the distance, even on dark nights, the tail light which marked the end of the net

gleaming valiantly. Occasionally, a steamer would pass, churning up the river, carefully easing its way beyond the tail light.

When my father felt that the buoys were bobbing sufficiently to indicate a good catch of salmon, he would start drawing the long net into the bottom of the boat, unfastening the gills of the fish from the net where they had been caught. After giving them one or two pummels on their head with a small club to kill them, they would drop to the bottom of the boat with a loud thud. During each grasp of the net over the edge of the boat, the lead sinkers and wooden buoys would tinkle and bang against the boat as they were being drawn.

We used to have a blanket under the prow of the boat where we would snuggle while listening to the plop, plop of the waves against the sides of the boat. We would also, now and then, hear the grunty noise of the oars in the oarlocks and would know that my father was rowing to place himself and the boat at the head of another drift. Invariably, we would fall asleep and wake up soon to the noisy clang all over again, as another drift took place.

Tia Madeira brought us another baby, Louise, in September of 1903. Something occurred because of her birth that sent my mother to the hospital in San Francisco. We six daughters had to be deposited among relatives and friends while she was away. Louise, the infant, was left in the care of Tia Madeira and so was I. Ulinda went to Collinsville to stay with aunt Rose and uncle Franco who were her godparents. Clara, Mary and Anne went to Ida Island again to stay with uncle Domingos and aunt Mary.

Though my mother had very good care she kept getting steadily worse. My father went by steamer to see her about every other day. One day he became so frightened at the condition she was in that he thought she was dying. He decided to move her to another hospital. The hospital staff did not have a release from the Doctor and would not let her be moved. My father went out and hired a horse-drawn vehicle to stand by in front of the hospital and he went to my

mother's room, wrapped her coat around her and took her bodily in his arms and carried her to the waiting vehicle and took her to another hospital. Here they operated on her and my father remained with her until she seemed to have changed for the better, then he left for home. I was in bed when he came to Tia Madeira's house sobbing. He explained what he had done and that he was not sure that she was going to live. As I lay in bed listening, I could hear his cracked voice as he talked and suddenly he called me to come to him. I was so frightened about the whole situation, but I got up and still in my nightgown I went to the door of the room where he sat, and I just stood there. He called me to go to him, which I did very timidly. Then he asked me if I didn't want to give him a kiss for him to take back to my mother. I was so bewildered and could not remember ever having kissed anyone before so I just pressed my lips to the side of his cheek and backed away. Again and again he asked me to kiss him but I only pressed my lips to his expecting him to kiss me, not me to kiss him. Finally, it dawned on me that I was to kiss him, not he kiss me, so I gave him the kiss he wanted. I don't remember of there ever being any affectionate demonstration in our family at that time.

My mother began to get well after the operation and it was a happy day when our whole family was gathered together again. While she was still in the hospital and I was staying with Tia Madeira, a very wintry storm caught me in school. The nun who was my teacher was loathe to let me go home alone and took my hand and walked me to the end of the hall and opened the balcony door. There stood my father in an oilskin raincoat and a southeaster on his head. Within the folds of his raincoat he pulled out a folded dry blanket and wrapped it over my head and body and lifted me up into his arms and carried me all the way to Tia Madeira's which was several blocks away. I have always remembered how very special I felt that day.

My father for some reason decided to buy a nanny goat that would give milk. He kept her tied by Old Man Rapozo's scow. When my father wanted to milk her he would bring the nanny into the saloon and tie her to the round center column that had been built there to help brace

the upper floor of the house. No one appreciated the nanny's milk. I did not especially like the warm milk either. It had a strange taste different from cow's milk. Since I knew my father expected me to drink it, I did, but it was hard to swallow. I even pretended liking it, just to please him. There were other things I faked, like eating raw oysters. Occasionally, when I arrived home from school and my father heard our footsteps climbing up the stairs, he would call me back down and out to the back yard. He would have a few oysters in his hands and with his pocket knife he would open them up and give the halved shell with the oyster in it for me to swallow. It was hard for the large glob of oyster to go down my throat and sometimes I almost heaved, but since he thought I enjoyed them, I had to eat them.

The swing in the cellar was very active most of the time. While Clara and I were in school the younger ones played in it. One day while I was swinging I decided to do a backward somersault on it. I thought I had really done one and ran to get my sisters to see me do it again. I don't know what went wrong. I found myself flat on my face on the dirt floor with a big bruise on my forehead. Was I screaming! I never tried that stunt again.

There were a lot of fires in those early days in Rio Vista. In fact Rio Vista had originally been stationed up the river at one time and had been burnt to the ground twice before it was moved to its present site. On one occasion when a house was on fire in the middle of the night, we were all awakened by the noisy clanging of the fire bell. My father was out in the river netting salmon and my mother, as usual, was frightened to death. She dressed and told us to stay in bed while she went to see where the fire was. We had one of the youngsters still in the crib. When waiting what seemed to be a long time and my mother had not appeared, Clara decided to go looking for her. We all decided to follow Clara and for fear of leaving the baby alone in the crib, she lifted her up and tried wrapping a light double blanket around the baby. She could only get a small portion of the blanket around and she told me to carry the rest of it behind her. We started down the steps with Mary and Anne scarcely able to walk yet. They began grabbing for something to hang on to

and I found the blanket slipping further and further away from me until I barely had a hold on it. Hanging on in a line one after the other were Ulinda, Mary and Anne and the rest of the blanket trailing behind. We looked like a procession as we met my mother coming home. She was very angry with us.

I have spoken a lot about my father but not so much about my mother. My impression of her at that early age was that she seemed to be always in the midst of some task, washing large baskets of clothes by hand, ironing them, mending, cooking, making delicious bread, sewing most of our clothes, giving us baths and washing our long hair and combing it, and changing diapers. I was asked occasionally by our girl friends if my mother put something on our hair to make it the color that it was. There were no Portuguese children that we knew of at the time in Rio Vista with red hair.

The day my sister Ulinda started school has always remained in my memory. She ignored Clara and kept hanging on to my dress. I tried pulling her away from me but she would only grab another fold of my dress and hang on to it. When we were all in line on the balcony ready to enter the school room, Ulinda did not get in line but stood alongside of me still clutching my dress. One of the pupils started to walk along the balcony to get to the end of the line and at the same time she was trying to balance a book on her head. As she passed us the book tumbled from her head and fell on Ulinda's head. Though I believe it did not hurt Ulinda, you would think from her deep sobs that someone had tried to kill her.

There were interesting things to be seen in our section of town. Beyond the Carter house there were two homes in which a couple of Chinese families lived. One of these families ran the only laundry in town. We would walk along the sidewalk in front of the laundry and look over the fence to where lines and lines of laundry criss-crossed each other. At the other site was a store where a person could buy Chinese candy and lichee nuts that were very delicious. On Chinese New Years day they would shoot long lines of firecrackers from the overhead veranda. We could see the

popping firecrackers from our parlor windows and the noise was exciting.

The children of these families went to public school. They would pass in front of our house on the way to school, dressed in very interesting Chinese clothes. In fact all members of the two Chinese families were dressed differently than we were. There was a boy older than we were who always wore a pair of wide black trousers and a tunic blouse of the same color. He wore his hair in a long queue down his back and on his head he wore a colorful skull cap. The women of the families also wore the trouser and tunic outfit with a colorful silk band on their head holding their hair. I envied the trousers they wore and wished I could have a pair just like them.

Among the people who would pass in front of our place to go to work every morning were two women who worked in the tule factory, which was somewhere along the river road out of town. I never did get to see the tule factory but I understood that they made sleeve-like containers out of tules which grew in great abundance along the banks of the Sacramento and other rivers. These sleeves were used to wrap liquor bottles so that they would not break against each other. Eventually this tule factory folded up.

There was another colorful Chinese couple that lived above Rio Vista in a farm along the river. We called the wife Chinese Mary. I think her name was really Mary for once she brought my sister Mary a beautiful red, real silk, large handkerchief that had come from China. She also gave my mother one. They raised ducks on their farm and were in the habit of dropping in to see us and most of the time they brought something to us like vegetables and ducks. They always rowed from wherever they came. My father would naturally give them something in return, which had to be liquor, to take home.

My mother had taught us to pray when we were very young. She would gather us around her as we all knelt on the floor to say the rosary at night in Portuguese. After Clara and I started school we were taught to pray in English also. On Sunday we would go to church alone. It was impossible for my father to go to church at all since Sunday was a busy

day for him. I don't know if my father ever prayed. My parents naturally had a deep religious training in their childhood as Portugal has always been an extremely Catholic nation. Perhaps my father never prayed but I never saw him get into bed that he did not bless himself.

My father was very proud that we girls had the convent school to go to. Occasionally, while we were on our knees upstairs saying the rosary, he would call up the stairs for me to come down for a moment. It was a relief for me to get off my knees so that when he called me I would run downstairs and behind the bar where my father stood. There would be one or two men at the bar and he would ask me several questions that he knew I could answer, like what is three and two, or what is two and four. I liked arithmetic and was able to give him the right answers if the figures remained in the lower numbers. He would also ask me sometimes to bring down my first-grade reader with me and would ask me to read from it, something I was able to do very quickly. My father wanted to show the customers how well we were doing in the convent school.

When business in the saloon was slack and my father was able to get Old Man Rapozo to tend bar, we would take the day off during the summer vacation and sail to Ida Island and visit my uncle Domingos and family. Most of the summer winds were quite mild and it was no trick to sail up the Sacramento River and back, especially since my father had become quite expert with the sailboat. If the West wind was blowing it would not take long to get there. Occasionally he had to either row or tack back. On one occasion like this my father decided to go get some firewood from the large sycamore grove which grew on one end of Ida Island. He took a small square barge-like craft with him in which he expected to bring the wood. My uncle Domingos helped him fill the small craft with the wood which consisted mostly of drift wood that had been left on the island after a siege of high water had inundated it. Because it did not have any levee around it as the other islands in the Delta had, it was quite common for Ida Island to be inundated each winter.

My father had taken my sisters Clara and Ulinda and also me on this particular venture to retrieve the wood as he

believed that as long as he was unable to produce sons he had to make use of what God had given him. On our way back from Ida Island he had Clara stay in the rear craft all alone while Ulinda and I rode in the sailboat with him. When we got to the mouth of Steamboat and Cache Sloughs where they empty into the Sacramento River, he had to lower the sail and take to the oars as the strong West wind took possession of both boats so that it was difficult to keep from running into the bank at Grand Island. He rowed and rowed with all the strength he had for if he stopped for one moment we would be certain to be washed up on shore.

I am sure my father was as frightened as we were. If it wasn't for Clara being in the rear craft, I am sure he would have asked one of us to unfasten the cord that held the wood-loaded craft and let it go and beach itself. However he had Clara to think about and he had to get those two boats across the mouth of the river. My father kept shouting to Clara to throw the wood out in hope that it would lighten the boat. Clara was only about nine years old and had all she could do to hang onto the side of the craft to keep from being pitched into the river. She tried to throw the wood out with one hand but it was too heavy and too awkward and she had to let go of her grasp. She succeeded in throwing a few of the pieces out, then quickly squatted to maintain her balance. The wind not only tossed the craft up and down but also sideways like a cork. Occasionally, between the shouts to Clara to throw the wood out, my father would also tell me to either push the center board down or pull the center board up according to how the wind twisted the sailboat. Ulinda had settled herself on the bottom of the sailboat and had covered her head with her skirt.

I had never been so frightened in my life before that day. I kept praying to God to help us to get to the bank of the river safely. I began to promise God that I would say two rosaries every night instead of one. The waves were almost sweeping over the two boats and I couldn't see how we could keep from drowning. In my anxiety I kept promising God I would say more and more rosaries each night. We finally were able to get to the leeward side of the river and to safety.

For weeks I said my rosaries and it was hard to keep

track of how many I was saying. I began to say them right after the supper dishes were done and with paper and pencil I would mark each rosary down. Eventually I tried to say them so fast that the words were slurred into one another. I don't know how long I tried to complete my promise, then I went back to only one rosary each night.

My uncle Domingos and aunt Mary had already had two sons, with the death of the youngest shortly after birth, when my aunt became seriously ill with a heart condition. She was brought to Rio Vista and then transferred to a hospital in San Francisco. Despite the efforts to save her life she passed away at the age of eighteen years. My uncle Domingos was so heartbroken that he knelt at the side of the coffin and asked God to take him also. Six weeks later my uncle Domingos came home from the fields hot and tired and to cool himself he placed his feet in a bucket of cold water. That night he became paralyzed of his legs and was brought to Rio Vista where the Doctor advised him to be taken to San Francisco.

My aunt Rose and uncle Franco had rented a portion of land near Collinsville where they had a part of it planted to asparagus and also had a herd of milk cows. My uncle Antone was also in partnership with uncle Franco. My father was able to have a messenger go from Collinsville to notify my kin there about uncle Domingos' plight. Since my mother was also going to San Francisco with my father to take uncle Domingos to the hospital, she had to scatter us girls among friends and relatives again. Tia Madeira already had uncle Domingos' son, Johnny, to take care of after his mother died, and it was there where some of my sisters went to stay until my parents got back. Ulinda and I went with my parents as far as Collinsville to stay with our relatives there. We left on the six o'clock mail boat with my uncle being placed in a berth in one of the cabins. Before the boat arrived at Collinsville, my father asked Ulinda and me to go into his cabin and kiss my uncle goodbye. When I kissed uncle Domingos he looked at me sadly and said, "*Goodbye, Josie. Be a good girl.*" That was the last time I saw him alive.

Aunt Rose and uncle Antone were at the wharf at Collinsville when we arrived there. They ran into my uncle's

cabin while the boat was docked and came out in a few minutes, presumably having said goodbye to him also. He did not live very long and aunt Rose and uncle Antone brought us back to Rio Vista for his funeral.

My uncle Domingos had only one heir, his son Johnny, who was only two years old then. He was awarded to the Tia Madeira family to raise as Tia Madeira was his grandmother. My father was appointed his guardian. My father rented Ida Island to a Japanese and from this money a sum of twenty five dollars was designated to be paid Tia Madeira per month to support Johnny. After taxes were paid, the rest of the money went into a bank account in Johnny's name, to remain there until Johnny was of age.

A short while after uncle Domingos' death, aunt Rose and uncle Franco came to see us and also to get some salmon from my father to salt and store. They took me back to Collinsville with them. Since I was the only child there, I was left very much on my own. There was plenty of things to do to entertain myself. Every afternoon I would make the rounds of the hens' nests looking for eggs. The hens had special spots in the barn where they laid their eggs in the hay. There was also a number of calves in a small corral and I would try to scare them to make them run with their tails up in the air. There was a slough a short distance from the house and at the edge of it was the privy. When the tide was high it would come into the privy and bring in with it small minnows that would dart about looking for something to eat, I thought. Sometimes I would take them small portions of bread and watch them dart around for it. I would wish I had a string that I could lower into the water and perhaps they would be fooled to try hanging on to it. I had no idea how fish could be caught except by netting.

It was a beautiful summer for me. In the evening after supper, I would go into the front garden to where there were rows of St Joseph lilies and I would go up and down the rows and bow at the flowers and say goodnight to them. Then when aunt Rose was finished washing the dishes we would all four of us sit on the porch stairs and just look around and enjoy the cool summer breeze that came up from the bay.

Every evening I watched the cows that were to be milked come along a trail that led them into the corral from their pasture where they had spent their day. They were all so tame that I had no fear to see them go by as I stood close to the trail. They would playfully buck the tall weeds that grew on both sides of their path and some would come in with weeds of small yellow blossoms entwined in their horns. It was amazing to see how well they got along with one another following the path one behind the other and no one tried to slip ahead of the one in front of it.

While they were being milked and fed I was allowed to mingle among them and I loved the smell of the corral with its faint aroma of cow's breath and milk. While we sat on the porch steps in the dusk we could see them play around with each other, pretending to buck each other and raising a cloud of dust in the semi-darkness. I always carried a cup into the corral while they were being milked so that I could drink the milk there warm from the cow.

Aunt Rose would set most of the milk in pans to raise the cream that she would skim the next day. There was a long table in the kitchen with a shelf running all the way beneath it on which she set the pans. It seemed to me that she was always washing and drying milk pans and milk buckets or else making bread. I would watch her in silence for I was afraid I would offend her if I talked too much. While she set the loaves in their pans I stuck very close to her so she would not forget to give me the scrapings, which she always did. I would play with this small amount of dough for a while making tiny loaves of my own and I would end up by taking the sticky dough to the privy and throwing what hadn't stuck to my hands to the little green minnows which they ate quickly.

There was a tool shed a short distance from the house and as I was passing it one evening I saw a sparrow flutter out from under the low eaves. I stacked a couple of boxes one on top of the other and reached with my hand into the nest and felt a number of warm wiggling things, which I presumed were baby birds. I decided I wanted both babies and mother bird and later at dusk I went back very cautiously, and stepping on the boxes again I reached into the nest and felt

the struggling bird in my grasp. With the mother bird in one hand and the nest of babies in the other, I made my way back to the house without anyone noticing what I had done, while all the time I was wondering where I was going to put my pets. I felt very guilty and decided not to show them to anyone.

I slipped into the house secretly, and disposed of both mother bird and her nest and babies in a cupboard below a window where my aunt kept her kitchen utensils. I was extra silent that night at the supper table, wondering how I was going to make a cage for my pets and feed them besides. I decided I would save some bread from my breakfast to give to them.

Next morning, when my aunt had her back turned, I hurried to the cupboard and opened the door and began searching for my small brood but found nothing. I wanted to ask my aunt if she had seen them and yet I was afraid that she would get mad at me when she saw what I had done. Finally I mustered enough courage to ask her if she had seen a bird and a nest with some baby birds in it. She said she had thrown both mother bird and the nest of babies into the fire. I looked through the hole on the door of the wood stove and could see only flames. I wondered if the poor birds were all dead and if they had gone up to heaven. It made me sick to think that I had caused them to die.

One day my uncle Franco was sitting inside the screened porch polishing his shoes. The polish was a dry paste in a can into which he would occasionally spit and then dip the brush into the can of polish and rub the brush all over his shoes, making the shoes look almost as new as they were when he first bought them.

I sat very close to my uncle Franco and silently watched him, but all the while my mouth was watering so much I could hardly contain the saliva I was secretly preparing for him so I could have it ready when he asked for it. Suddenly, he passed the polish to me with the words, "*Put a little water in here.*" I was too quick for him. Before he uttered the first word I had already poured the contents of my mouth into the can. I was shocked and amazed at the gales of laughter that poured from my uncle's mouth. I

looked at him with my owl eyes but could not see anything to laugh at.

One day toward the end of that summer as I was getting out of my bed, my aunt came in to tell me that I had a visitor and that he had gone into the barn to see my uncle Franco. I stood there wondering who would ever think of visiting me. When she saw my perplexity she gave me a hint, "*He has eyes like you,*" she said. I don't remember that I had ever looked in a mirror, let alone look to see what color of eyes I had. There was a mirror in my aunt's room and I went in there and looked to see what color my eyes were. My eyes were not really blue like my father's eyes but somehow I thought it must be my father that had come to take me back home and to school. To be sure I was right I asked my aunt what color were my eyes. She said, "*Blue,*" and I knew it had to be my father. I ran to the barn and there was my father with a jobber who had come with him.

They had come in a horse and buggy that the jobber had rented from the livery stable. I rode back on my father's lap and I felt so good to be so close to him again. At Bird's Landing they both went in to the saloon there and I remained alone in the buggy. As I was used to jobbers coming to our saloon to take orders for liquor, I presumed that the jobber was doing the same thing there. When we got home I was tired and hungry and happy to see the rest of my family, and glad to get back to school.

There were friends and neighbors that my mother would visit occasionally and who in turn would visit us. My mother would always take us girls with her and line us up, two to a chair, against a wall, and we were always told to stay there and keep quiet. That meant that we were not to open our mouths and say a word.

She would always painstakingly take time to see that we were well combed and wearing clean, starched and immaculately ironed dresses. There we would sit quietly as my mother and the hostess talked for long periods of time. I don't remember that we liked this kind of visiting though I don't think I particularly disliked it. Sometimes we were treated to some sweet like homemade cookies or even candy,

so that there was always the possibility we could get something out of the visit. Most of the time we were not treated to anything and were also lucky that one or the other had not gotten one of those frightening pinches that my mother was fond of giving us when we did the slightest thing she thought was misbehaving.

Since my father had acquired a partner in the saloon for a while, we would often sail up the Sacramento River. On one of these occasions he decided to sail to Ida Island and stay for a few days. We stayed in the scow that had been uncle Domingos' home. That meant that we had to carry all the water we needed from the river by hand. There wasn't even a pump that we could use to draw the water. Sometimes the tide would be so low leaving a slanting bank of slimy mud that we were unable to walk on. To offset this we used a plank over the mud to reach the river. On one of the days we were there I went to get a bucket of water to wash the dishes and found that the tide was so low that there was a steep bank of mud down to the river. Nonetheless, I pushed a narrow board down to the river's edge and proceeded to walk on it with the bucket in my hand. When I got closer to the river's edge my weight began sliding the board as if I were on skis. I knew I was going into the water and I could not swim. I had the presence of mind to throw myself on the slimy mud and drag myself up to the dry land, still holding on to the empty bucket. My dress was a sight but I had saved my own life.

During the time we were on the island my father took the sail and mast down and left the boat tied to a post on the bank. When the tide was high we would tie the rope to the post so that we could play in the boat with safety while rowing it around. We would also pull the younger girls into the boat while we were playing in it. Our parents must have had a tremendous amount of courage and faith in us to allow us to play in the boat, like we used to do at our age. We would also help the younger ones into and out of the boat without worrying about dropping one of them overboard.

On one of these days while we were staying at Ida Island that summer my youngest sister, Louise, who was barely walking, found a fruit jar in the shed with some clear

liquid in it. Thinking the jar had water in it and probably being thirsty, she promptly put it to her lips and drank a swallow of its contents and instantly dropped the jar to the ground, coughing and choking and trying to gasp for breath. All of us who had seen what she had done began to holler for my mother. I smelled the contents of the jar and found it contained kerosene.

When my mother saw her condition and heard what the jar contained, she told us to hurry and call my father who was out in the field. He heard our screams and came running, no doubt thinking that one of us had fallen into the river and perhaps drowned.

Alas the tide was very low at that hour and the boat was high and dry on the thick mud. My father's thought was that he had to get Louise to Isleton where the nearest Doctor lived. Though he pushed and pulled and tried to dislodge the boat, it would not budge an inch. It was so hot that day and he was so exhausted slopping around in the mud in his bare feet, but try as he might the boat was too heavy for him to move alone.

My mother sat all the while on a box in the shade of a sycamore tree near the scow, with Louise on her lap, while she tried to make her sip some cold milk. Louise only lay there with her eyes closed and a ghastly color on her face, while she still struggled to breathe.

My mother was crying and I felt that she thought my sister was going to die. By the time my father came to tell my mother that it was impossible to move the boat, Louise began to move and then started to cry. It wasn't long before she began to struggle to sit up and look around and we knew that she was going to live. My mother continued to encourage her to sip the milk to ease the pain in her throat. She recovered completely.

I did not like the sailing part of going to Ida Island but I did like the more freedom we had there than we had in Rio Vista. We could walk to the woods which were situated on the western end of Ida Island, and which consisted mostly of magnificent sycamore trees which could have been growing in the swamp land soil for a hundred years or more. It was with great interest that we would enter this grove following paths

made by either humans or animals as many coons made their habitat within the branches of these fragrant trees. There was always a sweet musty aroma of decayed weeds and fallen leaves as you entered these woods, which made them more attractive and mystifying.

At Ida Island I was always allowed to go to bed with my dress on and it felt so good to be able to get up in the morning and not have to dress. We even went barefoot most of the time. The dress I remember wearing there most of the time was a red one made from a Mother Hubbard pattern. The material was red with white dots and I loved that dress so much that I still can't see a red material with white dots on it that I don't think of that dress.

The first car that appeared in Rio Vista was quite an attraction. We could hear the motor popping long before the car came into view. With great interest we all ran out to the veranda to watch this incredibly large crawling buggy go by without a horse. Very gradually more cars began to appear on the streets. The owners seemed to have trouble with them as they would have to get out of the car when it stopped, which seemed to be quite often, and with some tools and a lot of hand cranking they would finally get them to move again.

Since the saloon attracted many people from up the Sacramento River, with a fair number of Portuguese asparagus farmers, the talk among them was mostly about their asparagus crops. It had become the ideal crop to grow in the Delta Islands of California. There was more money to be made growing asparagus than there was growing the other crops like beans or corn or potatoes at this time. More and more persons were turning their farms into asparagus beds in these islands. The climate was ideal and the peat and silt soil was outstanding. The soil could be compared only to the soil in the Nile Delta in Egypt.

The farmers would come into the saloon and brag about the amount of money they were making each spring. They also liked the rest and relaxation they were able to have after the crop was harvested, with only a little cultivation to keep the weeds down during the summer. In the fall after the asparagus ferns were frosted and dried, there would be the mowing of the tops and after they were raked into rows

about five feet high they would be burned, leaving a clean soil ready to begin disking and raising the hills along the asparagus rows again.

One of the farmers that came into the saloon and bragged about how much money he was making would even push away the change he had coming to him and call it 'chicken feed.'

My father became very interested in the asparagus cultivation and began to store all the information he could in his mind with the thought that he, too, would like to be an asparagus farmer someday. It took quite a bit of money to start an asparagus farm. Some of the farmers had two or three hundred acres and sometimes more planted in asparagus. Some formed partnerships and planted larger acreage. My father, being very conservative, did not have his sights on being a large asparagus farmer. We had money in the bank but it wasn't all that much. Besides, he had always made it a rule to always have a nest egg in the bank to overcome any financial difficulties if they should be encountered. There was a bank in Sacramento in which he kept a little over two thousand dollars from the time he put it there in the beginning of his saloon career and never touched it while he lived. The rest of his banking was done at the Portuguese American bank of San Francisco.

When my father heard of a portion of land situated in Andrus Island in the Delta that was going to be subdivided into smaller parcels to be rented, he got in touch with the owner and was granted a ten year lease of fifty acres beginning on January 1, 1905 and ending on December 31, 1915. The owner also provided material for my father to make a substantially sized house in which to live. My father was to pay for the labor to build it. The land was situated at the corner of Jackson Slough and bordering on Seven Mile Slough. I don't believe he gave much thought to where his daughters were going to school at this time. He rented our saloon to a man called Peter.

When we older girls heard that we were going to move away from Rio Vista, we were not one bit happy about it. We had never seen the place but at that stage there wasn't much to see except a small acreage and water on two sides of

it. We did think with some agony of what we were leaving behind, our friends and schoolmates, the convent school, the clean attractive little city of Rio Vista with its beautiful view of the river. There were many more things that we were going to miss and which had not been appreciated very much until this time. Even the low rolling Montezuma hills with their acres of bluebells in the spring and the white winter lambs that graced the hillsides had all fit into a pattern of living that seemed hard to change. There had been no part of the small town that we had not been able to walk in safety except along the river bank and the wharf. This had been taboo unless we were accompanied by an adult.

We had mostly been very cooperative with our parents and were used to following rules and regulations faithfully, but there came a day that we disobeyed these rules. The convent boarders always arrived and left for home at the beginning and end of each semester on the river steamers. My sister Clara knew they were to leave on a certain mailboat and on a certain day and decided to go to the wharf and see some of her schoolmates off for the summer. My sister Ulinda and I saw her walking toward the wharf and decided to follow her. When the boat left we started back home with the usual crowd that went every day to see the boats come and go. My father had noticed our absence and was waiting for our return. As we approached he ran out of the saloon door to strip a limb from the poplar tree that grew at the corner of the intersection. He stood there waiting for each one of us to climb on to the sidewalk and as we passed him we each received a few whacks on our legs which hurt very much. I thought at the time that he should have whacked Clara only, for she was the one who led us. Of course, she did not ask us to follow her. Throughout the years I may have been whacked occasionally but I don't remember any other time that I was thus punished. I believe my mother must have spanked us when we were small and deserving, but I feared mostly her sly little pinch on my arm, that couldn't be observed by those around us.

It was a most dreary day when we moved to Andrus Island. The job of packing and gathering together the multiple articles needed for a family of eight was most trying. Although we were moving only about ten miles away as the ducks fly, there were almost insurmountable barriers between the two localities. We did not have any means of moving anywhere except with the sailboat. We did not have a carriage of any sort and automobiles were still in the dream stage. Many years before, we had sold our buckboard and horses. There was an expanse of island that could not be walked and who would be walking through ten miles of another person's property and crops? There was also a pretty wide river to cross. The only way that we could connect with Rio Vista outside of by water was a road that passed along the tops of some of the levees and descended at the corner of the land we had rented, thence following Jackson Slough across the island to Isleton. From Isleton there was a road also on top of the levee which led to a ferry that would take us across the Sacramento River and on to the river road into Rio Vista.

The slough that had divided the islands of Andrus and Brannan, called Jackson Slough, had been all but obliterated when the Corps of Engineers had decided to link the two islands into one by damming the slough at each entrance. It was thus to become almost a dead slough, in fact most of it had long since dried up and only at the locality where we were going to farm was there a deeper part where enough seepage from the river kept the slough with enough water for black bass and carp to thrive. That end of the slough was also called Jackson Slough Dam. It was a miracle that we weren't called the Dam family.

We awoke that morning of early March to a dreary day of cold wintry rain. We were to be transported to the

Island by a barge which my father had hired. A dray wagon was also hired to move our mobilia to the wharf to be moved into the barge when it arrived. My father had gone to where the barge was coming from to supervise the moving. I did not know until later why he should have left us alone at such a critical time. I presume that he had to take a steamer to wherever the barge was laid up and that this had not all taken place on the same day and that my father had to stay somewhere that previous night.

We were down at the wharf at the appointed hour, shivering with cold and huddled against the trunk, valises and furniture as we saw the barge approach the wharf. Since I expected the barge would be moving only our household furniture and our family, I was amazed to see a huge mound of roots encrusted with mud that occupied most of the barge as it landed. We were told by my mother that the mound was composed of thousands of asparagus plants that were going to be planted on our farm that spring.

My father and a deck hand stepped out of the tow boat and moved all our belongings into a vacant corner of the barge. We were soon all walking over the gangplank and taking our places around and on top of the trunk, boxes and valises that we were taking with us. My mother sat in our midst like a hen with six chicks around her, the oldest eleven and the youngest only one and a half years old. My father rode in the shelter of the tow boat with the deck hand and the captain. There wasn't enough room in it for a woman and six children; besides, we hadn't been invited.

My mother was very silent as were the rest of us. There wasn't much to talk about unless we talked about the weather which though not raining at the time, looked as if at any moment there could be a heavy downpour. She did not look happy and yet she did not look sad. I wanted to cry but was afraid I would start all the family weeping, so I didn't. There was no one at the wharf to see us off. The inclement weather did not brood of last minute farewells.

The tow boat blew its whistle as we pulled away from the wharf and we were on our way down the murky Sacramento River. The barge and boat glided swiftly down the stream with the aid of a fast outgoing tide occasioned by

the recent rains which were melting the snows in the mountains. I watched the little city of Rio Vista until it was out of sight, wondering all the while where we were going to go to school now and when would we see our home town again.

An hour or so later we turned left into Three Mile Slough which was much narrower than the river had been. We weren't long on this slough when we again made a turn into a yet narrower waterway called Seven Mile Slough. As we moved along through the fast ebbing day, I silently watched the swirling wake left by the barge and shivered with cold. It all seemed like a bad dream. It was chaos for a youngster like myself. It was as if we had no home now but were at the mercy of a rain-bent, wind-torn world. I thought of all the things we probably would never have again, the visits to Collinsville and Ida Island. No more fishing at night for salmon. No more running up and down the sidewalks of our street. Strangely, I thought, since Tia Madeira would be so far away, there would be no more babies for my mother, which would be the only good that would come out of our move out of Rio Vista. When I had asked my father where would we go to school he had answered, "We'll see."

When my father explained to us what our new home would be like, I still could not picture it. He also had said he had bought two new horses called Mike and Kate. This I was anxious to see. It had been hard for him to go and come to Rio Vista while he was making the house and getting the land ready to plant the asparagus. The sailboat had been put to good use then, on occasions when the wind helped him. Part of the time he had to put the sail down and row. Other times he would walk the three or four miles to Isleton and take the six o'clock mailboat to Rio Vista. Sometimes he was lucky to get a ride on a wagon that would be headed his way.

My mother had brought some bread and jelly and cold milk along for us to eat and drink. As the day became colder my mother heaped blankets around those who slept. I did not sleep but watched the endless levees with the endless willows on them, and the tules coming out of the water below the willows seemed like an army of men, with their feet planted in the water, marching with the restless eddies,

but getting nowhere.

One curve after the other along Seven Mile Slough led to the final last turn and we were suddenly stopping at a clearing on the bank. We were soon helped out of the barge and over a gangplank to the levee bank where two Japanese workers and a man named Frank waited to help unload the barge of its burden. We moved at a fast pace to beat the rain that had already begun to fall in a cold drizzle. Neither my mother or any of us had ever had the opportunity to see the place before and we were all full of curiosity.

The house that was to become our home was right over the levee from where we landed. It was a two-story, board and batten dwelling with a gangway leading from the top of the levee to the upper floor of the house. A wide porch that fronted the house faced the levee. Inside of the front door was a large room walled with tongue and groove unfinished pine boards such as were used in most farm homes. A long pine table occupied the center of the room, flanked by two long pine benches. There were three medium-sized bedrooms and a kitchen. The whole house smelled of forest and green sawed wood.

Frank was the carpenter who had helped to build the house and was finishing up the porch railing in a fancy pattern. Our furniture was soon set up in the rooms to which it was allotted. Clara and I were given the task of making up the beds. A fire was already burning in a wood stove in the kitchen and my mother was soon boiling water for tea and heating a kettle of stew that she had already prepared ahead for this occasion. Kerosene lamps hanging on the walls of both the kitchen and dining room were also lit by my father.

The other three girls, not counting Louise, were in an exploratory fever and soon came running up the back stairway with the news that our two horses were stabled on the ground floor. An air of excitement had taken the place of uneasiness and I suddenly discovered that the lone feeling had left me, that with food and warmth and the presence of my parents I was sheltered and homed once more. Later we all sat at that long pine table including Frank. The Japanese, we were told, had a small bunk house of their own where they were to live apart from us.

After Clara and I washed and dried the supper dishes, Frank entertained us with renditions of "*Blow, blow, sweet and low,*" and other songs like "*Turkey in the Straw*" on his harmonica. He also showed us how to do different card tricks and also how to pass our hand beneath a tapping hammer on the table without being hit. He finished what we called a 'show' by walking around the floor on his hands.

Shortly after we had gone to bed that night, the rain which had been falling gently up unto that hour suddenly came down in a torrent. It pattered noisily on the roof and window panes and throughout the din the occasional stomp of the horses hooves in their stalls below, and the clink of their chains against the manger edges, lent a strange exhilarating air to the new household. I had the feeling that I could even smell the ammonia fumes and their sweating hides right through the floor of our bedroom, but I knew it was my imagination.

The next morning we were awakened by a warm sun streaming through our uncurtained bedroom window. There wasn't a cloud in the sky and the world looked clean and exciting. We could not get out on the rain-soaked land fast enough to see what our farm really looked like.

The Japanese were already at work, one of them out in the fields deepening furrows into which the young asparagus roots would be soon buried. The other Japanese man and my father were sorting the huge mound of asparagus roots that had been unloaded from the barge and was now resting on the flat surface of the levee between the road and the river. Each root had to be separated from the others, the larger roots being stacked in one pile and the smaller ones in another.

It was a beautiful day to do a lot of investigating. We found a ditch running behind the house about one hundred feet from the levee base. Over this ditch, which was only about three feet wide, was a one-foot-wide plank spanning the ditch and on which we walked to follow a path or small road that was clear to walk on. Between this ditch and the levee there was mostly weeds, except at the farthest end near Jackson Slough Dam there was a large clump of willows and cottonwood trees growing. We immediately began calling

this wild section 'the woods.' The younger children, except Louise, had gone along with us and we older girls clung to Mary and Anne's hands to be sure nothing would happen to them. When we got to the woods we could see a small clearing in the center on which chick weed, wild fern and various reeds and marsh weeds were growing. In this clearing there were several cottontail rabbits basking in the sunshine, but on seeing us they scampered quickly into the greenery. On our way back we again walked carefully over the plank spanning the ditch and noted what my father had warned us of earlier, that the ditch held enough water to drown a small child.

My father had planned to buy a couple of cows to furnish us with milk and butter. He also expected to buy a couple of bred sows to be able to butcher a hog around Christmas as they had done in the Azores.

One evening shortly after we had moved he went to a small section near the woods and began clearing the weeds with the purpose of making the hog pen in that section, some distance from the house. We were doing the supper dishes when one of the youngsters ran into the house and said there was a fire near the woods. We told the younger ones to wait and we would all go together to see the fire. My mother warned us to just go for a few minutes and to come right back as the air was cool and it was getting dark.

Louise wasn't allowed to go with us and the rest of us hurried over the ditch and down the road to see the flames which would flare up every time my father threw a fork full of weeds into them. It was an exciting fire and since it was getting dark, the flames lit the surrounding area beautifully. We did not tarry long and left for home, occasionally looking back for another glimpse of the fire. I was the last one over the foot bridge and after I started up the back stairway, I suddenly recalled that I had felt an unusual movement in the ditch close to the foot plank. It was such a quiet movement, almost like running water with scarcely any noise, and because of the darkness I was unable to see anything. All my life I have had a very curious nature and I became slightly suspicious that someone could easily be in the ditch. Since Clara had gone on ahead of me I had presumed that she would

have seen that all the younger ones had crossed the ditch safely. I turned around quickly and went back to be sure I wasn't wrong. Bending down from the foot bridge, I could barely make out the form of one of the youngsters. For a second I did not know whether I should run into the house for help or start screaming. With an unusual presence of mind I instantly reached down and grabbed a hand that was still struggling valiantly in the muddy water and drew up my five-year-old sister Mary out of the ditch, while at the same time I screamed for help. Someone carried her up the stairs and into the house. She was choking with water in her lungs, but still breathing. As my mother removed Mary's wet clothes, she looked at me and said, "You are as white as a sheet. Why don't you go to bed."

Since it was imperative that the asparagus roots should be planted as soon as possible after they were separated, we three eldest girls were asked to help. It was cold, dirty work pulling apart the muddy roots. It was also tiring. To give us a little encouragement, my father offered to plant one acre of land close to the house that would be ours alone. The money from this small acreage would be put in the bank until we grew up. For some reason this idea did not speed our cold numbed fingers. One of the Japanese, called Kodama, seemed to look at us with pity. That did not improve our thoughts. I couldn't help but think of what we would be doing had we not moved away from Rio Vista. All the money in the world could not tempt me to accept the situation. I just didn't like to sit in the cold air pulling asparagus roots apart. It must have been a couple of weeks before all the roots were separated. By that time they were also all planted, even Frank helping to throw them in the opened rows one at a time and so many inches apart. It was a great relief not to see those muddy, crab-like roots around again. As for our having bank accounts, money in the bank didn't seem so important at the time — there was no place to spend it.

Since our district school was three miles away and there was no way of getting there except by walking, my father went to see the superintendent of the Oulton school district which was in Twitchell Island to ask him if he would accept us in their school. We would have to cross the slough each day but the school house would be less than a mile away. Luckily he gave his consent. For the first few days, my father went across the river with us to see if we could row the distance safely. At the place where we crossed there was a curve of the levee on the Brannan side of Jackson Slough. This made Seven Mile Slough wider at that point. There also was a berm in the middle of the slough that divided the stream in two. After watching for a few days how we made it across, my father then left us on our own. Clara and I would each man an oar and Ulinda would grab the reeds or willow branches on the other side until Clara jumped out of the boat and on to the bank with the rope in her hand and proceeded to tie the boat. We had been playing in and out of the sailboat when we had gone to Ida Island so that we had learned not only to row but also how to get in and out of the boat safely. The sail and mast had been removed from the boat and stored, and to my recollection they were never used at Andrus. Since we had to take our lunch to school, something we had never done before, it was a problem as to what to take for lunch and *in* what to take it, on that first day of school at Twitchell Island.

Throughout the years my mother seemed to always be having problems with her strength. She must have been extremely anemic and having so many children her problem was compounded. My father was concerned about her health and would bring home different kinds of tonics. One was put out by a BROTHER BENJAMIN COMPANY, and another that I can remember very well was VINOL, FOR FEMALE TROUBLE. Actually, the tonic that she found helped her the

most was two raw eggs in a small glass of wine.

The lunch my mother fixed for our first day in school was a slice of bread and jelly each for us three girls who were going to school at the time. She stuffed this into one of her VINOL paper cartons. We took turns carrying our makeshift lunch box to school, and as luck would have it, Clara said it was my turn to carry it when we arrived in the school yard. How Clara had reached this decision I couldn't understand. However, I obediently took it from her and tried to hide it under my arm in such a way that no one could read what was printed on the outside of the box.

There were only about twelve children, besides ourselves, attending school at that time. The teacher showed us our seats and I tucked the box on the floor at the foot of my seat, being sure that the label was turned facing the floor. The school house was a very dilapidated building built of board and batten that looked like it had never been painted, and the inside looked just as bad. It appeared to have gone through one or more floods as the wood was very bleached. There was a long stairway leading up to the school room part of the building.

The school house sat in a section close to the levee and had no fence around it to keep out the cows that were feeding in that pasture land. At recess when we went out to play we had to watch where we stepped or there would be a lot of giggles and laughter. The teacher was young and we were told she had come from Missouri. She was fond of coming out and playing tag with us as that was about the only thing we could play. You couldn't play hide-and-go-seek as there was no place to hide. You couldn't even have played hopscotch on that pasture ground.

At noon, that first day, I handed the VINOL carton to Clara and she pulled the three slices of bread out of it and we three ate our lunch very embarrassedly, noting the small cut sandwiches and fruit that most of the other children pulled out of their neat, CUT PLUG TOBACCO tins, which made very attractive lunch boxes with their tightly hinged covers and metal handles. After I finished the slice of bread I was still hungry. Not only that, but Clara told me to take care of the VINOL box as it still had the white, cross-bar napkin that

had been wrapped around the bread. Since my father did not smoke, we had to ask our Japanese workers to save their tobacco containers so each of us could have her own lunch box. I don't think they smoked either but, fortunately for us, they had some of the tobacco tins and were gracious enough to empty the three that we needed of sundry private articles, to accommodate us.

We discovered that it was much more fun to go to school than to stay at home. My father would not admit to himself that we were girls, not boys. He was always thinking of something for us to do. One windy day my mother tried to discourage us from going to school as she thought the wind would blow us off of our course. Since we did not want to stay at home and have my father think of some chore for us to do, we decided to go anyway. As soon as we broke away from the levee bank we began to lose ground and started drifting toward the berm in the middle of the slough. In our terror we started to shout at one another to pull more strongly on the oars. Our shouting roused my mother who came running to the top of the levee from where we had taken off. She must have been very frightened for she held her hand to her heart as she watched us drift against the berm. Fortunately, we were able to paddle away from the berm and out to the open water again, but the wind hurled us upstream and though we were far from our usual landing site, we managed to reach the bank and tie up. As we walked toward school, following the cart trail on top of the levee, we passed within sight of my mother. She was still standing there on top of the opposite levee, and if she had any misgivings about us crossing the slough again in high wind, she did not say a word about it when we got back home that evening.

Our schoolmates at the Twitchell Island school were very friendly. They were of Italian, Portuguese, German and Dutch descent. They were all sons and daughters of hard-working parents who either owned or rented land on Twitchell Island. The school house was within a short distance of the dairy compound where the cows were brought into a corral to be milked. The owner of the dairy, who had only one daughter about ten years old and whose

very substantial home was within this compound, was of Dutch ancestry. His daughter's name was Lydia. She would always walk home for her lunch. There was also another family living in the same compound who had three daughters attending the school. Lydia would always be dressed in beautiful lace or embroidered white dresses. The other three girls were always dressed in very ordinary dresses as were the rest of us. We all wore buttoned shoes. One of the three girls that lived in the compound never seemed to find time to button her shoes. She was very fond, though, of telling me about the clothes she had at home. She would use her fingers in saying she had two of this and two of that at home and all the while her thumb would point back home, and the other fingers, how many articles of each she had. She appeared to have nothing else on her mind than to convince me that she had much better clothes at home than the clothes she was wearing.

There also was a Portuguese girl going to school who always wore her hair in a bun on top of her head and it looked like she had arrived shortly from the Azores where her parents had come from. Her name was Amelia and the boys would tease her about her hair and call it a bird's nest. There was also a boy and girl of Italian descent who lived beyond the site where we tied our boat on the Twitchell Island levee. These two, called Emma and Charlie, had a much longer distance to walk to school and would generally walk to and from school with us along the rutted dirt road. I liked Emma very much, but our friendship was short-lived.

It was still early spring when we started school and the many blackberry bushes that lined the outside of the levee looked very promising with their loaded stems. The mornings were cool but sweet with the scent of dewy weeds and alder berry blossoms that also grew in abundance. Our footprints followed other prints that had gone before us, horses hooves, wheel tracks and even the tiny prints of baby raccoons. It was an exhilarating feeling to get away from our own surroundings and walk to school where we could mingle with the other children.

On our ranch the asparagus ferns were growing beautifully. My father had also planted beans between the

rows of the asparagus which were planted about five or six feet apart. As my father had promised when we were helping to separate the roots, he had planted a separate section of asparagus that was going to belong to us girls and he called it the SIX SISTERS ASPARAGUS. How he was going to figure how much would be ours after all the asparagus had been packed, we could not understand and it didn't seem important at the time. And why my younger sisters who did no work were going to share also was an enigma to me.

The first visitors that we had after moving to Andrus were an English couple who had been in the United States only about six or seven years. They had two daughters living with them called Elizabeth and Frances. Mr F was the district superintendent who had the job of running the pump that drew the water from the canals that stretched across the farm lands. They also had a small store in which the postoffice had been installed in a small alcove. The couple, together with their youngest daughter Frances, came walking in one Sunday afternoon when the last thing in the world we expected in such an outlying area was company. Frances rode a white horse and we soon noted that she was wearing a metal brace on one of her legs. She did not get down from the horse and soon left while her father and mother lingered for a while. They appeared to be very friendly, and, strangely, that has been the way it has always been between our two families since that first day and to this day.

Mrs F was very fond of milk with her tea and was happy to know that we already had a milk cow and that it wasn't too far to walk to get some milk every few days, which she did. She also was very kind and always more than willing to do some favor for us. I can say that throughout our lives that family was one of the closest outside of relatives that we ever had.

Since my father had not yet built a barn to stall Mike and Kate, they continued to occupy the area beneath the house. We could not remember the horses that my father had brought from Elmira, since we were quite small when my father sold them, so that Mike and Kate were a wonder in themselves. My father had also acquired a shepherd dog called Fido and my sister Mary a stray cat which she named

Irene. By this time the hog pen had been built and two sows had been added to the family. We had never had a live pet in Rio Vista so that all these new animals were of great interest to us.

One Sunday morning of June 1905, there was an abnormal high tide that broke the levee on the San Joaquin side of Twitchell Island and flooded the whole island. On the Friday before, we could never have guessed that our school days in Twitchell Island were over as we sauntered home as relaxed as we had always been, with Emma and Charlie accompanying us as far as where our boat was tied. We had stopped for a short while to pick and eat the luscious blackberries that had already ripened, with not the slightest indication that we would never see our schoolmates or even the school house and teacher again, ever. At that time of year for anyone to suggest that a flood could occur was something to laugh at. But it had happened. We had only one more week to go before the summer vacation would have begun. Now we had a long summer and no schooling ahead of us. According to statistics it would be a long time before the water would be pumped out of the island; perhaps a whole year.

The flood also meant that we had to change schools and walk three miles each way each day to attend the Andrus Island school, beginning in September. The most disheartening thought was that we were losing the friends we had already made and had to make new ones all over again.

The ground where we farmed had been pasture land before we took over and with the warmer weather the wild pasture seeds began competing with the asparagus and beans that were planted. Though my father used one of the horses and a cultivator between the rows, there were millions of small weeds growing within the planted sections. Kodama and the other Japanese worker were out in the hot sun from morning until evening with their hoes and hands trying to outwit the weeds. My father as usual was using his very active brains also to come up with a solution to get rid of the weeds. He thought of all the little idle fingers he had at home and proposed that it would be a good idea if we older girls would get up at dawn and get a good patch of ground weeded

before the sun got too hot. He suggested that we pull the weeds from our own patch.

It sounded reasonable that we should work on our own patch even if we were girls. It wasn't his idea that he should have six girls instead of boys in the first place. Since that's the way it happened, he did not believe in wasting energy, be it male or female. Clara, Ulinda and I began prying the small weeds from the beans and asparagus plants hour after hour until my father gave us the word that we could go home. This went on day after day under the everlasting, hot sun until we thought our backs would break from bending over. Our fingers became so stained that no amount of soap and water would remove the dark coloring.

Sometimes we were left out in the fields alone while my father and his helpers did other work like cutting and hauling the hay for the horses from a patch he had sown in barley. During the occasions we were left alone, we would invariably get into a fight, chasing each other up and down the rows with clods or lumps of weeds in our hands which we would throw at one another, all or most of the time stepping either on the small asparagus plants or on the row of beans and mashing them down.

I did not relish the work we had to do one bit and so, to offset the misery of pulling weeds, I would daydream. The first and generally the most thoughts that would come to my mind would be about Rio Vista, our home there, the sidewalks where we would run up and down, how the evenings after school had been so peaceful, playing with our girl friends or with each other. I would also reminisce over a pair of carpet slippers in which I had run up and down the sidewalks and of how good they felt on my feet, and how I adored them until they wore out. I would also remember the Sundays going to church with my long red hair fluffed out, and now I wore it only in braids all of the time, since we never went anywhere. I also thought of how easy it had been to walk on the wooden sidewalks and felt I could never get used to walking on clods or living on an island.

The first day we attended school on Andrus Island, my father drove us in a two-wheeled cart he had bought from a neighbor. Mike was drawing the cart. The road that passed

our place and went on to Isleton also branched to the right and took us straight to the levee, then turned at a right angle along the levee base and went for several miles. It stopped at the Golden State Cannery where a number of people involved with the cannery lived. The school house stood where the road turned when it met the levee. On the next day we walked, following the same route my father had taken the day before. Soon we learned that by following several ditches and keeping along edges of crops, we could shorten the distance considerably.

The pupils at this school were almost as mixed in ancestry as they had been in the Twitchell Island school. Elizabeth F went to school here and walked to school also. Our teacher was called Mrs Clothier and she also had a young daughter attending the school. The Clothiers were very fortunate in having a very substantial house to live in close to the school. We noted that a few of the boys here were rather rough, throwing rocks at us and trying to scare us. Still I was staunch in the thought that I would rather walk the three miles to school than remain at home and pick weeds.

On one of the days we walked to school that winter, the fog was so thick we could scarcely see a short distance in front of us. We began crossing a bare field which had only the stubble left when we suddenly saw a very tall man standing in front of us dressed in oil slickers from head to toes. He had a stick in his hand and stood there as big as a mountain and as surprised, no doubt, at seeing us as we were at seeing him. We stopped and wondered what we should do, continue to school or turn around and run back home. We were frightened for we could not understand why he should be standing there like a statue. We did not like to miss even one day of school so we huddled together and walked right past him. Soon we passed a tent and heard the tinkle of a bell and then knew we had come upon a flock of sheep, which was quite common in those days, and that he must have been the shepherd. He had not said a word when we passed and neither did we. In the evening on our way back from school the fog had lifted and we could see the sheep. We learned that the shepherd was a Basque and could not speak or understand a word of English. We did not fear him after that.

Since we didn't have a barn built yet, the horses continued to use the basement of the house for a stable. My father had a large stack of hay a short distance away from the house from which he carried the hay to feed the horses. I found this stack an enjoyable place to sit on top and write childish poetry. Whatever I wrote I would hide so no one could see it. Most of the time it was under the mattress of my bed. Clara discovered what I was doing and one morning she found and brought out my childish scratches and began reading them to my parents. All the time she was reading this she was in a gale of laughter. I decided not to do any more writing but to still go sit on top of the stack and try sketching. Since this wasn't so funny she stopped looking for my immature work. I sketched our house and also our cow and was amazed how natural they both looked. I was proud of the sketches and showed them to my parents and sisters.

As the days got shorter, we were getting up in the darkness, fixing our own lunches and sometimes making our own breakfast which most of the time was coffee and warmed-over beans or eggs and bread. There was never a whimper about going to school, no complaints about walking the distance, no fear of running into a storm before we got back home and to shelter. It was fun going to school. The air was always fresh and clean and invigorating and the moist odor of the earth appealed to our senses. And yet, had we been asked if we would rather be going to school in Rio Vista, we would have answered loud and clear, "Yes, yes, yes!"

The beans that had been planted between the asparagus rows had been harvested. We had to take days off from school to help. The dried plants had been piled on a large hemp sheet and with a large wooden roller, which my father had made from a sycamore tree, they had been stamped and pressed out of their pods. Mike and Kate dragged the roller round and round over the dried plants until every last bean was out of its shell. A hand-operated machine then separated the beans from the chaff. Our job was to hold the sides of the gunny sacks while the two Japanese shoveled the beans into them. My father did the sewing that closed the sacks. The beans had then been shipped by steamer from

Wullfs Landing to a commission merchant in San Francisco whose firm was called Wetmore & Company. Mr Wetmore was a very good friend of my father. All the produce we raised and sent to San Francisco was handled through that firm. The asparagus went to a cannery after April when it opened.

We had become used to the house in which we were then living and scarcely thought of our home in Rio Vista with its empty rooms. The lace curtains had been transferred to the windows of our island home in the dining room. The marble-topped tables had also been placed in the dining room as well as the wicker-bottom chairs which were lined along the inside wall of the room. Nothing was too different than what we had before we moved except that we did not have running water where all we had to do was to open a faucet and let it run. Out on the back porch now was a pump that was connected to the river by a pipe running through the levee. This pipe also carried water to the horse trough which was spanned over the ditch so that the horses could drink from either side.

The sows had given birth to the cutest baby pigs and we would gather around the pen to watch them nurse and squeal as they ran after each other. As the Christmas season approached we began wondering if there was going to be any presents in our stockings as there had been in our former home. A week or so before Christmas day, my father took most of the young pigs to Isleton and sold them to the residents of Chinatown. We were sad to see them go. My father assured us that there would be more the following year.

On Christmas eve we all hung our stockings on an inside clothesline that was stretched high across the kitchen and on which in bad weather were strung drying diapers. We had always been greeted each Christmas morning in Rio Vista with our stockings stuffed with inexpensive toys. Most of us knew that my father bought them and placed them there but it seemed the thing to do or else there could be no presents. While in Rio Vista, Clara and I would always get a gift by mail from our godparents. Here our mail was sent to Isleton and we had to go by cart and horse to get it.

My father had gone to Isleton that day before Christmas and we were all highly elated for we were sure he had gone to buy our Christmas presents. I believe that everyone had gone to sleep that night early except me. I fought off sleep until I was sure that there was going to be presents. After my father was certain that we were all in slumberland, I heard him get out of bed and begin rustling papers in the kitchen. With a sigh of relief I turned over and went to sleep.

On Christmas morning we practically all awakened together and rushed into the kitchen. My parents were still in bed but could hear us jumping on chairs to reach our stockings. There was something in each one of them but they all looked alike. On the top of each one was a Christmas card and within the stocking there was an orange and an apple. Nothing else. We all went back to bed and I saw Clara fire her stocking, card and all, across her bed with a wham and it landed on the floor on the opposite side. She got into the bed in haste and turned her face to the wall. The rest of us crawled into bed in silence, everyone with a disappointed look on her face.

At noon we all sat down to dinner of roast chicken, potatoes and beans. It was almost like any Sunday dinner, except that there were cookies that my father had also bought the day before. While we were eating, my father got up from the table, reached into his pocket and pulled out his chamois-skin money pouch and from within its depth drew out six five-dollar gold coins and proceeded to distribute them one to each of us children, placing them on the table next to our places. Not one of us said a word but kept on eating, our eyes glued to the coins, while all the while we were planning what we were going to buy with them.

As we finished eating and before we had a chance to remove the coins or even touch them, my father got up and went around the table removing each coin and putting it back in his pouch. "These are to buy shoes," he said, in answer to our wide quizzical eyes. We did get the shoes and stockings to match. My shoes were a beautiful tan, with brown stockings to go with them. The sorry part was, where could we use them? Not on the rutted levee roads.

My sister, Mary, was very finicky about eating, especially peas which she disliked very much. We were taught to eat the food that was put on our plate and not to leave the table until we finished eating. Mary would dally with her peas, moving them across the dish and back again until they were cold and hardly palatable. Then she would look at me with imploring eyes for me to eat them for her. I felt sorry for her, knowing how I detested Carnation wheat flakes and rolled oats and how I had been forced to eat these so many times. I began eating her peas by reaching under the table for them as she passed me every spoonful. By the time her plate was cleared and she was able to get up from the table, I would be so full I could hardly get up myself.

It wasn't only peas Mary disliked. She disliked almost all food and grew up very thin and short. One of the things she was adept at was arguing. She was always getting into a scrap with someone. She would get spanked but all the while she was blaming someone else for her problems. This bothered me for I felt she was being picked on all the time and I would wish I were old enough to go out and get a job and take her along with me. I would tell her this, and that someday I was going to run away from home and take her with me. I would describe the house we would live in and that it would have lace curtains that would blow in with the breeze when the windows were open. She would believe me and her eyes would sparkle. I used this tale as a crutch for her, so that when she felt persecuted, all I had to mention to her was, "Remember the curtains blowing in with the breeze." She would perk up and smile as if she could see it all herself.

Since I had nowhere to wear my new shoes, I would put my stockings and shoes on at night after I was in bed. My sisters would think I had lost my mind. I would admire and smell the nice leather scent. I would be so happy that they were tan and still new as if they had just come from the store. Then I would take them off and store them back in the box in which they had come. One night while going through these maneuvers, I confided to my sisters that I planned to run away some day. They lost no time running to my parents and informing them of my childish plans. My parents only smiled

and said nothing. They knew better than my sisters.

On the days that were too stormy to go to school, we did not have much to entertain us at home either. We all loved to read, including my parents, but reading material was scarce. We were subscribers to a weekly farm magazine of farm interest, that was published in Kansas. Most of the items in this periodical were related to agriculture. To our delight, there was also a serial that never had an ending, and as soon as the magazine was read by my father, we older girls made a grab for it. We also subscribed to the San Francisco Sunday Call which also came by mail and was picked up during the week at Isleton. We could hardly wait for our turn to read the comic section. We felt we were living with the Katzenjammer Kids, week after week. The papers were read over and over and then were put to a very economical use, out in the privy.

On one occasion when my father had gone to San Francisco on a business trip, he brought back three novels. One titled HELEN GLENN, OR MY MOTHER'S ENEMY, was written in English. The other two, to our disgust, were written in Portuguese. Since my father knew how to read in English and my mother did not, he would read aloud to her after they were in bed, which was the place where he was fond of reading. Since my mother knew how to read in Portuguese and my father did not, she in turn would read to him in Portuguese. The book in English was read over and over by the ones who could already read, but the Portuguese novels were so interesting that I would ask my mother to read them for me. She did not have too much time during the day to do this, so if there was something I could do to hurry her up, I would help her. Then she would sit down and read to me. With my head on her shoulder, I would follow every word as she read. When she was unable to find time to read to me I would take the book and sit with it for long periods, trying to figure the words. Gradually, by reading along with my mother and because I knew the Portuguese language, I began to read on my own. Later on in years I was able to write in Portuguese also.

On our way to school we would pass a farm house that had been empty for a period of time. One day we looked

into the shed and found a stack of newspapers that had been left there. For days we carried armfuls of these old newspapers home to read, even though the news was months old. Even my father read them. They were all about Alma Bell, the murderess.

After an uneventful winter we were awakened on the morning of the 18th of April, 1906, by an earthquake and my mother screaming. My father had just called her attention to what he thought was the horses (that were still stalled on the ground floor of our house) below rubbing themselves against the scaffolding that separated them (but was really an earthquake) and how it shook the house. Ulinda was the first one out of our room when she heard my mother scream. She stumbled across the shaking floor and fell against the door. In a second we were all up and running outside. We noticed that the water in the horse trough was splashing from side to side and soon the trough was almost empty. We were all shaken after it was over and later in the day we were told by a passerby that San Francisco was all on fire. That evening we could see the flames very clearly and the whole sky to the West was so red it too seemed to be on fire. For days we watched every evening until there was no more fire.

My father was a very curious man. After the San Francisco earthquake he wanted to go to see the devastated city but heard that no one could get in or out of it and if you did get in you would be put to work cleaning the rubble. Our druggist from Rio Vista insisted on entering to check on interests and relatives he had there and he promptly was put to work.

In due time my father and mother were able to visit the city without any difficulty. They said the mess was awful. There were still unburied horses lying about and the stench was nauseating. They did not tarry very long and were able to leave without any trouble.

We had a mild winter at the end of that year of 1906. It hardly rained and our asparagus began to sprout beautifully. In early March of 1907 my father had already shipped several boxes of it, receiving as much as twenty five

dollars for each box. Things looked very good. We were walking to school most every day during the winter when the weather permitted. Regardless of the lack of rain that winter there were always the wet fields covered with dew. Each morning we would arrive at the school house with wet feet and had to wear our wet shoes until we arrived home again. Our noses were always running also. Our teacher was very compassionate. She would have us take off our shoes and sit by the fire to let our stockings dry.

My mother as usual was busy that winter making clothes for us from material my father had bought on one of his visits to San Francisco. He had also bought us all some winter coats. My coat had a cape on it made of the same material and with braid around it. He had also gone to a second-hand store and bought army capes for us to wear around the house as they were rainproof. My father was very fond of going to San Francisco now and then. One time he heard that Tetrassini was going to sing in San Francisco and so he had to go hear her, which he did.

At the beginning of March 1907 it began to rain in a heavy downpour. Kodama, the head of our Japanese field crew, was out in the asparagus fields with his men cutting asparagus day after day in the rain with gunny sacks tied over their heads to help keep the rain out. It was also raining in the mountains, warm rain that melted the winter's snow very fast. The rivers and sloughs everywhere were rising from day to day carrying debris which had accumulated on the higher reaches and was now being dragged from its resting places. Everyone was talking about floods. My father with the help of the Japanese field hands had butchered three hogs in February. We had smoked the hams, made linguisa with the meat, salted the bones, and stored these on a loft opening into the kitchen. There were also other containers of food including salted salmon, a crock of lard, sacks of beans and several hundred pounds of flour. Outside a short way from the house was a stack of wood about seven feet high and ready to be sawed into firewood.

My father's theory was that even if it flooded we could be safe in our house as long as we had food and with this in mind he began to make preparations for the worst. He

and the Japanese began to drag up to the top of the levee all equipment which in those days was not very big, like plows, a harrow, rake, and so forth. There was no machinery like tractors and such. They also took up all the bridges from across the ditches.

Toward the middle of the month most of the smaller islands were under water. Finally it was only Grand Island and our islands, Andrus-Brannan, that were still above water. The tides were running higher each day and we were due for a crest. Already many of our neighbors had left their homes on the mail launch which was still running from Antioch. But my father was stubborn. "Let them go," he said. They passed us by on their way to the launch landing at the district superintendent's store and looked at us with pity no doubt, wondering why a man with such a large family should expose them to so much danger. The day before the highest tide was supposed to crest my father decided to go into Isleton to see how the people there were getting along. He found that most of them had moved to higher ground and had taken their belongings with them. He was shocked when he went to the top of the Isleton levee and saw how high the river was, much higher than on our side of the island, since the Sacramento River is much higher than the San Joaquin River. He lost no time getting home and told my mother that he thought we better get out as things looked bad. There was no way of getting out. In all probability the mail launch had gone that day and there was only the ferry across the Sacramento River, and even that probably was not running as the floodwaters were running so swiftly the river would be dangerous. To go there we had only a wagon and our two horses to take us.

My mother decided it was too late and we better wait for the mail launch the following day or the steamer that stopped at Wullf's Landing each evening. She immediately started to pack our belongings into two wicker valises and what could not fit in them was stuffed into gunny sacks.

I had always wished I could wear pants like a boy and a few months before, my father had bought three pairs of boys overalls made out of a grayish homespun material for us three oldest girls. I was delighted to find that my sister

Clara's pair was far too small for her as she had just made her fourteenth birthday and was beginning to fill out. We had immediately taken them to the sewing machine and sewed up the flap in the front. They were very precious to me.

While my mother was filling the gunny sacks I brought my two pairs of overalls and tried to include them in the valises but she said, no, there was no room for them. Then when she started to fill some of the gunny sacks with the soiled clothes I hurriedly stuffed my pants into one of them while her back was turned.

In the meantime my father and the Japanese workers were building a lean-to on top of the levee right on the road. They also built a makeshift manger and moved practically all the hay from the haystack to the top of the levee. If anyone wanted to pass they couldn't except by walking. One thing was very much against us. That part of the levee had been rebuilt during the summer but the rain had softened it because it was not yet quite dry. To help this situation my father covered the area where the horses were going to stand with a good layer of hay.

We had been told by the district pump manager that if the island levee broke that night he would continuously blow a whistle for a half hour to try to alert everyone. My father gave last-minute instructions to the Japanese and we all went to bed. I don't think my father went to sleep. There had been some discussion about the time the midnight steamer would pass along the river on the Sacramento side, that it might be a crucial time as it would coincide with the crest of the tide. I think my father had planned to wait until he was sure the steamer had passed before he would relax his vigil and go to sleep. There wasn't a telephone anywhere near where we could get in touch with Isleton to be told that the steamer had passed and that the danger had been lifted for another day.

What were we youngsters doing and thinking all this time? We had never seen a flood. It had not yet been a frightening thing it was to become. We were all rummaging the possibility that we might be going back to Rio Vista to live again and go to the convent school which we wanted to do very badly. I was only eleven years old and not one bit frightened.

It was shortly after midnight that the whistle we feared and anticipated began to blow endlessly. My father jumped out of bed like he had been struck by lightning. There was no wind or rain at the moment. He quickly dressed and started for the little shack that housed the Japanese to awaken them. Outside he noticed Kodama was already coming toward the house with a lantern in his hand. They began moving the horses to their makeshift stall and planting sturdy stakes to tie a couple of cows and calves we had. The hogs were turned loose.

On the road going to Isleton about a mile and a half away from us lived a family of three brothers and the wife of one by the name of Raggianti. Mrs Raggianti was not well and on the days we went to school we left a quart of milk for her. There was a box where we left the milk and in return she would leave some walnuts or sweets for us.

It was not long that night before Mr and Mrs Raggianti appeared at our door after we had all been alerted that the island was flooding. They had come in a cart and horse and Mr Raggianti said he had to go back to help his brothers move their horses out to the levee at Wullf's Landing.

Mrs Raggianti sat in a chair in our kitchen the rest of the night. She was coughing constantly and chewing cough drops.

We were all up and dressed. There was hot coffee on the wood stove and the Japanese partook of it along with the rest of us. We were now fourteen persons in the group. (Better than the original thirteen.)

Shortly after we were up and dressed my father called us outside so we could hear the roar of the water as it poured into Brannan Island through the break. It sounded like a waterfall in the distance. At that time we did not know that the break was a half-mile wide. At about six in the morning the water began pouring into Jackson Slough between the two islands. Since it was dammed at our end it wasn't long before the slough had filled and was pouring into Andrus Island right at our door. We watched it in fascination as it started creeping up the asparagus rows so fast as if it were in a great hurry, its depth as it moved along being about six inches.

All day we watched the waters rise higher and higher until there was no more land visible. All the animals were stationed on top of the levee except the chickens. They began to climb the willows as the water rose until the ones on lower trees were finally engulfed in the water while the others on higher trees kept climbing higher and higher. As the water rose up into the wood pile until it was almost submerged, the rats that were within it began to swim to safety. Some of them swam toward the house and we began a battle to keep them out of the house by using sticks and brooms to scare them.

In the late afternoon the water reached the gangway that went from the upper story of the house to the levee and we had to abandon the house and take our places on lug boxes under the lean-to and try to keep warm with blankets around us.

As it became dark I could see that my father was worried. He kept placing a stick into the ground at the water's edge, hoping each time that the flood had reached its crest and was falling or stationary. Earlier the six men in our group had lifted our rowboat, which was the old sailboat about eighteen feet long, across the levee and into the water in the island. In Seven Mile Slough the water was still rushing so that it was unsafe to try to negotiate it. There was no wind at the time so that inside the island the water was calm.

Fortunately, the space on the levee where we were stationed was higher than the surrounding levee and as darkness descended and the water kept rising we began to envision ourselves on a midget island with the waters flowing on both sides of us over the levee. My mother gave us some cold lingoes and bread to eat and cold milk. The Japanese ate their cold rice and hard-boiled eggs. No one talked much. We just sat there huddled together, now and then a pig grunting as it rummaged between the boxes for food. At one time my mother remembered that some heirlooms belonging to a cousin of mine, uncle Domingo's son John, who was only a child, and which were being kept by my parents for him since both his parents were dead, were still in the house and in a trunk. The water was about a foot or more over the gangway by this time and the levee end was unfastened and

floating. My father had to step on it to push it down and then walked through the water and into the house to retrieve the trinkets. Fortunately, he had on some high rubber boots.

As darkness enveloped us so did the wind rise, slowly at first but gaining strength by the hour. It was from the Southeast and soon brought with it a heavy downpour. That was all we needed at that stage for our spirits to sink lower. My sister, Clara, began to sob loudly. That too was all we needed to set most of us crying. Even my mother was wiping her eyes.

My father kept placing the stick at the edge of the water still hoping for a miracle. When things looked bad he wrapped his red bandana handkerchief around the lantern and hung it near the roof of the lean-to but the wind kept putting the light out and he gave that up. As I looked back afterwards I wondered who could have been out there to have been able to give us any kind of help amidst that devastation. There wasn't a soul out in that lonely night that could have helped us. I think he only did it to keep up our courage.

So there we sat. My sisters and I huddled around my mother. Mrs Raggianti wondered out loud whether her husband and his brothers had gotten out safely and reached Wullf's Landing with the horses, while all the time she kept coughing and chewing cough drops. The Japanese huddled together talking quietly in their language so that we were unable to know what they were thinking. The pigs were as restless as the waters all around us, diving between the boxes looking for something to eat. The horses were also restless, stomping the hay into the mud and sinking into it, keeping my father busy putting more hay under their feet. The cows lay in the mud very unconcerned, chewing their cuds.

And what was my father thinking about? A thousand things no doubt, going over in his mind how we could have gotten out the day before with the Cecchinis, our closest neighbors, who lived on the other side of Jackson Slough. He probably was remembering how they looked at him with pity when he said he was going to stay right there and ride out the flood. His theory was that we would spend the night on the levee and the next day the water would be low enough for us

to go back into the house. In his mind he must have been seeing what we had seen that afternoon which made our hair stand on end. First it was all the sheds, outhouses, barrels, logs, timbers, broken houses drifting by, carried along by the current within the island. After the wind had come up it seemed that our house was bobbing a little as if anxious to join the rest of the floating debris. He probably was glad he and the Japanese had tied the house to the trees around us and was at the same time wondering if the trees would hold. He probably was remembering our other neighbor's horses that had come down the levee through all the mud to eat our hay and how he had tried to drive them back because our horses became so restless, and how the desperate horses took to the water and began to swim across the island and we had watched them until they were a mere speck and wondered if any would reach the other side, a distance of about three miles.

My father stood there at the opening of the lean-to hour after hour staring into space when he wasn't moving the stake higher or checking the horses. He wasn't dreaming. He knew that the pressure of the water would eventually break or go over the levee if the water did not recede soon. But all the time he was scanning across Twitchell Island to where the San Joaquin flowed and wondering if the nightly freight steamer would come up from San Francisco to Stockton that night, since it had to buck a fast-flowing current.

We were all praying, of course. Suddenly he saw the lights of the steamer. It was miles away and we weren't sure it was going to come into the Mokelumne River and go up to the Golden State Cannery as it always did, then back again to Wullf's Landing, before going on its way to Stockton. Everyone now was on their feet watching. As soon as my father was sure it was on the Mokelumne we were hustled into our rowboat, all but the Japanese as the rowboat could not hold us all. When we were ready to untie the boat the Japanese refused to let us go unless they went too. My father had to explain to them patiently that we would be swamped in the choppy water that was an immense lake now, if we all got into the rowboat, and he raised his hand and swore that after he got his family on board the steamer he would come back to them with the rowboat. So, fearfully, they let us go.

The rain had stopped but the wind was still blowing from the Southeast. It rocked the boat but since we were moving close to the levee it wasn't too bad. We passed our nearest neighbor's house. It was deserted. The workmen he had left there to take care of the horses had left. They had loosened the horses and left them to fend for themselves and probably left on the noon launch. Further on we passed the Everly place. We could hear the water lapping inside at the walls. Even though it was evidently empty there was a dog barking somewhere inside it. We passed the pump house and the district superintendent's house and the water was lapping inside at the walls everywhere. There was no one anywhere and every place was in darkness.

We finally arrived at the landing where we expected to board the steamer. We could not see the wharf. It was under water. On the area, however, where the wharf was submerged there was quite a number of persons sitting or standing on boxes, barrels, or whatever they could find as a place to stand on to keep their feet out of the water. They were all talking very loudly and sounded mostly like Chinese. Mrs Raggianti was peering through the darkness to see if she could find her husband. My father had rowed the boat right on top of the wharf and we were in the midst of all the refugees. A man came up to our boat walking through the water in his gum boots and started to talk to Mrs Raggianti. She started to cry loudly. My father had also gotten out of the boat and was walking through the water in his hip-length gum boots. He was talking to the people and soon found out through them that one of the Raggianti brothers had brought the horses out and had them staked on the levee and had left a horse and cart hitched ready for his two other brothers when they finished removing a few belongings from the house. It had not been Mrs Raggianti's husband who had brought the horses.

Everyone now waited for the steamer to arrive from the Golden State Cannery where it had gone and was now returning. We saw it come into view as it rounded a berm and it looked beautiful with its lights all ablaze. It was called "*Constance*." The crew seemed to know exactly what to do as it tied up and shone its searchlight down upon us. They

were all shod in gum boots and oil slickers and made their way through the water to where we still sat in our rowboat. Then we were all carried into the steamer by the deck hands. They even carried my mother and Mrs Raggianti.

My father went to the Captain and told him about the Japanese and begged him to go into Seven Mile Slough to rescue them. Mrs Raggianti was crying and trying to tell them about her husband and brother-in-law. The Captain said he was afraid to take the steamer into Seven Mile Slough as the current was too swift and there might be breaks in the levee and since it would be pouring into the slough from the island, it could wash the steamer against the opposite berm and ground it. After a lot of discussion and a lot of tears by Mrs Raggianti and her other brother-in-law it was decided to go up the slough and rescue the Japanese and also try to find the other two Raggianti brothers. My father left immediately to take the boat back to where the Japanese waited and prepare a place where the steamer could dock and anchor its gangplank.

We were all very comfortable and warm once more, in staterooms provided for us. After loading all the refugees at the wharf, and including horses, other livestock and household goods, we were on our way up the slough, going very slowly. We went out on deck and watched the searchlight play along the levee until we saw my father and the Japanese waiting for us. A deckhand threw a rope to my father but there were too many tules between, and my father failed to get it as it was not long enough. They tried several times and failed every time. Then my father took things into his hands and waded into the water until he was wet up to his neck and succeeded in getting the end of the rope which rested on top of the tules. Then he pulled the gangway until the end rested on firm ground.

There was a discussion as to what to do about the Raggianti brothers as Mrs Raggianti was pleading for someone to go try to find them. It was very dark but had become quite calm. One of the officers of the ship volunteered to go if the other Raggianti brother went with him. They took off into the darkness dressed in oil slickers, gum boots and with a kerosene lantern. The officer rowed and we waited in the steamer for them to come back.

While we were waiting the rest of the crew and the Japanese began to move the horses and cattle into the boat and also the hay. My father said they could have the chickens if they could catch them. They caught quite a few and tied their legs together. Our two valises and all the gunny sacks filled with soiled and clean clothes were put on board, the valises went into the staterooms and the gunny sacks went somewhere in the lower deck. We also took the blankets and other wraps that we had used to keep ourselves warm.

Meanwhile, according to what the Raggianti brothers said later, they had been too preoccupied drinking wine and did not notice that the water had risen where their house was and that the horse and cart were beyond their reach. They then made their way to the barn and after the water got higher and higher they finally got up on the roof. One of them had been in a war when he was in Italy and he still had the horn he used in the service. He said he had blown his horn all day but that no one heard him. Luckily he was still blowing his horn so that the rescuers knew where to find him and his brother in the darkness.

When they all walked into the steamer we were in bed but were awakened by the sobbing as the husband hugged his wife and they were all crying. We were peeking through the door and could see how wet they were. We also noted that they were wearing socks on their heads for caps.

For three days we roamed through the rivers and tules among the Delta islands picking up people and livestock and hay to feed the animals. On one of the days we went back to the Golden State Cannery and my father recognized some of the horses there as the ones belonging to our neighbor which had swum across the island and had reached the other side. There were one or two missing, that had not made it. My father took charge of them and later took them up to the ranch of my uncle above Concord together with our horses, where they stayed for months until the island was dry again.

Back on board the steamer on the morning after we were picked up my mother gave us our best dresses to wear that she had made that winter. We must have been a sight the night before because the officers noticed us and told Clara that she didn't look like she did the previous night and that she looked very nice.

As we wandered through the Delta islands and the steamer kept getting fuller and fuller the officers had to put regulations on the people. At each landing we all would go to that side of the ship to see the people come in and it finally became dangerous with too many people on one side so they stationed an officer on each end and also a rope to keep the people from crossing to the other side. We children were exempt from these regulations and were allowed to creep under the rope at will, so it was a merry-go-round for us girls.

After the three days and nights of wandering through the Delta we arrived at Antioch. People must have known that the steamer was arriving loaded with flood refugees for the dock was crowded with people waiting for us. There were also news reporters with their cameras taking pictures of the people on the boat. We were all standing at the rail at my father's orders and he held my sister Louise up on top of the rail so we could all be seen to be photographed for the newspapers.

We disembarked together with the Japanese, the horses, cows, valises, blankets and clothes. The Raggiantis and most of the refugees went on to San Francisco. We got rooms at a hotel but the management refused to take in the Japanese, much to my father's disgust. The restaurant where we ate for the next three days also refused to let the Japanese eat there. My father had to buy food for them to eat where they were housed by other Japanese people.

The first thing my father did on arriving at Antioch was to telephone to our friends at Rio Vista that we were all safe. He was told that several persons had tried to go looking for us but had to go back because of the raging waters.

In Antioch we came across the M family who were also fleeing from the flood. Their only home was under water and they had no place to go so that when it was safe to cross the San Joaquin and the Sacramento Rivers my father hired a launch big enough to take us and the M family to Rio Vista where we had our vacant house on Front Street above the saloon. Here the two families bunched up for the next few days until the M family left.

A few days after arriving in Rio Vista and when my father thought it was safe, he hired a fisherman and his boat

to take him back to the island so that he could retrieve the beds, stove and some of the furniture we would be needing and that probably had escaped being destroyed by the water. To his dismay he found that someone had already ransacked the place and taken every bit of food we had left there. The levee had broken on both sides of the spot where we had made our shelter and the pigs and chickens were also gone.

The sailboat was still tied where he had left it so they pulled it through one of the breaks near our house into the slough, filled it up with all it could hold including the mast and sail, and towed it behind the launch. There were things that had to be left behind until he returned to get them, like the marble-topped dressers and parlor tables. In a few days he hired the launch again to get the rest of the furniture. When he arrived at the site where the house had been anchored to the trees, there was nothing there but floating boards and rubble. A terrific wind storm had bobbed the house until it was torn apart. Nonetheless, my father picked up all the boards he could find and stacked them on top of the levee to help build another house.

When we retrieved our luggage and parcels as we got out of the steamer *CONSTANCE* at Antioch, the gunny sacks that held our soiled clothes had not been unloaded and went on to San Francisco. We never saw them again and I wondered so often where they could have gone. It made me feel very sad when I thought of them for in one of those gunny sacks were my dear and precious pants.

It was nice to be back in Rio Vista. At first there was no furniture in the house and we had to borrow mattresses to stretch on the floor to sleep on until my father brought the first load of furniture from the flooded house on the island. We older girls were sleeping in the living room, and the weather had become quite warm. At night I would remove my legs from under the covers and lean them against the coolness of the plastered walls. I do not know if it was because I had exposed my legs thus, or if it was a reaction from a sore throat I had had while still on board the steamer and in Antioch, but within a couple of weeks after we were back in Rio Vista my ankles and knees became very painful. I was finding it difficult to walk, more so to climb up and down the stairs. Eventually I had to sit on the top step and drag myself down to the bottom. Coming back up I would do the same thing. The hardest part was to bend my knees enough to sit on the step to get started. My father suggested I take a stick for a cane and walk along the river road to limber my joints. There were a number of cars already in town and I was afraid I could not move fast enough out of their way.

My mother finally decided to take me to our family Doctor who lived only a block away. I hobbled along to the bottom of his stairway which consisted of only five or six steps, and waited while my mother walked up and rang his door bell to be sure he was in. When he came to the door, I began trying to walk up the stairs hanging on to the railing and trying to raise my stiff legs ahead of me. When the Doctor saw my predicament, he ran down the stairs and practically carried me up the stairs and into his office. He advised my mother to put me to bed for a few weeks and also to wrap my legs in warm woolen flannel. He also prescribed quinine. My mother thrust my legs into the sleeves of an old woolen white shirt, and there, in bed, I spent the best part of the next two months sometimes so hot I could hardly stand it.

It did not seem fair that now that we were living in Rio Vista and the weather was so nice outside, I should have to lie in bed day after day while my sisters and my friends were running up and down the sidewalks, like we had done before we moved to Andrus Island. Sometimes when the heat in bed was unbearable and no one was around to see me, I would take my legs out of the sleeves of the woolen shirt I had come to detest, and would cool them on top of the bed covers. Occasionally I would sneak to the floor and walk around to see if my legs were improving. I had to do this very carefully for I knew that if one of my sisters saw me, she would run and tell my mother.

A great event happened in Rio Vista during the time I was laid up in bed. Several torpedo boats passed along the river from San Francisco to Sacramento. That afternoon most of the town went to the wharf to see them go by. I was also allowed to get up and hobble inside of the flannel shirt to the veranda to see them. I don't think I cared one bit to see the boats. I was only interested in getting out of bed and going outside, and smelling the fresh air of that beautiful day in May.

I had not been out of bed very long and able to walk very well when we were all down with the measles. A Portuguese festival which was being held every year occurred at that time. It was traditionally held every year in the Azores to honor the Holy Trinity and the tradition had been continued by the Portuguese people who had emigrated. It included a parade of very young children, the girls all dressed in white and the boys in white shirts and dark pants. There was also a queen and her aides marching in the parade which was led by the Rio Vista band. Other visiting queens and bands and their banners from other cities also marched in the parade. At the Catholic church the queen was crowned and the parade marched back through Main Street and eventually arrived at the hall of the organization sponsoring the festival. At the hall a free dinner was served to anyone wishing to partake of it. Donations were also in order.

My mother had prepared our white dresses so we could march in the parade, but none of us was well enough to go. My father being a member and the first president of the

organization sponsoring the festival was the only one of our family able to attend it.

Though we had not been able to cut and ship much of our asparagus before we were swamped by the flood, there still had been some profit from the early crop that had been sold at a very high price. My father, true to his word, decided as soon as Clara and I were well enough to take us to San Francisco to open our bank accounts as he had promised. At the Portuguese American Bank he had the cashier open six savings accounts in the names of Clara, Ulinda, Mary, Anne, Louise and in mine. Each one of the accounts contained the amount of ten dollars. Clara and I had to sign our names for ours. My father signed for the rest of my sisters. When the cashier looked at my own and Clara's signatures, he said to my father, "You should be proud of how well your daughters write."

Around the first of July we were all well and able to sail to Ida Island for a few days. Since the flood my father had spent most of his time on the island, rowing or sailing the boat back and forth, according to the wind each day. He had already worked a small portion of the land and sowed asparagus seed on it to have the roots ready for the following year when he would again replant our leased land in asparagus. He had also rented the island to Kodama who would be living there for a number of years. Perhaps the bank account that had been started in little Johnny's name from the rent of his island had been an incentive to my father to also start bank accounts in our names while we were still young, though the amounts were radically different. Johnny would have a nice nest egg when he reached the age of twenty one.

Since Kodama and his workmen were living in the two scows we had to camp in the barn which had been built on pilings by uncle Domingos so that during the high flood waters in the winter it would be safe and dry. There was a long ramp built on pilings leading up to the entrance where horses or other animals could be led up this ramp to safety until the high waters receded. Ida Island, being one of the

smaller islands in the California Delta, did not have a levee around it like the larger islands.

On this occasion there was only hay in the barn and my parents stretched blankets over a length of hay and we slept within this makeshift bed like eight sardines in a can. The musty scent of the hay awakened memories of the time before the flood when Mike and Kate were sheltered in our basement. We did our cooking on a stove in one of the scows. Kodama always had a large dish of cold rice for us to help ourselves to and I especially liked the way he cooked it, all fluffy and not one bit gummed.

During the day my father kept busy hoeing and weeding the new bed of asparagus seedlings that he had started immediately after the flood. It would be months before our island would be dry enough for him to start building another house for us to live in. Since we girls had all been sick with measles and I with my rheumatic fever, we were spared from having to go into the asparagus bed to help weed it. Kodama was helping him do this.

There wasn't much of interest for us girls to do during those few days except to quarrel with one another, which we did quite often. I wasn't allowed to go barefoot like my sisters because of my illness and the fear of recurring rheumatic fever, and I resented this. It wasn't any fun to see the others go barefoot. The West wind also seemed to be blowing continually and the noise it made through the sycamore and willow trees was disturbing. I had a constant fear of the day we would go back to Rio Vista in the sailboat and would have to cross the mouth of the river against the strong wind.

On the same block in which we lived was another Portuguese family living one house away. They were also from the Azores but came from a different island than my parents.

Our two families became very close and because there was a similarity in the sounds of our last names, many persons presumed that we were related. They had three sons and this was the second marriage for Teresa who had been widowed at a very young age. Teresa had left a very young daughter by her first marriage with her parents in the Azores. The daughter's name was Maria and that summer we learned that Maria was coming to California to live with her stepfamily and her mother. She was thirteen years old, one and a half years older than Clara and three years older than I was. The day after her arrival in Rio Vista, Clara and I decided to go see her. We wore our school dresses for the occasion and our red hair in two long braids behind our backs, with a ribbon tied at both ends. Teresa came to the door at Clara's knock and Clara said, "*We came to play with Francis,*" the oldest son. It was an odd thing to say since we were not in the habit of playing with her six-year-old son. Teresa immediately said, "*And with Maria also.*"

Maria had on a longer dress than we wore and her dark hair had a pug on the top and a braid behind her back. She was tall for her age and quite attractive. Since she spoke no English, we were fortunate in being able to speak to her in Portuguese which we spoke fluently. After answering, "*Yes, ma'm,*" and "*No ma'm,*" to a few questions Teresa asked us, we were treated to an orange apiece served on a dish we held on our lap. After peeling and eating the oranges, Maria came and removed the plates. Without thinking that Maria did not understand English, Clara said to her, "*I'm not so lazy as all that.*" We all laughed knowing Maria did not know what Clara was saying. Teresa understood English well enough to translate the words to Maria who only smiled shyly.

We became quite attached to Maria from that first day on. She was either at our house or we were at hers a good part of each day. We also began teaching her the alphabet in English and to read to her from a primer, explaining as well as we could what the words meant. When school started that August, she went to school with us every day. Since she knew how to read and write in Portuguese it wasn't long before she began to read, write and speak the English language.

When we were at Maria's house we generally would go upstairs to her room. She was closer to Clara than she was to me but I hung around them, especially when they were in Maria's room. On top of Maria's dresser was a photograph taken several years earlier and which I particularly liked to look at. Her grandparents were in the photograph and so was Maria when she was about nine years old. The photograph included a young boy about twelve years old who appeared to be my own age but in reality was three years older than Maria. They had grown up together and were practically like brother and sister. He was Maria's uncle and his name was Albine. I was fascinated by the likeness of her uncle and would look at it a great deal. There was something about him that held me. In my mind I pictured him as being my own age.

I was nearing my twelfth birthday and I still felt like playing with dolls. Dolls did not last very long at our house with five girls playing with them constantly, since they were made of porcelain. My parents asked me what I wanted for my birthday and I readily answered, "*A doll.*" My mother promptly answered that I was going to have a real live doll. I thought she meant a doll that could move its arms and legs and also close its eyes. I did not know my mother was pregnant and still thought Tia Madeira brought the babies.

On November 27, 1907, exactly on my birthday, my baby brother was born, a real live doll. My father was in a seventh heaven. He had a son at last even though belatedly. My mother possibly saw in him more work for herself, though being a boy there wouldn't be frilly garments for him nor the work of crocheting edges on his underwear as she did for us girls. I also was not disappointed for I did receive a doll

and she could close her eyes and move her joints and I was very happy.

By early spring of 1908, my father had built another house on our leased land on Andrus Island, most of it from lumber he had salvaged from our former home that was destroyed during the flood the previous year. He and a Japanese crew had also planted a new asparagus crop. Later he planted the usual bean crop between the asparagus rows, to be harvested that fall. Between the rent of our saloon and the harvesting of the bean crop in the fall we were managing to hang on. Most of the house he had built himself, spending a good part of his time alone on the island. I had no idea where he slept or how he managed to eat before the house was finished. I presume he must have closed the outside of the lean-to that had sheltered us on the eve of the flood and had slept in there and cooked on an open fire outside. My mother would prepare sufficient bread and other food for him to take back with him when he came to see us. The house was very small considering the size of the house we lost in the flood. It had also been built on two levels with the usual gangway going from the upper part of the structure to the top of the levee. There were two medium-sized bedrooms one of which accommodated two double beds in which we six girls slept, three to a bed. There was a small curtained alcove between the two bedrooms where my brother, Joe, eventually had a cot. Later, when he could afford it, my father finished the lower level of the house into a large bedroom and a storeroom. Opposite the bedrooms were a kitchen and dining room all in one section. We had lost some of our furniture in the flood, including the marble-topped parlor tables and a dresser. When the levee was dredged after the flood, we found the marble slabs covered with mud by the dredger, with only a corner of one slab peering from the mud to mark where the house had stood. Where the woods had been there were now only dead trees. It was here that my father cleared the ground and built the second house. There was now only the road and a patch of wild blackberry bushes between the house and Jackson Slough.

We did not go back to the island until school was out in early June, and did not take all our furniture with us for

my parents decided that my younger sisters would not be able to walk across the island to school in wet weather and that it would be best for us to go back to Rio Vista in October and winter there. Going from one school to the other and only remaining part time in each one did not help our education. Mary and Anne were of age to be in school but they only attended during the few months we were back in Rio Vista. Clara and I did our best to help them while we were on the island. Even Ulinda was needing more help with her arithmetic than she was getting in school. Since arithmetic was one of my favorite subjects, I was able to help her and sometimes did problems for her to turn in to the teacher.

When we returned to Rio Vista, in the autumn of 1908, to attend the convent school again, Maria had some exciting news for us. Her uncle Albine was due to arrive any day from the Azores. He was coming to work on his brother's farm on Tyler Island. His brother, Joe, had an asparagus farm there which he leased. Albine would be around eighteen years of age at the time and I was hoping or expecting him to look exactly as he did in the picture on Maria's dresser.

Since the family did not know the exact day he was to arrive, Maria's half-brother, Francis, had been going to the wharf each day when the steamer arrived from Sacramento to see if he had arrived and to guide him to where his family lived. Francis was about nine years old then and was expected to recognize a person he had never seen. Strangely, he was able to recognize him and to introduce himself and lead Albine home. Each day that the steamer whistle blew and Francis left for the wharf, I made it my business to be in Maria's garden so I could see Albine when he arrived. Francis had a tricycle and I would occasionally ride it, even though my knees did not fit beneath the handlebar. I felt I was waiting for Albine also. I did not dare tell anyone how I liked the twelve-year-old boy in the photograph.

As I made a turn inside of the garden on one of these occasions, I noticed this stranger walking with Francis. My first impression of him was that he was a man not a boy. He seemed to be walking with an urgency, his eyes on the

sidewalk, and he did not see me in the garden. He wore a dark suit and a light straw hat and he carried a wicker valise. I jumped quickly off the tricycle and ran behind some shrubs where I could watch him when he turned the corner to enter the house. I was truly disappointed and said to myself, "*Too bad he had to grow up.*" I did not see him again for a long time. Within a few days he left for his brother's ranch on Tyler Island.

In 1908 when we went back to Andrus Island to live after the flood, we found that the island was infested by large swarms of mosquitoes which, no doubt, had been bred in the flood waters. It wasn't long before every one of our family had acquired malaria. There were occasions when as many as five of us would be in bed all at one time. The disease was most baffling. One day we would be perfectly well and on the next day we would be seized by awful chills which would be followed in a couple of hours by a high fever. For months there seemed to be someone in bed almost every day. Most likely Jackson Slough was the breeding ground for the mosquitoes that carried the disease. We had large bottles of quinine which was the remedy prescribed by the Isleton Doctor. It was a dreary summer for all of us.

It was extremely hard on my poor father who, though ill off and on as we all were, had no help and had to get up out of a sick bed to milk our cow and keep the family with the nourishing milk. Most of the time no one felt like eating. Since the fever strikes every other day, there was always someone able to cook and pass around food. I remember one particular day when I was the only one able to cook and had two chickens to pluck and clean and make broth, and I could hardly keep on my feet since I felt so weak.

Mrs F, the district superintendent's wife, was again coming over as she had done before the flood to get milk for her tea and she would bring ice to put on the ailing ones' heads, and also brought some tidbit for the sick ones to eat. My brother, Joe, who was barely six months old became so ill on one occasion that my mother took him to Rio Vista for a few days to give him some relief. Eventually we became sort of immune to the disease, although for years one or the other of the family would suffer an occasional bout of

malaria. In October we moved to Rio Vista and began attending the convent school again.

About the first of March, 1909, we moved back to the island for the summer. Again as before we had to walk back and forth to the Andrus Island school, through damp weeds and muddy roads. Though sometimes we were caught in rain, it was still more fun to go to school than to remain at home and do some chore which my father everlastingly found for us to do. Throughout the winter he had lived alone again as he had done the previous winter, and though it must have been a dreary way of life, of visiting us in Rio Vista only once or twice a week, I never heard him complain about it. On occasions he would shoot wild geese and bring them to us all cleaned and ready to cook. It was his way of having his family have some kind of education and he was willing to sacrifice his way of living so that we could benefit from it.

On October 20, 1909, when we were still on the island, my sister Theresa was born and we began to call her Tessie. I did not know that my mother was pregnant again and I was not one bit happy that we should have another baby in the house. I did not know anyone who had so many children as we had. The son my father wanted so much was born and still my parents were having more girls. The baby was born during the night with my father attending her birth alone. In the morning he gave us what I thought was the joyless news. In the morning when I went into my mother's room to sweep it, I pretended I did not know anything about the new baby. My mother must have guessed my feelings for she asked me if I did not want to see the new baby. I said, "No," barely looking at the blanket roll on the bed near my mother.

After my sister Theresa's birth, we went back to Rio Vista to live again and to go again to school. That Christmas, to my surprise, I was given a small play trunk about ten inches high and twelve inches long. It had a small upper drawer below the lid where I could keep items like money or other small articles. My happiness was momentarily shattered when my mother handed it to me and said, "*This trunk is for you to put your clothes in when you run away.*" I knew of course that one of my sisters had told her what I had said about running away and taking Mary with me.

In May of 1910, I received my first Holy Communion. My mother had made my veil out of white net and had sewn a border of white lace around it. We were quite late, Clara and I, in making our first Holy Communion because we were living on the island at the time the Communion classes were being held. Clara was to have made her first Communion also on that day. She was scheduled to be queen of the Holy Ghost Festival on the following June.

My parents had decided to go with her to Sacramento to purchase the dress that she would be wearing for both events. It so happened that the day they had planned to go to Sacramento was also the day the Communion class would be on retreat. When the priest heard that she would be absent from the Communion class on that day, he said she could not make her first Communion with the rest of the class if she did not attend the retreat which lasted two days. My father was very stubborn about this and went ahead with his plans, so that Clara did not make her first Communion on the day I made mine.

The retreat consisted of the Communion class abstaining from talking to anyone, not even to each other, and meditating in silence or in prayer during the allocated hours. Most of the time was spent walking in the front gardens.

Though my father went to the priest and tried talking him into letting Clara make her first Holy Communion with the rest of the group, the priest would not listen to him. It must have hurt Clara immensely to have been a pawn between these two men.

As I came home after the Communion rites, my father was waiting for me outside of the entrance of the stairway and he surprised me by giving me a kiss. I went upstairs to change my clothes and my mother helped me out of them, removing my veil and putting them away to be used by my sister Ulinda when the time came for her to go through the same rites. My mother did not kiss me as my father had done. There were never any affectionate demonstrations between or among any of our family. I remember only once seeing my father and mother kiss each other, which was several years later and in another part of this narrative.

Clara looked very beautiful the day she was crowned queen of the Holy Ghost Festival. She was sixteen years old then and very attractive with her red hair now combed up and pinned on the back of her head with a large white bow. On Saturday and Sunday evenings there was dancing and one youth in particular kept dancing with Clara. I danced a little also, with younger boys, and we got along marvelously, stepping on each other's feet.

A few weeks later my father took Clara and me to Elmira to see our godparents. At the livery stable in Rio Vista we rented a buggy for the occasion and left our cart there until we got back. Mike drew the buggy.

About half way to Elmira we stopped at a roadside store to purchase some lunch material, a couple of cans of small sardines, a carton of soda crackers and a beer for my father. We sat and ate this in the shade of a row of gum trees which stood a little distance away from the road and offered us both shade and privacy. Mike munched at the dry grass, having had a long drink of water at the trough in front of the store. We reached our destination in the evening, having traveled about twenty four miles, and Mike was very tired.

The next morning being Sunday, we all went to mass in two buggies. There we met people that my father knew from the time we lived there. They remembered us girls as toddlers. The Brazil family was there and Mrs Brazil looked at me and said, "So this is Josie." She looked sort of disappointed and yet sort of sympathetic. I felt she was looking at my freckled face and comparing it to the fair skin she had known of me as a small child when I had no blemishes.

My godmother no doubt was remembering me as I was when she had tried so hard to adopt me. I felt a little shy, trying to look another way so no one could see my face. I wished I had skin like Clara had, with barely a few freckles over the bridge of her nose. After my aborted adoption my godmother had gone back to the Azores for a visit and had brought a very young girl child back with her. We met Milly for the first time during this visit. She was a grandniece of my godmother. Milly was about two years younger than I, and she and I got along marvelously during the two weeks we remained with my godparents after my father left for home.

It can be noted that when a young girl has attained the stature of womanhood, there is always someone who thinks he or she should have a hand in selecting a suitable young man who will match what she has to offer in the way of marriage. It was thus and probably with this intention that my godmother decided to invite my godfather's nephew to visit the family while we were there. The young man in question had a car. Neither I nor any of my family had ever ridden in an automobile. To our surprise we all were invited to go for a ride.

Milly was in school that day and my godfather did not want to go with us. My godmother and Clara sat in the back seat and I and the young, mustached man sat in the front. The car had no top and no side doors. I wish I knew what it was called, but I don't. It took us to Suisun where we got out at a photographer's studio. My godmother wanted a picture of Clara and me and it was taken. After we got back into the car, the photographer went outside and took a photograph of the car with us in it. The photograph is a very dear relic of my first ride in an automobile. The day we left to go back home, this young man brought us home in his car, my godmother and Milly accompanying us.

In September of 1910 we were back at Andrus Island, five of us attending the Andrus Island school. I was allowed to enter the eighth grade even though I had missed many days of school in the seventh grade. My sister Louise, who was seven years old, was also trudging along to school with us, though it was quite a task for her to walk the six miles to and from the school house. My mother was sorry for her and was always finding excuses for her to stay home. Mary was still in the same grade she had been in for two years, even though she was the brightest in our family. She was the only one in her class and the teacher must have assumed that one person alone in a class was not worth bothering with. She would tell the teacher that she knew her lessons and the teacher would tell her to study something else. Anne was in a class with more students and wasn't neglected so much. Ulinda was in the sixth grade for the second year and was still asking me to do her arithmetic for her. Clara was home. She had arrived at the eighth grade but never had received a

diploma. The many days we all had been missing school did not help any of us.

The malaria we had all acquired in 1908 lingered with most of us and now and then someone would be down with another bout of it. Living so close to Jackson Slough, where during the warm days of summer the water would become stagnant, had not helped our health. There were still mosquitoes carrying the disease, and it had become imbedded in our blood, perhaps for all time.

Clara seemed to have been hit the hardest. Perhaps she did not have as much resistance as the rest of us but both the measles and the malaria had lingered longer with her. She would find a spot under the weeping willows my father had planted after the flood, and from the small shade she could glean from them she would spend hours lying on a blanket, uncaring about anything else. She had become listless most of the time after our visit to Elmira.

I often thought of the young man she had danced with during the festival when she was queen. She never talked about him. The island was a very poor place to meet eligible young men with whom we could have become acquainted. The workers were mostly Japanese, Chinese, Hindus or Portuguese. These last mentioned were not young and scarcely material for our age. We could have grown up to be a bevy of old maids had we remained there on the island indefinitely.

During the winter of 1910 Clara went to Rio Vista to spend a few weeks with Maria and her family. She did not feel well and had a cough that lingered with her. The Doctor in Rio Vista could not find anything wrong with her and thought the malaria was still plaguing her. When she arrived back home she seemed much thinner and sort of ethereal looking. One of the first things she told me was that someone had given her a handshake. She seemed to be dreaming over that handshake as if it had been very important to her. I tried to find out who the young man was and she replied, "Someone you don't know." I knew it could not have been the young man she had danced with so much as I knew him well. I pressed her for his name. She would not give me his last name but said his first name was Steve. Since I did not

know anyone by the name of Steve, I asked, "What does he do for a living?"

"He delivers milk," she said, and every day she had seen him at Maria's house, when he delivered milk to the family. He had also said goodbye to her when he heard she was going home.

That winter we did not go to Rio Vista to school, but walked across the wet lands, wrapped in heavy coats and fascinators on our heads, when the weather was feasible. Louise remained at home and I again helped her with her reading and arithmetic.

The year before, we had had a horse and cart to drive to school for two days. My father had bought the white horse purposely for us to ride to school. Clara was the driver and when we got to school, she unhitched the horse from the cart and, leaving the harness on the horse, she tied it up in the shed at the school yard that had been built for that purpose. We did not take the harness off because it would have been too hard for us to get it back on the horse again, or so we thought. On the following day we went through the same maneuvers and left the horse tied during the day. In the afternoon when we were let out of school, we found to our dismay that the older boys had cut up part of the harness. How we ever got home with the cut-up harness is still a mystery to me. That was the end of our riding to school. We had to continue to walk from then on as before, and it wasn't even our fault.

In early March, Clara and my father went to San Francisco to see a Doctor. Clara was put through a number of tests and remained in Oakland for a couple of weeks with friends of my father. While she was there, my red-headed, blue-eyed sister, Claire, was born on March 21, 1911. I still did not know my mother was going to have another child and it was a great surprise when, on arriving home from school, I found my mother in bed with this bundle by her side and I immediately knew what that meant. She had been her normal self when we left for school that morning and now here she was in bed with another baby. Mrs F, the district superintendent's wife, was sitting by her side and they were laughing because the baby had red hair and so did Mrs F have

red hair. They were joking and pretending to me that the baby belonged to Mrs F.

I had to stay home from school to help around the house so that for the remainder of the school term I did not go back. My father also left to get Clara and to find out what the results had been from the tests that had been taken.

Clara came home more pale and wan than ever. The day after she arrived, and while she still lay in bed, my mother got up and began making her bed. I noticed that she was crying and asked her why she was crying. She explained to me that the tests that had been taken of Clara had shown that she had tuberculosis. It was shocking news. I knew very little about T B except that not too long before, I had heard that the brother of my girl friend Jessie from Rio Vista had died from this illness. I could see why my mother and father were concerned.

After Clara came home she began sleeping in a very small bedroom that my father had constructed for her out of part of the kitchen, so that she could sleep by herself. Her lamp would be lit all night and the wick turned down low. There was no lamp in the room where six of us girls slept on two beds. My father had also made an alcove with a drawn curtain out of part of his bedroom so that my brother, Joe, could sleep alone. The baby slept in my parents' bed.

Occasionally at night I would sneak into Clara's room with a book in my hand and slump on the floor beside an orange crate that held her lamp and try to read for a little while if I thought she was asleep. With my back to the wall and my knees up bracing the book, I was hardly visible behind her door. If she wasn't asleep and noticed me, she would make me go back to my bed, threatening to call my mother. If she was asleep, I could spend an hour or more gleaning paragraph after paragraph, even though I had read the book over several times.

I sensed that my sister was going to die. One night I could not sleep thinking about it. I began to picture her out in the cemetery in a cold grave with the cypress trees black against the night sky, while the cold wind whipped their branches in a fury. I wept into my pillow for a long time so that no one could hear me. After a while I went into her

small, lamp-lit room and looked at her. She must have felt my presence there and turned and looked at me, perhaps noticing that I had been crying. She asked me if I wanted to get into bed with her. I lay down beside her and slept there until morning. When my mother found me there she was horrified.

Since I wasn't allowed to read at night, I thought of a plan that would almost take the place of reading. At least I wouldn't be reading the same books and newspapers over and over, since there was hardly ever anything new to read. I asked my sisters if they would like me to tell them a story that I had read long ago from a book I had borrowed from the small bookcase that held a number of books in my schoolroom in the convent. I had not really read the story I was about to tell them but had read some bible stories that I had found very interesting while I was attending school there. It was hard to remember all those bible stories and so I decided to make up my own story and they would never know the difference.

I had to think up a story quickly so that I would not seem to be hemming and hawing about what I was going to say and make them suspicious. That night I did not tell them any story but said I was sleepy and would start the following night. Throughout the day I began thinking of what I should tell in my story. It had to seem true and also to appeal to youngsters of their and my own age. I decided to start with two young girls that were no older than I was, and the escapades that they were in and out of all the time. It was really a story without an ending so that I would continue it from night to night, and during the day I would think of what I would talk about that night. I held their attention so well that they did not go to sleep while I was telling them the story, and when I would run out of the material I had thought of during the day I would tell them that I was tired and sleepy and would continue the next night. They would beg me to tell them some more but I was firm in saying no to them, for I didn't know any more myself and would have to think about it during the next day so that I would be prepared to continue the story that night. I can't even remember any part of the story now except for the names of the heroines, and this I

remember because occasionally one or the other of my sisters would remind me of their names when they would remark, "*Remember Ivy Ives and Gracy Graves.*" Only a person at the age I was then would have concocted two such ill-suited names for two girls in any story. They are all that remain in my memory of that daydream story.

That summer I had started embroidering a corset cover. I did not wear a corset yet and I did not like to embroider, and I couldn't see any sense in having to sit long hours prodding a needle back and forth on a piece of material that I had no inclination to use. It was tedious work but I found solace by thinking about what I would be continuing on my story from night to night. The more I continued, the more fascinated I became, not with the corset cover but with my story.

One Sunday my mother handed me a corset for me to put on. I had finally finished embroidering the corset cover, although when I had it finished it was so soiled that it looked like a mop rag more than an item of clothing. It had been thoroughly washed and starched and ironed and I was told to put it over the corset. I wore this all that Sunday, much to my discomfort. In the afternoon Clara had some visitors. They were Maria's aunt Julia and uncle Joe and the couple of youngsters they had at that time, and also her uncle Albine who lived and worked at their ranch. They came in an old two-seated vehicle drawn by a couple of horses. It had been a long day's driving for they had to come across the Tyler Island ferry, past Isleton and then across Andrus Island to where we lived. They were naturally concerned about Clara's illness as were all our relatives and friends.

On arriving at our house they all went in and greeted my sister. Within two or three minutes I saw Albine walk out of the house with the previous week's newspaper in his hand. Evidently visiting the sick wasn't his cup of tea. It was a nice sunny day and though I was feeling uncomfortable with my corset on I decided to go out and look around to see where he had gone. He had not even noticed me when he was in the house. I could see that he was sitting on the levee on the side of the road and seemed deeply engrossed in the previous week's news. I decided to walk past him and draw his attention.

I had seen Albine only once after he had arrived in this country and then he had left to work on his brother's ranch. That one time he was staying at Maria's house and was sick with typhoid fever. They had him in Maria's room and Maria was sleeping downstairs in the guest bedroom. Maria took us up the stairway and we entered the room in which he lay. He had his face turned to the wall and barely looked at us and did not utter a word. He scarcely knew us then, any more than he knew us on the day the family came to visit Clara. Since I had seen so little of him I hardly knew what he looked like. He could have been at the Holy Ghost Festival in which Clara had been crowned queen, no doubt, but I had no memory of seeing him enough to be impressed by his features.

I walked along the dusty levee road behind him very slowly, just sauntering along thinking that even though he had his back turned to me he would be able to hear my footsteps. After walking a short distance past him and my presence was not noticed I turned around and started to walk back toward home. All this while he kept reading the newspaper and never even knew or heard me passing behind him. I didn't have the courage to shout, "*Hey, wake up!*" I was fifteen years old, going on sixteen in a few short months and though I was not considered tall, I was old enough to wear a corset but not old enough to attract the attention of a nice-looking, single young man of twenty two years who was more interested in reading a newspaper.

I was beginning to think of young men then but in our isolated corner of the island there was scarcely anyone to look at, outside of the field workers, and they were old and mostly orientals who would never dream of looking at a non-oriental girl. We hardly went anywhere either, where we could have met and mingled with young men of our age. We had nicknamed the men who worked for us and we would call out their nicknames, knowing that they could not understand us. There was "*Bloomers*," called that because he tied the bottom of his britches so the dust would not get on his legs; also "*North Wind*," because he had a nose that was very pointed and we thought he was always pointing North. Then there was "*Peanuts*" who never lost his name even after he left to go work somewhere else.

It was a pastime for us to mention these nicknames and laugh and the men didn't like it for they knew we were having fun at their expense. One of the men complained about this to my father who only replied, "*You are over twenty one, aren't you?*" meaning we were just kids.

In the early fall of 1911, my parents decided that my sister Clara should go live in Rio Vista so that my mother could get help in caring for her. The weather was cooling off and Clara was no longer able to pass some of her time out in the open air which was supposedly good for her. I wondered if she would leave the island with regrets. Would she think of the weeping willows, nostalgically, where she had spent so many hours beneath them? I had never mentioned to anyone that one of my girl friends who lived on the island had looked with horror on the weeping willows when they were first planted and said, "*Do you know that they say it's bad luck to plant weeping willows?*" I had never heard of that but throughout the years since, and though I have planted hundreds of trees, I have never wanted to plant a weeping willow.

Clara was almost completely bedridden by this time. Back in Rio Vista, the younger children would be able to go to school without the misery of cold wet feet and running noses. I was still in the eighth grade, not having gone back to school after Claire was born. I wanted to go back to school so badly to finish the eighth grade. Now that we were going back I would be able to graduate the following summer, I hoped.

Everyone was in a flurry about moving back to Rio Vista after an absence of two years. I began to think of my father who would have to live alone again as he had to do so many times in the past. We gypsies, as I thought of us, would be gone but he would have to be left behind to take care of the crops that had to yield enough to feed his large family. Though he had bought a motor launch, it was a long trek to go to Rio Vista and back to the island each day. I knew that would be out of the question and it bothered me. I knew he needed me to stay there with him to look out for him. I finally told my parents I wanted to stay with my father and pretended that I did not care to go live in Rio Vista, though it was a lie. My mother thought I should have someone with

me while my father worked in the fields and she suggested that Joe and Louise stay with me. This way I could continue to teach Louise so that she could keep up with her class.

In the beginning I was happy to be of some use for my father and did not mind too much about not going to live in Rio Vista again. Louise and Joe were also a lot of company for me, so that I did not miss the family as I would if I had been there alone with my father. There was a lot of work, though, keeping house alone. Louise was eight years old and practically only able to dry dishes and bring in some wood for the stove. I had to cook, wash clothes by hand and iron them with an iron that had to be heated on the top of the stove, and I also had to knead and cook bread. It was all I could do to keep Joe, who was barely four years old, out of mischief and supplied with clean clothes besides the rest of us. Looking back now, I can see what I had to go through as a person of sixteen years and barely out of the fifteenth year. I marvel that I was able to do it.

On Saturday we would all go to Rio Vista in our launch and come back on Sunday evening. I was always counting the days as I looked forward to the end of the week. It was such a pleasure to visit the rest of my family and also my girl friends.

The Portuguese people were very fond of dancing. Sometimes they would gather at one or other of their homes and with one man playing the guitar and another a violin, they would twirl and step to their native dance, the "*Chama Rita*," or a two step or waltz. Sometimes the dances would be in their club hall. There were two different Portuguese organizations that owned two different halls, so that there was never a lack of a place in which to dance and hold social events.

Since I had danced a little during the Holy Ghost Festival when Clara was crowned queen, I had become quite interested in wanting to learn how to dance. On the first Saturday evening that a dance was being held that winter, I asked my father to take me to it. There I met Tony and we danced many dances together. He was much older than I was and was a good partner to practice dancing with. He even walked all the way to our door when we went home.

Occasionally I would spend a whole week in Rio Vista for a change. I would visit my girl friend, Jessie, and she would visit me and we would spend a lot of time together. Jessie had an aunt and uncle who owned a dairy just outside of Rio Vista and within walking distance. One day while we were visiting her aunt, Jessie suggested that we visit the dairy project. She introduced me to a young man about nineteen or twenty years of age who was milking a cow at the time. His name was Steve and I instantly knew that he was the man that Clara had spoken about who worked in a dairy. He not only was milking cows at that time but he also delivered the cream to an area near the postoffice where it was picked up and delivered to a creamery somewhere. I found Steve very enchanting and every free time I had with Jessie I would suggest that we visit the dairy. One day as we were leaving her aunt's house to visit the corral where they were milking the cows, we passed some rose bushes in bloom and I picked one and took it with me to smell its sweet fragrance. After we visited the milkers, Jessie suggested that we go see the men's bunk house. It was a very neat and clean room with several beds all neatly made up. Jessie led me past one of the beds and pointed to it and said, "*This is Steve's bed.*" I looked and barely conscious of what I was doing, laid the rose I held in my hand on his pillow.

To the Union Hall on Main Street many of us youngsters and also oldsters would go in the afternoon to see the movies, which were silent films with captions, and the one I remember most was "*The Perils of Pauline.*" Even my mother would go see the show occasionally. You had to go see it every week for it would be continued from one week to the next and no one wanted to miss any part of it. We youngsters would always try to get to the show a little early so that we could stand around downstairs in the building entrance for a while and talk to the boys. Steve would be there most of the time and we would talk a great deal with each other. After the show started we would scamper upstairs and sit on the side the girls sat and the boys would sit on the opposite side. Occasionally a girl was seen sitting with a boy but not very often.

There was another dance that winter on a Saturday

night in the hall that was next to our house. Since Maria and her parents were going to it, Ulinda and I were allowed to go with them. I met Fred that night although I had seen him before. Steve was there also and I danced with both of them. They also danced with Maria. Around midnight we all went into another room where coffee and doughnuts were served.

It got to be very dull at the island especially after I met Steve and Fred. Louise and Joe were there less than they had been with me at first. They too liked to stay in Rio Vista and my parents had to almost force them to go back to the island with me. On one occasion when we were there and were sorting onions for my father right in front of the house, Louise startled me when she said, "I saw a man's head stick out from the other side of the levee." I had never been frightened by the workmen that appeared around the area, Japanese, Chinese, Hindus or Portuguese. They had always treated us with the greatest respect. At that time, however, there was a new gang of workmen at the ranch on the other side of Jackson Slough. They were not orientals or Portuguese. Since the levee spanned that end of the slough, it was feasible for them to walk from Brannan Island to Andrus. In fact, their cook had come over several times and handed me a pie with the words, "Your father said he liked apple pie." He had gone back as quickly as he had come and I had no fear of him. My father had not been concerned either by the cook's friendliness.

I looked in the direction Louise said she had seen the head and, sure enough, the head appeared again and ducked down behind the levee barrier. I told Louise and Joe to stay where they were and I would watch him from a window upstairs. He did not appear at the spot he had appeared before but in a few minutes Louise said she saw him peeking from behind the barn which was not too far from the house. I became very concerned and afraid that he could be a demented person who could cause us harm. I told Joe to stay where he was and that Louise and I were going to walk out to where my father was working and that we would be right back. Louise and I followed the road that ran alongside a ditch that centered through the fields. I had planned to go as far as a bridge that led from one field to another and to get as

close to my father as I could where he was working with his team of horses. As we walked along Louise looked back and said the man was following us. I also looked back and sure enough the man was not too far behind and he seemed to be walking with an urgency. I decided to jump the ditch to get on the field where my father was working, but since Louise wasn't able to jump the ditch, I told her to continue on the road until she reached the bridge and then to walk toward my father. I had noticed that my father had stopped at the end of the row closest to us and seemed to be wondering what was taking place. I walked right past my father without stopping and continued on the row next to the one he was going to take and as I passed him I said, "Get rid of this man."

The man had jumped the ditch as I had and came up close to my father who asked him what he wanted. He explained that he was waiting for his boss to pick him up and take him into town. We presumed that he had been fired. My father cracked the reins against one of the horses and began cultivating the row between the asparagus plants. When he saw that the man intended to follow him along the row, my father stopped the horses and I heard him say to the stranger, "The road is out there," and he pointed to it. The intruder began jumping the rows until he got to the road and was soon out of sight. My father turned to me and said, "Those fellows sometimes are scoundrels."

It was autumn and the asparagus tops had turned from green to a rich sienna. My father had already cut the tops to finish drying them before beginning to burn them. During the summer we had taken vegetables to the family in Rio Vista, melons of different kinds, pumpkins, tomatoes and sweet corn. My father made a torch wrapped on the end with burlap and soaked in a mild oil. He had piled the asparagus tops in small bunches along the rows, ready to be burned. When the weather was good and the wind not blowing, we went out there, he and I, to burn the tops. I went ahead along the asparagus rows and with the lit torch set fire to each bunch. He came along behind after each bunch had burned itself partly, and with his pitchfork turned each blazing mass over to be sure it burned to the last brown fern.

In the evening we threw some sweet corn unhusked into the red charred masses and when I had supper ready he went out and brought the roasted corn in for our supper. The joys of living on a farm were many!

The cows had been milked and we drank of the fresh milk for our supper. Later I skimmed a couple of pans of milk and stored the cream in a vessel to be eventually taken to Rio Vista as butter. I washed the dishes and dried them for Louise had not come back from Rio Vista nor had Joe. After I had washed the milk pans and strained the milk into them to be left until the next day when I would go through the same routine of skimming the milk, washing the pans, and again straining milk into them, I washed the milk bucket and the dishes and dried them. About once a week I also had to make, or rather reform yeast for the next day when I would be kneading another batch of bread that should last the week.

Week by week I was counting the days until Saturday when we again would be returning to Rio Vista. The fog had begun to set in so thickly sometimes that we felt like we were in a pan of cream. We could hardly see beyond our nose. On one of these weekends there was to be a dance and I had made up my mind that we would have to go to Rio Vista, fog or not. I prayed that there wouldn't be any fog that day but as luck would have it, the sun didn't even come out throughout the day. My father said it would be foolish to try to make it to Rio Vista in the kind of weather we were facing. I sulked and said I was sure we could. Finally, seeing how disappointed I was, he decided to try it. We took a kerosene lantern with us and wrapped in our coats we started out along Seven Mile Slough in the motorboat. It was still daylight but it began to darken quickly. We lit the lantern and I held it at the prow of the boat so that my father could still see the tules and willows along the bank even though we were perilously close to it. After we turned into Three Mile Slough, still keeping the right bank in sight as much as we could, the motor suddenly started to sputter as if it wanted to stop. My father told me to set the lantern down and to come to the stern to hold the rudder while he checked the motor. He cautioned me never to let the bank out of my sight as then

we would be lost. As he stepped forward passing the engine the flywheel caught his trouser leg and threw him to the bottom of the boat with a wham. I became frightened thinking that he might be seriously hurt with a broken leg or something else and for a few seconds I took my eyes off the bank and when I looked back we had lost sight of the bank and the motor had stopped and I knew we were lost. I had to turn the flywheel back to try to unwind the trouser bottom so my father could get up, for the wheel had torn a strip which had become imbedded in the machinery. I wasn't strong enough to turn the wheel back to release the trouser leg so had to reach into his pocket for his pocket knife to cut the material. Fortunately my father had not broken any bones but he was badly bruised. By this time we were floating in a river of fog.

After a short while my father had the motor started again but we had no idea where we were or in which direction we were headed. We did not even know if the tide could have turned us around and we were headed for the ranch or if we were headed for one of the surrounding islands. My father figured that if we continued in the direction the boat was headed, three things could happen. Either we would hit Sherman Island, or we would have turned and were going back home from where we had left, or we would go straight across the Sacramento River and hit the bank on the other side. If we did this we would have to decide whether we were headed up the Sacramento River or headed downstream. If it happened that we did the latter, we could be on the river all night without knowing where we were.

I shivered frightfully with cold, fear and remorse. I knew we should have never started out in the fog and I blamed myself for what had happened. My father never said a word of recrimination against me but steered the boat silently and waited for the results. I was so filled with my own anguish that if we had turned around and gone back from where we started I wouldn't have cared. After what seemed hours we banged up into a bank and the motor stopped. We soon discovered that the rudder was entangled in debris composed mostly of tule roots. With the aid of the

lantern and by leaning low over the stern, my father was finally able to disengage some of the roots and get the motor started again. We began following the bank on our left and soon my prayers were answered. We began to see the glare of the Rio Vista lights through the fog. Cold and tired, we arrived at our destination and, needless to say, I did not go to the dance that night.

I had become very fond of Steve and I felt that he liked me a great deal also. Our only meeting place was downstairs at the show house where other couples also met. As a rule, no girl was ever seen going out with a boy unless they were accompanied by another couple. At the dairy Steve and I barely said more than hello to one another as he had to work.

During the Easter week vacation I traded places with Ulinda and Mary, since they were out of school. They took Jessie back to the island with them. I happened to be out in the back yard one day that week when Steve passed by. He stopped to talk a few moments with me. I had no idea if my parents had any knowledge of my interest in Steve. I was still too young in their eyes to get serious about anyone.

As Steve and I were talking that day he asked me why I didn't come out at night sometimes. I looked at him unbelievably and thought he was joking. He looked serious, and I replied, "*I wouldn't do that.*" I was hurt that he should think I would sneak out at night. He smiled at my naiveness and asked, "*Why not?*" I stood there shocked, without saying a word. "*Are you afraid of the boogie?*" he asked, the grin still on his face. A little embarrassed, I said, "*I wouldn't go out at night with anyone alone, not even you.*" He said goodbye and left, walking toward the dairy, down the river road.

There was a cannery beyond the town limits on the river road. During the asparagus canning season many outsiders came to work there. The season was short, only April, May and June. Jessie had told me that some of the young men from town occasionally went to the cannery area at night to visit the young girls who were there during the season. She mentioned the names of some of the young men she knew who went there. I was glad that Steve's name

wasn't among the ones who did. Where she had acquired this information I didn't know and I did not ask her. Even so, since I led such a sheltered life, both at home and at the convent school, the news was shocking to me.

On one of the last evenings of that Easter week I happened to be standing at the bay windows in the parlor looking out across Sacramento Street to the other side when I saw a young couple hurrying along behind the row of trees that lined the outside of the sidewalk. They were walking arm in arm and I recognized their faces as they appeared between the trees. It was Steve and another girl. She was older than I was and I knew her very well. For a minute I could not believe that I was seeing right. It was dusk but there was sufficient light for me to recognize their faces clearly. As they got to Front Street they turned left and disappeared from my sight down the river road.

For a few moments I stood there shocked and hurt and full of rage. I couldn't understand what he saw in her that had appealed to Steve. I did not feel any ill will toward the girl, but I suddenly began disliking Steve. The more I thought of their appearance together, the more I disliked Steve. He knew I had not gone back to the island that week and in all probability would have seen them together. When Jessie came back to town with my sisters, I told her of what I had seen and also how I was feeling about Steve.

On Sunday afternoon I went to the show house as usual with Ulinda and Jessie. Fred was there and so was Steve. I went straight to Fred and began talking and laughing with him as carefree as if nothing had happened, also making it my business to keep my back turned to Steve all the while. Steve kept trying to get between Fred and me, and when he got too persistent I turned to him and said, "*Why don't you go home and milk your cows.*" Steve looked at me with a hurt expression on his face as if he could not believe what he was hearing. He sort of snickered but I could see that he stood there as if I had struck him across the face. We all went upstairs to watch the movie and for the first time I deliberately sat with Fred.

As usual that Sunday evening I went back to the island with my father. My whole world seemed to have

turned topsy turvy. I disliked everything that was in it. I hated the island and I hated Rio Vista. I hated the whole world and felt I could never trust any man except my father.

I was getting so that I detested the idea of going back to the island each Sunday evening. The days at the island seemed so long and so empty, even though I got along marvelously with my father. I began to despise myself for feeling this way when I thought of my sister lying in bed for the rest of her life, and of what she wouldn't give to trade places with me.

On one of the days during the time I remained with my father I became very depressed and felt like leaving and going to Rio Vista to be with my mother and the rest of our family. Because my father was in the fields most of the day, I would see him only in the morning, noon and at night. We would hardly say anything to each other. In the evening after our supper, he would sit down and read the paper or anything he could find to read, still sitting at the table while I did the dishes and finished up what I had to do. It seemed a very lonely life for me and I could hardly wait until Saturday so that I could get to Rio Vista.

On this particular day, which could have been a Wednesday, I felt I just couldn't stay there a moment longer. I don't remember if we had missed going to town the previous weekend because of fog or rain, all I know was that I had to get out of there.

It was the day the meat launch went by and I meant to be on top of the levee so it could stop, expecting me to buy some meat. I hurried with my chores. There was enough bread cooked to last a few days, also cooked beans and other food like bacon and salted pork. Since we did not have electricity and no way of keeping food from spoiling, the meat we bought had to be salted or cooked the same day we bought it. We always had plenty of eggs most of the time and I knew my father could make a meal of bread and hot milk. The winters that he had remained alone so that we could go to school in Rio Vista he had managed well enough to cook for himself, so I left without worrying over him. I did leave a note on top of the table saying what I intended to do and I also told the Japanese lady who lived with her husband and

the rest of the Japanese workers in our basement that I was leaving on the meat boat and for her to tell my father, in case he did not see my note.

When I got on top of the levee to wait for the launch it was already passing our place and I had missed it. I began calling to the butcher on it as loudly as I could and also running on top of the levee, hoping that he would see me and stop.

He must have seen me from the corner of his eye, as the noise of the motor would have barred him from hearing me. He slowed the boat down and pulled into the bank where the willows and tules were sparse and waited until I caught up with him. I boarded the boat and went in to Rio Vista but I began to feel very uneasy and wished I hadn't left like I did without asking my father's permission. My mother was naturally surprised to see me, but if she said anything about it, I don't remember. One thing that I do remember was that my father did not mention a word about my leaving when he came to town on the following Saturday. When the time came on Sunday for us to leave for the island, I remember doing what I had done on other occasions, going into the parlor and having a good cry before I left. Fortunately, most of the time I was able to accept the fact that I was needed and should remain with my father.

Several weeks later, my father and I left for the island on Sunday evening as usual. As we purred down the Sacramento River, the motor conked out on us. My father tried to start it again but it would not spit. We began drifting down the river.

A motorboat passed us going quite fast in the direction we had come from. Suddenly, it turned around and came up to us and the two occupants asked us if we needed any help. I felt so embarrassed when I saw that it was Steve and his brother. I turned my face away from the two men and pretended I wasn't there. They tied the bow of our boat to the stern of their boat and towed us to the Dredger Cut west of Rio Vista where we always tied our boat.

All the while we were being towed I kept my back to Steve and his brother and never looked around once. After Steve tied our boat firmly, he stood there on the bank in the

soft glare of twilight, waiting for me to get out. I got up from where I sat and when he saw I was ready to jump, he put out both hands to help me. When he saw that I ignored his help he quickly put his hands down to his sides and grinned a little. I jumped out of the boat unassisted, and took off for home without so much as a thank you and I never looked back. We remained the night at Rio Vista and next morning my father was able to get the boat started again.

Each day that passed, Clara appeared weaker and near the end of her life. She seemed to want to cry but could only moan in a high pitch. On one of the weekends that I was home and she was still able to speak, I went into her room and she said to me, "*Josie, I am going away. I want you to have my camera and my ring.*" I went out of the room blindly and went hurriedly downstairs and wept. On the following weekend, I saw her put her thin arms around my father's neck and draw him down to her and kiss his cheek. Then one day, young Will F, the district superintendent's son, came to us at the ranch and said a phone call had come for us to go home, that Clara was facing the end.

We got into the boat as quickly as we could and left for Rio Vista. On the way over there, my father murmured to himself, "*Even the animals of the wild weep for their offspring.*" He was not a man to give vent to his feelings. His thoughts he kept mostly to himself.

When we arrived home Clara was still alive and still moaning in that high pitch as if she was in an agony or pain. When she saw my father she again tried to raise her arms to him. I don't know what happened. I couldn't stay in the room. She lingered from one day to the other, my mother constantly by her side. Once I heard her say to my parents, "*I love you both. I am going to God.*"

My father had to go back to the island. There were the two cows to milk and other animals to feed. I remained with my mother until Clara passed away a few days later, on April 12, 1912. I could not stay in her room but Jessie's mother was in there with my mother. It was a long nightmare for my parents and it took them a long time to get over it.

By coincidence, two tiny baby girls also passed away within hours of my sister's death. They were both of Portuguese families and died of complications from whooping cough. The parents of these infants asked my parents if they could have their babies join my sister in the same funeral service. Cars were very scarce yet and Maria's family had a landau in which my parents and some of us girls rode to the funeral. The rest of the people walked since the cemetery was within walking distance. Clara's coffin was carried all the way by six young men. Right behind her on each side, the tiny coffins followed, each being carried by four small girls dressed in white. It was as if God had thought Clara worthy of two angels to enter heaven with her.

The next day my father and I went back to the island and my sisters went back to school at the convent until the summer vacation.

I am sure my mother was glad to go back to the island in June with the rest of the family. I am sure that the house in Rio Vista would never again hold any pleasant memories for any of the family. My mother though, more than anyone else, must have had nightmares when she thought of it and of the long days and nights she ministered to my sister.

It was soon decided that my father, Louise, Joe and I should take a two-week vacation to Pacific Grove that summer. I don't know if it was a special way of showing my parents' appreciation for us having remained with my father during the long months of my sister's illness. Perhaps they noticed a difference in my mood and were not sure if I was grieving for my sister. I felt washed out, listless and in a rut. The island in no way appealed to me. We were crowded in the small house and everyone seemed to be in a bickering mood. It was a far cry between living in Rio Vista and living on the island. My thoughts were constantly on how to get away from the rest of the family and on my own.

Maria's family and Maria joined us at Pacific Grove. Each family chose a rented cabin close to the beach. Maria's parents and my parents were so close that they had been godparents of my brother Joe and my two youngest sisters,

Theresa and Claire. We all enjoyed the two weeks immensely, swimming in the surf or in the bath house, fishing, digging around rocks for abalone and then cooking them in an open fire on the beach. There were other families there that we knew, and we would get together and enjoy each other's company.

We were there for the feast of lanterns and as I stood with my brother and sister on Lover's Point watching the colorful boats with their lanterns and decoration, I noticed a young man and girl nearby, chatting and laughing with each other, oblivious of anyone or anything but themselves, and I envied them. I wondered if the day would ever come when I would be there with a young man also, in a world of our own, laughing and enjoying each other's company as that young couple was. I did not even think of Steve anymore. He had gone out of my life like a firefly, now brilliant and now gone.

When we got home my parents had another surprise for us. Ulinda, Mary, Anne and Louise were going back to school at the convent, only now they would go as boarders and not as day scholars. I envied them. There was nothing better in the world that I wanted to do then than go back to school and get my diploma from the eighth grade. I asked my mother why I couldn't go back to school also and graduate. My parents talked it over and my mother agreed she could do without my help.

In early September Ulinda, Mary, Anne, Louise and I went back to the convent school, this time as boarders. The boarders had always felt that they were more privileged persons over the day scholars. To us Vieiras, it meant going to school; it did not matter how; even walking across fields to school was a privilege. Not one of us ever complained. We liked to be one of a group; we liked to study, play and mix with other children.

Our stay at the convent was a wonderful experience for us all. The Sisters were kind and understanding. My father was on speaking terms with a few that he had known for a long time, especially Sister Liguori. If he had extra vegetables like corn, potatoes and melons, he would take these to the kitchen where Sister Liguori was head nun. He

had a great affinity for the convent — perhaps pride that his daughters were so fortunate to have a Catholic school to attend.

Mother Josephine seemed to have a particular liking for me. I was called into her office many times to either take mail or bring it back from the postoffice. With the briefcase in my hand and a lift in my heart, I would go and come back quickly, never stopping anywhere on the way. When one of the boarders took off without permission, I was called to go try to locate her. There was one girl in particular who liked to wander outside the convent gate.

If there was an occasional dance on a Saturday night and I asked her permission to attend it with Maria, she would smilingly say yes, knowing I would be with Maria and her parents. Ulinda would also have the same permission.

My grades were excellent and I did not have any problems. Many of the girls that attended the convent as boarders were from broken homes and had problems with the Sisters.

At first I felt very lonesome for my family and also felt guilty of leaving my mother to care for the three youngsters alone. I soon got over this for we were able to go home almost every weekend with our friends Elizabeth and Frances who were boarding at the convent at the same time. Their brother, Will, would come and get us every Friday evening and bring us back on Sunday morning in time for us to attend mass. Sometimes after mass we would stay in town and go back to the convent in the evening. Most of the time we would visit with Maria or Jessie.

Maria was also attending school at the convent and was also taking music lessons. She played beautifully on her piano and we loved to listen to her and sing along with her. I had always wished I could also take piano lessons and shortly after I started school again I asked my father if it was possible for me to also take piano lessons. I did not know how much he was paying to have us five attend and board at the convent and I felt that I was asking too much perhaps. Much to my surprise he said he would arrange it. The following morning, the music teacher came to get me to start my first lesson.

One Sunday afternoon as I was walking along Main Street I met Fred standing at a corner and I walked past him and pretended that I had not seen him. He caught up with me and asked why I had become so aloof with him; that he had always liked me; and if he had hurt me in any manner he felt bad about it and wished to apologize for it. I told him I was in a hurry and did not wish or have time to stop and chat with him. He looked hurt at my actions, even though I didn't tell him what I had in my mind — that there weren't going to be any more young men in my life for a long time.

About two or three weeks after we started school, I happened to be walking along the front balcony of the convent when I saw a young man down below, near a water faucet, in the front garden. He appeared very familiar and I could feel myself bristle, for I could not believe I was seeing right. It was Steve. I walked down the stairway and went up to him, trembling with emotion and fear. This was the first time I had come face to face with him since I had erased him out of my life in the show house. Looking around to be sure no one was observing me, I said in a bristling voice, "*What are you doing here?*" He gave me a big grin as if the joke was now on me, and nodding his head a few times, a trait I had learned to expect when he saw me, he answered, "*I am working here as a custodian.*" It made me so angry that he should have looked for a job there while I was there, and I said in a voice that I am ashamed to think of now, "*I don't want anyone to know that you know me, so please don't talk to me ever.*" I rushed away leaving him there with the grin still on his face and he must have thought very little of me that day. I could not help but wonder why he had left the dairy to work at the convent, and also to wonder if he had known before he got the job that I was there. He had looked at me without any surprise, as if he had expected to run into me sooner or later. I know that I was very presumptuous at the time to think that the snub I gave him in the show house might have egged him to look for a different kind of job. I saw him rarely during the school year, most of the time at a distance. Once as I was walking on the front balcony I ran into him. He was moving a bed from one dormitory to another. As we passed each other he smiled and nodded his head a couple of times but did not say a word. I passed him

without a smile or a word. I had no intention of having anyone know that I knew or had known the janitor of the convent.

My three sisters, Mary, Anne and Louise, rarely left the convent on weekends as Ulinda and I did. They were very happy to remain there and were very well taken care of. My mother marveled at how much work had been taken from her, less cooking, washing and ironing, so that having us out of the house was a relief for my mother.

Almost everyone in the convent chummed with someone and were seen together during recreation hours. I began chumming with a girl called Lana. I liked her very much and we kept together most of the time. On Sunday afternoon if we had gone back to the convent early we would go out walking with the rest of the convent girls. Along the sidewalks we would march two by two behind each other, and with two Sisters following in the rear. Lana and I generally walked together. Our food at the convent was very good and we felt very well taken care of. About four o'clock each afternoon we were given a snack of bread with either syrup or butter.

Occasionally, when I noticed Steve somewhere in the distance, I could not help but wonder about the circumstances that had led him to get a job as caretaker at the convent. I also wondered if he could have known that I was going to spend the following school year there. Since Rio Vista has always been a very small city, news travels fast and I wouldn't have been surprised if he had known that the eldest five of the Vieira sisters were boarding at the convent. It was such a wonderful way for my younger sisters to be able to attend school without all the walking we had to do to attend the district school. I was only there to see if I could finally graduate from the eighth grade. I was tired of always being in the eighth grade.

During the Easter vacation, Lana invited Ulinda and me to spend the vacation week with her and her family. It was an especially enjoyable week. She had four brothers, Joe, Walter, Arthur and Leo. Leo was only five years old then and much younger than his siblings. Joe worked at home with his father on their ranch. Walter and Arthur took

care of another ranch near Main Prairie, several miles above Rio Vista. This second ranch must have been a very desolate place for they called it Ziberia when they mentioned it, which means desert in Italian. It was a very interesting and relaxing week. Lana's brothers were all quite handsome. Ulinda had fun with Leo, hiding colored Easter eggs. She would take a few of those Leo had already found and hide them again, then come in and tell him to go look for some more eggs. She did this many times and he never caught on to what she was doing. We enjoyed a most sumptuous Easter dinner with turkey and a lot of good food which Lana's father helped to cook. Many years later I read in the paper that Lana's mother lived to be one hundred and three years old. I also saw in the newspaper that Leo had become a lawyer.

In May during the Holy Ghost Festival in Rio Vista, Ulinda and I spent the weekend with Maria and her family. At the dance on Saturday night which we attended I noticed that Maria's uncle Albine had come from his brother's ranch on Tyler Island to attend the festival also. He was young and attractive and seemed happy to mingle with the younger generation. That night he was dancing with a very young girl who could not have been more than thirteen or fourteen years old. They danced well together. She appeared very light on her feet and he was often literally lifting her off the floor. He never asked me for a dance but Fred was there and we danced several dances together. Steve, no doubt, was there also, but I did not look for him or see him. I was just content to be dancing, even though it was mostly with Fred.

Maria's father was paying particular attention with whom Maria, Ulinda and I were dancing. I thought he did not like Fred very much for each time he would ask me for a dance, Maria's father would mimic him and chuckle to himself, as if Fred was a big joke. I don't know what my father would have thought of Fred, but I am sure if he thought I was enjoying myself, that would have been all that mattered. On Sunday afternoon there was dancing again after the parade and dinner and I was still being whisked around the dance floor mostly by Fred. Albine danced all afternoon with the young girl. The dance that night was a repetition of the night before.

The following Sunday was another Holy Ghost Festival sponsored by the other Portuguese organization of Rio Vista. Again Ulinda and I spent the weekend with Maria's family and went to the dance that Saturday night with them. Fred was there again and began dancing with me as he had the previous weekend. Albine began dancing with us also, changing around from Maria to Ulinda or me. On Sunday night Albine was dancing with me mostly, asking me for the next dance before we finished each dance. After each dance he would squeeze my hand a little as he guided me back to my seat. I began to feel that I was in another second heaven. He was not what I would call a terrifically handsome person but he was young, gay and attractive, with dark eyes and dark curly hair, very witty and nattily dressed. I thought he was very charming, even though he did not look as he did in the picture that stood on Maria's dresser and which I had adored so much. I felt that something had begun between us that weekend and that when school was over and I had to go back to the island, I would have something very impressive to think about.

Graduation day came and I received my diploma and we all went back to the island for the summer. In late August my four sisters went back to school at the convent. My father wanted me to go to State Normal School at San Jose to become a teacher. He thought I could live with a bachelor uncle who lived close to Berryessa. I could not see myself living with an unmarried man, and did not want to go under those circumstances.

I had received a form letter from Healds Business College at Stockton after I graduated and it intrigued me. If there had been some way that I could have attended that school, I would have jumped at the chance. I am sure my father knew of this letter, but since he said nothing about it, I also refrained from discussing it with him. I just dreamed about it and let it go at that.

On the day my sisters went back to the convent at Rio Vista, I took them to Isleton on a Sunday afternoon so that they could board the launch that ran every day between Sacramento and Antioch. We left home a little early and decided to visit a family who lived about a half mile out of

town on the Sacramento River side. As the time approached for my sisters to board the boat, we started up the side of the levee toward the road.

As I looked up the road a short distance, I saw Albine also walking toward Isleton. He saw us and stopped and waited for us to catch up with him. We chatted all the way back and he went to the wharf with us. Soon the boat arrived and the girls boarded it and left. Albine and I remained on the wharf alone. For a period of time we talked, nothing of much importance — how I was spending the summer at home, what he did on Sundays when he had his day off. It did not take long before he said that he had to go as his lodge was having its meeting that afternoon and he was the secretary and had to be there. I walked back to the meeting hall with him and we shook hands and parted. I quickly untied my horse from the rack where it was tied under the shade of a large tree and left for home. For once I felt happy at home and did not seem to be missing anything. During the day I would help my mother with the house work and in the afternoon I would sit on a chair outside leaning against the house and do some fancy work. About four o'clock in the afternoon I would saw and chop wood for the stove, carry it in and start a fire and begin to prepare supper. We seemed to be living a more peaceful life, with the four older girls in the convent.

At four in the morning my father would get up and feed the horses so that he could start working around six o'clock. Later he milked the cow and had his breakfast. The three younger children crawled out of bed as they awoke and were served their cereal, most of the time either Carnation wheat flakes or shredded wheat. If it was wash day, either my mother or I would set up the wash tub with water drawn out of the river with the hand pump, scrub the clothes by hand and boil the white clothes in a copper-bottom wash boiler. Then the clothes were hung out to dry and the next day I would iron them. One day was practically like the next, but I felt very content.

The work my father had to do in the fields was hard. The weeds had taken possession between the asparagus rows and the land had to be cultivated to unroot them. There was

no mechanical machinery available at that time. The cultivator was a horse-drawn implement which a person had to walk behind, holding on to its handles and at the same time trying to keep himself balanced on his feet as he was being tossed about.

Row by row my father walked, up one row and down the other, hour after hour until it was either noon and time for dinner or it was evening and the sun was setting. Then he would come home, feed the horses and milk the cow or cows if there happened to be two giving milk at the same time which occurred during different times of the year. How many footsteps and miles he must have walked throughout his life.

During the time the asparagus was being cut there would be the workers to feed, if they were Portuguese. Sometimes they would be Japanese and would feed themselves, eliminating that much work for us women.

For a number of years a Mohammedan had passed by each summer and asked for a job hoeing the weeds between the asparagus stalks that could not be reached by the cultivator. He did not wear a turban as the Hindus did. Out of pity for him my father would hire him for several weeks and the poor man would be out hoeing weeds alone from morning to dusk. He lived in the bunk house and seemed to live on milk alone. We always had plenty of milk and at noon he would come in and request a quart of milk and an empty quart jar, and sitting on a bench on our porch he would fill the quart jar partly with water and by pouring the milk into the water and vice versa, he would then drink the watered milk slowly while all the time he rested on the bench during his noon hour from work. We would forget all about him after he left and the following year at about the same time he was sure to appear and ask for a job. All we knew about him was that he was off one job and waiting for another.

After those hot days of summer and early fall, my father would be so worn out with the daily work in the fields, even the jug of tepid river water wrapped in a piece of burlap scarcely quenched his thirst. One day, out of the clear sky, he decided to take a few days off and go visit his brother and two sisters and their families who lived in the Diablo hills

above Walnut Creek. Since my mother or I had to remain at home with the three younger children, my parents decided that I should go with him. We left by boat for San Francisco and then by train to Walnut Creek. My uncle Antone, to whom we had written of our planned visit, came to the station by horse and surrey to get us. We remained with my uncle a couple of days, also visiting my aunt Rose and family who lived within walking distance from my uncle Antone. We then visited my aunt Mary and her family who lived further away, traveling by horse and surrey driven by my uncle Antone. His wife went along with us.

We remained at aunt Mary's again for a couple of days, which I enjoyed for the children there were mostly grown. They owned a cattle ranch as did my other relatives, which seemed the appropriate thing to do around that area. There were cows to be milked, cream to be separated by a separator, cattle and calves to be fed and numberless jobs to be done. The hills were dry in the summer but would sprout with green grass in the fall during the first rainfall. There were two boys and a girl already grown, who were older than I was. There were also two girls and a boy younger than I was, plus a girl whom they had raised since she was their goddaughter and had been left without a home. The children were all very cordial and jolly, so much so that they begged my father to let me remain with them for a couple of weeks. This I would have liked to have done gladly, but my father did not think I should, saying I was needed by my mother.

Clara and I had been up there with my father when Clara was still well and we had not only become well acquainted with these cousins but from then on we had corresponded with each other quite often, not with any single one but with one or the other as our fancy led us. This time, after I arrived home, the letters back and forth seemed to have increased.

I wrote to the two older boys more than I did to the girls. They had intrigued me very much and looked so exciting dressed in their jeans, leather boots and chaps, and cowboy hats. They mounted their horses and galloped around as if it was as simple to gallop as to walk a horse. They also got me on a horse and I just walked it around for I

had never been on a horse since I had ridden from their place to Martinez after the flood, and was not sure of my skill.

My father had taught me how to milk the cows and I found myself doing this quite often that early winter. I also noticed that my father was not so anxious to go out in the fields and hoe a weed here and there as he had been wont to do when he had nothing else pressing. One day my father complained that he was not feeling too well, and he was losing weight. During the Christmas vacation, while the girls were home, he and my mother decided to go see a Doctor in San Francisco. They went first to see Mr Wetmore, his favorite commission merchant and very good friend.

Mr Wetmore suggested that he enter the University of California Hospital for tests. My mother came home and left him at the hospital for a number of days while he underwent the tests. A few days later my mother received a letter, written in his own hand, in which he complained that the Doctors had run an instrument of some sort down his throat and that he had thought he was going to die when they did this. He had not written a letter in many years, ever since we two older girls had been able to write his letters for him. His letter was so badly written that we could hardly understand what he was writing.

After they discharged him from the hospital and he arrived home, he told us that the Doctor wanted to do an exploratory operation on him to see if they could find what was causing his complaints. His answer to the Doctor had been that he had a large family to support and could not afford an operation. Throughout that winter he remained at home most of the time, giving orders to a hired man. He also decided that the girls were not going back to the convent after Christmas holidays and that we all would have to do the work of gathering the asparagus that spring and also washing it. The older girls would not even be able to go to the Andrus Island school until the asparagus season was over.

We were all working in the spring of 1914. Ulinda and I were in the shed every day washing asparagus. Mary, Anne and Louise were gathering the bunches of asparagus into the sleds and bringing it into the shed. There were four or five

men cutting it. The three youngest children just played around. My father was on a liquid diet which was mostly chicken broth or beef tea. He drank only milk and was not allowed to drink any liquor. During the day he would walk around and see how everything was going. Sometimes he would sit in the asparagus shed and watch us.

One day while we were in the shed washing asparagus, my youngest sister, Claire, disappeared and we could not find her. She had just made her third birthday and was fond of roaming. We looked in the ditch to see if she had fallen in there, or in the horse trough. Some of us went to the river's edge and others checked along the bank of Jackson Slough. My father got up from where he was lying on a blanket and pillow in the shed and began to look for her also. He was very worried. We were nine people looking for her and she had just dropped out of sight. The most likely place we were afraid she might have fallen into was the river or Jackson Slough. I never saw my father trembling before, but he was shaking from head to foot and looked as if he was going to pieces. We were all shouting her name as loudly as we could and felt that wherever she was, she was beyond our voices. There was a weeping willow over the asparagus shed and behind it on the ground my father had placed his discarded sail, curled around the mast. Someone happened to walk around behind the shed and found Claire curled up against the canvas sail, fast asleep. She was deaf to the world as she napped.

In the evening, either Ulinda or I would milk the cow. My mother had her hands full cooking and washing clothes for we could scarcely help her. Sometimes she would find time to do a little sewing or mending. My father and mother began to walk around together in the evening, something I had never seen them do before. It would give my father a little exercise and keep him on his feet a little longer as his illness progressed.

One evening as I was milking the cow, they came out to the corral where I was and commented on my skill. As they were leaving and still within hearing distance I heard my father say to my mother, "*Josie and Paul ought to get together. Don't you think they would make a nice couple?*" I did not hear my mother's answer.

I felt great concern for my father. I also felt he had great concern for me. The words, "*Josie and Paul,*" kept ringing in my ears. Was that what he wanted? Was that what he thought was best for me? Paul was my cousin. He was almost like a big brother. Was that the reason he had taken me to the Diablo hills, so that he could expose me to Paul?

I was eighteen years old and I didn't even have a boyfriend. I had not seen or heard from Albine for many months. Stuck in the island without ever seeing young men, except the asparagus cutters, wasn't much fun anymore. I didn't feel rebellious. It was the year 1914, and I knew we only had one year more to go before we had to get out when the lease was ended. Where we were going I did not know. I hoped it wasn't back to an island.

One day my parents went to Rio Vista in the cart alone. They were gone the whole day. Later when my mother was in the kitchen, I noticed that she was crying. Later she told me that my father wanted to buy a house so that we could have a home after the lease was up. They looked at a couple of places but she didn't want him to buy any of them. They didn't appeal to her. She knew that he knew that he did not have long to live.

The Holy Ghost Festival celebration was approaching. My father decided that since the one held in Walnut Creek would be celebrated on the same day as the one in Rio Vista, we could go to Walnut Creek instead. He was getting weak but insisted he would be able to go and did not want my mother to worry over him. Ulinda and I went with him. We left by boat to San Francisco. From there we went on a train to Walnut Creek. My uncle Antone came for us in his surrey and we remained at his home during the festival. I was very concerned about my father. As we had walked along the streets in San Francisco, he found that he could not climb a curb without our help. Some of the sidewalks were a little higher than others along the embarcadero. Every time we came to one of these, Ulinda and I had to literally haul him up. Nonetheless, he arrived at my uncle's and went to the festival hall for a little while.

Paul, my cousin, was there, also a friend called Bill. I had heard that Paul had run away from home and was

working at a dairy. They remained with us throughout the day. We did little dancing but Paul would dance when it was a waltz. I was introduced to another man and we danced together several times. On Monday we were taken to Martinez by my uncle Antone. It was a long ride. We remained in a hotel overnight and the next day boarded a steamer for Wullf's Landing. One of the other girls was at the landing with the cart so that my father would not have to walk the mile home.

I had gone with my father on numerous occasions when we had to eat out. It was a strange feeling for me to be seated in a restaurant opposite my father. We never did talk much but there was a feeling of solidarity between us as I sat with him, which I did not feel when we all sat at the table at home during our meals. I seemed to feel that he belonged to me and I to him, that there was an attachment between us more than father and daughter. Perhaps it was because I had spent so many months alone with him. I do not believe that it was any resentment against the rest of my siblings. It was an uncanny feeling.

One day my mother had to go with one of my sisters to the dentist in Rio Vista and I was to take charge of my father for the day. Ordinarily, my mother was the one who saw to all his necessities and wants. By this time he had begun to drag himself from the room upstairs to the apartment downstairs and vice versa. He was still on his feet but he was failing fast. His body had become very swollen with fluid, and mucous was constantly dripping from his mouth. I was to feed him and give him the alcohol rub that my mother gave him every day. He was lying on the downstairs bed and while I was rubbing his swollen legs, he said, *"From here it's to the grave."* I did not say anything. What was there to say? We had never communicated much at any time. I don't remember discussing anything with him. In fact, no one in the family discussed anything with my parents. We talked with one another or quarreled but most of the time we were silent.

At the end of June the asparagus fields were flat, the cutters had left and only one man was left to cultivate the ground between the rows. My father decided he wanted to go

to San Francisco with my mother. He did not explain why, nor did we ask. He put on his best and only suit and after my mother was ready to go with him, he went alone out to the front porch and leaned against the railing and said, *"Does anyone want to kiss me goodbye?"* I went out instantly and kissed him and remained with him. One by one my siblings went out and kissed him and when they didn't he would say, *"Anyone else?"* Whoever hadn't kissed him would be pushed by one who had. Finally there was only one who did not seem to want to come out of the bedroom. I went into the bedroom where Mary stood wide-eyed and stubborn. *"You better go out there,"* I said to her and I began to push her. She resisted me until she came within my father's view, and then she rushed to him and barely pecked him on his lips and ran back into the room where she had been.

My sister Mary was a very sensitive person, with a lot of bravado that did not mean exactly what she was feeling. When my sister Clara died, she spent hours on the bottom of the steps of our house in Rio Vista weeping. Even my parents remarked about how hard she took Clara's death. Outwardly, she appeared unable to get along very well with anyone, even her school teachers. As she grew older she seemed to want to repress her feelings more.

Mary would have made a good actress. She seemed to have a great imagination and liked to pretend and yet to relate to things as if they were true. On one occasion she frightened me so much that I almost went into shock. The screen outside of our kitchen window at our house on the island was partly unfastened and anything set there was likely to fall out. We had a habit of storing our heavy flatiron on the flat space between the window and screen. Straight down below the window about twelve or fourteen feet was a ledge fastened to the house about a foot from the ground and sixteen or eighteen inches wide which made a comfortable seat, especially when that side of the house was in shade.

On the day I have mentioned, Mary was sitting on the ledge without my knowledge and while I cleaned around the window, the iron slipped out from under the screen and dropped down with a plop. Instantly I heard the most awful

screaming as if someone was dying. I was sure I had killed someone and I ran down the stairs and to the side of the house and beheld Mary with her hand on her shoulder and jumping around as if in mortal pain. I ran to her and asked her how badly was she hurt, expecting that all the bones of her shoulder were either cracked or shattered. She kept hopping around without letting me see the wound and finally she showed me where the flatiron had landed on her shoulder. I couldn't see a dent or bruise nor even a discoloration and it was such a relief to me that I went back to the work I was doing and taking the flatiron with me I placed it in another part of the kitchen. Even though for days I looked at Mary's shoulder, I never saw a discoloration of any kind and I came to the conclusion that the iron had not touched her but only frightened her. She never admitted, though, that she wasn't hit.

Though my father was kissing us all goodbye, I did not have the feeling that it was the last time we were going to see him alive. He walked out through the gangway, my mother following him still wiping her eyes from the cry she had had in the bedroom as she heard my father calling us to come and kiss him. Ulinda was already on the levee with the cart and horse that would take them to the landing of the district superintendent where they would board the launch that would take them to Antioch. From there they would go to San Francisco by train.

I could not help but remember the months that Clara had lain on her sickbed before she passed away. Since my father could still walk I believed he would be going to see a Doctor and perhaps under medication he would be able to eat and get strong again. I knew that the lack of food had been the cause of his weakness and loss of weight. I also believe he had an appetite and he would have eaten had he been able to swallow the food. On one occasion when we were sitting around the table partaking of our noon meal, he had come up from the basement where he had been resting, stopping for a moment to scan the food on the table, then opening his mouth wide he said, *"I am hungry enough to eat all that is on this table."*

My father entered the University of California

Hospital in San Francisco and my mother came home. About a week later Will F came in his motorboat to tell us that the hospital had phoned him to let my mother know that my father was getting very weak and for her to come to San Francisco as soon as possible. She went back with him and left that same day on the mail launch as she had done such a short time previously. Mary went with her. I had not known until later that my father had already passed away when my mother was called. He had died in his sleep. Will had also phoned his parents, who were in San Francisco at the time, for them to meet my mother at the Ferry Building that evening. They were there when she arrived and went with her to the hospital where she found my father already dead and lying on a slab of cold marble.

That same evening Will came over again to tell us that my father had passed away and that my mother had phoned and said that we were to go to Rio Vista and remain with Maria's family until she arrived on the following day. Will would be taking us in his boat.

At the hour the steamer from San Francisco was expected to arrive, we were taken in Maria's family landau to the wharf to meet my mother and sister. My father's body was on the boat also. It was a sad reunion we had with my mother. The hearse was also there ready to take my father to the I D E S Hall where he lay until the funeral. My father had been the first president of this organization when it was started in Rio Vista.

When I first looked at my father in the coffin, I thought there had been a mistake and that they had the wrong person. My father had never had a black mustache and yet the body in the coffin had one. Even his features seemed different and I was sure that they had made a mistake and that my father was not that man in the coffin. I looked at the rest of the family to see if they had noticed the difference. No one said anything and I did not want to say what I thought, since it was such a critical time with the whole family around crying. We buried the man that was in the coffin and I tried to believe that it was my father, since no one mentioned anything otherwise. After he was buried I decided not to mention my beliefs with the thought that I must be wrong.

About a week or so after the funeral I was in Rio Vista passing in front of our saloon building and I saw a man on the corner of the sidewalk facing the street and leaning against the poplar tree that was still there. He appeared to be dressed in clothes like my father wore on the island, with a cap on his head exactly like the one in color and material like my father wore. The visor was drawn low over his forehead like my father always wore it. I could see his face clearly and it looked like my father. He had a faraway look in his eyes and was looking down the river road and beyond. I looked at my sister Ulinda to see if she was noting what I was seeing. She did not appear to have noticed the man, or if she did she never said anything about him. We started up Sacramento Street towards Maria's home as if nothing was unusual. I decided not to say anything to her.

We settled back on the island to resume our normal routine. There was a difference now. My father was not there to tell us to find something to do if he found us idle. One day, not long after I had noted the man on the street corner in front of our saloon, we were all out in back enjoying the cool evening after a warm day at the end of July. There was a barbed wire fence along the road and a gate for privacy into our ranch. The fence circled around the barn and stopped there. Most of the time the gate was open. Within this compound and behind the barn was a small corral where the two cows were brought in to be milked. The area outside the corral was kept clean and made a splendid place to play.

On this particular evening, all eight of us children were out there playing different games like hopscotch, rope jumping and hide-and-seek. In the dusk of the evening, I saw a man on foot walking down the road as if he was going to follow the road up to the top of the levee and then on to wherever he was bound. Instead of climbing the levee grade, he turned in at the open gate and kept on coming to where we were playing. He wore the same clothes that the man I saw in front of the saloon wore, and on his head was the same cap with the visor down over his eyes also. He looked exactly like the same man and looked exactly like my father. He never

stopped but walked right through our midst and kept going into the darkening evening, never looking right or left as if no one was there in his path. I watched him fade into the darkness and then I turned to my sisters and said, "Did you see that?" No one answered me as if I had not spoken and I stood there dumb and mystified. Why had a man walked through our midst, which was an odd thing to do, and why had no one noticed or mentioned anything about it? It was almost as if I had seen my father and no one else had seen him. It made me feel bad that my father could be still alive and roaming without having any place to go. I never mentioned what I had seen to my mother for I knew she would not believe me. I could hardly believe it myself.

My father had counseled my mother on what she should do with the asparagus during that last year of our lease. He advised her to rent the land on shares to any Japanese farmer that she thought was capable and able to farm it. It was thus that Mr Nakao and his family came to live with us for a year.

Several weeks after my father died the father of a girl friend of mine passed away also. This family lived up river on Grand Island, also one of the Delta islands. Ulinda and I decided to go to the funeral. In those horse-and-buggy days, not only were there very few cars but there were also no bridges linking these islands. Here and there between the islands were ferries with space only for a few carriages or wagons, so that most of the people had to depend on the paddle wheel steamers or launches to get anywhere. A funeral from up river destined for Rio Vista would always entail hiring a small launch or steamer to transport the corpse and mourners from their homes where the corpse had been laid out, to the wharf at Rio Vista where a hearse would be waiting for it. From there it would be driven to the church, the hearse being pulled by two horses. Anyone wishing to join the mourners had only to stand at the landings and signal their desire and the boat would stop and pick them up.

Ulinda and I drove to Isleton in our cart and boarded the boat there. The boat was full of people but we found a couple of seats on a bench that circled the top deck. After

arriving in Rio Vista we remained seated until most of the passengers left. I could not help but wonder if Albine was among the passengers. I had seen him only twice since the Holy Ghost Festival the previous year. Because of my father's wish, we had not attended the festival which had been held that year (1914) in May in Rio Vista but had gone to Walnut Creek. The first time I had seen Albine during these two occasions was the day I had taken my four sisters to Isleton to board the launch that would take them back to Rio Vista to begin school at the convent after the summer vacation in 1913. The second time I saw him was a few months later when Ulinda and I had gone to see a girl friend during the Christmas holiday in our horse and cart. He was driving a spring wagon and we waved to each other when we passed. Now as Ulinda and I waited on board the boat for our turn to disembark, I saw Albine ahead of us. He was alone and did not see us. We walked with the mourners to the cemetery and, on our way back into town, decided to stop to see Maria and her family until time for the boat to leave.

A short time after we entered Maria's house, Albine walked in also. I had not seen him at the cemetery so concluded he had been walking about town. We had lunch with the family and in a little while the three of us left, walking back to board the boat going home. There was plenty of room on the upper deck and we three sat together, Albine sitting between Ulinda and me. We talked all the while as we sat there and he remained with us after the boat left the wharf. At one time I asked him where he was while we were on our way to Rio Vista, that I had not seen him. He said he was in the lower deck where the younger girls were and that he was having fun with them. I began wondering why he was still single, since I knew he was twenty four years old and most men were married by that age. He asked me how old I was and I said I was eighteen though I was almost nineteen. He murmured to himself, "*Too young.*"

I could have told him that in two months I would be nineteen years old, and I also could have told him that my mother had already reminded me that she had been married at the age of eighteen. Of course I surmised that when he said "*Too young*" he meant I was too young to get married. I said

to myself, "*Too young today, too late tomorrow.*" I had no intention of waiting until I was an old maid and then try to find someone who would marry me. Eighteen was a good age.

I lived in a man-less desert with no oasis in sight. The only person I would have liked then to have more communication with was Albine and he had just told me I was too young. Since in those days it was rare to see a young girl have dates with a man, it was a wonder that any girl could become acquainted with a man long enough for her to be sure that he was the one and only man she wished to marry. You had to wait for a miracle to happen and that someone would approach you with an offer of marriage and you had to take him or let him know you were not interested in him. Sometimes it would be the parents who would try to interest you in a person of their choice. There wasn't any dating as there is today.

As we sat there, Ulinda, Albine and I, a young girl from Grand Island, whom I slightly knew, came to where we were sitting and started talking to me. Soon she was talking to Albine as if they were good friends. I had a feeling she was one of the girls with whom he had been having fun downstairs. They appeared to have a lot in common. Since she continued talking, Albine got up and gave her his seat. A few minutes later he walked off and I did not see him until we arrived at Isleton, when he came to say goodbye. During the following week I was surprised to receive a card with his signature, apparently from him, asking me to meet him in town the following Sunday. I did not know what to make of the card, since I had never seen his handwriting. The script was beautiful but I was not at all sure that he had written the card. I thought of the girl who had talked to us on the boat and became slightly suspicious that she might have been just a little bit jealous and had written the card to get me to go to town expecting to see him and then have a good laugh on me when I found he wasn't there. I did not go to Isleton on the Sunday mentioned. I felt that if Albine had written the card and wanted to see me, he knew where I lived and could borrow his brother's surrey as well as I could drive my cart into town. I did not answer the card nor hear from him again.

A month or so after my father died, the Moham-  
medan knocked at our door and asked to see my father as he  
had done previously. When we told him my father had  
passed away the previous July, the tears began pouring from  
his eyes and he made no move to wipe them away. In a little  
while he asked for a quart of milk and the empty jar as he  
usually asked. He again poured the usual quantity of water  
into the empty jar and then mixed the milk and water until he  
had it at the consistency that he usually drank it. As he  
drank, his tears mingled with the milk. He lingered long  
enough to rest then went on his way. From where he came  
and to where he went, we did not know. That was the last  
time we saw him.

On a cold wintry day of December, 1914, my uncle  
who lived on Twitchell Island brought his family over to stay  
with us and asked Ulinda and me if we wanted to go to  
Walnut Creek to visit our cousins. We both jumped at the  
opportunity. My cousin Paul would not be there for he had  
gone to live in the San Joaquin valley and had a cattle ranch  
where he was doing quite well.

I wrote to Paul and told him that Ulinda and I were  
going to spend a couple of weeks with our uncle Antone and  
was sorry that since he was not living around there anymore,  
we would not see him.

I was surprised when Paul walked in one day, but also  
glad to see him. We were staying with my uncle Antone and  
his wife and since my uncle had a large house, he invited Paul  
to stay with him also, which he did. I had always liked Paul  
and since my uncle had only an adopted child who was still  
very small, it was nice to have a young grown-up for  
company.

Paul was very enthusiastic about the ranch he was  
renting. He showed me pictures of the house he lived in and  
also the horses and corrals of cattle. I envied him living in the  
San Joaquin valley which to me must have been the most  
beautiful place in the world. In my mind I compared it to the  
islands we lived in, to the endless flat lands with their endless  
levees, and with our endless rivers and sloughs that always  
were barriers, difficult to overcome.

The bungalow in which he was living seemed a dream,  
compared with the three-room house we had to live in which  
looked more like a large chicken house than a home. I could  
envision his one-story house with its sweeping lines and wide  
veranda and could almost feel the coolness within it.

About three days later Paul went back to his ranch.  
He wrote to me and said he would try to come up the  
following week. We visited with our aunt Rose that week and  
then went back to uncle Antone's home again, expecting to  
leave for home in a few days. Paul came to see us again as he  
had promised and I was very glad to see him. I had been in  
touch also with my other grown-up cousins and it was very  
refreshing to be able to mix with the youth of about our own  
age.

After Paul's visit again I became aware that Paul and I  
were becoming very serious with one another. At the same  
time, the words that my father had said about Paul and me  
began to haunt me. I could still hear his voice saying, "*Josie  
and Paul ought to get together. Don't you think they would  
make a nice couple?*"

Eventually, we remained with my aunt and uncle a  
month. Paul was in and out of there about once each week  
and when I thought he had come up for the last time, he  
would show up again. Before the month was over he had  
talked me into marrying him, reminding me that he had a  
nice home to live in and a good business where no one ever  
was known to suffer malaria, and to cap it all, he said, a  
fortune-teller had read his fortune and assured him that  
someday he would be worth fifty thousand dollars. I don't  
know if he really believed in fortune-tellers, which I didn't.  
He also reminded me that I had said once that I would never  
marry anyone in the Delta because I wanted to get away  
from the islands and live somewhere else.

At no time did he say, "*I love you. Do you love me?*"  
Somehow, I thought that should have been the most  
important thing when two persons decide to marry, but  
evidently in this case it was not. When I arrived home I was  
wearing a lovely diamond engagement ring on my left hand.  
My mother was furious and so were his parents. All I could  
say, to defend myself, was that I did not like to live in the

islands and wanted to move to a better environment. I also reminded my mother that she had mentioned once or twice that she had married my father when she was eighteen years old and seemed to be pushing or wanting to push me out of the nest. I had felt that it would probably be a relief for her to see her brood get out on their own and shuffle for themselves.

Since we were mostly a family of females now, with only one male, and he only seven years old, I felt that we should offset this anomaly by marrying and drawing males into the family. At the same time I felt that a male in the family would take my father's place and fill the vacuum he had left.

The winter of 1914 - 1915 was very harsh with so much rain, and wind that seemed almost able to uproot the weeping willows besides tearing them apart. I could not remember when the elements irked me so much. The noise through the branches of the trees was so frightening that I began to believe that if we had no trees, we would not feel the blasts so strongly. I promised myself that I would never have trees around my house, wherever I lived.

At first Paul visited us about every two or three weeks, then his visits were quite spaced apart. It was not easy for him to come from the lower San Joaquin valley to where we lived. First he had to come to Antioch by train, then take the mail launch to the district superintendent's landing and walk the rest of the way. He could not remain long and it was almost a worthless trip. We wrote to each other, though, quite often. His letters always began with "*Dearest Darling,*" which seemed quite affectionate for a salutation, but I wondered what his real feelings were, and whether he was more interested in a cook since he was living alone. His feelings he kept to himself.

I soon discovered it was not a simple thing for cousins to get married to each other. In the first place we were both Catholics and had to obtain a dispensation from a higher authority than a priest, to be married in a church. If we married outside The Church we would be excommunicated from The Church and that I did not want to happen. Paul, having been reared far from church, had had no religious

training whatsoever. He talked to the parish priest and began to study in preparation to be qualified to receive the Sacraments.

During the spring of 1915, the Japanese crew was hard at work harvesting the asparagus crop. Among the workers there was a cousin of Mr Nakao who spent part of his time with the workers at our farm and part of the time at another ranch that Mr Nakao was also farming about three or four miles away. He would always walk from one acreage to the other.

Since our youngsters were about the same age as the Japanese children and they were living in our basement apartment, we all became one merry happy family. The Japanese children were called Haruka, Misao, Toshio, and a baby of a few months whose name I have forgotten. The Japanese children soon loved our home-made bread and their mother learned from us how to make it and it wasn't long before she was proudly displaying lovely browned loaves hot from the oven.

The weeping willow that was in front of the house had grown very large and was kept cropped by a ram that we had for a pet. He would stand on his hind legs and eat the leaves and stems so that the tree looked like it had a Dutch haircut. It felt and looked like a huge umbrella, where we enjoyed playing and eating our supper under it on warm summer evenings. The ground had been packed hard by the romping children and we would sweep it and keep it clean. The tree felt like a home above us. After my father died we fastened a rope to a high branch and formed a hand swing or trapeze where we would swing as high and as far as we could. We even managed to swing out enough so that we could drop on top of my sister Mary's rabbit hutch. One of us would always be on top of the hutch to catch the one who dropped so that she would not tumble to the ground and get hurt. Once when Paul was swinging he dropped through the roof of the hutch because of his extra weight. Though he patched the roof, Mary was still very angry.

Though we all missed my father, we were conscious of the fact that no longer were we reminded that there must be chores to do rather than play as we happily found ourselves

doing during that last year and a half on the island. Occasionally Ulinda and I dressed in my father's clothes and pretended that we were men. We took many snapshots with the camera Clara had given me, of Ulinda and me scaling the trees, walking on top of the asparagus shed, sneaking my father's gun so my mother would not see us, to shoot mudhens, and posing at a mock wedding where I was dressed as a bride with my Holy Communion veil and a garland of weeds around my head and Ulinda was dressed as the groom. When I found myself jumping leapfrog over a row of standing asparagus boxes I wondered what my father would have said, could he have seen me. My mother was oblivious to what we were doing, no doubt remembering our lost childhood when we were constantly reminded that work came before play.

During the winter a dredger worked on our levee leaving a lot of silt clay that made an excellent place for us to slide. We older girls promptly fashioned wooden sleds capped with tin runners. We would drag the sleds to the top of the levee and after pouring water on the top end of the ruts so that the sled could slide easily, we would stand on the sled and try to glide to the bottom of the levee without falling off, which was next to impossible for the sled would always turn to the right or left when it reached the bottom and we would fall off in the opposite direction, landing in the mud. It was a hysterical kind of play when we took one of the younger children with us and we would all come out of our play covered with mud. The Japanese children would join us and their mother was not too happy to have to wash their clothes. Ulinda and I did our washing and my mother did not care.

Mr Nakao's cousin did not have the true features of a Japanese, nor their stature. He could have passed for a Hawaiian of mixed blood. He was taller than the average Japanese, was lithe and in a way handsome. He also had dark curly hair and we soon began calling him Curlyhead. Even the Japanese children began calling him by his new name. He must have been between twenty and twenty four years of age and was very fond of the Nakao children and they of him. They would be often seen coming out of the basement

apartment hanging on to Curlyhead's hands, leading him to the trapeze and begging him to perform for them. Sometimes he would draw back as if he was overstepping on others' ground, but at our insistence he would swing very high and then move to a position where he would be hanging by his knees until we all thought his gyrations were quite clever.

The Nakao family was soon calling us by our given names. They would pronounce mine Chosee. Curlyhead would always call me Miss Chosee. He would spend a good part of his time at the other ranch and we would all miss him and his acrobatics. I got to like him very much. He was a wholesome divertissement for us all. Sometimes I would think that it was too bad that he had to be of Asian ancestry, and I would even wish that I could have been born a Japanese myself. I had a feeling that the way he looked at me, he might have been thinking the same thing himself.

During the few times that Paul visited us and Curlyhead was around, he would withdraw within the apartment and would not come out. We would ask Haruka and Misao to drag him out to the trapeze but he would never appear. At other times when he would arrive from the other ranch, in no time at all the children would run out to tell me that "*Curlyhead is here.*" They would then run back and soon drag him out. He and they would be laughing and soon he would be on the trapeze performing for us.

During the warm summer evenings we would all sit around under the weeping willow and sometimes Curlyhead would sit out there also, his knees up with his arms around them, and all the children tumbling over him and around him, both his kin and our three young ones. He was always smiling, always in a good mood, never saying very much and I soon learned that he could speak very little English.

There was an old tree stump part way between the house and the asparagus shed where I was fond of sitting and sketching. Occasionally I would sit there doing nothing, or I would go into a deep reverie, lost in thought of how the days moved slowly and wishing the time would go quickly so that we could move out of the islands to where I could have a job and perhaps an apartment of my own.

I was in no hurry to marry Paul and I was beginning to think that it was a good thing that there was an impediment to our getting married to each other. I was glad that an engagement could be broken and I felt sorry that he had talked me into it. I did not even look forward to his visits nor was sorry when he left. He was giving me the impression that he was my brother or even my father. I wished I hadn't heard my father say that Paul and I would make a good couple. I couldn't feel sure that my father hadn't said the same thing to Paul and put a bug in his ear.

Tragedy struck the Nakao family that spring. Their oldest daughter, Haruka, contracted typhoid fever and though she was taken to a hospital in San Francisco, they could not save her. We were all very saddened by this event. She was buried in San Francisco. The family returned the next day and word must have gone out to other Japanese families for soon there were many of them there greeting the bereaved family. They all kept bowing and bowing to each other and repeating words in their language. No one showed any grief but kept smiling as they greeted each other. There were quite a number of people there and the Nakao family served food to all of them. In the evening the visitors left, most of them walking as there were few cars at that time. Some may have walked for a long distance. The Nakao family kept their grief to themselves and showed no outward signs to any of us.

One day during the summer my mother and I had to go to Sacramento to attend to matters regarding my father's estate. We stopped in to see Maria's family while waiting for the River Auto Stage that ran between Rio Vista and Sacramento. While I was sitting alone in Maria's parlor a young man approached me and said, "*You must be Josie.*" Without knowing him I answered, "*You must be Chris.*" Thus I became acquainted with Maria's cousin of whom she had often spoken. I found him very attractive, with blue-green eyes and blondish hair. He was single and had come to work for Maria's father in the sheep business. I could not understand how a young man of Chris's appearance could be taking a job working with sheep, but that was exactly what he was expecting to do. At first he would go to the

camp to see if all was well with the herder and the sheep and also to take food to the herder. He would have breakfast and supper at Maria's house and sleep there also. Since we were in and out seeing Maria whenever we went in to Rio Vista to shop, I got to see Chris often and to like him a great deal. Maria also liked him very much and we came to the conclusion that we were in the same boat. What we should have done was to have exchanged cousins.

I saw Curlyhead a lot that summer. He was often at our place. We exchanged very few words with each other but we did smile a lot at each other. That seemed the best way we could communicate. Occasionally we would elaborate a little and he would say, "*Hello, Miss Chosee,*" and I would answer, "*Hello, Curlyhead.*"

The trapeze seemed to be always busy with ten children clamoring for their turn. We lifted the younger ones up to the hand bar and let them down when they were tired of hanging on. It was such a restful feeling to be swinging on it and I did it for such long periods of time that I would feel I could sleep just hanging on without dropping.

There were occasions that summer when we would decide to dance. Since there wasn't any kind of music to be had, we had to improvise our own. It consisted of the wash boiler and a couple of pots and covers. We assisted this by singing as we banged. Ulinda and Mary generally did the dancing while I had to beat the music.

We older girls also learned to swim that summer. My father knew how to swim but he had never taken the time to teach us. We would walk to Frances and Elizabeth's home where Frances was spending her vacation and her brother Will would take us across the river where there was a shallow place where we could touch bottom and he helped each one at a time until we were able to swim on our own.

During the first part of July 1915, the Nakao family began making preparations to move to their ranch where Curlyhead had spent a good part of the time. Though our lease would end in December, we had not made any plans yet as to where we were going to live after we left the island. A few days before the Nakao family left they prepared a feast to celebrate the end of the harvest and all of their workers in

both our ranch and their other ranch came to join them. My mother, Ulinda and I were also invited. They had assembled a long table with benches and chairs in the large room of our basement apartment. The table was covered with food of every description, some that I was familiar with and some that I had never seen. There was plain unsalted rice which they ate instead of bread and which I had already learned to like very much from the time that Kodama had worked for us. There was also rice cakes and fish cakes and small bowls of food and sauces of every description, many of them we had never tasted before. Having lived close to Japanese people for so many years as we had, we were very much at home with this sort of feast.

By a coincidence Paul arrived shortly before the banquet that day and joined us at the table. He had never had any contact with oriental people as we had, and every plate that was passed to him at the table, he laughed as he looked at it. I became very embarrassed. I had not seen Curlyhead that morning as the whole family was very busy preparing the feast, nor had Misao come to tell me that he was there. When we entered the room some of the workers were already seated and as I took my place at the table I noticed that Curlyhead was sitting across and a few places beyond where we sat. He was leaning forward and his head was hanging low as he stared at his empty plate. I could not help but feel sorry for him. He appeared to be very embarrassed that Paul was there. The rest of the men chattered and laughed throughout the meal but Curlyhead did not join them. He continued to keep his eyes buried in his plate and accepted the dishes of food and passed them on without ever looking up. Mr Nakao made a speech in Japanese after we finished the meal, then spoke in English, mentioning how close the two families had become during the short year we had lived so close together, and of how well we elders and the children had gotten along together. A short time later we all left, the workers leaving for the other ranch, including Curlyhead.

The day came for the Nakao family to leave. Some of the workers came from the other ranch to help move their belongings. I did not see Curlyhead and wondered if he had deliberately remained at the other ranch. I finally asked

Misao if he had come or not, since she had not come to tell me he was there as she usually did. She said he was inside the house. Misao appeared suspiciously quiet.

Soon the men began moving the small amount of furniture from the basement apartment and carrying it to our wagon which Mr Nakao had bought along with our horses Mike and Kate. The belongings included the boxes and cans they had originally brought with them in which their flowers were planted. At no time did Curlyhead come out and help them. I still had not had a glimpse of him.

The men climbed onto the wagon and waited for the family to say their farewells. Still Curlyhead did not appear. I wondered what had happened to him, had he left on foot as he had done so many times before? In despair I went to the side of the house where the sycamore stump stood and sat on it. I could hardly believe that he was going away for good and was not going to say another word to me.

There was a half window in the room downstairs facing me and the sliding glass was wide open. It appeared very dark inside the room and I could feel its emptiness. Then I saw him. He came to the window and looked at me without smiling. I held my breath, waiting for him to speak, to say whatever it was that had brought him to the window. Our eyes held each other for a moment and there was a faint touch of sadness in his. Then a half smile played on his lips as he raised his hand, waving it sideways, and in an almost inaudible voice said, "*Goodbye, Miss Chosee.*" I waved back and in a low voice answered, "*Goodbye, Curlyhead.*" He looked at me for a moment longer, then turned quickly and faded into the darkness of the room. I never saw him again. In that last moment he had seemed to have wanted to say something more. He did not have to. I could read it in his eyes for I was thinking the same thing, "*Whites are white and Japanese are Japanese. They do not mix.*" I did not even know his real name. He would always be Curlyhead to me. In the many years that have passed since then I have thought of him occasionally, wondering where he lived and if he ever remembered that year on Andrus Island. No doubt he married and perhaps had a large family. He loved children. I have also wondered if he had ever again passed the place

where we all had lived so peacefully in a far-off time. Could he have stopped under the weeping willow and stared at the empty swing hanging motionless? Could he have pictured the hands that once clung to it in endless joy? Could he have felt the silence around him where in a happier time the air was filled with the voices of happy children? Did he ever wish he could live that year over again? I have. I was so young then.

Three years later I had the occasion to be walking through Isleton Chinatown, passing quaint little stores that lined the narrow street, when I heard a voice call, "*Chosee!*" I turned to see Mrs Nakao. She had stepped out from one of the small stores. We greeted each other and asked for each other's family. She said her children were out playing somewhere. Mr Nakao was out also. I was sorry to miss seeing them. The small store was theirs. They lived in the back part of it. I could have also asked her for Curlyhead but I did not.

On one day that late summer, Ulinda and I drove the cart into Isleton to buy groceries. As we turned the corner of the road that bordered our land I noticed a flock of sheep that had not been there when we left, munching on the small alfalfa patch we had there, and on the road directly in front of us stood Chris. A shepherd's tent also graced the alfalfa patch. It irritated me to see Chris herding sheep. I thought only Basques should herd sheep, as they were very adept at doing this since they came to this country from a small province in Spain where they were used to the isolation and lone living required of these shepherds in their mountainous territory. I could not see how Chris could adopt this type of living, moving from place to place where there was good pasture land, living in a tent and cooking for himself and the two sheep dogs that had been trained to keep the sheep within a given stretch of land, and moving them from place to place after cropping each section.

Now that we were not going to farm the land any longer, Frank had moved his sheep there to pasture the greenery that had grown so fast that summer on the asparagus field and the alfalfa strip.

As I was driving past Chris, he stepped out in front of Mike and grabbed his bridle. Chris was laughing when he greeted us but I couldn't see anything funny about the situation. Here was young, handsome-looking Chris tenting close to our home, herding sheep and laughing as if it was a big joke. I could not hold myself from telling him what I thought of him and I said, "*You dirty shepherd.*" I saw in his face that he did not like what I said but I did not retract it. I touched Mike with a snap of the reins and drove on. Chris jumped out of the way.

I had seen a lot of Chris during the past year while he worked for Frank and I had found him more fascinating and interesting than Paul. In fact I was wishing I had met him before I got interested in Paul. I could not understand, though, why he did not appear to have an inclination toward a better job and not be a drifter. I could not help but compare him to Paul who was established with a business and a nice home that anyone would love to live in, and could be married any day, had he found someone who did not have religious restrictions. If a marriage had been accepted by The Church between cousins, we would have probably been married by this time.

When Ulinda and I arrived home my mother suggested we invite Chris to supper that evening. At the table he laughingly told my mother I had called him a dirty shepherd. I apologized to him saying I was sorry, but I wasn't. As far as my mother was concerned all she saw was a very handsome man for one of her daughters, and of the right age.

She made it her business to be out of the way when he came over in the evening to sit on the steps with us. There was always a merry chatter among the youngsters. The trapeze would be in constant use. I would sit on the steps with Chris and we would talk or listen to the chattering children. Later, Chris would leave to go to his tent and sleep. In the morning he would start his campfire, cook his breakfast and be ready for another lonely day. We could see him out there with a magazine in his hands as he watched the sheep that they might not stray from a particular part of the pasture land.

Sometimes I would compare Chris's work to what my father had to do, pacing the land behind a plow, harrow or cultivator. Chris had only to squat on his heels and read his magazine for long periods of time. He could even have taken his camp stool and sat on it while he read and watched the sheep. It wasn't a back-breaking, dirt-tramping kind of job. Chris actually had a lazy man's job.

Chris knew, of course, that I was engaged to marry Paul. He had met Paul. I was wearing Paul's ring all the time and I did not pretend that I was footloose and fancy free, but I had begun to ask myself if I wasn't making a big mistake in hanging on to Paul.

One day I told Maria that I didn't love Paul, but that I would probably marry him anyway. She said she did not believe me. Paul had still not been able to get a dispensation from The Church and I was getting tired of waiting for something I believed wasn't going to happen. Paul knew that I would not marry him outside The Catholic Church. Truthfully, I was beginning to feel guilty about Paul. I felt I was using him as a shield so that I would have a longer opportunity to look around until I met someone that would really appeal to me. Not that Paul would not have been good for me in more ways than one, but his warmth for me seemed to be lacking. He felt more like a brother to me and I a sister to him. I would probably make a good cook, but was that all that he wanted? I wanted more than what he was offering me, a nice house to live in, and a ranch of cattle and fifty thousand dollars that was going to be thrown in by a fortune-teller. I wanted a man that I knew loved me and that I loved him also. The way things were between us, I felt we were foreigners to each other.

Several months before we were to leave Andrus Island, we received the news that my uncle Antone, my mother's brother, had passed away quite suddenly. He had been living at his small orchard in the vicinity of San Jose. My grandmother had been living with him for some time as my uncle Antone had never married. My mother and I went to the funeral. My mother's sister, Mary, and her daughter, Bessie, from Chico were also there to attend the funeral. Bessie was to remain with my grandmother until my uncle's

estate was settled. Since he had willed everything to his mother, my grandmother, there were no problems, except that my grandmother, knowing that we were on the verge of leaving the island with no destination in sight, began begging my mother to come and live near her. She even offered to give my mother a portion of land on which my mother could build a home.

After my mother and I returned to the island, we began discussing where we were going to live. Up to this time we had been certain that we were going back to Rio Vista. Now we were all in a quandary. Some of us wanted to go to Rio Vista, while the others wanted to go to San Jose. We finally agreed that we would spend a few months with my grandmother and if we liked it there, we would build a house and remain in that area.

In the middle of November, 1915, we stored our furniture in Frank's barn in Rio Vista where only his landau and horses were stored, and my mother and all of the rest of the family but myself moved to my grandmother's house in San Jose. We had gone back to see the place shortly before when we visited the World's Fair with another aunt and uncle from New Bedford, Massachusetts. They encouraged my mother to settle near my grandmother so she could keep an eye on her. My grandmother was in her eighties but was very healthy and strong. She still walked over a mile each morning to go to church in Milpitas.

I had been having a few teeth filled in Rio Vista and since the work had not been completed, I remained with Maria and her family for two weeks until the dentist was finished with me. While I was staying with Maria, we took a ride in their new Ford to Tyler Island to visit Maria's uncle and aunt where Albine worked.

While we were in the farm house visiting, Albine walked in from his work in the fields. I had never seen him unshaven and wearing dirty working clothes before and it was a shock to me. We didn't even speak to one another and I don't think we even said hello. We acted like two strangers. I had seen him shortly before we moved from the island on an occasion that my mother and I had gone to Rio Vista to leave from there for Sacramento to attend to the matters still

concerned with my father's estate. On that occasion Albine was at Maria's house when we entered for a few moments. He was sitting at a table writing a letter. He was also waiting for a steamer, except that he was going to San Francisco to see the World's Fair. On this occasion, we scarcely looked at one another, let alone spoke to each other. With my diamond ring on my finger, I had become taboo.

On the day of my twentieth birthday one of the lodges was giving a dance that night and we were planning to go to it, Maria, Chris and I. During the day I began to wonder if Albine was coming to the dance. I did not hear anyone mention this the day we were visiting his family. Possibly, if Chris had not been there, I might have mentioned this casually. The evening of the dance, curiosity led me to the garden when the mail boat tooted and I waited to see if Albine came away from the wharf with the passengers. I lingered a little longer out there and since he did not show up I returned to the house. When I entered it he was there, having come around through Main Street.

The four of us went to the dance that night without being chaperoned. I had not had such a wonderful evening for a long time. Both men looked outstanding among the crowd that was there. They were both dressed as elegantly as they could be, Chris did not look like the sheepherder of only a short time before and Albine did not look like the dirty farmer I had seen only a few days before. We remained throughout the dance, changing partners with each dance. Chris kept reminding me that it was my birthday and he still had not wished me a happy birthday. When we were back in Maria's house, Chris came up to me and gave me a kiss and said, "*Happy Birthday.*" Albine looked at us sort of shocked and then came up to me and put his arms around me and also kissed me and wished me a happy birthday. Still hanging on to my hand, he tried to kiss me again and I pushed him away. He cornered me with his two hands against the wall and I ducked under his arms and ran to stand by Maria and Chris who were laughing at our antics. The next morning we all went to church together. After lunch I went into the parlor, closing the door behind me, and began playing the piano. A short while later Albine opened the door and stood there

looking at me without entering the room. I just looked at him and waited to see what he was going to do. Finally he said, "*I'm going home now. Goodbye.*" I said, "*Goodbye,*" and quickly turned back to the piano and began to play. Without looking, I could feel that he was still standing at the doorway. A few seconds later he closed the door quietly.

After the dentist finished with me I left for my grandmother's place in the San Jose area. Her small home and orchard were about half way between Milpitas and San Jose. I was not one bit happy to have to go live in that area. It meant having to make new friends again, if there could be new friends again. Somewhere in my life I wanted to hang on to someone, not make friends and lose them. It seemed I had to keep losing someone I liked. At that time I liked Chris more than anyone else.

My grandmother's house was very small with just two bedrooms and a kitchen. Evidently at one time it was one bedroom and a living room, beside the kitchen. Now there were eleven persons to be bedded. There was a small cubbyhole in the back which seemed an addition, or intended for an extra bedroom. In this small room was a set of bunkbeds where my grandmother and my cousin Bessie slept. My mother slept on one of the beds with my two youngest sisters, Tessie and Claire. Mary, Anne and Louise slept in the other double bed. Ulinda and I slept on a mattress on the floor of the younger girls' bedroom. Someone had lent us a cot for my brother, Joe, to sleep in the kitchen. My school-age sisters were walking to school at Berryessa, a very small village about two miles away. Besides the school there was a store and about half a dozen houses. An electric train ran from San Jose to Berryessa and on to Alum Rock Park. When we wished to go to San Jose we would walk to Berryessa and take the train.

There was a Portuguese family living only about a large block away from my grandmother's house. There were four children in the family, two younger daughters and one daughter, Ruth, about my age. There was also a son called Mark. We became very friendly with them all. Mark had a buggy and horse and was fond of driving to San Jose to see a movie on Sundays. He began asking me to go along with him

and his sister, Ruth. There wasn't much to do around grandmother's house that would be interesting and so I welcomed Mark's invitation. We began to go to the show almost every Sunday. I would also go to their place quite often to see Ruth. I got to like Mark very well and I felt he liked me a lot also.

I also was doing a lot of writing to my friends, including Maria, Chris and Paul. One day shortly after I arrived there I received a card from Albine. He wanted me to write to him. I did not. I did continue to write to Paul and Chris.

There wasn't much to read and so we did a lot of walking. We would walk toward the hills which always seemed to be an inspiration to climb, but we never did climb them. They were very beautiful in their verdant clothes of spring. The orchards also came into bloom while we were there and were very enchanting. The mailman also came straight toward the house on this road and I would be watching for him at the time he was due to come. I don't think he could see me inside the window but he knew I was there and whenever there was a letter for me he would put out his hand with the letter in it and wave it as he approached the mailbox. The view of the hills from the house was inspiring but the mailman knew I wasn't watching the view. He must have been a mind reader.

We generally walked a lot along Capitol Avenue which ran along in front of grandmother's house. Quite often we stopped at another girl's house where a second cousin of ours lived. She played the piano beautifully and we would sing along with her music.

My mother had come with the intention of either buying or building a house not too far from my grandmother's place. She began scouting around looking at new homes and partly built homes. A second cousin of hers drove us around in his surrey since there was no other way to get around for us. I went along with her but it was her decision to make. It was going to be her house and I expected her to make up her own mind but she seemed very undecided as to whether to build a house there or go back to Rio Vista and build or buy a house there.

My sister Ulinda was very serious about remaining in the San Jose area and finding work of some kind that she could do. There would be work in the fruit packing sheds but you had to have transportation of some kind. Ulinda had become quite friendly with another second cousin of ours called Mable who lived in Milpitas. She would spend weeks with Mable who was older than Ulinda but was still single. We got to the stage where, after four months of discussion, whether or not to go back to Rio Vista was the uppermost thought in our minds. I had lost complete interest in remaining in that area. I felt something was calling my mother back to our home town also. We finally decided to go back.

My mother and sister Mary went ahead of the rest of us to find a place to live during the time we had to wait until a new home was built. The rest of us remained with my grandmother until we heard from my mother telling us what day we were expected to arrive.

Though Paul and I still wrote to each other, our letters had become quite infrequent. I felt the dispensation we had expected was hopeless and that we should call the whole engagement off. We could go on waiting forever. Truthfully, I was glad he had not been able to get it and it was a good reason to call the whole thing a stupid blunder. I had been hoping, though, that Paul would initiate the idea of us giving up. I had not even asked him to come see us while we were at my grandmother's and he had not come on his own. I did write and tell him the day we were leaving for Rio Vista.

I was shocked and surprised to see Paul walk in two days before we were to leave for Rio Vista. He acted as if everything was still fine between us. We walked alone on the road that led to the hills. I could not convince Paul that we were only wasting time and that we would never get a dispensation. I wanted so badly to say to him, "*Forget me. Find someone else,*" but I did not have the heart to do so. I felt that he was sure that I would weaken and go ahead with a marriage outside The Church.

The friends we had made while living in the San Jose area all knew the day we were to leave and we had planned to get together and to spend the day at Alum Rock Park.

Then in the evening we would have a party at my grandmother's house. Only Ulinda and I would be going. Anne kindly offered to make a cake so that we could have cake and coffee that night.

I had not expected Paul to join us but since he was there I asked him to wait over until the next day and go with us to Alum Rock Park. He slept on Joe's cot in the kitchen and Joe slept in my mother's bed. There were four of the girls sleeping in one bed that night.

It was a fun day as we walked happily the two miles to Berryessa and then hopped on the train to the park. Somehow we got paired off as we walked along Capitol Avenue. Ulinda paired off with Johnny, another second cousin of ours. Bessie and Ruth kept together. Mark and I found ourselves walking side by side with each other. The big show was Mable and Paul. Somehow Mable had taken Paul under her wing and they appeared to be hitting it off marvelously. There appeared to be jokes or innuendos being passed constantly between them and they were very hilarious. I couldn't help but think that they must have found it very interesting that Mark and I were together so much all day.

In the evening they all came to my grandmother's house and we played games like Spin the Bottle, and others. After we partook of coffee and cake, everyone left except Paul. He had decided to take the train with us and get off at Livermore and work his way home from there.

Mark had been my escort for four months and I was sorry to have to leave him. The next morning, he and Paul loaded our trunk and baggage into Mark's spring wagon and we were all taken to the station at Milpitas. We were to take the train from there to San Francisco, then take a steamer to Rio Vista. At the station Mark kissed me goodbye in front of Paul. At Livermore Paul kissed me goodbye also. He left the train to continue his journey back to the valley and his home.

When we arrived at San Francisco and walked to the pier, I began to wonder how we were going to get hold of our baggage and trunk and get them on the boat. We were on the right pier and the steamer was there, not due to leave for a few hours yet. I began to walk back and forth nervously,

leaving Ulinda in care of the rest of the children where they were huddled in a group. There were seven of us and we must have drawn the attention of others who passed by at the pier. Suddenly a woman came up to me and asked me where we were bound. I became alarmed and felt like asking, "*What business is it of yours?*" When she saw I hesitated answering, she pulled out a card from her wallet and showed it to me. "*I belong to the Ladies Travel Aid,*" she said as I was reading the card. I explained to her how I was mystified about how to find our trunk and baggage and get them on the boat. She went somewhere to check on them and in a little while I saw a porter wheeling our baggage and placing it inside the boat. We were at the pier several hours before we were able to board the boat. During all the while she kept her eye on us, coming back occasionally to ask if we were all right, telling us where we could find food and a restroom. We did not at any time go too far away from the pier. It was a relief to have someone like her looking after our needs.

The house my mother rented in Rio Vista was very old. It was right across the street from where Tia Madeira lived. We now had a bathroom with a real tub in it and also a toilet. We also had electric lights, the first time we had all this in our lives. What a change this was from the baths in the wash tub, the kerosene lamps that hardly gave any light, and the privy where everyone who was passing along the road could see us run in and out. I felt that we at last had become civilized.

It was also nice to get back to the streets and sidewalks that had been paved, instead of the dusty ground we had been walking on for such a long time. In the evening we began taking long walks through the town, sometimes beyond the dredger cut, sometimes out on the cemetery road, and at other times to either the river road or the waterfront. Everywhere we went the surroundings were most interesting. The bluebells were in bloom on the Montezuma hillsides and we picked bouquets of the beautiful blue flowers and brought them home.

Maria and her mother would accompany us much of the time on those lovely evening walks. We would either walk to their house and wait outside for them to finish their

supper dishes or if they finished earlier than we did, they would come to ours and wait for us. Our two homes were only one block apart.

A few days after we arrived in Rio Vista from my grandmother's place, I was at Maria's house when I began to hear a loud bustling and a lot of talking and laughter. I had not yet seen Chris as he had been staying in the sheep camp near Birds Landing. Chris, still laughing happily, walked in loaded with paraphernalia from the sheep camp. He let it all drop from his arms and stood, still laughing, looking at me. I didn't even crack a smile. I just looked at him coldly and said, "Hello." If there was supposedly something funny to laugh at I couldn't see it.

All I saw before me was a very good-looking young man who was dressed in soiled clothing and looked exactly like what he was, a shepherd. He did not seem to have any more ambition than to just stand around or squat and read a magazine while watching sheep. He appeared to be just too lazy to do anything else. I wondered if he ever thought of getting married and having a home and family like most other men did. I wondered why he left the job he must have had before he became a shepherd. Could he have had a love affair that had petered out leaving him as lonely as a vagabond? Could that have been the reason that he quit his job to wander with sheep? It was hard to tell and maybe I was too critical of him.

I could not help but think of my father and of how hard he had always worked, never satisfied with a simple job but finding ways to add to his income and the welfare of his family. I pictured him taking time off from his work during the winter to seek a little schooling during the time there was no hay to be pressed. I could see him taking time from his small farm in Elmira and going from orchard to orchard, pruning grapes so that he could earn a better living. I remembered him going out at night after a day's work in the saloon to net salmon so that he could provide sufficiently for a large family. I could see him rowing across the Sacramento River to reach Wood Island where he had rented a small section, small enough for him to work by hand, where he had planted sweet potatoes and other vegetables so that he could

add fresh food to our diet. I remember him coming in from a long day of tramping miles and miles over rough ground behind a horse, trying to keep up with the horse's pace, sometimes thirsty when he ran out of water, while all the while he would be telling himself, "*It won't be long now, Joe, and we will be resting in bed reading a newspaper.*" But as he walked home, he still was not finished. There was still a cow or two to be milked. He would no more be a shepherd than he would be a tramp. He had been brought up to do hard work and he believed in this.

On one of the days of the week before the first Holy Ghost Festival, we started out in the evening for our daily walk, first stopping at Maria's place. As Maria and her mother stepped out of the house I noticed that Albine was with them. I was a little wary of him when I first saw him, for it was the first time we had seen each other since the day after my twentieth birthday. Since I had not answered his card that he had sent me at San Jose, and since I believed that he could have known through Maria that I had continued to write to Chris, I wondered how badly I rated in his mind.

Maria and I led the procession of mothers and children, and Albine took a place between Maria and me. We talked of nothing of great importance. As usual I wore Paul's diamond ring on my finger. I began to think of the forthcoming festival that was to start with a dance on the following Saturday. I was sure Albine knew of the festival as I don't think he ever missed one, so I turned to him and asked, "*Are you coming to the festival Saturday?*" He replied, "*What's the use? Who cares?*"

I did not tell him that I cared, that I liked to have someone to dance with. Also that he was about as good a dancer as any man I had ever danced with. Selfishly, though, I was thinking of this, and not of how he might be feeling since I did not write to him or answer his card. In my mind I thought of the up-river girls that he once said he had fun with and I was sure they would all be there that weekend also.

I was shocked when Paul appeared the following Saturday morning. I had not asked him to come, though I thought that since he was there, it would probably be a good time to have things straightened out between us. I wished, though, that he had let us know ahead that he was coming.

We all went to the dance hall that evening in one group. All of my family went, including the youngsters who loved to slide across the waxed floors between dances. Maria and her parents and Chris and Albine also went along with us. Paul, of course, was trying to hang on to me.

The first dance we had, Chris danced with Maria and Albine danced with me. Paul had whispered to me to save him the waltzes, which I did. Albine and Chris took turns dancing with Ulinda also. It was all very enjoyable. There were no preferences. Paul also shared the waltzes with Ulinda and Maria.

The next morning when we were getting ready to go to church, my mother took off all by herself. I knew she was not too happy that Paul had come, but there was nothing I could do about it. We all straggled along to church, some ahead of the others and I had to sit alone with Paul. We followed the queen and parade to the hall, Paul and I alone, and partook of the dinner that consisted of the traditional sopas and meat. I could hardly eat. I was wondering where all the rest of the family were, including my mother. In the crowd it was hard to find anyone.

The two families, my mother and her brood and Maria's family, were sitting together as they had the evening before. Occasionally, the band would play between auction sessions, and we would dance, again exchanging partners. There were hardly any waltzes and Paul sat most of the time, pretending he was having a good time by laughing a lot, but I knew he wasn't, and I wasn't either. In the middle of the afternoon I decided that I could not stand the situation a moment longer. I was not enjoying myself one bit. I wanted to get out of the hall and go home. I knew I couldn't do this without an explanation, but I didn't know the reason myself. In my desperation I asked Albine if he would go out with me so I could get a breath of fresh air. I don't know why I asked him instead of Paul or even Chris. Nothing seemed to be making sense anymore.

We began walking away from the hall, down the dry hillside to a street. We followed the street never talking. Albine didn't know where I was going and I didn't know where I was going myself. All I knew was that I wanted to get

away, from what I did not know. The sun was hot and I was tired from lack of sleep from the night before. We came to a street and crossed it, walked some more and came to another street that bordered the park. We entered the park and reaching some benches under a tree, I sat down. Albine sat down on a bench facing me. I just sat there and hung my head, and never said a word.

Finally I lifted my head and looked at Albine. He looked like he wanted to cry. I smiled at him and his lips began to move. He could hardly get his words out properly, he was so filled with emotion. As soon as he began to speak the first words, I knew I had made a mistake in asking him to walk out with me. He began asking me personal questions. *"Why did I continue my engagement to Paul if I did not love him?"* I said, *"I don't know."* I presumed he knew from Maria what I had told her about not loving Paul. On and on he continued asking me one question after another, as if he had the right to ask and I should answer. He began to repeat the same questions over and over, *"Why had I become engaged to him in the first place?"* was the most asked question. I continued to answer, *"I don't know."*

I felt like asking him, *"Why does a man pretend that he is very fond of a girl and when he thinks she is not around, he goes walking down a river road with another woman?"*

Then he began asking about Paul's ring that I was wearing. Why didn't I give Paul back his ring? Why was I always wearing it?

They were good questions. I wondered why also. Was I hurting Paul in keeping him in Limbo so that I would not get too close to any other man and be hurt again?

I remembered the words I had thought two years before, when on the funeral boat Albine had asked me my age and he had replied that I was too young when I said I was eighteen. I should have said I was nineteen since I was only two months away from that age. I should also have said what came to my mind at that moment, *"Too young today, too late tomorrow."* I had been as fond and as close to Albine then as I ever would be. He just missed his chance. There had been other nice men that had crossed my path since then. There had been other girls that had crossed his path, also.

I knew by his words and actions that he would like to go back and start all over again with me. I wasn't sure though that it wasn't all bravado, inching in against Paul and Chris, in a game of button, button, who's got the button?

When we got back to the hall and to our companions, they were looking at us very queerly, though smiling. Suddenly, Paul reached down to the cuff on Albine's trouser leg and pulled out a foxtail and held it up. "Look," he said, with a sick laugh, "he's got a foxtail on his pants." I felt my face burn. What was he getting at, I wondered. The whole hillside outside of the hall was a mass of foxtails. You had to walk through them to get to the hall. There was no road going up to the hall. Hadn't he noticed this?

The dance continued again that night and we were all there again. I saved the waltzes for Paul again and danced a lot with Albine. Chris looked tired and in need of sleep. The next morning was Monday and Paul did not leave as I expected him to. There was going to be the rest of the sopas and meat served again and some dancing in the afternoon and this would close the first festival.

I didn't feel one bit like going back to the hall that last day. With all the people so merry there I could only feel a great sadness in my heart. When it was almost time to go I went instead to my room and closed the door and hid my face in my pillow and sobbed. I couldn't stop and my mother came in and found me still sobbing. She went out and told Paul to go in and talk to me. He only laid his hand on my shoulder and stood by me quietly. A short while later my mother came in again and said Maria and her mother were outside and were going up to the hall for lunch and wanted to know if we were not going also. I got up, went to the bathroom and fixed my face as best I could. I had already dressed to go so did not linger too long. As I stepped out of the door, I noticed that Albine was with them. I could see by the way they all looked at me that they were sure I had been crying. Albine looked at me as if to say, "You brought all this on yourself. Don't blame anyone else." I wasn't blaming anyone else. I was truly blaming myself.

Paul did not go back home until Friday. It was a very dull week. Sometimes we would go out walking, but never



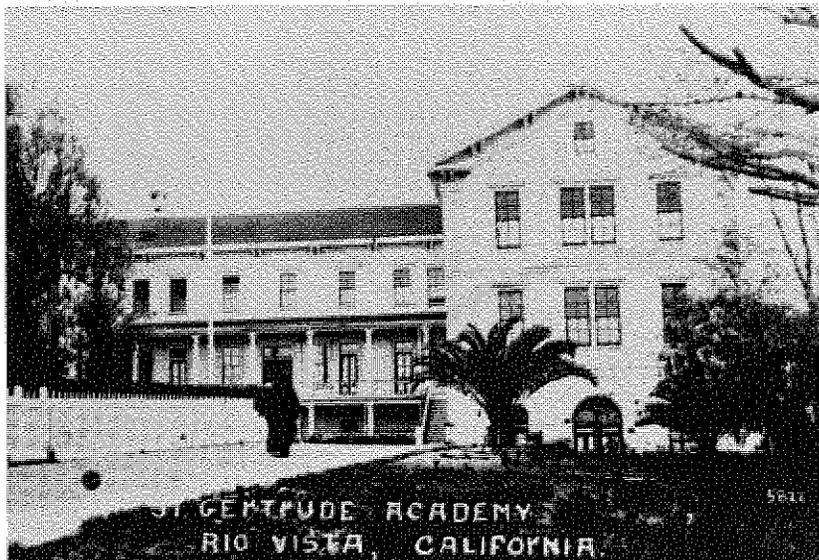
My mother, father, Clara and I (on the left)  
1897



(Left to right)  
A sister-in-law, my father and mother, Clara, Ulinda and  
I (and hats).  
About 1899



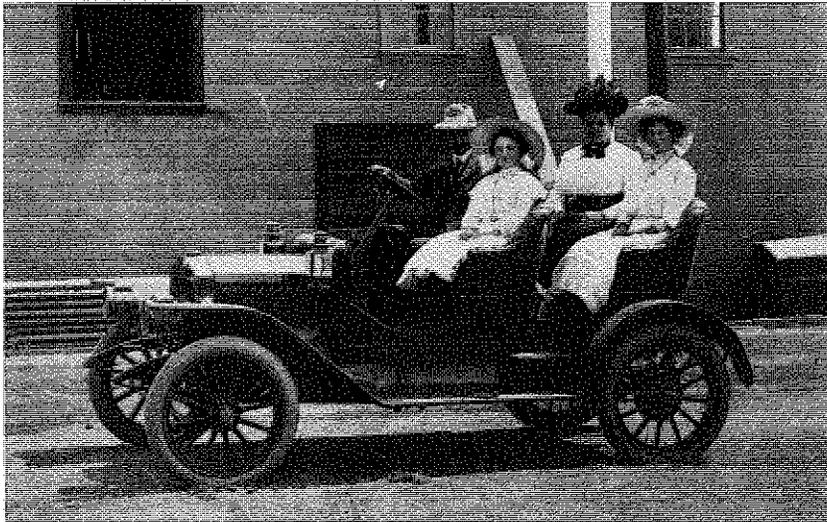
The saloon in Rio Vista  
1968



St Gertrude Academy, the convent school in Rio Vista.



Clara and I (standing)  
1910



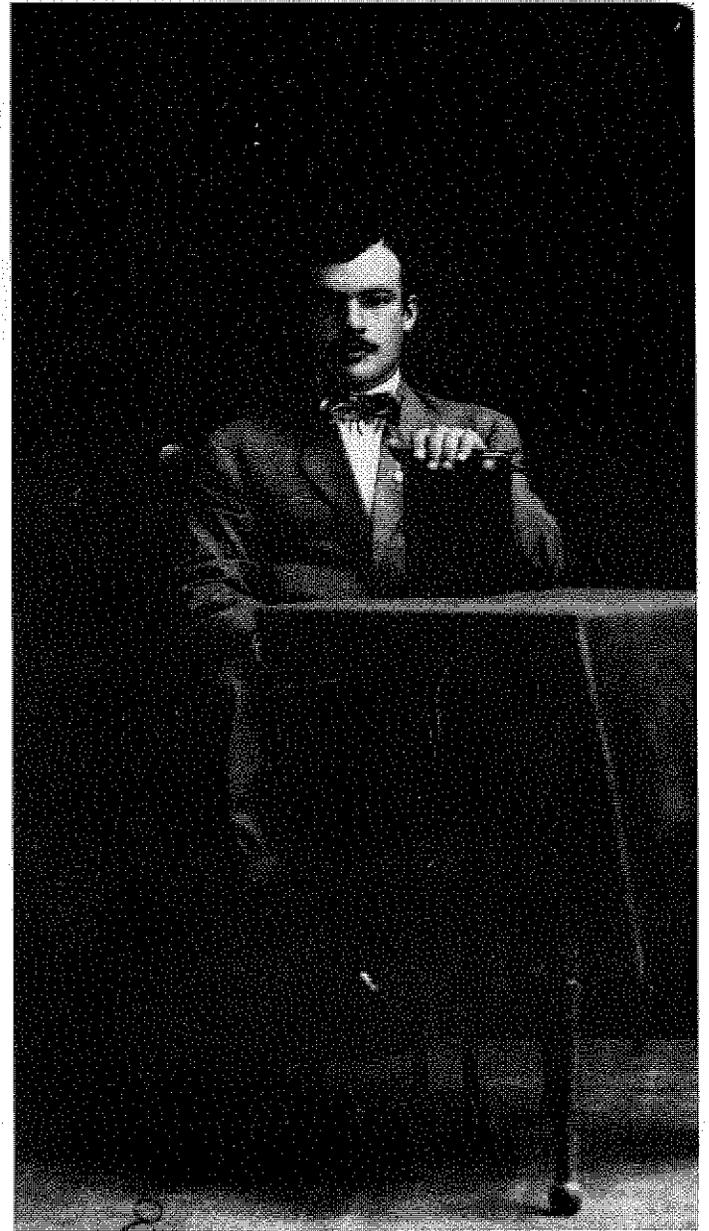
My first ride in an automobile  
(I'm in the front seat)  
1910



The picture of Albine on Maria's dresser, age 12



I, on Andrus Island  
About 1914



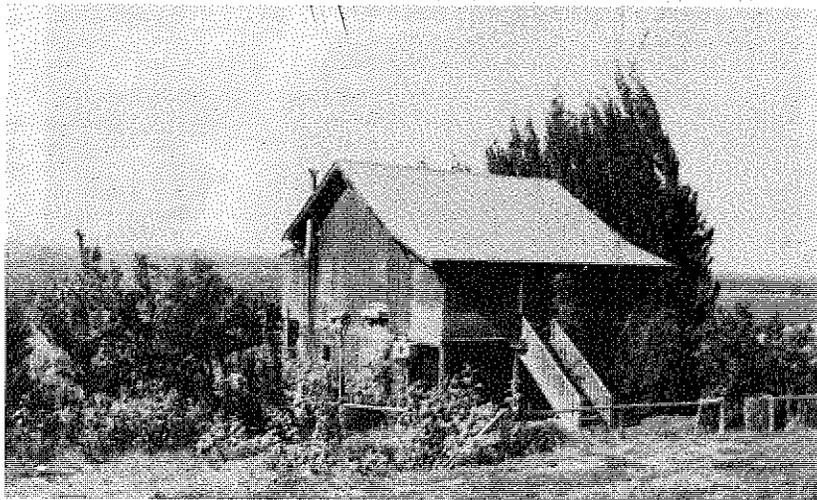
Albine, about 1915



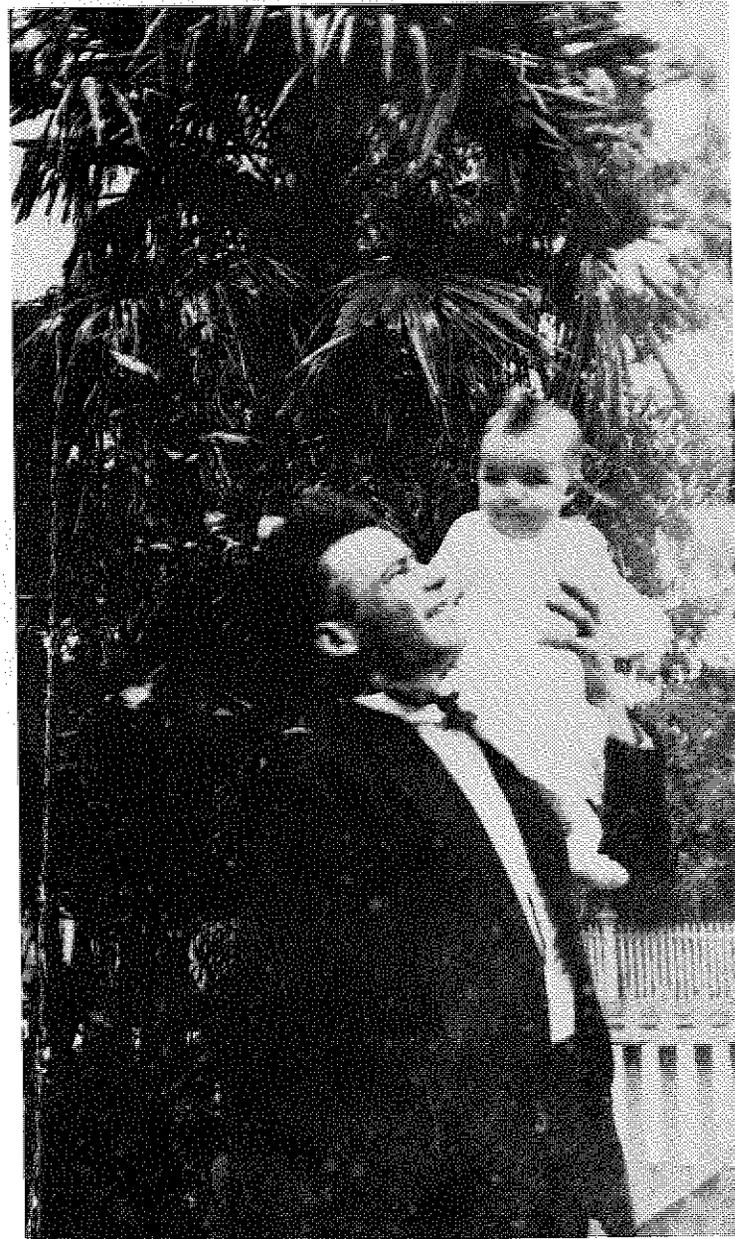
Albine and I a week before our marriage.  
1917



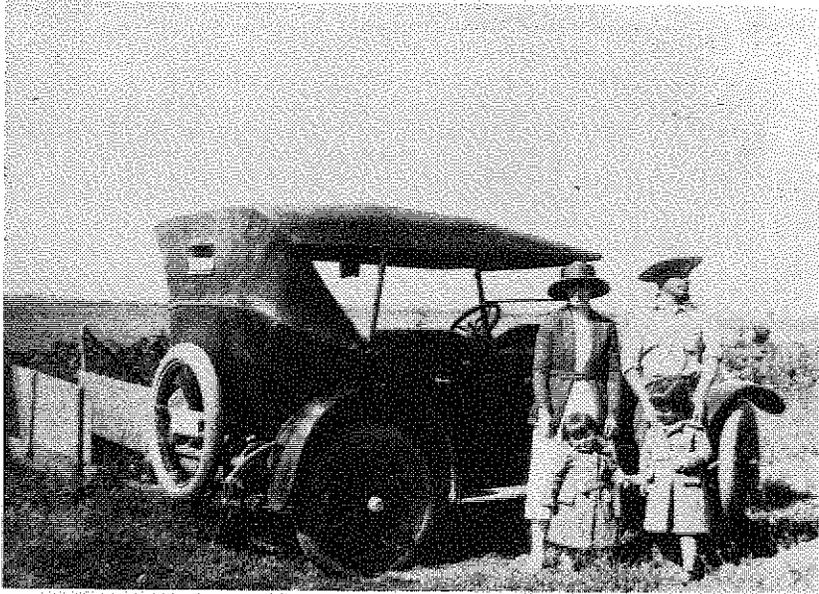
Our Wedding Day  
June 17, 1917



Our home in Twitchell Island



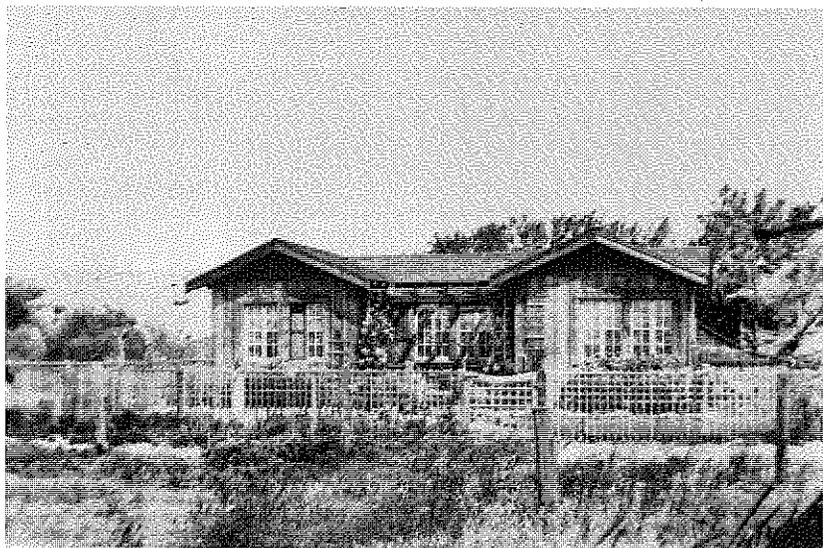
Albine and Mavis  
1918



Albine and I with Jean and Mavis and our Gardiner  
About 1922



Mavis, 1922



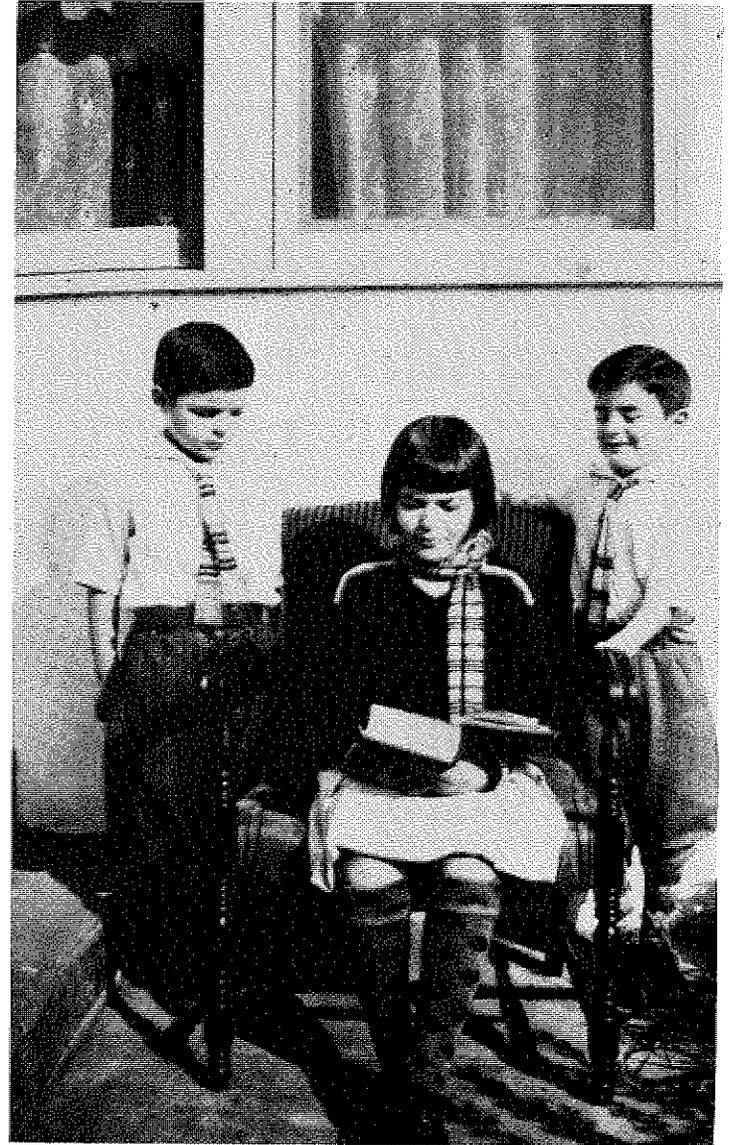
Our home in Sherman Island



Our home in Rio Vista



Albine and I in our patio, Rio Vista.  
About 1931



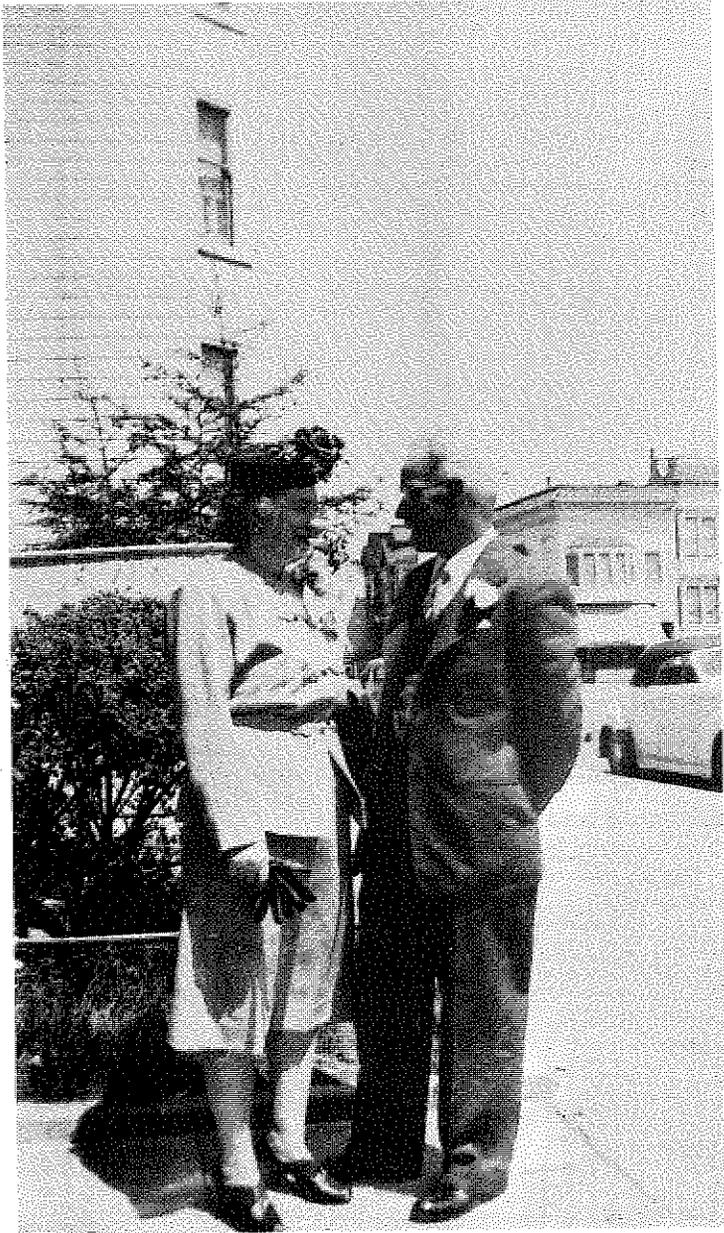
(Left to right)  
Allan, Jean and Lloyd, Rio Vista  
1931



Our first home at Pirate's Lair  
1938



Albine and I and our family  
(Left to right) Lloyd, Jean and Allan.  
1943



Albine and I leaving for the Azores.  
1946



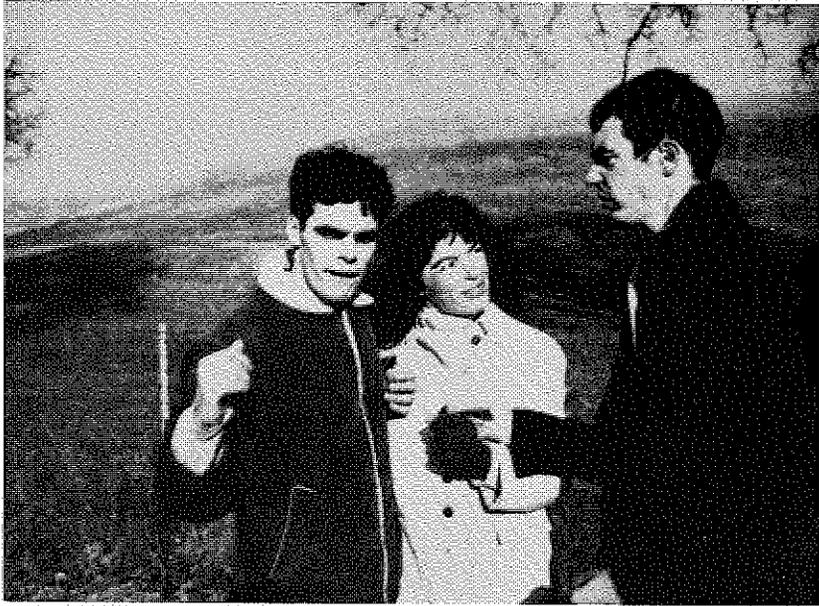
My mother  
About 1945



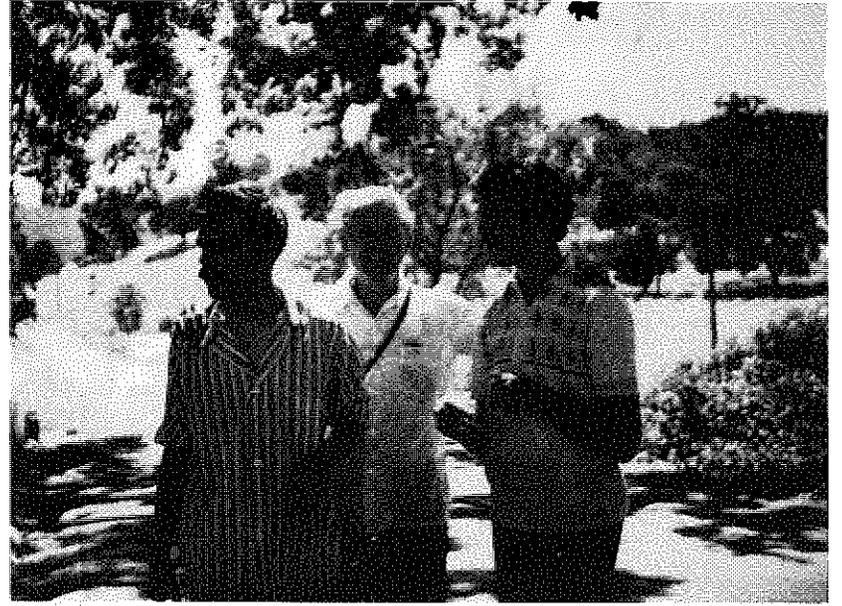
The Vieira Family  
(Left to right) Claire, Anne, I, Joe, Ulinda, Louise,  
Theresa, Mary  
1973



Our second home at Pirate's Lair



Jean and sons (left to right) Michael and Will.  
1973



Bill and sons (left to right) Michael and Will  
1978



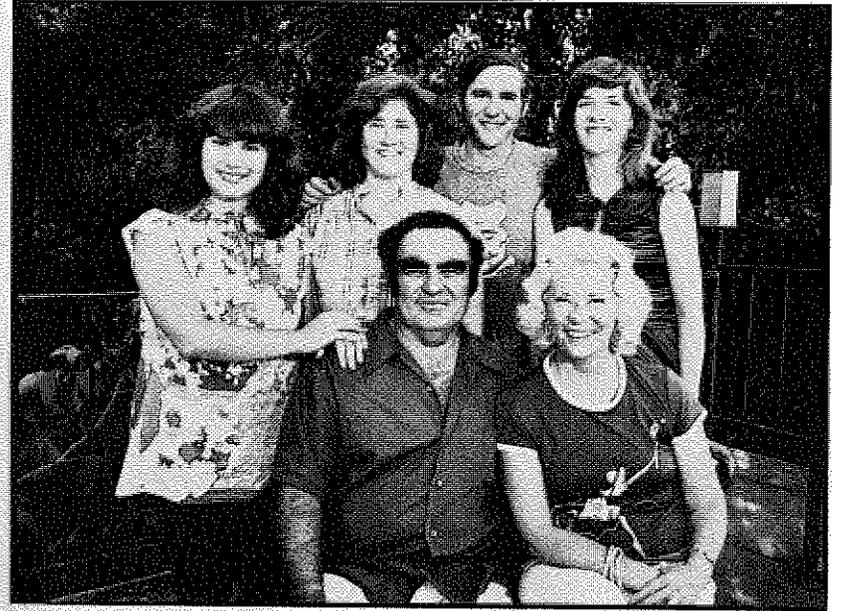
Allan and Ethel  
1978



Marty  
1978



Dean  
1978



Lloyd and Pamela and family  
(Left to right) Kandace, Kathleen, Kipling, Kimberly  
1978



I, Shonny in my garden.  
1978

alone. There were always some of the children with us. In the evening, we walked as usual, all the family going along including my mother.

On one of the evenings we stopped at Maria's house and went in. As we were leaving and were already outside of the door, Maria's mother called Paul back inside while we waited outside for him. He was there all of ten or fifteen minutes and then came out. He did not say a thing of what was said inside of the house, and I did not ask him. In fact I did not want to know but I thought I knew. Later, he had a chance to tell me without anyone listening. Maria's mother had told him he was wasting his time with me, that it was hard to get a dispensation from The Church and that I would not marry him otherwise.

One day during the week, Paul asked me what it was that I wanted, that he could not understand me. For one thing, I could not come out and say what I really wanted. It was too embarrassing to talk about it in front of the children. They were in the room, in fact I was combing one of the youngster's hair. So I spelled it out, "I want L-O-V-E." He did not say anything in response. It was a poor situation to talk of anything so intimate. Indeed there never seemed to be an opportunity to talk about anything that there weren't one or more of the seven youngsters around.

When he was ready to leave for the wharf to catch the launch that would take him to Antioch, he asked me to go to the wharf with him. We left and stopped at the park. No one had followed us. We sat on a bench close to the entrance and tried to discuss the situation. It was then that he explained to me that there was a young girl in his area that he was pretty sure he could marry anytime. I did not feel any jealousy, if that was what he expected of me. I thought, "Good, this makes it easier for both of us." I could tell him now without hurting his feelings too much. I said to him, "Paul, we are never going to marry each other. We are only wasting our time thinking we will get a dispensation. Let's call off the whole thing and find someone else. You go back and marry that girl. She will be better for you than I could ever be. We will always be cousins. No one can take that away from us ever."

Paul did not seem to have anything to say in reply. He pulled his watch out from his pocket and looked at it. "It's time for me to get down to the wharf if I'm going to get that launch," he said. He got up from the bench and so did I.

"Are you going to walk to the boat with me?" Paul asked, his face very composed. I was not sure if he was relieved at my words or if they had hurt him. Probably a mixture of both.

"Let's say goodbye here," I said. "I want to go home."

Without saying another word, he kissed me goodbye and turned his back to me and walked out of the park, leaving me standing alone, watching him go. I did not move as long as he was in sight, walking along the sidewalk, tall and straight and proud, with never a backward glance. What could he have been thinking about? Relief, probably, as I was feeling, perhaps thinking the same thoughts I was having that after almost two years of a dream that could not mature, we were now parting forever. I knew it had to be that way. Perhaps I had known all along that he was only a refuge, that I could always break the ties that held us while we were single, but this I would not do if we had married. I did not believe in divorce. Paul turned a corner and disappeared from my sight. I walked home alone.

On the way home I stopped at the postoffice to get our mail if there was any. Indeed there was, one letter and it was from Mark. We had continued to write to each other. With all that had happened that day, and without even opening his letter, my thoughts flew to Mark. What would my future have been, had we remained in San Jose instead of moving to Rio Vista? I had no doubt that Mark would have become very serious as perhaps I would have become also. The situation would have been the same as with Chris and Albine, men without a future to look forward to, just riding along with the tide whither it went, with no home to live in and possibly squeezing in with relatives until the day when they could afford a home to live in and raise a family. Only Paul was standing on his own two feet. No wonder I had been attracted to him.

After I got home I opened Mark's letter. He wrote that he had missed me very much since we left San Jose. He also

said that whenever he looked at my grandmother's house he could almost see me outside with my hand in the air waving to him, also that it had not been any fun going to the movies anymore without me. He finished by asking me if I would marry him.

Needless to say, I was shocked. It had been only a few short minutes before that I had been thinking of Mark and of how hopeless it was to get involved with anyone in his position. Did he for one moment think I would be willing to go live with his parents for whom he worked? Or, could he be thinking that he was going to fit in with my family? I liked Mark but that was all. He had been a good companion while I was there in San Jose, but that was all.

My mother was watching me as I read the letter, no doubt wondering from whom it was. I must have been in her mind a lot during that time. Maria's mother and my mother were so close that I believed my mother was using Maria's mother as a confidant. I could see she had become very uneasy about me. I couldn't go to her though and talk to her because I was afraid she might suggest whom she preferred to see me married to. I believe at that time it would not have made much difference with her as long as I did not marry Paul.

A sudden thought occurred to me as I re-read the letter — that it would be interesting to find out what her wishes were and how much was she involved in my future. I handed her the letter without saying a word. I did not care to discuss Albine with her. I did not want to be told whom I should marry. I was not her child anymore. I just wanted to see her reaction to the letter.

My mother looked at me strangely and said, "I like Albine." I began wondering why she liked Albine. Was it because he was Teresa's brother, Maria's uncle, a part of that family? Was that what was important in her eyes? I couldn't find out because I did not want to talk about Albine. Whatever happened between us concerned only him and me.

Maria's father had bought his first car, a Ford. Francis, Maria's half-brother, was quite young then but learned to drive it soon. While Francis was learning to drive the car, he would give Maria and me rides around town. Sometimes he would drive out in the road along the Montezuma hills. It wasn't long before he was taking Chris to the Sheep Camp near Birds Landing and Collinsville. Occasionally, Maria would ask me if I wanted to go for a ride and I generally accepted.

On the following Saturday after the first Holy Ghost Festival, Maria said she and Francis were going to the Sacramento Northern railway station to pick up her father who was due to arrive that morning from San Francisco. Having nothing else to do at the time I decided to go with them. I still had not started to pack Paul's ring, also the gold bracelet and lavalier with a diamond in it and a few other things Paul had given me. I had planned to do this the following week. I also had to write a letter to send along with the gifts I was returning. I also had not told a soul that I was disengaging myself from Paul. I did not want anyone to know this until I had sent his things back to him. I was afraid if I should tell Maria, she would tell Albine.

When the train arrived, not only did Maria's father step out of the train but also her uncle Albine. Maria's father got into the back seat with Maria and me. Albine sat in the front seat with Francis. I was sitting on the left side and from where I sat I could get a good view of Albine without anyone noticing that I was staring at him. I was curiously noting the back and side of his tousled dark hair, his firm neck and broad shoulders and his folded arms. He seemed to be deep in thought. No one spoke much and there seemed to be an aura of mystery as to where they had been and why they had gone together.

As I sat and looked at Albine from that back seat I felt myself being taken back to another day, another night when

we had danced together most of the time, remembering also how he had tightened my hand after each dance as he led me back to my seat. I was only seventeen then but very conscious of his presence. I had thought of him for a long time after that night.

I had gone back to the convent feeling the same thrill I once felt for Steve, a warm sweet sensation that someone seemed to really care for me again. I remembered the bleakness of the island when we arrived home after school was over, with nothing to look forward to each day and how hard it was to settle back again to the monotonous chores of everyday living. I thought of how every night after I washed the dishes and took the dishpan out to the porch where I emptied it into a slop bucket, I would stand for a few silent moments gazing across the darkened fields in the direction that Albine lived and I had hoped that there could have been some magic way that we could have communicated our thoughts to each other in some psychic manner.

I remembered the day I had taken the girls to Isleton to board the launch that would take them back to the convent, and Albine had appeared at the wharf out of nowhere it seemed, and of how happy I felt to see and talk to him again. Our encounter had seemed so brief and I had wondered what we could have had in common to talk about without delving deeply into ourselves. It had seemed such a short time before he had to leave and be absorbed by the Gardiner Store where, on its second floor, a lodge meeting was being held, and as its secretary his presence was needed.

Still fresh in my mind was our meeting again a year later in the funeral boat, and how, sitting side by side, we had again talked and laughed light-heartedly about nothing of importance and he had asked me my age, and to my reply had said I was too young. In my mind I read the card he had written only a few days later, asking me to meet him in town the following Sunday, and on which he had signed, "*Yours forever, A C Korth.*"

As I sat in the car and thought of these things, a strange feeling began to flow through me. I could not keep my eyes from his folded arms and the thought came to me that I would like to crawl into those arms and let him hold me

in them forever. Perhaps then I would find peace of mind which I had not had for so long.

It was a cold day and the car being an open one, I felt very chilled. When we arrived back at Maria's house, she asked me in. Maria, Albine and I were in the dining room alone and I mentioned how cold I felt. Albine put his arms around me and said, "Let me warm you." I slipped out of his arms and backed away.

That evening we went to the second Holy Ghost Festival dance at the pavilion. Since it was a short way out of town Ulinda and I rode with Maria and her family. My mother and the younger children did not go. My other sisters walked and so did Albine and Chris. It was a relief to go to the dance without Paul. I had not yet said anything to anyone that I had decided finally to break my engagement to him. I even wore his ring that night. I did not want to talk about it until I had sent back the jewelry and other things he had given me.

Albine seemed very happy and very sure of himself that night. Chris appeared very pensive. While we were dancing Albine explained that he had gone to San Francisco to sign a lease and make arrangements to rent a fifty-acre parcel of land on Twitchell Island, and also to contract with a cannery to sell the asparagus crop that he eventually expected to grow, for one and one-half cents a pound. Albine also said that the owner of the land was going to furnish lumber for him to build a house and he and a carpenter were going to build it at his own expense. He seemed to be very happy that night as if farming on his own had given him a lift. Unlike Albine, Chris appeared glum and did not dance much but sat and talked with Maria. While Albine and I were dancing he began talking about us and I cut him off with a laugh and he instantly sobered and said, "Why is it that you can never be serious when I talk about us?" The remark instantly subdued my mood. For the moment I had been breathing freer, also trying to keep him from being too serious himself. I promised I would be serious if he wished. The thought came to me that he was going to ask me to marry him. I said, "What is it that you want me to be serious about?" He replied, "If I had asked you to marry me, what

would have been your answer?" I wasn't very happy at the sneaky way he was trying to find out my sentiments. I said, "Maybe I would have said yes and maybe I would have said no."

At my answer, Albine began smiling contentedly. I must have given him the answer that pleased him but to me it did not make any sense, especially since Maria had asked me the same question a few weeks earlier about Chris. She had said, "If Chris had asked you to marry him, what would be your answer?" I had given her the same answer I had now given Albine. I had thought it a strange question also, and wondered why she had asked me that. I was not one bit happy that such a question should have been asked about two different persons. I felt that my answer was the proper answer anyone could have come up with and still not bare my sentiments.

For the remainder of the evening Albine and I danced mostly together. He seemed to be enjoying himself and I was also. After the dance was over I rode home again with Maria and her family, and Chris and Albine walked.

The following morning our whole family went back to the hall after mass and again we partook of the dinner usually offered to all who wished to eat. A short while after we were sitting in the dance area of the pavilion, Albine showed up and asked me if I would like to accompany him to the ice cream parlor downtown for some refreshments. Beer and soft drinks were being served at the pavilion but he seemed to be wanting something different. I glanced at my mother and said, "We are going downtown to have some ice cream." She only nodded but there was a look of glory in her eyes.

It was a few blocks into town and on to Main Street where the ice cream parlor stood. As soon as we started walking on the main road away from the hall, Albine lifted my left hand and stood looking at Paul's ring and back at me with a critical look. I just smiled. What else could I do or say? I was stubborn and had made the decision that I would tell him that I had broken with Paul when the time was ripe. I was afraid that if I told him I had broken with Paul it would almost be like I was asking Albine to marry me. I felt that if

he cared enough for me it was up to him to let me know about it. I wanted to be wanted, not be taken as a convenience as Paul had always seemed to think of me.

We sat in a little alcove near a window in the ice cream parlor. There was a curtain around part of the alcove so that, excluding the window, we were very secluded. It was a very hot day and Albine, like all the other men at the festival, wore a suit. He was perspiring constantly, the drops of moisture spouting from his forehead like rain or tears. He reached for my hand and held it after we were served our refreshment. Again and again he asked me why I did not break away from Paul and give him back his ring. The only true answer I could give him was, "*I'm thinking about it.*" I wouldn't say, "*I am.*" He began making promises of what he would do if I were to become his wife. I could see that I had arrived at another critical point in my life. This time I was going to go through it more carefully. All I could say to myself was, "*I'm not sure.*" Was this what I really wanted, being married to Albine? Paul was completely out of my mind now. It only remained for me to send his things back. Then I truly would be free from him.

I could not help comparing Albine with Chris. Albine was taking on his shoulders a small business even if it was only farming. He was trying to make a future for himself, wanting to build a home and marry. Chris was beginning to look at Albine and me from the opposite side of a fence. Chris would probably not be able to marry anyone for years. Yet I felt sorry for him. I was to feel more sorry for him a few weeks later.

Albine went back to the hall but I did not linger there very long. There was very little dancing and the committee was auctioning off the donated articles and other things and it was very boring. I was tired and thought I should rest as we still had the dance coming that evening.

Albine and I seemed to be in a world of our own that night. We danced constantly together. We seemed to have forgotten that our families were watching us, even Chris. On the next day I packed all the things Paul had given me and sent them to him. I also wrote him a letter, apologizing for having waited so long before doing this. I hoped that he

would marry the girl he had mentioned to me and that they would have a good life together.

The following Sunday afternoon, Francis, Maria and her mother and my mother and I rode to Fairfield where my godparents were now living. Here I remained with them for the next two weeks. Marie, their adopted daughter only a couple of years younger than me, was grown now and engaged to be married. The first World War was still going on and her fiance was expecting to be called into the service. He was a local man and every evening he would come to see Marie and take her out. When they returned he would step in for a few moments and then leave. Marie would step out with him to the front porch to say goodbye and close the door behind her. I was amazed that my godmother was not the least perturbed about her being out there alone with him. I could not help but compare Marie to myself who never had a moment that I could have talked with a young man that my mother and my sisters and brother were not around to listen, except at a dance.

When I arrived back home in Rio Vista we started out walking that evening as we usually did. That was the only pastime available and it had become a normal part of the day's activity. We walked to Maria's place which now was a block away, expecting her and her mother to join us as they usually did. We found them in their rose garden and Frank and Albine were with them. Chris was at the sheep camp and had not come in that evening. Maria and her mother greeted me and asked how my short vacation had been. The evening was warm and we remained talking with one another and did not go on our walking jaunt. I was standing on the outside of the white picket fence and Albine moved closer to me on the opposite side and said in a muffled voice, "*Will you meet me at the park tomorrow at two o'clock?*" I nodded an assent and he walked away slowly.

After I finished my lunch the next day I just sat in the front room without doing or saying anything. My mother pretended she was not noticing me but she kept coming in and out of the room for one thing or another. Time passed, one o'clock, one-thirty, two o'clock, and I just sat there. I could picture Albine sitting on a park bench, minute after

minute, looking at his watch and wondering what my game was now. I wondered how he felt when he realized that I had no intention of going to the park to meet him. I felt embarrassed to go to the park and meet a man alone.

My mother kept looking at me and after a while she asked me why I was so silent. I told her the truth, that Albine had asked me to meet him at the park and I did not feel like going there alone. Having such a big family around me for so many years, I felt strange going somewhere alone. My mother, bless her soul, suggested that I ask Albine to come to the house the next day and take me to the park with him. I was happy that she did not suggest that I take one of the girls with me.

That evening, as usual, we left on our daily walk and stopped again at Maria's. Again they were in the garden and my mother began talking to Maria's mother. Albine was still there and I saw him slowly pull away from the group with scarcely a look at me. He was inside of the fenced yard and I was on the sidewalk outside the fence but I felt he was trying to draw me to where he could talk to me alone. I thought that he was going to ask me if I was playing games with him. I followed him to a corner and very soberly and perhaps a little angrily he asked me why I had not met him at the park. I explained to him that I felt out of place going to meet him there alone and if he did not mind, my mother had suggested that he come to our house and I would go to the park with him the next day.

It felt wonderful to be walking to the park with Albine. I did not have the feeling I was sneaking there to meet him as I would have felt had I gone the day before. We sat and talked on the same bench I had sat on with Paul only a couple of weeks before. We had a lot to talk about even though Albine appeared tired. He explained to me why he had been unable to speak of marriage long before this, that he had not been in a position to marry anyone while working for his brother, that he did not want any woman to be deprived of the necessities of life because she was married to him. He did not actually ask me to marry him, but said, "*When can we get married?*" I said that I had always thought I would like to be a June bride and that if he did not mind

waiting that long, I would prefer that we should wait until the following June. He let out a big sigh as if he had just reached the top of the mountain and saw that there was still a long way to the bottom.

I began to plan my trousseau, something I had never done while engaged to Paul. Now that I had someone else in my mind I was able to forget Paul completely, and also the San Joaquin valley where I had wanted to live so badly. I still kept the pictures of the lovely bungalow in which we were to live and of his horses and the surrounding buildings. They were the dream I wanted, not Paul. I had given them up for a life back on the Delta Islands of California, to live with the man that most certainly had been chosen for me by God. The picture I had adored when I was a child had only been the beginning of a dream that came true.

I found that the money my father had started in my bank account was not going to be sufficient for my trousseau and I decided to find some work to earn some more. My mother had all she could do to support the rest of the family without my marriage being an extra burden for her. A woman who worked in the town laundry said they needed someone to fill in there and I applied for the job and got it. It paid only fifteen dollars a month and I had to work six days each week. It was very tiring, pushing sheets and pillow slips into a mangle all day long. At noon I walked home for lunch. By evening my feet hurt so much I could hardly walk home. The minute I reached home I would grab the first chair I found near the door and sit in it.

Chris decided to stop herding sheep that summer and go back home to work in his mother's orchard until something better turned up. I was alone in the front room when he came to say goodbye. He said he would not have remained single if he could have afforded to get married. I was surprised how emotional he appeared when he said it was not fair to him to stick around anymore. His last words to me were, "*God help you.*"

I was glad to hear that Chris was going to look for another job than herding sheep. I never could understand why he had undertaken such menial work. He was young, very good-looking, very well built and seemed to be the

proper person to work in an office or a mechanical job. Later I heard he had lost his mother and had taken over the orchard on his own.

When the house Albine and I were going to live in was finished, Maria and her mother took my mother and me to see it. Francis drove the car. Albine was sitting alone at a table in the kitchen when we got there. He was writing one of the many letters we had exchanged with each other. His handwriting was beautiful and I had been saving his letters inside my small trunk where I was keeping the articles of clothing for my marriage. When the rest of the family went out to inspect the barn and other things of interest, and with only Maria left with us, Albine and I stood at a window in the kitchen overlooking the asparagus fields that had already been planted. With his arm over my shoulder and his head against mine, he looked at me very quizzically, wondering perhaps if the house pleased me a little, hoping no doubt that it did. I did not say anything, either in favor or against it. It was exactly as I expected it to be. I had helped to make the plans and knew how it was going to be, more or less. It was home.

There were a few pieces of very ordinary furniture in it, but I had not expected anything different. It was a haven, a place where we could live close to each other, and where I would feel secure and protected like I felt when my father was alive.

We were married on June 17, 1917 in St Joseph Catholic Church at Rio Vista. It was a small wedding with only our families and a few special friends of mine attending. A few weeks earlier I had been surprised with a shower, hosted by my very special friend, Frances. When we left on our honeymoon some of the family and my girl friends went with us to the Sacramento Northern railway station to see us off. As we stepped into the train they began showering us with rice and I felt very embarrassed and not too happy. People were watching out of the windows of the train and could see that we were newlyweds and I did not want anyone to know this. I was so stunned that the people on the train were all looking at us as if we were freaks, and throughout the ride Albine and I scarcely spoke to each other. I couldn't guess what Albine could be thinking or if he was just enjoying the landscape, but, strangely, in my own mind I began thinking of the moments after we were married and had started back down the aisle arm in arm. I glanced at my family sitting in a group and the thought came to me that it was almost as if they had come to my funeral, and looking at my mother I began to smile and she had puckered her lips and frowned as if to tell me not to smile but to look sober for a marriage was a serious thing, not a joke to laugh at, and how I instantly stopped smiling to please her. I also began thinking of the delicious dinner prepared by Maria's mother and of which I scarcely ate any, especially the salted almonds I loved and at the moment was wishing I had brought to eat on the train.

Not long after we boarded the train a man came through the car and said quite loudly, "*Do you people know we have a newly married couple on board?*"

Our destination was Pacific Grove and I was soon standing at the site where I had seen another young couple holding hands during the feast of lanterns, and had wished that someday I could do the same, and here I was holding

hands with my very own young man. Since we did not own a car we walked except when we took the streetcar to Monterey or Del Mar. We enjoyed the long walks following the trails through the cypress trees, pausing to peer through the windows of vacant summer homes which we admired and dreamed of having someday. We walked through the dunes and along the beaches and watched the surf break against the ochre-colored rocks. We waded in the surf and toasted ourselves in the sun-baked sand. What a wonderful feeling it was not to have a raft of children around me continuously.

Our hotel was the Del Mar and we ate our meals at a restaurant close by. On one of the first nights at the hotel, Albine must have felt very magnanimous and decided he was going to show me how much he loved me by making a great sacrifice — he would stop smoking. He promptly threw his bag of Bull Durham and cigarette paper out of the window whereupon it landed about three stories below. Later that night he looked down out of the window to see where his tobacco had landed and if it were possible to retrieve it. Next morning he hurried downstairs and out to the nearest place where he could buy some more Bull Durham and cigarette paper.

The only light we had in our room was dangling from the middle of the ceiling. One night I was trying to turn it out and was kneeling at the foot of the bed trying to reach the cord whereupon Albine came to my rescue, also kneeling at the foot of the bed. Our combined weight pushed the mattress and spring down and as we both looked back, we saw the head of the mattress and spring rising silently behind us. We both turned so quickly back to the head of the bed that the mattress and spring dropped down with such a bang that it probably was heard throughout the hotel. For a long while we lay in bed in hysterics at the noise we had made.

When we were getting ready to leave for Twitchell Island after we arrived at Rio Vista from our honeymoon, my mother said, "*You ought to take one of your sisters with you. Why don't you take Louise.*" I could not believe my ears. I was now married, subject to my own and my husband's wishes. I felt that I did not have to have my

mother tell me what I should or should not do. I also wanted to get away from my sisters and brother, and not have them tagging along with me wherever I went. Louise was almost fourteen years old and I felt I did not need a supervisor any longer. I wanted to be alone with Albine as we had been on our honeymoon, for a while anyway. We had scarcely yet said all the things we wanted to say to each other.

To give my mother some credit, her thoughts were for my well-being. I heard later that after we had left on our honeymoon, she had wept, perhaps as all mothers do when each child leaves the nest. As usual, I did not want to go against her wishes, so I asked Louise if she wanted to go with me, hoping she did not. She said she did, but I was not one bit happy with the arrangement. Fortunately, she became bored almost immediately and wanted to go home. The butcher launch, run by Beanie from Rio Vista, stopped at our place twice a week as it had done when we lived in Andrus Island and she was soon able to go home as she wished.

So I found myself back on an island in the Delta of California, where my fondest wish had been to get away from there. I was back to a house without a bathroom, where you had to take a bath in a washtub in the middle of the floor and warm the water over a woodburning stove, back to coal oil lamps, also back to a privy at the end of a pathway where everyone could see you going in and out be it rainy or sunny. But during the winter that came so soon, I found myself loved, warmed, sheltered and protected. What more could I have asked for? I felt as if my father was again protecting me with his presence and his ability to keep our household safe from thunder, lightning or intruders. Indeed, at times, as I sat across the table from Albine I had a haunting impression that it was my father sitting at the table with me and it rather startled me. I felt that the months I had spent alone with my father on Andrus Island were still all too vivid.

Our nearest neighbors in Twitchell Island were also Portuguese and though we visited them shortly after returning to the farm from our honeymoon, they appeared unfriendly toward me. Albine had boarded with them while our house was being built. He had paid for his room and board and we later heard that they had expected to be invited

to our wedding. There were other neighbors though who lived across the island about two miles away and who came to see us and welcome me into their midst. We became very good friends. On the same side of the levee where we were and about a mile away was an Italian family. Marianna became one of my closest friends and three years later I had an occasion to need her for which I was forever grateful.

Since Mr and Mrs F were still living on Andrus Island we saw each other very often. At that time Elizabeth and Frances were living in the Bay Area. Only Will was home and was running the small store the family had started, which was actually an addition to the home they lived in. It was a very handy place for us and the fishermen along the river and slough to purchase such items as canned goods and other non-perishable food when necessary. In this store was a section where hard and other liquor was served. As I have mentioned before, one corner of this store served as the postoffice which was in existence for many years.

There was a small rowboat available for anyone from Twitchell Island to row across the slough to and from the store. It was also very handy for us not to have to walk the three miles into Isleton to get mail and groceries.

Albine had bought an old rowboat which we kept at our waterfront to cross Seven Mile Slough, from Twitchell Island to Andrus Island, when there was need for him to walk to Isleton for other necessities. Our farm was almost across from the site where my father farmed and where we lived before moving to Rio Vista. From Twitchell Island we now had two ferries to cross to get to Rio Vista. I never dreamed that I was going to live so close to the place I had wanted to get away from so badly.

Since we were in the midst of summer, the days were quite warm. Albine had already planted a row of poplars on the West side of the house to help ward off the strong West winds that occasionally swept the island, carrying away precious soil and depositing it in another location. The wind would also bring us dust from other parts in such quantity that it would enter into the house through every crack available and during these times you could write in the dust covering the floor. Beans had been planted between the

asparagus rows as was customarily done the first couple of years until the asparagus was mature enough to be cut and shipped to market.

Albine had started a small flock of chickens and occasionally they would lay a few eggs, but since it was summer, most of them were molting and some were setting on eggs. He had also planted a small vegetable garden behind the house which provided us with fresh vegetables. Johnny, the butcher from Rio Vista, was still sending his meat launch twice a week among the islands as I mentioned, and we were supplied with fresh meat without having to walk to Isleton to purchase it. We did not have any electricity so did not have a refrigerator either. To keep milk and other foods from spoiling, I wrapped a cloth around the containers and from a higher elevation I would have a bucket of water from which a cloth would be immersed with one end of it positioned on the food container to keep it continually wet. The breeze would cool the moist cloth and keep the food from perishing.

Even though I felt very happy, I could not help but remember many things that Paul had told me about his cattle ranch, where all you had to do, if you needed money to pay your bills and did not have it, was to round up two or three heads of cattle and truck them to the slaughter house where you would be given a substantial check that would take care of your needs for a good while. There was hard work to be done there also, milking the cows and toting the milk to a creamery. There was a lot of responsibility also when you had to ride among the cows to be sure calves were taken proper care of when they were born, even bundling the weak ones and lifting them up to the saddle as you trotted them into a shelter where capable hands would warm and feed them, and in a day or two have them back on their feet. It had all seemed so simple when Paul talked about his ranch.

This that we had on Twitchell was a farm of uncertainty and expectation. The roots of the asparagus had been buried deeply in the mixed peat-clay soil of the Delta island and we had to wait two years for the project to prove worthy of the work and expense involved. We expected that it would. The beans planted between the asparagus rows would, when harvested and sold, tide us over for a period of

time. We expected that they would but were not certain. From the small flock of chickens that Albine had, we placed eggs under brooding hens and expected them to hatch. We spent hours fishing in the slough, expecting to catch fish to eat. Sometimes we did catch a sufficient amount for a meal.

We scanned the bank of the levee for elderberry trees and their lush black fruit. When we found some we made jelly. When the first winter rain in early October moistened the dry soil, we went out looking for mushrooms on the flank of the levee and sometimes found enough for a meal. We also went through pockets of unused clothing expecting to find one more penny so that there would be five cents, enough to buy a bag of Bull Durham for Albine. We had purchased a bred cow and expected her to calf. By the end of August I knew I was expecting a baby in April. Albine expected a son. Those were the dream days. The words most always on our lips were, "Some day." Some day we would do this or that or have something or other. Our lives were filled with expectation.

In December we had not yet sold our beans. They were stored in a commission house in San Francisco. The price offered to us for them was so low that we decided to wait to see if it would rise. We were at war and prices of most farm produce were rising. When we got to the point of needing the money to pay the rent, Albine went to San Francisco and sold the beans. He also brought me a Christmas gift, a gold bracelet with the lettering, "A to J," engraved inside of it.

In early winter our cow calved a lovely heifer and we had nice fresh milk to drink. Our friend, Mrs F, began walking the half mile to our place to get fresh milk for her tea as she had done when we had lived on Andrus Island. She would take only enough to last her for three days, storing it in the icebox in the store. As she had always been, she was a welcome visitor, more like one of the family and I always looked forward to seeing her. I would visit her occasionally also. I was very grateful for her friendship for if I had any problems I was able to confide in her. Though she lived on Andrus Island and we on Twitchell, we were both adept in rowing across the river. Since their store had a telephone we

felt relieved knowing that we could get in touch with a Doctor at any time should we need him.

Since the cow produced more milk than we could use, I began to set milk in pans to raise cream and make butter. At the point opposite Mr and Mrs F's place there was a fisherman who would buy all the eggs and butter we could spare. That gave us a little pocket money for it was a long wait before the asparagus began paying us back the money it had taken to get the crop into production.

I left for Rio Vista around the first part of April 1918, not knowing exactly when to expect the baby and not wanting to be caught at such an isolated place in an emergency. I was expecting to give birth to it at my mother's new house which she had built in Rio Vista. About four months after I had become pregnant I had come down with scarlet fever. I had gone to my mother's home not knowing what was ailing me. A Doctor came to see me and thought that the fever and sore throat had been caused by a cold that I was coming down with. The following day my body was covered with a rash and we called him again. When he saw what I had he immediately quarantined the whole family. For three weeks my sisters and brother were kept out of school and were very unhappy over this, not being able to go to school during all that time. As the time approached for the baby to be born I began to be a little concerned that the scarlet fever could have produced some bad effect on it.

Mavis Marie was born on April fifteenth, 1918. We were a little disappointed that she wasn't a boy especially since Albine kept talking about his son and here we were following the same pattern my mother had and perhaps would have the same luck she had, one girl after the other. However, within a few weeks neither Albine or I would have changed her for all the boys in the world. She was so easy to care for, scarcely cried and we hardly knew or felt we had a baby in the house.

When school was over for the summer that year, my mother asked me to take Claire home with me and try to help her with her reading. She had done very poorly in school and needed coaching. My brother Joe was also fond of coming to stay with us during the summer vacation. He seemed to enjoy

staying at our ranch more than any of the rest of the family. Sometimes during the day if Mavis had not gone to sleep when she should have, he would wheel her buggy back and forth until she fell asleep. As Joe grew older he began using Albine's gun to hunt mudhens which when skinned were very delicious to eat. On one occasion he took the gun and boat down the slough to hunt and did not come back for several hours and we began to feel that we had not been very wise to let him go off like that alone. It was such a relief when he finally showed up that I could not help but scold him for my having to worry over him so much. When I finished talking to him I almost had him in tears.

In the fall we again had a crop of beans to trash, and as in the previous year, we had a couple of Portuguese men working for us harvesting them. They slept in a room in the basement of our house which had been built like all houses in the islands with enough height to clear the upper floor in case of flood. I now not only had to care for a baby but also had to cook for the field hands as I had done the previous year.

In late March 1919, we began cutting our first crop of asparagus. We had contracted with three Portuguese men to cut the asparagus for so much a box. Two years had gone by so that left us eight years on our lease in which we would be harvesting the asparagus. So far we had just been able to get by on the two crops of beans and were now looking forward to making enough money to pay our bills and also the money we owed.

We had looked forward with some anticipation to the day we would be able to buy a car. The year before, we had bought a buggy and using one of our working horses had been able to go into Isleton or Rio Vista to visit or to shop. A car was our next goal when we were able to get out of debt. Toward this end, I offered to wash the asparagus and save the money we would have had to spend to pay for an extra man.

I had washed asparagus for my father and was very adept at doing this, but at that time I did not have the care of a house and a baby to be concerned with. However, I thought I would be able to manage and I did. It was hard work, getting up early enough to get breakfast, feed Mavis,

bathe and dress her, straighten the house as much as I could in a hurry. She was beginning to take a few steps but I kept Mavis in the buggy with a strap holding her from getting out of the buggy. The weather during April was still cool but I kept her bundled up, giving her a bottle of milk when she was hungry and changing her when necessary. The water in which I had to plunge and wash the asparagus was very cold to my hands, especially in the morning when I began to wash and pack the asparagus. The boxes weighed about fifty pounds and I had to move them alone. Albine had fixed a long table where I slid the boxes after they were full and when he came home from working in the fields he would nail the covers on them and stack the full boxes while I left for home to start a fire in the stove and fix something for us to eat. I did not feel sorry for myself but was very happy that I was able to do this much to help. Albine was tired too, walking back and forth behind the horse as he harrowed portions of the asparagus fields down and stacked up the rows again, which was part of the cultivation of asparagus.

When Mavis was fifteen months old, we decided to have another child, hoping the baby would be a boy. Since I was pregnant during the second year of cutting asparagus, I did not offer to wash it. I had my hands full washing clothes by hand, ironing them with an iron heated on the wood stove. I did not have to make any clothes for the new baby as I still had all the garments needed for a baby that I had sewn by hand.

Marianna's husband had bought out the store of the district superintendent and when Albine went there to call the Doctor when the baby was due, Marianna came with him to help in whatever way necessary. Louise and Joe were staying with me also and they had been helping me so that I was being properly cared for.

The Doctor came immediately, having to be rowed across the slough by Albine, and in no time at all, Dorothy Jean was born on the eleventh of July, 1920. I knew my mother would not have been too happy if she knew I was going to have another child, so I never told her about the new baby I was expecting. I am sure someone in the family must have told her, but she never said a word about it and pretended she did not see my expansion.

Marianna was excited after she saw the baby and said to Albine, "It's a boy." The Doctor did not say anything to the contrary and we believed Marianna. When she was washing the baby the next morning she called Albine and said, "Do you think you have a boy?" "Of course," Albine answered, a little ruffled, thinking she was playing a little game with him. "No," she said emphatically, "she's a girl." Albine was so shocked that he wanted to tell me right away but Marianna didn't want him to as she was afraid it could upset me. Albine's face was white when he came to me with the news, asking the same question Marianna had asked him, "Do you think we have a baby boy?" "Of course," I said, wondering why he should be asking me such a foolish question. "Well, it's not. It's a girl," he said vehemently. Louise had just started to write a note to our families announcing the new birth. She had just asked me what she should write as she stood before me with a pen and paper in her hand. I had just told her to say "We have a nice fat baby boy." Now after Albine's explosion, she again asked, "What shall I put down?" "Nothing," I answered, and so we did not send any announcements. She was only my second child. I pitied what my mother and father must have felt to have six girls one after the other born to them. The seventh, a son, must have seemed to them a miracle. Yet they were to have two more daughters following the son.

Albine went across the slough to get the Doctor the next morning when he came to see if everything was well with me. Albine asked the Doctor the same thing we had been asking each other, only he put it in another way, "What was the baby, a girl or boy?" The Doctor answered, "A girl, of course." "Then why didn't you correct Marianna when she said it was a boy?" Albine asked. "I thought she was trying to make you feel good," the Doctor answered. I couldn't understand that philosophy. Both girls were so very good that I scarcely felt that I had a couple of youngsters to raise. After I was strong enough we would take long walks along the levee, Mavis walking and Jean in the buggy. There were no cars to worry about.

Before Jean was able to walk, I would take her in her buggy and park her near the board walk we had where the boat was tied. Since I always had the brake on the buggy I

did not worry over her as I could see what she was doing. I would then help Mavis into the boat with me or let her play on the bank. On one occasion I was fishing from the boat, still tied to the board walk, when I heard a splash and instantly Mavis screaming, "Jean! Jean!" I could see that the buggy must have slipped the brake and Jean and the buggy had tumbled into the river. Fortunately there was only about a foot of water where she fell. She was on her stomach with her two hands in the water and mud, bracing herself to keep her face above water, the buggy partly on top of her. I jumped into the water and landed in the mud almost close enough to reach her. She was screaming indignantly at me, but outside of a scratch on her forehead, she was not hurt.

When Jean was almost nine months old we began more seriously talking about buying a car, as soon as we had enough money to buy it. Our asparagus was producing very well and we were almost out of debt. Again I offered to wash the asparagus that spring to save the money we would have had to pay an extra hired man. Albine would come in early from the fields and finish washing and packing what was still left to do. He had to also haul the boxes to a landing about a mile away where it was picked up by a steamer and transported to San Francisco.

It was hard work, washing sometimes fifty boxes of "grass," as everyone called asparagus in those days. Mavis was barely three years old and Jean still not walking. I would park Jean's buggy in the asparagus shed where I could watch her and take care of her. Mavis played around, sometimes in the shed and at other times outside. There were no ditches where she could fall in and she was very good at entertaining herself. Besides spending long hours in the shed, I had a number of other things to do in the house, like cooking, washing all the clothes by hand, hanging up long lines of diapers, sheets and other clothing, ironing the clothes, carrying wood up a long flight of stairs to burn in the wood stove. Sometimes Albine would bring in wood in the evening to last the next day. He would also do the day's dishes at night while I bathed the girls and put them to bed. I felt tired all the time and began to take an iron tonic to keep up my strength.

That summer of 1921, Albine and I went to San Francisco to see an auto show. We left the children with my mother. We looked the cars over very carefully, we thought. We had no idea what to look for, nor even had heard of half the cars that were listed in the catalogue. By the looks of one car in the catalogue and the price, we studied that car over as it stood among the others. It was called Gardiner, and we decided that when we had the money, a Gardiner would be the car we would buy. We had no idea how it would perform, nor how it would feel to ride in it. During the winter Albine built a small garage and in early spring we wrote to the company that handled Gardiners and asked them to deliver a car to our door. Within a couple of days the car was delivered and Albine gave the agent a check for fifteen hundred dollars, the cost of the car. The agent drove Albine to Rio Vista and took a boat back to San Francisco. Francis, Albine's nephew, drove him home and gave him a couple of lessons behind the wheel on our alfalfa patch. For a couple of early evenings, Francis would bring the car back for Albine to practice. Later we all went to Rio Vista so he could practice on the streets and Albine drove the car home alone with me and the two children in it. We arrived home safely, crossing on the ferry from Brannan to Twitchell and home. By that time a bridge had been built across the Sacramento River and we had only one ferry to cross.

Albine's brother had bought a Studebaker and we all decided that summer to go to Pacific Grove. We had never been able to go back to our honeymoon site for the lack of money and the births of our two children and we could hardly wait to get there. It was a very enjoyable vacation for the four of us elders and our six children. As we drove back in August through the Altamonte Pass, we seemed to be getting a whiff of early fall, the pungent smell of the island peat and dewy fields, all signs of early winter which I never could look forward to with ease.

I decided I was going to learn to drive the car also and got behind the wheel on the road on top of the levee. I found that it was much easier than I expected, even though you had to shift the gears. I always had the feeling that if another person could do anything, I could also, if I had the strength.

It wasn't long before I was going to the point across from the store to get the mail, even though I had to turn around on top of the levee on a wider space made for that purpose.

That winter Francis talked us into driving our car to San Francisco and taking his mother along to spend New Year there. Since Francis was driving, we thought it was a great idea. We left the two girls with my mother. It was a hilarious evening, something I had never seen before as we paraded along the sidewalks of Market Street with the immense crowd. The next day we left late in the afternoon for home.

It was dark when we arrived at Rio Vista to drop Francis and his mother off and to pick up our two girls. My mother tried to talk us out of going home that night, thinking it would be too dangerous on the muddy, graveled road that had such large puddles of water when it rained. It was raining but we thought we could make it. Since it was the Christmas holidays, we took Joe along with us. As luck would have it, about halfway home, on the Twitchell Island road we got stuck and the wheels of the car kept spinning without moving the car. Luckily Albine had changed his trousers for an old pair he had brought along for an emergency such as we found ourselves in. He began walking home to get the horses to pull us out. Joe remained with me while he went.

About two hours later we heard the chomping of the horses' hooves on the muck-filled road. Albine was riding on a sled we had. He unhitched the horses from the sled and tied a rope to the front bumper of the car and hooked the double trees to it. The horses easily pulled the car out of the rut. Poor Joe had to sit on the sled and drive the horses home behind the car. After a lot of skidding we managed to get home and to shelter. Both Albine and Joe were soaked.

Maria's father owned a ranch at the western end of Sherman Island. Francis, her half-brother, had been working in a bank in Rio Vista for a number of years. Because of the war, the price of everything had gone up, including the price of asparagus, and had not receded. Francis's father had an idea that sheep had not been as fruitful as perhaps asparagus would be in his Sherman Island land. He wanted Francis to farm it, but since Francis had no knowledge of farming, he would need a partner who could guide him. Frank, Francis's father, approached Albine with the idea saying that we were not getting the higher price for asparagus that we could have if it had not been contracted to the cannery as it had been. Actually it had been Frank's counseling that had got Albine to sell the asparagus before it was planted. By starting another farm, he said, we could sell our asparagus from year to year. He suggested that we sell our lease to someone else.

It was true that prices for asparagus had gone up and that some farmers were actually becoming well-to-do from their decision not to contract to the canneries for the term of eight or ten years as Albine had done. Albine's brother was one of these. Albine should have consulted his brother before he made his contract. Actually the cannery had of its own free will adjusted the price upward within the contract but not as much as the price prevailing on the open market. Yet we had been doing pretty well on Twitchell Island. The ground there was very good and not worn out by previous asparagus crops and we were very satisfied with what we were making. In fact we had paid all the money we owed, bought a car and had a nice sum in the bank also. There was no need to throw away the good thing we had towards starting again on unknown territory. I cautioned Albine not to do what Frank was asking him to do.

Though I tried to talk Albine into remaining on Twitchell Island until our lease was up, which would have been at the end of another four years, he would not listen to me. He wanted me to go look at the land on Sherman Island which Frank wanted him to farm with Francis, so I went with him but I disliked the place immediately. It took a long time to get there and the land appeared to be at the end of nowhere, being at the extreme western end of the island. "Where are our children going to school?" I asked, wondering if they were going to have a hit-and-miss education which most of my sisters and I had had. The road from Emmaton on to the ranch was mostly sand, where a car could barely drive through. This was winter. How would it be in the dry months when the sand blew up and moved with the wind which came up the Sacramento River from San Francisco Bay day after day?

There were many reasons why I thought we should not sell our lease and move to the Sherman Island ranch. I liked living on Twitchell Island. I had got used to the place and it was home. The school was across the island and since I could drive it wouldn't be a problem for me to take the children to school and go get them. There was a good graveled road to drive on, not sand. I knew that Albine thought that if he sold the lease it would free him from the cannery obligation and that the buyer would not be responsible for the contract. I had other reasons not to want to live on the Sherman Island ranch. I did not like the idea of having to cook and keep house for a bachelor who no doubt would marry and confuse matters more. But I couldn't get Albine to change his mind. He sold the lease just as he had planned and we began to get ready to move out.

The year 1923 was the most harrowing and difficult of my life. On February 6, we decided to go to Sherman Island and look things over again to see where a place would be best to build the house we were going to live in. We had a ten year lease on the place and were going to start again from scratch. The only thing to our advantage was that we had the money to start with. On the other hand, Francis had to borrow his money to pay for his half of the partnership.

On that morning, Mavis decided that she did not want to go with us but would rather stay in Rio Vista and go to church with my mother and other kin. We left her there and picked her up on the way back. She stepped into the section behind the front seat where she always stood. It wasn't long before she threw her leg over the front seat-back and began to squeeze in between her father and me. I was holding Jean on my lap as I usually did when she was awake. When Mavis began to climb over to the front seat, Albine said to her, "Where are you going?" She did not answer but when she was seated she turned to me and said, "Mother, the priest kept calling my name in church this morning." At that time the mass was said in Latin and I explained to her that he was not speaking in English and could not have been mentioning her name. She insisted that she had heard him say "Mavis" several times.

Mavis though scarcely five years old loved to sing and was able to sing with us in most songs we sang. It was very common for all three of us to be singing together some of the songs that we knew. We did not have a radio or any way to listen to current songs, but Maria received copies of new songs that she would play on her piano. From her we kept up with the latest songs, learning them from singing with her as she played the piano.

Mavis was also tall for her age. She knew all the letters in the alphabet, having learned them while playing

with some blocks that were flat instead of square and had an animal portrayed on the opposite side of a letter which was the first letter of the animal's name. She also knew by looking at a cow, for instance, that the letter "c" was on the opposite side. When she was quite young, the lettering on the outside of my oven door intrigued her. Over and over, she would ask, "What's this?" pointing to one or other of the letters. It was her favorite pastime as soon as she was up and dressed, to begin asking the name of the letters. It wasn't very long before she knew them and stopped asking me what they were and spelled them out herself. When she was scarcely three, we went to San Francisco on a steamer and when we were watching the boat pull into the pier, she was standing on a bench that circled the front of the boat and began calling out the letters that were over the roofs of the business houses. A man was standing close by listening to her and smiling to himself at her interest in calling out the lettering as if it was a game with her.

The day after our ride to Sherman Island, Mavis seemed very listless and her eyes were heavy. I took her temperature and found she was running a fever. I thought she was coming down with a cold. It was still winter and the two sisters were fond of playing outside a good deal. She ran a fever for five days but did not have a cold and I was alarmed. We took her to my mother's house in Rio Vista and called the Doctor. He checked her but could not find anything wrong outside of the fever. He suggested that we take her to a hospital to undergo tests. To this day there are unanswered questions that plague me. Shouldn't the Doctor have suggested a hospital that would have taken her case and, also, should he not have suggested a Doctor that he knew for her?

We had never had any connections with a hospital and did not know what proceedings to follow. All I could think of and knew anything about was St Mary's Hospital in San Francisco. My sister Louise was there in training. We started that night taking the midnight boat that would arrive in the City at eight o'clock in the morning. Another question that has plagued me was, why did we not ask Maria's brother, Francis, to drive us to San Francisco, since Albine had not yet driven down there?

In the morning I went out to the pier looking for a telephone. I wanted to call Louise. Albine remained on the boat with Mavis. At the hospital they said they could not locate Louise. I asked them also if I could take Mavis there. The operator at the hospital explained that we would have to have a Doctor before they would accept her, that they did not take any children into the hospital before their illness was diagnosed. They were very good to us on the steamer, letting her stay there until we found a place to take her.

After I went back to the boat and told Albine what I had learned about hospitals, he decided to go see what he could do. I remained in the cabin with Mavis. I had taken her temperature during the night as she had been delirious, saying at one time, "*Look what Jean is doing!*" Then she seemed to know where she was and asked, "*Mother, did you bring your hair net?*" She was looking out for me as she usually did, reminding me of something that I might have forgotten.

Albine came back with a man he found in the Portuguese hotel which was not too far from the waterfront and where he had gone looking for help. He said the man was going to take us in his car to a hospital in Oakland, that he knew the head Doctor there and would talk to him. They accepted her in the hospital and a Doctor began ordering tests taken, but they all were negative. They brought a cot into her room for me to sleep on and Albine left to go back home as we had the horses and a dog at home to be fed and a cow to be milked. Since we had no telephone I wrote often to let Albine know what was taking place.

This procedure went on for five weeks. The Doctor had no idea what was wrong with her. Her little lips were crusted with the fever although it was never too high, ranging from 101 to 103 degrees at the most and sometimes lower. Her room was practically at the head of the stairway that led to the first floor. Sometimes I would go downstairs for a little change and she would start to sing, the songs we would sing together. Sometimes she would fall asleep. When she missed me she would start calling, "*Mother,*" and I would go upstairs to sit with her. I would ask her if she hurt anywhere and she would always say no.

On the fifth week I told the Doctor I wanted a Specialist to check her and he brought one in. She was sitting up against the pillows and was cutting her fingernails with a tiny scissors. The Specialist smiled when he saw her and said, "*There must not be much wrong with her.*" However, he poked her here and there and said she was going to be alright. By this time her Doctor had decided that she had typhoid fever, though the tests for this continued to be negative. He believed the illness would run its course. I decided to change Doctors and another one took the first one's place.

Albine had come to see us each weekend and gone home as worried as I was. Mavis had a little quirk she would resort to at times. She would stop playing and come up to me while I was occupied doing something or other and say, "*Mother, let me kiss your hand.*" I would give her my hand and she would kiss it and go back to her playthings. At other times she would run to her father and ask to kiss his hand also. She seemed to be afraid to be left out of our affections. The last time her father came to see her, she again asked him to let her kiss his hand, which she did. It wasn't that she wasn't kissed enough, but there was something that she liked about kissing our hands.

On March the tenth, the same day that the Specialist was there and I changed Doctors, Albine came to see us. The Doctor suggested that since I had been shut inside so long, I ought to go out with Albine that night and he would get a special nurse to stay with her all night. This I did. The next morning we hurried back to the hospital and arrived there at eight o'clock. There seemed to be a great commotion going on in her room. There were sheets and her nightgown on the floor and everything was bloodied. They had just changed her bed. I looked at her face and it seemed to have lost all vestige of blood. Her little hands shook and she did not even recognize me. The Doctor came in as if he had just been called. He looked at her and said she had been hemorrhaging from the bowels. She looked at me as if she was dying and I asked the Doctor if we couldn't give her a blood transfusion. He replied that he didn't believe in resorting to heroics. There was nothing we could do but to watch her die.

My sister Louise and my mother came in after lunch and remained with us until the end. The shock was so great that I seemed to have gone into a dream. I felt that throughout her illness I had had no help and comfort from anyone. We had been so helpless, not knowing if we were doing the right thing in leaving her all that time in the hospital in the hands of unknown Doctors. Could her life have been saved if we had picked her up and transferred her to another hospital? Would they have been prepared for a case where a person is hemorrhaging, and would they have tried a blood transfusion? Her father would have been able to give her his blood even to the last drop, should it have been necessary. I couldn't since I was going through a period of my life in which I was anemic and was always taking iron medication. My blood would be worthless. It would also have not been the right type as I have B-type blood and her father had her type. I regretted so much having left her there alone that night and wondered if the nurse really remained with her or not. I also wondered how many times she must have called me and perhaps been frightened that I had left her.

What I did during the next few hours has almost been erased from my memory. I know I could not stop sobbing. I helped select a dress and a coffin for her. The next morning I awoke to the knowledge of what had happened and I began vomiting. My mother and I got on the Sacramento Northern railway train. Albine was outside waiting for the casket to arrive and to be sure the train would not leave without it. I kept my face turned toward the window so that the people on the train could not see me sobbing. Soon I saw the train officials placing her coffin in the back somewhere. Albine was helping them and at one time he had to tell them to go carefully when they began to treat it as just some more baggage. I never felt so sorry for any human being as I did for her father at that moment. Here I was inside where I could cry huddled in my seat and I felt the pain and anguish that he must have been feeling for his little daughter that he loved so much.

Francis was at the station to meet us in our car and so was the undertaker. Her casket was taken to Maria's home and placed in their living room. At that time children were

rarely laid out in a mortuary. There were quite a number of people in the room with us that night. Sometimes I could feel my heart actually stop and then start beating again. At one time Albine was smoking a cigarette as we sat close together, his arm over my shoulder, and as he exhaled, the smoke formed a perfect ring that drifted over the coffin then turned into a perfect heart and faded away. We just sat there leaning against each other in a daze, staring into nothing.

The next morning, March 13, she was buried. We left soon after for the ranch and home. As we were getting ready to leave my mother said, "*Ulinda is going home with you.*" I did not want anyone to go home with us. I wanted to be alone with Albine and my baby Jean where we could be by ourselves without having someone trying to console us by saying, "*After all, you still have a daughter.*" Ulinda went home with us.

I could see Mavis everywhere in the house. Her clothes were still in the room she had left, as was her small tricycle which she had received at Christmas scarcely three months before. Her father had insisted on giving it to her as soon as we bought it, rather than have her wait until Christmas day. Now he was looking at it and saying, "*I'm glad that we gave it to her earlier and she had that many more days of pleasure.*"

During the next few days Ulinda would try to stop me from crying every time I started. I finally had to go out in the fields to get away from her and there with Albine we would talk and weep in each other's arms. No one could stop us there.

Albine had to hire a young boy to take care of the place while Mavis was sick, as he had to leave the place too often. Once while he was away our dog Floppy disappeared. We never knew what happened to him. Perhaps he got hungry waiting for his master. A few minutes after I arrived home, the young lad said that a hen was brooding and should he place some eggs in her nest. I thought for a moment, my mind still in a daze, and replied, "*Not today, it's the thirteenth.*" "*Why?*" he asked, "*Is it bad luck?*" It was an unlucky number, I reflected. Mavis had entered the hospital on the thirteenth, her room was Number 23, and she was buried on the thirteenth.

We moved to Sherman Island on a very hot day in July. No one was there to help us move, not even the man that had bought our lease. It was with great misgivings that I left the home in which we had been so happy and also to leave the friends we had made. I thought I would be missing Marianna and Mrs F more than anyone else. Mrs F had not only been an old friend but she was also a counselor when I was perplexed about the girls and needed help. I never forgot the fear I had when I brought Mavis home, such a tiny thing for me to care for, and how afraid I was that something might happen to her. Her navel had not healed properly and I had Albine go talk to Mrs F about it. She had come to see the baby immediately and after looking at it told me not to worry, that it would heal, which it did. After Mavis started walking I would take her with me to see Mrs F who would bring out a small hassock for Mavis to sit on and then would let her play with a few old toys that had belonged to her grandchildren. When we left she would tell Mavis that she was putting the toys away so she could play the next time we visited her. After Mavis passed away I visited Mrs F and she brought out the hassock and toys and said she had put them away to keep and remember her. She had a different toy to give Jean.

While we were still living on Twitchell Island, Albine began talking about buying a German Luger. He had his shotgun and I couldn't understand why he should want another gun. He could not shoot game with it. I had disliked guns after the day I decided to go to the edge of Jackson Slough with my father's gun after he died. Will F had lent me a smaller gun and had been teaching me how to shoot mudhens. On this day I had taken my father's gun and aimed at a mudhen and pulled the trigger. The gun broke open in my hands and a sprinkling of gunpowder fell on my bare arm. From that day on I left guns alone.

Albine sent for the pistol and would spend evenings just looking at it. He would put it on the table while I was doing the dishes and if I noted that the muzzle was turned in my direction I would take my finger and turn it away from me. He would pick it up turning it over and over and admire it and then set it down again. Every time he set it down and had the muzzle turned in the direction I would be passing, I would again turn the muzzle away. He would say it wasn't loaded but several times I had found shells in the shotgun when he had put it away and I had checked it. While we were still on Twitchell Island, when it was time for him to come home in the evening I would sometimes take the shotgun and go meet him so that he could have the gun in case we ran into a jack rabbit. It meant meat for us. On one of the evenings that I had gone to meet him the sky was heavily overcast with fog, with several hundred feet of visibility beneath the fog. As we walked home I suddenly began hearing the honking of geese and looking up saw them plainly visible passing in a flock. I said to Albine, "Look," and I pointed to them. He stood there just looking at them and, exasperated, I said, "Shoot!" He raised the muzzle of the gun to the sky and fired one shot without aiming. Two geese dropped almost at our feet with a loud thump. We could not help laughing at the incident. We invited Mr and Mrs F to have goose dinner with us the next day.

Albine had already moved a load of furniture to Sherman Island a few days before we left with the last load and the animals. Luckily I had learned to drive the Gardiner so that as Albine drove the horse-drawn wagon with the cow tied to it, I had to be sure that the steer we now had was following its mother, by driving behind them very slowly. On arriving there we found that a swarm of honey bees had taken possession of a white dresser that had been moved earlier and there was a lot of honey comb in one drawer. It had been suggested that we live in an old house that was on the premises and at one time had been occupied by Chinese workers. The second floor had been built so high, as most houses on the Delta islands were built at that time, to keep the upper part out of water in case of a flood. There was a long stairway leading to the top floor with only a single handrail on each side. I refused to live in it and have Jean climbing those stairs and in all probability falling off of them. Instead I decided that we would live in a tent and camp out. I always had a wish that I could go camping some day and since we had not done this, one summer I decided to camp on our front porch at the Twitchell Island house. The weather was good and I nailed a double blanket at the end of the screened porch to keep the West wind out. Within this shelter I opened our folding couch to form a folding bed. The children's beds were also brought out and placed within this shelter. I had a coal oil stove and I moved this out also and set it up with the small kitchen table at the other end of the porch. The porch was covered and we were quite comfortable with pots and pans and dishes resting within a box. For a few days everything went along nicely although Albine thought the whole thing was a joke. One of the windows facing the porch had a window box with some geraniums planted in it and the box bothered me a little as I would have more space to get in and out of the bed without

it. I asked Albine to take it out which he did. That night after I had gone to sleep and Albine was still reading the newspaper, I noticed he was getting up quite often and waking me up also. Once I saw him make a funnel out of the newspaper and pour something into the chimney of the kerosene lamp. When he began lifting the covers close to me I became suspicious and asked him what he was looking for. He answered, "Nothing." Then he added, "Just a little bug."

I asked him if it was an Enemy, the name I had given to some red beetles that I did not like, in fact I abhorred them. He nodded and I immediately jumped out of the couch and went into the house and to our bed. The next day everything came back into the house and our camping junket was over. It had been fairly good while it lasted.

As soon as we had the bovines and horses settled in Sherman Island, we promptly put up our camp on top of the levee. This consisted of a tent that belonged to Frank, and may at one time have sheltered Chris in the sheep camp. We also had our kerosene stove to cook on. We selected a spot where there weren't too many weeds. Here we were going to spend our first night in Sherman Island, or so we thought we were. There seemed to be an awful lot of mosquitoes around but I went ahead, getting something ready for us to eat while Albine went to milk the cow which had been stabled in the barn quite a distance away from our camping site.

It was a Sunday evening and there didn't seem to be a soul around. In fact it appeared to be a very gloomy place to live during the day and at that hour of dusk a person could fancy seeing and hearing other creatures moving about. Jean kept close to me as if she was sensing danger and also as if she did not like the massive pressure of weeds all around us. I was stooping over the stove, tending to whatever I was cooking, when I began to hear voices. I immediately looked up and noticed three men on top of the levee, a short distance away. They had stopped on the trail and were looking at us, wondering, no doubt, what a woman and a child and a tent were doing there at that time of day. I felt like fainting as I wondered what they were doing there also, or what did they want. After Mavis passed away, I had decided immediately that I wanted another child and at this time I was already two

months pregnant. I did not know if I should scream and yell for help, or if I should be brave and ask them what they were doing there. Even if I had wanted to run down the levee slope to wherever Albine was, it was impossible. There were weeds everywhere, higher than my head. To walk along the trail I had to pass the spot where the men stood. I just stood there, frozen with fear, my arm around Jean, and without any power to move even if I wanted to. After they watched me for a few short minutes, they decided to pass me to wherever they were headed, looking at me very suspiciously but not saying a word, not even "Good evening." I did not let out even a squeak either.

After they had passed and I was trying to get my trembling legs back to normal, I heard a shout from the direction in which they had come and in the semi-darkness I saw another man flashing a pistol and hollering something. I felt that my last day on Earth had come as he neared us, then I recognized him. It was Albine. He was telling me not to be afraid, that he had the pistol. He had seen the men go by and knew I would be frightened. I had not known he had taken his pistol with him. He must not have felt very safe himself.

He said, *"I should have told you that there was a dredger working just below here, digging in the Sacramento River channel to make it deeper. Those men were coming in for their night shift and in all probability there will be some others going home who have been on the day shift. They leave their cars at Emmaton so they won't get stuck in the sand."*

I told Albine I wasn't going to stay there a minute longer, and I didn't care if I didn't have anything to eat or not. He said, *"I will leave the pistol with you and you can protect yourself with it."* I was just as afraid of the pistol as I was of the strangers, and Jean and I went back with him to finish milking the cow.

We ate our supper in the company of the mosquitoes and other insects that came out of the weeds only at night and were playing tag around our lamp.

*"I'm not going to sleep in that tent on top of this levee,"* I told Albine. *"We can go sleep in the car."* The car

did not have any way that we could lock ourselves in safety as it had only tack-on curtains which would not even keep the mosquitoes out. My teeth chattered as we scouted around in the darkness to find a place where we could put up the tent again and where I would feel more secure.

There was a large shed-like building also on the premises. It had a basement under it about four feet high. If you bent your head you could walk in it without bumping your head. Neither Albine nor I could stand up straight in it. The building was gray with age and had probably been under several floods. It had a sort of barnyard type of door which we could close. I realized that it probably was a good shelter for mice and rats, but I decided that I would rather sleep under the shed than in the tent out in the open.

We moved our spring and mattress and also Jean's bed under the shed with the aid of our lantern. Poor Albine had to drag the bedding down and put it in place, and after the hard day's work he had already done, loading and unloading our furniture that day, he was all in. There may have been mice and rats and spiders under the shed, but we were able to sleep with a little more feeling of protection. Here we slept until the house was finished, cooking our meals on the kerosene stove outside, carrying buckets of river water from a pipe that ran through the levee and furnished water for the horse trough, to be used for drinking and cooking. We shared all this with the flies, wasps and mosquitoes that seemed to enjoy our company. We were really camping out but it wasn't any fun. The only relaxation we had was to go along the sandy stretches of the river and look for strange objects. Once we found a couple of huge teeth, larger than those of any animal we knew. I let one of my sisters take them to high school to show her teacher. Where they went from there, I never knew. I never got them back.

The Sacramento River was so much wider at Sherman Island where we were living than it was further up stream. When the wind blew, and it blew most of the time, the river looked like an ocean and we felt like we were on the coast. It was a great relief when, finally, we were able to move into the house which was not really our house, although we had to pay half of the building cost and Albine helped to build it.

At last we had the pleasure of a bathroom and if the wood stove was lit for a good length of time, we would be able to have some hot water in the hot water tank which was heated through the pipes that ran through the stove. We still had to rely on our kerosene lamps as there was no electricity.

There were more things that I hadn't been told before we moved to Sherman Island because it could have upset me and I might have refused to go live there. One day, an officer came to the house to ask if we had seen a man from the State Farm loitering around somewhere. I had no idea that there was a state farm for ill inmates, and that they were our nearest neighbors on Sherman Island. It was a great shock to me. I could see that it had been more prudent for Albine not to tell me of this before we decided to lease the land. I would certainly have tried harder to talk him out of selling our other lease had I known. I resented the fact that I had not been told.

I was pregnant with my third child and, needless to say, I now lived in a state of fear all the time, especially when Albine and Francis began working the land, and since the distance they had to go to the boundaries was practically out of my sight. I seemed to be alone all day long. They were even utilizing the evening to plow the ground as long as they could see. There I was alone in the house with Jean, supper ready and waiting for them and neither one of the two men wanting to be the first to quit each evening. On one occasion I started out in the dusk to try to stop them. I couldn't stand a moment longer to be in the house, watching out through all the windows, expecting to see one of the inmates of the "Bughouse," as they called it. Francis was making the turn and I thought he might stop when he saw me. Evidently, he did not see me and I began to shout as loudly as I could and hurrying as fast as my big belly allowed me to walk and dragging Jean along with me. The noise of the tractor drowned my voice, but for some reason Francis did turn and see me. He stopped the tractor and came home.

Francis did not have a car and he used our car whenever he wanted to go to town. Quite often Albine would find some excuse to go to town with him and Jean and I would remain home alone. I dreaded to be left without

anyone around that I could turn to in case of necessity.

Albine would remind me that I had the German Luger to protect myself if necessary. He taught me how to load it and fire it. I don't know which I was afraid of most, the Luger or the men from the Bughouse. Every time I heard something unfamiliar and frightening to me, I would get the pistol out and load it. My hands shook so much I couldn't see how I could shoot straight if I had to. I would spend most of the time going from window to door, watching that no one would appear before I had time to reach for the pistol.

On one occasion Francis and Albine went into town to get a washing machine that we had ordered. The two men left in the morning and did not get back until ten o'clock that night. I could not understand why I had to stay home alone so many times and be so frightened, and they both should only laugh at my fear. I could see that Francis, who was so young yet, felt fettered in that no-man's-land and enjoyed getting out in the evening, but I couldn't understand why Albine had to go along with him, since he knew that he would be stuck in town until Francis was ready to come home.

The washing machine was the greatest present I could ever have had. Since we did not have electric power, it had to be run by a gas motor, much like a motorcycle motor. You started the motor by kicking a pedal with your foot. It was a Maytag and it washed the clothes beautifully. The clothes would be run through a wringer that was attached to the machine. It was a great load off of my tired body. All I had to do was open the faucet and give the pedal one or two kicks. Sometimes when it would not start Albine would take it apart and clean it. Occasionally the crankshaft would break and we had to go to Sacramento to buy a new one.

Around the end of January, 1924, Albine and I and Jean went to Oakland to interview a woman we had heard was a good midwife. She was a native of Madeira Island and we brought her home with us. She was very good, helping me with the housework, and she made the best homemade bread I had ever tasted outside of the bread my mother used to make.

Allan Christian Korth was born on the fifteenth of February, 1924, making his entrance into the world about eight o'clock in the evening. I did not have a Doctor but Albine and the midwife did very well. Actually I would rather have a child than go to the dentist. When Albine saw that he had a son, he clenched his fist at him and said, "You son of a gun." I did not have to be told that the baby was a boy. I could see it by the way his father was looking at him and also by the words he said. As far as I was concerned it made no difference to me except that since Albine wanted a son so badly I intended to have children until I had given birth to a son. The midwife later told me that the tears had come to his eyes when he saw it was a boy.

The man to whom we had sold the lease on the Twitchell Island ranch began cutting and sending the asparagus to the market instead of to the cannery. It was not long before we were served with papers from the cannery saying they were suing us for breach of contract. The outcome was that we took the lease back and settled with the cannery for a sum of money. We tried to run the Twitchell ranch during the remaining two years of the lease by employing several Mexican workers. They did so poorly that we were unable to make expenses. The owner of the land accepted the land back the remaining year of the lease though we had to pay half of the yearly rent.

A few months after Allan was born, Francis and Josephine were married. There were now two Josephines living under one roof besides the two husbands and our two children. We divided the work so that each week we took turns in the kitchen. I was amazed how well Francis and Josephine took to our two children. Before long I found myself pregnant again and so was Josephine.

Albine and Francis decided that it was going to be too many children under one roof and we decided to get out and build a small house with two bedrooms and a kitchen and a bath. We again paid a carpenter to build the house and Frank provided the material. This was the third house we had to pay to have built although Francis had paid half of the previous one. The two men also decided to break up the partnership and divide the land in half. They drew straws to

see what half each was to get.

Our second son, Lloyd Phillip, was born on February fifth, 1925 at my mother's home in Rio Vista under Tia Madeira's supervision. In August 1926, Jean went to live with her aunt Teresa from Sunday evenings to Friday afternoon each week so that she could attend school at the convent in Rio Vista. She wasn't happy to be away from us and would cry each week when we took her back to Rio Vista.

From the time Jean was five years old she was hampered by a kidney problem which the Doctor was unable to pinpoint. When she played hard and became tired, her temperature would rise, sometimes as high as one hundred and four. She was a constant worry for us. She went to San Francisco for tests and even there the Doctors were puzzled. When she arrived at the age of fourteen our local Doctor said it wasn't fair to her to continue those bouts with fever, and advised having her undergo exploratory surgery under the hand of a Specialist. A vein was found to be blocking the kidney outlet, so that when she played hard the vein would block the kidney outlet worse by expanding and then cause the fever. One of her kidneys was also leaning forward. The Specialist transplanted the vein and straightened the other kidney and she never had any more trouble.

During her second grade year I kept Jean home and taught her myself. The following year I decided we were going to have to do something about schooling for the three youngsters. The boys were too rampageous for me to try to teach. I had enough to do just to take care of them and also do the house work. My two daughters had never been any problem. My sons were another story.

Allan began driving me up a tree when he was about two or three months old. I was nursing him and at night when I wanted to sleep, he wanted to cry. Every night it would be the same story. I walked the floor with him, I tried feeding him some more. I did everything I could think to quiet him. I even wondered how his father could sleep with his crying. I tried bringing him to bed with me, but nothing I could do seemed to please him. One night in my desperation, I thought I would lose my mind with his crying. I could not sleep at all and I was always very tired and really needed to

rest. Since I could not quiet him even in my bed, I picked him up by the light blanket I had around him and literally threw him into his crib. He lay there uncovered and I did not touch him. Albine was awake enough to know what I had done and he shouted at me, "Look out what you're doing." He was really angry. I just lay under my blanket exhausted. Strangely, Allan kept very quiet and went to sleep. Since he wasn't crying, Albine got up to look at him and be sure I hadn't hurt him. Allan was asleep. I went to sleep also. Some time in the night I awoke and wondered why he was so silent. We always had a kerosene lamp lit and I could see my son breathing nicely. I also noticed that he was completely uncovered. I put a thin cover over him and he continued to sleep. The weather was quite warm and I realized that I was probably covering him up too much and he did not like the heat. From then on I let him sleep only in his flannel nighties. He never gave me any more problems. To this day, Allan has deplored hot weather.

I had felt sorry for Allan when Lloyd was born not quite one year after, and I said to Albine, "Poor Allan. He will never be a baby." On the contrary, Allan was the baby. It was more fun to play with him and since Lloyd was content with a bottle in his hands, Allan was getting all our attention. Before he started to walk, we would spend the evenings playing with him. As soon as Lloyd began to walk, he and Allan were constantly fighting and I was constantly separating them. I could not understand why the two girls had been so amicable with each other and the two boys were so vengeful.

They did not get along with each other yet were always into some kind of mischief together. Lloyd found some matches and sat on the floor in another room one day. He bit the end of the match and it flared and scorched his lip whereupon he dropped it and gave a small scream. I ran into the room and found that the lit match was already nipping at his blouse. I put the flame out with my hand.

One day I was trying to start the washing machine and it wouldn't start, no matter how much I kicked it. The boys were screaming and hitting each other. When they began to upset me with their fighting, I would ask Jean to

play school with them. It seemed to quiet them down for a while. On this day everyone seemed to be in a tantrum. I couldn't take it any longer and I walked out of the house and into the field where Albine was working. When I got to him I must have been a sight. The wind was blowing hard and my hair was all over my face and I was grim. He looked at me in a quizzical manner and asked, "What's up?" I said to him, "You better come home. I can't take any more." We both came home together. I told him about the washing machine and the boys. When we got home the boys were both in a closet giggling at each other. I think they had fun making me mad. Albine got the washing machine started and stuck around the rest of the day.

The horse trough was still in its original position, across a ditch. Our whole yard was completely fenced so that the children wouldn't play near the ditch and fall in. One day Jean was pedaling her tricycle over a plank across the ditch and she and her tricycle fell in. She wasn't hurt much but she was covered with mud. All three were able to open the gate and get out of the yard and enjoyed playing in the horse trough. Time and time again I would run them away from the horse trough, only to find that they were back playing in the water again. Their father made a nice cement pool but he put goldfish in it. One day I saw the three children lined up against the horse trough, playing with little pieces of wood for boats and they were all wet. I crept up to them as quietly as I could, intending to dunk them into the trough and scare them. Lloyd noticed me before I got there and scampered away before I could catch him. Allan had not noticed me, being too engrossed in his piece of wood. Jean had also scampered off and was too big for me to handle. I caught Allan and gave him a good dunking and he never forgave me. He thought I should have dunked Lloyd. Actually, Jean had been mostly at fault. She was four years older than Allan and she knew I had strictly forbidden them to play in the trough, and she had actually led them there.

One day when Jean was about four years old she was outside playing on her tricycle when Albine rode up to the house on his tractor. He put the tractor out of gear but left it running. Jean was in the habit of playing on the tractor when

it lay idle. On this day she got on the tractor as usual and pushed the gear and the tractor started to back up toward the ditch. Albine must have had his eye and mind on her for suddenly he bolted out of the door, ran and jumped on the tractor and threw it out of gear at the edge of the ditch. It was quite a scare for us.

In 1928 I decided that we had to do something about the youngsters' schooling. We could not afford to place them in the convent. I did not feel that I should be driving them to school either, and retrieving them after school. It looked as if we were going to raise a bunch of dumbbells. I was mindful of how my own schooling had been a hit-and-miss affair and how much I regretted that I could not have gone to high school. I did not want the same thing to happen to my children. I was also afraid to let them walk to school and have to walk past the Bughouse, and along the lonely road on top of the levee with the river tempting them to stop and play in it.

Albine did not have much to do during the summer on the ranch so we rented a house in Isleton and he got a job in the pickle works there. Since I had been coaching Jean when she stopped going to the convent school, she was able to go into the third grade without any problem. Albine began commuting to Sherman Island each day after the job at the pickle works ended. We still had the horses to feed, and since Rio Vista was closer to Sherman Island, we decided to move to Rio Vista and rented a house there. In January of 1929, Jean began school again at the convent. During that year we bought a lot and began making plans for our dream house. Before the year was over, we were living in our Spanish-style house and Allan at five years had started school also at the convent.

The following year Lloyd was also attending school there. It had changed to a military school by this time and Jean was now attending the public school. The children at the military school were required to wear khaki shirts and trousers and also heavy shoes and puttees. The puttees were made of leather and were very stiff and my two sons could hardly walk in them. To climb a curb they had to extend their leg out to keep from falling. They were also required to

wear ties. They got so used to wearing a tie that they would never go to school without a tie even after the military school folded and they began going to the public school.

After the convent school was closed it was sold to a contractor who tore the building down and began selling lots and building sites on the land. Before the building was torn down I took Albine all through it, along balconies and up stairways I knew so well. We walked through the different dormitories and I pointed out to him where I had slept within a curtained cell and also where my sisters had slept in various dormitories. I showed him the bathroom where each scholar was allotted one day in the week to take a bath. Our names would be listed on a poster, with the day and hour that was set aside for each individual for that purpose. We walked through the large hallway where the nuns had their sleeping dormitories on each side. I told Albine how sometimes I would go through the hall at night to check on my younger sisters who had a dormitory at another end of the convent, and how when I went through the nun's hall sometimes I could hear them laughing like little children. It must have been a relief to remove their black multiple heavy garments and be able to laugh to their hearts' content. We ambled through the playroom, the music room and the kitchen and dining rooms. At the time that I was a boarder, everything had seemed so vast. Even the chapel where we had to recite the rosary each night looked tiny in contrast to what I had remembered it to be. It was with a feeling of sadness that I saw my beloved school torn down. I had had many happy days while attending school there.

Soon after we moved out of Sherman Island I began to run a temperature without any indication as to what was ailing me. It wasn't a high fever but it was every day without failing one day. It was very exasperating as one Doctor after another could not find the cause of my elevated temperature. In the morning it would be normal and by two o'clock each day it had risen to one hundred and one or over. At other times it would rise to one hundred. Needless to say, I didn't feel well and I was also worried. I had my tonsils removed and bridges torn from my mouth but nothing seemed to improve my health. I began saving the dirty dishes during the

day for Jean to wash at night, and I also began to take sun baths. This went on for a period of almost two years.

I saw a picture of a Spanish galleon in a magazine one day and I wondered how hard it would be to sketch it. Albine had made three models of ships, two Spanish galleons and a clipper ship. He was very fond of making toy boats for the children to play with and while we lived on Twitchell Island he had made a sturdy rowboat to take the place of the battered one we had. One day we found the boat missing although it was always fastened with a chain. Months passed and he was never able to find the rowboat. One day we went to Sacramento and on our way home we came through upper Andrus Island when suddenly he shouted, "*There's my boat!*" He backed up and checked it and found that indeed it was the boat he had built. One night shortly after, he took a friend with him and borrowed a truck and while the friend and truck waited down stream a small distance, he walked to where the boat was tied and with a pair of pliers cut the chain and with the oars he had taken with him, he rowed the boat to where the truck was and the two men hauled it on top of the truck and brought it home. We knew very well who the party was that owned the land where the boat was tied. They had a piece of land also on Twitchell not far from us and were in and out of the place quite often. After we moved to Sherman Island Albine sold the boat and while we were living in Rio Vista he built himself an eighteen-foot sailboat which he loved to sail up and down the Sacramento River.

I tried sketching the picture of the Spanish galleon that I found in the magazine and discovered it was not that easy to do. However since I had no desire to sew or do other work that required more effort and that would tax my strength, I decided to try painting roses in water colors as we had done in the convent. I bought casein tubes and instead of doing roses, I did a small painting of an ocean and rocks. It was done very loosely and I was very pleased with it. We had been subscribing to the National Geographic magazine and I found in one the picture of a girl from Bali that I wished I had the ability to paint. At this time Albine began trying his hand at carving in wood, using inside panels of an abandoned house that had been ruined in a flood near the Sherman

Island ranch. He made two beautiful carvings depicting the famous sculpture, THE END OF THE TRAIL, besides several others. One of these he gave as a prize to the card party and his sister Teresa won it. Later when she became ill it disappeared from the house. The other we still have. I decided to try carving the Bali girl out of a piece of wood I removed from a box end. It turned out very well and I began to do other carvings and give them away. The Bali girl is the only carving I have left. I also began doing things with plaster of Paris. I made a cast of my face using tubes in my nose to breathe, then filled the cast with cement.

I had gotten to the point where art was the uppermost thought in my mind. I bought several oil tubes and began painting the Bali girl. It took me a long time to do this. I could not capture her facial expression on my canvas. I saw an article in the newspaper that mentioned an art show in Seaside, California, and I was brave enough to pack and ship my Bali girl to the show. I did not expect a prize but she was hung and my name was on their catalogue. That was the beginning of years of painting to this day.

Once I made a painting of an Arab potter making a pot. I included a stone cabin in the painting, with fresco walls. On one corner of the cabin I depicted the cracked plaster with some of the under rocks exposed. When my mother saw this painting she said, "*It looks like the wall has broken a bit. Can't you fix it?*"

After two years of running a temperature it became normal and I continued to paint. Eventually there were several artists in our family including my daughter Jean.

Our neighbors in Rio Vista were very pleasant. It wasn't long before we had a card club going among four couples. We called it the four corners card club. Each Saturday night we played bridge and served coffee and cake later. Each couple took turns hosting. It was very pleasant living in Rio Vista. Our home was on Fourth and Sacramento Streets. Every two weeks our church also held a whist party. At first it was a small party held in one or other of the parishioners' homes. The first one I hosted. As the attendance became more numerous, a hall was built to accommodate the players. By this time our children were big

enough to stay at home alone. Albine and I enjoyed these card parties and in fact I enjoyed them more than going to see a movie.

Each morning Albine left for the ranch on Sherman Island. We had turned our Gardiner in for a new Essex while still living on the ranch. The Essex was all enclosed in glass which was a change from the curtains we had to tack up on the Gardiner to keep the bad elements out. The Essex was made so that the back seat could slide forward so that a bed could be made within the trunk. This had appealed to me and I could picture us camping out somewhere and sleeping in the car. We soon found that the Essex could hardly make it up a hill. On one occasion Albine took it to a garage which was on the lower floor of the Union Hall where I had gone to see movies in my younger days. The hall burned down and our car was near the entrance and without any wheels. They were unable to remove one single car because of this and when Albine looked at his burnt car he said, "Good." Lloyd, only three at the time, stood at the door with his little legs wide apart and said, "Car all burned." We bought a small Chrysler that had been used as a demonstrator and later bought a Studebaker which I used while Albine took the Chrysler to work. Occasionally I would drive the Studebaker to the ranch and spent part of the day with him. The road had been fixed and was more accessible to drive on. Sometimes I would wait for the children to come home from school and take them and a few of their friends with me to the ranch.

Shortly after we had moved to Rio Vista, Francis was killed in an auto accident. He left his wife and three adorable children, besides his mother, brothers and sister. His father had passed away several years previously. After the accident, Albine began farming the whole Sherman Island ranch.

Maria had also been married for a number of years when her stepfather died. She had married her first boyfriend. Their first child, a girl, had lived only a few days. Her second baby, a lively darling girl, was named Irene. After we were both married, I missed the intimate rapport Maria and I had always had between us.

AT THE RANCH ON Sherman Island we were making only enough to barely hang on and we were beginning to wonder what we were going to do when the lease terminated. Albine, by this time, was in the habit of scanning the advertisements of every newspaper he could lay his hand on to see if there was anything in them that looked promising.

On a warm September afternoon in 1931, our two sons were playing out in front of our house when a neighbor's youngster came along with a newspaper in his hand. The garage door was open waiting for Albine to come home from Sherman Island. The youngster decided to stop a few minutes to play with our sons and placed the newspaper on the fender of our Studebaker in the garage. A few moments later Albine drove in and noticed the newspaper and began to scan its advertisements. There was one ad that intrigued him. He brought the paper into the house for me to see.

We were in the Depression and a farm was listed in the paper for sale at what seemed to us a very reasonable price. The farm was on Andrus Island but it was in such an out-of-the-way place and we were not acquainted with that part of the island. We wondered where it was situated and though it seemed reasonable, we did not have the money required to buy it. Albine even decided that it could not be very good at the price they were asking for it. To put his mind at ease, I suggested that we go look at the place anyway.

Albine took down the address of the real estate office from where it was listed and then went out to put the newspaper back on the fender of the Studebaker. The real estate office was in Sacramento and since we did not have a phone, we decided to drive up there. After talking to the dealer the next day, we decided to look at the farm on our way home.

The portion of land that was for sale was about five miles south of Isleton, in an almost inaccessible portion of Andrus Island. The levee circled around this point of the island in a horseshoe fashion. On the outside of the levee the Mokelumne and the San Joaquin Rivers met and this was called the mouth of the Mokelumne River. Within this horseshoe formation lay the forty seven acres of land that was for sale. There was a dirt road on this part of the levee, the graveled road stopping at the neighboring farmer's house. On the levee sides and along the river were masses of willows and wild blackberry vines. There was also a gate on the levee separating the two places. In the middle of this horseshoe near the levee was a shack and a good barn, and also here the levee road ended. The remainder of the levee that bordered the farm was completely covered with willows, nettles and blackberry vines besides other weeds. Except for a few bedraggled pear trees at the foot of the levee, the remainder of the farm was also completely covered with weeds of every description. There were also masses of wasps and mosquitoes floating around.

We stopped the car at the gate and looked at what appeared to be a potter's field. The whole section had an air of desolation that could not be found on any other part of the island. It was as if the owners had deserted the land. We could see why it was listed so cheaply. Albine mumbled, "*How can anyone make a living on such a place?*" I turned to him and as a joke said, "*You are now looking at your future home.*" All we could see was forty seven acres of weed-filled land that looked as if it had not felt the touch of a plow in the last fifty years.

We should have turned around and gone home but Albine was inquisitive and opened the gate and drove through. We could see numerous ditches among the weeds with shallow water sitting in and around them where not even weeds could grow. Albine commented to himself, "*It's wet. Nothing can grow here.*" We drove to where the shack and the barn stood and he got out of the car and reached for a pear from one of the pear trees, all the while talking to himself, even reminding me how foolish we had been to have bothered with the advertisement.

"*It looks like it's good for nothing.*" Albine kept mumbling over and over. I looked at the sun and not having my watch with me, I presumed that it must have been three o'clock and soon time for the children to be coming home from school. I mentioned this and we started for home, carefully opening and closing the gate as we passed through it. I was absolutely through with the place — it was a goose egg as far as I was concerned.

On our way along the levee, Albine stopped at the neighboring farm which was only a short distance away. We had noticed, as we had passed by, that both a man and a woman were looking at us, probably wondering what was in our minds, perhaps even guessing that we had been looking at the place with thoughts of buying the land and being their neighbors. Albine got out of the car and walked to where the farmer stood, which was not within listening distance. I remained in the car and hoped he would not tarry too long. Soon, the farmer's wife, or so I thought she was, typically farmish in a pair of high leather shoes, a well worn and dirty apron over her faded garments, and a bandana tied around her head, walked up the levee to where I sat in the car and started talking to me.

The farmer's wife spoke no English. She must have heard Albine talking Portuguese to her husband, for she started talking Portuguese to me. She wanted to know if we were thinking of buying the farm we had just seen. She looked up and down at me as if she was sizing me up as a prospective neighbor and I wondered how good or bad I rated. She looked as if she was lonely and would welcome someone to talk to. I thought she might even take it upon herself to try to sell us the ranch with her praise of it, just so she could have a neighbor to talk to.

I had to admit the truth to her, that we had come with the thought of buying it. Otherwise, what else would we be doing there, feeding the mosquitoes? She advised me not to buy the land, that it would not produce anything and had gone from one owner to another because they were unable to make enough to pay the taxes on it. The trouble with it was that it was too wet and there was no way to drain it properly. We went on talking for a big while until Albine finally

stopped talking to the farmer.

As Albine entered the car, I looked at him expecting him to confirm what the farmer's wife had said to me. Instead he looked at me with his eyes half shut as if he was planning to surprise me, and surprise me he did, saying that the farmer had said the land was good, that at one time terrific crops had been raised on it and that they had also raised asparagus on it higher than a man's head. He also said that there had not been any asparagus planted on it for many years and since that is what Albine wanted, land to plant asparagus again, it was capable of re-producing a tremendous crop of asparagus.

"That man is lying," I told Albine. "Why has his wife told me the opposite?" I explained to Albine what the farmer's wife had said and that I believed her more than I did the farmer. "If we bought that place," I said, "we wouldn't even make enough to pay the taxes. I think that farmer is just pulling your leg."

Albine was not convinced. The next morning he went back to look at the place. This time Albine took a shovel with him. While I picked and ate a pear that was not wormy, he walked into the field and was soon out of my sight amid the cockleburrs. There was a big, very old cottonwood tree growing on the outer side of the road and in its shade I waited for a long time for Albine to come back. I even wondered if he had fallen into a bog and could not extricate himself, or if there could be quicksand and he had got mired in it. He finally came back with an extremely satisfied look on his face that surprised me. "I've dug around and I think the land is good," he said. "I could golpher plow it and get rid of the water quicker by digging the ditches deeper." He rambled on with his plans as if he had already bought it. I stood aghast with my mouth open.

"How do you expect to buy it and make all those improvements besides?" I asked. We did not even have the money to buy it. I could see our house in Rio Vista going down the drain. We still had two years of lease on Sherman Island and sufficient time to read advertisements and look for something better that would interest him and he could continue farming. He was not cut out to do anything else

except farm, barring making toy boats for his sons or carving wooden panels.

The idea that he had to start looking for a place to farm after his lease was up was so much in Albine's mind of late that he had even hinted to me that I made good enchiladas and that perhaps we should rent my mother's saloon, which had become vacant since prohibition started, and that I could make and sell homemade enchiladas.

Albine went to our banker and told him about the plot of land he had been looking at and could buy if the bank would loan him the money. At this stage the plan to buy the land was his. I did not approve of it. He asked the banker if we could get a loan on our house which was only half paid. The banker was sympathetic and willing to give us a second mortgage on our house. He even suggested that Albine make an offer to the owner of the land for much less than the asking price. The owner was at the real estate office when we got there and met our price offer half way, and we bought the acreage, willows, weeds and water. The dealer asked how much we were going to put down to hold the sale until the deed was written. He mumbled, "One hundred, two hundred, five hundred?" Albine and I looked at one another. Neither of us had the brains to say one hundred. We had five hundred in the bank and we both agreed to give them the five hundred dollars. The day was September 28, 1931.

Somehow, even I was happy as we drove home that warm day. We felt the same joy we had felt the same day we had begun building our house in Rio Vista. We had made a purchase of a parcel of land that would be our home some day perhaps. After the two years left of the lease on Sherman Island was up, there would not be any more leasing or sharecropping for us. That evening we went to my mother's house to tell her the news. My brother, Joe, was also home and he said, "Opportunity knocks at your door just once in your lifetime." Could this be true? Little did we dream of the sleepless nights and restless days that we were going to suffer. In reality, the farmer's wife had been right and not the farmer.

The dream blew up only a few days later when Albine's brother came to see us. He had heard that we were

thinking of buying that parcel of land and if it was true, he had come to warn us that no one had ever made a living out of the land in question, that it was a perpetual swamp. Everyone who had tried had failed and he wanted us to know about it before it was too late. Albine stood mute before his brother. He did not know what to say. I finally was the one to blurt out, *"It's too late. We already have bought it."*

When Albine told his brother about the five hundred dollars he had put down as an option, his brother said, *"Better to lose five hundred dollars now than five or ten thousand dollars later."*

We were numb as we lay in bed that night. We could not even find solace in talking with each other. The next day we went to see Mr F, the district superintendent who, as a family friend, and also very well acquainted with that portion of the island for so many years, would know better than anyone else whether that parcel of land was worth anything or not. Mr F was appalled at our ignorance. He said that land on that portion of the island was actually eight feet higher than the rest of the island but it was impossible to drain it for the pressure of the San Joaquin and Mokelumne Rivers was so great that it forced the water through underground channels up into the land. This was true indeed. There were many spots where we could see the water bubbling and gurgling happily as it spread itself through and over the surface of the land. *"Better that you lose your five hundred dollars,"* he also advised us. *"You'll never make a cent on the place."*

With great reluctance we went back to the real estate dealer and explained the situation to him. He said we either had to forfeit our five hundred dollars or pay the remaining amount due on the land. It had been sold cheaply for cash, he had reminded us.

On arriving back home we again began discussing the situation at great length. The main question was, what could we do that would hurt us the least? We remembered with bitterness that the agent had suggested one hundred, two hundred or five hundred dollars. In our ignorance we had happily offered him five hundred dollars. How easily it would have been to have offered him only one hundred

dollars, and sacrificed it gratefully.

After long hours of great discussion, we thought we had come up with a brilliant idea. We would pay the amount due and put the land up for sale again by the same dealer. By offering it for the price we paid for it, which was much lower than the original asking price, we would probably be able to sell it to someone else. This we did. That is, we put it up for sale again but did not sell it. No one wanted it.

Many times I would think of the day we had bought it and how we had talked about it so cheerfully all the way home. We had been so exhilarated that we had gone to my mother's home that night to give her the news. I could hear the echo of my brother Joe's words, *"Opportunity knocks at your door only once in a lifetime."* How many times those words began to echo in my brain. Albine and I would repeat them to each other derisively. We were just sick.

After several weeks the title company sent us our deed. We opened the envelope and threw it into a drawer. There it reposed for many years. In fact we had forgotten that we had ever received it. It had made no impression on us.

The land we had bought lay idle over the winter. We scarcely visited it, and when we did we noticed that there were several cars parked on the levee close to the barn. We learned that they belonged to fishermen who lived on the berm at the mouth of the Mokelumne River. These squatters would come over in their boats, tie up to our levee bank and then drive their dilapidated cars into town to buy their groceries and liquor.

In the spring Albine hired a ditch digger to deepen the ditches and later he hired another man to gopher plow the land so that the water would drain into the ditches. The ditches ran into a main ditch that emptied into a canal and the water would eventually be pumped by the district superintendent into the river.

Before he began to drain the land, Albine had moved our two horses from Sherman Island to our swamp acreage. He had also taken two bales of hay with him and placed them in the barn where he had stalled the horses. The following morning when he went back to feed the horses he found that

there was no hay to feed them. Someone had walked off with the hay. On the way home he stopped to ask of the neighboring farmer who could have taken the hay. He was told that the fishermen on the berm had rabbits and were in the habit of coming over to pick grass for them. The farmer had no doubt that they had taken the hay. The next morning he hauled another couple of bales of hay for the horses and fed them. He also had a drum of diesel oil delivered to the place and had brought in a small tractor that we owned to start gopher plowing the land. The following day he went back to feed the horses as the man who was going to do the plowing had not yet arrived. Later in the day Albine came home with a woebegone look on his face and a sad tale. Someone had not only taken the hay again, but had also taken the drum of oil. I looked at him aghast as I exclaimed, "*Why, we've bought a pirate's lair. That's all it is — a pirate's lair!*" And so it was, and the name of the place was born, Pirate's Lair. The fishermen needed oil for their boats and hay for their rabbits. What else would they be needing, we wondered, our crops perhaps, if we ever had any? It was a veritable pirate's lair. We had learned the hard way that we were not welcome on this part of the island. The fishermen were not above anything worth taking. They also needed the waterfront to tie their boats and the levee to park their cars. We were afraid of going against them, but did place everything removable into the barn under lock and key. We also told them they could come over and pick grass for their rabbits if they wished.

After it was gopher plowed we left the land lie draining that first year. The next year we heard of a Hindu who was well known and respected for his knowledge about growing celery. He would work and plant the land on shares, but he did not have the money to cover the expenses which were quite heavy for raising celery.

Albine decided that here was an opportunity to make some money, by raising celery. The only thing wrong with raising celery we were told was that some years the price was good but again some years you couldn't sell it, there was no market for it was swamped with celery. You had to keep growing celery year after year so that the lean years evened

out the fat. It was almost like a lottery. You also had to have money to raise celery and, of course, we did not have the money.

Albine held a life insurance policy and was able to borrow three thousand dollars on it, which he did. Whenever the Hindu needed money Albine gave it to him. We could just as well have hired him and paid him wages. At least we would know where the money was going. He did not have that many men working in the fields and after the celery was planted it hardly needed irrigation.

To the Hindu's credit, the celery grew beautifully and so did the weeds which had to be hoed out constantly. We shipped one carload of celery to an eastern market and the profit did not even cover the shipping charges. We had to let the celery rot in the fields, outside of what we ate. There was no market for celery that year. The Hindu also disappeared.

We still had a year, 1933, of the lease on Sherman Island and were still cutting asparagus, though the crop was very poor. Albine had been plowing up the worst sections of asparagus and planting Milo corn on them. We also had the Lair to contend with, wondering whether it would be feasible to plant corn on it. The wet soil had been good for the celery, but was it good for anything else, we wondered.

Albine decided to try to drain the land some more and hired a small family to work for us. He had the man build a small shack of two small bedrooms and a kitchen and an outhouse. He had also hired a ditcher to dig trenches about fifty feet apart in which he planned to bury redwood drains. These were long box-like channels, head to head, that would be the conduit through which the water would flow into the main ditch. Since the ground could be worked over these conduits, it could also grow any kind of crop except trees. Nothing could be planted that year and the workman did nothing else but make boxes and bury them.

Albine had also planted a small patch of asparagus seed with the intention of planting the whole land at the Lair in asparagus. The seeds had sprouted wonderfully and so had the weeds. It seemed that the weeds had grown rampant for so many years that it was next to impossible to eradicate them. The moist soil did not help. Between Albine and the

workman, they spent long hours pulling the small weeds by hand so that the tiny asparagus plants could thrive.

Occasionally I would also drive to the Lair alone and meditate. I would wonder how we could have got into such a situation in which all the money we could spare was being slowly sifted into a place that did not seem to have a future. I would ask myself where would the money come from, to bury in that hole, after our lease on Sherman Island was ended. I would think about my house in Rio Vista and wonder how long I was going to be able to hang on to it. I could picture our family living in the three-room shack at the Lair, and trying to make ends meet. It all seemed like a blank wall without an outlet.

The day came when a man from Vallejo heard about the Lair being for sale as it was still listed with the real estate dealer in Sacramento. The man had heard how much we had paid for it and offered to pay us the same price. At first we were elated that we were going to be able to get rid of it, but when we heard how much he wanted to pay for it our spirits sank. We had spent so much money on the place already, deepening the ditches, gopher plowing, making the redwood drains and the trenches for them and also burying them. We had also made the three-room dwelling. I could not see why we should give this all away for, after all, the man was paying for the land as it had been before we took it over, not for the way it was now. Albine was all for selling it and getting rid of it. To me he was not selling it; he was giving it away. We should have given it away in the beginning before we had sunk so much money in it.

No matter how much we talked to the man who was interested in buying it, he would not come up with a cent more than we had paid for it. I don't think he was interested in the land but in the site. He could have had another plan for it.

For once I held the upper hand and I meant to hold it. The deed was in both our names and Albine was unable to sell the land without my signing. The man who was working at the Lair was a cousin of Albine and he was all for Albine and the idea of getting rid of the land. He tried to talk me into it also, putting his arm over my shoulders and saying, "Don't

*be a fool. Get what money you can and get out. This will be always a hole to sink money into. You'll never get anything out of it."*

I could not agree with him. I didn't see why another person should take advantage of us, getting a lot we had put into the place without paying for it. I refused to go along with the sale and it was not sold. After so many blunders I was beginning to think that I, too, should have something to say about our lives.

The asparagus was replanted the following year and in the fall another prospective buyer showed up and seemed genuinely interested and wanted to buy the property. Again our hopes soared. Again we wondered, would the man be willing to give us the amount we had spent on the place, including the asparagus.

It seemed that he had an idea of how he intended to make money off of the place and we were not at all sure that it was farming. We were notified of the day and hour that he would meet us at the Lair and we went there to meet him. With great anticipation we waited for him but he did not show up. Later we were told that he and another man had been on their way from Stockton to meet us and that they had had an accident and the prospective buyer was killed. It seemed almost unfair that our luck should always fail us.

One afternoon Albine and I went to the Lair to see how the asparagus was doing. Even though the lease was finished at Sherman Island, Albine had continued to farm the land with the approval of his sister, Teresa. Our life was a continual hanging-on type of living. We did not have any money to spend on anything special. It was practically a day to day living. Everything we bought was charged. Everything was stretched, clothes, shoes and food. We did not even go anywhere, to save gas. All I could say that was good was the children were in school. They were having a chance for a good education that their parents never had. They did not have to trudge through miles of wet fields like their mother had. Jean was soon going to enter high school. In a way I envied them, though I was glad for them. I felt that nothing could stop them now if they wished for a higher education.

That day at the Lair Albine and I began talking about our problems. At least we were able to communicate with one another though we did not always see eye to eye. *"I don't think we are going to do very well on the asparagus,"* Albine said. *"It is so patchy and is making such poor growth."*

It had been a warm afternoon and toward evening we sat on the ground at the top of the levee near the road. A soft, sweet wind was blowing from the San Joaquin River over the fields to where we were sitting, staring out at our poor humble acreage. Everything looked so peaceful around us, the soft twittering of the birds making up their minds where to go to sleep, a few crows cawing in the distance, and from the river there were faint cries of sea gulls, perhaps fighting over a dead fish. In this setting my mind kept whirling back to a thought I had been fostering lately. Did I dare tell Albine what I was thinking of? I mentioned to him that the asparagus could do better in a couple of years. Then we could pay off all our bills.

*"I don't think we will ever make enough to live on from the asparagus,"* he said hopelessly. He looked defeated. I called his attention to the breeze and how good it felt. He did not answer. His mind was on other things. I decided to tell him what had been on my mind the last few weeks and which I thought would be the best solution to our problems.

*"One of these days we are going to have to depend on the Lair for a living,"* I said to him. *"We aren't making any headway on the Sherman Island ranch. Wouldn't it be better to sell or rent our house and move to this place?"* I asked. *"We could build an inexpensive addition to the shack. We would not have to pay a hired man for work that we could do. I could raise chickens and sell eggs,"* I added. I was thinking that raising chickens would be more fun than making and selling enchiladas.

He waited until I finished and then said with an emphasis, *"That you will never see."* I did not argue with him though.

We soon left for home, back to asphalt streets all around us and back to our everyday living in a small community. I liked our home and also living in Rio Vista.

But I could not enjoy living a life where our financial problems were the uppermost thoughts in my mind. Besides, I felt that our three children were at a very tender age to have to put up with the sense of insecurity with which we lived. Better, I thought, to live in a hut than to be constantly exposed to our world of anxiety.

I did not mention again to Albine the idea of moving to the Lair, though time and again we would ask ourselves and each other how could we have made such a stupid blunder to have bought that parcel in the first place. That had been the beginning of most of our problems. We would blame ourselves and blame each other and even blame the youngster who had left the newspaper on that spot on that particular day. I also felt that if we had listened to the farmer's wife and believed her instead of the lies the farmer had told, all we were going through would never have happened.

Five years had passed since we had bought the Lair. Somehow we had managed to exist and pay taxes on it and also on our house. Since the house was mortgaged to the hilt we had to pay interest on that too. The asparagus that Albine had planted had truly been a failure. It did not pay even to cut it. Jean was in her junior year at high school. In September she would be entering her senior year and had hope of entering college even if she had to work to do it. Allan would also be entering eighth grade in September and Lloyd was only a year behind him. They had nothing in their minds except to finish high school.

On one day in January 1937 Albine sauntered aimlessly through the streets of Rio Vista in search of someone to talk to and while away an hour or so before supper. He had come in earlier than usual from the Sherman Island ranch as there was not much he could do at the time but wait for the water from a recent heavy rain to drain off. The land was soggy and unworkable. I was sitting at the sewing machine mending a pair of trousers for one of the boys, which was the kind of sewing I would be doing mostly, at that time. Albine walked in and looked at me with the old gleeful gleam in his eyes and a sort of abashed grin, which astonished me. It was a familiar look that I had not seen on his face for a long time. Recently he had appeared grim and tired and lifeless. His constant happy spirit seemed to have left him. As I looked at him I could not help but wonder what he was up to. I also wondered if the exhilarating mood he was exhibiting had anything to do with the Lair which seemed to be the subject on our minds all the time.

"You have no idea whom I have been talking to," he said. He seemed so elated that I began to feel a sort of exhilaration myself. He looked so different than what he had appeared an hour or so before. The main thought that occurred to me was that at last we were going to sell our piece of land.

At this stage I couldn't say that I was extremely happy at the thought. Somehow, the Lair had begun to grow under my skin. It had almost become like one of the family, like an unruly child with a lot of problems, or even a puppy that was hard to train — there was something lovable about it and it belonged to us. After five years of sparring with its tantrums, and adoring the sweet river winds that swept over it, I wasn't going to dispose of it so easily without a stab at my heart.

I stood looking at Albine impatiently. I could not wait a moment longer to hear what it was that had excited him so much. I wanted to know the truth and yet I feared that I would not like it. Were we at last going to sell the land?

Albine took my hand in his and with the other hand stroked my arm, a trait he had when he wanted to hold my attention. He said, "I've been talking with Mr Hygher, you know whom I mean, the man that raises chickens." I felt like laughing, wondering what was so exciting about talking to a man who raises chickens. At the same time I felt that this was nothing to laugh at. Why was it that the thought of raising chickens touched a chord in me?

"Mr Hygher said," he went on, "that a person could make a good living raising chickens and that there was always a good market for eggs. He also said that if he owned the ranch he would raise hogs and chickens." He looked at me for a moment and then jiggled my arm impatiently as if asking for a response. "You wanted to raise chickens, didn't you?" he reminded me. "Maybe that's what we ought to do."

So Mr Hygher had sold him the idea of raising chickens, I thought. And hogs, too. I did not like the idea of raising hogs. I had heard that they ate too much, like the phrase, eating like a hog. "Well!" I exclaimed without any hesitation, and again I repeated, "Well! Let's go!"

So we were at last going to live at Pirate's Lair. The children were not easily convinced that it was a good thing to do. It was not easy to convince them that it could be a way out of our problems, but they accepted the idea and we began to make plans to move again.

When my friends heard of our intended move they looked at me with pity and even asked, "How can you give

up your nice house and go live in the country?"

All I could answer was, "We are."

Since the children were in the midst of their school year, we had to wait until June before we could move. In the meantime, I got busy planning how I was going to handle the chicken business. At that time a small chicken house that had belonged to a neighbor had become available and we bought it and moved it into our fenced back yard. I began to study every pamphlet that I could lay my hand on about the best way to raise chickens and make them lay eggs.

In a farm magazine there were a lot of advertisements about hens that laid almost three hundred eggs a year. They were pedigreed and cost almost a small fortune to buy a flock of them. I felt I should start with the best I could afford and I sent away to Corvallis, Oregon for ten pedigreed baby chicks and one hundred that were good layers but not pedigreed. On a cold blustery day in February they arrived by express, all safe and sound though a little chilled. I placed them in the warm basement where the furnace was, for a few days, then under a brooder in the chicken house that we had bought. I had very good success in raising them. The pedigreed chicks had bands on their legs and I was able to keep tab on them.

By June we already had our house rented to a family who were newcomers to Rio Vista. Since we were unable to move all our furniture until the house at the ranch was completed, the renters allowed us to store it in the garage for a couple of months. The chicken house and young pullets had already been moved to the fenced yard at the Lair. Albine had also built a pen for the bred sow he had bought. The sad part was that he had utilized one side of the chicken pen to serve as the fourth side of his hog pen. I never saw a person like he was, always trying to cut corners.

Albine borrowed a truck from his brother to move what furniture we were taking. I drove his old Chrysler with our clothes and other items. Jean brought up the rear in the Studebaker and that was full also, besides the two boys.

As we waited for Albine to get the truck moving, I sat in the car for a few moments, glancing at my house and garden into which I had poured so many dreams and in

which I knew I would never live again. I was leaving for a life of raising chickens and of keeping my family alive. Though the sun was shining, a brisk West wind was waving the branches of the trees and shrubs in the back yard and around the house. I was thinking of the day before when I had sat in the living room and reminisced that it would be the last day I was going to live within its walls. As I was looking through the arched front window, the wind was also blowing and I had thought, these are what they call the winds of chance. I tried to impress in my mind the view that we had had from that window where within it a model of a Spanish galleon which Albine had made stood on a table, and of how many children had come to stand outside and look at the model.

Now as I slowly began to move away from the house, I seemed to feel that every limb and leaf I was leaving behind was bowing to me in silent grief to see us leave. Even the weeds along the sidewalk kept bowing and bowing with each gust of wind as if waving a silent farewell as we pulled away into a new life. "Goodbye, dear house," I whispered. "You have given us many happy moments. We will probably never live in you again!"

We camped in the three-room shack during the remainder of the summer, while all the while an addition was being tacked on to the original. The addition included a large living room lined with knotty pine and with a cathedral ceiling. Two bedrooms were also added, one upstairs and one off the hall with a railed deck over it opening to the upstairs bedroom. The living room was at one end of the hall and the kitchen at the other end. One door in the hall led to the laundry, with a stairway leading from there to a cement basement. Aside from the living room the inside finishing of the rest of the house was all of sheetrock and batting, including the bathroom. There was a small portion of the hall near the living room that had an outer wall and here we put a porthole looking out to the river which was very scenic, with now and then a big ocean vessel making its way up the deep-water channel on the San Joaquin River from San Francisco to Stockton and vice versa. On the wall below the hall porthole on the outside of the house I wrote this sentiment, WE WATCH BIG SHIPS PASS NOW AND THEN, AND WONDER IF OURS WILL EVER COME IN. Albine painted the outside of the house white and I painted the inside, crouched on top of a high ladder while I shellacked and varnished the knotty pine, and all the while my legs trembling as I did the cathedral ceiling. On the front of each riser of the upstairs I wrote a few words of a passage of a poem I liked which read, I MUST GO DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN, TO THE LONELY SEA AND THE SKY. AND ALL I ASK IS FOR A TALL GRAY SHIP AND A STAR TO STEER ME BY.

One day two of my sisters-in-law were visiting us and when they saw what I had written on the stairway, one turned to the other and said, "Do you know what they say about people that write on walls?"

Albine had made a brand new outhouse while the construction was going on. This little house was eventually

moved to other sites and at one time was a smoke house and later a Jacuzzi pressure-pump house and still later a cat house (for cats). The windmill and tank were moved from the roadway to the West side of the house before we installed the Jacuzzi pump. Facing the river from the top bedroom were two portholes one on each side of the door to the deck.

And so for a summer our gypsy life began. The children swam in the river, rode an old plug we had that kept trying to kick them off, and sailed with Albine up and down on the Mokelumne River and the San Joaquin in the sailboat Albine had made while we still lived in Rio Vista and which he had loved to sail up and down the Sacramento River. We also went fishing for striped bass which were plentiful. We also caught catfish which Albine always had to skin because I always told him I didn't know how to skin them. That was one way of getting out of doing something I did not want to do. The whole family decided that it was more fun at the ranch than we had expected.

I stuffed my pullets with plenty of feed and they had begun to lay beautiful large white eggs which we ate, and I also put eight dozen eggs in a small incubator I had bought and placed in the basement. I wanted to get a good production going. I had five mouths to feed. Albine's sow became a problem though. He fed her grain but almost from the beginning she kept eyeing the mash my hens were being fed. One day she stuck her nose under the wire fence and ate all the chicken mash. Albine tried patching the fence to keep her out but she was too strong. With her snout she would raise the wire and get into the chicken pen and eat all their feed. Eventually Albine had to move the sow's pen some distance away. I was glad of that for the sow had been too close to the house anyway.

The end of school vacation came and the county finished placing gravel on the small portion of the road that did not have any so that the school bus could come and pick up our children at the house. It was a very welcome contribution to us also as we would not have to keep chains on our tires to get through that half mile of ungraveled road any more during the winter months.

With the end of the summer of 1937 our money was also gone. We owed money on the two houses and there were taxes and interest to pay. The rent we were getting from our Rio Vista house barely took care of this. The first day of school for our three children was at hand. I looked at the patched trousers that my sons had to start school with on that first day in a new school and my heart hurt. I had five mouths to feed and all I had to feed them with was eggs, culled hens and fryers, and also any fish we caught. We still did not have the cow we planned to buy that would furnish us with fresh milk and butter. I was so tired of chopping heads and plucking feathers that I wished I would never see another chicken. Even Lloyd complained of his stomach and said he was not going to eat another egg. I realized we were eating far too many eggs and I wondered what I was going to do with the eggs the hens were laying. The day came when I was even out of flour to make bread which I had always made.

My sister-in-law, Julia, came to see us that day and I told her of having six dozen eggs and did not know how to dispose of them. *"Why don't you take them to the store and exchange them for groceries?"* she suggested. Her words were almost like a light from heaven. It was with an anxious heart that I sent Albine with the eggs in two paper bags to the grocery store to try to exchange them for a twenty five pound sack of flour and if there was enough, to get the rest in cheese. I watched and waited fearfully until he got back. It seemed too good to be true, to exchange eggs for groceries. He came back with the flour and a huge chunk of American cheese. I had never seen a hunk of cheese of that size in our house before and I could hardly believe what I was seeing. I sat down and started to laugh loudly while all the time I stared at the cheese. We were not going to starve, I kept thinking, leave it to my chickens. There would always be food for them and also for us and even for Albine's sow which had presented him with sixteen piglets and we had to have food for them also.

Our sailboat was not being used much that fall so we took the mast and sail off of it. The children were in school and Albine was plowing up the asparagus so that he could plant landino clover on the land. He had an idea he would

like to raise sheep. Occasionally I would row the boat a little way out on the river and fish for striped bass. The stripers were running very well that November and I managed to catch some nice ones that we enjoyed eating.

On a Sunday morning a man stopped at the Lair and asked if he could rent our boat. Albine always being very goodhearted insisted that the man use the boat for nothing, saying we were not in the business of renting boats. This same man came back several times and used the boat to go fishing. At this time a rancher friend moved inland and gave us his old rowboat which he would not have any use for anymore. It occurred to us that since we now had two boats, we should charge a dollar a day for anyone to use them. We put up a sign which read, BOATS FOR RENT, ONE DOLLAR. That weekend the man came back and Albine rented the sailboat to him for one dollar. Immediately after, Albine came into the house where I was and took my hand in his, and with my palm upward he plopped the silver dollar into it. To me it was the most beautiful coin I had ever seen for as I looked at it my mind was churning at this new possibility. *"A whole dollar!"* I exclaimed in amazement, and again I repeated, *"A whole dollar! Look,"* I went on, *"it fills my palm."* I stood there looking at it and laughing loudly and joyfully as I had done when Albine had bought the flour and cheese in exchange for the six dozen eggs. Again, as I had said on that occasion, I repeated the same words, *"We will never starve."*

That first winter was unusually harsh. It seemed that there wasn't a day that it did not rain. As the river rose higher each day, the farmers began talking of a possible flood. They patrolled the levee day and night. We were all worried. It had been thirty years since Andrus Island had been flooded and I had been in that flood. The wind blew also, fierce gales that knocked down trees and eventually knocked our water tank down when its supports collapsed amid a terrific splash. We were now out of water. Albine placed an empty wine barrel at the corner of the house where the rain water came down from the roof in a constant spout. We had to use this water to cook with and for other purposes, carrying it in with a bucket. One day the electricity went out for a full day during a storm. I had my incubator

full of eggs in the basement and when I saw that the electricity could be out for quite a while, I took the eggs out of the incubator and wrapped them up in a container and placed them near the wood stove to keep them from being chilled and running the chance of losing them.

Though most of the house was new, the wind blew the rain against the house with such fury that the water began coming down into the house where the new part of the house latched on to the shack. The deck over our bedroom also leaked. There were vessels strung along the hall and other parts of the house catching the rain water.

The kitchen door, unprotected by a porch roof, leaked water on the linoleum near the door and it began to curl. There was no heat in the house outside of the wood stove and the electric stove. The veneer on our furniture also curled with the dampness and broke away from its base. The whole house smelled of mildew. My skin was constantly full of gooseflesh and I was wrapped in everything I could find to put on.

Many times I would think of our home in Rio Vista and how sheltered and snug it had felt, with its stuccoed walls and tiled roof "*that never dropped a leak,*" as Albine was fond of saying.

With sandbags here and there on the levee wherever they were needed, the farmers kept the island from being flooded, though some of the other islands did go under. Albine's brother who had moved to his ranch on Andrus Island also said to us during those hectic days that we had brought our bad luck with us and that we should have remained in Rio Vista. But Andrus did not flood that winter.

Since we had to replace the metal water tank with a new one, Albine decided to salvage the battered old one by building a sort of shed with it in which to store grain and other things. He said he was making it rat-proof. We began calling it the Rat-Proof. He did store grain in it for a while and also wood for the stove. Later he used it to store corn for the chickens.

The landino clover and also the weeds grew well and in the spring of 1938 Albine bought a small flock of sheep and

pastured them on the land. There was no shepherd to watch them and they roamed wherever they wished. They had a trough from which they could drink water but it had to be close to the water pipes near the house and the sheep would rather drink from the ditches. The sad results were that they began falling into the ditches and we began losing some. Twice a day Albine had to run the ditches and pull out any that had fallen in. It was quite a job.

About the beginning of that summer, the United States Government began auctioning off various kinds of surplus articles. The auction yard was south of Stockton. We heard that they were auctioning boats also, and Albine and I decided to see if the boats were usable for the fishermen. They were square-end boats and we bought about a dozen with the money we had been getting from the two rowboats we had been renting. Albine also decided to start building rowboats, a thing he loved to do.

He had moved the barn from where it was on the north of our dwelling and placed it on the southwest side. With no one to help him, he had taken the roof off and split the walls into four sections. With his tractor he had moved each section, dragging it flat on the ground to where it would be erected, then with a pulley and wooden frames, he erected first one side and braced it, and using the same system he was able to have it standing exactly as it had been previously built. The roof had to be completely rebuilt.

With the money we were making on the boat rentals, Albine began to buy lumber and make some very attractive boats. He used the barn to build them in, and as each boat was finished and launched he would shout, "*Whoopie!*" with joy. Soon we had a small fleet and more fishermen would be knocking at our door at wee hours in the morning to be sure they would get a boat.

Things began looking better and we were able to keep up with our bills. The family that had rented our house decided that they wanted a gas furnace instead of the coal furnace we had there. Albine moved the old furnace to our basement and we became prepared for a warmer winter. Not long after the new furnace was installed in the Rio Vista house, the family living there decided to move and since we

knew that we would never live in the house again, we put it up for sale and paid all our debts and were free again.

In September 1938 Jean entered the University of California at Berkeley. We took her to my mother's home in Rio Vista where my sister Louise and her husband Harry were visiting and would take her back to the Bay Area where they lived. All of my sisters were at this time living in and around San Francisco. Louise and Ulinda were nurses. They were all married except Mary who was working for the Government. Only my brother Joe had remained with my mother and had also not yet married.

As we drove Jean to Rio Vista, I was feeling what most parents feel when their offspring leave the family circle. She seemed so young to be going away from us, but this was what she wanted. As she was leaving, she hung on to my hand as long as she could as the car began moving. After we got back home I went into my room and had a weeping spell. Afterwards I felt better. The first bird had left the nest. I remembered that after Albine and I had left on our honeymoon, one of my sisters told me later that my mother had wept also. She probably wept as each one of her children left to live on their own.

Our neighbor had a hog that would come the half mile to our place and scrounge around for something to eat. He was particularly fond of getting into the Rat-Proof and eating whatever we had in there, especially if it happened to be grain. Though we kept driving him away, he would sooner or later come back and try to get into the Rat-Proof, which had a poor door latch. He knew how to push the door with his snout until it opened. I got tired of running him out of the place and one day I caught him inside and closed the door on him and placed some barricades behind the door so he couldn't get out. I wanted to make his owner come and look for him so I could tell him what I thought of him and his hog. Toward the middle of the afternoon, the hog's owner had not yet appeared. Since the Rat-Proof was made of metal, I became concerned that the hog could die in the hot enclosure from heat and thirst. I opened the door a trifle, then stuck the nozzle of a hose through the gap, pouring some water on the floor so that if he wished to cool off, he could lie in it. After dusk the owner came around the house and I surmised that he was looking for his hog, although he did not ask for him and I did not tell him where he was. I was hoping that I could make him worry so much that he would keep his hog at home after that. Later I finally looked in with a flashlight. The black hog was lying on the floor covered with something white which I soon discovered was cement. I had forgotten the sack of cement was there. The hog had torn the sack up and scattered the cement, then to cool himself he had lain in the cement and water mixture and now looked like a ghost. I would have liked to have seen the owner's face when he found he had a white hog instead of a black one.

During the winter of 1939 I decided that the chickens were not giving us as much profit as I expected and that I would like to experience raising turkeys. I bought two turkey hens and a gobbler. I had Lloyd take the surplus hens into Chinatown in Isleton and sell them for fifty cents apiece. He

had good luck selling them, only two hens flew away. He felt badly that he lost them.

During the months of April and May of 1940, Albine was very busy towing the boats that had been rented out to the San Joaquin River where there was better fishing. He had bought a small motorboat with which to do this. Not many people at that time owned outboard motors. In the evening he would go out again and tow the boats back into our harbor. He generally brought them in all at one time, towing a fairly long string of boats. After the boats came in from the river they would all have to be put on a rack where he turned the hose on each one of them to get them washed, and then he lined them up along the walkway where they would be ready to go out the next morning. Between these daily duties he would fill in the time working on the new boats he was building, and running the ditches looking for sheep. There was not much time to play that spring.

Gradually the fishermen became more aware of the pleasure there was in fishing for striped bass. They began buying small outboard motors to use on the boats they rented. The word passed quickly around where rental boats were available and where the best fishing grounds could be found. The sport became known and utilized by more neophytes and our business increased.

By the end of May the bass run would be about over. The bass could be seen for a few days rolling on the surface of the river as they spawned. As the water became warmer, the larger bass soon made their exit from the Delta waters and returned to the cold waters of the sea. In late September and early October they would again make their way through San Francisco Bay and upriver. Here they scattered through the rivers and sloughs, remaining all winter until the cycle was completed again.

The first year that I raised turkeys I did very well. I had been able to hatch and raise ninety five saleable turkeys. I kept a few hens to breed the following spring and also the tom. Unfortunately, the next year I did very poorly. The turkeys became diseased from the few chickens I still had and I gave up both projects entirely.

Albine decided that the sheep were more trouble than profit. He sold them and planted cucumbers on the land. Lloyd trucked the cucumbers into Isleton where there was a pickle factory. Our profit on the cucumbers after all the expenses we had, including hoeing the weeds, netted only ninety five dollars. When I was told how much we had made, I said, *"Imagine, raising a crop during a whole season and making only ninety five dollars."*

Albine said, *"Ninety five dollars is ninety five dollars."*

I replied, *"Where is your work and also Lloyd's? You lost money."* He wasn't even figuring the taxes we had to pay on the land, besides assessments. The following year he decided to plant tomatoes. The canneries were paying a good price for tomatoes. Someone encouraged him to try them. He made a long shallow bed in which to plant the seed, covered with cheesecloth. The seed sprouted and grew very well. He then made other beds in which to transplant the seedlings. This also was covered with cheesecloth and high enough for us to walk under it hunched forward. We would be in those cheesecloth tents for hours on our knees and it took many days to transplant all those seedlings. Every once in a while I had to go rent a boat to someone who wanted one and it was a great relief to stretch my back. By the time the tomato plants were ready to be planted in the open ground, Albine had worked the land and borrowed or rented a tomato planter. I had to drive the tractor while he hunched over in the planter placing each plant in the row the planter opened up for him. The tomatoes grew very well and netted a good profit for all our work.

While the tomatoes were growing, Albine decided to start a snack bar. I did not want him to do this for I felt that he couldn't handle it. On a day that I went to San Francisco to see the World's Fair, he went to Sacramento and applied for a license to sell beer and soft drinks. He was given the license and began immediately to combine the two smaller bedrooms of the original shack into a larger room with a small bar at one end. This was 1940.

Albine had never had anything to do with selling anything except crops from the fields and the sheep, turkeys,

eggs and chickens. I was practically raised in a barroom in my childhood, but we were never allowed in it while there were customers around. This that we were facing now was his idea and when he set his mind to do something there wasn't much I could do about it. He finally arranged a snack bar of sorts located in what had originally been two bedrooms. The day came when we were ready for business. He had moved the refrigerator from the kitchen and placed it in a corner close to the bar. He had gone to Rio Vista and bought a number of cases of beer and soft drinks and placed some of these in the refrigerator. He had also made a sign and tacked it to a tree across the road. In large letters the sign read BEER. It was a Saturday and all the neighbors had been told we would be open on that day.

The first customer came in, a man from San Francisco who had an ark on the berm across the mouth of the Mokelumne River. At his retreat he and some of his cronies would spend their weekends, leaving their boat tied to our moorings during the week. The customer asked for a beer. I was behind the counter as was Albine. I had just stepped in there from the kitchen to see the man's reaction to our new enterprise. When he asked for the beer I looked at Albine expecting him to serve the man. At the same time, Albine looked at me. When I did not make a move to serve the man, Albine said to me, *"Go ahead. What are you waiting for?"* I had no idea that he had expected me to be a barmaid.

I did not want us to start a bar in the first place but as time went on I could see it was going to be an important part of a boat harbor. Our business began to increase and I had to spend more time not only taking care of the bar which rested on my shoulders, but I also had to get up early to make sandwiches which the fishermen wanted to take out with them. Albine had also bought a sunken houseboat and raised it and fixed it up on the river front, with cots in it so that four or more men could sleep in it. It was used mostly on Saturday night, giving the fishermen two days of fishing instead of one. It meant also that I had to cook breakfast and supper for them. We did not supply any bedding, which helped a little. The men were messy though, and I had to clean the houseboat up on Monday mornings.

The first year we planted tomatoes they were a great success. The following year Albine decided to plant tomatoes again but the crop was a complete failure. What we received from the crop scarcely covered the cost of planting and harvesting them. Albine decided to give up planting any crop that had to be harvested. By this time we had been accumulating a few calves each year which we would buy at the auctions held at Galt. Some of the calves were newly born and did not acclimate themselves to our cow's milk and died. The large ones did well and we were able to sell the young steers at a good profit. Albine had fenced a portion of the land on the north side of our acreage and here we kept the cattle. Since raising cattle appeared to be the best thing we could do with the land, we decided to buy registered Black Angus and start to raise only Black Angus stock. The first two heifers we bought at the Cow Palace in San Francisco at one of their shows. Later we bought a registered Black Angus bull from our vet in Lodi who also raised Black Angus. Part of the bull's registered name was Lingdooly and we called him that. He was very tame as was the rest of the cattle and I was never afraid to walk among them and pat them.

Albine bought a new tractor and hay baler and planted landino clover for pasture and also barley and alfalfa. He baled the alfalfa and barley to feed the cattle in the corral by the barn all winter. In the summer when the land was dry enough, the cattle were left to roam over the landino pasture.

Since our land was so wet we had to have a number of ditches to keep it drained and the ditches were a hazard for the cattle. Occasionally one would fall into a ditch and had to be dragged out with the tractor. Most of the time I had to run along the ditches each evening when Albine was busy, to be sure all the cattle were standing on their four feet. I had to count them and if one was missing, search for it until I found the spot in which it had fallen. Then with a rope looped

around the neck it would be pulled out with the tractor.

Each bovine had a name and I would pat my favorites and call them by their names. We did not give them ordinary names most of the time like girl's or boy's names, but a name that would apply to something about their character. I have forgotten their names but had them in a book which I threw away and now wish I had kept.

At the boundary between our ranch and our neighbor's acreage was a ditch in which the cattle could fall and this ditch had to be scanned also. I liked to creep up softly to this ditch to watch the muskrats swimming in it and also see the holes in which they had their nests and hid away from me.

I believe that since we had moved to Andrus Island the first time, when my father decided to farm, we have always had a dog around. Frank gave us the first one after we went back to the island after the flood. It was a young sheepdog called Fido which was a mixture of non-pedigreed shepherd dogs. When Mavis was about two years old, Marianna gave her a small dog of uncertain breed also. Her name was Bianca, meaning white, and she became pregnant and could not have her puppies. There was no vet that we could have taken her to since neither we or our neighbors had a car. Bianca cried one whole night and day. Mavis was as concerned about her as we were. We decided it would be better to put her out of her misery. Albine went out that night and shot her. Mavis seemed to have a premonition at the sudden silence that followed the gun blast, that something had happened to her dog. She looked at me, startled and wide-eyed, expecting an explanation. Not getting any, she began shouting, "*Bianca!*" We had to lie to her the next morning and say that Bianca had got sick and died. Like any small child her grief was soon forgotten. We were soon able to get another dog for Mavis and called it Floppy as it had very wide feet and when he tried to jump up, he would flop down with a plop. During the time Mavis was in the hospital, Floppy disappeared. He probably got hungry during Albine's visit to us in the hospital and probably roamed off.

When the Second World War broke out I prayed that it would end before my teenaged sons were of age to have to take part in it. In 1942 Allan graduated from Rio Vista high school and immediately went to work in the shipyards at San Francisco. In February 1943 Lloyd also finished high school and went to San Francisco to work in the same shipyards where Allan and a few of their friends were also working.

Allan decided that rather than be inducted into the army, he would enlist in the navy. In March 1943 Allan left for the naval training station at Farragut, Idaho. The evening before he was to leave he asked me to call him early the following morning. He had to be at the Sacramento Postoffice at one o'clock the next day. As he explained this to me, I could not help but think of the May Day poem that starts with, *"O wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear. For this is the maddest merriest day, of all the glad new year. Of all the glad new year, Mother, the maddest merriest day,"* and here I inserted, *"For I'm to be a sailor today, Mother, I'm to be a sailor today."*

After we were all in bed the night before Allan was to leave, his father got up from his warm bed and said he wanted to talk with Allan. I thought to myself, *"Why should his father be exposing himself to a cold when all he could say to him was so superfluous?"* But again I thought, *"It is not every day that a father has a son who is leaving on the following day to be a sailor, to go to sea, to go to war."* Allan soon led his father back down the stairs on a pretense that he wanted to get something that he had forgotten. A few minutes later I heard Allan climb the stairs again. Again I began thinking of how many hundreds of times I had heard both Allan and Lloyd climb those stairs and of how I had missed those footsteps since both had gone to San Francisco to work in the shipyards. In the morning I shook Allan a little and said, *"Wake up, sailor."* He woke up startled and sitting

part way up in his bed, replied, *"Yep, I'm a sailor."* His eyes were wide and full of adventure and excitement.

We arrived at the induction station about an hour early. As we sat in the car and waited, Allan churned around in the car anxiously as he watched a clock across the street tick each minute away. Suddenly he said he was going to walk over to the postoffice where the young men were going to be inducted, and wait outside.

For a short while Albine remained silently in the car, then opened the car door and said, *"I'm going with him."* I did not say anything. Ordinarily, I would have asked why he thought he had to be there to see Allan inducted. I knew that he had to do something, go somewhere, get away so that no one would see that a father can break up just like a mother. For a while I remained in the car alone. He was soon back through a roundabout way. A short while later Allan appeared walking with another boy. They parted at the corner with a *"See you later"* grin.

We decided to visit my sister, Claire, until evening when Allan was due to leave on a seven o'clock train. While I was in her living room alone with Allan, he asked me, *"Why did Dad have to go to the induction station while I was there?"*

*"What difference did it make?"* I asked.

*"I asked him what he wanted,"* Allan said, *"and he answered 'nothing.' I told him to go back to the car and stay with you."*

*"I didn't mind being alone,"* I assured Allan.

Claire served us German pancakes that evening. Here we were at war, including Germany, I thought, and my sister is serving us German pancakes and my son will be soon leaving to perhaps fight the Germans. What a pitiful world we were living in.

I had never gone to a station to see servicemen leave and was not prepared to see this side of war. The station was packed with servicemen and their families. A long group of young men was passing by as we entered, walking two by two. I had never seen prisoners being led to prison and this impressed me that this must be the way they looked. They

were shabbily dressed, no doubt having left their better clothes at home. They all hung their heads as if in thought and I realized that they were a group that must have just said farewell to their families and loved ones.

It was five minutes to seven. Trains had been leaving to different parts of the nation every few minutes. Allan kept pumping his knee up and down impatiently. I asked him if he was nervous. He answered me in the negative. His father got up and walked away and soon came back with a package of Philip Morris cigarettes. "I don't smoke Philip Morris," Allan said.

"What kind do you smoke?" his father asked.

"Old Gold," Allan answered. In a moment his father was back with the right cigarettes.

By this time we were all standing. The young men had been alerted that the parting was at hand. Allan had already kissed me and his aunt goodbye. Albine embraced Allan and wept. Our son broke away from his father and I turned my face toward the door so he could not see my tears. Blindly I walked away. Before I stepped out of the door I turned quickly to see if Allan was still in sight. He was walking in a double line like the previous group we had seen. Though his face was turned in our direction, Allan was not looking at us. He was talking and laughing with the youth he had met previously, almost hysterically. There was a grin on his face almost from ear to ear. I felt better that he had found a companion.

We left for home immediately. The sun had set and the blustery sky of the morning had cleared and a light westerly breeze was blowing, leaving a lonely blue-gray sky overhead. I trembled with cold and wept. Over and over I consoled myself with the thought that I was glad that Allan had been able to enlist in the navy as he had wanted. He had not been taken into the army against his wishes.

We passed a marsh outside of Isleton on our way home. The noisy chirp of tiny green frogs could be heard, happy and peaceful as all the days of their lives were. I resented their gay vibrations when a whole world was weeping. I thought to myself, "Why couldn't we all have

*been born frogs or something else incapable of human pain?"*  
At three o'clock in the morning I got up and went into the bathroom where I could weep silently again. By the light of the moon in its last quarter, I could see the fields where we expected soon to have a herd of cattle. I thought of all the work we had to do, Albine and I, walking the fields to count them each day to be sure one or more had not fallen into a ditch. In my mind I thought, "Thank God there is work to be done. The pain will heal."

Allan was at boot camp in Farragut, Idaho for six months. From there he went for another six months to the Naval Torpedo School at San Diego, then on to Hawaii and Eniwetok Atoll where he became a member of the crew on the USS San Diego, an anti-aircraft cruiser. He was at the Mariana Islands, Iwo-Jima and the Philippine Islands during the American invasion. He was returned to the United States and assigned to the SS Fred T Berry, a new destroyer. When the war ended the ship was sent to Japan and Allan spent a couple of weeks each at Tokyo, Yokosuka, Nagoya and Wakayama. He had shore leave at each place. The ship then went to Korea, docking at Jinsen. From there he hitchhiked to Seoul on a truck loaded with squid and bags of rice. The ship stopped at Tsingtao in China. From there he was sent home and discharged.

In June 1942 Jean graduated from the University of California cum laude. She took a graduate year and obtained a secondary teaching credential with a major in Spanish and minor in Decorative Arts. Instead of teaching she went to work as a secretary for an engineering firm in San Francisco in 1943.

In June 1943 Lloyd left the shipyards and enlisted in the navy air corps. Albine and I drove him to Livermore where he was stationed for three months. Strangely, it seemed he could not get to the induction station fast enough. He kissed me goodbye and hurried out of the car as if he was afraid we might try to stop him. I dreaded the thought of him flying. We waited outside of the gates watching him walk away until he was out of sight. I wept all the way home. I would rather have seen him enter the navy as Allan had done. As it was he never was in combat. He spent all of his time in college, first Wooster College in Ohio for three months, then to Carrol College in St. Helena, Montana for three months, flying half of each day. In St Mary's College in Moraga, California he remained another three months and

then was discharged. After two months he re-enlisted in a naval radio man's school in Memphis, Tennessee and from there to the University of Georgia in Athens, Georgia. Again he was moved to a naval air station in Norman, Oklahoma, where he flew most of the time for another three months. When the war ended he was discharged at Camp Park, Pleasanton, California.

After Allan and Lloyd were discharged they began attending college in San Francisco under the GI Bill, and rooming together. Later Lloyd joined the engineering firm where Jean worked while Allan continued in school until he graduated from San Francisco Junior College. He also then joined the same firm where Jean and Lloyd were employed. On September 9, 1944 Jean and William Applegate, a San Francisco businessman, were married.

After the children left, Albine and I began living alone as we had been before we had any children. In a way it was a relief though we missed our two sons and daughter and feared for them. At the same time there was more tranquility at home. I did not have to worry at night when our sons would be coming home. The levee roads and the river were always something to think about, as was the dense tule fog that plagued us during the winter. Since I knew the Government was watching out for them, when they were in the service, I became very relaxed, went to bed early and slept in peace. Albine had always had a relaxed nature and did not believe in fretting over something that might happen to them before it happened.

Among the fishermen who had been coming on weekends to the Lair were two men called George and Harry who worked for a brewing company in San Francisco. They always came in a pickup truck which was red and which had been fixed up so they could sleep in it. We began referring to them as the Red Truck Guys. George was a bachelor and Harry a widower. They were very friendly and not before long we began considering them as almost part of the family. On the day the war ended they quit their jobs and moved to the Lair, sleeping in their camper and cooking their meals in the open.

Though every day they went fishing, they did not care to eat the fish but gave them away to other fishermen or to us. In the evening they would help wash the boats and do other chores and I would have them over for supper with us. Since George and Harry were there, Albine and I began taking a couple of days off each week to relax. There were many places to see that we had never seen. Sometimes we would leave home without planning where we would go. We felt like gypsies, alive and free to go anywhere. On a day in October we visited Death Valley. The air there seemed so still, no sound of rain, wind or traffic, not even birds chirping. The weather was of a certain degree that I wished I could have lived in always. I did miss the birds though. We saw Scotty's Castle, also Scotty who was sitting on a bench in the shade and who let us take his picture with Albine behind him.

On one occasion during this period Albine and I went to Isleton shopping and as we stepped out of the car, we both began laughing over something we were talking about. A friend of ours saw us and said, "Now that you two are alone you act like you are on a honeymoon." We did seem to be living a new life.

Before the war had started, we had had a visit from Albine's brother, Father Francisco Korth, and his sister,

Maria, who had never married. They came from the Azores and remained in the United States a year, mostly in Rio Vista with their sister Teresa. Before they left we promised that someday we were going to visit them also.

One day I reminded Albine of the promise we had made to his brother and sister that we would someday go visit them in the Azores. Albine wasn't too enthusiastic. "I'm tired all the time," I said to him, "and I know you are too. George and Harry are here now and we ought to take a real vacation."

We talked over a lot of things, how the Lair could be improved, how we could use some help. We came up with the idea that if we did expand and could get either Allan or Lloyd to come into partnership with us, we would be able to relax more, at least we thought we could. When we approached our sons with this idea, Allan said Lloyd ought to join us and Lloyd said that Allan should be the one. Jean said that her husband Bill would love to join us at the Lair but thought that either Allan or Lloyd should be the one to do so.

One day when Lloyd and his head engineer were out on a job, Lloyd explained the situation to him, how we would like to expand but needed one of the family to join us. The engineer said, "I wish someone like that would offer me what they are offering you. I certainly would take it." Lloyd talked to us about it and what we would have to do before he could come join us.

We began planning to make the trip to the Azores. It was the year 1946, and now that the war had ended it seemed a good time to travel. I wrote to a travel agent in San Francisco asking if it was possible to get passage for two on a ship from New York to Portugal and the Azores. Alas, though the war had ended and the Government was releasing the ships that it had taken over from private companies, not enough ships had been released to accommodate the multitude of people who wanted to go to Europe and other nations. The agency said they could give us passage on an airplane, that they had an opening on June 3, 1946 to Lisbon, leaving from New York. In Lisbon we would be able to board a Portuguese freighter that carried passengers and that made

stops to most of the islands of the Azores. He added that we had to decide by May 1 if we wished to be included in this flight.

After we read the letter, Albine said, *"We're not going to fly across the ocean."* His mind had been made up in an instant. I looked at him speculatively for a few moments, thinking how exciting it would be to cross the ocean by plane. I began to think of a young couple we knew in Rio Vista who were going to fly not only across the ocean to Portugal from New York but also from San Francisco to New York. That was really having a lot of nerve — and we were afraid to fly across the ocean! With a gamine inspiration, I looked at Albine and asked, *"Why not?"* The more I thought of it the more I kept repeating to myself, *"Why not?"* Anything to get away from work for a few months was the uppermost thought in my mind.

The first plane I had ever been in was at the Sacramento airport where people were taking rides over Sacramento to see what the city looked like from the air. A plane came down and after it hit the ground it nosed over into the ground with its tail up in the air. Albine looked at me and pointed it out, *"Look,"* he said, *"now do you want to fly and come down like that?"*

*"Yes,"* I said, and went up alone with my sister Claire who was with us at the time. I didn't like the ride however. Every time the plane banked on a turn I would give a scream and try to climb up the opposite side like we did in a boat to keep it level. I was glad when I was down on the ground again. No one else in our family went up that day, although Albine and our two sons went up for a ride later at the same airport.

After I asked Albine why not fly from New York to Portugal he looked at me as if I was dreaming, which I really was. We kept talking about it and all the while I tried to convince him that we should see a little of Europe even if it was only Portugal and the Azores. He finally capitulated. We would be going for only a couple of months. Albine wrote to his brother Father Francisco of our plans. His brother wrote back of how happy he and his sister Maria were that they would be seeing us soon.

A few days later we were thrown into shock when Albine's sister Teresa came to tell us she had received a telegram from Flores, Azores that Father Korth was dead. He had passed away from heart failure due to a cold and pneumonia which he had acquired when on a cold stormy night he had walked from his village to another to administer the last sacraments to a man who thought he was dying and insisted on Father Korth attending him, even though there was a parish priest nearby.

At first, after hearing the news, we decided to give up the trip. Teresa thought we should go since their sister Maria was still there and must be in shock, and the coming of her brother could help to alleviate her sorrow.

We made an agreement with George and Harry in which they would take care of the Lair, including the cattle and my dog Blondie which was pregnant at the time. We trusted them to take very good care of everything. We expected to be gone three months.

On the 27th of May 1946 we left by train from San Francisco to New York, traveling four days to get there. We had upper and lower sleepers and I had the lower one and was able to look out of the window when I was unable to sleep. It was all very fascinating, going through so many tunnels as if there were no end to them. There had also been a lot of rain and many times we were riding on tracks just above the water. At times I felt a bit frightened that we could tumble into the water.

It was cold when we arrived in New York. On approaching the man at the hotel desk when we went to register for our room, the first thing the clerk did was to hand us a telegram that had arrived for us from Teresa, Albine's sister in California. In it she said that she had received a telegram from the Azores saying that their sister Maria had passed away. We were extremely shocked by the news and wondered if it was worth continuing our journey. There was no one of the family left except a couple of cousins on the island, and they lived in a different village. They were also looking forward to seeing Albine again. After we had sufficient time to think about it, we sent a telegram to Teresa saying we had decided to continue the journey, especially

since the brother and sister had left some property and it had to be sold and Albine would be able to sell it while we were there as the heirs were all in California. Teresa and her other brother, Joe, who was also in California had a power of attorney arranged immediately and sent to us so that Albine would be able to sell the property and close up the estate.

The streets of New York were still covered with a slushy gray snow. It wasn't a very inviting situation but since we had two days to spend there, we decided to spend the first day at the Westminster dog show that was in progress at the time. It was interesting to see so many breeds of dogs and to watch them being judged. The show was not too far from the hotel where we had our room and we walked through the slush coming and going.

On June 3 we boarded the plane that was going to take us to Lisbon. I felt very jittery with the thought of crossing the Atlantic on a plane and I'm sure Albine must have felt the same way also, although he did not show it. After fastening our seat belts and listening to the stewardess giving us instructions as to what to do in case of an emergency, we felt the plane moving and I grabbed Albine's hand. It seemed only a minute before the alert sign in front of us said, "*You may unfasten your seat belts now.*" We were in the air. Immediately, some of the youngsters on the plane got up from their seats and began to walk around, getting a drink of water and going to the rest room.

I began to relax and read the pamphlets that were on our seats. One of them read, "*You are a VIP; one of the first passengers using this mode of traveling across the ocean.*" It was frightening to be exploring a new way of traveling without touching the earth. We took the pamphlets with us when we landed, and forgot to bring them with us when we left the Azores for home, something I have always regretted. They would have been worth framing.

I fell asleep on the plane, much to my amazement, and was awakened by Albine telling me that we were going to land. It crossed my mind that we surely had made a fast trip across the ocean. Albine explained to me excitedly that we were going to land in Gander, Newfoundland. It was a thrill I had never expected, that we were going to stop at another

country beside Portugal and the Azores. We had to fasten our seat belts to land. Mine had never been unfastened. I thought it was safer to keep them fastened.

After we landed we walked to a big building where there were souvenirs, cards and other articles for sale. I wrote a card to Jean and said, "*You'd never guess where we are right now, Gander, Newfoundland.*" I told her also that we had already made friends with a couple and their son and daughter who were also going to the Azores.

It was dark when we went to the dining room to eat dinner. The fog had become dense and I sensed that no one was in a hurry, in fact the plane personnel appeared to be killing time. After dinner we were led back to the plane and took our seats and waited for the lift-off. After a while the stewardess began pulling down our pillows and a blanket for each person. We were soon told that because of the fog, we would not be taking off until it cleared. We were asked to make ourselves comfortable. Many of the passengers went to sleep.

Since the motors were not running, we had no heat and we nearly froze. Hour after hour we waited. I was too cold to sleep. At six in the morning we were all herded back to the restaurant to eat our breakfast. It was nice and warm inside. From there we went to the big building where we spent a few hours walking around waiting for the fog to clear. We were finally herded back to the plane and took off.

We had a clear sky coming away from Gander and we could see many large forests below us, with many lakes. We could even see tiny houses here and there and it all had seemed so desolate and wild. Once I asked Albine if the plane came down in the ocean what should we do. He just snickered a little and said, "*Look, there is a fishing boat down there.*" Crossing the ocean in broad daylight we had seen big waves and occasionally what seemed to be a rowboat but what had to be a large vessel to be able to navigate in those rough waters.

In mid-afternoon we landed at Shannon airport in Ireland. It was a thrill and a special treat to land in Ireland. It was raining lightly. After gassing up and rounding up the passengers, we headed for Lisbon.

About every two hours we had to move our watches. About 2 a m the loudspeaker called our attention to the waves breaking on the coast of Portugal. We were following the coast southward and there was a full moon, and since the plane was not flying too high, we could clearly see the breakers and land. Occasionally we would see a string of lights from the small coastal villages. They reminded me of little rosaries.

About 3 a m we landed in Portella airport in Lisbon, Portugal. We took a taxi and went to a hotel that had previously been recommended by the travel agent in San Francisco. The other Portuguese family that had gone on the same plane as we did also got a room in the same hotel.

A few hours of sleep and Albine got up, slipped a robe on and went to the window and opened it. A roar of cars came into the room as he opened the window and at the same time Albine exclaimed, "*Honey, come and see, come and see!*" He was laughing hilariously. As I looked out it all appeared like Bedlam. People were walking down the streets and crossing them mixed with the cars. There appeared to be no traffic laws except at the street crossings. Anyone could take off in the middle of a block and cross the street anywhere. When the pedestrians crossed the streets they did not look to either the right or left but only thrust their stomachs forward to let a car pass behind them, or they bent backward to let the car pass in front of them. The people seemed to sense the cars coming rather than seeing them. The streets were black with people and the cars never stopped honking. We wondered how many people got killed every day. Along with all this there were barefoot women running along the sidewalks carrying baskets of fish on their heads. They were coming from the waterfront where the fishermen sold their catches, and the women were going to peddle the fish to the housewives in the city.

After breakfast we went immediately to a travel agent to try to get passage on a ship that would be sailing to the islands of the Azores in five days and would visit most of the islands. All we could learn from the agency was that they were booked solid. We would have to wait for two weeks when the next ship would sail. It was maddening. We had

decided to make the whole trip in three months and now we were faced with delays. We learned that since the island of Flores was at a greater distance from Lisbon than the other islands save one, it was only once a month that the ships went that far. The other islands were visited twice a month. Since the ship that was scheduled to leave next was not going as far as Flores, it did not matter much that we were unable to book passage on it.

In San Francisco we had heard from the travel agent that he had met a man in Portugal or Lisbon by the name of Korth and he had wondered if we could be related to each other. Since Albine knew that there had been other Korths who had been related to him on one of the islands of the Azores, he decided to look this family up while we were there.

There was a man listed in the telephone book by the name of John Korth and, strangely, he had the same middle name as Albine — Christian — which could be a family name. Albine talked to him on the phone and John said he would come to our hotel the next day and talk to us, which he did. They found that indeed they were related, having the same great grandfather who was Doctor John Christian Korth. They were also grandsons of Doctors and John said he had strayed from the line of Doctors and instead was head of the electric company of Lisbon. The next day we had a telephone call from John inviting us to have lunch with him and his family, including a sister and brother-in-law and also his mother. John took pictures of us with a camera which he set and then ran to get into the group before the camera snapped the picture.

We discussed with John how we were unable to get passage on the boat that was leaving in five days and which would stop at the main island of the Azores called San Miguel and that if we had been able to take this boat we could have visited this island during the two weeks we would have between ships. The next day we got a note from John telling us to go talk to the travel agent, which we did. We found that we would be able to get a first class cabin on the ship if we did not mind sleeping in the lounge two nights until we arrived at Madeira.

We spent the five days we had to wait touring Lisbon and the surrounding countryside. The coastline was beautiful and a train ran along it for many miles stopping at numerous small villages.

On the ship, we slept on the sofas in the lounge, and since the weather was warm and pleasant, I found that my coat sufficed to keep me comfortable, tucked over my legs and around my body. We were glad to get to Funchal, Madeira where we spent the whole day touring the beautiful city and the surrounding countryside. The children would throw flowers into our open car as we passed them, sure that we were strangers from America. At one place where we stopped I threw a small handful of nickels that I had brought with me on purpose to throw to the children. I also took a picture of them as they scrambled for the coins. I found that you could not hand anything to them as they would snatch what you gave them and not divide it with their comrades.

We remained at Ponta Delgada, San Miguel for a week and the second week we spent at the Terra Nostra hotel at a volcanic hot springs where we met a very interesting Portuguese couple. On the ship to Flores we stopped at some of the other islands, including the island of St George where my parents were born and grew up. We did not have time to visit the village where they had lived.

The port we stopped at was Villa das Vellas, meaning village of the sails. St George island was no different than the other islands which are composed mostly of volcanic rock, and at one time or other every island has seen and felt how an earthquake can devastate its homes and people.

It was interesting to note that wherever we went, either on the Azores Islands or on mainland Portugal, all the sidewalks were of mosaic patterns made by inlaying small pieces of colored stone in interesting designs. In time I found that the idea of making sidewalks in mosaic stone was also to be found in other Portuguese colonies like Mozambique and Brazil.

At the port of Santa Cruz in the island of Flores we were met by two men who were expecting us. One of the men, a cousin of Albine, was from Caveira, meaning skull, which was the village in which Albine was born and grew up.

The other was from Fazenda das Lages, the village we were bound for where Father Korth had had his parish. They had boarded the boat to stay with us until we arrived at the port of Lages where we got off and had to walk back to Fazenda das Lages.

While we were still on board ship and having lunch, the steward came to our table and told Albine that the governor of the Azores Islands wished to speak with him and asked if it was alright to bring the governor to our table. It was amazing how many people had known that we were going to be aboard that boat. Father Korth had been well known in most of the islands, and there were people that knew we were coming. The governor knew because we had met an old classmate of Albine's in Lisbon and he had notified the governor who too was a classmate of Albine's and they had not seen each other since their youth. Governor Piemental and Albine had a very interesting chat with each other as we sailed between ports, recalling much of their youth.

As we got off at the port, there was a group of people who had come to meet us and who would be accompanying us to our final destination. As soon as our baggage was unloaded, several youths took off with it on their backs. There were so many people at the port, and as I saw these young men move away, I began to wonder if we were ever going to see our luggage again.

Soon we were introduced to a number of people by Albine's cousin. Among them was a young girl called Emelia and a middle-aged woman called Annamaria. Annamaria was going to be our cook and had also been Father Korth's cook. Emelia had been a maid also working for Father Korth and his sister. They had assigned themselves to assist us also.

There was only one car on the island, I learned later, and it was a truck owned by a merchant at the port of Santa Cruz. As we left the semi-macadamized ox trail which stopped at the outskirts of Lages, we began walking on stone boulders. This we walked for a mile or more before we arrived at the village that was going to be our home for the next month. This boulder trail was the only link between the two larger ports and the two smaller villages between them.

It was hard walking especially for me, wearing shoes with heels. I waggged from boulder to boulder like a duck. In the beginning of this boulder walkway or oxcart trail I turned to Albine and said, "You didn't tell me that we were going to walk on something like this." He did not even hear me. He was having such a glorious time talking to the troop that accompanied us, and had probably forgotten that I had come along with him.

The cottage that was lent to us for our stay was made the same way all the houses on the Azores Islands are made, out of stone, and plastered and white-washed on the outside and inside. It was fairly sturdy and roomy with three bedrooms, a kitchen, dining room and a sitting room. There was very little furniture in it. There was no stove but only a raised fireplace made of stone where the cooking was done in iron vessels that were black with soot. There were small stones within the fire on which the vessels were placed while the food was cooking. It was all very primitive, much as it had been during the pioneer days in America.

The group that had walked with us had all left after we entered the house. We were shown our room and there we found all our luggage. The cook, Annamaria, had a pot of fricassee chicken which she warmed for our supper that evening. There was also sweet corn on the cob, homemade bread and coffee. Someone had contributed a cake which we ate with our coffee. After we finished our supper a group of people came into the house to greet us.

I had acquired a cold on the ship from the air-condition outlets that had been right over our table. By the time I reached Flores I had become very hoarse. After we ate supper I asked to be excused, that I wasn't feeling very well and would like to rest. I was talking almost in a whisper by that time and assuring everyone that I had a voice but had lost it for the time being.

As I slipped between the bed covers I was reminded of what Albine once said to me, that the bed he slept in while in the Azores was so soft that he sank into it. This one I was getting into felt as hard as baled hay. It was filled with moss brought down from the higher reaches of the hills, placed in the sun until it was dry and then stuffed into the mattress.

Once in a great while the moss would be replaced with fresh moss that had gone through the same process. I had never slept on such a hard bed as the one I had to sleep on during the time we remained in Flores, Azores.

A few of the visiting ladies came into the room where I lay. I did not wish to use my voice since it was such an effort to do so. They did not linger long, noting how I had to speak in such a harsh whisper. The men remained in the sitting room, squatted against the wall since there were not sufficient chairs to accommodate them all. They were all drinking wine, even the youngsters. After hours of talking they dispersed and we tried to get some sleep.

At five in the morning we were awakened by loud talking and the rattling of cans outside of our bedroom window. There was a threshing square in front of the house where wheat was threshed in season. On the opposite end of the square was a fountain where the water was piped from a creek elsewhere and was left to flow at will. At other sections of the village there were similar fountains. The noise we were hearing outside was the rattle of cans that the women of the village had come to fill, while all the while they were conversing in loud voices, passing around all that each one had heard during the last twenty four hours. They were the daily newspaper.

"My God!" I exclaimed in a hoarse whisper. "Are we going to have to go through this every morning?" I had had a most miserable night from the cold I had and the hardness of the mattress. I got up and inspected the mattress. It was resting on boards. There wasn't a spring anywhere.

Every morning we began to have visitors who came in to have breakfast. Most were relatives of Emelia or Annamaria. Louis, one of the two men who met the ship in the first port and was a brother-in-law of Emelia and a brother of Annamaria, also was there every morning to eat with us. After everyone scattered after breakfast, the two women straightened the house and disappeared. Albine also took off, visiting everyone he knew in the village. I remained alone or with Louis.

Almost the same pattern was followed each day.

Emelia went to the creek to wash clothes, scrubbing them on one of the stones used for a washboard, her knees in the wet lava soil that edged the creek. Stones were spaced up the creek so others could wash also. The first to arrive chose the upper stone to have the cleanest water. The women would line up as each arrived. Some had to wait for a vacancy before she could start. They enjoyed the gathering where a lot of chattering gossip and laughter kept them happy.

Albine would give Annamaria money to buy food each day and she would come home and fix lunch. After the dishes were cleared the women would again disappear and so would Albine. I spent most of the day writing letters that would be taken out on a Government boat that came every two weeks to do some inspection. Sometimes Louis would stay for a while with me. He couldn't understand how I had so much to write about. He could not read English but could read when I wrote, "*Dear Jean.*" If he found me writing when he came into the house he would instantly quote, "*Dear Jean, Dear Jean.*" He couldn't understand why I had so much to tell Dear Jean.

Louis never seemed to have work to do. His wife, who was Emelia's sister, spent most of the day doing chores that Louis could have done, like getting fodder for the cows to eat which had to be brought down from the hills on her back. Louis would milk the cows but the oldest son about twelve years old had to carry the heavy bucket of milk to the creamery which was about a mile away, and carry the skimmed milk back home for drinking and to be fed to hogs.

Sometimes Louis and a group of men would sit on their heels at the square having discussions that often led to angry arguments. Their womenfolk would be in the fields tending to their patches of corn or wheat and doing other chores. The men did not even care to go fishing, since they had to walk down the steep cliffs and back up. Only the regular fishermen that did not have land and lived in the village and had boats did the fishing.

After a few days on the island and feeling better, I began talking about going to the ocean to fish. There was a small group of men who lived in the village we lived in who fished for a living. They would come in from the sea at a

certain hour and the housewives would be waiting to buy the fresh fish. Annamaria would also be there to purchase the fresh fish for us. I asked Albine to find out if we could go in a boat and fish with them. They appeared not to like women on board a boat with them.

Louis and Annamaria decided that we should go to the bottom of the cliffs and fish for eels. There were a number of children who were related to either Annamaria or Emelia who seemed to always be around us wherever we went. Several of them went with us to fish for eels. It was hard walking down the sides of the cliffs to the bottom and someone had to hang on to my hand most of the way for fear I would lose my footing. Albine scrambled down very easily and was always in the lead as if he knew each foothold from past experience. The children and I remained at the spot we arrived at and the rest scattered in each direction. The children gave me a piece of twine and told me to let it down into the water between the rocks. There was sand around these grottos where we could stand. I couldn't believe that an eel could be caught without hook or bait but in no time one of the girls jerked her arm upward and sure enough there was an eel hanging by its teeth to the string. On being exposed to the air it opened its mouth and dropped on the dark lava sand. Instantly she grabbed its tail and began beating its head on a rock and it soon was dead. Before we left we had caught twenty four of them, enough to spare for a meal, as they were quite big. Coming back up the cliff was a real problem. I had to be pushed and lifted and pulled by the men, as the rocks were more than I could scale. It was a lovely day and one of the few I enjoyed on the island of Flores.

Albine's family had left a number of small sections of land which he had been given power of attorney to sell, as all the heirs were at that time living in the United States. There was a shortage of land and numerous people wanting to buy it. Albine tried to get as much as he could, though preferring to sell it to those people who were in need of land rather than selling to those who had plenty. He spent a good part of the month visiting these potential buyers who all lived in the village where he was born and where the land was situated.

In the beginning of our stay on the island we decided to spend a week visiting Albine's birth place and where he still had two cousins and many friends. We had to either go by foot or horseback. There was no other way to get in or out over the bouldered roadway. The only time I had ridden horseback was when I was thirteen years of age and my father and I had gone up to the Diablo hills near Concord to bring back our horses after the flood. My uncle and two of my cousins helped to bring them to Martinez where we expected to put them on a paddlewheel boat to get home. Two of the horses were ours and three belonged to our neighbor. My uncle drove a buckboard and two of my cousins rode horseback and the rest of the horses followed. I asked if I could ride one of the horses and my cousin Paul said I could ride his and he would ride with his father and mine in the buckboard. They helped me up on the saddle and led the horse a few feet to be sure I could stay on the horse. To my surprise I could hold a perfect balance. I was wearing skirts but I managed to keep my legs fairly covered. I rode all the way to Martinez and enjoyed the ride though I felt very uncomfortable toward the end.

It had been ascertained that it was three miles between the three villages we were spanning. The priest of the middle village had sent his stallion for Albine to ride and a lad from Albine's village had brought a scrubby looking horse for me to ride. I would have worried about riding a horse on a good paved road let alone ride over a bouldered road. When the lad arrived I saw a rack-like thing on the horse's back that I was supposed to sit on sideways. The horse itself looked as if it was on its last legs. The priest's horse was beautiful and black, and Albine looked like a prince astride its saddle. I did not think I could ride any horse, and especially sideways with nothing to stop me from falling backwards. Albine couldn't see why I couldn't ride it since all women there rode side-saddle. A couple of men finally lifted me up on the timid horse. A man began to lead it while another man held on to my leg. The instant I started moving I lost my balance and began falling backward and someone pushed me back up again. I kept protesting that I knew I was going to fall off of the horse. Albine got impatient with me as if I was stupid and

said I was foolish to be afraid to ride a horse. I said I might be foolish but I was also smart enough to know that if I fell and cracked my skull on a boulder that would be the end of me. Besides I did not want to be buried on that island. It was too lonesome. I also said if it took me all day I was going to get there in one piece. We began walking, Emelia, Annamaria and I. Albine rode the stallion ahead of us and the young boy who had brought the scrubby horse rode him back. At one part of the journey Emelia changed places with the lad and he walked. From time to time Albine would stop and wait for us to catch up with him.

We arrived at the middle village called Lomba and Albine gave the stallion back to the priest and decided to walk with us. I think he felt some embarrassment to be riding while I walked. When the people in this small village saw us coming they all began pitying me for having to walk so far. They gave us some refreshments and we were soon on our way again with Albine always some distance ahead of us. It was a hard walk. The land was uphill and downhill most of the time. Albine walked faster than I could so kept ahead of us and still found time to rest while we caught up with him. I arrived at Caveira very tired. Annamaria and Emelia had taken some food along with them and we ate along the way. There were a great number of people at the outskirts of the village waiting to greet us as we got there. It was bedlam when we entered Albine's cousin's house which was our destination. Many of the people that had come to meet us had come into the house also. Albine still remembered most of the older ones and also the ones who had gone to school with him. They all seemed to have so much to talk about. I was shown to our room and I immediately took off my shoes and stretched myself out on the bed. My shoes had been killing me. A short while later we were called for a supper of some kind of white mush that tasted like wheat flour and looked like glue. I had heard that the lady of the house, Albine's cousin, was bedridden. At no time did she get up except when I asked her to come sit on the porch with her brother so I could take a picture of them to take back to the States to their family. Then she went back to bed and remained in bed the whole week we were there.

This cousin must have been around fifty years old and later I was told she had a heart condition, as she called her illness, which started when she was very young and in love with a young man she wished to marry. Her parents disapproved of her being married at all, saying she should remain at home and take care of them in their old age. She took to her bed and left it only when acute necessity forced her to. Her mother had waited on her until she passed away. Later she lost her father and had only a brother to attend to her needs. They finally took a godchild into the home who learned to do the housework and rub the godmother's back. Years later after her brother died, she and her godchild who had married left for another large island where the young girl's husband went to work. Twenty two years later I visited the island where they lived and I went to see them. The godmother knew I was coming and ran down a long flight of stairs to greet me. She went back up the stairs with greater speed than I could. Nonetheless, occasionally she would put her hand to her heart and breathe a sigh as she murmured, "Oh, my heart."

On one of the days we were at Caveira we went down to the shore to fish for eels. Again as it had been in Fazenda das Lages it was hard going down and coming back up the cliffs. We caught a number of eels that we enjoyed for supper that night. At the end of the week we left to walk back again to our original village where we were staying. The walk back was just as hard as it had been the week before.

By the end of the month all the business Albine had wanted to do was done. He had sold all the lands and sent the money back to California by mail in a bank draft. We began looking forward to leaving the Azores and getting back home according to our schedule. I went into shock when Albine said he wanted to stay another month. "And do what?" I asked in exasperation. I reminded him that we had reservations on the ship which could not be changed. Also we had paid for reservations on the plane that would leave when we arrived at Lisbon. It was too late to cancel anything and procure another reservation both on the ship and plane. He brushed this over and begged me to stay another month, that he would never be able to see his homeland again. I gave

up but later was very sorry for giving in to him.

Albine spoke to the travel agent in the village of Lages where the ship was to dock and after he got back he told me that it had been arranged as we wanted it. To get the plane passage though we would have to speak to the company, Pan-Am, in Lisbon when we got there. I wasn't one bit happy with these arrangements. The agent had not given him any written declaration assuring us of a boat passage, and I couldn't understand how we could go to the Pan-Am office and ask for a ticket to board a plane the next day or even the next week when we had to reserve our flight to Lisbon so far in advance. I even wondered if they would honor the ticket we had paid for when we did not appear nor even let them know we would not be there when the plane left. Albine was positive all was okay.

The month dragged even more than the first one did. Every day the same thing happened. Albine would be gone most of the day and I remained in the house alone with Emelia or Louis or neither. Annamaria also had some place to go until lunch and again she would leave after lunch. Every morning at five o'clock the water brigade would start as the young ladies came to get the water for the day at the fountain across the square, banging their cans as they talked and laughed and gossiped. Occasionally I climbed the hill to the cemetery, always a bevy of children and one or two grownups accompanying me as if they were afraid I would run away. Two or three times I was able to get away in the evening and walk along the road beyond the village where there was a mass of cliffs and the ocean was visible. Here was a rookery where hundreds of hawks came in the evening to roost. These birds called acores in Portuguese were what gave the islands their name. The most interesting part was the noise they made. It sounded like a lot of people talking. From this vantage point I would picture myself out in the ocean sailing back to the mainland and home. Outside of the voices of the people and the occasional creaking of a passing oxcart you could scarcely hear a sound. Except for the hawks there wasn't a bird to be heard. Up in the hills which they called the forest there were no trees but in ancient times there must have been large cedars which were found buried in the

lava soil in good condition, and which the people used to make furniture or braces for their stone houses, and even yokes for the oxen. I think their boats came from the mainland as they had to be rigid and well made to withstand the rough waters of the ocean. I was disappointed not to find the trees I was expecting to see but instead there was a forest of rounded tufts of spagnum moss about three feet high and heavy with the water they retained within themselves. Mattresses were filled with this moss after it was dried, as I already mentioned, and it also was used to bed the cattle and the soiled moss was used as fertilizer in the fields.

Toward the end of the second month on the island we began making preparations to return home by visiting all the people of the households that had visited us. On the day of our departure, many friends gathered in the house to accompany us to the port. We had to walk again over the bouldered walkway to the port city of Lages and go by rowboat from the dock to the ship. Most of the people with us seemed very sorrowful to see us go. Some of them rode in the boat with us and got on the ship and accompanied us as we tried to locate our cabin.

We had asked for and thought we were getting a first class cabin and now were told that there were no first class or even second class cabins available. In fact there was no cabin reserved for us as we had expected and as Albine had said there would be. We were finally given a cabin for four consisting of two sets of bunk beds in third class which we had to share with another couple. After putting away our bags, we went back on deck. By this time I was in tears. I sat on a seat outside on the deck and just sobbed. I couldn't stop. One of the men who had come to the boat with us put his arm over my shoulder and tried to comfort me. As we moved along the coast away from the island, the evening had darkened and the whole island was enveloped in a melancholy gloom. Albine said to me, "*It looks spooky, doesn't it?*" I did not answer him. I just continued to cry. I did not know why I was crying, if from relief or sadness.

That night we shared the cabin with the other couple who were very nice. There was no private bathroom. We were allowed though to eat and roam on the first class

section. After stopping and leaving passengers on the first island, we were given second class cabins and continued eating at first class tables. Albine and I were also sleeping separately, he in a cabin with three other men and I in a cabin with three other women. It was very hot in our cabin and a fan had been put in there that made so much noise we could hardly sleep. One of the women spent most of the night cussing the noise of the fan and turning it off and on again when it got too hot. There was no private bathroom here either.

Eight days after leaving Flores we arrived in Lisbon. We discovered that our flight had been cancelled since we were not there to take it nor had we changed it. We could have wired to the Pan-Am agency but that did not occur to us to change the date. We were put on "*Wait,*" which meant that we would get a couple of seats when there were two available. It was the end of September and we were losing the income of our business. Every day we would go to the Pan-Am office to see if we could get out. Every day they would tell us "*No, no, no.*" There wasn't even a ship we could take as no ships had been yet returned to their owners after the war.

There were others who were also waiting to get out of Lisbon as we were. There was nothing to do but walk the streets and not get too far from the hotel in case the office would call. We did take a day to go to Fatima and went several times on a street car along the coast to Estoril, a famous casino where you were not allowed at night without an evening gown or tux.

Our friends from Rio Vista arrived in Lisbon from Madeira and found they had to be put on "*Wait*" also. We began to go around together which helped to pass the time away. We soon discovered that the office people were taking bribes and letting those who paid get ahead of the others. By the time we were told this, my friend and her husband were already on their way home. We were still there although we had applied for a passage before they did.

Six weeks after arriving in Lisbon we had a call from the Pan-Am office to get to the airport as quickly as we could if we wanted to leave on the next flight out. We ran to our

room, dumped everything we had taken out of our bags back into them, paid for our room and jumped hurriedly into a taxi and rushed to the airport. The plane was still there and we got on it with a great sigh of relief.

A few hours later we landed in Shannon airport in Ireland to gas up for the flight across the Atlantic. We all left the plane and went into the restaurant there for dinner. We seemed to have lingered an unusually long time at the airport, or I was in an extreme hurry to get moving so we could get home. Finally we were again herded into the plane.

It had already become dark when the plane began to move. The ground lights along the runway were very bright. We began picking up speed for lift-off. Suddenly there was a flash of light on the right side of the plane. The people on that side suddenly squirmed in their seats and began to look out of the windows. We had seats on the left side of the plane and within seconds there was another flash on the right side which again subsided but that we began to suspect was fire.

I asked a man sitting across from us what was causing the flashes. He only grinned at me and said nothing. By that time I could feel the plane slowing down and in practically seconds it had stopped. The stewardess stood up and said, "Everyone off of the plane." We hurriedly moved out of our seats and out of the door and down the steps. Everyone was looking to the right side where we could see the wheel still smoking. The brake had not released and it had caught on fire from the friction.

What a miracle that was that we were still down on land and not up in the air when this happened. It was also a miracle that the plane still had enough runway to stop and that we were not hurled somewhere outside the runway and into the darkness. We were all shaken of course. We still had the Atlantic to cross. There had been a series of mishaps to the planes before this happened and because of this, there had not been sufficient planes to ferry the people across the Atlantic as they wished and we had also been caught in the waiting list for lack of planes.

A bus soon arrived to take us back to the building at the airport. There we were told that another plane had left

before us and that they began having engine trouble when they were about five hundred miles out at sea and that they had turned back and were given the beds at the airport. We were again herded into a bus that would take us to a city where we would be given a room at a hotel. It seemed that we drove all night for it was six o'clock in the morning when we got into bed at the hotel.

We also were told that a wheel would have to be planed in from New York and that it would take about nineteen hours before we would be able to leave Shannon airport, and for us to sleep well and not to worry, that someone would wake us up when it was time to leave.

It was early November and so cold that I was half frozen when we got ready to creep into bed. There was no heat in the hotel. However we found a pottery duck filled with hot water in each of the twin beds and we put both of them into one bed into which we snuggled together to keep warm.

When we had first arrived at the hotel and our names were being called out to be given the key to our rooms, I called out, "I hope you don't give us Number Thirteen."

A man said, "What's the difference? We had our bad luck already."

We were awakened late in the afternoon, given something to eat which I don't know whether it was supposed to be breakfast or dinner, and then bussed back to Shannon airport and were soon on our way again. Half way across the ocean we suddenly heard a wheezing sound so shrill that it hurt our ears which soon began to pop. The stewardess was standing over me explaining how we were to fill out our customs sheet. She stood up straight and her face blanched at the noise. Someone from the back shouted that the door of the plane was being opened. She and some of the men ran to it and tried to press it closed but they could not move it an inch. The stewardess then ran to the front of the plane, shouting to the passengers, "Everyone keep your seats!"

She and one of the officers ran back again up the aisle to the back of the plane where the door was still screeching.

We had lost our pressure and it felt terrible. Everyone felt their ears popping and were holding their hands over their ears.

The officer could not do anything either. The door would not close, neither did it open any wider. There were still several men pressing it to keep it from doing this. Finally the officer went to the front of the plane and soon came back with some tools in his hand. He was finally able to close the door and our pressure was soon normalized.

It was foggy when we landed at Gander, Newfoundland. We were told that because of the fog we would have to spend the rest of the night there. We were given a room in a big building where it was so hot we could hardly stand it. There did not seem to be any way we could turn off the heat. The room had double windows that we could not open. After suffering the remainder of the night, we got out of the room and into cooler air. To get our breakfast we had to go to another building. It was foggy and freezing cold when we stepped out of one building to another. We had quite a way to walk and even though I wore my coat over a suit, my legs felt like sticks of ice and my teeth chattered constantly.

After we had breakfast and lingered in the second building for several hours waiting for the fog to clear, we finally took off for New York. By this time no one knew what time it was nor what day of the week. We landed in New York in late afternoon and were taxied to our hotel. Albine soon left with the hotel manager to see if we could get a train for California the following day. We had to stay over for another day as we were unable to get a sleeper for that day. The hotel manager charged Albine twenty dollars for his service, just to go to the train station with him. I think if he had charged one hundred dollars we would have gladly given it to him just to get on our way home at last.

When we arrived home, six months after we left, I could hardly believe that I was home. Everything looked so good. Blondie had had a litter of pups and George and Harry had sold them. Soon after we arrived home we began making plans to build an eleven-room lodge which would include a dining room and kitchen. This was to provide overnight lodging which could be rented by fishermen. In early spring of 1947 Albine and a carpenter began to build it. While they were doing this I had to take care of the boat rentals, getting up at four o'clock in the morning during the spring run of the striped bass.

As soon as the lodge was built I had to take care of it, folding the blankets and spreads and stacking them in Room Nine which was always the last room to be rented. I also had to bundle the bed linen and have it ready for the laundry man to pick up. At that time I did not have to make up the beds but let the room occupants do this. There was also vacuuming to be done besides cleaning the kitchen and dining room. Whoever wished could cook on the two gas stoves stationed in the kitchen and eat in the dining room. Each guest did his own dishwashing. It was very informal.

Since I was also helping to take care of the snack bar and would be on my feet as much as sixteen hours in a day, I could scarcely get my own housework done. Albine had always helped me with the dishes until Jean was old enough to help. After she left for college, Albine began helping me again. When George and Harry ate with us, George would always dry the dishes. Nonetheless there would be days when I would be so tired that I would repeat over and over, *"I'm so tired that I can't see how anyone can be so tired and still live."*

On June 30, 1947 Lloyd and Pamela Yorkman were married. She was working in the office of the same company that Lloyd worked for. Also that year our first grandchild, William Applegate Jr, was born. Lloyd and Pam were planning to move to the Lair to form a partnership with us starting in January of 1949. We began to plan another house to live in so that Lloyd and Pam could live in the house where the business was conducted. We built a small stucco house painted white and with a red tiled roof much as we had in Rio Vista. There was only one bedroom in it and in the living room were two alcoves with a double bed in each and with double French doors for privacy. In time one of the alcoves was converted into two cribs, and later into two bunk beds as grandchildren grew. The kitchen was large with a dining table in it. The laundry was also large enough to accommodate a washer and dryer and a large freezer. The whole house has been very comfortable and easy to keep up. From the living room to the hall there is also a pair of French doors and a French door going from the entrance hall to the patio. I had seven French doors and found it hard to keep drapes on them because of the grandchildren. I decided to paint the doors with water colors in some kind of design and forget about drapes. The idea came to me that I could probably try to make them into an imitation of stained glass windows. I used water colors so that they could be washed off at any time I chose. I sketched drawings in black and then filled the open spaces of the designs in different colors. They became a conversation piece.

In January of 1949, Pam and Lloyd moved into the house we had vacated and we moved into our new home. By this time they had a daughter called Kande. I now became a baby sitter also. She began calling me Shonny when she started talking, trying to call me Josie which her mother always called me. She had a hard time to enunciate words correctly. When I would tell her to say truck she would say

frap. No matter how many times I would repeat this, she would always say frap. Since she was in closer contact with me, I let her continue to call me Shonny. The grandchildren that followed throughout the years also began to call me Shonny. Even some of the grownups call me Shonny. I like the name better than I do Grandma or Nana.

During the month of February, I had a phone call from my brother Joe who had continued to live with my mother in Rio Vista. He was a bachelor of forty one years. He said my mother did not seem to be feeling very well and asked me to go see her. I found her lying on a couch which seemed to be the only thing she cared to do. The Doctor found her blood pressure high and gave her some pills to take. I took her home with me and she remained with me for a month. During that time she complained that she could not breathe nor sleep well during the night. During the day she was constantly falling asleep on a chair or a sofa. Joe and I took her to a Doctor in Sacramento where an X-ray was taken of her chest. She had had a bout of tuberculosis in 1919 and had gone to a sanatorium at Colfax for a couple of years. Ulinda and the rest of my siblings remained at home while she was gone, the older sisters taking care of the younger children. She was pronounced cured and came home and lived thirty years longer.

At this time and after being in my care for a month I decided that she should go to San Francisco where some of my sisters lived and where she would be able to have medical care, either at home or in the hospital. Since Ulinda was a registered nurse retired, she took her home with her. My mother was seventy four years of age and did not recover. She died of a stroke.

After giving birth to and raising nine children, my mother became widowed at the age of thirty nine. After my father's death, she went into a deep depression and withdrew from any household chores. She would start walking out into the fields and remain there hours. Ulinda and I thought that she probably wanted to give vent to her sorrow away from us children, and this was the only way she could. We left her alone, watching now and then to see where and on what part of the farm she was. She would walk for a while

and stop for a while, all the time wandering here and there. We believed that this was good for her and, fortunately, Ulinda and I were able and old enough to take on the household chores.

After we moved to Rio Vista it was my mother who planned the home she intended to live in. For three years after my father died, she still had nine mouths to feed including her own. Gradually one by one we began easing the burden on her as each of us sought a life of our own. She built a small house within the lot on which the saloon stood so that she could rent it and draw more interest than her money in the bank. She also lent money to others. She did not have a lot of money to start with but by carefully maneuvering she was able to raise her children alone and did not ever have to do a day's work outside of her own home. Since her health had plagued her throughout the years, it was a blessing to us, her children, that she could proudly say, though she never did, that she had raised her family, large as it was, without any help from anyone.

She had a very dear angel living close to her who, after we all left, including my brother Joe who had to go into the service, kept her eye on my mother day and night to be sure everything was going well for her. Madelyn, her neighbor, and my mother had made an agreement that if at any time my mother was ill, she would place a white cloth at a window facing Madelyn's house so that Madelyn would know she needed help.

During the eight years I lived in Rio Vista, she was very fond of visiting me almost every afternoon during the week days. There were seven blocks between us and she would walk them in almost any kind of weather. Sometimes it would be so hot you could feel the heat through the soles of your shoes. I was concerned about her exposure to an afternoon summer day and the cold of a winter day. I always seemed to have something to do like painting in the afternoon and she was content to just sit and talk with me. I know she must have missed me very much when I left Rio Vista to live in Andrus Island. During the time my brother Joe was in the service I visited her at least once a week. Most of the time there would be a letter from Joe which she was

anxious for me to answer.

Toward the end I believe she did not have the will to live. She had done a terrific job in raising her family and wanted to rest. We all missed her after she was gone. She was like a cushion to confide to and be comforted.

In January of 1949 a second son was born to Bill and Jean. He was named Michael. Almost every weekend would find Bill and Jean at the Lair, Bill invariably going out on the river to fish, his favorite pastime.

Albine and Lloyd began building covered berths in which to berth private boats. There was a good demand for them. Our business continued to increase. Everyone was working. Even Pam was waiting on the snack bar while I went home for the lunch hour and after five o'clock when I would go home to cook supper. We finally had to get help and Mary came to work for us, taking care of the bar.

During the years I worked in the snack bar I would always bring a project from home to work on as I could not just stand around waiting for a customer. I went to San Francisco and bought a number of old used coats from the St Vincent de Paul shop and after washing and drying them I cut them into strips and sewed the strips together until I had yards and yards of streamers, folding the sides inward and sewing them. I then braided the strips and sewed the coils by hand until I had two large rugs about eight feet long and six feet wide in an oval shape. I would carry them to the bar in the morning and bring them home in the evening. They were beautiful, made of wool material and very sturdy. They became quite heavy to carry back and forth and I was very happy when I finished them and laid them on the hardwood floor in the bedroom. Occasionally I took my art materials to the snack bar and did some painting.

While Allan was staying at a boarding house in San Francisco and working for the engineering firm, he met and became interested in a young girl, Ethel Freeman. In 1950 Lloyd thought that there was a good possibility that the Lair could be increased sufficiently so that Allan could join the partnership. Allan and Ethel decided to marry and move to the ranch. At first while Allan built a home to live in they took over a room in the lodge. During his spare time Allan

built the house alone. It was a small house with a bedroom, kitchen, bathroom and a hall that could eventually connect with another room later. This same year in March Kimberly was born to Lloyd and Pam. Within a few days the baby was taken to a hospital and operated on for an impediment that would not let her retain any food in her stomach. In 1951, Allan and Ethel had their first son named Martin. In 1952 Kathleen was born to Lloyd and Pam, and in 1953 Allan and Ethel welcomed their second son, Dean.

During these years the sheds for the covered berths were being built and the family was all quite busy on the waterfront. As each shed was built it was soon occupied by private boats. It was less work than renting boats and having to wash each one as it came in from fishing. We had also increased the rental boats and had a number of them built with covered tops.

By this time Allan seemed to have a yen to get into some kind of horticultural business and decided to quit his partnership and go back to college to learn how to propagate plants, especially rhododendrons. While he was attending school he also had a job in a service station. He sold the house he had built at the ranch to Bill and Jean who used it as a weekend home with a yard where the children could play and so Bill could continue his fishing.

In 1956 I convinced Albine that we needed a vacation the following year. As usual he was loathe to leave. I believe that if it wasn't for me he would have never stepped out of the United States. I always had a yen to travel and since we were both in good health and economically secure, and since George and Harry could help Lloyd, I couldn't see why we should hesitate in going. Lloyd finally talked Albine into leaving and in June 1957 we left joyously on a British ship, the S S Orcades, which took us through the Panama Canal and on to England. From England we crossed the North Sea in a small ship on a very blustery cold day and in such a rolling sea that we could hardly walk the deck without hanging on to something. It was dark and cold when we left the ship in Rotterdam. From there we toured by bus through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy. We were fortunate in going to Castel Gandolfo while the Pope was

there residing during the summer. In a large courtyard where hundreds of people were gathered we all knelt to receive his blessing.

We saw so many castles, museums and cathedrals that Albine did not want to enter the Louvre, saying he had seen all the places that he would ever want to see. We left from La Havre, France on the British ship Orsova and on our way across the Atlantic we passed the Azores so close to some of the islands that we could see the cattle in the fields and the blue hydrangeas that lined the roadways.

In 1958, Kipling was born to Lloyd and Pam, the last of the grandchildren we were to have. Albine had enjoyed our trip so much that he was all for taking a Mediterranean cruise in 1959. We left by train for New York where we boarded the Swedish ship S S Oslofjord. Our first port of call was Dakar, Senegal in French West Africa. I always wished I could see Africa, also expecting that it would have a very exotic climate, mild with a certain airiness about it. As I stepped on shore I immediately felt the soft mildness I expected as if I had been there before and knew what to expect. I was so thrilled that I had touched Africa. It was a charming and most interesting country that we visited and so were its people in such colorful dresses or more rightly called robes. They did not want to be photographed and would instantly turn their backs when approached by a camera. They did not even want you to approach a small baby and would cover the baby up as if you could put a curse on it. We did get some slides with my camera of half naked natives gathered along a beach. Albine had a camera also and I suggested for him to use it, hoping he would be able to photograph the women in their long gowns and turbans. Later when I asked him if he had been able to take any pictures of them he said, *"Yes. I got the picture of a cute little donkey that was at the beach,"* and he really had.

Before we entered the Mediterranean Sea we stopped at Cape Verde Islands; Las Palmas, Canary Islands; Casablanca, Morocco; and Funchal, Madeira. In Alexandria, Egypt we took a train to Cairo and visited the Pyramids and museum there. We also stopped at Haifa, Israel; Rhodes, Greece; Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia; and Istanbul, Turkey, once

called Constantinople. While going through the Dardanelles, the fire station alarm began ringing. We knew it was no drill at such an early hour. I was already dressed and stepped out of our cabin and noticed the crew running up and down the stairways. I ran back into the cabin and told Albine to hurry and get dressed, that the ship must be on fire. I ran out again and noticed the crew scurrying around as if the ship was going to sink. Albine had not yet come out of our cabin and I ran back there to hurry him out. He was calmly looking through his underwear and asked very matter-of-factly, *"Is it cold outside? What do you think I should put on today?"*

*"Anything!"* I shouted. *"Just get out of here before it is too late!"* I did not want to go and leave him but he was taking his time, and not being the least bit alarmed. I remained outside the door to see if I could see any smoke but there was none and soon everyone had calmed down, and I wiped a few tears away.

On our way out of the Mediterranean we stopped at Venice. In Monte Carlo, because Prince Rainier and his family were away on vacation, we were allowed a small tour through a few official rooms, their names called by the color of the rooms. We were not taken through any part of their living quarters which extended around the courtyard of their castle. Beneath the ceiling of the veranda around the courtyard there were many beautiful paintings which I was immediately attracted to. We also stopped in Tangier, Morocco; Barcelona and Cadiz, Spain; and Lisbon, Portugal. Again across the Atlantic we went through the Azores but did not see Flores, Albine's birthplace.

In 1960, Albine and I began planning a cruise around the world and had a reservation on a ship that would leave June 1, 1961. On a weekend in August when Jean and Bill were up at the Lair as was their custom, Jean asked me if I had noticed her father's eyes. She said he did not look well, that his eyes looked heavy and had an odd look to them. Shortly after she told me this, I took his temperature and found that, indeed, he was ill and had a little fever. For a few days I continued to take his temperature and it continued to be elevated.

I decided he should see a Doctor and went with him. Our Doctor was on vacation and a substitute checked him and found that outside of the elevated temperature he could find nothing wrong with him. I began to remember how tuberculosis started so surreptitiously, and I asked the Doctor if it wouldn't be wise to have his lungs X-rayed. The Doctor did this and after he looked at the X-ray and set it aside he began washing his hands without saying a word. I began to think that he was washing his hands an awfully long time, as if he had discovered something that would shock us and was loathe to tell us. Finally he showed us the X-ray, where there was a spot that looked fuzzy, and he explained that there was a suggestion of pneumonia there and that it was probably caused by a tumor. He suggested we visit a Doctor in Lodi who was a Specialist.

A few days later at the Lodi Memorial Hospital, a tube was run into Albine's throat and down into the lung. It must have been a horrifying experience for when he came back into the room, Albine said to me, "*Don't you ever let anyone do that to you.*" He was so angry at the Doctor for the ordeal he had gone through. The Doctor called me out of the room and explained to me that he thought Albine had cancer in his lung. To Albine I said that the X-ray indicated a tumor and that perhaps it would be better to undergo an operation to have it removed.

In September, Albine was operated and not only did the surgeon find that he had a cancer in his lung, but that it was situated in such a way that it was inoperable. All I told Albine was that he had a tumor and when he asked if it was cancer, I quickly changed the subject so that he would not dwell on it. He became convinced that he did not have cancer and would tell his friends that he felt fine and that the Doctor had not found any cancer in his lungs.

Albine underwent cobalt treatment for a period of time that autumn. I drove him to Stockton where he was treated and he did not mind my driving. He gazed at the landscape instead of the road. I was thankful that my driving did not seem to make him nervous. We would pass a flock of sheep that were being pastured in Bouldin Island for a period of time. The shepherd had a little covered wagon where he

slept, not a tent as I had been used to seeing when I was younger.

I have always been fascinated by sheep and shepherds and even sheep dogs. To me there is nothing more exciting than to see a flock of sheep on the march and a couple of shepherd dogs so carefully and tenderly herding them in the right direction at the tone of voice the shepherd uses. All my younger life I had lived and walked along the island trails where here and there sheep were being pastured. The islands of the Delta since then have not been used to pasture sheep as they were in the years gone by. It was exciting to see them here once again.

I called Albine's attention to the sheep. He did not say anything. His eyes seemed vacant. I asked him if I was driving too fast, if he would rather I go slower. "*It doesn't make any difference,*" he replied with such a blank look in his eyes. I couldn't interest him in anything, no matter how I tried.

I tried to be cheerful around him, but it was so hard. I sang or hummed when I did not feel like doing this. I tried to make him believe that there was nothing wrong with him. Little by little he began to regain his strength and appear like his old self.

The Doctor had told me that no one dies of cancer of the lungs but that the cancer can travel to the kidneys or the brain. He gave him six months to live.

For a while he took life easy, doing a lot of reading. Soon he began helping around the harbor again. He had stopped smoking for a while and began to put on weight. One day I found him in the shop smoking. It upset me and I said, "*You should not be smoking.*" He did not say anything but just kissed me as if to say, "*Please don't scold me. Let me have this pleasure while I can.*" What could I say or do?

As soon as Albine was operated and the tumor found, he asked me to cancel the trip we had planned around the world. This I did with the greatest regret that we had not done this the year we took the Mediterranean cruise. We would have been able to fulfill one of his greatest wishes, a trip around the world.

In February 1961, Albine and I and Allan and his family spent a week at Palm Springs. Allan drove our car and Albine had a greater opportunity to look around and observe the countryside, which he was scarcely able to do when driving. He appeared perfectly well and normal. We returned to Santa Cruz and observed the excellent work Allan was accomplishing in growing rhododendrons. Allan seemed to have his life's work moving as he had desired. His nursery was a great success.

From Santa Cruz Albine and I went to Pacific Grove, where we remained in a motel for a few days. We visited old haunts where we had begun our married life together, where we roamed through the sand dunes and walked along the beaches and the Seventeen Mile Drive. I had my sketch pad with me and tried sketching the waves while he sat on a rock near the ocean, motionless, staring at the constantly breaking surf and listening to the roar of the breakers. I wished that I could have shared his thoughts as he sat so quietly amidst such grandeur. Knowing him so well I presumed he was thinking of how many centuries those same waves had broken and roared to the sand on the beaches and of how they were destined to go on roaring as man was born, lived and died, yet the waves of the ocean and its surroundings would never change. It was things like this that he was fond of reading and talking about.

On our way home we passed several nurseries. I said to Albine, "Let's stop and buy that orange tree you have said for years that you are going to plant. Let's do it today." We stopped at the next nursery we were to pass and bought an orange tree which Albine planted that same day after we arrived home. It has grown to a large beautiful tree and every year it is loaded with the most tasteful and juicy fruit, and I wish so often that we could have planted it several years earlier. As we planted it I knew that Albine would never eat an orange from it.

Several months after my mother passed away, my brother Joe married a young high school teacher named Ferne. They built a new home and established a new grocery store in Rio Vista. In June of 1961, when Joe and Ferne were planning to leave on a trip to Europe, I invited my sisters and

their families to a Bon Voyage party for them. Outside of my sister Mary, all five of my other sisters were married and all had children. Ulinda and her husband Jim had a daughter, Marilyn; Anne and her husband Vasco had Verna, Vincent, Annette and Alvin. Louise and her husband Joe had Joseph and Patricia. Joe and Ferne were never blessed with any offspring. Theresa and her husband Pete had three children, Monte, Beverly and Peter. Claire and her husband Victor had Daniel, Ronald and Victoria. Some of my sisters also had grandchildren, so that the gathering was interesting and joyful.

After the gathering left for home, Albine told me he had had a dizzy spell while he was eating. I phoned our Doctor about this and he advised us not to let him walk around the docks anymore. When he wanted to wash boats, Lloyd would tell him to come home and stay with me. He gradually forgot about the harbor as the dizzy spells continued and became more frequent. He finally took to his bed as the dizzy spells were more severe when he sat up. One day I asked him if he wouldn't like to sit in the car with me facing the river where he could watch the boats come in and see the new shed Lloyd was building at that time. This was to be the last shed to be built and Albine had helped to build the first ones. I parked the car as I had planned with both of us watching the river. He looked at the river for a little while and then began looking queerly at me. Suddenly he said, "Gee, you're looking old." I had been losing weight and my skin was more noticeable outside in the light than it was in the house.

Lloyd had increased the size of the snack bar and it now also was a small restaurant, with light meals like hamburgers, hot dogs, bacon and eggs and hotcakes, etc. While we sat watching the river I decided to go into the restaurant to get a couple of candy bars. I did not think I had tarried too long as the car was parked right across the levee road from the restaurant. When I went back to the car I noticed that Albine was not in it. I went looking for him and found him in the house and in bed. He had not wanted to sit out in the car a moment longer and had probably only gone out there to please me.

I spent a part of my spare time each day at my hobby, painting in oils. I generally painted in the kitchen as I had plenty of room there. One day I walked into the bedroom and as usual found Albine just lying in bed with his eyes closed. I asked him if he felt dizzy when his eyes were open. He said he did not feel dizzy as long as he was lying down. I asked him why he kept his eyes closed all the time as if he were sleeping. He said he wasn't sleeping, that he could hear me as I moved throughout the house and knew where I was. I suggested to him that I should come and paint in his room so that he would not be alone so much. He answered very definitely, "What's the difference?"

I felt hurt that he did not even care if I was in his room or not. I had to feed him his food as he could not bear to sit up. One day I was standing by his bed, kind of leaning over him and saying something to him. He reached his hand over my neck and drew my head down against his own and held it there. I had not had a single touch of affection from him for so long and this small gesture touched my heart so that the tears sprang into my eyes. I did not want him to see me weeping and besides my back was aching from the position I was in, and I moved away before he saw my tears. I moved out of the room hurriedly.

I wanted so badly to have him communicate with me, talk about what was happening to him, and let him know that there was something radically wrong with him and not have him wondering why, throughout all this time, no Doctor found anything wrong with him. Our children, especially our daughter, did not want him to know that he had cancer, so I did not tell him.

On the First of August, Albine went to the hospital in an ambulance. I went in the ambulance with him. As we began moving along the levee road alongside the Mokelumne River, he lifted his head from the pillow on which it rested and looked at the river for a few moments then lay back on the cot. I wished with all my heart that he would comment on what he saw, but he did not. He kept his eyes open during the ride of about a half hour, staring at the sky or branches of trees as we passed them. He was immediately given a blood transfusion after we arrived at the hospital. Lloyd had driven

to the hospital to bring me back. I left Albine there and said I would be back the following morning. For two weeks he remained in the hospital. Every day, without missing a day, I visited him, leaving home in the morning and remaining until late afternoon. I took some needlework with me and just sat by his bed throughout the day, with a break for lunch, which I mostly ate in the hospital restaurant.

I was making some white napkins out of flour sacks, by pulling the threads out of the edges to form a fringe. One of the nurses observed one day that I was "still pulling threads." I told the nurse that it was better than pulling hair from my head. I would find Albine's gown spattered with food when I arrived at the hospital and could see how awkward he had become, though I had to admit that it wasn't easy to feed one's self in the semi-raised posture he had to assume.

He still read the newspaper and seemed interested in the news. Later he said that he could not read for the words did not make any sense. He seemed glad to see me when I arrived, and once he asked me why I had to go home when I told him I was leaving. A man across the aisle made a lot of noise when he snored while sleeping. I called Albine's attention to the noise. He said he thought it was Fifi, our poodle, that was under his bed snoring. He never seemed to have anything to say or comment on anything, but one day he asked me if the last shed for the boat berths was finished. He still had some thoughts of home. Outside of those few words he did not ask any questions about the Lair or about anything else.

On August 11 the Doctor told me he had only a few days to live, that he was at that point unable to tell time any longer. Since occasionally he would ask me when was he going home, I asked the Doctor why I couldn't take him home. The Doctor said he would release him if I had someone to take care of him. I told the Doctor I would have someone to take care of him, but I did not tell the Doctor I had no idea whom I would be able to get.

Albine seemed to come alive the morning the ambulance brought him home. I'm sure that the ambulance driver and the attendant must have thought I was out of my

mind when they moved him. Just to see him respond to questions seemed reason enough in my mind to have dared such an unheard-of decision. He talked and recognized the friends who came to see him.

Later, that same day, like an angel from heaven, which she is now, my sister Ulinda, a registered nurse, arrived with her husband Jim and said she had come to take care of Albine as long as it was necessary. Later Jim left for home alone.

I continued to feed Albine as usual. He ate fairly well and did not complain about anything. The following evening I gave him his food as usual, spooning it into his mouth. While he was eating, his eyes wide open, a tear trickled down his cheek. I dabbed it lightly with my handkerchief and pretended I did not see it. He was not eating anything hot that could have caused that tear. The last thing he ate was a piece of apricot pie which he liked very much and which we ate quite often. He ate it all.

We had rented a hospital bed for him and before I ate my supper that night I looked in on him and said I would be back as soon as I had finished eating. The side rails of the bed were up and as I looked at him it occurred to me that he probably would be asleep when I came in again to see him, as he slept so much. I was about to lower the rails and kiss him good night but changed my mind and reached for his hand instead and kissed it and said, "Good night." He looked at me with his old familiar grin, which I had not seen on his face for a long time, then asked for my hand and kissed it also and said, "Good night." That was our farewell to each other.

During the night he was very restless, feeling the air above him as if he was trying to touch something. The room was in semi-darkness, with the light from the hall lighting the room sufficiently so that I could check him clearly from my bed which was close to his. I asked him if he was uncomfortable and he replied, "Yesh," slurring the word. In the morning he was in a coma. Once in the afternoon he groaned and opened his eyes a little as if he wanted to speak. He kept looking at me and moaning softly. I talked to him and asked him if he was hurting somewhere. He only moaned while looking at me. I believe that he felt his days on earth

were at an end and he was trying to repeat the words he had said after his operation the year before when he was in obvious pain. He kept repeating over and over, "Lord, do something. Do something, Lord."

After a little while he went back to sleep again, never to awaken. Two days later on August 15, 1961, he passed away.

I think of him often and miss him very much, remembering how kind, patient and understanding he had always been, also how cheerful he always was. As the saying goes, he always got up on the right side of the bed, with never a frown or a long face, but with a grin that seemed to say, "All is well with the world." He did not believe in worrying, never complained of whatever I put in front of him to eat. The only time he ever did was on an anniversary that I had wanted to eat out and he thought it was too much effort to have to change clothes. When I said I did not have anything for our supper, he replied, "Fix anything." There was a portion of boiled beef in the refrigerator and I made it into hash which he had told me many times he did not like. So we never had hash, but on this day we did. When he sat down at the table and saw what I had fixed for us to eat, he asked, "What's that?"

"Hash," I replied. He spooned some on his plate, looked at it, then got up from his chair and pushed the plate across the table and walked out of the house. The next anniversary I heard him tell an acquaintance, "I have to clean up and take the wife out to dinner as this is our anniversary and she might give me hash for supper if I don't."

He had a habit of referring to me when he spoke to someone as "The wife." It was a phrase I despised. I would sometimes say to him, "I'm The wife, like the cow, the horse, the dog. Why don't you say My wife?" He would just grin. He was ashamed of using that phrase to another man. He felt it wasn't used.

Albine never drank, that is, have liquor at home or go into a bar and drink. If liquor was served at a dinner we were attending, he would accept a cocktail and that would be all. Since I don't care for liquor either, it was one of the things I was very thankful for, that in our home we did not have that

problem. If we ever had any disagreement it had not been caused by liquor.

Albine smoked very heavily, and seemed to always have a cigarette in his hand when he was idle. He would read everything except novels, which he despised. He was always pleased with a book for a gift and was in and out of the library as soon as he read what he had borrowed. He could sit hours with a dictionary in his hands scanning words and their meaning. People in the harbor were fond of conversing with him as he was able to discuss with them on most subjects. He would speak of his father often, of tales that his father would tell him of his years spent on a whaling vessel at far-off lands in the Pacific where they docked for water and provisions, and of strange people he had met. His father would fire his mind, giving him the desire to follow in his father's footsteps. Albine would study a map and dream of all the places he would like to see. If he should be asked where the most remote place on earth was situated, he could instantly point to it without studying the map. On one occasion he began talking about money and said, "I wish I had a million dollars." "For what?" I asked him. He answered, "So I could go around the world." I said, "You can go right now if you wish. You don't have to have a million dollars." He never went around the world but did have three wonderful trips. It has been one of the greatest regrets of my life that we did not plan the trip around the world sooner. The trip around the world that we were booked for in 1961 never matured. He would have died and been buried at sea had we taken it.

And so, after forty four years of married life, a dream has ended as a dream should begin and end. He lies on a slope of the Montezuma hills behind Rio Vista, overlooking the Sacramento River and in a lovely, well kept cemetery. And as the story of Gabriel and Evangeline goes, "*Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them (him), / Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs (his) are at rest and forever, / Thousands of aching brains, where theirs (his) no longer are busy, / Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs (his) have ceased from their labors, / Thousands of weary feet, where theirs (his) have completed their journey!*"

In reality, alongside the cemetery is a highway where thousands of people pass by with scarcely a look at the resting place of the dead.

After Albine passed away I decided to make the world cruise the following year, 1962. When I told my brother Joe and his wife Ferne about this, I was surprised to find that they were also planning the same cruise on the same ship. We left in June from San Francisco, stopping at ports in Hawaii, Philippines, India, Egypt, Suez and through the canal to Gibraltar where we crossed by motor to Algecires, Spain, then went by train to Madrid. Here we visited with my sister Theresa's daughter Beverly and her husband Bill and baby Breck who was only six months old. In Madrid we went through the Prado where I saw many beautiful paintings, among them a portrait of a man by Velasquez which I liked so well that I said I would go back to Madrid again if I had the chance only to see that portrait again. In 1968 I did go back to Madrid and not only was I able to see the same portrait but I also was able to purchase a slide of it which I had enlarged and from which I painted a replica of this portrait.

In 1963 my sister Louise and I visited Mexico for three weeks and in 1965 we took a two month cruise around Africa, leaving from New York. Our first stop was at the English island called Tristan da Cunha, which lies almost in the middle of the Atlantic, and where ships rarely stop. A few years later this island was almost destroyed by a severe volcanic outburst, and the natives had to flee to England. On this cruise around Africa we stopped at Cape Town and rounded the Cape of Good Hope and ported at Mozambique where we visited a museum of stuffed African animals standing as if in their natural habitat and being attacked by the animals that usually prey on each one. From here we went to Kenya and took two different camera safaris. On one of these safaris we slept in an enclosure where our room was a rondavel with a pointed straw ceiling where lizards crept in and out. The wild animals were on the outside of this enclosure but we could hear their howling and other kinds of noises.

We went through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal, getting off at Suez and taking a train to Luxor where we visited tombs of kings and queens. It was very hot and we all felt miserable amidst the dry sandy hilly desert. We boarded our boat later in Alexandria. We crossed the Atlantic on one of the roughest seas I had met in my travels. On one of these days we had just come up to the main salon from our dinner when the fire buzzer began ringing madly without stopping. It was frightening. When the buzzing stopped a voice over the loudspeaker said, *"Your attention please. We have a small fire in the galley and expect to have it under control soon."* My body began to tremble and my teeth chattered madly. The passengers began moving around hurriedly. Someone said, *"They are getting the seasick people up and making them dress."* Some of the passengers began to appear with their life jackets on while others dragged theirs. The loudspeaker came on again saying, *"We now have the fire under control and expect to have it out soon."* My sister Louise who was sitting with me said, *"We better get our life jackets."* My legs were so weak by this time I felt I couldn't take a step if I had to. Our cabin was on the upper deck and this deck had been added on to the Brazil, the ship we were sailing in, and I began to wonder how well was this upper deck fastened to the rest of the ship. Our elevators were not working from banging on the sides and we were having to walk up and down those long flights of stairs. I said to Louise, *"I can never make it up those stairs."* Our life jackets were in our cabin. She left saying she would bring mine down.

A man came from the outside deck and said, *"We'll never make it in a lifeboat in this sea."* The ship continued to lurch from side to side. A person could only stagger when one tried to walk. The man said, *"The waves are higher than the ship."* I thought quickly of how the small motor boats would go out on the San Joaquin River at home when a mean West wind was blowing and how expertly they made their way over the waves while the waves constantly sprayed them and yet they went and came safely. I thought to myself that I would rather be in a lifeboat than a ship on fire. The speaker called again, *"We have had a serious fire in the galley and have it almost controlled."* I began picturing myself trying to get into a lifeboat with the boat banging against the side of

the ship and then away from it as the ship swung the other way, and I wondered if it were possible to get into the lifeboat in such a sea. I could see myself jump at the wrong second after the crew said, "Jump!" and falling into the sea. Louise arrived with the life jackets and I continued to shake. Some of the passengers were stepping out on the deck to watch the storm. They would come back whispering to each other about the storm and that we probably would be unable to get into the lifeboats. I continued to shake, picturing again the lifeboats swinging far out and banging back in again as the passengers tried to jump into them.

We finally heard the last call over the loudspeaker saying, *"We have had a serious fire in the galley and it has now been extinguished. Those who have not been able to finish their dinner, please go back to the dining room and do so."*

I was still shaking and so weak I could not move. Louise went to a bar and brought me back a screwdriver which I sipped. After a while I stopped shaking.

Because of the storm, we were one whole day late when we landed at New York and had lost our reservations on the train we had expected to take. I had to call my daughter, Jean, and let her know about our delay so that they would meet the right train.

In 1966 I left alone on a *"Circle the Pacific and the Far East Cruise,"* leaving from San Francisco with stops at Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, Philippines, Zamboanga, Australia, New Zealand, Suva, Pago Pago, Bora Bora, and Tahiti. On board ship I became very friendly with a tablemate named Bessie. We accompanied each other during the shore excursions. It was the first of four cruises that we would have together.

When my brother Joe and his wife and I had gone on the 'round-the-world cruise, we had decided to visit Macau. When we tried to go through customs, we had only a visa to go to Macau, not one to come back to Hong Kong. Our travel agent had not been aware that we needed a visa both ways. We did not go and were very disappointed.

On this Circle the Pacific cruise, I decided to try to go to Macau since it was a Portuguese colony and I had read the

poem, OS LUSIADAS, written in Portuguese by Luis De Camoes, the Portuguese poet who had been exiled to Macau to live the remainder of his life there. I was therefore interested in seeing the resting place of this national hero.

My itinerary called for a guide whom I was to meet in a hotel in Hong Kong. At the hotel where I was told to meet the guide who would escort me to Macau I was told to be there at a certain time the following morning. I had to tell the purser that I was going, and where I was going. He said the ship was due to leave at a certain hour that evening whether I was back or not. That meant that if I missed the boat I would have to fly to Manila, the next stop.

I took along with me a large bag in which I could take a pair of pajamas, my necessary toiletries, and all my money and travelers checks. In the morning when I arrived at the hotel, my guide was there to meet me. He was Chinese, and a stranger. He carried a large blue bag and wanted also to carry my bag but I declined the favor.

We left by taxi for the ferry pier, where a multitude of ferryboats moved the people from Hong Kong to Kowloon and back. When we arrived at the ferry pier there was a mass of Chinese moving along with us and if it wasn't for the blue bag my guide was carrying, I would have lost him in the crowd. He kept hurrying to get to the ferry and I had all I could do to keep up with him. I kept telling myself, *"Don't look to the right or left, just follow the blue bag."*

We left Kowloon for Macau on a Hydrofoil. I had never been in one before. There were quite a number of people going over to Macau also. There were some young girls that looked and spoke Portuguese. There were paper bags in the back of every seat and not long after we got started, the paper bags were beginning to be used. I never had to use a bag. The Hydrofoil kept swinging to the right and left at great speed. Sometimes the water shot over the small vessel.

I spent the good part of the day in Macau visiting old landmarks, the casinos and the front part only of what used to be a Catholic cathedral that had caved in with time. I rode for a while in a rickshaw drawn by a Chinese. The air was balmy and the day beautiful. I enjoyed talking in Portuguese with the Chinese who lived and worked there. I began to get

a little anxious toward evening and did not wait for the craft I was due to leave on but instead took the one that left an hour earlier.

In Manila I again went on a Hydrofoil to visit Corregidor where U S troops were entrenched with Douglas MacArthur during World War II. We visited the long endless tunnels in which the army was sheltered. There was one of these tunnels that said WOMEN and it had a gate at the entrance with a lock on it. I don't know if it was locked against the troops entering or so the women couldn't get out. There were many palms and beautiful flowers everywhere on the island, a great contrast to the barren tunnels.

In 1968 I went on a three-month trip to Portugal, Spain and Morocco with Mary, one of the oldest friends I have. We also visited Madeira and the Azores Islands. We left from San Francisco in May and it was very cold when we arrived in Lisbon. There was a sharp wind blowing from the North during the week we remained in Lisbon before starting our land tour. I had to catch a bad cold that was hard to shake off. From Portugal we went on to Spain where there are so many cities with Moorish names and architecture. Enjoying those beautiful buildings brought to mind the similar houses in Portugal with their mosaic sidewalks and squares, a reminder of the time Portugal was overrun by the Moors. We crossed the Straits of Gibraltar in a ferryboat which also carried our bus. Morocco which I had already visited was still most interesting with the ornamental tiling both inside and outside of the buildings. At one fancy decorated eating place with beautiful rugs on the floor and mosaic tiles on the walls, we all sat on the floor on cushions and ate our food with our fingers, holding the dish in our hands, while all the while we listened to Moorish music and watched the Moorish girls dance. Our group and the Moroccans danced together, including Mary who seemed full of spirit and when she was not dancing with someone she would dance alone.

In Portugal where we spent two weeks on the southern coast of Algarve, we became entranced with the many gypsies who lived there. They were very evasive, not wanting to walk on the side of the street that we walked on.

Their tall slim stature and their beautifully colored long flowing robes were most attractive. I have always been interested in gypsies since my early childhood in Rio Vista when they would come to sell wares or predict fortunes. On one occasion a long string of wagons pulled by horses lined up along Second Street between Sacramento and Main Streets in Rio Vista. I was on the opposite side of the street and was so excited as the gypsies got out of the wagons and scattered in every direction. I began to run back and forth along the opposite side of the street and one of the younger gypsy girls shouted at me, "*What's the matter with you? You run up, you run down. Are you crazy?*" I became so frightened at her remarks that I ran home before she made up her mind to catch me and hide me in a wagon and take me with them, or so my childish mind thought.

In 1969 I left from Los Angeles on the Holland American ship Statendam for a cruise around South America. We stopped at the Galapagos Islands, one of the most interesting places Albino and I had read about and had wanted to see. We also had many stops in Peru and Chile. The real highlight of this voyage was the Straits of Magellan and the small community of Puente Arenas. I was up very early the morning we began going through the Straits. The weather was quite cloudy but the clouds were so broken up that the sun was able to peer through gaps in them, and shine here and there on the tops of the snow-covered peaks. It was a glorious sight with so many peaks in darkness and here and there a glistening peak where the sun shone, like a very decorated Christmas tree. In the town of Puente Arenas we took a bus to see the small community. The bus driver was a girl. The wind was blowing a gale like nothing I had ever seen in my life, and it swooped dust from the streets and swirled it around like a mad fiend. The bus driver said the wind blew every day as it was doing that day. She said she hated the place because of the wind. She stopped the bus at a cemetery so that anyone who wished could go in and see it but only a few of us got out. I have seen many cemeteries throughout my travels, some very fantastic like the ones in Lisbon and Argentina where the monuments or vaults are made in the shape of cathedrals as big or bigger than a house. You could

not help but wonder how much money had been dedicated to the dead that lay within those fancy cemeteries.

In this cemetery at Puerta Arenas the monuments were very ordinary marble or other stone and only the size of those in an ordinary cemetery in the US. What fascinated me were the names and dates as I began looking around. The cemetery was situated on a hillside facing the sea and it must have been on the windiest part they could find that would not be good for anything else. The noise of the wind on that barren slope was impossible to describe. It roared. I began to walk to a different section than my bus companions and found that I had a small girl and boy following me so closely that they kept stepping on the heels of my shoes. I held my purse tightly and moved toward the section where my bus companions were and the two children continued to follow and step on my heels. I turned hastily back to the place where we had left the bus. I knew those two youngsters were trying to trip me, no doubt to grab my purse.

In 1971 I again went on the S S Statendam, this time on a North Cape cruise. Our first stop was at Reykjavik, Iceland. Our attention had been called to the Arctic Circle when we passed it. There was no fanfare as there had been when we passed the Equator the first time on the "*Circle the Pacific and Far East Cruise*" I had taken.

There was snow on the higher elevations but there was no snow on the ground where we walked and rode. It was very cold but I was prepared so was dressed warmly. The two crewmen who helped us step from the ship to the dock seemed to be very elated that day. They lifted each passenger as we stepped out of the tender as high as they could before lowering us to level ground. Iceland is composed of mostly rock and ice. The soil is obtained by scraping the thin layer that accumulates on the rock surfaces. This is carried to where it will be put to use for gardens of flowers and vegetables. Underground hot volcanic water is piped and utilized to heat homes and hothouses. Mostly women were working in the parks.

Our North Cape cruise included the countries of Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia where we only toured Leningrad, Denmark which had something fascinating about

its beautiful city of Copenhagen including the little Mermaid, England which I saw more of than the first time I was there, Netherlands, Belgium where in Bruges I found a street named Kort, which sometimes was the spelling used instead of Korth by Albine's ancestors. In Bruges I found the shrubbery, canals and old homes most interesting. Here one branch of my family presumably came from and also one of Albine's. In Ireland I visited Blarney Castle, but I would never stoop backwards to kiss the Blarney Stone as I saw others do. From New York I flew back to California.

My last and final cruise was another Mediterranean cruise on the Statendam. We again stopped at one of the Azores Islands, also Portugal, Gibraltar, Spain, Balearic Islands, the French Riviera, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Sicily, Tunisia, Morocco and Madeira.

I was home from the Mediterranean cruise only eleven days when, on Wednesday, June 21, 1972, about one o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by the frightening noise of a fire siren screaming, and autos honking incessantly, as they rushed past us on the levee road on their way to some catastrophe. Immediately I assumed it was a fire and the first thought that came to me was that either our marina or our fields were on fire.

I jumped out of bed and in my pajamas and bare feet ran into the patio. My first impression was that there was an unusual darkness everywhere. All the lights in the marina, both in the boat sheds and on land, were out. There wasn't even a glimmer of a moon. On the road in front of our restaurant I could see the tail lights of a car which had stopped there. I could not see the occupant of the car but I could hear his voice loud and clear, shouting that the Andrus Island levee had broken above the Spindrift Marina, and that all their boats and sheds had been sucked into and through the break in the levee and that the island was being flooded.

The first thing that came to my mind was that my sister Louise, who now lived near me, was not out there as I would have expected her to be in a crisis like this. I hurriedly ran to her mobile home calling out her name. There was no answer. I turned and ran back to my house and searched for my flashlight in the darkness and found it where I usually kept it. I then began to search for candles. My mind had not yet registered that the break in the levee was the cause of all the darkness. I did remember, fleetingly, that I had two kerosene lamps and that they were both empty. There had not occurred any blackouts for a long time and I had not needed them.

I knew I had to keep as calm as I possibly could so my heart would not begin to miss beats and perhaps to fibrillate, a weakness I had been battling against for a number of years. I had no fear for my safety nor for the safety of the remainder

of my family. I had gone through the Brannan-Andrus Island flood of 1907 and the situation was altogether different. The flood had been in March then, under stormy skies, and we were in a hazardous and critical position. Now it was June and the weather was beautiful. In 1907 the flood was caused by rampant flood waters that were spreading through one island after the other. At that time it had been caused by a high tide and a weakened levee. Furthermore, the land here at Pirate's Lair was eight feet higher than the rest of the land on the island, so that this would be the last place that the flood would reach. Ironically, it had not been very long before that Lloyd had surveyed the water level we would be confronted with if the island should flood. Depending on the time of the year, either a high-water flood in the winter or a break in the levee at any other time, the least water I would have, he said, would be two feet high in my house.

Thinking of his words the thought occurred to me that Lloyd had not yet made an appearance which would have been the first thing I would have expected of him, to come and give me the assurance that all would be taken care of in good time and for me not to worry. I began to wonder where he was and what he was doing.

I learned later that he had leaped out of bed at the noise of the sirens and together with my grandson, Kipling, had jumped into his pickup truck and taken off after the fire engine and cars to see where the fire was. At the Spindrift Marina all was in darkness except for three trailers that were on fire. In the darkness he had not seen the water already in the island around the marina. He asked someone how the fire had started and was told that the levee had broken and the fire started on leaking gas when the mobile home rose with the water. Lloyd said to the man, "*You're kidding.*" When he realized what was happening, he promptly turned his pickup around and hastened home. Kipling later said his father kept repeating all the way home, "*I can't believe it.*" It was true.

I began separating articles of immediate necessity from the less important ones with the thought that a flood was not an incommmodity for a day or even a week. It would probably be months that I would be out of my house. I went

to the garage to get two pieces of luggage and also to place my car key into my car, ready to be moved to a higher level. I was in the act of placing my photographs and slides into a smaller bag when Louise walked in. Before she had a chance to remark about the situation, I said to her, "*These photographs and slides can never be replaced and they are the first things I am going to save.*" I was speaking as if the catastrophe that was happening to us was an everyday occurrence. I was calm and in complete control of what I was doing.

Lloyd walked in and putting his hand on my shoulder said, "*Take it easy.*" There was nothing more to say. We were all in what was happening.

As I was placing articles into a suitcase, I was reminded that it had been only eleven days since I had emptied that same luggage, when I had arrived home from my Mediterranean cruise, and I shuddered to think that this could have been happening while I was away, and all my belongings could have been shuffled out of the house into every direction. I was well aware of the thoughts I would have had were I sailing in the Atlantic in the middle of nowhere and had heard the news that my home was being flooded.

Many other things crossed my mind while I was dragging things from shelves and hangers. The most crucial was that I had practically finished putting things back in their places, including my paintings on the wall, from where they had been stored out of the way so that my house could have a new coat of paint, both inside and outside while I was away. Now the whole house had to be redone before I could live in it again. The money I had spent to do this had just been wasted.

There were quite a number of campers in the campgrounds and I could hear quite a commotion going on back there behind my house. The occupant of one of the cars that had followed the fire engine had orders to tell everyone in the mobile home park and campgrounds that they had to get out and away from the island immediately. If they did not, they would be blocked by the water from getting on to the bridge that led to Stockton. He said they had only fifteen

minutes to get out. The people panicked.

There was a roar in the campground as the people hustled their equipment into their vehicles and left the marina. The people in the mobile homes were more cautious. They began moving what they could from their homes into the boats they had berthed in our sheds. Some, taking the man's word, left immediately, scarcely taking a thing with them.

I was still dressed in pajamas and slipped a pair of slacks and a knitted blouse over them. This I wore all day, scarcely realizing how I was dressed.

The noise of the tractor and people shouting orders as they began moving the smaller house trailers up on top of the levee could be heard continually. My daughter-in-law Pamela and my grandchildren Kathleen and Kipling came in together and said they had the pickup truck outside and what did I want them to move. I asked them to take all the drawers and what was in each one out as they were, rather than move the things into boxes and scramble them. They could be easily moved as they were and stacked in the restaurant. I threw shoes and other lesser articles into the boxes they had brought with them.

Everything on shelves that were three feet above the floor I left in the house as they would be out of reach of water and would be left there safely. Every door and window was left open so that there would not be an accumulation of mildew anywhere and so that the wood would not buckle. I felt that this was a brilliant idea on my part.

Soon there were a number of people from the marina helping to remove the furniture and everything that was not hooked up to the house. Chuck, our neighbor from across the slough who also had a marina, came with his truck to help us.

Since the electricity had gone out when the levee broke and knocked an electric pole down, I began to worry that the telephone could go out of order also and my family would be sick when they read the news in the newspaper and could not know how we had fared. I hated to get them out of bed at such a ridiculous hour but at three in the morning I could not wait a moment longer to tell them. I called Jean and

my son-in-law Bill came to the phone. I'm sure they thought that something serious could have happened to be called at that hour of the morning. In their wildest thoughts they could never have expected that Andrus Island was being flooded. The first thing Bill said on hearing the news was, "My God!"

Instantly Jean was on another phone asking questions and, especially, wondering how I was taking this catastrophe. At six in the morning I again called them and asked them to notify my other son Allan and daughter-in-law Ethel, before they read about it in the paper or heard a newscast on the radio. That evening I again called Jean and Bill to let them know that everything was under control and that the water had not yet appeared at our place.

The telephone in the restaurant had been ringing constantly since the news of the flood got around. It was amazing that at those early hours a good many of the owners of the boats and mobile homes already had the news as to what had happened. It appeared that a chain had been started with the news going from one marina boat owner to the other, no matter where they lived. By morning there had come in scores of phone calls from people wondering how their boats or homes were, others asking if there was anything they could do to help, and many offering their homes to us for the duration of the disaster or for as long as we needed a shelter.

The Red Cross also called and asked if we needed help or food. The Coast Guard was in and out and at one time went to Rio Vista to get some medication for Pamela. We assured everyone that everything we could do to save any of the house trailers had been done. A number of them had been easily hauled to the top of the levee. The first one that had been moved belonged to Pat and John, Louise's daughter and son-in-law. It had been stationed on top of the levee across from where my gate was and where we could get water and be able to feed my cats and dog without any difficulty. The other gates would be under water and inaccessible. This house trailer would be our home.

We assured everyone that we were self-sufficient, that we had moved food from my freezer to the freezers in the

restaurant, that we had two restrooms that we could use, that we had water also. It did not take long for the electricity to be restored, so that nothing had spoiled in the freezers.

The helicopters that had come immediately after the break, and had lifted out a few people who had gone through the break in their boats and were stranded in the middle of the flooding island, were less noticeable by early morning. No one had lost his life, although a few had to wade out of their mobile homes at the Spindrift Marina, not having awakened in time to get out before the water circled their homes.

Things worked so fast that by daylight most everything that had to be moved to the top of the levee was already there. Even my hot water heater had been taken out of my house. Not so with many of the other islanders. My nephew Bob and his wife Ida and son Bobbie were alone and though they tried to move whatever they could to the top of the levee, many of the things they left behind were too heavy for them to move. They remained on top of the levee in their camper near their things for a few days, then moved to Rio Vista.

The President of the United States decreed this a disaster area and Government aid paid for the rent of the lodgings of those who had been dispossessed of their homes. Since momentarily we did not have any electricity, we did not have much news, at first. Even my newspapers and other mail to the Lair were being stacked at another marina near the bridge without our knowing they were there. The telephone had finally become disrupted as the water in the island rose higher.

After daylight, and while we could still get out of the island, Lloyd sent two cars out to Bouldin Island and stationed one of them straight across the river from our marina so that if we had an emergency or illness of any sort we could use a motor boat to get to the other side of the river to the car. The second car brought the driver of the stationed car back. No one else but authorities was allowed to bring a car into the island.

For many days we had two police patrol cars within a section between the bridge and the break. We also had a

district maintenance man patrolling the levee. All day and all night for a whole month these cars were unable to get out but the occupants could climb the side of the bridge and change place with other patrol officers who were able to come as far as the bridge.

Throughout the first day of the flood we did not see any water down our way. It was spreading in every other direction. Brannan Island, separated by the dam-locked Jackson Slough from Andrus, was also being flooded. On the third day we began to see the water trickle into our land. We had been walking along the levee during those first days to see if we could see water. On the second evening we could see the water stretching through our neighbor's property. By evening it was well established on our land, but my house was still dry. At four o'clock the following morning I could not remain in bed a moment longer. I went into my yard and saw that, indeed, my house had about two feet of water in it. All I could think of was that my hardwood floors, which I liked so well, were going to be ruined after all. Somehow, I had thought that the water was not going to rise as high as it did. I had not counted on the high June tides.

The days after the flood all seemed exactly alike. We did a lot of walking, Louise and I. There were no cars on the levee road except for the patrol cars. The blackberries along the river edge were ripe and we picked and ate some and also made jam of them. Louise tried fishing within the island as we were constantly seeing fish jumping everywhere, but she did not catch any. We had fun watching the muskrats who seemed to be having a ball with so much water.

I cleared a place under my orange tree and put a rug on the ground and began painting. I had plenty of time to do this. On the third day of the flood we began to see strangers walking along the levee from wherever they had tied their boats as there was no other way they could have got in to that portion of the island, unless they had parked on the bridge and climbed down. For weeks they kept coming. Sometimes it would be one or two persons going by to see the break. At other times it would be a large group. We were outside most of the time and they would stop and ask questions. It was very boring to keep repeating the same

answers over and over. We did not like to be rude, but were tired of answering questions, especially the one asking how did it happen.

On one occasion a woman began asking the usual question and said she felt sorry for us. She also said she hated to look at all that water. Lloyd happened to be the one she was speaking to and he said to her, "Don't look." It almost made you sick to listen to some of them. It wasn't only the plague of questions we were confronted with at all hours of the day. People began walking into my house after the water began to lower, and since I had my shelves and upper closets open to the air and filled with so many of my belongings, I had the job of running them out of my house.

The first week end we were able to phone Jean and Bill and tell them they could come as far as the bridge and we would meet them at the bridge with a car, which they did. Allan and Ethel came also. Bill and Jean did not stay overnight as they usually did because Lloyd and his family were using their house since Lloyd's house was surrounded by water.

Dredgers were brought in immediately to begin filling in the break. Also large trucks loaded with rock began going by to fill in the break also. By this time a ramp had been built from the top of the levee road onto the bridge so that we were able to get in and out with our cars. A month after the flood the break was filled and a road was built on the levee where the break had been and we began having a run of cars of people who probably worked in Antioch and had been used to following the highway to work before the flood, the highway that was now under water across the middle of Andrus-Brannan. After the break was mended they began passing in front of our place, going over the land-filled break on to Twitchell Island and picking up the Sacramento River highway beyond there. From six in the morning on it was like a parade of cars going West each day. About five in the late afternoon they would come back going eastward. They drove so fast that we had to scamper out of their way or else get run over. The house trailer we were living in sat on half of the levee crest. Each car that passed shook the trailer. We had to look right and left before stepping out of the trailer.

Two months after the flood my house was out of the water. The mud was washed out of it and it was left to dry. Lloyd and his family were also able to drive to their house and live there. After Lloyd and his family moved back to their home, I moved into Jean and Bill's house until mine had dried and the lower sheet rock was pulled out and replaced. New floors also had to be put in and the whole house inside and outside had to be repainted.

There had been a terrific West wind several days after the flood and practically every house on the eastern side of the island that was under water was broken up and the material scattered. Many persons lost almost everything they had. It was shocking to see the complete disaster the flood had caused. All we could see in most places was the bared foundations of cement where the homes had stood and a mass of rubble around, including rusty stoves and other metal objects, farm machinery and dead trees. Even though it had been in June, the flood had taken its toll from everyone. In a way we were more fortunate. Four months after the flood I, my dog Renoir, and my four cats were home again.

I had planned a cruise to Alaska in the summer of 1974 and had already booked a passage on one of the Princess cruises. The day before Christmas, 1973, I was taken to a hospital presumably with a heart attack. I was in the hospital for sixteen days. The Doctor released me on three conditions: that I was to go to a rest home for a while, or that I would go live with a member of my family, or that I would find a companion who would live with me. I preferred to go home and began to search for a companion.

Maria was in the same hospital I was at the time. She had had an operation. I visited her in her room and told her of my predicament. She instantly remembered hearing from a friend that she knew of a woman who had arrived shortly from the Azores and was seeking a job. Jean got in touch with the party whose family lived in Antioch and the woman consented to come live with me. Her name is Alzira and she was fifty years old at that time. Fortunately I am able to speak and understand Portuguese. If I hadn't we would have had a hard time to understand each other. Alzira did not have any schooling, but she was intent on staying home and the few times she went to school she did nothing but weep and want to go home. Finally, her parents gave up. Her brothers and sisters all went to school without any problems.

I have gotten along very well with her, though she is very set in her ways. I tried to teach her the alphabet and she would laugh and joke about it, saying that a person of her age is unable to learn how to read or write. I gave up as I was only wasting my time, and my time is precious.

Alzira was fascinated by my paintings and liked to sit and watch me paint. I asked her if she would like to paint also. She let out a shrill long laugh as if I had asked her if she would like to go to the moon.

One day I put an apple in front of her and a pencil and some pastels and showed her how easy it was to draw and

color the drawing of the apple. She made and colored a lopsided apple which I told her was very good. She laughed a lot while she was doing this.

Little by little I moved her from fruit to vases, then flowers in the vases. It was always a joke to her and was always accompanied with a lot of laughter. She began to improve so rapidly that I could see she was really enjoying what she was doing and was not laughing so much.

Louise, Alzira and I began attending a class with some senior citizens in Isleton once a week. By this time Alzira was becoming a little proud of her work. Everyone began to tell her how good she was doing. Her paintings have become outstanding and we all feel she is a natural at painting.

I still would like to teach her to read and write when I have more time. I'm afraid though that she is going to start laughing as if learning to read and write is a joke.

Alzira has been with me for almost three years. When I first saw her when she came to see me at the hospital, I told her that I had four cats and a dog. I wanted her to know that I was not going to throw them out so that she could come in. She said, "*I like little animals.*" She certainly does. She has been so good to them, feeding and watching out for them as if they are her own. Every day she takes my pug, Renoir, for a walk. She caresses the cats and calls them by their names — Toby, Cezanne, Matisse, Picasso, Titian and Sisley. Later I adopted another, Rembrandt.

On November 27, 1975, on Thanksgiving Day, I arrived at my eightieth birthday. I have a lot to thank God for. It was a most fitting day for me to celebrate my four score years. At the Thanksgiving mass at our St Therese Church that day, Father Joe called me up to the altar and gave me the chalice to hold while he dipped each host into the wine before serving them to the people.

Three days later, on Sunday, my family hosted a no-gift birthday party for me and invited all the relatives we could get in touch with. There were eighty-two persons attending.

Shortly before my birthday I took a bus tour around California with my sister, Louise. The weather was beautiful and the company on the bus marvelous. It was a far cry though from the ten voyages I took throughout the world.

I have been writing this narrative of my memoirs for a year and a half and have enjoyed every moment of the time I have spent doing this. Each morning of the days I have spent writing this I have awakened with a thrill of joy that I would be able to write that day. I have used surnames as little as possible, and some first names I have changed for practical and personal reasons and to observe people's privacy.

I hope this narrative will not be too boring to my descendants who may chance to read it. It only describes living in my day, perhaps dull to some but rather interesting to me as I lived it. If I had the power I don't think I would change it. It shows how fate can move our lives from one status to another and back again without our motivation. I believe that what shall be, shall be.

At the moment I attend a painting class where we all paint on our own whatever we wish to do and sometimes assist each other. I enjoy the company of others and this gives me an incentive to paint elsewhere besides my own house. We attend this class once a week on Mondays. It's not far for me to drive. I also drive to Rio Vista and Lodi to do my shopping. The days do not seem long enough to do all I wish to do and though I have my companion with me to help me, I do not feel the strength I would still like to have when I was at the age of the forties and fifties when I once told my mother I felt so strong during this period that I felt I could knock houses down and build them up again. She had looked at me incredulously as if she did not believe me, but it was true. How I wish I could have that strength now, but what has to be has to be.

And so on three of the Islands of the California Delta, I was destined to live many years, and though I tried hard to get away from the peat lands and the sloughs and the rivers and the willows and tules, I learned to love all of this and be glad that here we made our home and raised our children, close to the river that encircles us and bathed by the sea

breezes that cool our atmosphere on a hot summer day. And now, my descendants, I must say "Adios."

Designed and Printed  
by Litho Color Graphics  
in Fairfax, California



*Set in Compugraphic  
Paladium and Paladium Italic*



Cover Illustration by  
Barbara Banthien

