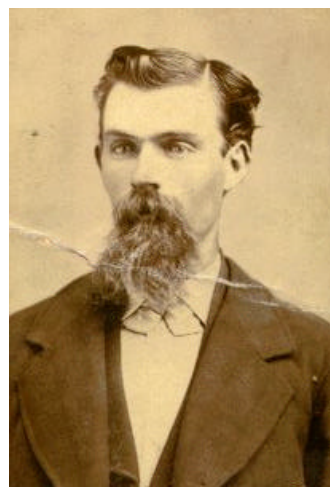


WILLIAM ROBERT THOMPSON

(FEBRUARY 2, 1855 TO MARCH 17, 1891)

William Robert Thompson was born in Sherman, Grayson County, Texas on February 2, 1855, the second son of Pleasant and Sarah Ann Hamilton Thompson. Billy, as the family called him, came with his parents from Texas in 1856, arriving in the Salinas area in the spring of 1857. He was raised in the Salinas and King City areas and moved to Watsonville, California about 1882. It is believed that William met Kate Raymond in Watsonville, and they were married in Millbrae, California at the home of H. Ebright in 1883.



William Robert Thompson

Kate Raymond was a relative of the Boronda family of Salinas-Monterey-Carmel area and was a cousin to Isabella Richardson, the wife of Zach Thompson, William's uncle. Kate was a schoolteacher. After their marriage, they established their home in the Green Valley area about five miles northeast of Watsonville. Kate died on February 14, 1884 about five months after she and William were married. According to Frances Thompson Mazza, Kate was pregnant at the time of her death and described her as "a lovely Christian woman." Kate is buried in the Watsonville Pioneer Cemetery in the Thompson family plot.



Joanna Hushbeck Thompson (my grandmother). Picture taken about 1880 when she was 17 years old. She had just started teaching. The dress was red velvet.

One of Kate's friends and fellow school teachers was Joanna Hushbeck, daughter of Louis and Eunice Brown Hushbeck who had settled in Watsonville about 1856. William Thompson courted Joanna, and they were married on November 12, 1885 at the residence of Louis Hushbeck.

William and Joanna made their home on the Green Valley ranch which William had purchased earlier and developed a small farming operation "...consisting of 63 acres. They had about 18 acres of cherries, 16 acres of apricots, 3 acres of grapes, 3 acres of peaches and a few pear trees. The rest of the land was used for growing hay and pasture for cows and horses. The house sat up on the side of a hill with a fine view of the (Pajaro) valley and even Monterey Bay when it was

clear, which it was in those days," according to their son, Ray Thompson.

William Thompson is described as being "...about 6 foot 3 inches tall and weighed about 200 pounds. He played the violin or fiddle and loved to dance and was known to be 'quite a ladies man' and like his father, Pleasant Thompson did not drink or use tobacco." William, like most of the Thompsons, was musically inclined, and he and his younger brother, Martin Thompson, often played their violins for dances. He was known for not losing his temper and keeping a cool demeanor during times of stress. He also had the ability to work hard all day, come in from the fields, slip off to sleep for five or ten minutes, and then awake fully rested and ready to go for whatever the rest of the day or evening presented.

William Thompson died of "typhoid pneumonia" on March 17, 1891 at his Green Valley home. William and Joanna were very well thought of by their neighbors, many of whom had come and were pruning his trees at the ranch when William died.

After the death of William Thompson, Joanna tried to run the Green Valley ranch with the help of her father, Louis Hushbeck, and her brothers, Charles, Thomas and Harry Hushbeck. About 1893, Pleasant Thompson sent his son, Martin Lee Thompson, to help Joanna run the ranch. Martin remained there for about five years. Known as a man of few words, he came back to the ranch one day and told Joanna that people in town were "talking" and he thought it would be a good idea for them to marry. They were married on June 29, 1898 at Joanna's home in Green Valley. I believe it was a happy marriage and they were devoted to one another. Late in life, when Joanna was very ill, Martin waited on her every need.

WILLIAM ROBERT THOMPSON and JOANNA HUSHBECK had three children.

1. JULIA EDNA THOMPSON

NOTES ON JULIA EDNA THOMPSON

Edna, as she preferred to be called, was born to William Robert and Joanna Hushbeck Thompson in her grandfather Lewis Hushbeck's residence on East Lake Avenue in Watsonville on March 27, 1887. Her father died when she was about four years old and her, mother, Joanna Hushbeck married her father's younger brother, Martin L. Thompson in 1898. Edna was raised on her parents' Green Valley ranch and as a teenager spent some time in King City, as her stepfather's ranch was located there.

She attended school at the old Green Valley and school graduated from the high school there. (She told me that her graduation dress had "sixteen petticoats.") Like most of the Thompsons she was an accomplished musician, playing the piano and organ. She played piano and organ for church (Bethel Tabernacle in Watsonville) from the mid 1920s until near her death in 1956.

Edna was about five feet seven inches tall. Slender as a young woman, in later years she put on some weight (but was never fat). She had a wonderful personality and was noted for never getting angry. It has often been said "...that if a truly Christian woman ever lived ... it was Edna!" She was a "born again" Christian, who lived her faith, yet took no one to task for his or her lifestyle.

Edna married Stillman Wheelock, son of Darius T. Wheelock and Ann E. Caudill, early pioneers in the Pajaro Valley who were married in Watsonville on July 8, 1860. The Wheelock ranch was at the corner of what is today Green Valley Road and Wheelock Road and backed on the Thompson ranch to the east. Edna and "Stim" were married in 1908 in the little community church located in the flat just below the present site of the Green Valley School. (Stim's sister, Laura Wheelock, married Ralph Eveland, and they lived across the road from where the little church stood. Their house was still standing in 1998.)

According to Ray Thompson, Edna's younger brother, "...Stim had an apricot orchard and made good money for those days. They bought an Auburn car in 1908. They had to pay extra for a windshield and it had no top on it. The tires were smooth (no tread) and because the roads were not paved, one could only get about 5,000 miles on a set of tires. The car was red, and they were quite proud of it. I remember that their license plate number was 22000. Not many cars in those days. I learned to drive it but only drove it about twenty miles per hour. In those days most cars could only go (a top speed of) forty miles per hour."



Wedding photo of Edna Thompson and Stillman Wheelock, 1908.

Edna and Stim sold their Green Valley ranch about 1912 and moved to the Pine Canyon area near King City, where they engaged in a small farming operation. They lived there until 1922 but moved back to Watsonville after the death of their son, Kenneth Adelbert Wheelock. "Delbert" was only 13 years old at the time of his death and the family was devastated. Delbert died after contracting meningitis while on a Boy Scout campout.

Returning to Watsonville, Stim worked for the H. A. Hyde Nurseries for a number of years. In the late 1930s Edna worked for the Watsonville Laundry along with her daughter, Ina Bosley, and her sister-in-law, Ida Butler Thompson.

I can remember well a time when I was a small boy, about 4 years old. We lived on Elm Avenue in Watsonville. I would venture down to the end of the block, cross the street, and turn up a little alley and peek into the Watsonville Laundry to see these women working on the mangle, ironing sheets. I can also remember the heat radiating from the building and the smell of freshly ironed cloth. Of course I would have to reveal myself to my aunts and cousin. They would yell at me, "Go home!" Finally, Edna came to see my mother one day and told her of my escapades. I received a stern lecture and promised I would never go there again. I lied! I kept going there because I wanted to see them, but I didn't reveal myself to them anymore. It wasn't too much later that we moved out to the Atkins ranch in Calabassas District and Edna and Stim moved with daughter and son-in-law, Ina and Jack Bosley, to Salinas where they operated a restaurant called Walt's Dairy.

Jack and Ina Bosley soon bought another restaurant in Salinas called the "Topper", at the corner of Monterey Street and Alisal Road, just about the time

World War II broke out. Stim did the janitorial work, Edna did some to the cooking, Ina was the head waitress, and Jack was the cook and manager. It was a very successful operation, despite the various food shortages caused by the war. In 1942, as the war was really gearing up, Jack Bosley left to go to San Francisco, where he worked for the Office of Price Administration or OPA. Jack and Ina soon realized that more help was needed at the restaurant, so they called on Edna's younger sister, Nellie Thompson Atkins, to help with the cooking. I came along with my mother and really never left. Mother stayed and worked for a few months then returned to her family in Watsonville, but I remained a part of the Wheelock/Bosley family for the rest of my childhood. Jack and Ina had a daughter, Dolores, who was three months younger than myself. Dolores and I were like brother and sister.

With the close of World War II in 1945, Ina and Jack decided to sell the restaurant and go to Santa Cruz to build and open a restaurant there. Stim and Edna decided to go too, and so they sold everything in preparation for the move to Santa Cruz. Stim took ill about this time and was taken to a hospital in San Francisco, where he died suddenly on April 10, 1946. While Stim was in the hospital, Edna purchased a small country place in the mountains out of Santa Cruz near a little town called Felton. After living there for about a year Edna then purchased a large home on High Street, not far from the Catholic Church and Mission in Santa Cruz. It was her thought that her family would live with her.

After the new restaurant was built and opened in the summer of 1947, Ina and Jack divorced. Jack moved to San Francisco and after about a year, Edna followed her daughter and granddaughter, Ina and Dolores, to live in Placerville. In 1948 my mother, Nell Atkins, bought a small restaurant in Watsonville called the TipTop Café on upper Main Street (now called Freedom Boulevard). Mother asked Edna to come and work for her, which she did. Edna was, by far, the best pastry cook around. She was known for her homemade cakes and pies, especially her fresh strawberry cream pies, which sold for the outrageous price of twenty-five cents a slice or a dollar twenty-five for a pie! A man who had been a regular customer at my mother's restaurant during those years recently introduced me to some friends. He introduced me as the nephew of the woman "who made those wonderful pies I was telling you about" This introduction was nearly fifty years later and yet memories of Edna's culinary delights remain.

Edna became ill in 1955. She was operated on and was found to have a brain tumor. She lingered in a coma for several months. She died on February 2, 1956 and is buried in the Watsonville Pioneer Cemetery beside her husband, mother, father and stepfather.

EDNA and STILLMAN WHEELOCK had three children:

- i. **KENNETH ADELBERT WHEELOCK** was born at his parents' home in Green Valley on July 25, 1909. He died suddenly on December 8, 1922 in King City; California. Cause of death was from meningitis contracted on a Boy Scout campout.
- ii. **INA MAE WHEELOCK** was born at her parents' home in Green Valley on December 24, 1910 and at this writing, still lives in Watsonville. Ina married

twice: John L. Bosley with whom she had a daughter, Dolores, and Noah Keith. Ina has four grandchildren and several great grandchildren.

- iii. **WAYLAND WHEELOCK** was born at the Green Valley home of his parents on June 26, 1912 but died a few days later on June 28, 1912.



Photo taken by Joanna Thompson. Left to right: Eunice thompson, Nellye Thompson, Gene Thompson, Adelbert Wheelock and Ina Wheelock, the latter being the children of Edna Thompson and Stillman Wheelock.

The little girl, Ina, is the cousin I visited in Watsonville recently. She is 90 years old and still has a twinkle in her eye. She and my mother were only about 8 years apart in age and were more like sisters than aunt and niece.

2. **WILLIAM ALBERT THOMPSON** (January 19, 1889 to February 4, 1961)

NOTES ON WILLIAM ALBERT THOMPSON

Biographical sketch contributed by Edith Winifred Thompson Ames

As William Albert Thompson was my father, I've been asked to write a biography of him as I remember it. William Albert Thompson was the son of William Robert Thompson and Joanna Hushbeck. He was born at the Thompsons' Green Valley ranch on the outskirts of Watsonville, California on January 19, 1889. When he was only 18 months old, his father succumbed to pneumonia developed after a tragic horse accident. His mother was left with three babies and a big ranch to run. The oldest child, Edna, was only three years old and the youngest boy, Robert Raymond, was only six months.

At first my great grandfather Lewis Husbeck and his sons, Charles and Thomas Hushbeck, tried to help out at the ranch. But finally my other great-



William Albert Thompson

I have a picture of Augustus Hushbeck, this picture, and a picture of my younger brother, Loren. All were taken when these men were about 18 to 20 years old, and except for clothing and style, they could all be the same person.

grandparents, Pleasant and Sarah Ann Thompson from King City, sent help. They sent their unmarried son, Martin Lee Thompson, to assist Joanna.

Martin Lee Thompson was a very different personality than my grandfather. My Uncle Ray (Robert Raymond Thompson) was only six months old, too young to be aware of what had happened. His reaction to his uncle was one of acceptance. Edna was old enough to somewhat realize the loss of her father, but she still had her mother. The reaction of my father was very different. He was old enough to feel the loss of his father. So he was very much affected by the accident and never accepted his Uncle Mart as a father substitute.

From the time Martin Thompson arrived on the scene, my father, Will (as he was called), never got along very well with his uncle. In later years they had a better understanding between them, but Will never, ever forgot the beatings and terrible treatment shown by his uncle when he was young. He always said he knew his life would have been very different if his father had lived. My father was very different in ambition and personality than his brother Ray. Ray was always close to his Uncle Mart and there was a real feeling of affection between the two.

Uncle Martin had been living at the Green Valley ranch and helping out for some time. One day, after a trip into town, he announced to my grandmother that people in town were talking and he thought they should get married. They were married on June 29, 1898 at their home in Green Valley, and thus Uncle Martin Thompson became my father's stepfather.

Aunt Edna, my father, and Uncle Ray went to school in the Green Valley School. My father drove the horse and wagon to school. He was always good with animals, especially horses. My grandmother always said that he would have made a good veterinarian. When any animal was sick, horse or cow, he would stay up all night with it in the barn. He loved dogs, too, and we always had pets around.

My grandparents, the Thompsons, had two ranches. The one in Green Valley was primarily a fruit ranch: acres of apricots, apples, cherries and grapes. The other ranch was near King City, California in the Pine Canyon area, where they raised wheat and cattle. When I was growing up we spent many summers at one or the other ranches. The first money I ever earned was pitting apricots at the Green Valley ranch. My grandmother was wise enough to wait until the end of the pitting season when she paid me with a check, my first, which was \$5.89 or such. I purchased a Brownie Camera with the money. Those were happy days. My Dad would come up on his vacation and the men would go hunting when we were at the King City ranch. I remember well my father growing a beard while on one of those visits ... how red it was!

The Thompson ranch house in Green Valley sits on a level spot on the upper slope of a hill. Across the road, on the level, lived a family by the name of Angell. Because the Angells lived on the road and on the level, they had a telephone. The telephone lines only served those people who lived by the road in 1910.

One day, there was a telephone call for my father and he had to go down the hill to answer the phone. It just so happened that my mother, Lydora Bell Apperson, was visiting the Angells. It was the first time my father saw my mother. Dad was six feet tall and always had to stoop when he passed through a door. He was so surprised to see my mother that he forgot to stoop and so bumped his head. That

was their introduction. They were married in San Francisco on November 25, 1910 and moved to Los Angeles where they lived the rest of their lives.

My mother, Lydora Bell Apperson Thompson, was the daughter of Guy Landers Apperson and Sarah Ann Morris Apperson who came to Watsonville from Missouri in 1902. Sarah Ann Apperson had a sister already there in Watsonville, my great Aunt Almyra Morris-Cornell. We always called her Auntie Cornell, don't know why as I think of it. The Cornells had a huge ranch. When we went to the back of the Thompson ranch in Green Valley and looked down into the valley below, one could see the Cornell ranch. They were the family who first started what later became and still is Martinelli Cider in Watsonville.

My grandmother Apperson had another sister in the area also, Aunt Phoebe Morris-Mann. She was the wife of Sam Mann. His third wife, I believe. Their ranch was on the way to Santa Cruz (the old Watsonville-Santa Cruz Highway) and that, too, was a very prosperous ranch, with a big white home. Uncle Sam was a very early resident of Watsonville and a great friend of my great-grandfather Pleasant Thompson and my grandfather William Thompson. In fact, he loaned my grandfather the money to buy the Green Valley ranch.

Uncle Sam Mann was a great storyteller. My father used to visit him, and when we were in Watsonville he always took me along because I loved the stories Uncle Sam told of my grandfather and great-grandfather. I visited the Mann ranch many times, attending several Apperson family reunions. Auntie Cornell, Aunt Phoebe, and my grandfather Apperson are all buried in the Pioneer Cemetery up on the Heights in Watsonville, as are my Thompson grandparents and great-grandparents, Lewis and Eunice Hushbeck.

After my father and mother married and moved to Los Angeles, my father wanted to join the Los Angeles Police Department. He applied to both the Police Department and the Los Angeles Fire Department. He was called to the fire department at once, and there he worked for about six months before he was called to the police department, where he worked until he retired. While in the police department he went to school, studied for promotions, and became a detective. He took the examination for Captain of Detectives, and while waiting for an appointment he worked as a captain in charge of the Police Department at night at the Main Station in Los Angeles City Hall, in downtown Los Angeles. Actually, it was as if he was assistant to the Chief of Police. During the Great Depression everyone who was eligible to retire, retired. My father was eligible and did so.

Dad loved music and played the tuba in the Los Angeles Police Band from the time it was organized until he retired. One summer he traveled with the band for three months (1923) to all the big cities in the United States. He also played the violin in the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra until he found he didn't have time to do it. Both Dad's parents were musical. My grandmother wanted to be an opera singer but due to family pressure became a schoolteacher instead. My grandfather was well known as a fiddle player as was his younger brother, Uncle Martin. My father had his father's violin but it was lost when we made a move. My father loved people. Wherever we lived, he knew everyone in the neighborhood and everyone knew him.

After retirement he and a friend mined gold for a couple of years. He never struck it rich, however. Times were getting tense with war in Europe, especially in

the aircraft industry in the Los Angeles area. Dad took a job as a night watchman in a factory that made airplane parts. When the United States got into the war, many bailiffs in the Los Angeles court system were in the reserves and were called into military service. To fill these vacancies, the retired police officers were called back into duty as bailiffs. My father served as bailiff in the court of Judge Goodwin Knight. Later Judge Knight became the governor of California.

My father's younger brother, Uncle Ray, also moved to Los Angeles some time about 1913. Uncle Ray was six feet three inches tall and slightly thinner than my father was. He married a girl of whom his family did not approve. I knew her as Aunt Marie (Lotte) and her sister was "Pinkie". For twenty years my father kept in close touch with him. After the death of Aunt Marie, he eventually remarried ... two more times.

After Marie's death, my father got Uncle Ray a job on the Police Department as a Reserve Officer. He worked for Texaco during the day and for the Police Department on nights and weekends, where he advanced to sergeant.

Uncle Ray gave his badge to someone I don't know. I gave my father's police badge to my nephew, Tim Mueller, as he had asked for his grandfather's badge.

My father died following a stroke February 4, 1961 in Montebello, California. He and my mother are buried in the Rose Hills Cemetery in Whittier, California.

I used to have so many relatives on all sides of the family that I didn't think I would ever run out of them. Now that I am older I wish I had paid more attention. When I was young and we were driving from Los Angeles up to Watsonville, as we passed through Salinas my father would say, "The Hamiltons are buried here." Then when we went through King City, my father would say, "The Thompsons are buried here." And when in Watsonville, he'd say, "My father and the Hushbecks are buried here in the old Pioneer Cemetery." At least I remember that, but I didn't have enough interest at the time to ask questions. I had more cousins than I could count, or so it seemed. Only those who were around my age actually interested me.

I remember my great-grandmother, Sarah Ann Hamilton Thompson. Once when we were in Watsonville she was there visiting. I was about five years old. I remember her patting my head. My younger brother was about six months old. Great-grandmother was especially interested in him because he bore the name of William Thompson.

I wish that I had been more interested in genealogy when I was younger so I could have talked with my father, because he knew everyone, his cousins and all. Dad would have loved genealogy.

3. **ROBERT RAYMOND THOMPSON**

NOTES ON ROBERT RAYMOND THOMPSON

Robert Raymond Thompson was born at his parents' Green Valley home near Watsonville, California on August 24, 1890. He was always called Ray by the family, though during his work years people often called him Bob. Ray was barely 7 months old when his father, William Robert Thompson died.

When Ray was about 10 years old his mother, Joanna, and his stepfather, Martin Lee Thompson, bought a ranching operation near King City, California. Ray remembers it as being close to 1,000 acres. I believe they actually didn't buy much of the land, but some of it was obtained from Martin's father, Pleasant Thompson, who by this time had retired and was living in the little town of King City.

Ray writes, "Our ranch at King City was 75 miles from our home farm (Watsonville)...we raised stock and we would at times buy young cattle at Watsonville and drive them to our stock ranch, which took three days. We would camp out along the road. I remember 'dad', as I always called my stepfather, was a real pal to me and we got along wonderful and I don't think I would have loved my own father any more than I did 'Dad'. He called me 'Pard'. When I was small I would talk a blue streak and Dad was very quiet but he seemed to enjoy my chatter. Edna, my sister, and Will never were close to Dad like I. He was very good to us children and when he went to town he would buy candy for us and was all a good father should be. I will always cherish the memory of my parents."

Ray said that the family lived at the King City ranch in Pine Canyon for about three years, and then they moved back to Watsonville. About the fall of 1903, one of the two men who had been renting and running the Watsonville place died, and the family had to return to continue the operation of the ranch. After a period of time, Edna, Will and Ray decided to run the Watsonville farm, and Joanna and Martin returned to King City to run the operation there. Edna married Stillman Wheelock, the son Ann Caudill Wheelock, who owned the adjoining ranch to the Thompsons. Later, about 1910, Will married Belle Apperson, and they moved to Los Angeles. Ray then gave up trying to run the ranch and moved into Watsonville where he worked at Covell's Garage. He remembers washing cars and polishing all the brass, including the undercarriages of the cars which were exposed on those early models.

In the spring of 1912 Ray started driving a taxi cab for a Mr. Neal, an Englishman. He worked out of the old Mansion House Hotel on Main Street. At first people said he would not be successful being a cab driver because he didn't drink and had few other vices, but people soon started asking for him because they knew he was reliable and sober. Ray said that he drove a Mitchell Cab which, I take it, was the name of the type of automobile. He even drove for a wedding couple, she being the Lt. Governor's daughter who married in Watsonville. Believe the Lt. Governor's name was Porter. Later, Mr. Porter wrote a letter to the master mechanic of the Southern Pacific Railroad in San Francisco recommending Ray for a job. But work was slow and though the interview went well, Ray's dream of becoming an engineer on the railroad didn't work out.

In the fall of 1913 Ray went to Los Angeles where he obtained work at a garage, but he took sick and had to return home to Watsonville. He then went to work for his cousin, Robert Hushbeck, doing various types of work with cement. Robert (Bob) Hushbeck was a well-known cement contractor for many years in Watsonville. Ray and Bob apparently didn't get on well, and after about two years Ray quit and moved to Los Angeles again. He worked at several garages as a mechanic, and when World War I broke out he decided to enlist in the Army.

He had planned to enlist one day, and as he headed for work on his motorcycle he hit some water that the fire department had spread on the street. His motorcycle went out from under him, and he went into a slide and crashed. His

only injury was to his knee, which began to swell. That afternoon as he tried to enlist, the doctor saw his knee and he was rejected for enlistment. The knee injury remained with him for several years, but eventually went away. Ray then worked in the shipyards for the remainder of the war.

With the war over, Ray worked in a couple of garages again and eventually went to work for Ventura Refining Co. doing mechanic's work. After about three months he took a job doing cement work because of his previous experience with his cousin, Bob Hushbeck. Ray built many of the early gasoline service stations for Ventura Refining Co. which was eventually bought out by Texaco. Ray continued building gas stations for Texaco until he retired in 1953. Many of those early gas stations in southern California, built in the 1920s and 1930s, were built by Ray.

About 1920 Ray married Marie Ortega Lotta, formerly of Santa Barbara. Not much is known about Marie as Ray never told his parents of this marriage. What little is known was told by Ray's brother Will's family. Marie was Mexican, apparently never worked, just stayed at home. There were no children from the marriage. Marie died about 1925 and is buried in the Catholic Cemetery in Santa Barbara. Ray and Marie bought a home in the Boyle Heights area of Los Angeles. It has been suggested by some that Marie was a woman of "ill repute" but alas, we probably will never know. I'm not sure why Ray never told his parents, but I would suspect it had more to do with Marie being Catholic than anything else. Ray's mother, Joanna, like so many people of her day, disliked and distrusted Catholics.

In February of 1926 Ray took ill from influenza and was in the hospital. While there he met Emily Dudenbostel, a supervisor of nurses on the floor where Ray was. Ray was attracted to her and they soon started dating and soon afterward married.



**Robert Raymond Thompson
and wife, Emily.**

Ray and Emily continued to live in the Boyle Heights area until 1940 when Ray built a new home in the Tuluca Lake area of North Hollywood. Bob Hope lived about five blocks away, and Bing Crosby lived about two blocks away. Ray says it was like living in the country, but within a few short years the area had filled in solid with homes and businesses. In 1950 Ray was transferred to the Wilmington Refinery, so they sold their home and moved to Long Beach where they lived until he retired in 1953.

When Ray retired he and Emily bought a 23-foot travel trailer and toured all over the U.S. and parts of Canada enjoying the sites. I remember they paid me a visit, pulling that trailer, in 1957 when I was stationed in Texas at Kelly Air Force Base. Finally they settled down and Ray built another house in Campbell Hill, Illinois, across the street from Emily's parents' old home. Emily had a couple of sisters and a brother who lived there, so there was family about the area. And they all looked after one another. I remember well one snowy February afternoon in 1961 when I knocked on Uncle Ray's door. Tears welled up in his eyes. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you," he said. "I just got word from 'Buddy' Thompson that Will died. I'm so glad to see one of my family." I, too, was glad that I had taken the time to pay a visit at such a crucial time.

Ray and Emily lived in Campbell Hill until about 1968-69, when Emily's health failed and Ray could no longer care for her at home. Emily entered a nursing home and Ray looked after her until her death at about 95 years of age in 1975. As soon as Emily died, Ray returned to California and lived for a short time with his younger sister, Nellye Atkins. Nellye and Ray did not get on well living together and soon parted company. Later Ray moved to Santa Cruz, as did Nellye.

About 1978, Ray met a widow in Santa Cruz named Vera. They married and lived together for about a year or so. Later, the marriage was annulled. It was apparent to most of the family (and to Ray too) that Vera was after Ray's money, and after he realized it, the marriage was annulled. Vera moved to Washington or Oregon to live with a granddaughter who was the underlying cause for her money drain!

After the annulment, Ray decided to return to Illinois to live. After a short period of time he decided he did not like living "back east" and was about to return to California. He was out walking, prior to his return to California, when he tripped, fell and broke his hip. He was hospitalized and eventually caught pneumonia. He died on March 19, 1984 in Murphysboro, Illinois. He was 92 years old at the time.

Ray was cremated, and his ashes were returned to California and were interred with his mother, father, stepfather and other members of the Thompson family at the Watsonville Pioneer Cemetery in Watsonville.

My own remembrances of Uncle Ray are quite warm and loving. He and Aunt Emily were always fond of my family. I know that in 1932-33 they took my older brother, known then as "Mac", and he lived with them for about a year.

I remember about 1938 when my father was unemployed and working at odd jobs that he could pick up. It was near Christmas and mother was expecting the birth of my youngest sister, Mary Ellen. Up drove a Railway Express truck and out popped the driver carrying a large box, which he deposited on the porch, then returning to the truck to retrieve a second box. One package contained sweaters, shirts, pants for the boys and a nice dress and sweater for my sister Barbara. The other box was a box of oranges! To this day, I always think of oranges and associate them with Christmas, certainly one of the best remembered of Christmases past.

The first letter I ever wrote was to Uncle Ray and Aunt Emily. They were always interested in our progress in school and what we were doing. Then in 1946 they invited me down to visit them at their home in North Hollywood. I remember taking the Southern Pacific Daylight (Streamliner locomotive) down and it was a wonderful two weeks. Uncle Ray took me to Hollywood and to Griffith Park, and the real highlight was the Planetarium. And, one of their neighbors had a "new fangled thing" called television with a huge tower antenna which was motorized and moved around to bring in the local stations.

